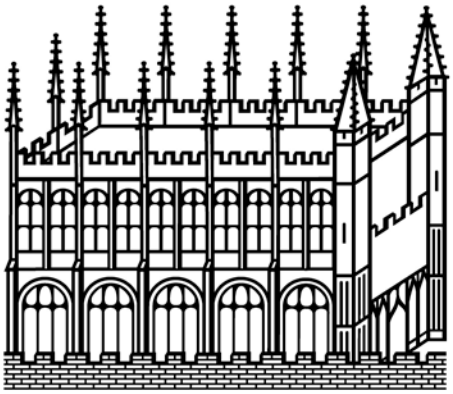

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SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES
of
IRELAND,

By G. N. Wright.

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THE

SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES

OF

IRELAND,

ILLUSTRATED FROM

DRAWINGS BY W. H. BARTLETT;

THE LITERARY PORTION OF THE WORK

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE, ESQ.

"*Erin mavourneen!*"

Where is thy land? "'Tis where the woods are waving,
In their dark richness to the summer air;
Where the blue streams, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Lead down the hills in veins of light,—'tis there."

VOL. II.

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SCENERY OF IRELAND.

I.

FOLLOWING the Blackwater, the traveller crosses it at a very fine bridge, where it assumes the character of an estuary, and soon comes into view of the ancient and interesting town of Youghal, standing on the side of an abrupt hill, which rises from the shore of Youghal harbour. This is a picturesque town from a distance, and was, in its time, evidently very well fortified and handsomely built. The first object of interest, however, is the ruin of YOUGHAL ABBEY and the HOUSE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, one of the fine old windows of the former being still in entire preservation, and the house, called Myrtle Grove, being at present occupied and in good repair. It was built by the Earl of Desmond in 1464, and has been repaired several times; once by Sir George Carew, in 1602, and again by Sir Richard Bayle, Earl of Cork. It is now the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and his residence when at Youghal. "This interesting place," says an antiquarian writer, "derives its name of Myrtle Grove, from the many beautiful myrtle-trees which still flourish luxuriantly here; some of them having attained a height of nearly twenty feet. The strawberry-arbutus also, and many other delicate shrubs, afford abundant evidence of the extreme mildness of the climate. They remind one strongly of the refined taste and feeling exhibited by Raleigh, in the cultivation and adornment of this, for some time, his favourite retreat from the turmoil and storms of court life. In these gardens, we are told, he first propagated the potato, which he brought from America. Tradition says, that the person to whom he entrusted the care of those first planted, 'imagining that the apple which grows on the stalk was the part to be used, gathered it, but not liking the taste, neglected the roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased; and from those few this country was furnished with seed.'

"It does not appear that Raleigh resided long here a life of calm and un-

chequered repose seems to have been quite unsuited to his temperament. The following beautiful lines would almost induce one to think otherwise; but in truth nothing could be less indicative of the real tone of his enterprising mind; ever restless, ever bent on forming new projects. If, however, he wrote as he felt, and indeed every line seems convincingly to show that he did so, we have only here an additional proof of the manner in which men, for awhile, can cheat themselves into an utterly illusive estimate of their own dispositions and inclinations:

'Heart-tearing cares and quiv'ring fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports;
Where strain'd sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

'Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace, and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

'Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.'

"It is much to be regretted that but little of Raleigh's poetry should have come down to us, as he appears to have wooed the muse not unsuccessfully. His intimacy with Spenser is well known; and his biographer of the present day, Mr. Tytler, would have us believe it is to his tasteful discernment and encouragement of the poet, rather than, according to the generally received opinion, the patronage of Sir Philip Sydney, that the world is indebted for the celebrated poem of the 'Fairy Queen;' the three first cantos of which, having been submitted to Raleigh in an unfinished state, elicited such warm approbation as induced Spenser to persevere in completing it.

"When Raleigh first visited Ireland, he was, indeed, a mere soldier of fortune.

those around him, he appears to have been fully cognisant, and to have paid the usual tribute which envy exacts from merit. But nothing could depress his elastic spirit; nothing could damp that ardour which made him look far beyond contemporary jealousies, and filled his mind with those glowing visions which his intrepid genius had in part realized, and which it was the grand object of his life to substantiate.

The immediate object of Raleigh's first visit to Ireland, was to assist Lord Grey de Wilton in crushing the Munster rebellion, which had been zealously fomented by the intrigues of Spain and the Vatican, and keenly espoused by the Desmonds, who presented a formidable resistance to the English occupation.

After this struggle for independence had been suppressed, young Raleigh's share in the success of the enterprise was freely acknowledged. He received the thanks of his commanding officers for the skill and intrepidity with which he had executed their important orders; and finding nothing further to detain him with the army, now that peace was re-established, he returned to prosecute his fortunes at court, where he was already favourably known to the queen.

On the death of the favourite Leicester, the growing influence of Raleigh seems to have awakened a feeling of suspicion in the mind of Essex; and to avoid the threatening storm, as it is supposed, Raleigh prudently retired from the scene—or, according to others, was dismissed—and found a grateful asylum in the heart of his Irish possessions. How long he resided there, or in the house at Youghal with which his name is identified, is uncertain. During this time, however, he founded a free-school at Lismore, and kept up a friendly intercourse with the poet Spenser, who, on the reduction of the Desmond insurrection, had received a grant of Kilcolman Castle and its demesne, and was afterwards presented by Raleigh to the queen, who was pleased to accept the dedication of his Poem.

Raleigh retained possession of his Irish estates, which he had improved at great expense,* from the date of the grant till the year preceding Queen Elizabeth's death, when he disposed of them to Sir Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork. We shall not dwell on the melancholy picture which, subsequently to this period and the death of his royal mistress, is presented in his accumulated wrongs and tragical end. He was a man of admirable and various accomplishments, extensive know-

* In these gardens, we are told, Raleigh first propagated the potato, which he had just introduced from America. The gardener to whom he intrusted the first planting of the root, imagining that the apple, which grows on the *stalk*, was the part to be eaten, gathered it; but disliking the taste when dressed, left the *roots* in the earth, till the ground being required for some other crop, the real potatoes were discovered in digging, and, much to the surprise of the planter, greatly increased in size and number, and from these the country was supplied with seed for the next season. Thus from the hand of Raleigh, and the garden of Myrtle Grove, the people of Ireland received what is now a principal article of food in every cottage.

ledge, undaunted resolution, strict veracity, and unsullied honour. In person he was tall, of handsome features, athletic form, and remarkable for the ease and elegance of his address.

The delicate act of gallantry by which he first attracted the queen's notice, may be properly introduced as a close to this brief sketch. After his return from military service in Ireland, already mentioned, he happened to be present one day when Elizabeth, attended by her officers, was walking to her barge, waiting for her at the edge of the Thames. But having to pass through a lane, crossed by a small street-runlet which had covered the path with mud, the queen was embarrassed, and fairly interrupted in her progress. In this dilemma, while her courtiers were looking anxiously at one another what means to devise that the royal slipper might not be soiled by contact with the unsavoury kennel, young Raleigh stepped respectfully forward, and making a profound obeisance, instantly removed the difficulty by spreading his richly embroidered mantle at her majesty's feet. Much struck by an act of homage so delicate and well timed, the queen trod the mantle with a dainty foot, and stepping into her barge, rewarded young Raleigh with a smile of approbation and never after lost sight of him.

The entrance to Cork from Riverstown would alone fully repay one for (what is very formidable to me) the disagreeable passage across the Irish Channel. The road under the brows of the Glanmire hills, crowned as they are with superb country seats, and overlooking the winding arm of the bay, combines more points of the picturesque than any approach to a large city that I can remember. I saw it, too, under the disadvantage of a heavy rain, which continued for several days, and quite spoiled my visit to Cork. Nothing could look well except water, and green fields, and hills in such weather; and though I trudged through all the principal streets under an umbrella, and saw that the houses were fine, bridges handsome, and streets broad, I cannot venture to write of my impressions of the "second city in the kingdom." The rain, however, did not quite destroy the beauty of the Cork River, which I enjoyed very highly from the deck of the steamer. It was not unlike a sail between the bold shores of the Hudson, though my remembrances of that river were all sunny and summery. A fine object on the right is Blackrock Castle, standing out from the line of the shore very strikingly. This picturesque structure was built by Lord Mountjoy in the beginning of James the First's reign. In a handsome octagon room, added to it by the city of Cork, the mayor holds an admiralty court, being by charter admiral of the harbour; and on the 1st of August it is usual for the mayor and corporation to have a public entertainment here at the expense of the city.

The Harbour of Cove opens very nobly as you approach the town, and looks very like an inland lake. The town of Cove is situated in a kind of amphitheatre

in the side of a steep ascent from the shore of the bay, and from its streets, which form a kind of terrace, most excellent and commanding views of the broad expanse of the bay are everywhere obtained. This might for its size and convenience be the depôt of the whole British fleet, and I know no harbour in the world where a fleet of noble ships would lie to more picturesque advantage. The fortified islands add very essentially to the beauty of the harbour. This is naturally enough the favourite resort of the citizens of Cork, and in summer great numbers come here from all parts of Ireland for the sea-bathing.

Cove, says Inglis, "is not only a town, but a considerable town, and a pretty town, and the most fashionable sea-bathing place in the south of Ireland;" and yet Cove, thus described, is but a place of yesterday. Smith, the county historian, speaks of it, in 1750, as a village, built under a high steep hill, and inhabited by seamen and revenue-officers. In 1769 there was not a baker in Cove or Passage, and in 1790 the former place still continued an insignificant straggling fishing-hamlet; but the war which followed changed its fortunes, and, during its progress, it grew up to be what it is. Of streets, properly so called, it has but one, here called a square, which occupies the west end. The lines of houses, called the Beach and Crescent, stretch for a very considerable distance at the foot of the hill, along the water-side, and are principally occupied by shops, and partly let out in lodgings. Midway up the hill stands the church, a building with a square tower in front, surmounted by pinnacles. It is the only one on the whole island, which formerly contained two, now in ruins. These were Clonmel and Templerobin, formerly called Templelyra, each giving name to a parish, which parishes at present form the union of Clonmel, in Cloyne diocess. Not far distant from the church is the Roman Catholic chapel, now the cathedral church of the Catholic diocess of Cloyne and Ross; a slender columnar spire of considerable height, erected in 1838, towers in front; it has markets for the sale of fish and poultry; a weekly market is held on Saturday; a sessions court sits weekly; and adjoining the court is a police station.*

To the war, as already stated, Cove may be said to owe its existence; the advantages of its fine harbour recommended it to government, who formed it into a naval station, and placed a port-admiral over it. During this period it became frequently the rendezvous of vast fleets, engaged in the pursuits of war or commerce; their presence was productive of golden harvests to its frugal and industrious inhabitants, and fortunes were realized with a speed and ease, the recollection of which is recalled with regret by the present population, who must labour harder and longer, and with less effect in the acquisition. The peace produced a reaction; many

* For most of these and the following particulars we are indebted to Dr. Scott, of Cork, whose "Medical Topography of the Cove" is in the hands of every visitor and invalid.—*V. Guide to Cove.*

sources of gain were suddenly stopped, and it was amidst the complainings of the townspeople, that their naval station was, in a spirit of very questionable economy, suppressed during the Duke of Wellington's administration, and their port-admiral removed. Many foresaw in this ruin to Cove, and all viewed it as a national indignity; yet the town has survived the shock, and is positively prospering notwithstanding: her trade to be sure has not improved, but then the tide of fashion has set in her favour as some counterbalance.

The happy situation of Cove, and the excellence of its climate, have secured it against the fickleness of fashion's changes. To the valetudinarian the recommendations are numerous. The temperature of the town is mild and genial, attributable to its happy position near the sea, but sufficiently enclosed from the keen and biting blasts. Sheltered on the land side by high hills, and possessing a fine southern aspect, it is exposed to summer heats, but those heats are tempered by the breezes from the water. The result of such a position is a salubrity, which has attracted thither numbers of those who, otherwise, would have sought the far-off scenes of Montpellier or Madeira with their vehement suns and less temperate vicissitudes of climate. The many recoveries effected here have fully justified the selection, and proved the restorative and invigorating principle of its atmosphere. An admirable *equability* of climate, and an absence of sudden and violent interruptions, are the great characteristics which have so beneficially marked out this town to the ailing and debilitated, and established its reputation.

From the steepness of the site on which Cove is built, the invalid is afforded a variety of climate, tempered to his wishes, and attainable according to the elevation of the different ascending terraces; and for all the purposes of exercise, the neighbourhood abounds with exhilarating walks and drives.

Cove in the summer season is greatly frequented; its proximity to Cork, and the unrivalled beauty of its scenery, produce an intercourse, and a great influx of visitors, always visible in the crowded promenades. The extent of this intercourse may be judged from the fact of twenty thousand four hundred and seventy-nine persons being found to have passed, by the passage-ferry alone, into Cove, in twenty days of the month of August, 1836! Add to these causes of attraction, adventitious circumstances; the arrival of a fleet, no unfrequent event; the occurrence of the annual regatta, and the weekly exhibitions of the Yacht Club, and it will little surprise us that Cove is so delightful and so well-frequented a locality.

An old road runs nearly through the centre of the island, between the west and east ferries. Where it passes across the higher grounds, some interesting prospects over the harbour and to the seaward are obtained. The hill above Cove, also affords some magnificent views. In the valley, to the rear of this, is situate the old parish church of Clonmell, or Teampul Iarhur, now in ruins, distant about a mile

from the town. The surrounding burying-ground is thickly tenanted; a large proportion of the names are those of strangers, principally of seafaring people. Here is interred Tobin, the author of the "Honeymoon." The Rev. Charles Wolfe, formerly curate of Donoghmore, in the diocess of Armagh, was removed to Cove for the benefit of its air, where he died on the 21st of February, 1823. He was the author of the "Lines on the burial of Sir John Moore," of which I have heard the author of the "Pleasures of Hope" speak in terms of the highest admiration.

The Harbour stretches out in a broad and ample expanse of water in front of Cove, about six miles in length and three miles in breadth. It is environed by steep hills, and its centre occupied by a small group of four islands. A few streamlets and two rivers, the final tributaries of the Lee, discharge their floods into this basin at different points, and form deep and very picturesque estuaries.

The road from Cork to Bantry Bay by Kinsale, Cloghnakilty, Skibbereen, &c. is agreeably furnished by the hand of nature with the outline of very fine and diversified scenery; but the barrenness of the soil in some places, and the want of trees everywhere, except in the immediate neighbourhood of gentlemen's demesnes, give the traveller a depressing feeling of loneliness and sterility. On arriving upon the shores of Bantry Bay, however, the pilgrim of scenery has arrived at the first of a series of "stations," extending around the whole crescent of the bay, and worthy of his most inspired devotions. Cæsar Otway, in his enthusiastic account of a visit here, says, "I challenge the British empire to show such scenery. Nothing I have as yet seen in Wales, or England, or Ireland is at all comparable to it; perhaps Lough Swilly comes near it, but it must yield the palm. It is inferior in climate, mountain outline, and expanse of harbour. Besides, Bantry Bay holds that beautiful gem Glengariff within the setting of its wide and gorgeous ring. As I stood on the southern ridge of mountains, and looked across, on a fine clear March day, to the east, in the far blue distance rose Mangerton, in dark and lofty massiveness; to the left of it, M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, their points piercing the 'cumulo stratus' of the clouds, and leaving you to guess at their mysterious altitudes; nearer still, to the north-west, Hungry Mountain, rising like an embattled wall before you; and down the mural descent, as relieved from its black ground, fell the cataract of Adrigoll, in a perpendicular silver column of eight hundred feet! Nearer still, facing the north, the Sugar-loaf Mountain, almost as white in its silicious quartzose formation, as if it were crystallized sugar; directly under my feet was the inner harbour of Bantry, protected and divided from the outer bay by the green island of Whiddy; and up and down on that placid water were studded isles and islets, one crested with an ancient castle, another crowned with a modern battery; here a martello tower, there the ruins of a fishing-palace: and to finish the setting of this rich jewel, the trees, woods, hills, and fine mansion of Lord Bantry, his green and

highly-dressed lawn, sweeping down in easy undulations to the very water's edge. I cannot say how much I was struck with this delightful *tout ensemble.* And certainly, as was exemplified here, anything that is admirable is made much more so by contrast. I had for miles travelled over a dull and dreary way—bare, desolate, and unsatisfactory—rocky elevations or gloomy moors, crowded with miserable huts, a population evidently fearfully increasing, amidst difficulties and privations altogether insufficient to check its monstrous progress; and I had read Malthus's convincing but gloomy book, and war, pestilence, and famine, '*terribiles visu formæ*,' rose up in necessary association, as summoned to feast on and make prey in future of this teeming population. It therefore was a pleasant relief coming down from this district to rest on the sweet green shores of Bantry Bay, to feast the eye on the wooded hills, with all the herds and deer of Lord Bantry's park, hanging, as it does, in umbrageous verdure over this noble sheet of water; and to add to the full keeping of the fine landscape, a large West Indiaman rode in all the quiet repose of the secure and land-locked anchorage.

Of the town of Bantry I can say little. A sea-port without trade, a harbour without shipping, and a coast with a failing fishery, must leave this place the abode of poverty and misery. Thirty years ago Bantry Bay was the scene of bustle, alarm, and terror. One of the largest fleets, and conveying one of the finest-appointed armies that ever departed from the shores of France, cast anchor in this bay. Humanly speaking, had this army landed nothing could oppose them; the city of Cork in three days would have been at their mercy. There was no military organization in Ireland prepared to face the invaders, or counteract disaffection, which, though it had not completely matured its plans, was deeply disseminated and ramified amongst Romanists and Jacobins. Had Hoche landed and possessed himself of Cork, there was every likelihood of Ireland being for a time separated from England; but the providence of God directed it otherwise. On Christmas-eve, 1796, a hurricane came on, with a fury that those who witnessed it never can forget. The French fleet was driven out to sea, and Ireland, by the hand of an all-disposing Providence, saved.

About ten miles northerly from Bantry lies the lake which is the parent of the sylvan and bright river Lee—the GOOGANE BARRY—the hermitage, or as the word is sometimes translated by etymologists, the *trifle* of St. Barry. In penetrating to this spot by a wild mountain-path, the traveller crosses one or two shallow streams, and suddenly the lake, dark and deep down in the bosom of the hills, bursts upon his sight, its wooded islet and its precipitous crags impressing his mind with gloomy yet admirable grandeur. The island is connected with the shore by a narrow causeway, constructed to facilitate the rites of religious devotees, who flock hither on the 24th of June (St. John's day) to the celebration of a religious festival. Here

St. Fineen Bar or Barry lived a recluse, it is said, before he founded the cathedral of Cork, of which he is the patron saint. A popular legend ascribes the foundation of that building to the following circumstance. St. Patrick, at his general banishment of all venomous creatures out of Ireland, forgot an enormous monster, described as a dragon or winged serpent, which wasted the sorrounding country; and power was given to a holy man, named Fineen Bar (or Barry, or Timboris) to drown the monster in Googane Lake, on condition of his erecting a church where its waters met the tide; and the saint, having destroyed the monster, fulfilled the agreement by founding the present monastery of Cork.

Some ancient wells are still seen upon this island, shaded by a few fine trees, chiefly the work of an ascetic named O'Mahoney, who retired from the world and dwelt a recluse here for eight and twenty years, and lies buried under a little arched recess on the shore of the lake.

Glengariff attracts almost as many pilgrims as the Giant's Causeway. It is usually reached by boat from Bantry, and the peculiarly wild scenery of the bay is thus seen to great advantage. But another way, affording bolder varieties of landscape, is to cross the range of hills which spring from the bay, by a road which is very difficult except to the pedestrian. Glengariff is a craggy glen about three miles in length, entirely shut in by magnificent mountains. Its wildness has the advantage, which is always so effective, of contrast with cultivation and art; the beautiful grounds of Glengariff Castle, the residence of Mr. White, being the foreground oftenest preferred by the draughtsman. We must quote Mr. Otway's description of Glengariff, which he reached by the first-mentioned route, of coasting the bay. Having left his boat, he says, "we ascended up a clear mountain-stream, and entered by a defile into a mountain-valley. The stream here turned to the right, and we could see it writhing like a silver eel through a green valley, that extended under the mountain of the Priest's Leap, and lost itself in the eastern hills towards Muskerry. My friends excited my curiosity, and caused me to lament that press of time would not allow a visit in this eastern direction, which lies there in all the retirement of sublime seclusion. But I had Glengariff before me, an ugly hill, an uninteresting view of Bantry Bay, a bad road over a dreary moor—a scene where chatty companions may abstract themselves into talk of other places and other times. And therefore we had all got into a most spirited conversation on a subject very interesting to us, but perhaps not so to the reader, when in the midst of my advocacy I became dumb—dispute and argument all fled. 'There's Glengariff!' I believe my friends actually contrived to abstract me thus, and engage the mind in other trains of thought, in order to produce effect. Was I disappointed? Not in the least; nothing in Ireland is equal to it, or can be brought into comparison: it is singular, it is unique. It is a scene that winter has less effect on

than could be imagined. I may say it was winter when I saw it, at least winter lingered on the lap of spring, the 25th of March; yet all was grand, and at the same time beautiful, because verdant.

"A bay runs in at right angles from the east and west direction of Bantry Bay. This bay is sheltered entirely at its entrance by an island, on which a martello tower is erected. Thus the land-locked estuary looks to be a lake; in no respect it differs from a lake, save that it is superior. Here no ugly strand, muddy and fœtid, left bare by the receding tide; here no deposit of filth and ooze. No; the only thing that marks the ebb is a line of dark demarcation that surrounds the bay, and gives a curious sort of relief (somewhat like the black frame of a brilliant picture) to the green translucent waters of this gem of the ocean. No fresh-water lake can be at all compared to it; not even the upper lake of Killarney can stand the competition. Here is the sea, the green, variable, ever-changing sea, without any of its defects or deformities. I declare I do not know how to begin or where to take up, or in what way to put forth the dioramic conception I have in my mind's recollection of this delightful glen. Mountains—why you have them of all forms, elevations, and outlines. Hungry Mountain, with its cataract of eight hundred feet falling from its side; SUGAR-LOAF, so conical, so bare, so white in its quartzose formation; Slieve Goul, the pathway of its fairies; and Esk Mountain, over which I was destined to climb my toilsome way. Every hill had its peculiar interest; and each, according to the time of the day or the state of the atmosphere, presented a picture so suitable—or bright or gloomy, or near or distant—valleys laughing in sunshine, or shrouded in dark and undefined masses of shade; and so deceptive, so variable were the distances and capabilities of prospect, that in the morning you could see a hare bounding along on the ranges of those hills, that at noon-day were lost in the grey indistinctness of distant vision. Then the glen itself, unlike other glens and valleys that interpose between ranges of mountains, was not flat, or soft, or smooth; no meadow, no morass, no bog; but the most apparently tumultuous, yet actually regular, congeries of rocks that ever was seen. Suppose you the Bay of Biscay in a hurricane from the west; suppose you the tremendous swell, when the top-gallant mast of a ship would be hid within the trough of its waves; and now suppose that by some Almighty fiat, all this vexed ocean was arrested in an instant, and there fixed as a specimen of God's wonders in the deep. Such you may suppose Glengariff. It appears as if the stratifications of the rock were forced up by some uniform power from the central abyss, and there left to stand at a certain and defined angle; a solidified storm. And now suppose that in every indenture, hole, crevice, and inflexion of these rocks grew a yew or holly; there the yew, with its yellower tinge, and here the arbutus with its red stem and leaf of brighter green, and its rough, wild, uncontrolled growth, adorning, and at

the same time disclosing the romantic singularity of the scene. I know not that ever I read of such a place, so wild and so beautiful. I think I recollect Cervantes' description of the Sierra Morena in Don Quixotte, with all its ilexes, and oaks, and cork-trees. Could it be at all like this? or is it like the grand Chartreuse near Grenoble?

"As we drove along Mr. White's beautiful wood and down to the shore, (of Mr. White's immediate improvements by and by,) we skirted along the extremity of the bay; and directly from the shore rose a perfectly conical congeries of rocks, that seemed to be thrown on each other in regular irregularity, until they formed a sort of pike or rock resembling a sugar-loaf. Oh, what a London banker would give to have in his grounds such a rock, and such furniture and garnishing as this rock was adorned with! What a profusion of evergreen variety! from the close creeping ivy to the loose untamable arbutus, that is nowhere in character and at home, except here amidst its companionable rocks. There were two cottages directly under this native *habitat* of the arbutus. One was the whitewashed abode of a Protestant; it had some of the conveniencies, and a few of the comforts that the Protestants of English descent ever contrive to have around them. The other cottage, directly under the hill, was the habitation of a Milesian, one of the O'Learys of Ivelearagh: never was there such a position for a cottage 'ornée.' If fancy roamed the world wide it could not light on a lovelier spot—such perfect groupings for a landscape—such an entire place of happy repose.

"With all the chivalry of a Quixotte, and elated with the picturesque, I took up my glove, threw it down, and challenged the world, in island or continent, in tropic or temperate zone, to match me such a spot.

"'Come,' said Edward, 'I take up your glove. I hold myself as craven, unworthy over hill and dale to explore nature's beauties, if I do not show you before we quit this glen a more striking scene than this.'

"The challenge made and accepted thus in solemn form, we proceeded onward to where a stream, the child of the valley, gave up its pure untainted waters to the ocean; and such a lovely stream! We came to where was an ancient bridge. It is not often that anything good is associated with the recollections of the Irish concerning Cromwell, still this bridge was called after him, and yet no curse connected with its construction.

"'Look around you here,' says Edward, 'and give up the glove. Look at that wild wooded hill; look above at those magnificent mountains; look at that waterfall, and the tumbling, turbulent channel of this stream; look at that mass of oak-trees in all the grey promise of their bursting buds; see how they set off the green variegation of the arbutus and the holly; then see the white-barked birch climbing up that precipitous bank; and this very bridge we are standing on, look how it

flings its airy arch over the chasm beneath us; look at this exquisite sea-view; the martello tower on yonder island, and Glengariff Castle peeping with its turrets from amidst its woods. Give up, sir; the glove is mine to have and to hold.'

"Mr. W—— has, indeed, created a place here which does him and his lady infinite credit. The sea, the mountains, the rocks, the arbutus, yew and ivy were all here in spite of man's waste or neglect; but the oak and birch were in a great measure cut away. . . . . The house is built in the castle-style, well conceived in its elevation, suitable in its decorations, and convenient in its accommodations. The spot on which the house stands is grand and lovely beyond compare. What a gorgeous view from the reception-rooms! a hanging lawn,—but hanging lawns are to be found elsewhere: but show me the spot in the British empire where there is such an accompaniment of rock, precipices, and shelving banks, all clothed with appropriate vegetation; where the native ash and oak are so mingled with the foreign ilex and myrtle; where the climate is so mild and gentle, that plants whose habitat belongs to more southern climes, vegetate here in all their native richness.

"The family of Glengariff Castle have shown admirable judgment in simply giving a helping hand to nature. All that was wanting was to turn morass into good soil, and heath into a carpet of green grass; to lay out walks through woods, under banks, and around precipices, and taste has directed and money executed all this; and thus the most interesting lawn in Ireland, as I apprehend, has been formed. Underneath, lies the bay studded with islands, on one of which the government has been graciously pleased to erect a most picturesque martello tower. Other islands, not too many to diminish the beauty of the fine azure expanse, were dropped here and there just where wanting. Some covered with copse-wood, others scattered over with holly and arbutus; and across the bay, the shore rising bold, rocky, and precipitous beyond description; and on still westward, one of the finest mountain-ranges in the world."

II.

After four weeks of almost uninterrupted rain, the clouds brightened and the sunshine appeared brokenly over the hills, as I came within sight of the village of Killarney. Immediately on getting off my cloak at the inn, I was, as usual, favoured with a bit of advice by the waiter, to which I was indebted for one of the

most delightful evenings I remember. I had ordered my dinner: "If you plase, sir," said the waiter, "it's not often, this season, we see the like of a sunshine like this, and I'd say a walk to the lake and to d*h*ine aft*h*er 'ud be your honour's choice." Whether or not Pat had an end to compass in putting off my dinner, the advice was very *apropos* to my regret in leaving the sunshine for indoors, and inquiring the direction, I started for the walk. O'Connell has set the fashion of "tails" in Ireland, and I was accompanied a mile and a half on my way by no less than thirty men and boys, who relieved guard on either side of me, proffering me guidance, horse, boat, minerals, and arbutus toys, with as little heed of reiterated denial, refusal, and rebuff as if I had not the slightest right to an opinion on the subject. After quite wearying myself out with talking to them, I established a small circle of distance between myself and my *cortége* by swinging my stick, and walked on in silent and deaf submission. As I came within sight of Ross Castle and the lake, the last four turned back and left me alone; as many as thirty able-bodied men having wasted an hour and a half in this unprofitable persecution. I could have employed them better on the Susquehannah.

The sun was near setting when I reached Ross Castle, and a soft and golden flood of light covered the bosom of the lake, and the background of mountains and islands, with a glory inexpressibly beautiful. The side of the ruined castle towards me lay in deep shade, and its one square and tall tower cut the glowing sky with an effect which made me wish I had been an artist. The scene altogether, for softness of atmosphere, richness of light, singular beauty of outline, and combination of island, mountain, and water, seemed to me quite incomparable. I ascended to the top of the ruin, and sat watching the fading light on the lake till the colour was dissolved in the twilight; not yet informed of the names of the features in the scene, nor caring for the present to know what I looked upon. It was a rare moment of natural beauty, sufficient of itself, without legendary or other interest. I enjoyed it to the very depths of my heart.

The next morning I returned to this same spot. The day was fine, and the view looking its best under clear sunshine; but it looked cold after the glowing light in which I had seen it the evening before. I was now in the hands of a guide, too, and obliged to give up my random impressions for information. Ross Castle stands on the flat side of the lake, and the road to it is a causeway over a morass, which is reduced to an isthmus by inlets of the lake on either side. The neighbouring ground has been improved and made the site of a *cottage ornée* by Lord Kenmare, and the walks and young woods, lawns, &c. give a delightful air of refinement to the vicinity. The castle is built on a rock, and the only remains are the large quadrangula, which I ascended the night before, and two flankers in a ruined state. It is said to have been built by the powerful sept of the O'Donoghoes.

It was a place of strength in the time of Cromwell, and resisted for some time the attacks of the parliamentary army under the command of General Ludlow, who gives the following account of its capture.

" In the meantime I was not wanting in my endeavour to reduce the enemy in Ireland, and to that end, marched with about four thousand foot and two thousand horse towards Ross, in Kerry, where the Lord Muskerry made his principal rendezvous, and which was the only place of strength the Irish had left, except the woods, bogs, and mountains, being a kind of island encompassed on every part by water, except on one side, upon which there is a bog not passable but by a causeway, which the enemy had fortified. In this expedition I was accompanied by the Lords Broghill and Sir Hardress Waller, major-general of the foot. Being arrived at this place, I was informed that the enemy received continual supplies from those parts that lay on the other side, and were covered with woods and mountains; whereupon I sent a party of two thousand foot to clear these woods, and to find out some convenient place for the erecting a fort, if there should be occasion. These forces met with some opposition, but at last they routed the enemy, killing some and taking others prisoners; the rest saved themselves by their good footmanship. While this was doing, I employed that part of the army which was with me in fortifying a neck of land, where I designed to leave a party to keep in the Irish on this side, that I might be at liberty, with the greatest part of the horse and foot, to look after the enemy abroad, and to receive and convoy such boats and other things necessary, as the commissioners sent us by sea. When we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing one hundred and twenty men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy; which they perceiving thought fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger that threatened them; and having expressed their desires to that purpose, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat. A fortnight was spent in debating upon the terms, but articles were finally signed, and hostages delivered on both sides; in consequence of which five thousand horse and foot laid down their arms, and surrendered their horses."

General Ludlow in this account does not inform us by what means his boats were conveyed to the lake; yet they could not have been brought thither without the greatest difficulty. The river Laune, which runs from Killarney to the sea, is much too shallow when flowing at its ordinary level, to float a boat capable of carrying one hundred and twenty men; and when it is swelled by floods, the current acquires an impetuosity that could only tend to augment the difficulty. In the Chronological Table, entitled Gesta Hibernorum, which is added to the Annals of Sir James Ware, the event is recorded in the following words:—" Ross, in the

county of Kerry, a castle in an island, is yielded up to Ludlow, after he had caused a small ship to be carried over the mountains and set afloat in the lough, which terrified the enemy." Ludlow himself mentions several vessels. To have conveyed these over the mountains, covered as they then were with forests, and along roads that were probably little better than bridle-paths of the present day, must have been a most difficult and enterprising undertaking.

Mr. Weld in his excellent account of Killarney says, " Wandering one day amongst the solitudes of this island, I surprised a poor musician, who sat upon a rude stone at the foot of one of the few large trees that had escaped the general havoc. He seemed wholly absorbed in contemplating the scene around him, while he drew from his instrument tones according with that melancholy which the devastation of it was so well calculated to inspire. On my approach, he broke off with a wild cadence, and entered abruptly into conversation. A few words were sufficient to betray a loss of intellect; but the incoherent rhapsodies of insanity were replete with traits of energy and feeling. He had been playing, he told me, in different parts of the island for five hours that morning; and, pointing round with his hand, asked, with no small degree of enthusiasm, if I was not enchanted with the lake, the rock, the mountains. For his part, in the midst of such scenery, with his violin for a companion, he found himself quite happy, and wished for nothing. The neighbouring people, he added, supplied him with food and lodging; they also gave him clothes to cover him, and administered to all his wants; in short he was happy, very happy.

" The man possessed considerable talents for music; he understood composition, and played well on a variety of instruments. He had formerly enlisted in a regiment of militia as a clarionet player; but for incorrigible drunkenness was sentenced to receive punishment and be dismissed from the service. The regiment lay at that time in the barracks of Ross Castle. The culprit was marched in form into the adjoining woods, tied to a tree, and the drummers began to perform their duty. Through compassion for his infirmity, a few lashes only were inflicted, and he was then released: but the terror of punishment operated so strongly on a mind endowed by nature with much sensibility, and debilitated by habitual intoxication, that he became almost instantaneously deprived of his senses, and never afterwards perfectly recovered them."

From Ross I took a boat to INISFALLEN ISLAND, and on the way was shown a small islet of rock, with one side nearly twenty feet perpendicular above the water, called O'Donaghoe's Prison. Here the famous old prince, immortalized in song and legend, is said to have confined a disobedient son, and some of his rebellious associates. In what age O'Donaghoe flourished is not easily determinable; but that a distinguished hero of that name did once reign over this favoured region, is a

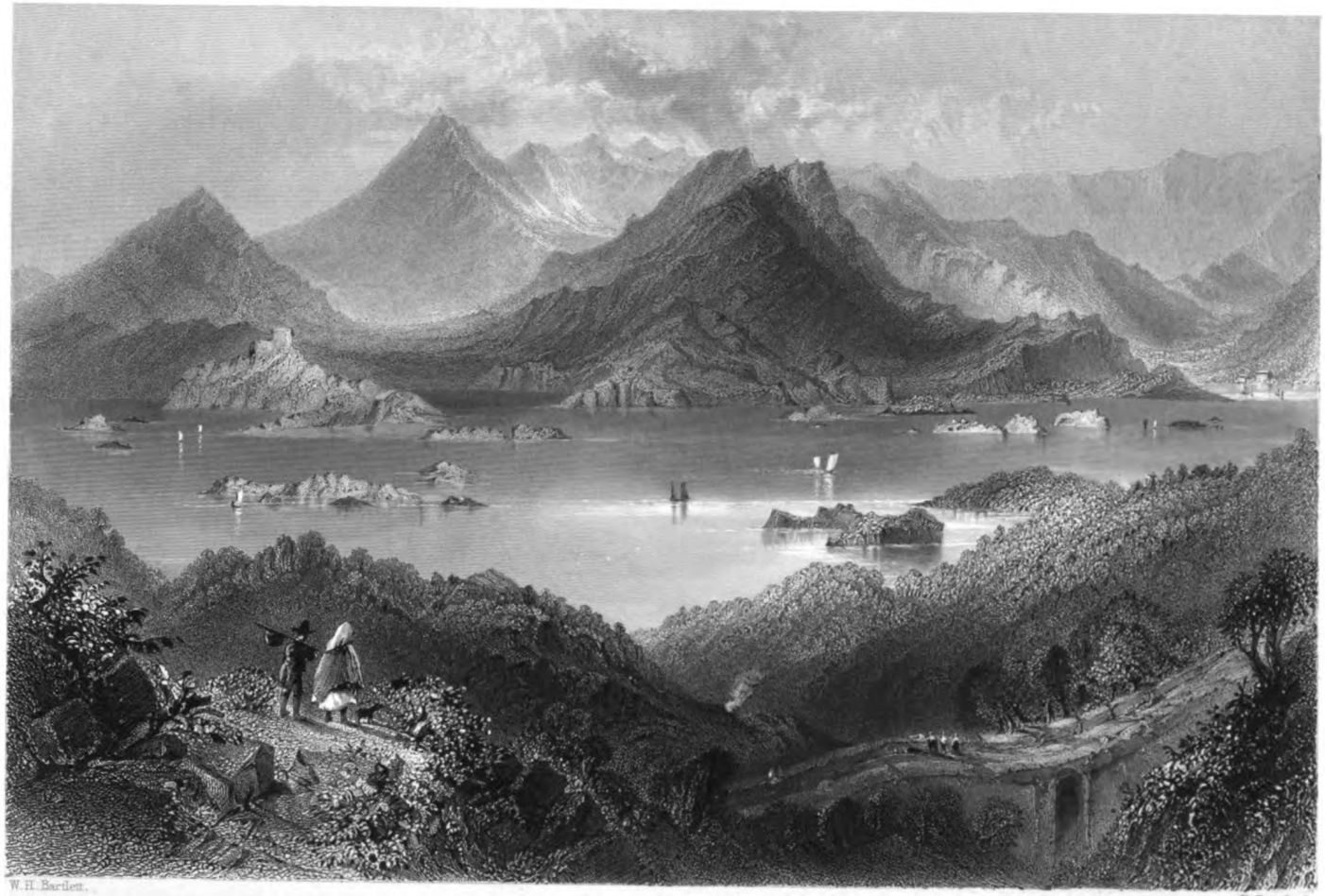
point established by the testimony of concurrent tradition. "His countrymen represent him like the demigods of old—a contemner of danger; a sworn foe to oppression; a passionate admirer of what is great and honourable. The severity of his warlike virtues was tempered by a generous hospitality, which embraced a friend in every stranger. The rigour of the legislator was blended and lost in the endearing condescension of the friend: the prince was the father of his country; his court was the seat of joy and festivity; worth took its place at the board by inherent birthright; grey hairs received their reverence, and distressed innocence had a peculiar plea of admission, for humanity was paramount, and suspicious policy absolutely unknown. He was wise too; and the gods sped his counsels, for his subjects were happy. Fruitful seasons crowned the year with plenty, and undisturbed tranquillity led the way to enjoyment."

Such was the auspicious reign of this excellent prince; nay, more; still solicitous about the prosperity of his ancient dominions, it is believed he quits at times the regions of immortal bliss, and appears in person among the descendants of his people. I have met men who related the tale with all the enthusiasm of religious faith, and who asserted most solemnly they had themselves beheld the apparition; happily, however, for the cause of common sense, the numbers who give credit to it daily decrease. In a poem intitled Killarney the legend is fully related; the following lines from it are descriptive of his first appearance:

"Once, on a day distinguished from the rest,
Surrounded by his subjects at the feast,
Cheerful he sat, and in prophetic rhymes
Darkling rehears'd the fate of future times:—
While from his tongue divine prediction flow'd,
And firm belief in every bosom glow'd;
Sudden he rose, and to the gazing throng,
As some light vision seem'd to skim along:—
The neighbouring lake wide op'd its willing wave,
And quick received him in a crystal grave.
* * * * * * *
Some years were past, when, as the usual day
Of solemn mourning brought them forth to pay
The tribute of their tears, with streaming eyes
They call'd on Donaghoe to hear their cries;
Implor'd the dire abyss, in piteous strain,
To give them back their Donaghoe again.
Soft, at a solemn interval, the sound
Of airs celestial fill'd the scene around:
The hills, the dales, the shores began to smile,
And tenfold brighter shone the royal isle:
The sylvan songsters warbled from each spray,
The waters blush'd as at the rising day:

W. H. Bartlett

Scene from "Sugar loaf" Mountain



W. H. Bartlett.

E. Brandard.

Thunder at length the signal gave;
A form all glorious started from the wave
'Twas Donaghoe."

"The appearance of O'Donaghoe is considered a most propititious omen to the person who is fortunate enough to behold him; and the eye of the wandering peasant eagerly searches for him along the windings of the lake. The prince is always described as being mounted on a milk-white steed. May it not then be supposed, that the white foam of a distant wave, suddenly curled up by a gust of wind from the mountains, has often been converted by the enthusiastic imagination of the simple and superstitious native into the semblance of a horse and his rider, whose preternatural appearance his interest and credulity are alike perpetually anticipating.

"The name of O'Donaghoe is common in the town of Killarney, and throughout the neighbouring district; and a person who is deemed to be the lineal descendant of the ancient chieftain of the sept or clan, is sedulously distinguished from the rest; not, however, by the means of a pompous title, but, on the contrary, by being called simply O'Donaghoes; to annex even the common title of Mr. to his name would be considered a gross derogation from his dignity."

As we approached Inisfallen, the woods, which at a distance seemed impenetrably dense, opened in glades and alleys, and I observed sheep feeding, tall grass, and other signs of its being improved. The boatmen pointed out to me a large tree, said to have the same virtues as the water of the Mississippi: it is called the 'fruitful yew.' The trees as I approached seemed to me larger than is common in Ireland, the ash and holly apparently thriving to the best advantage. The arbutus is at present the great wealth of the island, however, for no pains are lost in attempting to convince the traveller that salmon broiled over an arbutus-fire has a flavour unknown to any other mode of cooking the fish—the consent to the experiment involving employment for half, a day and other etceteras, to the well-practised boatmen of the lake. As I was quite alone, I was not tempted. Inisfallen Abbey is a mere shell of a ruin at present, but it was once the seat of an order of monks of some distinction in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. It was founded and endowed towards the close of the sixth century by Finan, son of one of the kings of Munster; and, in after times, became appropriated to the use of the regular canons of St. Augustin. This noble person was eminent, we are told, for his great learning and extraordinary piety, and was one of the very many who were esteemed deserving of canonization about the same period. Indeed so great was the number of these pious contemporaries, whose memory was thus honoured in Ireland, that the country soon came to be distinguished by the appellation of the 'Island of Saints.'

The abbey church consisted of a single aisle, seventy feet long and twenty wide; and from the narrowness of the few windows which can be now traced, it must, like other ancient churches of Ireland, have been extremely dark. At the south-east corner a very large fragment of the wall, in which there are some hewn stones which appear to have once formed part of an arch, stands detached from the rest of the building; a circumstance which leads to the supposition of its having suffered some more sudden and more violent injury than the mere attacks of time alone could have inflicted: probably the soldiers of the parliamentary army, at the time the castle of Ross was besieged, were instrumental to its destruction. The architecture of the cloister, and of what seem to have been the dwelling-apartments of the abbey, is most rude: no remains of sculptured ornaments, no lofty arches, no spacious windows are here observable. The cloister was only thirty-eight feet square; but though its walls are very much dilapidated, the limits of its covered walk and the apertures opening into the interior area may be distinctly traced.

At a short distance from the principal ruins there are three other buildings, two of which, that are in a decayed state, evidently belonged to the abbey; but whether the third, which lies to the west of the church, ever formed a part of it seems doubtful. The guides point out, just behind it, the garden of the abbey, which still contains some plum-trees of great age, and some large thorns coeval with them, which appear to have once formed the surrounding hedge.

Of all the remains of antiquity at this place, the most interesting, and the only one which has any claim to picturesque beauty, is a small chapel or oratory, covered with ivy, which stands on a mass of rocks close to the water. One might be tempted to believe, that Spenser had this place also in his recollection when he wrote the following lines:

> "And nigh thereto a little chappel stoode,
> Which, being all with yvy overspred,
> Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the road
> Seem'd like a grove fair braunched overhead."

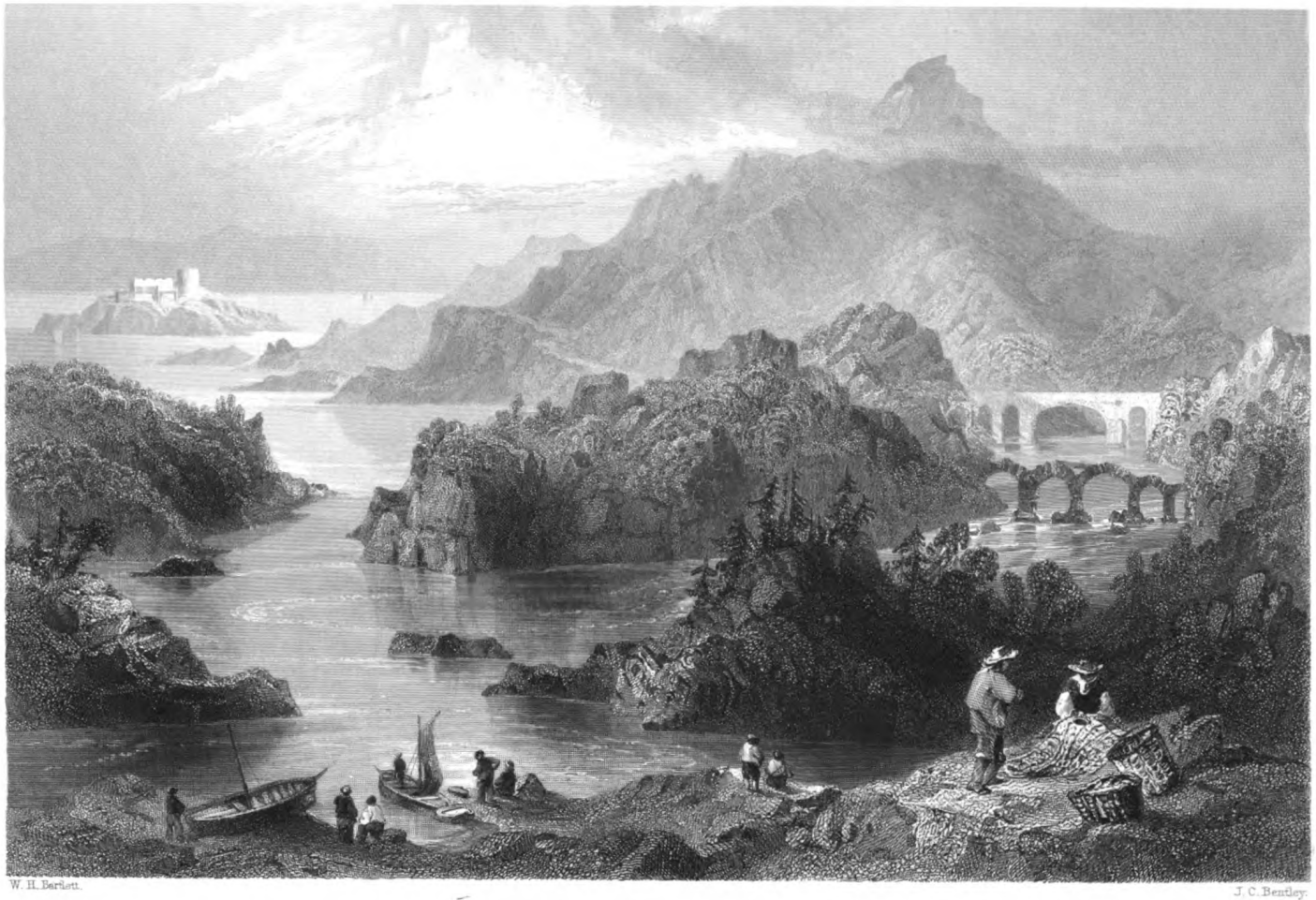
From the architecture of the doorcase, which has a Saxon arch, decorated with chevron ornaments, I should suppose that this building was of a date subsequent to that of the church. One half of this doorcase alone remains perfect; the other part has been plastered and bedaubed with red clay, with an endeavour to make it correspond. On removing a broad stone near the entrance of the door, some time ago, a great quantity of human bones was found heaped together. Perhaps these were the bones of the clergy and those who were slain in the cemetery, as the annals mention; and over whom, to expiate the sacrilege, the descendants of the murderers had erected a chapel for the orisons that, according to the

W.H. Bartlett

J.C. Bentley

Glengariff Inn

HOTEL DE GLENGARIFF



W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

Cumwells Bridge Glengariff

superstitious custom of the times, would daily be poured forth for the rest of their souls.

Though the abbey of Inisfallen was founded as early as the sixth century, it does not follow, nor is it indeed likely, that the walls, of which remains are now visible, were erected at that remote period; but on this subject we can only indulge conjecture. The history of monastic edifices in Ireland is involved in impenetrable obscurity; little even of their decline is known, but what can be collected from the Statute-books.

From Inisfallen I pulled over to Mucruss, the demesne of Mr. Herbert, which stretches from the foot of Turk Mountain along the eastern borders of the middle and lower lakes. I made for the ruins through very highly-cultivated park scenery, with a well-kept good road, smooth sward, well-trimmed trees, high-bred cattle, and all the best features of an English park everywhere around. The old Abbey of Irrelagh, or Mucruss, stands on a slight eminence on the right of the road leading to the mansion-house, and as seen brokenly through the trees it is an object of the highest picturesque beauty. A very civil and modest girl, who had come with me from the gate, led me through the ruins, and in her polite and kind manners I read a natural eulogium on the character of her master. I was taken down to the vaults through the cloisters and up to the refectory, chapel, choirs, &c., and shown among other spots the niche in which the last and most talked-of hermit of Mucruss made his nightly bed. An anonymous writer gives a curious account of a visit to this eccentric person, which I will substitute for the usual hackneyed account of the dimensions, &c. of the abbey. Scenery-hunting about Killarney he caught sight of him in a boat. "A cap of a conical form covered his head, while a long, black, bushy beard gave to a sharp, haggard, dark countenance an expression of savage gloominess, which even the distance could not obliterate. He was wrapped in a long loose garment, drawn tight at the middle by a belt, from which were suspended several articles, that my guide informed me were dead men's bones, with which he was used to work his incantations and practise his black art.

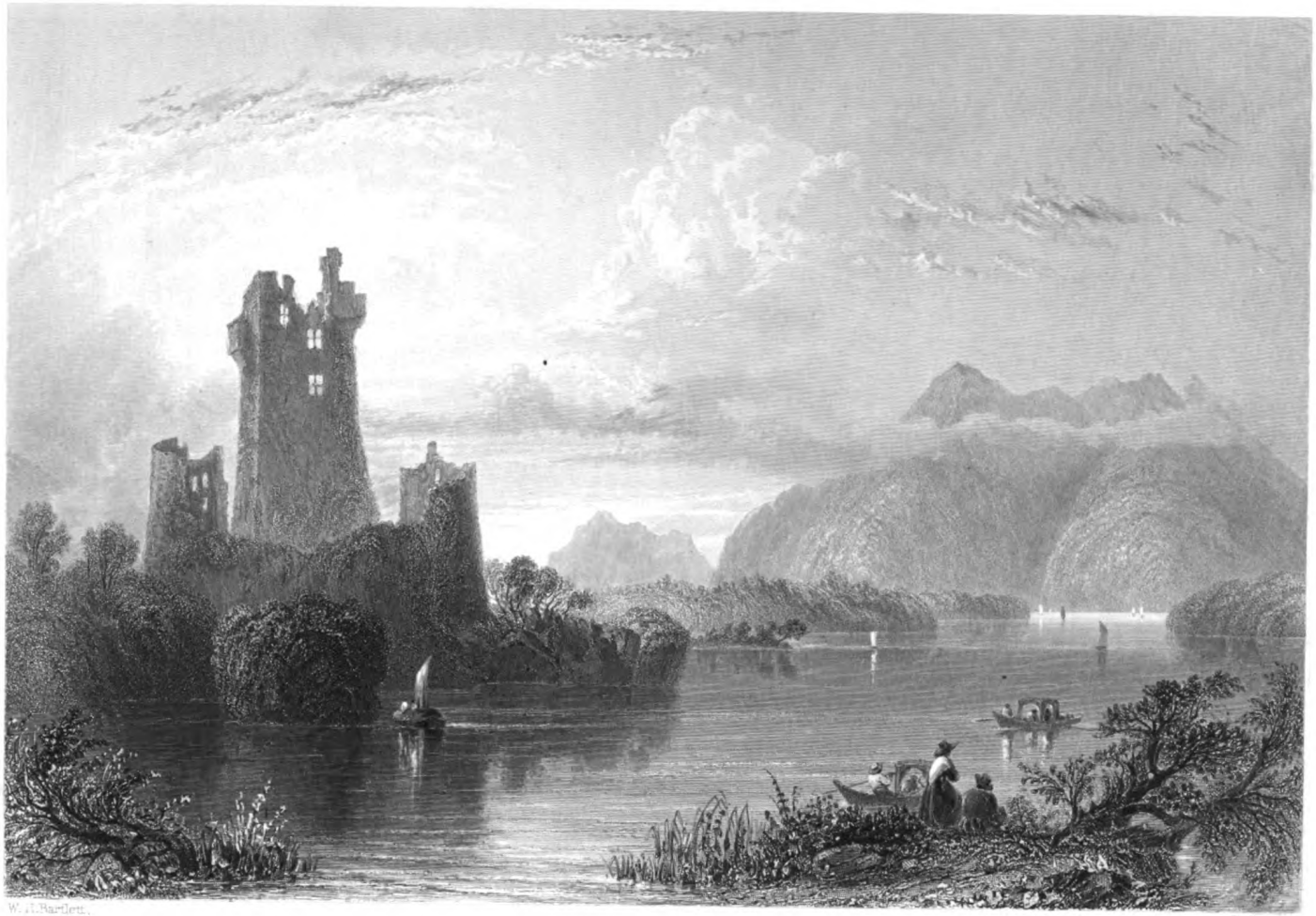
"Having, on further inquiry, learned that the much-dreaded individual had taken up his residence in the abbey of Mucruss, which my guide informed me was 'an illegant ould ruin that everybody visited,' and which had for many years been a favourite burying-place, in the true spirit of juvenile knight errantry I resolved on exploring it the next morning, and if possible finding out some further particulars relative to the more than mortal who had taken up his abode within its walls.

"I was as good as my purpose, for as the grey dawn of twilight had streaked the eastern skies, I was on my road towards Mucruss, and ere the sun had topped

the opposing mountain, I had gained a view of the far-famed abbey, as it peeped from amidst a grove of tall and stately trees, by which it was surrounded on every side. Even now I well remember I could not but frequently pause to contemplate the grandeur and loveliness of the scenery around me. Chased by the rising sunbeams, the mist of the morning appeared fast flitting away, as if anxious again to mingle in the waters of their great parent, the Atlantic. Before me lay the lovely lake, richly embroidered with innumerable islands, and reflecting from its azure surface the beautifully diversified scenery around—the waving forest, and the more sombre-shaded mountain, from whose stupendous sides the stunted oak and the aged holly, festooned with ivy, spring spontaneous. My path lay alongside and partly through a wood, and the scenery which frequently burst upon my view was really enchanting; at one moment the cerulean heaven, which had been for a time obscured, appeared through some opening vista as reflected in the broad expanse of water which lay beneath me; while at the next step my eye rested on richly-planted lawns, or was borne along the hanging woods which boldly swept along the mountain's side.

" Wrought by the stillness and solemnity of the scene into a kind of sublime contemplation, and almost forgetting the object of my excursion, I had strolled along to within a very short distance of the abbey. It was at that time a fine old ruin—a picturesque emblem of greatness in decay—situated on an eminence, rising over the lake, and completely surrounded by trees of various growth and species. A pointed doorway, ornamented with various mouldings, showed the entrance to the interior; while innumerable relics of mortality, piled in fantastic groupes on either side of the aisle, assured me of the truth of what I had been told by my guide on the preceding day,—that it was the *domum ultimum* (until the resurrection) of many who had at one time given life and animation to the scenery around.

" As I advanced into the interior of the choir, a feeling of peculiar solemnity appeared to steal over my soul: I experienced a kind of involuntary shudder. The place was gloomy and awful; and the idea, that the only being it contained was one whose mysterious character rendered him rather an object of dread than otherwise, created an apprehension in my mind that all my efforts to the contrary could not suppress. I could almost have wished myself exhumed, and once more among those who lived and breathed. Nor were my apprehensions allayed on proceeding towards the cloister, a dismal area of considerable extent, in the midst of which spread an immense yew, whose stem appeared to be thirty or forty feet in height, and the branches of which formed a canopy so complete as to render the place gloomy to a degree; the light being scarcely sufficient to point out the mouldering tomb-stones which lay beneath its shade. Scarcely knowing whither I went, I still proceeded forward, when, on turning the angle of a corridor, which, from the



W. H. Bartlett. C. Cousen.

Ross Castle, - Killarney.

W.H. Bartlett

information I had received from my guide, I conjectured might lead to the chamber in which the hermit had taken up his abode, I observed at the farther end a dim sepulchral light, which seemed as though it proceeded from an expiring lamp or taper. With a palpitating heart I advanced towards it; when, in an instant a sudden flash seemed to pass me by, and I was left in almost total darkness. I hastily turned, and was endeavouring to retrace my steps with that expedition which is prompted by fear, when I heard the sound of footsteps quickly following me; but unfortunately, in my hurry to regain the cloister, having kept too much to one side of the aisle, my foot was tripped by some relic of mortality, and ere I could recover myself, I fell violently forward, and tumbling over a coffin, which, from having been partially decayed, burst beneath my weight, in an instant I found myself as if in the strict embrace of a lifeless body. Whether from the effect of the fright or the fall I cannot say; but one thing is certain, I was so stunned that I lay for a moment motionless as the corpse beside me, and was only roused from my stupor by feeling myself rudely raised from my position by a gaunt and grisly hand, which I could at the moment scarcely think human, so fierce was the grasp with which I was seized, but which on approaching the cloister I perceived to be that of the very person I had seen the evening before in the boat; who, fixing his eyes upon me with a fiend-like scowl, inquired, in a voice which thrilled through every nerve in my body, what had brought me thither?—and ere I could reply, seizing me by the shoulder, and shaking me violently, he exclaimed in terrific accents, 'Presumptuous wretch, begone! and know that thou hast done to me an irreparable injury. The spell is broken, I am undone.' Then striking his hand violently on his forehead, as if in agony, 'Oh, eternity, eternity! am I now to realize thy horrors?—fearful foreboding; sad reality!—lost, lost, lost!' Here, clenching his hands in evident distraction, he remained a moment silent, as if lost in thought; and so petrified was I, that I really felt unable to move from the spot on which I stood. Apparently subdued in feeling, he again addressed me in a much milder mood. 'Young man, I forgive your rashness: by your coming here this morning you have fulfilled an augury; you have sealed my doom; but beware! Behold in me the effects of unbounded curiosity, scepticism, and impiety: God is just, and I deserve my doom; I myself made the bargain—I bartered my soul—but I will not recal past thoughts. My days are numbered—the future only remains for me.' Then again, as if in the most dreadful despair, he exclaimed, 'Lost—lost—lost!' As he pronounced these words, whether it was reality, or the conjuration of fancy from the state in which my mind was at the moment, I cannot tell—but I thought I perceived something again flit by me, as if in a flash of fire, and I imagined I heard the word 'Away, away!' distinctly repeated. At that moment the hermit hurried towards the entrance of

the abbey; I followed as fast as my trembling limbs could carry me, and having gained the door I saw him gliding rapidly along towards the lake, where he leaped into a boat, in which sat a little black man. In a moment they had gained the middle of the lake; the next they were lost to my view for ever."

Having put my boat on to meet me at the head of the upper lake, I took a car previously ordered, and proceeded, by a capital road, along the shore to TURK CASCADE. A small gate on the left of the road was opened by a person of no peculiarity except outside pockets in the arm-pits of his coat, and following him along the borders of a brook, through young plantations of fir and larch, I came presently in sight of the fall,—a sheet of white foam falling, as well as I could judge, forty or fifty feet, but so inlaid in the chasm through which it descends as to have very much the advantage of most falls of equal height. After breaking on the rocks, the stream resumes its rapid course through the ravine, and soon empties into the lake. Mr. Herbert's plantations on the sides and edges of the ravine serve to give the Turk Cascade an American wildness, which struck me very agreeably. I wish he would also give it a prettier name.

After ascending a winding path to a lofty spot above the cascade, where I got a very fine view of the LOWER and TURK LAKES, I resumed my route along the smooth road leading past Mucruss cottage, and admired, as much as I was capable of doing without sympathy, the splendid purple tints on the mountain sides, and the wonderful variety in the shapes and groupings of the noble mountains around me. There are no hills of finer mould, and, I should think, nowhere on earth such a profuse variety of scenery as the traveller sees in a day at Killarney. I was enchanted; but I was alone. On reaching a very spacious tunnel which lets the road through a cliff on the shore, I found my boatman waiting and a little girl with a wooden noggin of goat's milk and a bottle of whiskey, sitting on the rocks. I found too that the people of the inn had provided my boat with sandwiches and brandy, so that I left my four oars-men well employed while I drove on a mile further to see the DERRICURABY CASCADE. The driver stopped at the entrance to a thicket of underbrush, and by a wild path I proceeded alone, guided by the sound of falling water. I arrived at the ruins of a small cottage situated on a stream, which I crossed by a slight bridge, and from what was once a lawn, I obtained an excellent view of a fine waterfall, some thirty feet high, with more water than the cascade I had just left, but less beautiful in its adjuncts of wood and rock. The artist, whose beautiful drawings embellish this work, was fortunate enough, I believe, to see the taking of a stag just below the DERRICURABY CASCADE. Of this sport, for which Killarney is so famous, Mr. Wild gives a graphic account.

"On the day preceding the hunt those preparations are made which are thought best calculated to ensure it a happy issue. An experienced person is sent up the

W.H.Bartlett. J.Cousen.

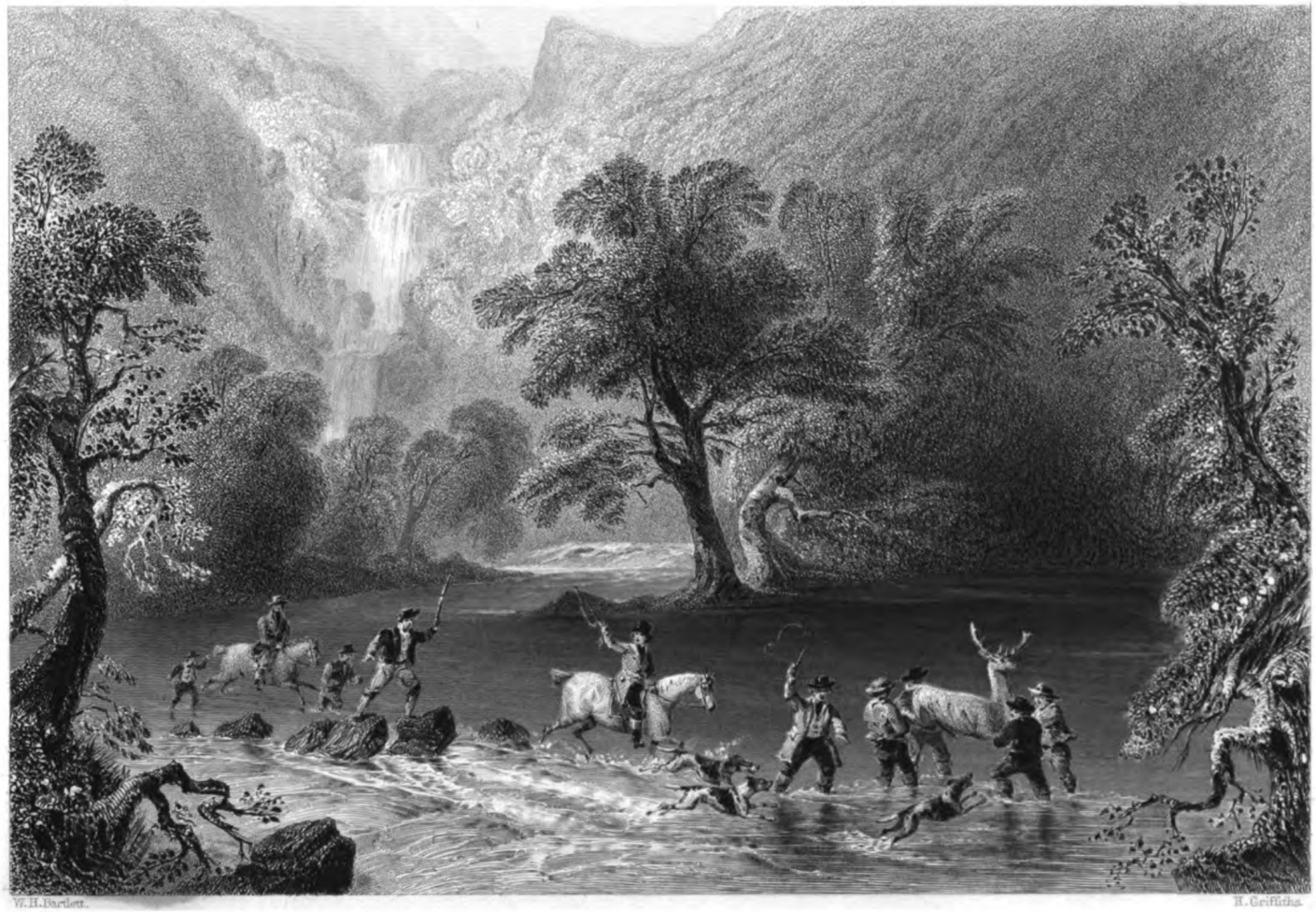
Turk's Cascade

(Killarney)

TURK'S CASCADE, KILLARNEY.

THE CASCADE TURK, KILLARNEY

London, Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.


W. H. Bartlett.
H. Griffiths.

mountain to search for the herd, and watch its motions in patient silence till night comes on. The deer which remains the most aloof from its companions is carefully observed, and marked as the object of pursuit, and it is generally found at the dawn of the ensuing morning, in the vicinity of the evening haunt. Before the break of day the dogs are conducted up the mountain as silently and secretly as possible, and are kept coupled until some signal, commonly the firing of a small cannon, announces that the party commanding the hunt has arrived in boats at the foot of the mountain; then the dogs are loosed and brought upon the track of the deer. If the business, previous to the signal, has been silently and orderly conducted, the report of the cannon, the sudden shouts of the hunters on the mountain, which instantly succeed it; the opening of the dogs, and the loud and continued echoes along an extensive region of woods and mountains, produce an effect singularly grand.

> "Tremble the forests round; the joyous cries
> Float through the vales; and rocks, and woods, and hills
> Return the varied sounds."

"The deer, upon being roused, generally endeavours to gain the summit of the mountains, that he may the more readily make his escape across the open heath to some distant retreat. To prevent this, numbers of people are stationed, at intervals, along the heights, who by loud shouting terrify the animal, and drive him towards the lake. At the last hunt which I attended, a company of soldiers were placed along the mountain-top, who, keeping up a running fire, effectually deterred him from once ascending. The hunt, however, begins to lose its interest after the first burst, and the ear becomes wearied with the incessant shouts which drown the opening of the hounds, and the echoes of their mellow tones. The ruggedness of the ground embarrasses the pursuers; the scent is followed with difficulty, and often lost altogether, or only resumed at the end of a long interval: much confusion also arises from the emulous efforts of the people on the water to follow the course of the hunt, especially if it should take a direction towards the upper lake, when the contending boats are frequently entangled among the rocks and shoals of the river which leads to it. Those who attempt to follow the deer through the woods are rarely gratified with a view, and are often excluded from the grand spectacle of his taking the sail, or, in other words, plunging into the lake. It is therefore generally recommended to remain in a boat; and those who have the patience to wait as long as five or six hours are seldom disappointed. I was once gratified by seeing the deer run for nearly a mile along the shore, with the hounds pursuing him in full cry. On finding himself closely pressed, he leaped boldly from a rock into the lake, and swam towards one of the islands; but terrified by the approach of the boats he returned, and once more sought for safety on the main shore; soon

afterwards, in a desperate effort to leap across a chasm between two rocks, his strength failed him, and he fell exhausted to the bottom. It was most interesting to behold the numerous spectators who hastened to the spot; ladies, gentlemen, peasants, hunters, combined in various groups around the noble victim as he lay extended in the depth of the forest. The stag, as is usual on these occasions, was preserved from death.

" Whether the red deer will long preserve their numbers, after the woods of Glena, which have hitherto afforded them such shelter, are cut, appears very questionable. For a series of years past they have continued much in the same proportion. Very few are destroyed in the chase, with which parties are indulged ; for, when the animal enters the water, as he generally does, it is easy for the persons in boats to take him alive and uninjured. It appeared from the marks on the ears of the last I saw taken, that the same mischance had befallen him twice before. The day after the hunt, he was a third time, to the amusement of a large party of ladies and gentlemen, turned out of a stable at Colonel Herbert's, and liberated in Mucruss demesne ; from which place, it was presumed, he would soon escape, and by swimming across the lake, regain his favourite abode on the side of Glena."

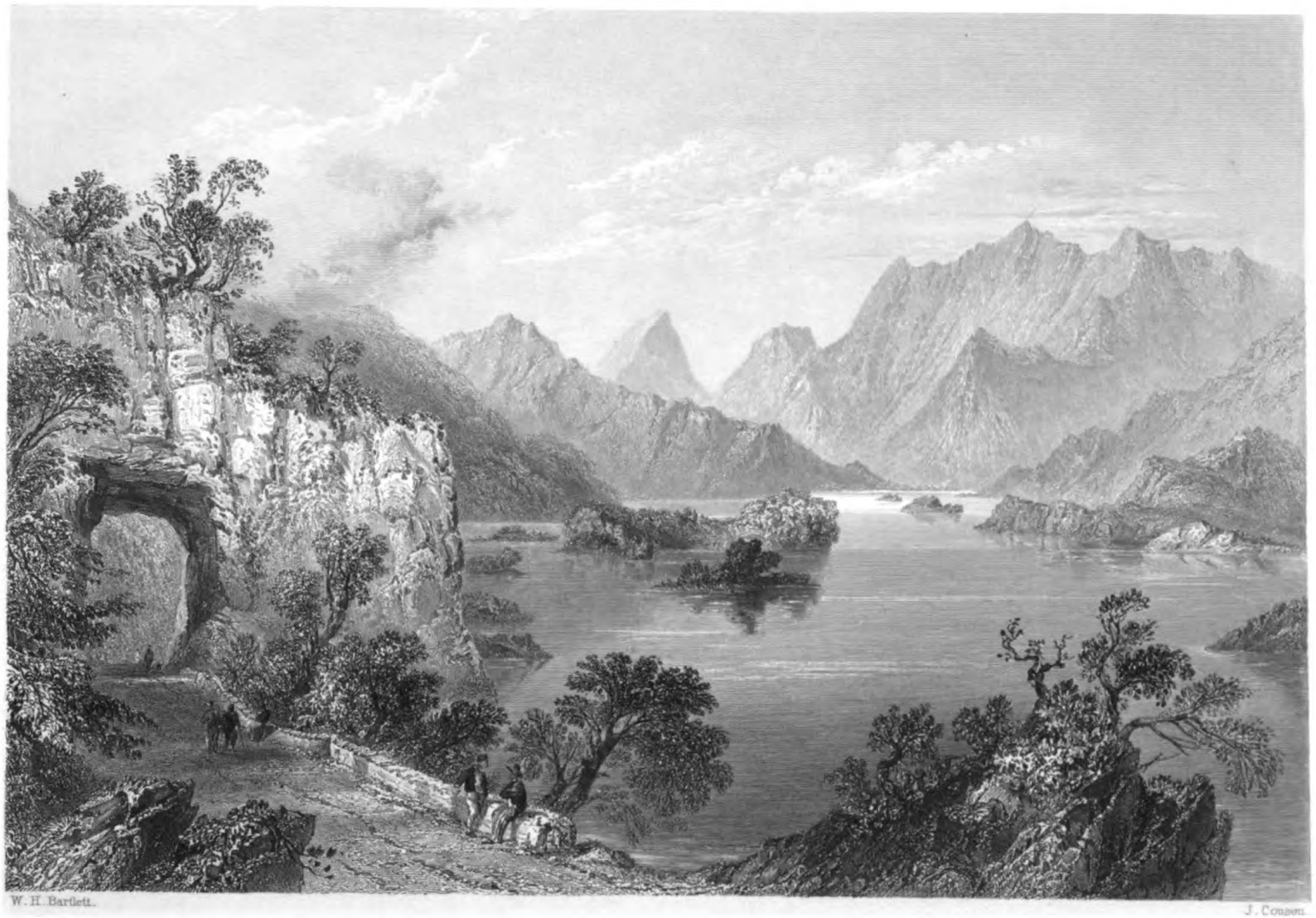
On my return from Derricunehy, I walked some distance up the hill from which the cascade descends, to get a view of THE LAKES AS SEEN in the APPROACH FROM KENMARE. From this elevation the three bodies of water appear spread out below the eye with their islands and mountain shores, in a landscape of which no description can convey an adequate idea. Fortunately in this case, the pencil " takes up the burthen," and in the wonderful perfection of the arts, description can be conveyed through the eye almost with the reality and enjoyment of nature.

On again reaching the tunnel, where I had left my boat, I was recommended by the driver to ascend the cliff through which it is cut, and on a platform, now smooth by the feet of travellers who had climbed there before me, I stood a few minutes and admired a smaller VIEW OF THE UPPER LAKE, enjoyable from the nearness of the objects which compose it. The mountains which hem it in, are of a bolder and more rugged cast, and the small rocky islands in its bosom rise very high from the water, and are covered with trees and vegetation. One of the largest of these is called Ronayne's Island, after a recluse who occupied it for some years. He built himself a cottage on the rocks near the water, the ruins of which are still visible, and, avoiding all society, employed himself wholly in reading, hunting, and fishing. He became exposed, of course, to the visits of curious people, and was on such occasions exceedingly savage and morose; but his name, says Wild, is still mentioned with respect, and even admiration, at Killarney.

From Ronayne's Island, the prow was pointed homeward, and with the warm sun creating an atmosphere of mid-summer on the tranquil bosom of the lake, I lay in

W. H. Bartlett. 18 R. Brandard.

Approach to Killarney from the Kenmare Road



W. H. Bartlett. J. Cousen.

Upper Lake, Killarney.

the stern-sheets, and watched the magnificent changes in the mountain-groups as we sped onward, and wanted nothing but some congenial friend to share my happiness. We soon entered on the narrow river which connects the two lakes, and after some winding through a channel, where the current ran very strongly, we came in sight of a picturesque old bridge, and the boatmen requested me to steer directly for the centre of the arch, with a caution to be careful and steady. They then shipped their oars, and the current increasing to great rapidity, we shot under the bridge with a velocity that rather surprised me. By another direction from the bow-oarsman, I steered in to the right, and ran up to a landing-place, where fifteen or twenty people stood around some object, with which they were so engaged as not to observe our approach. I jumped ashore on the island (Dinis,) and, to my horror, discovered the body of a drowned man, whose feet an old woman was tying together after straightening the corpse for burial. He was a boatman, who had fallen overboard in towing his boat against the stream, and had been dead about two hours. It was the body of a powerful man, and I heard from the boatmen that he was commonly called Big Rob, and was very much given to intoxication: he left a wife and ten children, who were entirely dependent on him. The horror of this sight and the melancholy of the whole event saddened the remainder of my day on Killarney. This WEIR BRIDGE is a dangerous spot, and many accidents have occurred in shooting the rapid. "The rapidity of the current," says Wild, "forms an impediment to the ascent of boats not to be counteracted without considerable efforts, and never fails to occasion much delay in proceeding to the Upper Lake. To render the boats more manageable, the passengers are always required to land, and walk through the woods till they get above the bridge; and, even after being thus lightened, it required the united strength of nine or ten men to drag a large boat against the stream. The bridge consists of two arches, of which one alone affords a passage for boats; the other is obstructed by a wall, built across the stream from the central pier to the shore. It was intended formerly as part of a fishing weir, and is now left for the purpose of deepening the channel at the opposite side.

Leaving the spot where we had been met by this melancholy spectacle, we kept down the narrow channel to the opening of Glena Bay, and turning round a point to the left, landed in a small and lovely crescent of the shore; in the centre of it stood a *cottage ornée*, the close-shorn lawn of which descended everywhere to the edge of the water. Rocks behind it, trees around, the forest extending up the mountain behind, and the solitude of lake and mountain burying it in silence and beauty. Glena cottage is a place to remember with a heart-ache when one is weary of the world. I landed and strolled through its gardens and shaded walks, and re-embarking unwillingly, steered across the lower lake toward Ross Island.

The romantic legend of O'Donoghoe and his phantom stud recurred to my mind as we skimmed across the still waters of the lake. Moore's beautiful song called "O'Donoghoe's mistress," is, as he informs us, founded upon one of the stories connected with this legend of the lakes: it relates, that a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chief that she fancied herself enamoured of him, at last in a fit of insanity, on a May morning, threw herself into the lake.

The approach to Ross Island by water is remarkably picturesque. The grey towers and ivied walls of the castle appeared as if emerging from the waters of the lake—and glittering as they were at the moment I beheld them, with the rich rays of the evening sun, nothing could be imagined more strikingly beautiful. It was long after I returned to my inn at the village before I could think of anything but the delightful scenery I had been viewing; and even after slumber had "steeped my senses in forgetfulness" I was in fancy wandering through the fairy scenes of this enchanting region. On the following morning I determined to make another review of Innisfallen, and Mucruss Abbey, whose beauties I had not sufficient time to examine on my former visit. Accordingly I took boat at an early hour in the day, in order to have full leisure to admire those interesting places. The character of the scenery of the Lower Lake is totally distinct from that of the Middle, or Upper Lakes; it is distinguished for its elegance and beauty, being studded with rocks and wooded islands, covered with a variety of evergreens. The Upper one, on the contrary, is remarkable for its wild sublimity and grandeur, while the Middle Lake combines in a great degree the characteristics of the other two. There are lakes in Switzerland, which, for single views, perhaps excel either of the Lakes of Killarney;—but, taking the peculiar atmosphere, the variety and grouping of the mountains, the interest of the ruins on the shores, and (above all to my thinking) the exquisite mingling of art with nature, and Killarney has no rival. Of the numerous islets with which the bosom of the Upper Lake is studded, and which have all received names, there are only four or five worthy of any consideration, except as accessories to the splendid picture which nature here spreads before us. Ross Island in extent claims superiority, but for beauty it cannot compare with

"—— Innisfallen, of the islands queen."

It is in truth an isle of beauty and repose, where a man, weary of the storms of the world, might spend in calm tranquillity the evening of his life. I cannot better describe the scene than in the words of a fair poetess, whose enthusiastic admiration of the magnificent scenery of the lakes gives a vivid freshness to her delineations:—

W. H. Bartlett.

G. K. Richardson.

Old Weir Bridge, - Killarney.

PONT DE VIEUX WEIR KILLARNEY

ALTE WEIR BRÜCKE KILLARNEY

——— " Here nature dwells
'Mid laughing vales, 'mid rosy smiling bowers
And velvet lawns, embroidered o'er with flowers;
Fantastic shores, that varied charms display,
Of cliff, and bower, and many a shady bay,
Where waving groves o'er crystal mirrors rise,
And ope to heav'n their variegated dyes.

" Bright, through the vistas of the pensile woods,
Burst on the view the mountain's glassy floods,
Glena's rich groves, that up its steeps advance,
And lave their shadows in the lake's expanse;
The peak of Tomish* rising o'er the clouds,
Above the mountains that the blue mist shrouds."

Viewed from the water, Innisfallen appeared to be covered with an impervious wood; but after penetrating the leafy screen which fringes the shore, I found the interior of the island spread out into beautiful glades and lawns, embellished by thickets of flowering shrubs and clumps of magnificent trees, amongst which the boasted arbutus, with its dark shining leaves, stood conspicuously distinct.† From these delightful openings the lofty peaks of the distant Tomies and Glena, with the misty summits of the purple mountain, which form the southern boundary of the lake, are distinctly seen; while between the dark stems of the trees glimpses are caught of the sparkling waters below, and the more distant sunny shores.

Innisfallen, like every spot in this region of romance, has its legends. It is, indeed, a marked trait in the Irish character, and one strikingly illustrative of the

* To the west of Glena stands a lofty pile, called Tomish, (or Tomies,) variegated half way to its top with a waving forest; and down whose sides, especially after rain, run very considerable cataracts into the great lake. There are many other hills still running more west, as far as the eye can trace for many miles; the nearest and most surprising for their loftiness are the Reeks, whose tops resemble so many pinnacles or rather spires lost in the clouds.—*Smith's History of Kerry.*

† The arbutus, which is found in such abundance upon the shores and islands of these lakes, has been long celebrated for its beauty, particularly as it is rarely found growing in any other part of the kingdom. Sir Thomas Mollyneux, in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 227, says, that it " is not to be found anywhere of spontaneous growth nearer to Ireland than the most southern parts of France and Italy; and there, too, it is never known but as a frutex or shrub; whereas, in the rocky parts of the county of Kerry about Lough-Lane, and in some of the rocky mountains adjacent, where the people of the country call it cane-apple, it flourishes naturally to that degree as to become a large tree." In another place the doctor adds, " the trunks of these trees in Ireland have been frequently four and a half feet in circumference, and they grow to about nine or ten yards in height, and in such plenty, that many of them have been cut down to melt and refine the ore of the silver and lead mines discovered near Ross Castle." Upwards of forty islands in this lake are covered with beautiful trees and shrubs, intermixed with the arbutus, which is frequently found growing high above the water on the bare rock, without any apparent means of sustenance but what it derives from the roots penetrating into the fissures of the hard marble."

imaginative genius of the people; that general tendency to associate the wild and marvellous with the sublime and beautiful in nature. Every glen and rath—every lake and island possesses its legendary tale; but, alas! they remain almost unknown. England has the philosophic annalist of her smiling plains and ancient towns; she has the poets of her lawns and rivers. Scotland can exult in her gifted sons, who have made her romantic land known to fame: she has had her Burns in song, and her Scott in those stirring tales that celebrated her picturesque mountains and storied lakes. Who has done—who will do so much for the interesting traditions, the neglected scenery of Ireland?

But to return to our legend of Innisfallen, the substance of which, as related by the peasantry of the place, is as follows: In ancient times, it is said, a friar of the Abbey of Innisfallen had wandered, on a fine summer's day, to an adjacent grove, where the silent tranquillity of the scene and its perfect seclusion disposed his mind to religious meditation and prayer. Prostrate on his knees, his thoughts abstracted from the contemplation of all earthly things, his soul exalted with visions of a better world, he perceived not the flight of time; hours passed unheeded away, until at length fatigue threw him into a profound slumber, which lasted (on the authority of the legend) ***seven hundred years.*** During so very protracted an afternoon nap, many a change took place in a world where everything is perishable and transitory. The pious brotherhood of his convent had been all consigned ages past to their native dust ere the good friar awoke from his sleep of centuries. On opening his eyes and looking around him, his senses were overwhelmed with the deepest amazement. The whole face of nature was altered—it was no longer the scene he had been accustomed to contemplate. A beautiful lake burst on his astonished sight where no lake had been before: rubbing his eyes, and tweaking his nose, to assure himself that he really was awake, he began to imagine that all he saw was the effect of a miracle, which heaven had worked while he slept. With this conviction he arose and repeating an *ave*, entrusted himself to the waters of the lake, which bore him in safety to Innisfallen. Directing his steps to the abbey, he entered the open gate, with the hope of having all these wonders explained; but, alas! a fresh cause of astonishment awaited him there; the monks whom he found inhabiting the abbey were all strangers to him, and ridiculed his improbable story. Amazed and confounded, the poor friar turned sadly from the place where he was regarded as an impudent impostor; and retiring soon after to one of the rocky islands of the lake, lived for many years a holy life, and died at length in the odour of sanctity.

The place where it is said this marvellous event had occurred is called Ross View, at about the distance of a mile from Killarney: by the simple country people it has always been esteemed a hallowed spot, and, with implicit faith, they point out three

small indentations in the rock, as being the impressions of the friar's chin and elbows during his enchanted slumber, when compelled by extreme weariness he sank down there while engaged at his devotions. There is a small well close by, which it is said possesses a miraculous power in curing all disorders: thither the afflicted, who have sufficient faith in its healing virtues, resort for relief of their bodily ailments. On these occasions, or indeed at any other time that they visit this spot, they never fail to strew the ground with corn or crumbs of bread, as a repast for those birds who they believe are blessed spirits, sent by an invisible power to be the peculiar guardians of this scene. Now all this, though it may seem ridiculous to the matter-of-fact reader, is rife with the spirit of poetry, and the legend related as it was to me, amidst the romantic scenes with which it was associated, possessed an indescribable charm, which it would be impossible to convey under other circumstances. But even in this remote district the age of romantic fiction is passing fast away: the "good people" are deserting their ancient raths and green rings; the Banshee's boding voice is now rarely heard wailing upon the midnight blast;* the "old grey man" has forsaken his lonely glen, and the comic little Leprechaun is no longer heard at his cobbler's work in the deep dry ditches by the blackberry-hunting urchin, whose heart beats with quicker motion as he advances with stealthy pace to seize the little fellow and his coveted red purse, and who is nearly frightened out of his wits by the sudden whirr of a blackbird through the rustling leaves. Perhaps it is better that it should be so; and though the poet and the romancist may regret the disappearance of the fairy and legendary lore of Ireland, it is to be hoped that the progress of civilization, by bringing in its train peace and plenty to these shores, may cause the philanthropist to rejoice at the change.

Leaving Innisfallen, I directed my boatmen to pull across to O'Sullivan's cascade, which lies at the south side of the lake, and which is shown to strangers as one of the greatest beauties of Killarney. The shore here exhibits a sweep of wood so great in extent and so rich in foliage, that it is impossible not to be struck with its beauty. High overhead rise the magnificent Tomies; but while I was admiring the sublimity of the scene, our boat glided into a small bay, in the centre of which is a chasm in the wood: this is the bed of a considerable stream which forms O'Sullivan's cascade. Landed to the right of it, I walked under the thick shade of the wood, over a rugged declivity close to the torrent-stream, which breaks

* It is a popular superstition in the southern and western parts of Ireland, that a little time prior to the decease of any individual connected with the ancient families of the country, a spirit, whom they call "the Banshee," appears to give warning of the approaching calamity, and that this apparition assumes the form of a woman clothed in white, with dishevelled hair, seated, on these occasions, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the house where the melancholy event is to take place, and singing, in tones of predictive sadness, a wild and mournful ditty.

impetuously from rock to rock, with a roar that kindles expectation in the mind of a person visiting this scene for the first time. The picture I had formed in my fancy did not exceed the reality: on a sudden I beheld rolling headlong from the mountain,—

> " Th' ungovernable torrent loud and strong,
> In thunder roaring as it dashed along;
> Leaping with speed infuriate, wildly down,
> Where rocks grotesque in massive grandeur frown.
> With ocean strength it rushes on its way,
> 'Mid hoary clouds of everlasting spray;
> To its rock-basin, with tremendous roar,
> The brown hills trembling round the wizard shore."

The stream, which bursts from the deep bosom of a woody glen, throws itself over the face of a high perpendicular rock into a basin concealed from the spectator's view; from this basin it forces itself impetuously between two rocks into another reservoir: this second fall is of considerable height, but the third and lower one is the most striking in its appearance. Each of these basins being large, there appears a space of several yards between the three falls; and the whole being as it were embowered within a woody arch, the effect is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful.

Before quitting Killarney I resolved to pay a second visit to the ruin of Mucruss Abbey, which though not comparable in extent or architectural grandeur to many similar edifices in Ireland, is, from the beautiful seclusion of its situation, one of the most interesting monastic remains I have met with in this country. The abbey, of which I have already spoken, overhangs the lake in one of the finest parts of Mucruss demesne. Embosomed in the shade of lofty and venerable ash, oak, yew, elm, and sycamore trees, festooned with trailing plants, and garlanded with ivy of the darkest and most luxuriant foliage; it is more beautiful in its loneliness and decay than it could have been in its pristine state of neatness and perfection.

The exact period of the foundation of Mucruss Abbey has not been well ascertained, but that a church was situated here from a very remote time, appears from a record in a manuscript collection of Annals in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, which states, that the church of Irrelagh (Mucruss) was burned in the year 1192. The present ruins are, however, altogether of a later date, and are the remains of a monastery of Conventual Franciscans, erected by the M'Carthys, Princes of Desmond, and dedicated to the blessed Trinity. It owes its present state of preservation to the repairs which it received in 1602, and subsequently in 1662, as appears from a black letter inscription placed on the north side of the choir. The church consists of a nave and choir, separated by a small belfry, which is pierced by a narrow Gothic door, connecting the nave and choir. On the south side of the

nave there is a small chapel; on the north side lies the cloister, which is the most perfect and interesting portion of the building. Within the walls of Mucruss Abbey some of the Irish kings are supposed to be interred: the vault of the M'Carthy Mores is placed in the centre of the choir, and is marked by a flat stone in the floor, on which the coronet and arms of the Earl of Glencare are rudely sculptured: a more stately monument designates the resting-place of O'Donoghoe of the Glens, who is buried in the same vault. The portion of ground on the south of the church has for ages past been the favourite cemetery of the peasantry of the surrounding district; and it is not uncommon for persons who die at great distances from this place, to lay their injunctions on their friends and relatives to have their remains conveyed thither for sepulture, firmly convinced that their spirits would not enjoy rest if their mortal part was consigned to any earth but that of the blessed Mucruss! Such requests are always religiously complied with by the survivors of the deceased, though the expense incurred often utterly ruins the person who executes the pious task. The cloisters consist of an arcade of Gothic arches; the pillars and mouldings of which are of grey marble: the solemn and imposing effect they produce is greatly heightened by the venerable and majestic yew-tree,* which rises, like a stately column, from the centre of the enclosure, and spreading its dark and lofty branches overhead, suggested to Mr. Smith, who wrote the History of Kerry, to compare it, with more truth than poetry, to "a great umbrella." This remarkable tree, which there is no reason to doubt is coeval with the abbey, has ever been regarded with the deepest religious veneration by the peasantry, many of whom shrink back with terror on entering within its precincts, and few can remain long without feeling impatient to escape from its oppressive influence. An old woman who had been praying, according to the custom of the country, beside the grave of some deceased relative, observing me examining the tree with some degree of attention, volunteered to relate to me a legend concerning it, which had been handed down from generation to generation, and which is firmly believed by all the country folks for miles around. Having an hour to throw away, and being well pleased to avail myself of the protection which the thick foliage of this wonderful tree offered against the fervid rays of the noontide sun, I seated myself upon one

* Cambrensis informs us, that the Irish church-yards of his day were generally planted with yew. That this tree was indigenous to Ireland there can be no doubt. It has been found in a fossil state in many parts of the country, and its trunk has been frequently dug up from the Irish bogs of very large dimensions. One of these found in the Queen's County, indicated, by its annual rings, a growth of five hundred and forty-five years. One of the Irish names for this tree, *Ioghadh* or *Iodha* pronounced *Ioga* or *Eega*, had been given to the sixteenth letter of the Irish alphabet a long time before Christianity was introduced into the island.

of the moss-grown tombstones, and invited my ancient *shanahus** to take a seat beside me: with a multitude of apologies and thanks for my "honour's civilitude," she at last consented to accept the proffered accommodation, and smoothing down her apron with critical nicety, commenced her recital in the usual Irish method, by asking a question.

"May be your honour knows the Fineens of these parts?"

"No," I replied, "I am unacquainted with any person in this neighbourhood."

"Well, it don't much matter:—any how they're come of the right ould stock, and has some of the rale O'Sullivan blood in their veins; but, as I was sayin', there was one Frank Fineeen lived, I don't know how long ago, over at the other side of the lake: a nater boy than Frank you couldn't pick out from here to Doneraile, and it's he that was the darling among the *cailleens:* many a purty red cheek grew redder when he walked into the chapel of a Sunday morning; and it's little of the prayers or sarmins the poor girls minded with thinking of Frank Fineen and his pair of roguish black eyes.

"But amongst them all there was not one, barrin Honor Hennesey, that could plase Frank's fancy. Honor, to be sure, was as likely† a girl as ever shook a foot on short grass; tall and comely she was, and straight as a rush; and when she moved it was like a slendher ash-tree waving in the summer wind. Then, hadn't she a beautiful blume upon her cheek like the blush of an opening rose? and as for her eyes, *wissha!* I can't tell your honour how they sparkled with the life and joy that was dancing in her young veins. Any how she put poor Frank Fineen's heart into a terrible flustration; and more besides him, I can tell you; for there was hardly a boy in the parish, ould or young, that wasn't ready to break his neck after her. If Honor had a fault, it was, that she delighted in bewildherin' the poor souls with her deludin' ways; for it can't be denied that her smile wor like the priest's blessing, every body got a share of it, and each one thought he himself had the biggest ind of it. In troth, it was a shame for her; but sure it's the way with all the *cailleens*, they like to make fools of the men; and by what I undherstand, sir, it's much the same amongst the quality ladies. Hows'ever, there was only two of all her sweethearts for

* The *Shanahus*, or professional story-teller, was in times past the historian and genealogist of great families in Ireland: he recorded the heroic acts of the chiefs and princes, and preserved the memory of illustrious names; but as the changes of society hurried on, and the feudal power of the ancient houses began to decay, the records of fallen greatness became a theme ungrateful to the ears of the gentry, and, to use the words of Carleton, that first-rate painter of Irish manners, "from the recital of the high deeds and heroic feats of by-gone days, the *Shanahus* sank down into the humble chronicler of hoary legends and dim traditions." The profession, if it may be so called, is now exercised indifferently by old persons of either sex.

† *Likely*, good-looking.

whom Honor really cared a *trawneen*,* and these were Frank Fineen, and a wild young chap called Neal Connor, who had been out sogering in the horse-dragoons, and fighting agin ould Boney and the black king of Morawco in furrin parts, and who had lately come home to see his ould mother, and get cured of a wound in his arm that happened to him by axcidence in the wars.

" Neal was a smart good-looking fellow enough, with an uncommon gift of the gab, and a free and asy way that made him, like a tinker's dog, at home wherever he went. His dress, too, was enough to take the sight out of one's eyes, and he wore a little cap like a skimmin-dish, with a bit of goold band round it, stuck on one side of his head, as if he thought everybody should admire him. Of course, he had nothing to do but *stravaige* up and down the village, showing his fine clothes, and divarting himself with making love to all the purty girls that came in his way, and, amongst the rest, to Honor Hennesey, whose head was fairly turned with all the murdherin stories he told her of; his fights and battles, where the colours wor flying and the drums bating, and the trumpets blowing, and the cannons tundhering, and the generals shouting out, '*Feigh a baillagh!*† Fair play for ould Ireland!' while the Connaught Rangers, the darlins, wor making lanes through the French *corps* with their swoords and bag'nets. Any how these fine discoorses made Honor begin to fancy she liked the young soger better than Frank Fineen, who had been coorting her for nigh hand a twelvemonth, and who she knew doted down upon the very ground she walked upon; so that between Frank's honest love and Neal's fine speeches, poor Honor didn't know which of them to choose, and, like many a girl in her situation, would fain have kept them both. Hows'ever that could not be, at laste in these parts; and so as the time was fast drawing on that Frank should return to his regiment, Honor found that she must decide one way or the other. I believe it was only two or three evenings before the day that Frank was to leave the village, that a meeting was held at the public-house above at the cross-roads, where all the boys and girls of the neighbourhood were gathered to have a fling of a dance together. It was understood that on this night Honor was to make her choice between her lovers, so becoorse they both came prepared to do all they could to win the hand of the purty *cailleen*. Neal, it was remarked, never talked so fast, laughed so loud, and whispered such *slewthering*‡ speeches into Honor's ear as on

* *Trawneen*, the stem of the grass.

† *Feigh a baillagh!* "Clear the way," or more literally, "Clear the pass," was often the watch-word to victory in the Peninsular campaign amongst the Connaught Rangers, who formed a portion of the brave Picton's "fighting division." Those who have served amongst those gallant fellows cannot forget the magical effect which this national battle-cry produced amongst the Irish regiments; and with what dauntless resolution they rushed to the charge amidst shouts of "*Feigh a baillagh.*"

‡ *Slewthering*, flattering.

that evening. Frank, who was no match for the soger at the *blarney*, sat by without opening his lips, but every now and then he threw such mournful and reproachin' looks over towards Honor, as caused her cheek to turn pale, and made her wish in her heart that Frank could spake to her like Neal. Well, as the night grew late, some of the ould people began to talk of ghosts and sperrits, and holy places, and laygends, and the like; and, amongst the rest, of the yew-tree of Mucruss, which was planted by the blessed hands of St. Columbkill himself, who left a strict order and command to all thrue believers not to touch so much as a leaf from it. I don't know what put it into Honor's head, but says she, quite suddenly,

" 'I wish I had some of the leaves of that tree: I hear they are good for the tooth-ache; and last night I had it so bad I could not get a wink of sleep.'

" Then, giving a side-glance at her sweethearts, she added, in a careless way,

" 'I wondher is there anybody here fond enough of me to go to the abbey to-night and fetch me a handful of the leaves.'

" 'I'll go,' cried Neal and Frank, jumping up together.

" Honor looked from one to the other in a laughing way.

" 'I won't make little of either by preferring one to the other,' says she, 'but if you're both so eager to oblige me, I'll give him who first brings me a branch from the yew-tree that grows in the church'—here she smiled one of her deludin' smiles, and purtended to look for a pin she had dropped on the flure—'I'll give him,' says she, 'whatever he asks that 'tis in my power to bestow.'

" The words had hardly passed her lips, when the two young men, without the laste warning, started off, like a brace of greyhounds, down the hill towards the abbey.

" 'Blessed mother!' cried Honor, turning as pale as a shroud, 'they don't mean to touch the blessed tree! Sure they might know I was only joking to try their sperrit. Shawn M'Garry, *achree*, run afther them, and don't let them attempt such a thing. Run, Shawn, *asthore*.'

" But Shawn should have had the foot of one of the mountain-deer to be able to overtake the rivals, who were already half-way down the hill. The night was as black as pitch, but both the lovers knew every inch of the path, and you may be sure neither of them let much grass grow under their feet on the way. On they kept running for the bare life, till Neal, who was the lightest of the two, got a good piece ahead of Frank, and was crossing the last ditch between him and the abbey, when he hard a voice calling to him in the pitifullest manner you can consave,

" 'Neal Connor, Neal Connor!' says the voice, 'stop and help a poor ould woman that's fallen into the ditch.'

" 'I haven't time,' says Neal, 'at the present.'

" 'For the love of heaven! for the blessed Vargin's sweet sake, don't lave me to perish here,' says the ould woman.

" 'Don't bother me,' says Neal, 'I wouldn't stop now for an univarse of ould women;' and away he run.

" Just then up comes Frank.

" 'Help a poor ould crather out of this, Frank Fineen, and my blessing will attend you,' cries the same voice.

" 'That I will and welcome, poor woman,' says Frank, 'though every minnit is worth goold to me now.—Where are you at all?'

" 'Here I am, in the ditch: give us your hand, *avourneen*.'

" Frank reached out his hand to her, which she caught hoult of; but when he tried to pull her up she was so mortial heavy he could hardly stir her.

" 'Pull away, Frank, *abouchal*,—pull away, *asthore!*' says the ould woman from the bottom of the ditch.

" 'I'm pullin' my best,' says Frank, making a great heave, and raising her about half-way up the bank, when his foot slipped and down he went, head over heels, along with her into the mud and sludge of the ditch. After struggling and sliddhering about for a long while, he at last got himself and the ould woman upon dry land.

" 'You've done one of the blessed works of mercy, Frank,' says she: 'A poor ould woman like me has little to give; but here's something at laste for you to remember me by,' and tearing a bit off the corner of her cloak, she gave it to Frank, who put it in his pocket, and walked off towards the abbey quite melancholy, for he knew he had lost so much time that his chance of being first back with the yew-branch was gone. Surprised at not meeting Neal on his return, he entered the cloisters; and there what did he behold, but the soger stretched upon one of the tombstones, with a large branch of the blessed tree in his hand. Frank at first thought he was dead, but after a while he began to recover; and at last, with Frank's help, he tottered to a neighbour's cabin, where he was put to bed—and the priest sent for; but before Father James could arrive poor Neal Connor was a corpse. Before he died, however, he tould Frank, that the instant he cut off the branch of the tree, he heard a dreadful screech!—heaven presarve the hearers—and at the same time felt a suddent blow from something he couldn't see, which struck him sinseless to the ground."

" Indeed?"

" Aye, sir, but the most particular part of the story ain't tould yet; for the next day, when the people went to look at the yew-tree, they found the ground around it steeped in blood from the wound that Neal Connor had made cutting

off the branch; and since then the ghost of the soldier is said to haunt this ould place, followed by a big dark man, who every night whips him three times round the abbey walls."

I suppose my ancient chronicler perceived an incredulous smile lurking about my mouth, for she hastily added, as if replying to my thoughts:

"In troth, sir, it is a mighty remarkable laygend, and has some hard parts in it; but still an'all, it's as thrue as that your honour is sitting there upon that flag-stone."

I assured her that I placed as implicit belief in her narration as I did in any similar marvellous tradition.

"But," said I, "who was the old woman that Frank helped out of the ditch?"

"I knew your honour would be curious about her. Well, then, that ould woman was no other than the blessed Saint Bridget herself; and if Neal Connor had shown a pitiful heart towards the cries of the distressed, she would have pursarved him from the misfortune that happened to him. As for Frank, he had his reward for the ducking he got that night; for in less than a month he was married to Honor Hennesey—and, by all accounts, there was lashins of whiskey at their weddin'; but that was before the Teetotallers was hard of in these parts."

The simple moral of the woman's story pleased me exceedingly, and having acknowledged the gratification I had received by a small douceur, I quitted the abbey, overwhelmed by a shower of blessings, poured forth with that energetic eloquence in which the Irish peasant gives expression to the emotions of a heart warm in its gratitude and bitter in its hate.

I had already obtained a view of the Upper Lake from the cliff above the tunnel in Turk Lake; but I resolved to devote another day to exploring its numerous beauties more closely, and also in visiting the extraordinary mountain-pass, called the Gap of Dunloe.

The wild grandeur of the Upper Lake strikes the observer on first beholding it with feelings of awe and admiration. Perfectly distinct in the character of its romantic scenery from that of the Turk and Lower Lake, it combines many of the softer beauties of wood and water, with all the stern sublimity of mountain scenery; possessing in a surpassing degree every variety of landscape that can delight the eye or gratify the imagination. Embosomed amidst majestic mountains, whose fantastical summits seem to pierce the sky, the lake appears to be completely landlocked. On the south lie the Derricunehey mountain ranges, and on the left the lofty Reeks

> "Lift to the clouds their craggy heads on high,
> Crown'd with tiaras fashioned in the sky;

W. H. Bartlett. J. B. Allen.

Mt. Lowell and Twin Lakes Colorado.

In vesture clad of soft etherial hue,
The Purple Mountains* rise in distant view,
With Dunloe's Gap——."

This mountain cincture imparts to the Upper Lake an air of solitary beauty and intensity of interest, not to be found to the same extent in either of the other lakes. Nature here sits in lonely and silent grandeur amidst her primeval mountains. Solitude—stillness, the most profound, rest upon the woody shores and the tranquil lake, filling and overpowering the mind with a deep sense of the perfect seclusion of the scene. A stranger visiting these lakes should therefore commence his tour with the lower, and proceed, step by step, to this lake, whose solemn beauties form a crowning scene to the splendid panorama on which his eyes have been feasted, and an impressive object for the termination of his pleasant labours. The shores here seem to have been fashioned by the hand of nature in one of her most whimsical moods. "Numerous," says an intelligent writer, "are the projecting headlands; some, whose rocky fronts dip down abruptly into the water; others with gentler shores, and summits finely waving with wood, form the sides of deep receding bays, and present to the explorer at every turn, new and highly picturesque views."

At various points bright mountain-streams may be seen pouring down the glens and deep ravines—now leaping from rock to rock, and flashing, like living silver, in the broad sunlight—now glittering in the shade of the dark foliage, till they are lost in the shining waters of the broad lake. A number of islets of the most picturesque forms are also scattered over its surface; some of them are mere masses of naked rocks; others, on the contrary, are redundant in vegetation, producing trees, shrubs, and plants in the wildest profusion; amongst which the arbutus, with its tempting berries, and the mountain-ash, with its scarlet clusters glowing through the dark shining foliage of the holly-tree are prominently conspicuous in the autumn season. The surprising natural architecture of several of these islands has been noticed by almost every writer who has described the beauties of Killarney: and by the aid of fancy are brought to resemble temples, pillars, and fortresses. Smith, in writing of them, says, "some of them are of such stupendous height that they resemble at a distance so many lofty towers standing in the water, and being many of them crowned with wreaths of arbutus, represent the ruins of stately palaces." In several instances the action of the water has worn away the lower parts of the rocks composing these islands, giving to the overhanging portions the resemblance of masses of giant architecture, thrown confusedly together by some convulsion of nature. In other places the rocks are completely perforated;

* *Purple Mountains.*—This lofty range of hills has acquired its name from a beautiful heath of a bright purple colour which clothes them nearly to the summits, and gives them, when viewed at a distance, a peculiar rich tint.

forming natural arches, sufficiently large for boats to pass through; though I must confess, while our boatmen rested on their oars for a few moments in one of these singular chasms, in order to our examining it at our leisure, that the threatening appearance of the huge impending rocks, supported upon disproportionately slender columns and crumbling foundations, considerably abated the pleasure that I should have enjoyed in the contemplation of these strange freaks of nature at a more respectful distance. There are three principal islands in the lake, known as Ronayne's, M'Carthy's, and the Eagle's; besides the several lesser islets, to which the lake-boatmen have given names. The first mentioned, the centre of a cluster of five lying near the western shore, I have alluded to slightly in another place. It is finely wooded, with precipitous shores, and covered with the richest verdure. From the summit of a rock in the centre of this island, a new and magnificent view may be obtained of the whole scenery of the Upper Lake, with all its splendid accessories of mountains, rocks, and woods. The spectator there beholds the cloud-crowned peaks of the surrounding mountains, piled up like the eternal barriers of a vast amphitheatre, of which the sparkling waters of the lake form the smooth arena; producing a *coup-d'œil*, which for beauty and grandeur cannot be surpassed by the most favoured spots on earth. Brandon Cottage is the principal object of interest on the western shore of the lake. A modern antique tower, erected by the late Lord Brandon, stands in the gorge of the rugged glen of *Coom dubh*, or the dark valley. When viewed from the lake, with its majestic mountain back-ground, it forms a bold and prominent feature in the picture. The situation of the cottage is highly romantic, and the noble possessor has enhanced the natural beauties of this picturesque retreat by his tasteful improvements.

Derricunehey Cascade, which I have already described, forms the great point of attraction for visitors on the eastern side of the lake. In the vicinity of this fall is a lovely creek or inlet from the lake, whose entrance is between two lofty crags. Within these lies a spacious and beautiful sheet of water, hemmed in by rugged precipitous rocks, and thick overhanging trees. Behind this is a deep, wooded ravine, through which a rapid stream rushes with considerable force from a cataract, concealed in a sequestered glen at a short distance from the shore. This charming place has received from the boatmen the very unexpressive and common-place name of Newfoundland. I had now nearly completed my tour of the Upper Lake, having reached Coleman's Eye, the point at which its superabundant waters begin to descend, by a narrow outlet nearly five miles in length, to the Lower Lake. Coleman's Eye has received its name from some legendary hero of that name, who in his eager pursuit of the chase, or flying from an enemy, (for tradition is not clear on the point,) leaped the stream about thirty feet in width at this place, leaving his footmarks deeply imprinted in the rock where he alighted. Giving to this legend all

the credence it deserves, I agree with the ingenious author of the " Historical and Descriptive Notices of Cork," that those footprints in rocks, which are by no means uncommon in Ireland, are " in their origin Druidic, many of them being connected with the ancient policy of the country, are regarded with traditional reverence by the peasantry, who preserve various legendary recollections of them, attributing some to the Fenii or to giants, others to holy men, and more to animals of a superior character." Spenser, the poet, mentions having seen stones in Ireland on which the ceremony of inaugurating the chiefs or tanists was performed. On these, he says, that he found " formed and engraven, a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captain's foot, whereon hee, standing, received an oath to preserve all the auncient former customs of the country inviolable."

One of the most remarkable objects to be visited in passing down the river from Coleman's Eye to the Weir Bridge, is " the Eagle's Nest," which every curiosity-hunter makes a point of seeing before leaving Killarney. It is a rugged cone-shaped mountain, nearly one thousand seven hundred feet in height, thickly wooded at its base, but presenting to the spectator's eye as it travels upwards a succession of broken crags, thinly covered with trailing plants and flowering mosses. Amongst these inaccessible precipices the golden eagle (*Falco chrysætos,*) makes its eyry, and from this circumstance the mountain derives its name. This noble bird, though formerly common in the western parts or Ireland, is now rarely to be found, and only in remote and mountainous districts, where it breeds amongst the loftiest cliffs. Mr. Maxwell, in his " Wild Sports of the West," narrates several amusing anecdotes of the Irish eagle, illustrative of its predatory habits ; amongst others, he relates, that some years past " a herdsman on a very sultry day in July, while looking for a missing sheep, observed an eagle posted on a bank, that overhung the pool ; presently the bird stooped and seized a salmon, and a violent struggle ensued : when the herd reached the spot, he found the eagle pulled under water by the strength of the fish, and the calmness of the day, joined to drenched plumage, rendered him unable to extricate himself. With a stone the peasant broke the eagle's pinion, and actually secured the spoiler and his victim, for he found the salmon dying in his grasp."

It is said by the peasantry (with what accuracy I know not) that the eagle is particularly attached to black fowls, but that it never carries off turkies. The proximity of an eyry to a mountain village is a serious misfortune to the inhabitants ; the eagles being ever on the watch to sweep through the cabins and seize on any prey that offers. The havoc they commit in this way is astonishing : the writer quoted above, endeavouring once to examine an eagle's nest, came to the bottom of the cliff on whose face the eyry was situated. That the eagle's dwelling was overhead was quite evident ; for, says he, " the base of the cliff was strewn with bones

and feathers, and the accumulation of both was extraordinary. The bones of hares, rabbits, and domestic fowls were most numerous; but those of smaller game and various sorts of fish were visible among the heap." But it is not from its being the lofty station of the king of birds that this cliff has obtained all its celebrity; it is also remarkable for its fine echoes, which may be heard to the best advantage at a station selected on the opposite shore. To produce the effect desired, a small cannon is sometimes discharged; each explosion awakening a succession of echoes, like peals of thunder, breaking on the startled ear with a deafening crash, that seems to shake the mountain to its granite foundations, and followed by another and another till the reverberations are lost in the hoarse and indistinct murmurs of the distant hills. A bugle sounded under the Eagle's Nest produces on the contrary a series of wild and solemn melodies; the plaintive and lonely voices of the rocks and glens, fill the soul with "sweet sadness," and, as Inglis says, "makes our imagination endue the mountains with life; and to their attributes of magnitude, and silence, and solitude, we for a moment add the power of listening and a voice."

But these and all other artificial means of awakening the mountain voices sink into utter insignificance, when compared with the sublime effect produced by a thunder-storm, which I had the good fortune to witness amongst these rocks and glens. The giant hills seemed to battle with the elements. To use the impressive language applied by Byron to a similar scene amongst the Alps:

> ——————— "Far along
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

There are many other objects of minor interest to which the stranger's attention is always directed in his voyage down the channel; each possessing some strange tradition or amusing anecdote, and many of them, I suspect, owing their existence to the creative fancy of the guides, who endeavour to gratify the appetite for the marvellous of the lion-hunters who visit the lakes, by inventing the wonderful stories they relate.

The Gap of Dunloe, which I next visited, is a wild mountain defile or pass, lying between the Reeks and the Purple Mountain, a shoulder of the Tomies range. The glen, which is about four miles in length, presents a most extraordinary appearance. On either hand, the craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rocks, impend fearfully over the narrow pathway, and at every step threaten with destruction the adventurous explorer of this desolate scene. In the interstices of

W. H. Bartlett

J. T. Willmore.

The Gap of Dunloe.

PRÊCHE DE DUNLOE.

DER KLEY PASS I

these immense fragments, a few shrubs and trees shoot out in fantastic shapes, which, with the dark ivy and luxuriant heather, contribute to the picturesque effect of the landscape. A small but rapid stream, called the *Loe*, (from whence the name of the ravine,) traverses the whole length of the glen, expanding itself at different points into five small lakes, each having its own proper name, but which are known in the aggregate as the *Cummeen Thomeen* Lakes. The road, which is a mere rugged foot-path, constructed on the frequent brink of precipices, follows the course of the stream, and in two instances crosses it by means of bridges. One of these stands at the head of a beautiful rapid, where the water rushes in whitening foam over the rocky bed of the torrent. The part of the glen which attracts most admiration is that where the valley becomes so contracted as scarcely to leave room between the precipitous sides for the scanty pathway and its accompanying strand. The peasantry have given to this romantic pass the name of " the Pike."

Keeping onward, the visitor begins to ascend the Purple Mountain until he reaches an elevated point, from whence he obtains a sudden view of the Upper Lake, and the rich scenery in its neighbourhood. The unexpected suddenness with which this splendid prospect bursts on the sight, the complete transition from the wild and gloomy scenery of the valley, to the smiling landscape that has sprung up, like the fabled gardens of Armida, entrances the mind of the beholder with admiration and delight. Beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, is the prospect before us ! " On our right," says Mr. Windele, in describing it, " lies the deep, broad, desolate glen of *Coom-duv ;* an amphitheatre buried at the base, and hemmed in by vast masses of the mountain, whose rugged sides are marked by the courses of the descending streams. At the western extremity of the valley, gloomily reposes amidst silence and shadows one of those lakes, or rather circular basins, of dark still water, *Loch an bric dearg,* ' the lake of the charr or red trout.' Other lesser lakes dot the surface of the moor, and, uniting, form at the side opposite the termination of the gap, a fine waterfall of considerable height, enjoying the advantage not common to other falls in Ireland, of being plentifully supplied with water at every season of the year. The characteristics of the scenery of the Gap of Dunloe are generally admitted to be, magnitude, sternness, and lonely sublimity. I cannot, therefore, understand how Mr. Inglis, whose perceptions of natural beauty were generally very correct, could have said in his ' Tour,' that he did not deem it worthy its reputation, and though confessing, that, ' it presents many features of the picturesque,' adds, that ' its approaches to sublimity are very distant."

I did not ascend the Reeks, or more properly, M'Gillycuddy's Reeks; named from an ancient sept or branch of the O'Sullivans. They are reputed the highest of the Irish mountains: the altitude of *Carran-tuel,* (the culminating point of the range,) according to the late surveys of Nimmo and Griffith, being three thousand

four hundred and ten feet, making it eight hundred feet above the height of Mangerton, which had previously been considered the loftiest mountain in Ireland.

The ascent of *Carran-tuel* is both difficult and dangerous, requiring an active and experienced guide to conduct the courageous traveller by the fearful precipices which lie between him and the dizzy summit of this monarch of the hills, and is only to be encountered by strong lungs, cool heads, and feet accustomed to those perilous mountain-paths. But the peak of the ridge once attained, the prospect from thence will, I have been assured, richly repay the toil of the way. The scene is magnificent beyond conception. Beneath the spectator's feet lies "a sea of terrene billows, each with its own blue lake, amongst which Lough Carra is distinguished as the broadest and fairest. At every turn they are seen in the sunlight or shadowed by overhanging precipices. Of the Killarney Lakes, a small portion only of the Lower Lake is visible, owing to the interposition of the Tomies Mountains." A vast and uninterrupted view is also obtained from this elevated point, extending beyond the Shannon on the north, and embracing in a westerly and southerly direction the bays of Tralee, Dingle, Castlemaine, Kenmare, Bantry, Dunmanus, with Cape Clear, and far beyond all the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, forming a dark line of horizon to the immense picture.

These mountains formerly harboured vast herds of red deer, but from various causes their numbers are now greatly thinned. Another gigantic species of the same animal existed in Ireland in far distant ages, as is evident from the enormous bones and antlers, which are so frequently dug up in various parts of the island, that the peasantry are acquainted with them as the "old deer," and in some places their remains are found in such quantities that they are thrown aside as valueless. A splendid relic of this noble animal, which was dug up at Rathcannon, near Limerick, is now to be seen in the Museum of the Dublin Society. It consists of a perfect skeleton, with beautifully expanded antlers, extending six feet on either side. The height from the ground to the highest point of the antler is ten feet four inches, and the length from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail is ten feet ten inches. The immense size of these antlers must have given the animal a most majestic appearance: while viewing them, I have often fancied that I beheld the dry skeleton clothed again in life's vesture, and saw the magnificent creature bounding, in the pride of his strength, over the hill tops, or bursting through the thick woods; while the hunter "chief of Eri, with a crown on his brow," attended by princes, cheered on with shout and horn, the stalwart Irish wolf-hound, (meet enemy for his noble game,) to the warfare of the deer.

"Wild mirth of the desert—fit pastime for kings,
Which still the rude bard in his solitude sings,

Oh! reign of magnificence, vanished for ever,
Like music dried up in the bed of the river."

It is extremely probable that the chase of this gigantic creature formed part of the business and pleasure of the early inhabitants of Ireland. The poetic remains of Ossian—not the M'Pherson forgeries—but those fragments of Ossianic song, which are still to be found amongst the peasantry in the remote districts, abound with allusions to the hunting of the tall deer, and the Irish wolf-dog, (*sagh cluin,*) which was employed to hunt the deer as well as the wolf, is frequently spoken of. This noble animal, uniting all the strength of the mastiff with the speed of the greyhound, and depending on its eye, its foot, and its wind, would hunt down the game that the scent-hound started for it. It was anciently so much prized that two of them were deemed a gift worthy of being sent from one sovereign to another. So far back as the fourth century Irish wolf-dogs were exhibited at the Circensian games at Rome, and were an article of export from Ireland in our own middle ages. But with the extirpation of the wolves and the destruction of the deer, the race of high wolf-dogs disappeared, and though not completely extinct, it has become so rare that there are not more than one or two families in Ireland that now possess specimens of the true breed. The last wolf seen in Ireland was killed in the neighbourhood of Dingle, in the county Kerry in 1710; the place is still known by the name of " the Wolf's Step."

Maryerton Mountain and its vicinity remained only to be visited now; and the following morning, accompanied by a guide, I commenced ascending it. Its height is calculated at two thousand six hundred and ninety-three feet. It is not by any means so difficult of ascent as *Carran-tuel,* being easily accessible on horseback. Though not so wildly picturesque in its appearance as the monarch of the Reeks, Maryerton possesses sufficient interest to repay the traveller for a day's visit to it. As he ascends, a vast and commanding prospect is gradually revealed: mountains, plains, and lakes seem spread like a map beneath him in pleasing distinctness of outline and position. The great object of attraction to the visitors of this mountain is the *Devil's Punch-bowl,* which lies near its summit, and usually forms the limit of their examination. This " Bowl," which is a small lake about a quarter of a mile in diameter, is contained in a deep chasm of the mountain. Its waters, which appear of an inky blackness from the dark nature of the surrounding peat-soil, and the overhanging shadow of the perpendicular rocks, are intensely cold, yet they have never been known to freeze. The supply is principally from springs, and the overflow of the water discharges itself under the name of the *Devil's Stream,* down the side of the mountain, and after forming the Turk Waterfall flows into the Turk Lake. The Bowl has been conjectured by many persons to be the crater of an extinct volcano; this opinion seems, however, to have been formed on

very slight grounds, for there are not the most remote traces of volcanic action anywhere in its vicinity; and if the hypothesis were founded merely on the shape of the Bowl, the same supposition might with equal correctness be extended to every other lake or tarn, to be found in such numbers amongst the entire chain of these mountains. The Punch-bowl, independent of the natural interest it possesses, has gained an additional celebrity from the circumstance of the great statesman, Charles James Fox, when on a visit to Lord Kenmare, in 1772, having swam round the bason, a feat, like that of Lord Byron's swimming across the Hellespont, which subsequent travellers feel more disposed to admire than imitate.

III.

THE route which I selected for my return to Cork runs through the valley of the Flesk and the romantically situated village of Ballyvourney, and is much more interesting than the mail-coach road by Millstreet.* The Flesk river, which is formed by the junction of two mountain-streams, after a rapid and tortuous course through the valley to which it gives its name, enters the open country about seven miles from

* *Millstreet.* The mention of this place brings to my mind a curious legend, which was related to me respecting a little village called Cullin, in its neighbourhood, which had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of a Saint Latereen, who left her curse upon the smiths' forges in it; so that, according to the popular tradition, "all the coals of Cork and the bellows of Munster would not be able to heat iron there." The story runs thus: Saint Latereen, who by the way was a female saint, and by far too handsome for such a profession, lived a holy and retired life in a lonely glen near the village. The saint prayed a great deal and fasted still more, and whenever she did indulge in the luxury of a meal, she cooked her own dinner, probably through a beautiful spirit of humility; or it might be, because her household did not include a servant. However, on these occasions it was her custom to repair to a neighbouring smith's forge for a coal of fire, which she carried home in a little cup in the folds of her petticoat. The smith, who was a man of taste, and moreover a good judge of female symmetry, could not forbear admiring the beautiful legs of the young saint, which in her simple forgetfulness she allowed him to see every time she took the coal in her petticoat. Respect for the sanctity of her character kept the man silent a long time; at last, tempted by the devil while she was taking the live coal as usual, he said, "Latereen, you have a pair of beautiful legs." The flattered saint, who never thought of her beauty before, looked down to see if the smith spoke truly, when the coal set fire to her garments and they blazed up around her. In her grief and vexation for this fault, she prayed that Cullin might never again have a smith to tempt the innocent to sin. It is gravely added, so powerful was the saint's ban, that it is impossible to heat iron to a red heat in Cullin; and though the place is well situated for a smithy, every attempt to establish a forge there has been ineffectual.

Killarney at Killaha Castle, and after a brief but interesting career through woods and plains, savage rocks, and flower-enamelled banks, mingles with the waters of the Lower Lake at Castlelough. Killaha Castle, now in ruins, was formerly a stronghold of the O'Donoghoes, erected some time about the close of the fifteenth century, for the protection of the important pass of Glenflesk, at the southern extremity of which it is situated. A slender square tower is all that now remains of this once proud edifice; every portion of the outworks and external defences having long since yielded to the destroying tooth of time and the depredations of the country people. Running parallel to the high-road, the river, which is here narrow, but deep and winding, traverses the valley. The sides of the glen on either side are composed of sterile, rocky mountains, exhibiting continuous ranges of weather-beaten rocks, rising in terraces one above the other, interspersed with patches of coarse heather and scanty pasturage for a few goats and poor-looking cattle. In the lower parts of the glen and along the banks of the river the soil is rich and abundant, and the traveller's eye is relieved by the sight of cultivated plains, verdant meadows, and waving fields of yellow grain, chequered by the vivid green of the frequent potato-garden, that invariable appendage to the Irish peasant's cottage.

The population of this remote valley preserve in a striking degree the personal characteristics of their Celtic race: warmly attached to their native glen, they have seldom wandered beyond its limits, and more rarely have been intruded on by strangers; the consequence is, that, in their appearance, manners, and customs, they are still pure Celts: compelled by the advance of civilization to forsake their old marauding mode of life, they submitted to the laws, but refused to mingle in the society of the stranger. An observing writer remarks, that "The modern Glenfleskean is generally a quiet, hardworking, honest, and inoffensive member of society; sobered down to habits of peaceful industry, preserving only the memory of the old mode of his life, its dangers and its spirit-stirring vicissitudes; and content by honest toil to seek and to retain the means of existence, which his ancestor sought by the strong hand, and despised if not so obtained." At the southern extremity of the valley, opposite to the entrance from Killarney, a series of precipitous rocks have received the name of *Phil-a-dhaun*, or the Cliff of the Demon: they form the face of the *Crochawn* Mountain at the opening of the valley. About midway up, a fissure in the rock, called *Labbig-Owen*, or Owen's Bed, is pointed out as the place of refuge of a notorious outlaw, who formerly had his head-quarters in this district. The passage to this mountain retreat is intricate and toilsome; but after some difficult scrambling over loose stones and broken crags, the visitor reaches the foot of the Outlaw's rock, and by means of a ladder gains access to what is called his bed, which is only a rough platform, overhung by a portion

of the cliff, that effectually shelters it from the rain and the crumbling of the rock above. Here, armed and provisioned, and accompanied by only one faithful follower, Owen, secure in his impregnable lair, defied for a time all attempts of his enemies to seize him. His fireplace, table, stool, &c. hewn from the rock, are still pointed out by the guides, who delight in recounting numerous anecdotes of the prowess, courage, and generosity of the Irish Rob Roy. The history of this outlaw is variously related: it would appear by the most authentic accounts, that he was of the M'Carthy race, and, as in duty bound, a follower of O'Donoghoe of the Glens. Mr. Croker says, that he was a mere cattle-stealer, and that his marauding propensities brought him under the grip of the law, and obliged him to take refuge at Labbig. There for a long time he baffled the pursuit of his foes, until becoming weary of his irksome situation, or for some other reason not now known, he quitted his favourite haunt, and retired to Iveleary, amongst whose mountain-crags he fancied he would be in perfect security.

The following version of the manner in which Owen met his death has been adopted by Mr. Windale; the account given by Mr. Croker of this outlaw's career differs from it in many respects. "In an evil hour," says the narrator, "he sought the shelter and protection of an old friend, as he imagined, but in reality of his bitterest enemy. Reardon, for that was the name of his host, rejoiced in his soul that he had now got possession of one whom he had long wished to have within his grasp; and regardless of every law, and of that of hospitality, held sacred even by the most barbarous nations, he treacherously devised his destruction. To open violence he dared not resort, for the strength and vigour of Owen were too well known to him; he had therefore recourse to stratagem. He placed the bed of his intended victim over a kind of trap near the fireplace, which sinking in the night, Reardon and his selected accomplices attacked its sleeping occupant with *graffauns*,* and slew him; after which they cut off his head." This treacherous action brought lasting odium on the Reardons in the neighbourhood where it occurred, and they are still called reproachfully, ***Reardane na ceean***, or "Reardon of the head." Owen's attached follower, on hearing of his master's fate, threw himself, in a paroxysm of grief, over the face of the cliff, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath.

Macroom is a considerable market-town, lying nearly midway between Cork and Killarney. It is placed on a neck of land formed by the junction of the river Lee with the Sullane: the latter, though a fine river and every way equal to the Lee except in the length of its course, bride-like resigns its name as soon as they become united. There is little to interest the antiquarian or tourist in

* *Graffaun*, a three-pronged pitchfork.

Macroom; the town consists of a long straggling street, and contains no public buildings worthy of notice. The surrounding country is diversified in its character: large tracts of bog lie in close proximity to it; but the bold mountain range which stretches to the north makes an agreeable variety in the features of what would otherwise be a very monotonous landscape. The Irish name of Macroom (*Maigh-cruim*) is of great antiquity, signifying the plain of *Crom*, who, according to antiquarians, was the supreme deity of the ancient Irish. Mr. Windele says, he was "adored under the name of *Crum Cruagheoir*, and is supposed to be the same worshipped as Zoroaster. His altar was the *Cromleac*, and his priest the *Cromthear*."* It is certain that Macroom was the head-quarters of the followers of the Druidic religion in West Munster: here the bards, who were the second order of the Pagan priesthood, held their bardic meetings, even after they had embraced Christianity. The Castle of Macroom, now the property of R. Hedges Eyre, Esq., adjoins the town. It is a huge baronial structure: tradition assigns its foundation to King John, but of this there are some strong doubts. The probability is, that it was built by the family of the O'Flyns, from whom it derives the Irish name *Caslean-i-Fhlionn*, "O'Flyn's Castle." This ancient family once held extensive possessions in the baronies of Carbery and Muskerry, to the latter of which they gave the name of "O'Flyn's pleasant country." A great part of this extensive tract between Macroom and Inchageelah belonged to another very ancient and once powerful family, the O'Learys. The name is still common amongst the peasantry; but of all the broad possessions that once appertained to the family, not a solitary acre now remains to it. Its last lineal representative, "the O'Leary," lived upwards of forty years since in the village of Millstreet. He possessed, I am told, a moderate fortune; was a justice of the peace for the county, and supported the old style of profuse hospitality beneath his roof. His dwelling was a small house in the village, more recommended by the contents of its larder and cellar, and the kind and courtly manners of its owner, than by its external appearance. No door required the protection of a lock, as he said it was useless to secure the contents of his cellar in that way, when any person who sought it might partake of them. O'Leary, as well by virtue of his magisterial authority as his local and personal influence, maintained the peace at the neighbouring fairs and markets. His commands were in most instances obeyed without a murmur; but if any proved refractory, submission was promptly obtained by the vigorous application of the long and weighty pole which he ever carried. His figure was lofty, athletic, and commanding: in his latter days extremely venerable and patriarchal. He generally stationed him-

* The motto of the present Duke of Leinster (Fitzgerald) is *Crum-a-boo*, and doubtless was derived from the same Druidic appellation of the deity.

self in Millstreet in the morning of each succeeding day, his long pole supporting his steps, and ready if necessary to maintain his authority. There he introduced himself to every passing traveller of respectability, and invited him to enter his ever-open door and partake of his unbounded hospitality. "The O'Leary" was one of the last, perhaps the very last, who kept up the unlimited hospitality which was once the boast of his countrymen.

I may also mention in this place the following particulars relating to another gentleman, residing in this part of the country a few years back, who retained more of the dignity appertaining to an Irish chieftain than the jovial personage I have just noticed. His name was M'Carthy, and being lineally descended from M'Carthy Mor, king or prince of this province, he was still regarded as the titular king of Munster. He had in his possession the crown, sceptre, and other regalia which had been worn by his ancestors; and also possessed a cup, said to have been made from the cranium of an ancestor of Brian Boirohme, whom a M'Carthy chief had slain in battle. It was highly polished, and had a lid of silver. It was usual among the old Irish to decapitate their vanquished enemies, and was also a custom of the chiefs to form drinking-cups of their skulls, and to retain them as trophies. Numbers of such cups have been found in the bogs, and several are still in possession of ancient Irish families. The name of M'Carthy is very common amongst the people in this part of the province: those who bear it are not, however, distinguished by their name, but by the place of their residence or some other accidental circumstance. Thus, John M'Carthy does not bear that name amongst his neighbours, but is called *Long* John, *Short* John, *Black* John, *White* John, or John of the *Hill*, John of the *Glen*, &c.; the name of M'Carthy being borne by the chief alone.

Near to Millstreet is the Hill of Knockaclashy, an object of some interest to the historian and tourist, as the scene of a celebrated battle between the English Parliamentary forces under Roger Lord Broghill and the Irish, commanded by Lord Muskerry, which was fought on the 26th of July, 1651. A detailed account of this battle, in the hand-writing of Lord Broghill, is preserved amongst the manuscripts at Lismore; and, as this action was one of the most important which occurred in the county of Cork during the wars of the seventeenth century, an abridgment of this curious document cannot fail being interesting to the general reader:—

The Republican general Ireton, who was besieging Limerick, having heard that Muskerry was advancing with his troops to relieve the place, dispatched Lord Broghill to intercept him: this nobleman, on the second night after his departure from the camp, discovered the fires of the enemy, and attacking their advanced guard at midnight in the midst of a violent storm, compelled them to retire in confusion about five miles from their head-quarters. At an early hour the following morning

the English crossed the river Blackwater, near Clonmene, and directly after landing, the events of the day commenced with a prophecy in their favour. " We here met," writes Lord Broghill, " with ninety Irish, who were under protection. I asked them what they were assembled for? they answered, they had a prophecy, that there was a battle to be fought on that ground one time or another, and they knew none more likely than the present. Upon which I again asked them, on which side was the victory to fall? they shook their heads and said, the English were to get the day."

There was at that time much woodland in the vicinity of the field of battle, and Lord Broghill, by a skilful movement, drew the enemy from the wood in which they had taken shelter, and enticed them into the plain. As the enemy outflanked him both ways, he drew to the right with his right wing, " upon which the enemy advanced that way with one thousand musketeers, and with their horse fought horse-head to horse-head, hacking with their swords." After an obstinate resistance he routed their left wing. A body of the enemy then appearing on his rear, he faced about and charged through them. Then charging a second time, he practised an ingenious device, which greatly assisted in obtaining the victory for him. When they began to charge he caused his men to exclaim, " *They run! they run!*" On hearing the cry, the first rank of the enemy looked back to see if their friends in the rear were really running away. The troops in the rear *seeing the faces* of the front rank, thought they were the men who had turned their back, and, seized with a panic, began to run " in good earnest," so that, in fact, the whole of that division fled together. One thousand Irish pikemen still " stood firmly and fought stoutly;" but Lord Broghill " ordering their angles to be attacked, they were put into disorder and broken, upon which most of them were cut to pieces." The fugitives were pursued until nightfall with great slaughter. The sun had shone during this sanguinary day with unwonted splendor; but (as was the case at the battle of Naseby) the weather altered as night approached, and the work of destruction was performed upon the unhappy remnant of the Irish troops —who had retired to a neighbouring hill—amidst thunder, lightning, and a deluge of rain. I am inclined to believe, that it is to this circumstance that Moore alludes in the following opening stanza of one of his beautiful Irish Melodies:—

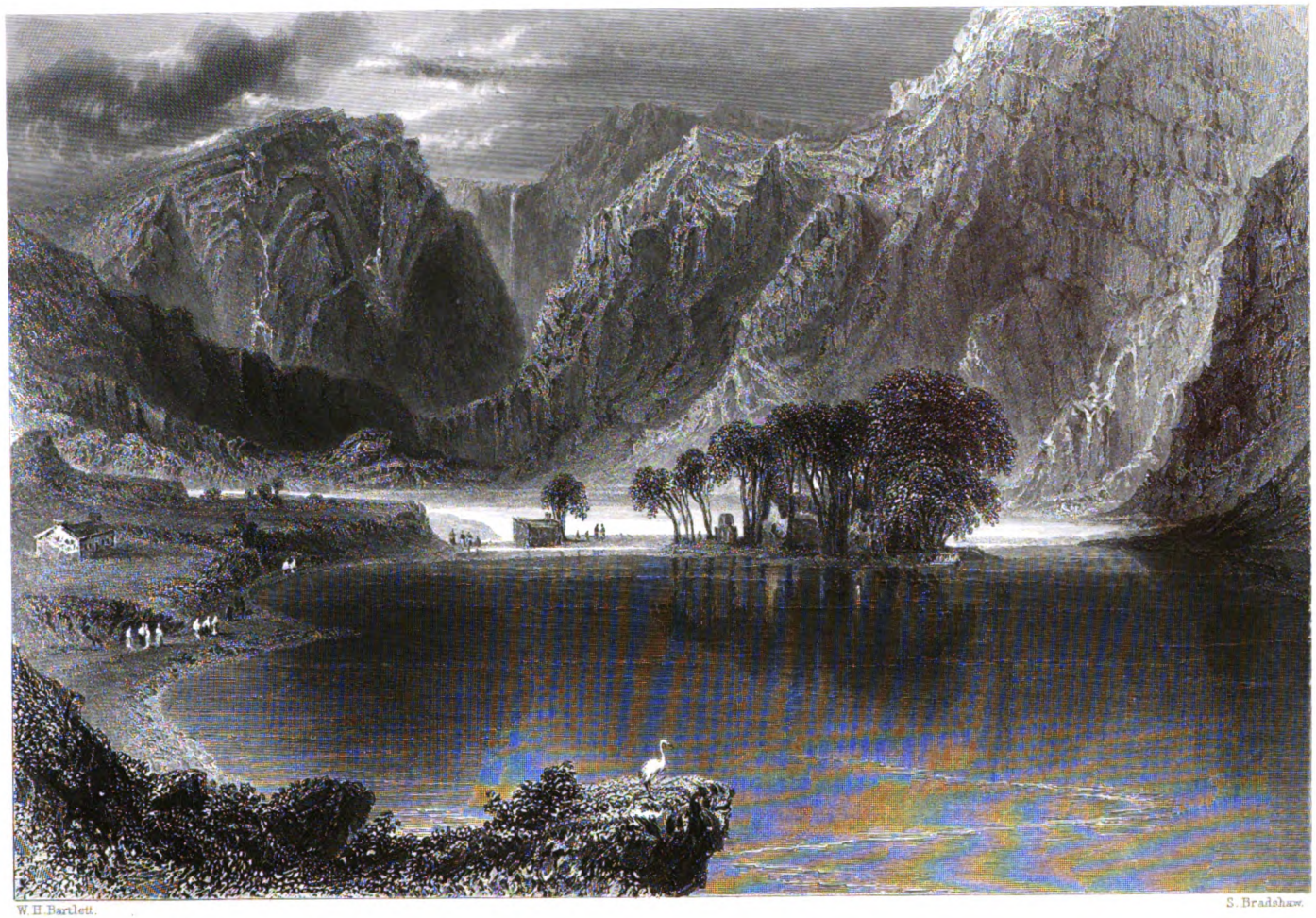
" Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightning show'd the distant hill,
Where those who 'scaped that fatal day
Stood few and faint—but fearless still."

In consequence of this victory Limerick surrendered to Ireton. Amongst the plunder acquired on this occasion, Lord Broghill mentions " a peck-full of charms, relics, &c. found in the baggage, besides a vast quantity taken from the slain, with

a peculiar one on paper, said to be the exact measure of our Lady's foot, and written in it, " Whoever wears this, and repeats certain prayers, shall be free from gun-shot, sword, and pike respectively, as each desired."

The belief which the peasantry in many parts of Ireland still entertain of the efficacy of charms, in preserving them from spiritual and bodily danger, is unbounded. To enumerate the different kinds of protective talismans, which knavery has invented to impose on the credulity of the superstitious, would fill a volume: every parish once had its " fairy doctor," as he or she was called, whose business it was to prepare charms and counter-charms for all manner of uses: to preserve cattle from murrain, and children from the *good people*—to bring back lost affection or stolen butter—to keep a household from " plague, pestilence, and famine"—or to guard the cows from being sucked by an old woman under the form of a hare. Scapulars—pieces of brown cloth, in which were stitched certain verses from the Gospel of St. John, written on paper or parchment, still continue to be a favourite preservative against all perils by flood and field to the wearer. Education amongst the people is, however, gradually overthrowing these absurd superstitions, and before many years it is probable that they will be only remembered as the idle fancies of an ignorant age. From Macroom I again turned westward out of my direct route to Cork, for the purpose of visiting the Lakes Allua and Gougaune Barra, near to which the river Lee takes its rise, in a country of such peculiarly romantic beauty as well entitles it to a visit from every traveller possessing the least taste for nature in the rude grandeur of her solitary retreats. The road, which at first is not very interesting and rather circuitous, runs through the valley of Garra and the rugged tract called " O'Leary's Country ;" but as I approached the village of Inchageela it assumed a wilder and more striking aspect, being everywhere broken up into craggy hills, clothed with heath, furze, and numerous other shrubs and plants that flourish in these rocky regions. Emerging from a deep glen, I came in view of the village, which is only an irregular assemblage of poor habitations, and of the ancient Castle of Carrignacurra, formerly a place of some strength belonging to the O'Learys, but now reduced to a single lofty tower, whose moss-covered walls, surrounded by thriving plantations, afford an agreeable relief to the eye amidst the wild and cheerless scenery in which it stands.

Leaving Inchageela I found myself entering into the deep solitude of the mountain district, where the Lee expands itself into a beautiful sheet of water called Lough Allua (from *Lough-a-Laoi*, the Lake of the Lee,) about three miles in length, and in some places nearly a mile in breadth. This lake is picturesquely dotted with clusters of islands; but the natural beauty of the scene has been considerably impaired by the destruction of the woods which clothed the islets, and skirted the shores of the lough. The road which has been recently con-



W. H. Bartlett. S. Bradshaw.

Bengal Bard.

structed lies on the northern side of the lake, following the indentations of its winding shores, through scenery of the most diversified yet solitary character, which will gratify the warmest expectations of the tourist who has leisure to investigate all its various beauties. After passing the lake, the river contracts itself into a narrow stream, and the traveller approaches, through narrow defiles and deep glens, the sequestered lake of Gougaune Barra, the first pausing place of the infant Lee, which bursts from the deep recesses of a rocky mountain a short distance from this spot. Antiquarians have assigned different etymologies to the name of this lake; some translate it, the *Hermitage* or *Trifle* of St. Barr or St. Barry. Mr. Windele, who is generally accurate in his derivations, says, that *Gougaune* is taken from the Irish words *Geig-abhan*, i. e. the gorge of the river. How he could have fallen into such an error is surprising, when it is evident that the name is derived from the artificial causeway, which connects with the shore a small island in the centre of the lake, where St. Fineen Barr lived a recluse life before he founded the Cathedral of Cork. The word *gougaune* is applied in the south-western districts of Ireland to those rude quays of loose stones jutting into the sea or river, constructed for the purpose of fishing. The lake, which is situated in a deep mountain recess, is enclosed on every side except the east with steep and rocky hills, down whose precipitous sides several mountain-streams pour their bright tributes into the placid waters beneath. The sanctified character of Gougaune Barra has, according to popular tradition, preserved it from that legendary monster, which, under the form of an enormous eel, infests many of the lakes in Ireland. One of these enchanted worms had in past ages taken up his quarters in this lough, where he remained unmolested until, by an act of daring sacrilege, he provoked the anger of St. Fineen Barr, and caused his own expulsion from the pleasant waters he had so long inhabited. The story was told to me by an old man whom I found fishing in the river, where it issues from the lake; and, as I should only detract from the simplicity of his legend by giving it in other language than his own, I shall, as nearly as possible, repeat it in the manner in which it was told to me.

"There was wanst upon a time, sir," said he, "a great saint, called Saint Fineen Barry, who lived all alone on the little island in the lake. There he built an illigant chapel with his own hands, and spent all his time in it day and night, praying, and fasting, and reading his blessed books. So, sir, av coorse, his fame went about far and near, and the people came flocking to the lake from all parts; but as there was no ways of getting into the island from the shore—barrin' by an ould boat that hadn't a sound plank in her carcash—there was a good chance that some of the crathers would be drownded in crassing over. So, bedad, St. Fineen seeing how eager the poor christhens wor for his holy advice, tuck pity upon them, and one fine morning early he gets up, and, afore his breakfast, he made that pathway

of big stones over from the land to his own island. After that, the heaps of people that kem to hear mass in his chapel every Sunday was past counting; and small wondher it was, for he was the rale patthern of a saint, and mighty ready he was at all sorts of prayers that ever wor invinted. But I forgot to tell you, sir, that there was living at that time, snug and comfortable, down in the bottom of the lake a tundhering big eel; some said he was a fairy, more that he was a wicked ould inchanther, that the blessed St. Patrick had turned into that shape. Any way, he used to divart himself now and then with a walk upon the green shores of the lake, and those that saw him at these times said, that he had the ears and mane of a horse, and was thicker in the waist than a herring-cask. But with all that, the crather never milisted nobody, till one fine Sunday, after St. Fineen had finished saying mass in his little chapel, and was scatthering the holy water over his congregation, all of a suddent the ould eel popped up out of the lake, and, thrusting his long neck and head into the chapel window, caught hoult of the silver holy wather-cup betune his teeth, and without so much as 'by your lave,' walks off with it into the wather. Of course, there was a terrible *pillalieu* riz in the chapel when they seen what the blaggard eel was afther doing, and in half a minute every mother's son had run down to the wather-side pelting him all round the lake. But the plundhering ould rogue only laughed at their endeavours, till St. Fineen himself kem out of the chapel, drest in all his vistmints, ringing the mass-bell as hard as he could. Well, no sooner did the eel hear the first tinkle of the blessed bell than away he swum for the bare life out of the lake into the river, purshued by St. Fineen, till he got to the fall of Loneen, when he dropped the cup out of his mouth. The saint however hadn't done with him yet, for he kept purshuing him to Lough Allua, where he thought to hide; but the sound of the bell soon forced him to leave that, and swim down the Lee to Rellig Barra, and there St. Fineen killed the oudacious baste with one kick of his blessed fut, and afterwards built a church on the spot; which, as your honour may perhaps have heard tell, is now the cathedral of Cork. At any rate, sir, there has never been another of them big eels seen in the lake from that time to the present."

The little island to which St. Fineen Barr retired, alluded to in the legend, was, indeed, an admirably chosen place for the enjoyment of undisturbed solitude, and the indulgence of devout meditation. Several aged trees of the most picturesque forms grow upon its shores, and overshadow the ruins of the chapel, the court or cloister, and other buildings appertaining to them, which cover nearly half the area of the island. In the centre of the court stands the shattered remains of a wooden cross, on which are nailed innumerable shreds and patches, the grateful memorials of cures performed on the devotees who have made pilgrimages to this holy retreat, and by whom this sacred relic is held in extraordinary veneration. Around the

court are eight small circular cells, in which the penitents are accustomed to spend the night in watching and prayer. The chapel, that adjoins it, stands east and west; the entrance is through a low doorway at the eastern end. The length of the interior is about thirty-six feet, and its width fourteen. The side-walls, however, are not more than four feet in height, so that when roofed it must have been extremely low; not probably exceeding twelve feet. The walls of the convent adjoining are similar in height to those of the chapel. Mr. Windele says, its entire extent "is fifty-six feet in length by thirty-six in breadth; it consists of four small chambers, and one or two extremely small cells; so that when we consider their height, extent, and the light they enjoyed, we may easily calculate that the life of the successive anchorites who inhabited them, was not one of much comfort or convenience, but much the reverse—of silence, gloom, and mortification. Man elsewhere loves to contend with and emulate nature and the greatness and majesty of her works; but here, as if awed by the sublimity of surrounding objects, and ashamed of his own real littleness, the founder of this desecrated shrine constructed it on a scale peculiarly pigmy and diminutive." Indeed, while contemplating this and many other unworldly recesses in different parts of Ireland, it is impossible to avoid a conviction, that the wild scenery of those solitary islands and untrodden glens must have had considerable effect in nurturing an ascetic tendency in the minds of religious enthusiasts.

On the shores of the lake, near to the Causeway leading into the island, a few narrow mounds indicate the unpretending burying-place of "the rude forefathers" of this remote district; and in this solitary spot, the broken remains of an arched recess mark the last resting-place of a religious recluse, named O'Mahony, who terminated his life here sometime about the commencement of the last century. Smith, the historian of Cork, mentions having seen a tombstone with the following inscription, *Hoc sibi et successoribus suis, in eadem vocatione monumentum imposuit Dominus Doctor Dionisius O'Mahony presbyter licit indignus.*" The flag is not to be discovered now, it either has been removed or is buried in the rubbish of the place. Dr. Smith adds, that O'Mahony was buried in the year 1728.

A charming description of Gougaune Barra has been left us by a young poet named Callanan, a native of Cork, who, had he lived to realize the promise that his early writings held out, would have proved himself one of the most distinguished lyrists that Ireland has ever produced. The simple beauty of the style and freshness of the language induce me to transcribe the commencement of his poem :—

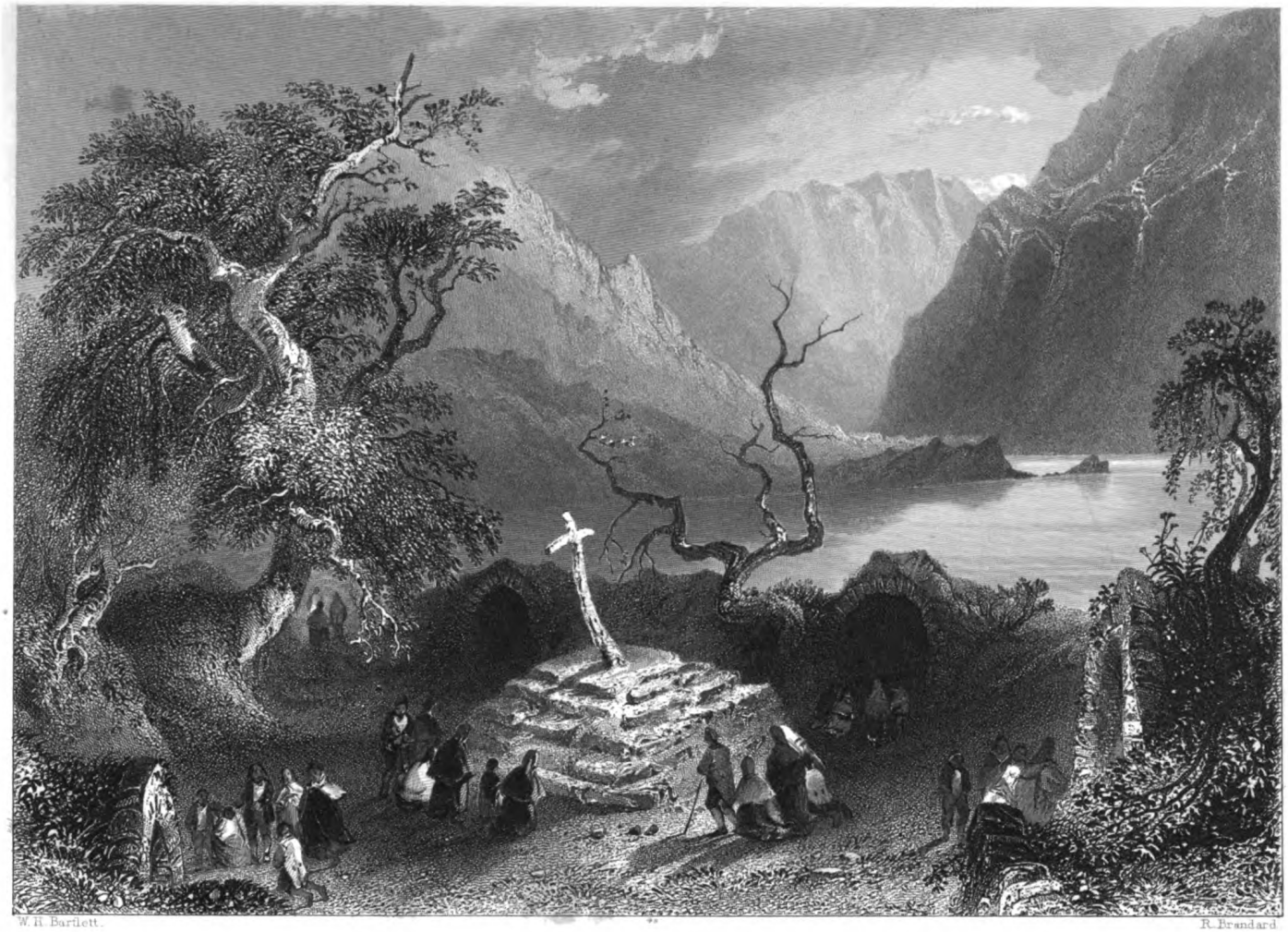
"There is a green island in low Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of song rushes forth as an arrow,

In deep vallied Desmond, a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.
And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning;
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like the clans from the hills, at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Maolagh the eagles are screaming.
Oh! where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?"

It would be impossible to convey by language, a more vivid and truthful picture of the "lone island" than that contained in these vigorous lines.

A very large and celebrated *Patron* is held on the island and the shores of the lake on St. John's day, when numerous tents are pitched, and a kind of carnival is held, in which dancing and singing, interspersed with love-making, praying, and fighting, form the principal business of the meeting. As many of my readers may have never heard of the Irish *Patron*, or, as it is more generally pronounced, *Pattern*, it may be as well to explain to them that it is an assemblage of persons of both sexes at a particular place, for the performance of certain religious ceremonies and penances. The locality usually chosen is a "Holy Well," in all probability one of those which in the early Christian ages had been used by the priests for the purposes of baptism. Many of these have in their vicinity a hermitage, chapel, or tomb of the pious man whose sanctity attaches itself to the well, and whose waters in consequence are said to possess miraculous virtues in healing the sick and maimed. The time at which the believers in those wonderful cures resort to the health-giving fount is on the anniversary of the *Patron* Saint of the well. On such occasions it is not unusual to see several thousand persons collected at a celebrated fountain, many with pious, but mistaken zeal, performing their painful penances on their bare knees around the holy well, for themselves or on behalf of their friends; for it is not unusual, when the penance is too severe for the strength or inclination of the principal, to have "*the stations*," as they call the routine of the performance, executed by proxy. The original intention of the *Patron* was evidently of a religious character, but in process of time it degenerated into a scene of gross riot and debauchery; which at length caused the suppression of these meetings by the Roman Catholic clergy.

While upon the subject of holy wells, I may be permitted to state, that the profound veneration which the peasantry of Ireland, particularly in the provinces of Munster and Connaught, entertain for these sacred fountains, and the singular



W. H. Bartlett. R. Brandard

Scene at Googana Barra.

POINT DE VUE À GOUGANE BARRA

religious ceremonies practised by the devotees, who resort to them, form a most curious and interesting subject of inquiry to the philosopher and antiquarian. The late Dr. Charles O'Conor, an enlightened Roman Catholic divine, who wrote a learned Essay upon the practice of Well-worship in Ireland, satisfactorily proves that it is of Pagan origin. Its introduction into the island he attributes to the Phœnicians, and he adduces several authorities to show, that, if it did not arise amongst the Chaldeans, it can at least be traced back to them; and that from Chaldea it passed into Arabia, thence into Egypt and Lybia, and, lastly, into Greece, Italy, Spain, and Ireland. In all these countries the vestiges of well-worship are still discovered by the antiquarian, but in none of them are they so numerous, or preserved with such reverence, as in Ireland, where the attachment to ancient customs and usages is so strong as to have become a national characteristic. The practice of attaching to the trees in the neighbourhood of these wells bits of rag, and other offerings of propitiation or gratitude to the patron saint of the spot, is also an undoubted relic of Paganism. Travellers in the East frequently meet with trees beside fountains, covered with similar votive offerings. Hanway, in his "Travels in Persia," says, "We arrived at a desolate caravanserai, where we found nothing but water; I observed a tree with a number of rags to the branches. These were so many charms, which passengers coming from Ghilan, a place remarkable for agues, had left there, in a fond expectation of leaving their disease also in the same spot."

The testimony of the early historians of Ireland also establishes the conclusion, that the worship of fountains in that country was derived from Paganism. In Tirechan's Life of St. Patrick, preserved in the Book of Armagh, it is related, that the Irish apostle, in his progress through the island, came to a well, called, *Slan* or Health, "because it was indicated to him, that the Magi honoured this fountain, and made gifts to it as to God." It was further reported to him, that, beneath a flat stone in the well, "a certain Magus, who worshipped water as a divinity, was interred." Patrick thereupon caused the stone to be raised up, and consecrated it to the true God. It is worthy of remark, that this identical well is still reverenced, though under a different name and a purer faith than formerly. Archbishop Usher says, that St. Patrick baptized his converts, including Alphin the king's son, in a well near Patrick's Church, Dublin, which in after ages became an object of devotion for the faithful, and so remained until it was inclosed in the foundation of a house in the seventeenth century. In like manner, the other holy wells of Ireland, though owing their early religious character to idolatrous worship, from being subsequently applied to the purposes of Christianity, have acquired an additional claim to the attachment of the simple peasantry.

A little to the east of the island, the waters issue from the lake, and form the head

of the River Lee, which at this point is so shallow that it may be crossed by a few stepping-stones. From thence it pours its irregular course over huge ledges and masses of rock—now sweeping onward headlong, and now pausing in dark eddying pools through the rugged valley, until it reaches Lough Allua, of which I have already given a description. Before quitting this neighbourhood I visited the Pass of Keimaneigh, which, for picturesque though gloomy grandeur, I have never seen surpassed, even in this region of romantic glens and mountain defiles. Through this Pass runs the high road from Macroom to Bantry, having the appearance of being excavated between the precipitous crags, that, rising on either hand, assume the resemblance of fantastic piles and antique ruins, clothed with mosses and lichens, with here and there the green holly and ivy, contributing by the richness of their tints to the beauty of the scene. Even the arbutus, which by many is supposed to be peculiar to Killarney, is found here interspersed through the overhanging rocks. "We behold with wonder," says an agreeable writer, "this and the ash, and other hardy plants and shrubs, growing at immense heights overhead, tufting crags, inaccessible to the human foot, where we are astonished to think how they got there. The London-pride grows here, and on the surrounding mountains, as well as amongst the ruins of Gougaune Barra, in the most astonishing profusion. On the mountains of Turk and Mangerton, near Killarney, it is met with in great abundance; but its plenty in the neighbourhood of the Lee far exceeds all comparison." Having completed my examination of Keimanheigh, I began to retrace my route to Macroom highly gratified with my visit to these romantic scenes; which, had they been thrown in almost any other part of Europe, would have been a favourite pilgrimage for those lovers of the picturesque, who haunt the Rhine and traverse the Alps, in search of nature in her wild and beautiful solitudes.

From Macroom I proceeded by the Cork road along the right bank of the Lee—here a sweet and sylvan stream. About nine miles from Cork, a little to the left of the high road, stand the ruins of the Abbey and Castle of Kilcrea. The abbey occupies a retired and picturesque situation on the margin of the Bride, a small river which takes its rise in the neighbourhood of Kilmurry, and for several miles winds through a long valley, in the midst of which was formerly the dreary morass, known as the Bog of Kilcrea; rendered almost impervious to the traveller by the matted underwood, and other rank vegetable productions, with which it was overgrown. The numerous remains of large oaks still found in the neighbourhood, show that the greater part of this vale and the lofty uplands by which it is surrounded, were in more ancient times covered by a vast wood.

The friary, as well as the church which adjoins it, are worthy the attention of the antiquarian and the artist: an avenue of venerable ash and elm trees conducts the

visitor to the church, and prepares the mind for the solemn impressions that the gloomy appearance of the ruins are calculated to inspire. It is said, that a nunnery existed on this spot at a very early date, of which St. Cyra or Cera, was abbess; and the anniversary of that saint is celebrated on the 16th of October; but all traces of such an institution have long since disappeared. The Ulster Annals state that the friary was founded in 1478. Its church was dedicated to St. Bridget or Bride. In 1614, Sir Arthur Chichester, then lord-deputy, committed the care of the friary to Cormac Lord Muskerry, upon condition that he should not permit the friars to live in it. It does not appear, however, that this rigorous injunction was obeyed; for in 1621 a brother of the house, Philip Sullivan, published an historical work on Ireland, and it was not until the wars of the Commonwealth, that the friars were driven from their pleasant retreat. In 1641 Cromwell gave the lands and friary of Kilcrea to Lord Broghill, the conqueror of Muskerry on the field of Knockiclashy. The buildings, which had sustained considerable injury in the struggle between the conflicting parties, were ultimately converted into a fortress for the Republican troops under the command of Captain Bailey. There is a tradition amongst the peasantry in the neighbourhood, that, on the expulsion of the hospitable old friars,* a colony of *black* crows, which until that time had been strangers to Ireland, established a rookery in the avenue, and held a solemn chapter in the belfry. It would appear from the ruins, that the buildings were never of any great extent, nor very remarkable for architectural embellishment; their principal interest arises from the melancholy contemplation of the gloomy and neglected aisles, where the dust of prince and peasant lie mingled in undistinguishable confusion beneath the ruinous tombstones, which are scattered over every portion of the church and convent. Most of these stones bear the names of the old families and septs of the district: M'Carthy, M'Swiney, and Barrett are the most numerous. In the choir are many decaying monuments; Smith, Ware, and other historians speak of the tomb of *Cormac, M'Carthy, Lord Muskerry, surnamed Laider, or the Strong,* founder of

* *Hospitality of the Monks.*—The following stanza from a short Poem, entitled "THE THREE MONKS," which appeared in the Irish Penny Journal, describes very accurately a practice followed in this old monastery, whose hospitable gates were ever open to the poor as well as the rich.

"Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
Shaven their crowns, and their garments grey;
Close they sat to that bogwood fire,
Watching the wicket till break of day,
Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea.
For whoever passed, be he baron or squire,
Was free to call at that abbey and stay;
Nor guerdon or hire for his lodging pay,
Though he tarried a week with the Holy Quire."

the convent, which is stated by Ware to have been in the middle of the choir, with the following inscription on it:—" HIC JACET CORMACUS FIL. THADEI, FIL. CORMACI, FIL. DERMITII MAGNI M'CARTHY, DNUS. DE MUSGRAIGH FLAYN AC ISTIUS CONVENTUS PRIMUS FUNDATUR. AN. DOM., 1494." Besides this chief, several of his immediate descendants, lords of Muskerry, were interred in this sanctuary. It is the last resting-place of the notorious Roger O'Connor, who made himself so obnoxious to the English government by the active part he took in the disturbances of 1798, in connexion with his brother Arthur O'Connor, and others of the revolutionary party. He was the author of several works, of which the most remarkable was the " Chronicles of Eri," a tissue of absurd fiction which he endeavoured to make the world receive as an authentic history. He was an extremely vain and turbulent man—proud of his princely descent; for which reason he styled himself in his writings "*Kier Reige*" or " Chief of his name and race." He ended his life in retirement, not far from Kilcrea, and was interred, according to his request, in the burial-place of the M'Carthy's. In the nave of the church lie also the mortal remains of " Arthur O'Leary the outlaw."* A low altar-tomb covers his grave, upon which we read the following inscription:—

" Lo! Arthur Leary, generous, handsome, brave,
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave.
Died May 4th, 1773, aged twenty-six years."

* *O'Leary, the Outlaw.*—The history of this unfortunate young gentleman, who fell a victim in the prime of life to the barbarous penal enactments against Catholics, which for centuries disgraced the statute books of England, is given by Mr. Windele, from whom I have abridged the following account of his untimely death. Mr. O'Leary was a Roman Catholic of considerable personal property, (the laws not allowing persons of his religious faith to hold real estates). He had been an officer in the Hungarian service, and on his return to Ireland his influence over the tenantry of his old patrimonial estate excited the jealousy of Mr. Morris, one of its landed proprietors. A horse of O'Leary's having won a race against a horse of Morris's, inflamed the already kindled jealousy, and the latter, availing himself of the then existing laws, which disabled a Roman Catholic from keeping any horse exceeding five pounds in value, attempted a legalized robbery by publicly claiming from O'Leary the very animal that had won the race, tendering him at the same time five pounds, the price awarded by the law for a Papist's horse. O'Leary indignantly refused compliance, declaring " he would surrender him only with his life." A scuffle ensued, out of which he was glad to escape with his life. By a summary process he was proclaimed an *outlaw* on the spot, and soldiers were sent out to intercept him on his return to his residence. Two of them placing themselves in ambush fired at him as he approached his house, but without effect; O'Leary returned the fire from a gun which he carried, when another shot from the soldiers laid him dead on the road. The brutal penal laws followed him even in death, and prohibited his interment in consecrated ground; his body was accordingly buried in a field outside the abbey, where it lay several years before it was removed into the church. Morris was tried in Cork for O'Leary's death, but was acquitted. As might have been expected, a bloody vengeance was taken by a brother of the slain gentleman, who, watching his opportunity, fired three shots at Mr. Morris through the window of his lodgings in a public street in Cork. One of the shots

There are, doubtless, other interesting monuments to be found here; but the accumulation of mould, bones, and other relics of mortality within the precincts of the ruins, renders it impossible to discover them without considerable labour. The passage from the church to the convent is on the north side of the nave, through an enclosure, called the " Earl's Chamber." From thence the visitor proceeds to the different chambers of the convent, the names and uses of each being furnished by the guides, who point out, with confident volubility, the kitchen, refectory, dormitory, penitentiary, &c. The corbels, which supported the joists of the second-floor, may still be seen in the walls. All the chambers were pleasantly lighted by numerous oblong side lights. The cloister which adjoins the north wall of the choir is a large square court, around which ran a covered-in ambulatory, where the brotherhood were wont to walk in wet weather. The other portions of the convent communicated with the cloisters by five doors, which opened into it.

At a short distance from the convent stands the Castle of Kilcrea, said to have been built in the fifteenth century by the same Cormac M'Carthy, Lord of Muskerry, who founded the church and friary. The ruins evince it to have been a place of considerable extent and rude magnificence. A staircase, composed of dark marble—of which there are extensive quarries in the neighbourhood—leads, by a flight of seventy-seven steps, from the ground-floor to the summit of the building, becoming spiral as it approaches the higher chambers. The upper apartment, which was spacious and well lit, formed the state-room; its floor, which is now unsheltered by a roof, is overgrown with grass, from which circumstance it is called the *parkeen-glas*, or " little green field." Traces of outworks are still visible around the castle; and on the east side is the bawn, a small fortified area, defended by curtain walls and two square towers. This enclosure in former times served by day as a place of recreation to the inhabitants of the castle, and by night as a secure retreat for the cattle of the estate, which were in no less danger from their natural enemies, the wolves, than from the plundering bands of kernes or gallowglasses of the various hostile septs, who, as opportunity or hope of prey allured them, swept the country with whoop and shout, rifling and burning the dwellings of the unprotected peasants, and carrying away their cattle to their impregnable mountain fastnesses. There they enjoyed their triumph until the chief whose lands had been robbed, watching his time, rushed out with his enraged followers, and in the darkness of night retaliated upon the aggressors, by committing infinitely more mischief than he had sustained, and driving off, if possible, double the number of cattle which his clan had lost.

inflicted such a wound in his side, that he soon after died of it. O'Leary the brother escaped to America after the perpetration of the deed, where, it is said, he lived to a good old age. Such was the state of Ireland seventy years ago!

The Castle of Kilcrea was once surrounded by thick woods; but, save a few young plantations near the walls, it is now totally denuded of its lovely forests, and stands in stern and lonely desolation,—a monument of departed greatness. Gazing at its dismantled towers and lofty battlements, I felt the melancholy force of an Irish bard's address to the ruins of Donegal Castle, who, bewailing the destruction of "the fortress of the once bright doors," utters a beautiful apostrophe to it in his native language, of which the following extract is a literal translation:—

"In lieu of thy rich wine-feasts, thou hast now
Nought but the cold stream from the firmament.
. . . . . .
Over the mouldings of thy shattered windows,
The music which to-day breaks forth,
Is the wild songs of birds and winds—
The voices of the stormy elements.
O many-gated Donegal!
What spell of slumber overcame thee—
Thou mansion of the board of flowing goblets—
To make thee undergo this rueful change?"

From Kilcrea the road runs through Ballincollig, a neat little town, five miles from Cork. It is a military station, and contains a cavalry barrack and a police depôt for the province of Munster; also an extensive gunpowder manufactory, which gives employment to a number of persons in the neighbourhood: it was formerly in the hands of government, but is now worked by a private company. The neat-looking offices and buildings attached to this manufactory, and the numerous seats of the gentry on the banks of the Lee, give an air of cheerful comfort to the village and its vicinity. The castle of Ballincollig, near the town, was formerly a stronghold of the Barretts, an Anglo-Irish family,* who at one time possessed large

* *Anglo-Irish.*—The jealousy with which the native Irish regarded the English intruders, even after a lapse of time which might be supposed sufficient to have extinguished all acrimonius feelings towards them, is strikingly exhibited in the following anecdote of O'Neal, Earl of Tyrone. Marching by *Castlemore*, the principal seat of the Barretts, in the northern extremity of the barony of their name, he inquired, who lived in that castle? On being informed that it was Barrett, a good Catholic, who had been possessed of the estate above four hundred years; exclaimed, with an oath, "No matter, I hate the English churl as if he had landed only yesterday." It must be admitted, however, that the English settlers were equally bitter in their hostility to the Irish, and that they sought to maintain the footing they had obtained in the island by studied barbarity of example, rather than by setting a precedent of mercy and forbearance. Can anything more sanguinary be imagined, than the sentiments expressed by the Earl of Cork in a letter to the Earl of Warwick, giving an account of a skirmish, in which his second son, Lord Kinalmeaky, was engaged against the Irish insurgents during the civil wars? After mentioning the number of the slain, he adds this barbarous comment, "And now the boy has blooded himself upon them, I hope that God will so bless him and his majesty's forces, that as I now write but of the killing of an hundred, I shall shortly write of the *killing of thousands!*" Such were

estates in this county, and gave their name to the adjoining barony. It is a plain quadrangular tower, about forty feet in height, in the centre of a walled enclosure, defended by towers. A natural cave, which runs some distance into the rock beneath the keep, is still shown as the place where the former possessors of the castle confined their prisoners. The edifice cannot boast any great extent or architectural beauty, nor is there much to interest the antiquarian in its ruins, although it is said to have been built as far back as the time of Edward III.

Within a mile of the village of Ballincollig the beautiful river Bride unites with the Lee. The rich lowlands adjoining the junction of the rivers, is called Inniscarra, (the beloved island) where the pious St. Senan* founded a monastery in the sixth century. It is a sweet secluded spot, admirably adapted for meditation and the alienation of the heart from worldly concerns. Not a vestige of this establishment is now to be discovered. There are some reminiscences which render Inniscarra a place of great interest to persons conversant with Irish history. It was there that the Earl of Tyrone encamped his numerous native forces at the close of the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, commonly called the *Sugawn Earl;* and it was while here with the army that the President St. Leger was killed in a skirmishing excursion, not far from the city of Cork. A succession of several natural caves are to be seen near "The Ovens," a small hamlet in this neighbourhood, that derives its name from those subterranean chambers, some of which are said in shape to resemble ovens. Two of them are accessible to the curious; but there is

the feelings that animated both parties: a thirst for blood prevailed on either side, and the cruelties practised by the invaders served only to provoke a fierce spirit of vengeance and retaliation in the hearts of the injured party.

* *St. Senan* or *Senanus*, according to ancient tradition, had introduced Christianity, and founded a church upon Scattery, a small island at the mouth of the Shannon, before the arrival of St. Patrick. The ruins of some old churches and an ancient round tower, one hundred and twenty feet high, seem to offer corroborative proof of the great antiquity of the place. An incident in the life of this saint, who it appears was celebrated for severe chastity, has afforded Moore the subject of one of his charming Irish melodies, called "*St Senanus and the Lady,*" to which he appends this curious note: "In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found amongst the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party: he even refused to receive a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of St. Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis,
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphosis indignantly."

little to render them worthy a particular description here. Like all caves found in lime-stone countries, they are merely a succession of irregularly-sized chambers, hung with spars and stalactites, and connected by narrow and intricate passages. Travellers who have visited the caves of Mitchelstown, or that of Dunmore in the county Kilkenny, will find these at Ovens much inferior to the former in romantic beauty, and in size and extent; although the country people say that they extend underground as far as the Castle of Carrigrohan, a distance of four miles from the place. The great number of those singular caverns found in Ireland, is owing, in almost every instance, to the calcareous or lime-stone strata, of which the island is composed: to the same cause may be attributed much of the picturesque charms of its scenery—its numerous waterfalls—deep glens—subterranean rivers—natural bridges, and precipitous cliffs, which are not to be met with in the same extent, variety, and beauty, in any other country.

On the summit of a steep rock overhanging the river Lee, stand the picturesque ruins of the Castle of Carrigrohan. It consists of two distinct piles; one, the more ancient—built in the early feudal times, when the security of the chieftain depended on the number of his followers and the strength of his castle walls—is now a mere heap of ruins, whose massive architecture, narrow, gloomy chambers and vaulted dungeons, show that it must formerly have been a place of some importance. The other building, which is in better preservation, belongs to that era when the ancient castle began to assume the more peaceful characteristics of the modern manor-house. Its form is oblong, and three of the original high-pitched gables, surmounted with clustering chimney-shafts, still remain; which, with the ornamental projections at the angles, and the Tudor label mouldings over the windows, give a picturesque appearance to the building. The M'Carthys are said to have been the founders of the ancient portion of this castle, from one of whom, surnamed *Rohuin* or *the Nobleman*—the name of the fortress, *Carrigrohan*, (the Rock of Rohan,) is derived. It is mournful, while wandering through this part of southern Ireland, to meet everywhere the crumbling relics of the greatness of this once powerful family, whose very memory is now nearly forgotten, or remembered only by those to whom they are endeared by the traditions of the country, or who find a sad pleasure in turning over the pages of ancient Ireland's eventful history. While viewing those mouldering ruins, I could not forbear picturing to myself, that, perhaps within these very walls the ancient kings of Munster —the proud M'Carthys *Mor*—sate surrounded by warriors and statesmen, bards and chieftains, receiving embassies from foreign princes, though it may be said of the last of this noble race—that,

"In the fields of their country they found not a grave."*

* Rooert, the fourth Earl of Clancarty, the lineal descendant of the Kings of Desmond, was

After the M'Carthys lost this castle it was possessed by the Barretts, of whom I have spoken in my description of Ballincollig Castle; it is believed that the modern structure at Carrigrohan was erected by the latter family. The Barretts, like many English families, had become, as I have elsewhere remarked, "more Irish than the Irish," that is, they were more turbulent and rebellious than the natives themselves—ever ready for a foray—and watching opportunities for plundering the peaceable inhabitants of the towns and cities. Amongst the records of the transgressions of these Barretts we read, that, in 1377, one Edward Perys was paid one hundred shillings as a recompense for his horse slain in an expedition against the Barretts, then in rebellion; and in the same year Richard Oge Barrett and his son William were obliged to send into Cork one thousand cows, as fines for their various seditions. In 1599, William Barrett, described as "a chief of a small countrie," who had been in rebellion with the Earl of Desmond, submitted to the queen's mercy. The extensive estates of this family were forfeited at the time of the Revolution by Colonel John Barrett. Carrigrohan was destroyed in the great rebellion, though it was afterwards occupied by a Captain Cape, the notorious leader of a band of robbers, who infested this part of the country, and were the terror of the neighbourhood for a long time. West of the castle, at a sudden bend of the river, it forms a deep pool, which has obtained the fearful name of *Poul-an-Iffrin* or Hell-hole; and is said to be the abode of one of those monstrous eels that the traditions of the peasantry describe as the terrible guardians of vast treasures, which lie concealed in the numerous fairy lakes of Ireland.

I remember it was after a day spent in wandering through the beautiful scenery which embellishes the banks of the Lee, that I was attracted by the sounds of music; guided by them I proceeded along a by-road until I came to a *sheebeen*, or small public-house, in front of which a number of persons of both sexes were assembled; the younger portion of the company were seated, some on the grass and others upon deal forms arranged around a small reserved space, in the centre of which an active, clean-limbed young fellow was dancing with an indefatigable energy that put every muscle and fibre of his frame into motion, opposite to a pretty modest-looking girl, who, with her eyes fixed upon her shoestrings, footed it, less vigorously

the son of Donogh, whose estates were confiscated for his adherence to James II. Having vainly sought a restitution of his patrimony from George II. he retired in disgust to France, where he was allowed by Louis XV. apartments in the palace, rank in the army, and the privileges of the higher nobility. Notwithstanding which, he was haunted by an ever-yearning love for England; and in order, as he often said, "to die in sight of his native country," he retired to Boulogne, where, on a handsome pension from the French king, he was enabled to live in that hospitable convivial style which suited his disposition, and to indulge in the society of the English and Irish refugees who resided there. He died in 1770, at the advanced age of eighty-four, at his *chateau*, leaving two sons, who left no legitimate issue.

perhaps, but with no less determination, to the popular jigg tune, "The Rakes of Mallow," perpetrated by a blind piper, who had been planted by "the boys" on an upturned *cleave*,* on which a bundle of fresh straw had been laid by way of a cushion. A churn-dash stuck into the earth supported on its flat end a cake, which was to become the prize of the best dancer. The contention was carried on for a long time with extraordinary spirit; at length the competitors yielded their claims to a young man, the son of a rich farmer in the neighbourhood, who, taking the cake, placed it gallantly in the lap of a pretty girl, to whom I understood he was about being married. The visitor, to show his generosity, ordered a large supply of whiskey to be distributed to those present; and as this acknowledgment is always expected from the dancer who gains the cake, it is generally conceded to him who is considered to be best able to pay for the honour.

The love of dancing appears to be inherent amongst the Irish, and constitutes a striking feature in the national character. Even poverty and its attendant evils, which might be supposed sufficient to depress the most elastic spirit, have not been able to extinguish the love of the peasantry for this amusement, that may be said to form an important part of their education. With them it is a natural expression of gaiety and exuberance of animal spirits—indicative of their ardent temperament; and I question whether a more accurate test could be found to judge the character of a people, than by their national dances. Carleton, the popular author of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," whose pictures of humble life are drawn with a thorough knowledge of his subject, says, that no people dance so well as the Irish, and gives the following excellent reasons for what he advances. "Dancing, every one must admit, although a most delightful amusement, is not a simple, nor distinct, nor primary one: on the contrary, it is merely little else than a happy and agreeable method of enjoying music; and its whole spirit and character must necessarily depend upon the power of the heart to *feel* the melody to which the limbs and body move. Every nation, therefore, remarkable for a susceptibility of music, is also remarkable for a love of dancing, unless religion or some other adequate obstacle arising from an anomalous condition of society interposes to prevent it. Music and dancing being dependent the one on the other as cause and effect, it requires little argument to prove that the Irish, who are so sensitively alive to the one, should in a very high degree excel at the other, and accordingly it is so." No person who has witnessed the enthusiasm with which an Irishman listens to a favourite piece of music; the different emotions it excites in his breast, according to the gay or mournful tendency of the strain, can doubt for a moment the truth of the above observations. It is the music that exhilarates and

* *Cleave*,—A large kind of basket, carried by the peasantry on the back.

puts him into motion; the dance is the expression—the music the cause of his ecstatic delight. The skill acquired by the peasantry in this their favourite exercise, is regularly exhibited at weddings and other rustic festivals. A native buoyancy of spirit distinguishes their performance, and there is frequently to be found a grace and ease in the simple motions of the youthful peasant girl that would be the theme of admiration in the lofty ball-room.

Of the ancient dances of Ireland little is now certainly known; those of a serious character are either entirely forgotten or rarely practised. Carleton mentions two which he has seen, one was called the *Horo Lheig*, danced only at wakes, funerals, and other mournful occasions; the second was a dance executed by one man. "It was not," he says, "necessarily performed to music, and could not be performed without the emblematic aids of a stick and a handkerchief." He adds, that this dance was addressed to an individual passion, and was doubtless a remnant of the old Pagan mysteries. There is a curious account of a dance, called the *Rinceadh Fadha* or Long Dance, traditionally said to have been the dance of the ancient Irish, in Walker's Memoirs of the Irish Bards. On the landing of James II. at Kinsale, the friends of that ill-fated prince, who awaited his arrival on the sea-shore, received him with the *Rinceadh Fadha*, the figure and execution of which delighted him exceedingly. The figure is thus described: "Three persons abreast, each holding the ends of a white handkerchief, first moved forward a few paces to slow music; the rest of the dancers followed two and two, a white handkerchief between each; then the dance began. The music suddenly changing to a brisk tune, the dancers passed with a quick step under the handkerchiefs of the three in front, wheeled round in semicircles, formed a variety of pleasing animated evolutions, interspersed at intervals with *entrechats* or cuts, united, and fell again into their original places behind, and paused." Mr. Walker conjectures that this might have been the dance of the Pagan Irish during their festivals. It is certain that all the nations of antiquity had different dances for different occasions. The old Greeks, who esteemed dancing not only an honourable but a necessary accomplishment, had religious dances and war dances; dances for marriages, for funerals, and for a great variety of occasions; and some of these have survived in a land where everything else has perished, or been changed. At the distance of nearly three thousand years, we can trace the Dædalian or Cretan dance, as described by Homer, in the Romaika of the Modern Greeks; and it is not straining a resemblance to say, that the character of the Cretan dance is to be found in the Irish *Rinceadh Fadha*. The ancient Pyrrhic dance exists still in the Albanitico, and in a dance peculiar to Candia, in which the performers, who are always men, are furnished each with a target and short sword, which can differ little in form from

that described in the Iliad. Byron alludes to this when he makes a Greek poet thus reproach his effeminate countrymen :—

" Ye have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?"

Byron never omitted an opportunity of sneering at the practice of dancing; but as it is well known his dislike arose from a morbid sensibility of his own unfortunate disqualification to join in its pleasures—his censure is of little consequence. How would the poet's self-esteem be mortified had he consulted an old Italian author, who says, that there is, or ought to be, as much immortality in a good dance as in a good Epic poem! But the evidences of the esteem in which dancing was held by the ancients are too numerous to require repetition. Plato, the divine philosopher, " thought it meet that young children be taught to dance." The severe lawgiver, Lycurgus, enjoined dancing to the Spartans. Eschylus, the great tragic poet, did not think it unworthy his genius to turn his attention to the national dances of his country, which he improved considerably. Lucian claims the honour of the invention of dancing to the goddess Rhea, who, he says, taught the art to her priests in Phrygia and Crete. Homer makes honourable mention of dancing, and Herodotus relates how a certain noble Athenian lost his bride, the beautiful daughter of the king of Sicyon, by making some false steps in dancing for her. If we come nearer to our own times, we find dancing in high repute in England. Sir Christopher Hatton danced himself into the favour of Queen Elizabeth, who was passionately fond of dancing, and it was no unusual thing to see the staidest statesmen, judges, and senators taking part in the revels, when

" My grave lord-keeper led the brawls."

It is also related of a young Irish chief, (whose name I cannot at this moment recollect,) that coming to the court of Elizabeth to petition for some boon, he so captivated his royal mistress, with the grace and spirit with which he performed before her some of his country's national dances, that she not only granted his request, but loaded him with marks of her regard on his return home. To proscribe dancing, as many well-meaning but mistaken persons would fain do, would be to deprive the Irish peasant of one of the few blameless and healthful recreations that are left him to enjoy. Channing—the eloquent and truly Christian Channing—in his Lectures upon Temperance, advocates dancing as an innocent pleasure, and a means of improving the manners of the labouring classes. " The exercise," he says, " is amongst the most healthful. The body as well as the mind feels its gladdening

influence: no amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth naturally overflows in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is to realize perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature?"

The mirthful dances of Ireland are the jigg, reel, hornpipe, country-dance, and *cotillon*. Of these the jigg is the dance peculiar to the country. The music of the jigg, and the steps used in dancing to it, being totally different from every other known movement, entitle it to be distinguished as the national Irish dance. I have, I fear, dwelt upon this subject at too great length, but the popularity of the amusement amongst all classes in Ireland may, I hope, justify me for having devoted to it an additional page.

The approach to Cork from Ballincollig is through a fertile and highly improved country, and the entrance to the city by the western outlet is exceedingly beautiful, and worthy of the second city in the kingdom. About a mile from the town the view is very imposing; the most striking objects that present themselves to the traveller's notice are the county jail and house of correction. The front of the latter,—the part of the building seen from the road,—is adorned with a portico of Doric columns, which stands out in beautiful relief: the whole is characterized by a noble simplicity of design, and a pleasing unity of its parts. The spacious well-formed road, the venerable trees of the Mardyke walk, the mansions of the gentry exhibiting taste and comfort united in a remarkable degree, and the richly cultivated fields which stretch along the banks of the river, give to this side of the city a character of wealth and grandeur (unfortunately but rarely to be seen in the suburbs of an Irish town) which prepossess one in favour of the place before he has entered it.

IV

Once more a sojourner in "the beautiful city," I availed myself of the invitation of an intelligent friend to spend a few days with him at his house, situated near the ancient town of Cloyne, to visit the eastern shores of the harbour. The road from Cork to my destination lay for some distance through the beautiful valley of Glanmire, which forms part of the environs of the city. This delightful vicinity is finely wooded, and thickly dotted with handsome villas and mansions;

but, as I shall have occasion to notice its beauties when describing the harbour and river on my return, I shall only observe, in passing, that the beautiful mansion and demesne of Dunkittle are charmingly situated near the mouth of the little creek, where the Glanmire rivulet unites its waters with those of the Lee. Mr. Townsend, who many years ago wrote a description of Cork, says, that "all the situations of the Lee are fine, but none of them enjoy so extensive a combination of beauties as Dunkittle."

Keeping the Little Island on the right, I passed the pretty hamlet of Little Glanmire, and several handsome residences of the gentry, until I reached the island of Foaty, which is almost entirely occupied by the mansion and demesne of John Smyth Barry, Esq. The situation of Foaty is flat and uninteresting; but the labours of art, guided by excellent taste in planting and laying out the grounds, have rendered it a very beautiful residence. A handsome tower, which has been erected by the water-side, commands a fine view of the river and the beautiful scenery of the opposite shores. The village of Carrigtohill has little to recommend it to the notice of the tourist, except the subterranean chambers and circular entrenchments, of which no less than fifteen or sixteen have been discovered at different times in this neighbourhood. Earthen mounds, raised by human labour, are very numerous throughout Ireland, and amongst the peasantry are called indiscriminately *Raths* in the Irish language, and *Danish Forts* in English; the construction of them being popularly attributed to the Danes. This is an error into which many writers upon Irish antiquities have inadvertently fallen; the word *rath*, strictly speaking, should be applied only to those earthen works intended for purposes of military defence, and never to the mounds which are evidently sepulchral tumuli. Mr. Chalmers, in his "Caledonia," makes the following remark:—"*Rath* in the Gaelic and *rhâth* in the British signified originally a plain, or cleared spot, such as the Celtic inhabitants of the British isles fixed their habitations on. *Rath* in the Gaelic also signified a *surety;* hence the term was applied by the old Irish, and by the Scoto-Irish to the villages in which they lived; to the seats of their flaiths or princes, and to a fortress or *place of security.*" Now it must be apparent to any one who has examined any of the Irish raths, that they correspond in every particular with the description given by Mr. Chalmers. They are found to vary greatly in size, some being merely slight elevations of moderate dimensions, surrounded by a single ditch; while in many instances they rise to a considerable height, comprising within their area from ten to twenty acres. These spacious raths are encompassed by ramparts and deep intrenchments, and bear a close resemblance to the ancient fortresses found in different parts of England, and ascribed to the ancient Celts or Belgæ. Doctor Ledwich says, that the woods and marshes served the Celts for camps and ditches, but that they learned from the Belgæ to

take refuge on the hills, as Cæsar says was the practice of the Britons. Thus, in the opinion of this antiquarian, the Belgæ had the merit of teaching the art of earthen fortification to the Celts. It is therefore highly probable, that the knowledge of this mode of defence must have been possessed by a people deriving their customs and manners from the same source, and that a great number of the Irish raths were constructed by the inhabitants before the Danes obtained a footing in the country. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote on the Topography of Ireland in the early part of the twelfth century, adopted the vague tradition that ascribed these earthen forts to the Danes, and says, that they were constructed by Turgesius and his followers in the beginning of the ninth century. Now it is well known that Turgesius conquered only a portion of Ireland, yet these raths are to be found in every part of the island. " It is highly probable," observes Brewster in discussing this subject, " that many raths were altered and occupied by the Danes as places of defence, whilst some mounts, designed for military works, were, perhaps, entirely constructed by that people."

The subterranean chambers at Carrigtohill, which led to the foregoing remarks, are situated within one of those circular forts or raths. The descent to them is by a narrow sloping passage, which leads into a small excavated chamber, of about seven feet in diameter, formed without any masonry. Four of these chambers, connected by narrow and difficult passages, have been examined; but one or more remain still unexplored, in consequence of the passage conducting to the fifth chamber being built up with large stones. Similar underground works have been discovered within the boundaries of several of the ancient forts, some being regular sets of chambers, as is the case at Carrigtohill, others are simply long galleries, with an entrance in the centre of the intrenchment; while in many instances, no trace can be found of any passage to the inside. Various conjectures have been advanced as to the uses of these raths and chambers; by the best informed they are supposed to have been the sites of the dwellings of the ancient inhabitants, before they exchanged their rude habitations for castles of stone and walled towns. The vestiges of buildings still found on some of the more extensive raths, and the decayed bones, (chiefly those of the ox,) and charcoal, which are often discovered in large quantities on turning up the ground, are strong corroborative evidences that these places once formed the defensible places of abode, or retreat for the old Irish chieftains and their dependants. The close neighbourhood in which these mounds are usually found, as if for the purpose of ready communication in time of need, shows, that though divided into chieftainries, each under the separate command of its particular head, the septs united upon great occasions to repel a common enemy, or resent a common insult. This form of government by which every petty chief, although ruling his own vassals with arbitrary power, was obliged to render certain

service to the great head of the state, is so generally known as the principle of the feudal system, that it is unnecessary for me to explain it further here. If, as it has been conjectured, these intrenchments were the rude defences of the habitations of the native Irish, it is extremely probable that the subterranean chambers might have been used as storehouses for the provisions of the little community; and the fact, that the entrances to these underground chambers have, in most instances, been discovered by accident, is only a further proof that they were intended as places adapted for concealment in time of danger. The popular tradition amongst the peasantry is, that after the Danes had been conquered at the battle of Clontarf, they constructed these forts and secret chambers to escape the pursuit of the Irish; but such a supposition is too absurd to obtain a moment's belief, as it is evident such works could not have been effected by a scattered force, flying before an active and victorious enemy. If the Danes *did* take refuge within these intrenchments, it must be concluded that they were in existence for ages before their time.

These raths have time out of mind been an object of superstitious veneration to the Irish peasantry, who believe that the mysterious inclosures are the abodes of the fairies or "good people;" hence it is that few of the country folks will approach one of them after night-fall without trembling, lest they should incur the anger of the irascible pigmy gentry, by intruding on their revels, or disturbing their moonlight festivities. And to the same feeling of superstitious awe may be attributed their reluctance to disturb, by the operation of the spade or axe, these interesting relics of antiquity, which may be frequently seen overgrown with aged trees and underwood in nature's wild simplicity. Numerous are the tales related by the peasantry of daring individuals who have watched the midnight revels of the fairies in these places, which for long ages have been the favourite haunts of the tiny race. Children of mortals, who have been stolen by the "good people," are, it is believed, conveyed by them into these raths, on which it has been remarked the verdure is always greener and brighter than on any of the neighbouring fields. I remember, while sketching one of them in a remote part of the county Waterford, some years ago, being accosted by a young cowherd, who had been for a considerable time watching me at a short distance. He was evidently curious to know what I was doing, but a fear of intruding had kept him from approaching too closely, till seeing that I noticed him, he pulled off his hat, and addressed me with the usual salutation—"God save you, sir."

The ready response of "God save *you* too, my good man," spoken, perhaps, in a familiar tone, removed the formality of further introduction, and placed him instantly at his ease. Viewing attentively the sketch on which I was engaged, he pronounced the following criticism upon it, in a kind of half soliloquy:—

"Well, well, that bates all I ever seen in my born days! tth—tth—tth! Praise be to God; there's no telling what we'll live to see after that. There's the bigh ash three, and the ould ditch, and Ned Horrigan's red cow grazin', with the spanshil on her leg; and—tare an ounties! as sure as turf, that's *me* in the corner, there sittin upon a lump of a stone. Wissha, don't I know myself by the hole in my coat and the crucked stick in my fist, all as nattral as life. Why then, if I don't make too bould, sir, what for is it you're putting us all down upon the paper?"

"I'm making a sketch of this place."

"A skitch, sir! troth I never heard of the like afore."

"'Tis merely," said I, "a picture of this old rath I wish to have."

"I persave, sir," he replied, instantly comprehending my design, "and a mighty ancient ould place it is. Some people says it's haunted by a sperrit of a beautiful young lady, mounted on a white horse, that gallops every night three times round the rath; and by all accounts there's a power of 'the good people' *keep** inside of it."

"Have you ever seen any of them?" I asked.

"If I haven't I know them that has, sir: there's Katty Ryan, a dacent woman, though she's a first cousin of my own, had an aunt's father that once seen plenty of them."

"Ah! I should like to hear how that happened."

"Why, then, you needn't wish twicet, sir; I'll tell you all about it, just as I hard it from Katty's own mouth. It was about a month afther Katty's aunt Nelly was married to Tom Duggan, that Tom sot off airly one morning for the fair of Kilmacthomas, to buy a *bonnieen*.† Of coorse, there was no scarcity of pigs at the fair, and Tom soon shooted himself with as purty a shlip as ever you'd wish to behould. Well, towards evening as Tom was driving his bargain home, whishtling to keep the crathur from feeling lonesome on the road, he was overtook by a wizzen-faced little ould man, who looked very hard at the *bonnieen*.

"'That's a fine pig,' says he.

"'He's the makings of a fine one,' says Tom.

"'You may say that,' says the old fellow, with a grin; 'what'll you take for him?'

"'I don't want to sell him,' answers Tom.

"'I'll give you your own price for him,' says the other, putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a big leather purse.

"'Put up your money, my good man,' says Tom; 'I tell you I'm not going to part him.'

* *To keep*, as used by the southern peasantry in this sense, means to live or reside in any dwelling.

Bonnieen, a little pig.

" ' You're not?'

" ' I'm not. Now, will that answer sarve you?'

" ' Parfectly,' says the ould chap, looking as cross as two sticks; ' but mind what I'm saying to you, Tom Duggan—its bad to make little of a fair offer, and may be you'd have cause to regret you refused my bidding for your *rootieen** afore long.'

" With that, throwing a contimptible look at the pig, he marched away as grand as a prince, and Tom druv home his bargain, but before he lay down himself, he put the crathur to sleep in a warm corner of the cabin, snug and comfortable, on a wisp of clane straw. Next morning Nelly, who was in bed when Tom came home, got up at cock-shout to admire the new mimber of the family.

" ' Arrah, Tom, honey,' says she, as soon as she clapped her eyes upon the baste, ' what sort of a poor starved divel of a pig is this you've brought me home?'

" ' Starved divel!' cries Tom in a huff, jumping out of bed; ' the pig's as iligant a pig as ever stood upon a poor man's flure; that I'll maintain. Let me see him.'

" ' Och, murdher alive! what's this at all?' says he, when he saw a little ill-thriven animal, with a wizzen face the very moral of the ould man's, in the place of the pig he had brought home. ' That's not my pig; it's no more like the one I bought than I'm like Finn M'Cool.'†

" However, it was a folly to fret; Tom and his wife knew there was no help for spilt milk, so they determined to make the best they could of their bargain; and ' who knows,' says Nelly, ' may be the crathur is like as swinged cat, better nor he looks, and that he only wants a little feeding?'

" But they soon found out, to their sorrow, though the strange pig ate as much as six, that instead of getting fatter or bigger, it was growing more *dawney*‡ and wizzen-faced every day. This was a heavy hardship to poor Tom, who counted on selling the pig when fat to make up the rint; and as he was lying awake one night, thinking and pondhering on what was best to be done, he thought he hard a rustling noise upon the floor, and lifting up his head softly, he saw by the light of the fire on the hearth, the wizzen-faced pig dragging over a *bresnagh* from the corner, and clapping it upon the fire as ordherly as any Christhen could.

" ' Why then, conshumin to your impidence, you ugly baste; may be its a shin-hate you want,' says Tom, in to himself, for he didn't care to let the pig know he was watching him. Well, sir, afther the chap had made a good *rooskiah*,§ he sot

* *Rootieen*, a little rooter.

† *Fin M'Cool* or *Comhal*, was a celebrated Irish giant, of whose strength and prowess many wonderful stories are related.

‡ *Dawney*, small and delicate.

§ *Rooskiah*, a blazing fire.

himself up, saving your honour's presence, upon his hind-quarthers forninst the fire, and began unbuttoning his skin all down in front; and before Tom could make the sign of the crass upon himself, out of it walks the little ould man that overtook Tom on his road from the fair. Tom, you may be sure, lay as quiet as a mouse in a male-tub; but for all that he kept a sharp eye upon the motions of the ould fellow, who, afther foulding up the pig-skin as carefully as if it was his Sunday-coat, hid it behind a chest in the corner, and opening the cabin-door quite softly, went out of the house. As soon as he was gone Tom tumbled out of bed, and hurrying on his clothes, pulled the skin from where the ould man had put it, and tucking it under his arm, ran after the ould boy, who was marching at his ase along the road. Tom now resolved to find out who he was; so keeping a little way behind him, he walked on until he came to this very rath, where he stopped at a beautiful glass-door in the side of the hill, and knocked three times at it. Then somebody inside asked,

"'What's your business here?'

"'I'm come for my share of Tom Duggan's pig,' says the ould man, making answer, and immaydiately the glass-door opened, and in he wint.

"Presently up comes a train of little men, some wearing red caps with *deeshy** silver bells in them, that tinkled with a sound like the singing of birds; and every one of them knocked at the glass-door, and the same question and answer passed afore they were let in.

"'Bedad,' says Tom, as soon as he saw the last of them go into the hill, 'I'll thry and get a slice of my own bacon; so here goes for luck.'

"With that he marches to the glass-door and knocks three times at it, and when the porther inside axed him what he wanted, he answered as the others did, that he was come for his share of Tom Duggan's pig; upon which the door was opened, and in Tom walked as bould as brass. Well, sir, on he went till he came to a big room; but being timmersome of going in among strange company, he peeped through a slit in the door, and there, sir, he saw a fine roasted pig upon the table, and a power of the little people sitting round it, eating and laughing away for the bare life; and may be there wasn't a beautiful smell of the vittals enough to timpt the Pope o' Rome himself to ate mate upon Friday. Any way, poor Tom was near dropping with wakeness and hunger, while the company inside were splitting their sides, eating and laughing, till they had nearly finished the pig, and the little wizzen-faced rascal was sticking his fork into the last morsel on the dish, when Tom, forgetting where he was, baweled out,

"'Tundher an' turf! gintlemen, won't ye lave me even a *cruibeen*† of my own pig?'

* *Deeshy*, diminutive.

† *Cruibeen*, a pig's toe.

"The words were hardly out of his mouth when a terrible screech was raised, and the little chaps went tumbling one over the other to get out at the door.

"'The devil take the hindmost,' says Tom, trampling and kicking the little people in his hurry to be off with himself; and without stopping to give the porther at the door a thrifle for his civilitude, he boulted out, and never looked behind him till he got back to his own cabin.

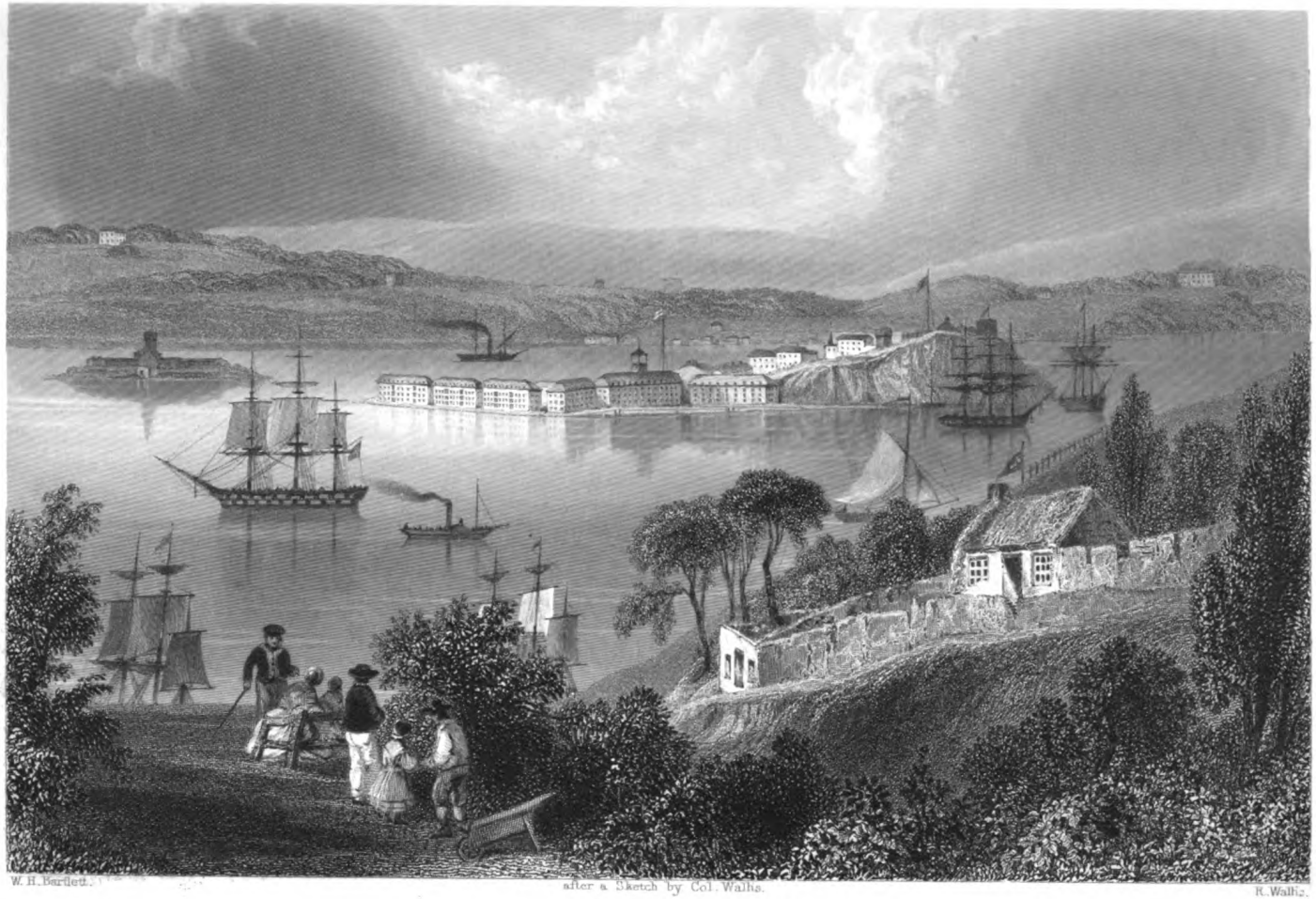
"'But,' said I, 'I always understood that mortals venturing into these fairy habitations are not allowed to return into the world, being obliged to become the servants of the little gentry.'

"'True enough, sir, and that would have been Tom's case, too, if he hadn't the luck to have the ould man's pig-skin under his arm at the time, for 'tis well known, that the fairies can do nothing to harm you if you have anything belonging to one of them about you. But the best of the story is to be tould yet, sir. The wizzen-faced chap came the next morning to Tom, begging and praying for his skin, but he wasn't the fool to give it back until he had paid him the full of a pot of goold for it, and glad enough the ould fairy was to get it at the price."

From Foaty I proceeded to the town of Cove, delightfully situated on the south side of the Great Island. The town, which is neatly built, has a busy, lively look, and is cleaner than the generality of sea-ports. It can boast but few objects of antiquarian interest, being merely an insignificant village at the beginning of the present century, its subsequent importance has been in a great degree owing to the late war, during which Cork harbour was made a rendezvous station for the British navy. But the town of Cove owes its greatest celebrity to the mildness of its climate and its excellent situation, being open to the sea on the south, and encompassed on every other side by high hills, which effectually shelter it from the cold winds. This happy position, and the picturesque beauty of its environs, have for many years past made Cove a favourite resort for numbers of invalids, who, as a medical writer* remarks, "would otherwise have sought the far-off scenes of Montpellier or Madeira, with their vehement suns and less temperate vicissitudes of climate. The many recoveries here have justified the selection, and proved the restorative and invigorating principle of its atmosphere. An admirable equability of climate, and an absence of sudden and violent interruptions, are the great characteristics which have so beneficially marked out this town to the ailing and debilitated, and established its reputation."

From the steepness of the site on which Cove is built, the invalid is afforded a variety of climate, tempered to his wishes, and attainable according to the elevation

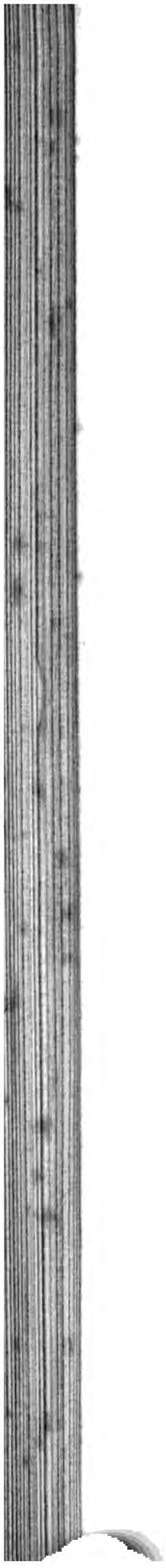
* Dr. Scott, of Cork, whose 'Medical Topography of Cove' is in the hands of every invalid visiting this place.



W. H. Bartlett. after a Sketch by Col. Wallis. R. Wallis.

The Cove of Cork

(from Admiralty ground)



of the different ascending terraces; and for all purposes of exercise the neighbourhood abounds with exhilarating walks and drives.

But it is not to the valetudinarian alone that Cove offers attractions: its proximity to Cork, the beauty of its scenery, and its favourable situation for sea-bathing and for boating excursions, draw a great influx of gay and fashionable visitors here during the summer months. The town, as I have observed, is built partly on the margin of the shore, and on the stages of the steep hill that overhangs the harbour. It is from these terraces that the most extensive prospects over the harbour may be obtained, and, undoubtedly, it is a noble sight to look down upon the broad expanse of that land-locked haven, with its fortified isles, encompassed by lofty hills, crowned with numerous villas and mansions: and should, as is frequently the case, a fleet be lying at anchor under the shelter of the land, nothing can be conceived more lovely and magnificent than the effect of the *coup d'œil.* In the valley, to the rear of the hill which overlooks the town, is the small ruined church and burying-ground of Clonmell. A large proportion of those interred there are strangers: many a storm-tossed mariner lies there, who has struggled with death upon the ocean, that he might breathe his last upon the land, and instead of the dark billows rolling over his cold remains, have the bright green grass and the young flowers springing from his grave. Many a youthful victim too, whom fell consumption had marked for its prey, but who, with self-deluding hope, sought too late to arrest its progress in this mild and genial climate, has found his last resting-place in that lonely church-yard. In this cemetery reposes the mortal part of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, an elegant though almost unknown writer, who, in 1823, at the early age of thirty-two, died in Cove, whither he had removed for the benefit of its air. He was the author of the "Lines on the Death of Sir John Moore," which, had he never written anything else, was sufficient to stamp him as a poet of the highest order. Here also, in an undistinguished grave, is buried "Tobin," the author of the popular comedy of "The Honeymoon," who died in the harbour on his passage to the West Indies.

In order to reach Cloyne from Cove I took a boat to Saleen, a small inlet about four miles from the latter town, on the eastern shore of the harbour. The boat was pulled by a crew consisting of four young athletic men. I thought as I watched them bending to their oars, their sinewy arms and ample chests fully developed by the motion of their bodies, and their honest countenances, bronzed by exposure to the sun and air, beaming with health and good-humour, that I never beheld four finer or more resolute looking fellows; just the sort of daring spirits for boarding a frigate or storming a fort that a Nelson or a Wellington would have chosen. The course we took was under the shores of Rostellan, the seat of the Marquess of Thomond. The castle is delightfully situated on a wooded promontory, command-

ing an exceedingly fine view of the grand and animated harbour with its beautiful shores. The demesne is rich in luxuriant beauty, and the judicious manner in which the grounds are laid out speak highly for the elegant taste of the noble owner. The present mansion is a modern erection, built on the site of an ancient castle of the Fitzgeralds, seneschals of Imokilly. An ancient sword, said to have been once wielded by Brian Boroihme, the great ancestor of the O'Briens, and the monarch who defeated the Danes at the memorable battle of Clontarf, is preserved in a small armoury of the castle, and shown to strangers as a genuine relic. The depth of water in the little creek into which we glided after passing Rostellan, does not permit boats proceeding more than a mile from its entrance; I therefore landed and commenced my walk to Cloyne, distant about two miles from thence. The path, which at first leads along a thickly-planted shore by the water-side, is extremely beautiful; by a sudden turn it brings us to the sweetly secluded little hamlet of Saleen, bosomed amidst the shade of hawthorns, and presenting such a picture of quiet pastoral beauty, that one might easily imagine Goldsmith had it in his mind when describing the beauties of "the Deserted Village,"

> "Where smiling spring her earliest visits paid,
> And parting summer's ling'ring bloom delayed."

The house and demesne of Castle Mary, contiguous to the village, form a prominent feature in the landscape; but the chief interest which attaches to this spot is the existence of a huge *Cromlech** or Druidical altar, standing in a field at a short distance from the house. It is an immense mass of limestone of an oblong shape,† one end resting on the ground, and the other extremity supported by two large upright stones.‡ Adjoining this great altar is a smaller one of a triangular shape, and, like the other, it is supported by two uprights in an inclined position. It is supposed that this lesser stone might have been used for the purposes of common sacrifice, while the greater altar was reserved for occasions of extraordinary solemnity. The incumbent stone or slab of the *cromlechs* is sustained in some

* *Cromlech.*—I have already spoken of the *gobhláns* or pillar-stones, (page 15,) so frequently found in Ireland. Like these, the *Cromlech* owes its origin to the idolatrous system of worship which there is every reason to suppose pervaded a great portion of the world before the existence of profane history; in its appearance, however, the *Cromlech* is totally different from the pillar-stone.

† The length of the incumbent stone is about fifteen feet, its breadth between seven and eight feet, and its thickness three and a half feet.

‡ The Irish and British word *Crom-leach*, which signifies a crooked or bent stone, it is supposed was applied to those rude altars from their inclining position; although it is equally probable that they derived their name from being the stones on which sacrifices to the god *Crom* were offered. An ingenious conjecture has been advanced, that they were placed in an inclined position, to allow the blood of the victims slain upon them to run off freely.

cases by rows of upright pillars; in other instances the table is supported by two or more large cone-shaped rocks, but on none of the stones used in the construction of these altars can the mark of any tool be discovered. Numerous other *cromlechs* are known to exist in the County Cork,* but the description of this one may suffice to give an idea of all the others.

Cloyne, distant about a mile from Castle Mary, is pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence that rises from the southern vale of Imokilly, was formerly the seat of the bishop of the diocese of that name; but now, shorn of the honours of an episcopal residence, it has little besides its antiquarian interest to invite the attention of the traveller.† The ancient name of the place was *Cluaine-uamhach*, or—the retreat of the caves—the propriety of the designation being evident from the numerous caves of great extent which exist in the neighbourhood: one very considerable cavern may be seen in a part of the episcopal demesne, called the Rock Meadow. The bishopric of Cloyne was founded in the sixth century by St. Coleman, a disciple of St. Finbar, the Bishop of Cork. The ancient cathedral is a small, low building, of an exceedingly plain and simple style of architecture, that refers its erection to a very early period: true it is, that modern innovations have disfigured the character of some parts of the building, and the repairs latterly bestowed upon it have been executed with as little regard to taste or propriety as the patches upon a beggar's cloak. The re-edification of the choir in 1776, under the direction of Bishop Agar, offers a striking evidence of this fact, in the absurd way in which light Italian ornaments have been blended with the more austere lineaments of the edifice. The form of the building is cruciform, consisting of a nave, choir, and north and south transepts; but the tower, if it ever possessed one, has entirely disappeared. Within the adjoining church-yard, which is surrounded by numerous venerable trees, that give to it a solemn and secluded aspect, are the remains of a small building, called by some "the *Fire-house*," by others, St. Coleman's Chapel. It is evidently of great antiquity, and tradition asserts that the bones of that holy man were preserved there until the beginning of the last century, when a bishop of Cloyne caused them to be removed, and the building nearly levelled to the ground.

The episcopal residence at the east end of the village is a spacious but irregular building, having been improved and altered according to the different tastes of the bishops who occupied it. The grounds and garden attached to it are extensive, and

* Mr. Windele states, that there are as many as *twenty-four*.

† Cloyne was once the residence of the Fitzgeralds, Seneschals of Imokilly, and it is recorded that a skirmish took place near the town between the Seneschal and Sir Walter Raleigh, in which the latter acquitted himself with extraordinary gallantry. In the north transept is an altar-tomb belonging to these Fitzgeralds, on which are some fragments of a mailed figure, that probably was once attached to it.

have been laid out with a considerable degree of elegance. In this house the celebrated Doctor Berkeley, a man illustrious for his learning, but more illustrious for his virtues, passed many years of his life, dividing his time between his pastoral duties, his garden,* and his books, and endearing himself to his flock by his gentle manners, and his earnest endeavours to promote the prosperity of the town.

A monastery was founded at Cloyne in the year 707, around which the town gradually grew up; the reputation of the monks for learning and piety attracting crowds of scholars and devotees to the place. At a short distance from the church, towards the west, stands one of the most remarkable specimens of the ancient *Turaghans* or *Round Towers* of Ireland. The original height of the tower was ninety-two feet, but the conical roof having been demolished by lightning,† an embattlement was placed round the top, which has increased the height to one hundred and two feet. It is divided into six stories, the first of which is eleven and a half feet from the ground, at which height the door of the tower is placed. The distance of each floor from the other is eleven and a half feet. The tower is built on a limestone rock; but with a strange disregard for that material, of which there is abundance on the spot, the stones which compose the tower have been brought from some distant quarry: this singularity is observable in many of the Druidic remains in both England and Ireland. The tower is now used as a belfry, and the name by which it is known amongst the peasantry is *Clogach-Cluina*, i. e. the House of the bell of Cloyne.

The existence of these Pillar Towers is one of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the history of Ireland; and notwithstanding all that has been written about them, and the innumerable conjectures which have been advanced on their origin and use, the question still remains unsolved. The writers who have discussed the subject have been, no doubt, fully satisfied each in his own mind of the soundness of his own conclusions on the point; each is convinced that

* *Bishop Berkeley.*—The fondness of the philosophic Berkeley for his garden is alluded to in one of the letters of Bishop Bennett to Dr. Parr. "The garden," he writes, "is large—four acres—consisting of four quarters full of fruit, particularly strawberries and raspberries, which Bishop Berkeley had a predilection for, and separated, as well as surrounded by shrubberies, which contain some pretty winding walks, and one large one of nearly a quarter of a mile long, adorned for great parts of its length by a hedge of myrtles six feet high, planted by Berkeley's own hand and which had each of them a large ball of tar put to their roots. The doctor's belief in the sanatory effect of *tar* upon animal and vegetable life was unbounded; he wrote *a Treatise on Tar Water*, which caused a great sensation at the time.

† Dr. Smith, in his History of Cork, relates, that on the night of the 10th of January, 1794 a flash of lightning struck the tower, rent the conical top, tumbled down the bell and three lofts, forced its way through one side of the building, and drove the stones, which were admirably well joined and locked into each other, through the roof of an adjoining stable.

he has solved the riddle; but those who read and think without the bias occasioned by a predisposition to a favourite hypothesis, must still remain in doubt. It might have been expected that the recent discoveries in geography, which have disclosed every spot on the face of the globe, would have detected, in some region or another, buildings of a similar description. But no such thing; nothing that could justify the inquirer to connect the state of society in any other part of the world, with that which existed in Ireland at the time these singular edifices were constructed, has yet been brought to light. The state of the case relative to them, both as to facts and to conjectures, now rests nearly in the same position as it did when they first became a subject of philosophical investigation.

Nevertheless, as objects peculiarly characteristic of the Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland, I may be permitted to offer here a few comprehensive remarks upon a subject of such acknowledged interest, with reference to the opinions of various writers, concerning the date of the erection and intended use of these remarkable structures.

The main facts connected with them are as follow:—they are of a date beyond all traces of history or tradition; no record in existence notices the foundation of any one of them.* They were built at a time when the art of architecture must have been in a very improved state. "A striking perfection observable in their construction, is the inimitable perpendicular invariably maintained. No architect of the present day could observe such regularity. Nelson's Pillar (Dublin,) has been proved to vary somewhat from the perpendicular line; but the keenest eye cannot trace a deviation in a single instance from amongst the whole of the Sabæan monuments. Even the tower of Kilmacduagh, one of the largest in the kingdom, having from some accident been forced to lean terrifically to one side, yet retains its stability as firm as before, such was the accuracy of its original elevation; while the cement employed in giving it solidity, and which is the direct counterpart of the Indian chunam, bids defiance to the efforts of man to dissever, except by the exertion of extraordinary power."† These facts prove a highly advanced state of architectural knowledge. The number of these buildings is not less remarkable. Upwards of ninety have been ascertained either as existing at present, or at a period within historical memory. Their situation is also another remarkable peculiarity. They are generally in low and sheltered spots, never upon places of great elevation, and are also, with few exceptions, found in the immediate vicinity of some ecclesiastical building.

* When Cambrensis wrote in the twelfth century, there was no tradition extant respecting their origin.

† O'Brien's Round Towers of Ireland, p. 515.

The existing towers have frequently suffered injury; but their altitude in their present condition varies from *twenty-five* to *one hundred and thirty-three* feet. Their usual circumference near the base is from forty to fifty feet. They frequently, but not uniformly, spring from a projecting plinth, and diminish gradually as they ascend. In some remaining towers the roof is of a conical shape, and there is every reason to conclude that this was originally the shape of all. Battlements now crown the summit of several of them, but appear to have been added long after the erection of other parts of the structure. The door-way is raised to the height of several feet, generally from ten to twenty above the level of the ground. There are seldom any apertures for admitting light, except near the summit, where four small windows, pointing to the cardinal points, are to be seen in some of them. Both doors and windows are in general oblong openings, of less breadth at the top than the bottom, a feature which designates the old Pelasgic and Egyptian style of architecture. Arched windows, with carved mouldings and sculptured decorations, are sometimes to be met with; but these deviations from the general mode of building may, with great probability, be ascribed to the early Christian priests, who, in later years, converted them to the purposes of Christianity: for, as I have observed elsewhere, it was the policy of the Christian Missionaries not to destroy the reverence which the people entertained for their ancient places of worship, but to change the object of their adoration from a false to a true God. There are no traces of stairs in any of these towers, yet the interior has in many instances projecting rests at different heights, as if for flooring-joists to rest on. These pillar-towers are almost exclusively confined to Ireland. Two have been met with in Scotland,* but it is easy to imagine that the prevalent taste for such buildings in Ireland, would lead to their imitation in one or two instances in a country so nearly adjoining, and peopled from it. A few buildings somewhat resembling them, that is, long narrow towers, have been seen in the eastern countries, but none of them are of the construction which an observer acquainted with those in Ireland would pronounce at once, and without hesitation, to be a *Turaghan*† or Pillar-tower.

Such are the leading facts connnected with them: the conjectures on their use are equally numerous and vague. They have been pronounced by some to have been the residences of hermits, like the *stylites*‡ of the eastern countries, who

* One is situated at Brechin, the other at Abernethy.

† The name *Tur-aghan*, literally "the tower of fire," warrants the supposition, that these pillars were connected with the ancient worship of fire. The word *agh* signifying "fire" in the Irish language, is frequently found compounded in the names of places in whose vicinity traces of Druidic structures may be discovered; as *Aghadoe*, "the field of fire," near to which stands one of these towers.

‡ Mr. Harris conjectures that the round towers were erected for the reception of the "An-

spent their lives on the tops of elevated pillars; but history affords no grounds on which to rest the opinion. If such had been their use, the names of some of the inmates of buildings, in whose construction so much expense and ingenuity had been employed, could not have passed away unnoticed. They are supposed by some to have been Danish watch or signal-towers;* but their situation in low and sheltered places at once contradicts this supposition. They are also said to have been belfries;† but it is apparent that their application to such a purpose must have been long subsequent to their erection, and only in a few instances, as the greater number of perfect towers now remaining exhibit no traces of the insertion of beams in the mason-work for the suspension of a bell: besides which, the silence of history, as to the period of their erection, furnishes undeniable negative evidence on the opinion, that they were originally built in the early ages of Christianity, for any ecclesiastical purpose whatever. The founding of cathedrals, churches, abbeys, hospitals, and even belfries, are carefully noted in the annals. The erection of a structure so singular as that of a Round Tower would surely not have been passed over in silence in every instance; we should have some note of a few of them at least. Although, therefore, they may have been applied to ecclesiastical uses by those who introduced Christianity into Ireland, or by some of their successors, there are no data for connecting their foundations or originality of purpose with that era.

The want of a satisfactory solution to this question, involving so much of the ancient history of Ireland, has not arisen from neglect; it has been often and laboriously mooted—much learning and research have been brought to bear upon it; indeed, no writer, affecting to treat of the antiquities of the country, would presume to pass an opinion on them, without taking cognizance of these great

chorite Monks, termed *Stylites*, from the practice of living in a pillar. Simeon, an enthusiast of the fourth century, was the first who adopted this singular mode of penance.

* Peter Walsh and Doctor Molyneux, as well as Doctor Ledwich, who has examined all that has been written on the subject with much critical severity, are of opinion, that the first specimens in Ireland were erected by the Ostmen or Danes, and that the towers constructed by that people were "imitated by the Irish." A conclusive objection to this hypothesis is, that no towers of this description are found in the country from whence the Ostmen or Danes proceeded.

† Walsh and Ledwich agree, also, that these Danish-built towers were converted by the Christian Irish into "steeple-houses or belfries." The latter writer believes them to have been "common appendages to wooden churches," and thinks it probable that they served as belfries from the beginning, as some of them at this day certainly do. The absurdity of supposing that a church should be constructed of wood and the belfry of stone, is too palpable to require any refutation. General Vallancy, though he attributes them to Pagan origin, believes that they may have been applied to the use of bells before Christianity was introduced. "The same cause," he says, "existed, namely, that of calling the people to devotion. The Egyptians had their bells, and the Irish *Ceol* (*Keol*) a bell, was certainly derived from the Egyptian *Kel*, a bell.

indexes of the antiquity of the national civilization. Every writer, therefore, from Cambrensis* down, has noted them more or less largely, and most have hazarded a theory upon them.† Within the last few years the Royal Irish Academy offered a gold medal as a prize for the best Essay upon the subject. The bonus drew forth two candidates, Mr. O'Brien, a learned and enthusiastic young writer, and Mr. George Petrie, a gentleman distinguished as an artist and as a cautious inquirer into the native antiquities of his country:—to the Essay of the latter the Academy awarded the prize. It will be sufficient to observe on these papers, that Mr. Petrie contends for the Christian origin of the Round Towers, to which he does not assign an earlier date than the sixth century, founding his opinion upon the similarity of their architectural style with some authentic monuments of ecclesiastical construction, and also from the sculptures found upon several of them, which he insists were executed at the time of their being built: he also makes the period of their erection subsequent to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. Mr. O'Brien, on the contrary, supports the opinion, that they were erected in the remote ages of Paganism. His theory supposes, that all the various theological systems, which have divided the world up to the present time, are founded upon an allegory; and the Pillar-towers are an emblem of that allegory—multiplied personifications of the great object of worship, which has led away the bulk of mankind from the spiritual worship of the invisible God. It is not very easy, and still less desirable, to convey a palpable idea of the theory of this very learned, very ingenious, and very visionary writer; but it will suffice to say, that he has discovered an identity in the form of the towers to the Hindoo *Lingam*, and that their use "was that of a cupboard," to hold those figures, sacred to the Indo-Irish *Budha*. Mr. Windell, a recent writer, who has devoted much attention to the subject, rather coincides with Mr. O'Brien's opinion; he says, the Irish names of these towers "are of themselves conclusive, and announce at once a fane devoted to that form of religion, compounded of Sabæism, or star-worship, and Budhism, of which the sun, represented by fire, was the principal

* Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in 1185, is the earliest writer who notices these singular towers. He describes them as "*Turres ecclesiasticas, quæ, more patrio, arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ,*" i. e. *Ecclesiastical towers, built in a manner peculiar to the country, narrow, high, and round.* Beyond this meagre information, that they were considered as appendages to the ecclesiastical edifices of the twelfth century, we have no certain record of them; all the rest is entirely the offspring of conjecture and hypothesis.

† General Vallancy was the first who broached the bold theory of attributing the erection of these towers to the Indo-Scythæ, a people from the borders of the Indus, who worshipped fire, and were the early colonists of Ireland. He contends, that, in ancient Ireland, as in ancient Persia, there were two sects of Fire-worshippers; one that lighted fires on the tops of the hills and mountains, and others in towers. The Pagan Irish worshipped *Crom-cruaith*, the same deity that Zoroaster adored in fire, first on the mountains, then in caves, and lastly in towers.

deity in all the kindred mythologies of Persia, India, Phœnicia, Phrygia, Samothrace, and Ireland. This idolatry, in many respects, differed from that of Gaul and Britain. Zoroaster was its grand reformer in Persia, and the reformation seems to have been accepted in Ireland."

The round towers of England, which are found chiefly in Norfolk and Suffolk, attached to the churches, and which, from a faint similarity to the pillar-towers of Ireland, have caused Ledwich and other antiquarians to believe they were identical in character, and all of ecclesiastical origin. A very slight inspection will, however, convince any person that these English towers, which are uniformly constructed in a rude manner, and composed of flints, rough stones, chalk, and other coarse ingredients imbedded in mortar, are extremely unlike the well-executed pillar-towers of Ireland.

An opinion, which bears with it some show of probability, has been advanced latterly, namely, that these pillars were monuments erected over the graves of celebrated kings, priests, or heroes. Such a belief would not be at variance with the character of the Irish towers—human bones having been found interred beneath one at Ram Island, in Antrim; and similar relics, which had undergone the process of burning, have also been recently discovered under the tower at Timahoe. When we behold the stupendous pyramids of Egypt, which were doubtless intended only as sepulchres for the dead; we need not feel any great surprise if these aspiring pillars of Ireland should have been devoted to the same monumental purpose.*

I shall now dismiss this interesting but perplexing inquiry, which there is little probability will ever lead to a solution of the enigma that has puzzled so many antiquarians.

Although several splendid views may be obtained of the Harbour and River of Cork from different points on the land; the tourist who wishes to behold them in

* The following paragraph which appeared this year (1841) in an Irish Journal, is strongly corroborative of the theory above stated. "We learn that some time since, Mr. O'Dell, the proprietor of Ardmore, in the County of Waterford, intended to erect floors in the tower there, and explored the interior of the tower down to the foundation. With considerable difficulty he caused to be removed a vast accumulation of small stones, under which were layers of large masses of rock, and having reached as low down as within a few inches of the external foundation, it was deemed useless, and dangerous to proceed any further; and in this opinion some members of the society, who had witnessed what had been done, coincided. In this state of the proceedings, a letter from Sir William Betham was forwarded to Mr. O'Dell, intimating that further exploration would be desirable; upon which the latter gentleman, at great peril, commenced the task again. He now found another series of large rocks, so closely wedged together, that it was difficult to introduce any implement between them. After considerable labour, these were also removed, and at length a perfectly smooth floor of mortar was reached, which he feared must be regarded as a *ne plus ultra*, but still persevering, he removed the mortar, underneath which he found a bed of mould, and under this, some feet below the outside foundation, was discovered, lying prostrate from east to west, a human skeleton."

perfection will step on board a boat, or one of the steamers which ply daily between Cork and Cove, as this course gives a perfect command of the picturesque scenery on both sides of the river, with infinitely superior effect. Arthur Young, an intelligent traveller, who visited Cork at a time when the shores of the river had received little improvement from the hand of art, remarks, " that the country on the harbour he thought to be preferable in many respects to anything he had seen in Ireland." Inglis yields to the scenery the full tribute of his admiration. And Milner speaking of it, says, " that neither the Severn at Chepstow, nor the sea at Southampton, are to be compar d to it." Another writer adds, that " no part of the scenery is barren or uninteresting; a perpetual variety is presented along the whole course. The eye, whilst lingering over some happy picture, is continually attracted by some new succession, possessing all the charms of the most romantic landscape."

Leaving the quay at Cove, we pass the islands of Spike and Hawlbowline; the former is the larger and more important. It faces the entrance of the harbour, and acts as a breakwater, to shelter it from the violence of the southerly winds and the strong flood-tides. It is also happily situated for the defence of the harbour, and has been strongly fortified for that purpose.* This island is at present garrisoned by a small military force.

Hawlbowline is a small, rocky islet to the west of Spike, which affords the same protection to the vessels in the harbour from the strong ebb-tides that Spike island does from the flood. At the commencement of the French war, government erected on Hawlbowline immense naval and ordnance stores, warehouses, and a barrack, which, in these " piping times of peace," are perfectly useless.

The southern shore of the great bason now extends on our left-hand, from the harbour's mouth to the village of Monkstown. The scenery here is exceedingly beautiful; demesnes rich in cultivated lawns, woods, and green pastures, stretching down to the water-side, arrest and charm the eye; while the broad expanse of the harbour, encircled by undulating hills, assumes all the features of a broad lake, and completes the noble picture.

Monkstown is a pleasant little village, delightfully situated in the opening of a lovely glen. Some modern cottages, built in the Swiss style, and a church of light and graceful proportions, on the slope above the town, give a highly picturesque appearance to the place when viewed from the river. The ancient castle of Monkstown—

" Bosomed deep in tufted trees"

stands in a commanding situation on the overhanging hill. It is a plain, square struc-

* The early works of Spike were conducted under the direction of Colonel, afterwards General, Vallancey, who, though an Englishman, devoted his whole soul and great talents to the investigation of the early literature and antiquities of Ireland.

W. H. Bartlett.

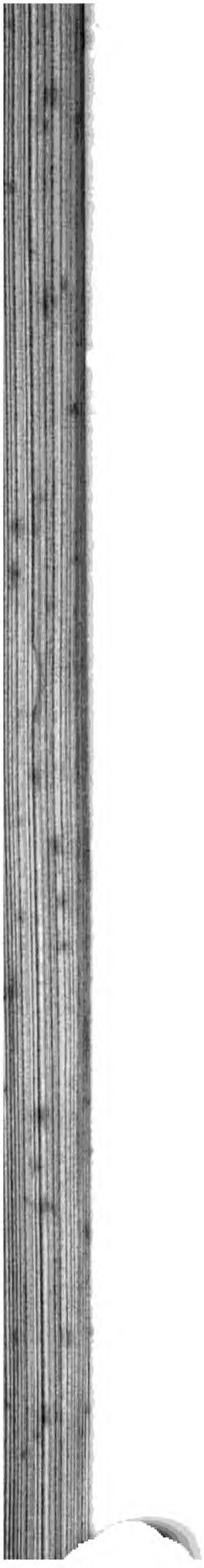
C. Cousen.

Cove Harbour

PORT PATRICK.

NEW BUILDINGS COVE

London Published for the Proprietors by Geo: Virtue 26 Ivy Lane.



ture, and was founded by an ancestor of the Jephson family, in the reign of James I. A popular tradition exists in this neighbourhood, that the castle was built for *two-pence*. It is explained in the following way. Anastasia, the wife of Sir John Jephson, during the absence of her husband, who was serving in the army of Philip of Spain, resolved to surprise him on his return by building a stately castle, without diminishing his funds. To accomplish this, she compelled her tenants and workmen to purchase milk, vegetables, and other provisions, which were formerly given to them gratuitously by the former possessors of the estates: and, by this traffic, she realized a sum of money which enabled her to build the castle, and left her, on reckoning up the expense, a loser of only *two-pence*. The shore from Monkstown to Passage is extremely beautiful. Rock Lodge, the residence of Mr. Galwey, midway between these places, occupies one of the most picturesque situations on the river; viewed from thence, the wooded hill, rising precipitously from the water, has a noble appearance: a white walled bathing-lodge a rustic bridge, thrown across the deep channel of a brawling stream, a tea-house, and a mimic fortification, placed in different conspicuous parts of the wood, give a peculiar pleasing effect to the landscape; but the most remarkable features of this "romantic" spot are those immense masses of rock which nature has piled up from the water's edge, with such apparent regularity as to present, when viewed in profile, a striking resemblance to a succession of huge steps, from whence they have received the name of "The Giant's Stairs." Here, too, tradition has been busy; and the tales of the peasantry assign to a powerful giant, called *Mahoon*, the construction of these stupendous steps: they implicitly believe that he resides in a cave beneath the cliff, and they gravely relate the adventures of persons who have had the hardihood to enter his subterranean abode. Carrick Mahon, the seat of Mr. O'Grady, next attracts our attention: the house, though an unpretending building, forms, from its elevated situation, a pretty and remarkable object from the river. The improvements around it, I have learnt, are entirely owing to the taste of the present possessor; and the luxuriant trees and shrubs that now clothe the rich slopes to the water's edge, are the immediate successors of the unprofitable heath and ragged furze, which a few years since were the sole possessors of the uncultivated soil.

The town of Passage now meets our view; it is situated at the base of a steep hill, and is principally supported by the strangers who assemble here during the summer, and by the occasional resort of merchant-ships of large burthen, the river being too shallow to admit vessels drawing a great depth of water to proceed up to the quays of Cork. The town, which extends about half a mile along the banks of the river, has a pretty effect viewed from the water; but it is irregularly built, and the streets are narrow and dirty, with the exception of the terraces at the northern and southern extremities of the town, which are occupied by bathers and

strangers, and are healthful and picturesque locations. The distance between Passage and Cork being much shorter by land than water, a constant intercourse is kept up between these places by means of vehicles—inclosed with oilskin-curtains and drawn by one horse—called *jingles*. But for those who prefer a trip by water, boats of the best description, manned by hardy and expert fellows, may be had at a moment's notice. Indeed, this facility of procuring boats, and the beautiful scenery on the river, is a main cause of the general taste for aquatic amusements, which distinguish the inhabitants of Cork.

Although a passion for music is one of the striking characteristics of the Irish people, in no part of the country is the taste for this delightful accomplishment more generally cultivated than in this city. Music almost invariably forms a portion of their entertainments at home; and in their excursions on the river, it is rare, indeed, to find a party without vocal and instrumental performers amongst them. Nothing can be more delightful than to stand on the Glanmire shore on a calm summer's evening, when the last breath of the dying breeze, and the last motion of the flood-tide are rippling the little waves on the strand; and listen to the voices of the singers from the pleasure-boats gliding along the placid river, at greater or lesser distances. Sometimes, like the Venetian gondolas, the musicians in one boat join in concert with those in another; and, as their voices are generally harmonious and their taste correct, the effect of the melody is perfectly delicious, almost realizing Moore's fanciful simile, of those sweet sounds that come

——— "Like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell."

An extensive view of the river and the surrounding country may be obtained from the telegraph-station, which is situated on the summit of the steep hill that overhangs Passage:—the ascent to it is rather difficult, but the toil of the walk is amply compensated by the delightful prospect which it presents. Hill and dale, wood and water, noble mansions and lowly cottages, green fields and rugged rocks; the deep blue sea, stretching far away to the southward in immeasurable expanse; the silvery Lee beneath our feet, winding placidly between its picturesque banks;—beautiful islands, bays, and headlands, momentarily arrest our attention, and appear to compete for the tribute of our admiration. Such are generally the impressions that a spectator receives when the varied and imposing picture from this spot first meets his eye.

On the northern point of the Great Island, facing Passage, Merino, the residence of T. French, Esq., is beautifully situated close to the shore, and is surrounded by lofty trees, which grow down to the water-side. Doubling the point, you enter the little bay of Foaty. The water being shallow here, the ebb-tide leaves a great extent of muddy shore exposed, which materially disfigures the beauty of the scene; but, visited at high-water, the view of the bay and the adjacent scenery is really

delightful. On the right, the woody point of Merino bends gracefully inward, as if wooing the truant waters to its fond embrace. On the left-hand, the fruitful fields of the Little Island and the handsome mansion of Captain Roche rise to view: further inward, on a low, sandy point, which at high tides becomes perfectly isolated, stands one of the Martello Towers, which the government engineers, during the late war, caused to be erected, at an enormous expense to the nation, along the coasts of the British islands, apparently as a means of defence, but in reality of no manner of use, except to serve as monuments of the folly of the men who projected them; and, like the Round Towers of Ireland, at some future day to puzzle posterity with vain conjectures as to their original use. At the upper end of the bay, in the demesne of Foaty,* a handsome castellated structure, built by J. S. Barry, Esq., forms a very striking feature in the landscape. It is designed as a pleasure-house for the accommodation of that gentleman and his friends in their aquatic excursions. Several long guns are planted in battery round the castle near the water, and others of smaller size frown threateningly from the battlements of the castle; but in justice to these peaceful days, when a man's house need not be turned into a domestic fortress, I may remark, that the greater number of these formidable pieces of ordnance are perfectly inoffensive, being what sailors call "Quakers."

Keeping along the northern shore of the bay from this point, we enter the east channel of the Great Island, which is not navigable at low-water, except for the smallest boats. About half a mile up, the channel is crossed by Belvelly Bridge, the only way by which land-travellers can enter the island or reach Cove. Near to the bridge on the island are the ruins of the old castle of Belvelly, erected by the Hodnett family in the fourteenth century. It consists of a single square tower, still in tolerable preservation; but it appears never to have been a place of much strength or consequence.

Let us now retrace our course down the channel and across the smooth bay of Foaty, until we regain the centre of the river, and pause a few moments to admire the picturesque appearance of the town of Passage, stretching in detached clusters of houses along the shore, or dotting the sides of the hills:—then resuming our progress onward, we pass the mansion of ——— Boland, Esq., pleasantly situated in an extensive lawn studded with noble trees, which shelter and beautify the place. We next reach a conspicuous promontory, called Horse Head, crowned with handsome villas, which have a noble and elegant appearance. A pretty little cottage *ornée* occupies a charming nook near this spot; it is tastefully embellished, and sheltered

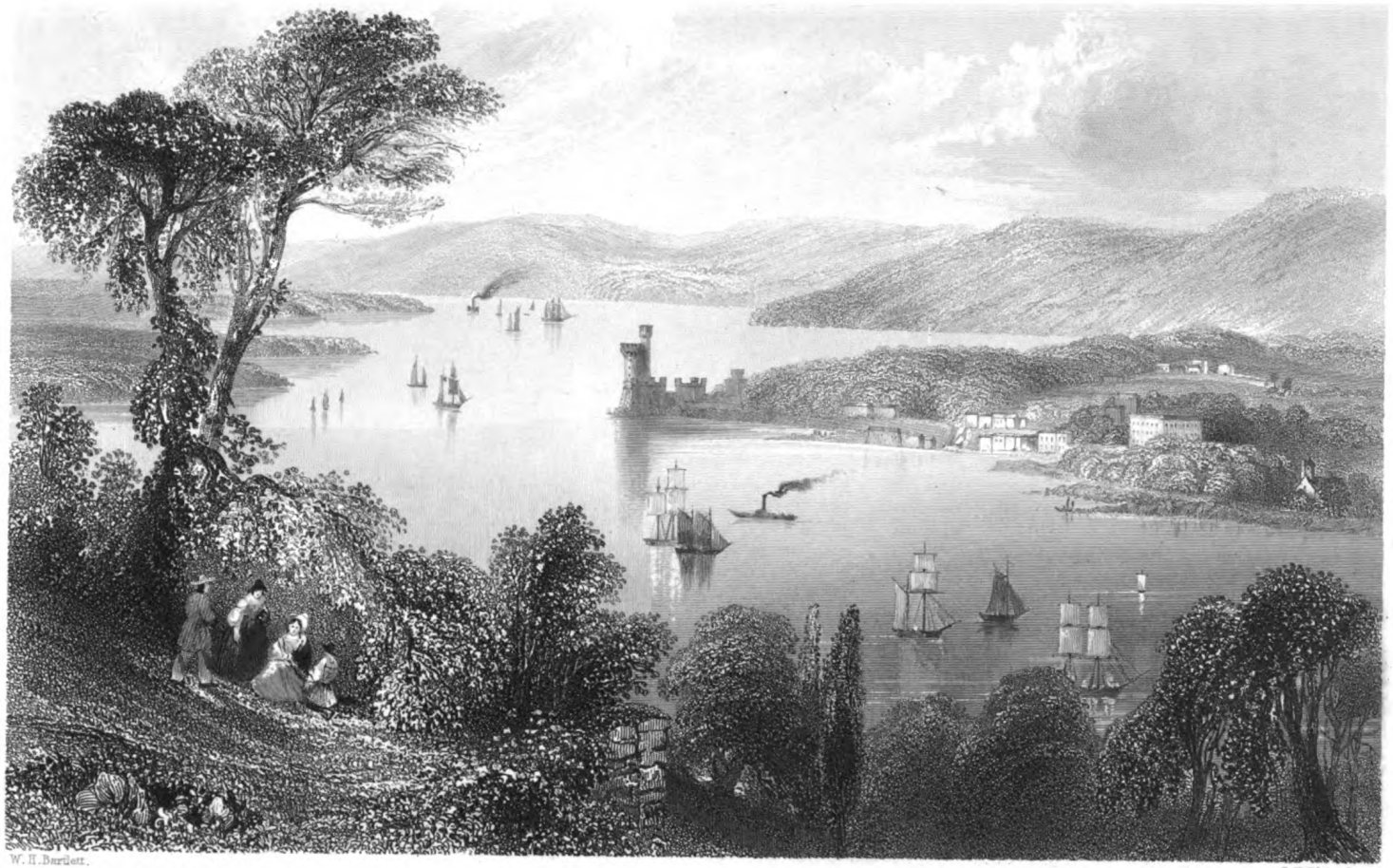
* I have already slightly alluded to the demesne of Foaty, as seen from the land on the road from Cork to Cove, p. 68.

by the picturesque rocks which overhang it, forming a most pleasing object in the landscape.

We now enter upon a part of the river lying between the Great Island and Black Rock, called Lough Mahon, from the ancient family of the Mahonys having formerly held large possessions in its vicinity, as well as from the resemblance it bears to a broad lake when sailing across it. "The whole," says Mr. Windle, "seems landlocked, enclosed on several sides by high hills, and on others, by wooded slopes stretching far inland to the foot of other chains of hills. Turn which side you will, the scenery is of the most charming description. Looking up towards the city, Black Rock Castle stands finely out, backed by woods and distant hills. The wood-crowned eminences of Lota and Dunkettle appear beside it with the finest effect."

Old Court, the seat of Sir George Goold, is magnificently situated on a finely-wooded eminence on the southern shore of the lough, and near it lies a little islet covered with trees, which has received the whimsical name of *Hop* Island, from its being the property of a Mr. Delamaine, the son or descendant of a man who formerly kept a *dancing* academy in Cork.

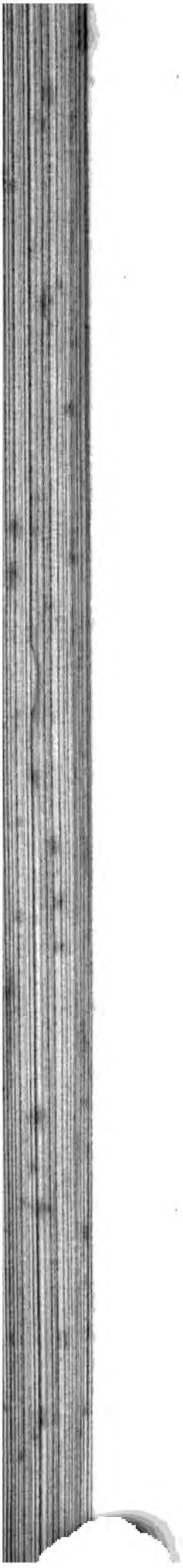
The Castle of Black Rock, a conspicuous and beautiful object, as we approach the city, is picturesquely situated on the extremity of a peninsula. It was originally intended as a fortress for the defence of this part of the river, but the taste of the good citizens of Cork being more pacific now than formerly, the corporation have latterly converted it, at considerable expense, into a handsome structure, where they hold a court of Admiralty annually, and assemble at certain periods in summer for the discussion of the more important business of eating and drinking. Adjoining to the castle is a lofty tower, in which a light is exhibited at night for the guidance of vessels coming up the river. The shores on the right-hand increase in beauty as we proceed upward. Opposite to the village and castle of Black Rock, the romantic river of Glanmire mingles its waters with the Lee. From this point the hills are thickly clothed with woods, groves, gardens, parks, plantations, and tasteful pleasure-grounds. Handsome villas are seen peeping through the tufted trees in every direction; many of them splendid, and all picturesquely situated; but the most conspicuous are Lota, the seat of D. Callaghan, Esq.; Lotamore, the residence of W. Green, Esq., and Tivoli, the seat of J. Morgan, Esq. The Lee, near Cork, is confined by a navigation-wall on the left-hand, for the purpose of narrowing the current of the river, which would otherwise waste itself over the extensive shallows that extend at the back of the wall, towards the village of Douglas. We are now arrived at the quays of Cork, and after having glanced at the principal beauties of this interesting river, we return to the point from whence we started, and find ourselves again at the mouth of the harbour.

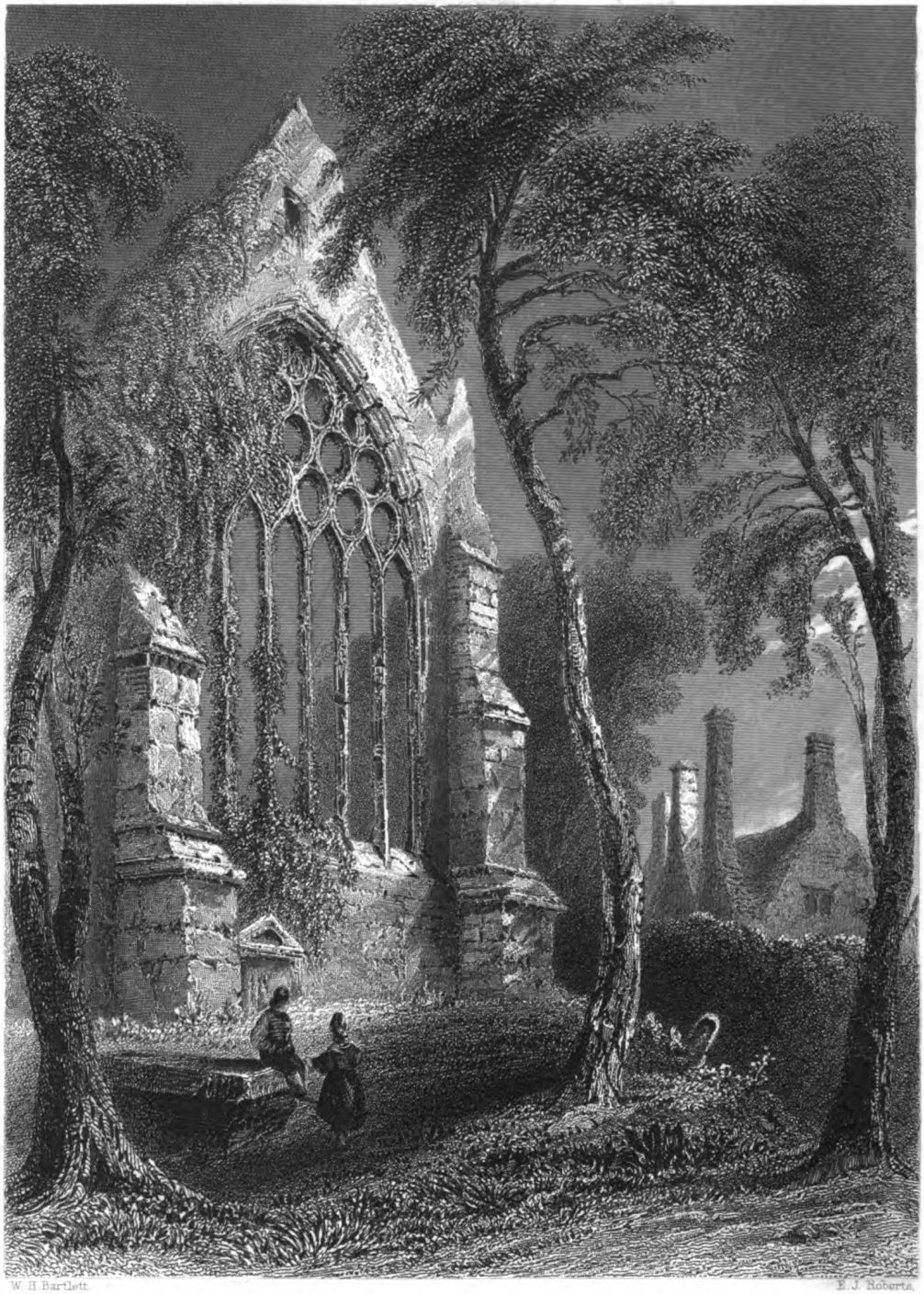


W. H. Bartlett. G. K. Richardson.

The York River.

(From below the Gaurnie Rock.)





W. H. Bartlett. E. J. Roberts.

Sherborne Abbey.

(The Residence of Sir Walter Raleigh.)

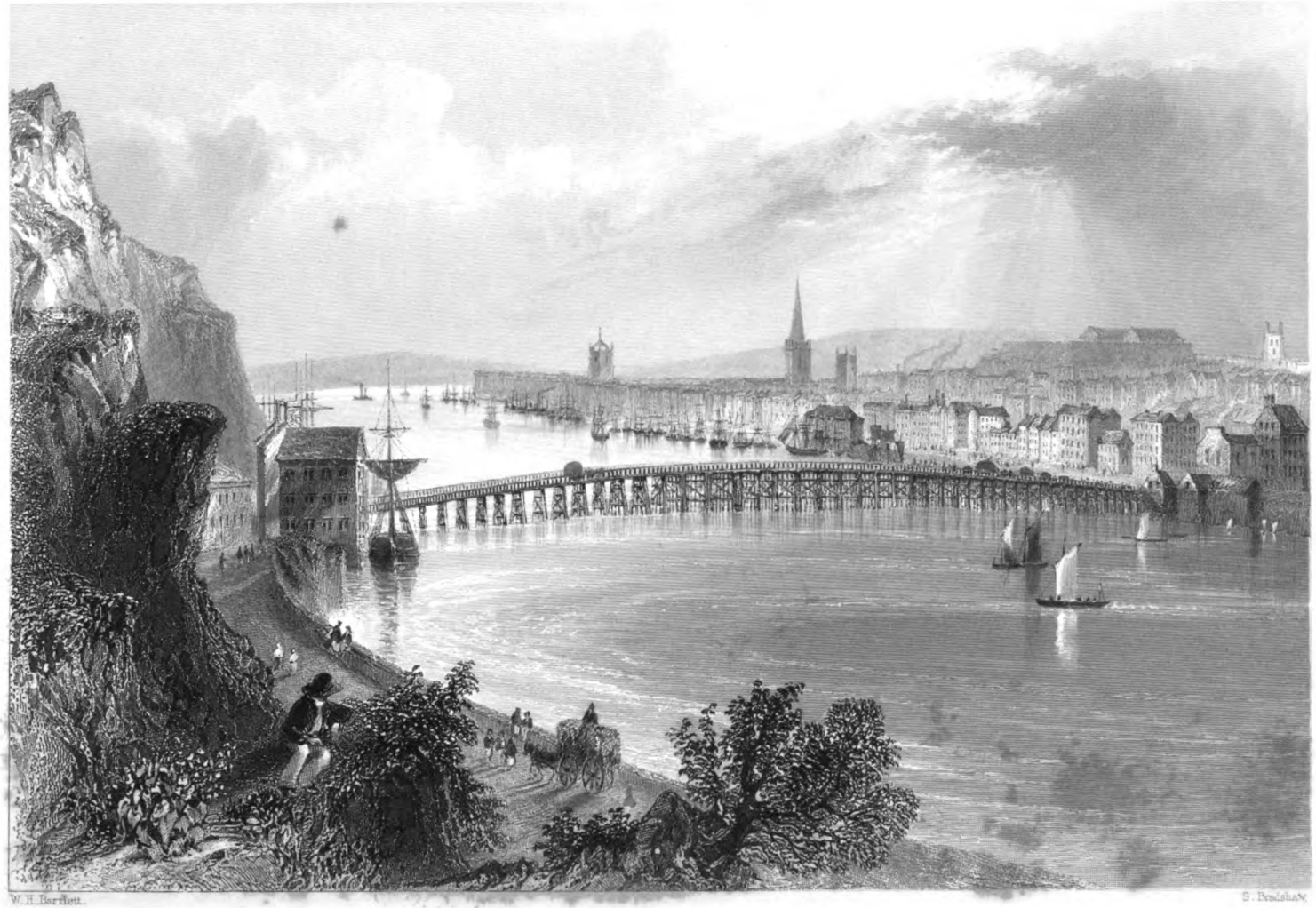
ABBAYE DE YOU VIVE [illegible] DE SIR [illegible]
WALTER RALEIGH

DIE ABTEI VON SHERBORNE DER WOHNSITZ VON
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Cork harbour being the most important, not only with regard to its commerce, and as being the embouchure of a beautiful river, but as being excelled by no other in its advantages as a spacious and secure port. I shall, from this point, as from an eminence, take a rapid glance at those noble havens which indent the southern and western coasts of Ireland. In doing so, some of the places that I shall have occasion to mention may be found noticed in another part of this work; however, as a great portion of the beauties of the country lie on the coast, and in the numerous and picturesque islands with which it is studded, I trust that none of my readers will feel indisposed to accompany me in my progress. Sailing eastward from Cork harbour, the first opening that presents itself to our notice is Ballycotton Bay; bleak, low, unsheltered, and almost devoid of scenic beauty, but abounding with fish of excellent quality. We next arrive at Youghal Harbour; the bold outline of the beetling cliffs, jutting out in dark defiance of the ocean swell, is extremely fine; and the effect is heightened by the beacon-towers with which the heights are crowned. These are so placed, that a train of signal-lights can be illuminated almost instantaneously along the whole range of the northern coast. They consist, in addition to the low-built residences, of an officer and a few soldiers, of a lofty tower, surmounted by a tall staff, on which a flag by day, and coloured lamps by night, may be raised in case of alarm. Each was also provided during the late war with a large pile of furze, for the purpose of being set fire to, in case of the appearance of an enemy's fleet. Youghal is a place of little maritime trade; as a harbour it is chiefly resorted to by fishing-boats. These craft, called *hookers*, are generally from ten to twenty tons burthen, and are open, with the exception of a few feet of deck in the forepart of the boat, beneath which is a small cuddy or cabin, in which the crew repose during the brief intermission of their toil while engaged in fishing. The boats are rigged cutter-fashion, with a large fore-and-aft mainsail, a foresail, and a jib; and though without the defence of a deck, it is almost incredible in what a heavy sea they will live. The Youghal *hookers* are esteemed the best and most seaworthy boats built on this coast. The Nymph Bank, an immense shoal lying some leagues out at sea, and extending as far eastward as Waterford Harbour, feeds an inexhaustible stock of fish of every kind, both round and flat; yet, strange to say, little advantage is taken of it by the fishermen of the coast, although great numbers of them go yearly from the counties of Waterford and Wexford to Newfoundland on the other side of the Atlantic, to procure a livelihood by the capture of the very same kinds of fish that are sporting about untouched and unthought of, almost within view of their native cottages and home. Why is this so? Not from want of enterprise or industry. Newfoundland proves this; yet there must be reasons for it. These might be analyzed, but my purpose at present is to explore, not to speculate. Rounding a bluff promontory,

called Helvoeck Head, we enter Dungarvan Bay, which, though open and safe, is shallow, and therefore useless to vessels of large burthen. Thirty or forty years ago, Dublin derived its principal supply of potatoes from this port; the coasting craft in which they were carried, also brought large quantities of heath-brooms. Hence it became a standing joke with the waggish crews of these traders, when they were hailed by the revenue-officer at Ringsend, on their entering the river Liffey, and asked, what cargo they had on board, to answer: "Fruit and timber." Dungarvan was a place of some note during the civil wars, and the remains of the ancient walls may yet be traced. The castle, of which vestiges are still visible, is situated in the centre of the town, and is used for military purposes. Dungarvan is much frequented during the summer months by sea-bathers; but, like all the small towns on the coast, it draws its chief support from its fishing-resources. There are at present upwards of two hundred boats, and from one thousand four hundred to one thousand six hundred persons engaged in the trade, which would, under proper regulations and encouragement, become a means of great wealth to the poor inhabitants of the maritime counties of the south and west of Ireland.

Continuing our course along this iron-bound coast, a succession of magnificent scenes, formed by a number of deep bays, separated from each other by headlands projecting boldly into the ocean, present themselves to the eye of the spectator. Some of these havens, however beautiful to the eye, are carefully avoided by experienced mariners. Of this description is Tramore Bay, lying about four miles west of the harbour of Waterford, whichhas become infamous from the immense number of shipwrecks that have occurred in it. The bay is extremely shallow, and at low water a level sandy beach, nearly three miles in length, is left completely exposed. A vast ridge of sand, which has been accumulated by the action of the wind and waves at high-water-mark, forms a semicircular boundary to the bay on the land side. Behind this sandy belt is another great extent of land, rendered waste and profitless by the constant inroads of the sea through a narrow inlet, called Rineshark, at the eastern extremity of the bay. The rapidity with which the flood-tide rushes into this inlet, and spreads over the adjacent flat sands, operating jointly with the heavy sea, renders it almost impossible for a ship, when caught in the bay, to extricate itself by working to windward: and the ground is so foul and rocky, that the cables of vessels anchoring outside are frequently cut, and the ships lost. A melancholy shipwreck took place in this bay in 1816, when the Sea-horse transport, having on board the second battalion of the fifty-ninth foot, was driven on shore, and two hundred and ninety-two men and seventy-one women and children perished in the open day under the eyes of thousands of spectators, who were unable to afford them the slightest assistance. This shocking catastrophe created general consternation, and such was the sympathy felt for the fate of the brave fellows who



W. H. Bartlett.

S. Bradshaw.

had escaped death in many a bloody and well-fought battle in foreign climes, to meet it on the shores of their native land, that, for many years after the calamity, Tramore was almost completely deserted by the visitors, who, previous to it used to resort to it annually as an agreeable and fashionable watering-place. A plain unpretending monument has been erected in the church over their less fortunate companions, by the officers who escaped with life on that fatal day.

The next opening of the coast displays the noble harbour of Waterford, formed by the estuary of three great rivers: the Suir, the Nore, and the Barrow:—they all derive their sources from the same range of mountains in the central district of Ireland; diverge from each other, and water various parts of the rich champaign counties of Tipperary and Kilkenny; after which, approximating as they approach the termination of their meandering course, they unite and discharge an immense body of water into the Atlantic. The coasts of this noble bay are studded with the remains of ancient civilization, both religious and military; and the fine city of Waterford, which lies on the southern bank of the river Suir, about sixteen miles from the entrance of the harbour, forms the centre of commercial and manufacturing industry for this part of the kingdom.

The little village of Dunmore East lies in a sheltered bay inside the great western headland of Waterford harbour. This place was merely an obscure little fishing-hamlet twenty-five years ago; but an immense sum having been expended by government in constructing there an artificial harbour, and making it the station for the Post-office packets between Milford and Waterford, it has risen rapidly into importance, and aided by the improving care of the Marquis of Waterford and the Earl of Fortescue, to whom the greater portion of the land in this neighbourhood belongs, it is likely to become, before long, a thriving and prosperous town. The shores here are extremely picturesque, and the natural caves formed by the action of the waves in the stupendous cliffs, are numerous and extensive: their principal tenants are marine birds, and occasionally seals; though they are said to have not unfrequently afforded asylums to the bands of smugglers that formerly infested this coast, and secure store-houses for their contraband merchandize, which, on being landed from the smuggling vessels, was generally deposited in these natural caverns, until it could be safely carried inland, and disposed of in various channels.

On the opposite point of the bay stands the Light-house of Hook, situated at the extremity of a narrow peninsula, which projects about four miles from the main land, and forms the eastern shore of the harbour. This light-house, which is very ancient, is an important feature in the navigation of this coast. It is upwards of one hundred feet in height, and has evidently been erected upon the remains of a still more antique building. It has been conjectured that one of the old Irish

Round Towers was converted to this purpose; but there is nothing in its structure to warrant such an opinion: it is more likely that it owes its origin to the Danes, who, it is known, formed a settlement at Waterford under their leader Yvorus, at a very early period, and whose maritime habits would naturally induce them to erect a beacon or light-house at the entrance of the principal seaport which had come under their sway.

I must not, however, omit a romantic and affecting story that has been related respecting the foundation of this light-house, upon the veracity of which I do not, however, mean to insist. The tradition states that an ancient castle once stood on this spot. It belonged to a noble Irish lady, who resided in it, and had two sons. When grown up to manhood they went abroad, and continuing absent a long time, the mourning mother often looked from her castle,

"O'er the dark waters of the deep blue sea,"

for their coming; but in vain. At length, apprised that they were on their voyage home from some distant land, she made joyful preparations to receive them. In a dark and fearful night their vessel approached the treacherous shores on the eastern side of Hook. No light in the castle appeared—nothing warned them of their danger. Need I relate the fatal catastrophe?—they perished! From that time the widowed and disconsolate mother carefully exhibited a light in her castle of Hook on dark and dangerous nights; a memorial of her own lamentable loss, and a pious endeavour to preserve other distressed mariners from the cruel fate of her sons. The modern light-house is a fine building, and from its commanding situation, can be seen at a great distance from sea. A dangerous reef of sunken rocks, called St. Bride's Bridge, stretches to the south-east from Hook Head: when the wind blows towards the shore, the sea breaks over these rocks with prodigious violence.

About four miles from Hook Tower* is Bag-en-bon Head, a small promontory, celebrated as the spot where Robert Fitzstephen landed; "the first of all Englishmen, after the conquest, that entered Ireland," as Hollingshed quaintly observes. In the summer of 1169, he embarked at Milford Haven in three ships, with thirty knights, sixty men-at-arms, and three hundred men-at-arms, and, after a speedy and prosperous voyage, landed at Bag-en-bon, a small creek at the mouth of the river Banna,† or Bannow, as it is now written. His first care was to secure himself and

* It has been conjectured by the Chevalier de Montmorency, that the name is properly *Hougue* tower, and that it is so called after an Anglo-Norman knight, named Florence de la Hougue, who, in 1172, followed Henry II. into Ireland, and laid the foundation of this building.

† "*The Banks of Banna*" have been celebrated in the sweetly pastoral ballad, so called, written by Mr. Ogle, a gentleman of this county. The green shores, spreading along the edge of the great ocean, are in themselves full of the wild and striking beauties of nature. They are

his followers from a sudden attack, by establishing his temporary quarters upon the extremity of the promontory, and throwing a rude ditch in front of this camp across its neck. With this small expedition came Hervey de Montmorency, the uncle of Strongbow, a wise and valiant commander. The following day Maurice de Pendergast, a Welsh gentleman, landed at the same place with a reinforcement of ten knights and two hundred archers, and Maurice Fitzgerald, with ten knights, thirty horsemen, and about one hundred archers, shortly after came to their assistance. These troops, few in number, but well disciplined, immediately entered on active service, in conjunction with the subjects of Dermot, the traitor-king of Leinster, who had invited them into Ireland. "Such," observes a modern historian, "was the original scheme of an invasion, which in the event proved of so great importance. An odious fugitive, driven from his province by faction and revenge, gains a few adventurers in Wales, whom youthful ardour or distress of fortune led into Ireland, in hopes of some advantageous settlement." It is not my intention to follow these brave soldiers through their arduous struggles before they obtained a partial footing in the country; but I may add, that the memorable arrival of Fitzstephen and his followers at this place, has given rise to the well-known proverb—

"At the head of Bag-en-bon
Ireland was lost and won."

The Saltees are a cluster of uninhabited islands, lying about three miles from the shore; they are of trifling extent and difficult access, scarcely worthy of special notice, had they not acquired a melancholy notoriety by having been the place of concealment for the unfortunate Bagenal Harvey and John Colclough, two gentlemen of birth and fortune, in the county Wexford, who were unhappily seduced or intimidated to take part in the Rebellion of 1798. After the town of Wexford had been retaken by the king's forces, Harvey and Colclough escaped, and took refuge in one of these islands. Mrs. Harvey and a maid-servant accompanied these two fugitives to their retreat, which was a cavern, so ingeniously contrived by nature, that it was next to an impossibility to discover the entrance to it. They had provisions for six months, with all their plate and money, and so complete was their concealment, that, although government had information that they were hidden in the island, and had offered a reward of £3,000 for their apprehension, they continued to elude the vigilance of the crews of the king's cutters, who, day after day, traversed every nook and corner in the island without obtaining the slightest trace of them. At length the discovery of their retreat was made by accident, and through

richly wooded, and produce a diversity of rich and beautiful scenery, which will scarcely sink in estimation when compared with river-views more celebrated, because situated in parts of the island more frequently visited.

the incautiousness of the servant who had spilled suds at the mouth of the cave, the traces of which were detected by three officers, who had been sporting on the island. Their suspicions were naturally excited, and by drawing aside some tall heath, which appeared growing out of the face of the rock, they discovered the entrance to the cavern. They entered immediately, and called on those within to surrender, telling them that resistance was useless, as the cave was surrounded by armed men, and that they would be fired on if they gave any indications of resistance. On this they submitted; but on quitting the cave, they appeared extremely mortified at not seeing the force they were led to expect, as they were well supplied with arms and ammunition for their defence. They were led to a small boat, which was waiting for the officers, and lodged securely in Wexford. The remainder of this tragical tale is history.

In a statistic return, made by the incumbent of the parish to which these islands are attached, they are said to form a part of the inland county Tipperary; but the authority upon which this strange allocation is founded, is not stated.

The coast eastward from Bannow is low and flat, presenting few features of pictorial interest, until we reach the Tuskar light-house, built on a small island-rock, lying off Carnsore Point, which forms the south-eastern angle of Ireland. From this point the shore bends suddenly northward, and we soon enter the picturesque harbour of Wexford, through a narrow inlet. "It is formed," says Mr. Hay, "by two narrow necks of land bending towards each other, like two arms closing after an extension from the body, which appearance the river's mouth assumes by its banks, not very unlike the old Piræus of Athens. The extremities of these peninsulas, denominated the Raven on the north and Roslare on the south, form the entrance into the harbour, which is about a mile and a half broad, defended by a fort erected at the point of Roslare."

The bay, into which the river Slaney discharges itself, is spacious, and well defended from the sea; but the obstruction of a bar of shifting sand near the entrance, and the shallowness of the water in the harbour, which will not allow vessels of more than two hundred tons burthen to enter it, has considerably lessened the advantages which it would otherwise have derived from its excellent situation in a commercial point of view.* The town of Wexford is of great antiquity, and was possessed at an early period by the Danish settlers in Ireland; and that it was long the emporium of the south-eastern part of the country, and the principal port of

* This shallowness of the harbour, according to Mr. Beaufort, was the origin of the present name of the town, *Wexford*. "It was founded," he asserts, "in the ninth century, by a colony of Ostmen, Danes or Frisians, on a bay denominated *Garman*, but by them Wæsfiord or Washford; which imports a bay formed by the tide, but left nearly dry at low-water, and in this sense the same as the English washes of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire."

passage between England and Ireland, there are abundant evidences to prove.* The town was anciently surrounded by walls, some traces of which are still discernible; but a large part of the modern town lies outside of the former mural lines of defence.

That portion of the county of Wexford which forms the line of coast between the harbours of Waterford and Wexford comprehends the baronies of Forth and Bargie, the inhabitants of which are so distinguished by some striking peculiarities from the natives of the other parts of the island, that I cannot pass it by unnoticed. These two baronies, called emphatically (the *English* settlement,) were granted by Dermott Mac Murrough to Harvey de Monte Maresco, who planted there the first English colony nearly seven hundred years ago. Since that time the inhabitants of this district have preserved themselves in a distinct community as regards habits and manners, until a very recent period; whereas, in other parts of the island, the customs and language of the new settlers gradually merged into those of the people with whom they had become identified. The reproach that they had become "more Irish than the Irish," made by Hollinshed and other writers against the English who had fallen into the Irish habits, leads us to conclude, that there must have been some strong attraction in the wild exciting mode of life of the natives, which could induce men to relapse from what has been called civilization into a state of comparative barbarism. It is not, however, difficult to conceive, from the graphic pictures which the master hand of Scott has drawn of the battles, forays, huntings, and feastings of a Highland chieftain and his faithful adherents, that the charms of such a life would very soon draw men from the trammels which society in a more advanced state imposes. We have every day instances in the back woods of America, of the facility with which people accommodate themselves to a semi-barbarous life, and the reluctance they feel at being obliged to relinquish it, and conform to the irksome conventionalities of the world.

Through some means or another, the descendants of the colonists of this little corner of the island retained the customs and dialect of their forefathers until the middle of the eighteenth century.† The description given in the subjoined note of the habits

* It was here that the slave-merchants assembled the serfs or slaves which they had purchased in England. "Here might be seen," says an old Monkish writer, "whole ranks of fine, young men and beautiful women, exposed to sale in the slave-market on the hill. They were sold in part to the Irish noblesse and herdsmen, while others fell to the share of foreign merchants, and were exhibited in the slave-marts of Rome and Italy."

† General Vallancey, in a paper contained in the second volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, makes the following curious remarks on the state of this singular colony: "When we were first acquainted with it, a few of both sexes wore the ancient dress; that of the men was a short coat, waistcoat, and trunk-breeches, with a round hat and narrow brim. That of the women, was a short jacket, a petticoat bordered at the bottom with one, two, or three rows

and manners of the inhabitants of these remote baronies would not apply to th present time, as the gradual interchanges of society, which have taken place within th last half-century, have caused the abandonment of many of the peculiarities of thi primitive and industrious people. The late eccentric and unfortunate J. B. Trotte in his Pedestrian Tour through Ireland, in the year 1817, has made some excellen observations upon this district, which he calls " the Flanders of Ireland." Bu even at the time he visited it, the ancient customs had begun to disappear, for h says, " It is observable that the English and Irish customs are happily blende here. Neither are conquered, but both harmoniously assimilated. There is all th valuable independence of character which has made England a great nation; an there is a great deal of the sweetness and pleasantness of the Irish mind and man ner united to it. Their accent is very peculiar, but we heard nothing of the ancien dialect. It appeared to us very like the retired mountaineers of Wales speakin English; the tone and pronunciation was nearly the same." This peculiarity in th mode of speaking English is unlike anything heard in other parts of Ireland neither have the people here ever adopted the Irish tongue. The language whic anciently prevailed in this district is said to be a dialect of the Anglo-Saxon mingle with Welsh. General Vallancey has published a Vocabulary of the languag of Forth and Bargie, which shows its close affinity to the Anglo-Saxon;* and th Count de Montmorency asserts that some traces of this ancient dialect are still t be found amongst the lower orders of the people in Somersetshire. The origina settlers who followed Fitzstephen and Hervey de Montmorency, being composed o adventurers from Pembrokeshire and Somersetshire, the intermixture of the Welsh with the English language is clearly accounted for.

of ribband or tape of a different colour; the dress of the head was a kircher. The people o these baronies live well, are industrious, cleanly, and of good morals; the poorest farmer eat meat twice a week, and the table of the wealthy farmer is daily covered with beef, mutton or fowl. The beverage is a home-brewed ale; of an excellent flavour and colour. The houses of th poorest are well built and well thatched; all have out-offices for cattle, fowls, carts, or cars. Th people, who are well-clothed, are strong and laborious. The women do all manner of rustic work ploughing excepted, and receive equal wages with the men. The professed religion here is th Roman Catholic: there are about one hundred Catholics to one Protestant. Marriage is solem nized much in the same manner as with the Irish. The relations and friends bring a profusio of viands of all kinds, and feasting and dancing continue all the night; the bride sits veiled a the head of the table, unless called out to dance, when the chair is filled by one of the bride maids. At every marriage an apple is cut into small pieces and thrown among the crowd. Thi custom they brought with them from England; the origin of it has not descended with it."

* The Rev. W. Eastwood, who wrote the Statistical Survey of some of the parishes in th barony of Forth, observes, that being in a field on his farm, reading Chaucer's Canterbury Tales and near to the labourers, who were conversing in the ancient language of the south of Wexford it chanced that he threw his eye towards some words that he fancied might resemble those they

Amongst the minor peculiarities which distinguish the peasantry of this district, the custom of regularly going to bed for about two hours after dinner during the summer season, prevailed until a very recent period. In consequence of this indulgence, the farm-labourers were used to work until a late hour in the evening. Wherever this practice is retained, the doors are closed, and a silence, like that of deep night, reigns at mid-day. Notwithstanding the amalgamation which is gradually taking place between those descendants of the first English settlers and the native Irish, there are still some striking traits which distinguish them from each other. The people of Forth, unlike the old Irish, are exceedingly temperate; they are shy and distant in their manner, as if unused to the world, and have none of the easy familiarity of their more volatile neighbours. In stature and personal appearance they are inferior to the Irish, and are generally fair-haired, with rather broad faces and ruddy complexions, forming a marked contrast to the dark hair and long visages of the descendants of the ancient Milesians. The villages of Forth closely resemble Welsh hamlets; the cottages are nearly all whitewashed, and their household utensils are bright and clean. The women employ much of their time in knitting and in field-labour, the men being for the most part engaged in fishing.

I must now request my readers to return with me to the entrance of Cork harbour, (from whence we have been coasting eastward,) and to accompany me in my progress along the wild shores and noble bays that lie westward of that point. Oyster Haven and Roberts's Cove are the first inlets that we meet; the latter is known as a picturesque creek, visited during the summer by water-parties from Cork. Kinsale comes next in order,* and though its harbour is not so capacious as

were repeating if sounded. He arrested their attention whilst he read the lines, and discovered "that they were fully competent to interpret, explain, and even to translate every line and passage." The same writer notices the simple form of salutation which prevails amongst these people. On meeting, one asks the other, "*Is it long since?*" meaning—Do you consider the time heavy since we parted?—the artless and courteous reply is, "*Yea joi.*"

* Kinsale was, in times long past, the most celebrated port on the southern coast of Ireland, and in consequence of the superiority it then possessed as a place of debarkation, it was not unfrequently the scene of events important in the history of Ireland. In 1601 a large Spanish force, under the command of Don Juan D'Aquila, landed, and took possession of Kinsale, where they were besieged by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, and the Lord President Sir George Carew. A victory obtained by the English forces over the insurgent army of Tyrone and O'Donnel, who had marched to the assistance of the invaders, caused the latter to surrender the town after they had kept possession of it for more than three months. In March 1689, James II. landed at Kinsale from Brest, with the vain hope of recovering in Ireland the crown he had lost in England. The town was held in his name by Sir Edward Scot, who maintained it for twenty-four days against the army of William III., commanded by the Earl of Marlborough and the Prince of Wirtemberg, and so gallantly was the defence conducted, that the garrison, consisting of one thousand two hundred men, was allowed to march out of the town with arms and baggage.

that of Cork, it is of sufficient depth for the reception of vessels of the largest size. It is protected by a strong fortification on the eastern side of the harbour, called Charles Fort, in honour of Charles II. during whose reign it was built. The south side of the harbour is defended by a bold promontory, which runs a considerable way into the sea, and is well known to mariners as the Old Head of Kinsale.* A fine light-house is erected on the extremity of the headland. On this promontory also stood the ancient residence of the Lords of Kinsale. Smith, the historian of Cork, says, that the castle was formerly called Duncearma, and that in old records it is described as having been "a royal seat of the kings of Ireland." From the situation of this fastness it is fearfully exposed to the assaults of the elements, and its rude and weatherbeaten appearance agrees well with the bleakness and desolation by which it is surrounded. The coast here begins to assume the stern features which characterize the western shores; among the cliffs are found eyries of hawks, and of that large species of the osprey, commonly called the sea-eagle. Courtmacsherry is a mere fishing-hamlet, adjoining to the marine villa of the Earl of Shannon. Sailing round an irregularly-shaped peninsula, we enter Clonakilty Bay, a place of little consideration in a commercial point of view, but possessed of rare attractions for the antiquarian and painter. The country along the shores of the bay is singularly varied, and broken into picturesquely shaped hills; the vales are watered by many nameless brooks and rivulets, and the coast presents a succession of bold cliffs, whose romantic beauty charm and astonish the spectator. Galley Head, a noble promontory jutting boldly into the sea, as if to impede our further progress, is doubled at length, and we enter a splendid bay, which contains within it the lesser harbours of Ross and Glandon. A line of coast more bold, various, and rich in marine scenery can scarcely be imagined than that which now opens on the sight; winding wooded inlets of the sea, which Mr. Inglis says, reminds him of the Norwegian fiords, penetrate into the land, and form creeks and coves of unequalled beauty. To a mind prepared by its native energies, or by a cultivated taste for the sublime, the coast-scenery here will yield a feast of almost inexhaustible delight.†

* Sir Henry Sidney, who made a progress through Ireland in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, speaking of Kinsale with regard to its natural capabilities of defence, says, "The Old Head, six miles distant beyond the town, is one of the *forticablest places* that I ever came in."

† It may be appropriately remarked, that the gloomy and troubled spirit of Swift was soothed into repose by the sublime and awful grandeur of this region. It is related, that he passed several months of the year 1723, at the house of a clergyman in this neighbourhood, and was particularly gratified by making little voyages along the coast from Glandon harbour towards Baltimore. The mingled charms and terrors displayed to the voyager between those places, he has celebrated in an elegant Latin Poem, entitled *Carberiæ Rupes*, which has been translated into English by the Rev. Dr. Dunkin.

Leaving the Stags of Castlehaven behind us, we next pass Baltimore Bay, a safe asylum for inward and outward-bound American vessels. I shall not, however, delay to enumerate the endless bays and islands that are clustered along this coast, but hasten at once to the romantic island of Cape Clear, known since Ireland was first visited by mariners, and now more conspicuous by a bright revolving light, announcing to the mariner, long tossed on the "storm-vexed" Atlantic, the cheering tidings of his approach to home. This land was once thought to be the most southern point of Ireland; incorrectly though, as it is now generally known to be an island, and the honour of fixing the extreme southern termination of the beautiful "jem of the sea," has been generally transferred to Mizen Head. But this is also geographically incorrect, for the more accurate observations of modern days have ascertained that the neighbouring promontory of Brow Head, next to it eastward, is by a few seconds more south then Mizen Head, and therefore entitled to the distinction of being named the most southern point of Ireland. Cape Clear is, indeed, a curious place. It is scarcely three miles long, and not more than one and a half wide; high, rugged, and precipitous, accessible only by two coves on opposite sides of the island, which, trenching deep into the land, nearly divide it into two, giving it an appearance somewhat similar to that of an immense wasp. On the summit of its highest cliff is a lake, said to be endued with the singular and almost invaluable quality of purifying any vessel that is plunged into it. Train-oil casks, it is asserted, when suffered to lie in it for a few days, are fit, without further preparation, for the reception of new milk. The inhabitants, who do not amount to more than nine hundred, are a hardy and primitive people; they contrive to support themselves by fishing, and by cultivating the few patches of productive land that the island contains. The chief family anciently residing on it was that of O'Driscoll,* a race of gigantic size and strength, as is testified by the bones of one of their chieftains, still preserved. This dynasty ruled their limited dominion by laws peculiar to themselves; some of them appear singularly amusing: for instance, the punishment for offences of peculiar turpitude, was transportation to the main land. Life out of the island was deemed more insufferable than death within it:—a fine illustration of that attachment which nature has implanted in man's heart for the spot which he calls his *home*. Though to other eyes it may

* O'Driscoll's castle is well suited in situation to the daring character which tradition has assigned to the tribe to whom it belonged. The ruins are seated on a lofty rock, overhanging the sea at the south-western extremity of the island. It is approached in no other way than by a narrow path on a ledge of rock, about thirty feet in length. This passage is high and steep on both sides, whilst the waters roar beneath on either hand, Towards the ocean, the rock on which the castle stands is quite precipitous. Even when the wind is quiet, the Atlantic is subject to a prodigious swell, and in the calmest weather its waves break against this rock with a violence that resounds along the shore to a great distance.

appear rude, barren, and unlovely; it possesses for him all the charms of Paradise—outside which there is no happiness to be found. The native of the frozen zone pants for the pleasure of guiding his fleet rein-deer across trackless wastes of snow—the South Sea Islander delights to paddle his slight canoe through the flashing breakers—the Red Indian loves the deep forest solitudes—the Arab, the wide and sandy desert:

> "Thus every good his native wilds impart,
> Imprints the patriot passion in his heart;
> And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
> Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies."

During the wars of Elizabeth this little island had its stirring history, which wants only a pen like his who threw a charm over the cold and barren Orkneys, to immortalize persons, places, and circumstances, now known only to the curious inquirer into Ireland's romantic legends.

To proceed:—Dunmanus Bay is the first harbour of any note we meet after doubling Mizen Head; but though both large and safe, it is little frequented by vessels. So well is it sheltered by the surrounding mountains and the outstretching headlands, that it has all the appearance of an extensive lake when viewed from several points on the shore. On the eastern shore of the bay are the ruins of a fortress, called Dunmanus Castle. It was built by the O'Mahony sept, and was formerly a place of some strength. Dunmanus Bay is separated from that of Bantry by a narrow rugged peninsula, of which Sheep Head forms the extreme headland.

We have now reached Bantry Bay. I have already described this noble spreading bay* as viewed from the land, but it presents so many new and magnificent features to the spectator, sailing up from the entrance of the harbour to the town of Bantry, who has leisure to behold the picturesque and varied shores of this great estuary, that I cannot pass them by without briefly noticing them. The length of the bay exceeds thirty miles, in breadth it varies from three to eight miles, and in some places it is forty fathoms in depth. The shores of this vast sheet of water are agreeably diversified; on the north side, the mountain barriers which confine it seem to start up precipitously from the water's edge, and give a wild and impressive character to the scenery. At the north-eastern extremity, the junction of the mountain streams that rush from the romantic Glengariffe form a lesser bay of great beauty. The scenery in the vicinity of the town is softer and more graceful than on the opposite shore; the grounds and demesne of the Earl of Bantry, which adjoins the town, sweep in the fine wooded undulations and beautiful glades down to the margin of the bay. Around all, the blue lofty chain of Killarney and the Reeks, Glenga-

* Vide page 17.

riffe and Gougaun-Barra, with other mountains of the boldest and most fantastic outlines, gird, as it were, with a zone, this magnificent picture. The bay is studded with islands, of which Bere Island and Whiddy are the principal. The first, which is bold and rocky, lies close under the northern shore in an arm of the bay, called Berehaven: the second is of lesser extent, but greater fertility than Bere Island. It is situated opposite to Glengariffe at the head of the bay, and consists of three gently undulating hills, the centre one of them being crowned with the ruins of an old castle, erected by the O'Sullivans* in the reign of Henry VI.

In quitting Bantry Bay, I feel that I shall be quite unable to convey to my readers a perfect idea of the wild magnificence of the coast-scenery of this district. Filled with unspeakable awe and admiration at the majesty and vastness of the picture, the spectator at first cannot find language to express the impressions he has received, and it is only by repeated inspection that he becomes able to separate and analyse the multitude of images and emotions that crowd upon his mind. As we continue our course northward, we find the leading characteristics of wildness and grandeur still preserved in the aspect of the coast. The stupendous masses of rock which form headlands, and protect the numerous bays against the mighty waves of the Atlantic; the rocky mountains, which line the shores of the bays and harbours, and the wild mountain solitudes between the Bantry and the northern confines of Kerry, are as fertile in scenes of bold and striking grandeur as the most ardent admirer of pictorial sublimity could desire.

Along the coast of Kerry are the protecting harbours of Kenmare, a long and beautiful estuary, called a river: Kilmashallog, Sneem, Ballinskellig, Valentia, Dingle, Ventry, Castlemaine, Dunmore, Smerwick, Brandon, and Tralee. Of these Ballinskellig Bay is the first we meet of any importance. It is a spacious haven, almost entirely encompassed by lofty mountains. The shores, which stretch out into headlands, are bold and varied, and the islets with which the spacious basin is agreeably diversified, add much to the beauty of the scenery. On the green margin of a sheltered creek, running in from this bay, in the most romantic situation imaginable, stands Derrynane Abbey, the seat of Daniel O'Connell, Esq. It is a singular looking patchwork edifice, having been enlarged by additions made at different periods and in various styles. The mountains which rise precipitously behind, and on either side of the house, completely hem it in, and give it an extremely soli-

* The greater part of the south-western extremity of the county of Cork, comprehending an extensive line of sea-coast, was once the territory of the family of O'Sullivan. This powerful sept was divided into two branches, who were distinguished from the locality of their possessions, as O'Sullivan *Bear* or *Bere*, and O'Sullivan *Bantry*. They were persevering in their hostility to the English, but, failing in their attempts to overthrow the power of the invaders, only hastened their own downfall.

tary appearance. The only means of communicating with the country inland, is by a narrow road, or more properly a track, winding through the craggy defiles of the mountain, and altogether impassable for any vehicle; so that a more secluded and interesting spot than Derrynane it would be difficult to find. The ruins of the little abbey, from which the mansion takes its name, stand within view of the house on the extremity of a low tongue of land running into the sea. Some pretty islets lie in front of the house, and give an agreeable variety to the scenery of the bay.

The Skellig Islands, which lie outside the bay of Ballinskellig, have some of the romance of antiquity hanging round them. They are all three now uninteresting, and, except one, mere rocks of marble. Yet there was a time when religion selected them as a spot suited to secluded devotion. An abbey was founded on the largest by St. Finian, but the bleakness of the situation and the difficulty of access, induced the residents to remove in after times to the main land, where the monastery of Ballinskellig still marks the circumstance of their change of place; while the remains of the monastic structures on the island indicate the prior location of the brotherhood there. Though barren, these islands enjoy the blessings of springs of pure water. Old Geoffry Keating, in his account of them, tells us of "an attractive virtue in the soil, which draws down all the birds which attempt to fly over them, and obliges them to light upon the rock and rest there." Such is the antiquarian's tale. Ireland's Poet has picked up this rough relic of traditionary lore, and enchased it with his own refined imagery :—

——— "Islets so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air,
Hath been won downward by them."

So sings the Poet. What says the philosopher? How does *he* account for the magic attraction doubly immortalized by the precious *erugo* of antiquity, and the brilliant emblazonry of modern song? "The origin of this story,"—meaning worthy Geoffry's,—"may be accounted for by the fact, that the Gannet or Solon goose breeds on these rocks, and nowhere else on the coast of Munster. From the sublime to the ridiculous—from the wonderful to the absurd." Poor Geoffry's tale of wonder and Moore's flight of fancy end in the downfall of a wild goose!

The scenery along this coast is of a singularly wild and solitary character. "The mountains," says Mr. Inglis, "jut out into the sea on every side; the island of Valentia lies opposite, separated from the main land by a narrow channel; and the small town, enclosed among the brown mountain slopes, seems like a place at the world's end." Valentia, so called by the Spaniards, who formerly had an extensive trade along the western coasts of Ireland, is the property of the Knight of Kerry,

who derives a large sum annually from the fine slate and flag-quarries which the island contains. A handsome cottage in which the knight resides is pleasantly situated on the east side of the island. Public attention was drawn to Valentia a few years ago, in consequence of the proposition made by an eminent engineer for establishing there a station for the American and West Indian steam-packets. The plan proposed was, that the coal necessary for the steamers should be sent from Liverpool and other English ports to Valentia, and that these ships should return laden with Transatlantic cargoes brought thither by the steamers, whose regularity of passage to and fro was to be by these means secured. The contrivance was certainly ingenious, but whether practicable or not, I shall not attempt to determine. As a harbour, Valentia possesses great advantages; it has plenty of water, is well sheltered, and from its situation vessels can enter it or sail out of it with any wind. In the old wars between the English and French, the latter made great use of it as a privateering station. By keeping a good look out at each end, their vessels which lay concealed there, ready to pounce out upon the unwary coasters or straggling merchantmen from the westward, were prepared at the shortest notice to cut and run out of one end of the channel, on an intimation of the appearance of an English ship of war at the other.

The sail from Valentia to Dingle on a fine summer-day is exceedingly beautiful; the intelligent tourist whom I have quoted fully appreciates the magnificence of the coast scenery. He thus speaks of his voyage, which was undertaken in a heavy fishing-boat. "There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we were forced to row the whole way; sometimes, indeed, profiting by the brief course of a passing breeze to hoist our sail, but losing more than we gained by the suspension of rowing. This must, indeed, be a frightful navigation with a heavy rolling sea before an Atlantic north-wester; and being only desirous of reaching Dingle before nightfall, I did not regret the slowness of our progress and the tranquillity of the sea, which encouraged a more leisurely observation of the fine scenery that lay on every side. The tide did not permit us to steer directly for Dingle; and accordingly we made the opposite shore considerably to the west, and then rowed under the rocks eastward, passing in succession Ventry Harbour, numerous bold headlands, and singularly-formed rocks, and many curious sea-worn caves, never visited but by the sea-fowl, that are congregated in thousands along this coast—riding on the wave, covering the rocks, and wheeling on the sides of the cliffs. I noticed many varieties of sea-fowl; some were of the purest white, some were white all but the tips of the wings, and some were speckle-bodied, with red feet and bills."

The Bay of Dingle is excelled by few places on the coast in magnificent marine scenery. Ranges of mountains, whose fantastic summits pierce the clouds, rise boldly from the shores, and form a singularly picturesque screen to the noble

haven which they overhang. At the northern entrance of this bay lie the Blasquets, a group of islets, twelve in number, but four of them are mere rocks. They formerly belonged to the great Earl of Desmond, who gave them to the family of Ferriter, whence they have derived a second name. They have also a bird to boast of, as being peculiar to themselves, but of a nature somewhat more substantial than the airy creatures of Keating and Moore. A small bird, named Gouler, is said to be peculiar to these islands. It is somewhat larger than a sparrow; the feathers on the back are black, those on the tail white; the bill is straight, short, and thick: it is web-footed. The bird is almost one lump of fat, and when roasted is considered so delicious as to be preferred to the ortolan. In recording this fact, many persons will say that I have done more for Ireland than all the antiquarians, from the extravagant Keating to the envious Ledwich, and all the poets from Amergin, brother of Heber and Heremon, down to the modern bard of Erin. Greenwich and its white-bait will be despised when bait of such exquisite relish may be found by making a pilgrimage to the Blasquets. Killarney may fail in its attractions, but a bird superior in flavour to the ortolan is irresistible, particularly after a long coasting voyage, when the digestive organs are all in their happiest mood and ripe for action.

Doubling round Sybil Head we come upon a place of melancholy notoriety, Smerwick. Here it was that a garrison of Spaniards, which had landed and taken possession of the town for the Earl of Desmond, then in rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, was slaughtered in cold blood after its surrender by the commander of the English forces. This act was afterwards brought against Sir Walter Raleigh as one of the charges on his trial. He exculpated himself by pleading his subordinate station which obliged him to obey the commands of his superior officer, but he was unable fully to exculpate himself from a participation in this foul transaction, which must ever remain a dark blot and disgrace upon the character of this ill-fated man.

We next reach Brandon Bay, situated on the northern shoulder of that bold peninsula which runs westward from Tralee to the Atlantic. It is twenty-six miles in length, and not more than six miles in width near the mainland; and consists altogether of craggy mountains heaped together in the wildest confusion, rising, in some places, to a considerable height. The lofty Brandon and Connor Hill are conspicuous amongst their lofty brethren for their superior altitude and picturesque forms. The channel up to the town of Tralee, which lies at the head of the bay of that name, is fit only for small craft. The town itself is inconveniently situated for commercial purposes; but a ship canal, which was completed a few years ago, has done much to remedy the defective navigation of the channel, and will in time bring to Tralee the shipping business, which was hitherto carried on at Blennerville,

W. H. Bartlett. J. Cousen.

Ballybunion.

Cave in a Hallow

a small port a mile below the town. The scenery around Tralee is remarkably fine; the view of the wide-spreading bay which faces the town, the wild and rugged mountains of Brandon peninsula, stretching away to the westward, and the softer beauties of the rich vale that extends on the other side towards Castle Island, form a panorama of surpassing and varied beauty. Ballyheigh Bay is only an inlet on the northern boundary of that great indenture in the coast which is known as Tralee Bay. It affords no shelter for ships, and has often proved fatal to homeward-bound West Indian and American vessels, from its having been mistaken for the mouth of the Shannon, in consequence of an error of latitude in many of the charts.

Between Cashin Bay, which forms the estuary of the little river Geale and Kinconly Point, are situated the CAVES OF BALLYBUNNIAN; but having been noticed at some length in the first volume of this work, I shall not now enter upon any further description of them, but strongly recommend all tourists in the western parts of Ireland not to neglect visiting those singular natural labyrinths, an examination of which will amply repay the trouble of exploring them.

The neat little VILLAGE OF BALLYBUNNIAN, which is only a short distance from these celebrated caves, affords good accommodation for travellers:—in the summer months it is much frequented by bathers from Limerick and other inland places. We have now reached the northern limits of the County Kerry, which can boast of some of the wildest, most romantic, and diversified scenery to be met with in any part of Ireland. That portion of Kerry which lies in the neighbourhood of the Shannon is less elevated than the southern parts. The central district is an upland country, gradually rising towards the confines of Limerick and Cork. The valleys in this tract consist mostly of reclaimable bog, from which several streams and rivulets descend southward to Dingle Bay, and eastward by the Blackwater towards Cork. The southern district is composed of lofty mountain-ranges, of which I have spoken when describing Killarney, Glengariffe, and the coast-scenery northward from Kenmare River. The prevailing component of this mountain-chain is clay; slate-quarries, of which have been worked with considerable success at Valentia and other places along the coast. Coal, culm, and limestone, also abound throughout this county, and a valuable copper-mine is now in full work at Ross-Island, in the Lake of Killarney. Hard and beautiful crystals, known to lapidaries as Kerry stones and Irish diamonds, are found in the limestone caverns along the coast. Amethysts and pearls have also been discovered in some of the lakes and rivers:—in short, Kerry county may be said to possess all the ingredients for creating wealth; yet, strange to say, the progress of improvement has been hitherto slower here than in any other part of the island. Latterly, however, some attempts have been made to give a stimulus to industry, by opening roads through wild and remote

districts—which, with the encouragement afforded by government to the fisheries* on the coast, will, it is hoped, tend materially to ameliorate the present wretched condition of the people. Sailing across the broad estuary of the Shannon, whose noble stream might be made a source of infinite wealth to Ireland, we reach Loop Head in the county Clare, where there is a light-house, marked by a brilliant fixed light from fifteen lamps. The western coast of Clare is marked but by one bay of magnitude, and that a mark of evil omen. "The space between Loop Head and the Arran Islands is usually denominated Malbay, and justly so, for if a vessel happens to be embayed therein, the only places where there is the least chance of saving the ship are on the north sides of Dunbeg and Liscannor." A melancholy anticipation for an exhausted worn-out West Indian when nearing this part of the coast with an in-blowing gale. KILKEE is a beautiful watering-place, situated on a little creek, which runs in off Malbay. It has risen considerably in importance within the last few years, and is now the most fashionable resort for bathers on the whole line of this romantic coast.

In the first volume of this work, the PUFFING HOLE, near Kilkee, will be found minutely described. There are numerous other caverns formed by the hand of nature in the cliffs on the shore, but none of them are of sufficient importance to require further notice. The artist who has illustrated this work made a drawing of a singular COVE IN MALBAY, which gives a very correct idea of the manner in which the ceaseless action of the Atlantic waves have worn away, and scooped the stratified cliffs into NATURAL BRIDGES, caverns, and chasms, so as to give the shores here the appearance of stupendous ruins, or the fragments of a half-formed world thrown into the wildest confusion by the hand of nature.

When Conn of the hundred battles, and Mowa Eoghan, two of the descendants of Milesius, undertook to divide Ireland between them, they drew a line from Dublin to Galway, calling the portion north of that line Leah Cuin, and that to the south Leah Mow, or Conn's and Eoghan's shares.

The Bay of Galway was in days of yore one of the most important of the entrances to Ireland. It ought to be so still. Its geographical position, and its great natural advantages entitle it to this distinction; political causes have counteracted the intentions of nature. The entrance to this magnificent basin is sheltered by the islands of Arran. They are three in number—Arranmore, Innismain, and Innishere. The two larger are separated from each other by a strait, called St. Gregory's Sound. The largest is nine miles long, and is a parish in itself; all taken together form one of the seventeen baronies into which Galway is divided. These islands are

* Besides the deep-sea fishing along the coast, the shores afford a large supply, particularly of shell-fish. The lobsters in many places are of large size and excellent flavour.

W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

W.H.Bartlett. J.C.Bentley.

Kilkee

(County Clare)

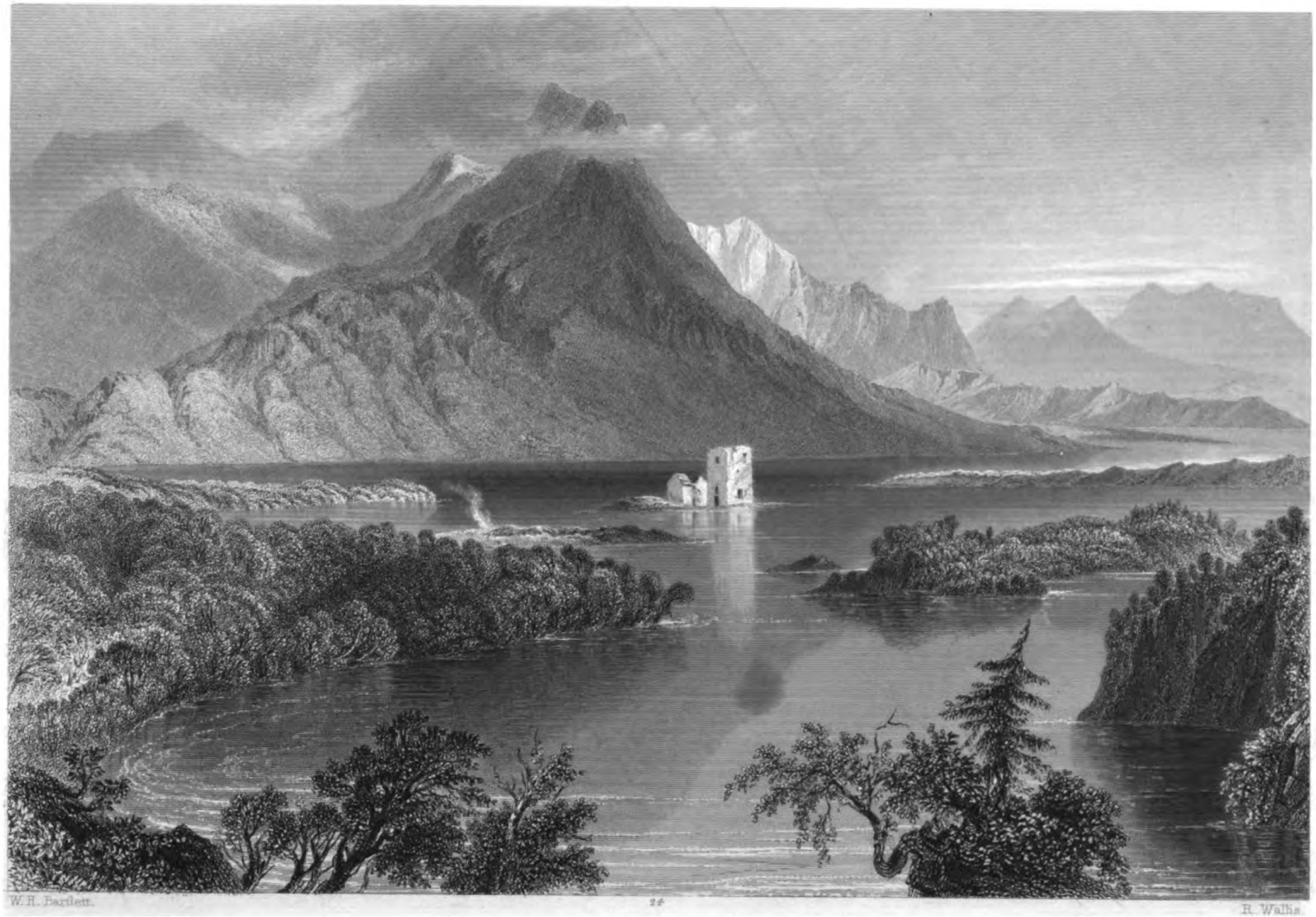
said by ancient annalists to be the remains of a high barrier of land, which the Atlantic broke through at an early period of the world. Kirwan, the mineralogist, in his Essay on the primitive state of the globe, says, that the Bay of Galway appears to have been originally a granite mountain, shattered and swallowed during a great convulsion, which he supposes to have taken place, and adds, that a vast mass of granite, called "the Gregory," stood on one side of the islands one hundred feet at least above the level of the sea, which was torn to pieces by lightning in 1774. Bare as they stand at present, and unsheltered from the fury of the western blasts, they were once overshadowed with woods, many vestiges of which are still distinctly visible. This circumstance, combined with their retired situation and wild appearance, rendered them peculiarly adapted to the celebration of the Pagan rites of the ancient Irish. The immense cairns, upright stones, circles, altars, and other Druidical remains yet to be seen in them, prove that they were formerly one of the favourite retreats of this mysterious order of the heathen priesthood. Giraldus Cambrensis, some of whose amusing, though not very veracious anecdotes I have already had occasion to quote, attributes a peculiar property to the air of these islands. They were too singular—too much savouring of the romance of legendary lore to be passed unnoticed by him. In the words of his translator, Stanihurst, he says, "There is in the west of Connaught an island placed in the sea, called Aren, to which St. Brendon had often recourse. The dead bodies neede not be graveled, for the ayre is so pure, that the contagion of any carrion may not infect it; there may the son see his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather," &c. Another peculiarity related by the same writer is, that, although Ireland abounds with rats and mice, this island is free from them, for if one of these vermin be brought there, "either it leapeth into the sea, or else being stayed it dyeth presently." I must confess that I have been unable to establish the truth of either of these marvellous relations, which appear to have had their origin in the fanciful imagination of the writer. During the civil wars the islands of Arran were deemed a position of great military importance, and were ultimately surrendered on terms to the Republican general Reynolds, and afterwards fell into the hands of Erasmus Smith, an English settler. The people of the islands are an extremely primitive race, supporting themselves chiefly by fishing and the making of kelp, by burning a particular species of sea-weed that grows upon the shore. A small breed of sheep, highly esteemed for their delicate flavour, are reared upon these islands and exported to Galway. Puffin catching is also much practised by the inhabitants. The manner of capturing these birds is similar to that pursued in the Hebrides and in Norway, where they lower a man by means of a rope down the face of a cliff, who seizes them while they sleep.

The bay contains a number of lesser creeks, inlets, and harbours, of which that

of Galway itself is the most important, and from which a valuable and extensive trade by water might be carried on with the interior of the country, by merely forming a short canal from the town into Lough Corrib, which with its neighbouring lakes of Mask, Carra, and Conn, would form a navigable chain, extending through the nearly unknown districts of Connaught, that in a commercial and social point of view would be of incalculable benefit to the country. Sailing into Galway Bay, the shores present a great deal of diversity. On the right-hand the noble range of the Burrin mountains in the county Clare form a majestic boundary to the scene. On the Galway side, the country is delightfully varied, exhibiting the mingled beauties of rich cultivation and primeval wildness. The town of Galway is finely situated on a narrow neck of land between an arm of the great bay and Lough Corrib, a noble lake thirty miles long. The picturesque and ancient appearance of this old Spanish town, with its antique gateways and arched passages has been already described in this work. I shall not, therefore, dilate further upon the singularity of its narrow streets and gloomy-looking mansions, which, though highly interesting to the antiquarian and painter, convey to the mind of the utilitarian anything but ideas of comfort and cleanliness. Behind the town the land rises into a succession of bold and picturesque hills, which stretch along Lough Corrib as far as Killery harbour to the north-west, inclosing within their chain the wild and romantic tract, known as Connemara and Joyce's country. In the first volume of this work a description has been given of the most striking beauties which arrest the attention of a traveller journeying through this remote and interesting district; but no land-view can equal in sublimity and grandeur the coast-scenery that presents itself upon quitting the Bay of Galway through the northern passage. A succession of noble bays open to the view, protected from the fury of the Atlantic waves by the numerous islands which lie near their entrance. A glance at the map will be sufficient to show the singular formation of the coast, whose irregular indentations, running far into the land, form deep harbours, where the navies of Great Britain might lie at anchor; yet so completely unknown and unfrequented, that scarcely a sail, save those of the poor fishermen's boats, is ever to be seen on their undisturbed broad waters. Some idea may be formed of the extraordinary facilities which this sequestered district possesses for trade and commerce, when, according to a late eminent engineer's report, no part of it is more than four miles distant from existing navigation. "There are," says he, "upwards of twenty safe and capacious harbours fit for vessels of any burthen; about twenty-five navigable lakes in the interior of a mile or more in length, besides hundreds smaller: the sea-coast and all these lakes abound with fish. The district with its islands possesses no less than four hundred miles of sea-shore. On Lough Corrib it has about fifty miles of shore, so that with Lough Mask, &c. there are,

W.H.Bartlett.

R. Brandard.



Ballyrahin

perhaps, as many miles of the shore of the sea or navigable lakes as there are square miles of surface." Of the harbours on the sea-coast, the principal are Costello, Greatman's, Casheen, Kilkerran, Roundstone, Birterbuy, Benowen, Ardfert, Cleggan, Ballinakill, and Killery, which last separates the counties of Galway and Mayo. Kilkerran is the largest of these bays; it runs into the land upwards of ten miles, and contains within its spacious bosom the inhabited islands of Garomna, Letterman, and several of lesser note.

Birterbuy Bay is also of considerable extent; the beautiful little river of Ballinahinch falls into the bay at its upper extremity. This river has its rise in BALLINAHINCH LAKE, at about four miles distance from the sea-shore. On the banks of this lovely and secluded sheet of water stands Ballinahinch House, the residence of Thomas Martin, Esq., the proprietor of the greater part of this wild district. The mansion is a plain building, but the situation it occupies is surpassingly beautiful, overlooking the lake that sleeps in calm repose at the foot of the impending sides of Lettery and Bengower,* which here form the front of the magnificent group of conical mountains, called the Twelve Pins of Binabola. From the bridge which crosses the river near the house, a fine view may be obtained of the lake and the ruins of the old castle,* standing on a small island in the lake, and forming a picturesque object in the landscape. This castle, it is said, was built by the powerful sept of O'Flaherty, once the possessors of vast estates in the western parts of the county. Their frequent acts of oppression and lawless violence towards their weaker neighbours, obtained for them the appellation of "The bloody O'Flahertys," and so great was the terror with which their fierce aggressions inspired the peaceable inhabitants of Galway, that the west gate of the town, (that on the side nearest to their troublesome visitors) bore, until the gate was taken down, the following inscription:

"FROM THE FEROCIOUS O'FLAHERTYS—GOOD LORD DELIVER US!"

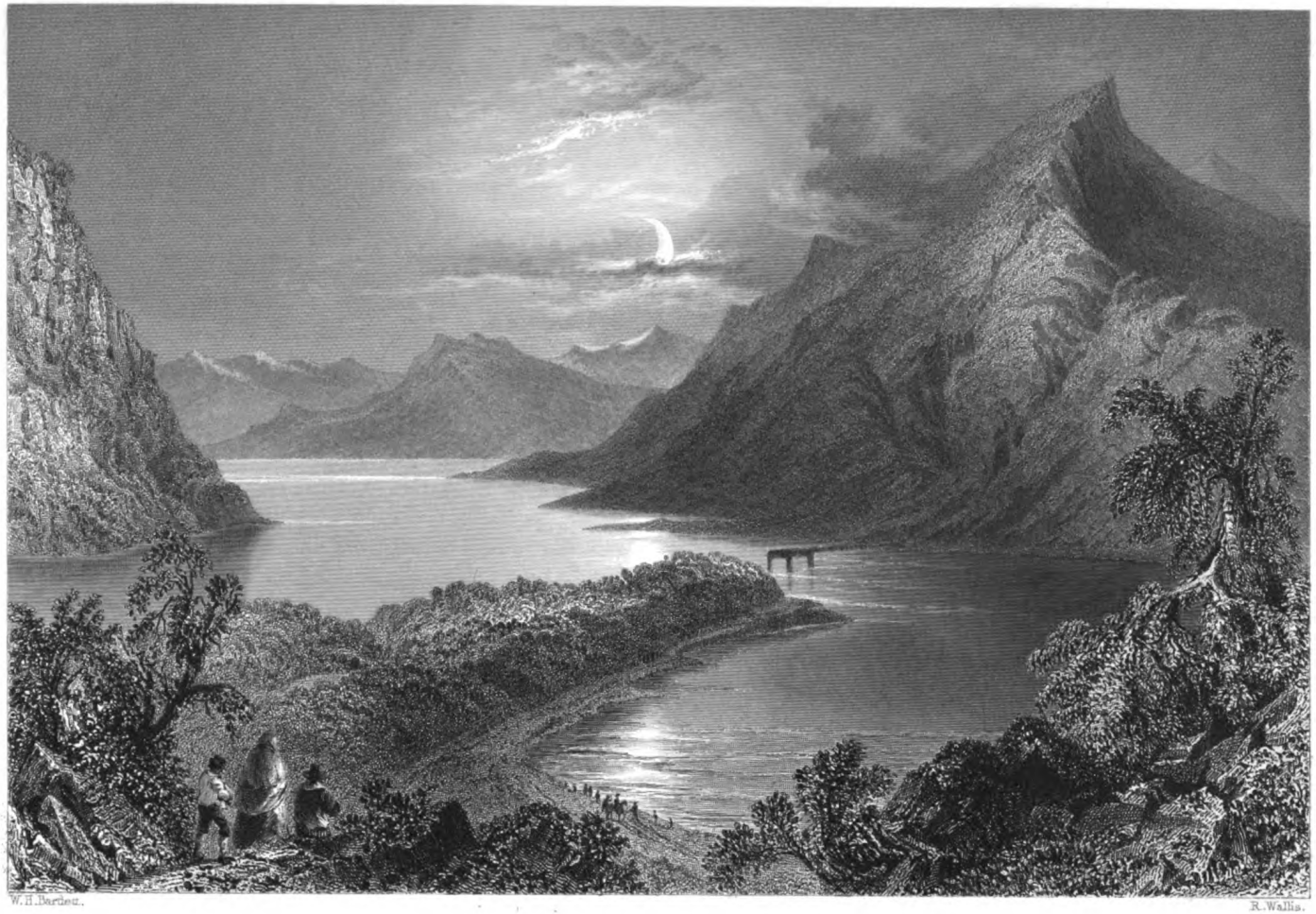
The peasantry, who here and in every part of Ireland shudder at the desecration of any person or place devoted to the service of their religion, ascribe the downfal of this turbulent family to the alleged fact, that the chief of the O'Flahertys, who built the Castle of Ballinahinch, pulled down the convent of Timbola on the mainland in order to obtain materials for his work, and that he compelled the friars to carry the stones on their backs to the shore of the lake, where they were placed in boats and conveyed to the island. The spot where the fathers are said to

* The late eccentric Colonel Thomas Martin, for many years the representative in Parliament of the county Galway, resided at one period in this castle; more recently it was converted into a sporting-lodge for the accommodation of the owner's friends during the shooting season; latterly, however, it has been suffered to fall into decay, and is now a complete ruin.

have deposed their burthens, has from this circumstance obtained a name in Irish, of which the English signification is, "*The Friar's bend* or *stoop*," referring to the attitude of a man carrying a heavy load.

The river of Ballinahinch affords salmon of superior flavour, and the surrounding country abundance of game of every description.* Mr. Martin's deer-park, situated somewhat singularly on the island of Cruanakeely, several miles out in the bay, is well stocked with the fallow-deer. The island which is of considerable size, is uninhabited except by the antlered community;—it is very rugged and thickly overgrown with tall ferns, innumerable wild flowers, and a great variety of beautiful heaths. It also commands a fine view of the mainland, with the stupendous Binabola group in the distance, and more nearly the triple-headed mountain of Urrisbeg: seaward the dark Atlantic's multitudinous waves are seen breaking upon the white sandy coves and frowning headlands which form the shores of the noble bay. The shooting of a deer upon the island is an interesting and animated scene. When one of these animals has been decreed to die, a boat with twelve or more athletic mountaineers, accompanied by a gamekeeper, proceed to the island. The men start the herd of deer, whom they hunt round the island with an activity only equalled by the creatures they are pursuing. They urge the chase with indefatigable ardour and wild shouts, until they succeed in separating the buck they have selected from the rest of the herd; then driving their panting and terrified victim to a favourable situation, the gamekeeper with little trouble brings him down with his rifle. It is generally supposed that the old Irish red deer is not now to be found anywhere in Ireland except at Killarney; but it is well known that this rare and noble animal still exists in the solitudes of the Connemara mountains. A lady, upon whose veracity I can rely, related to me, that, being one fine autumnal day boating on the romantic Lough Ina, which lies in the midst of the wild and gigantic scenery of the Binabola mountains, the men who rowed the boat got a glimpse of a reddeer browsing on the tender grass amongst the copse-wood of a small island on the lake. The rowers, eager for sport, pulled to the island, jumped ashore, and by their shouts startled the deer, who, tossing his noble antlers into the air, bounded towards the shore, plunged into the water, and shaped his course towards his native fastnesses on the main land. The boatmen, however, were not long in regaining their boat, and rowing away lustily, succeeded in intercepting the creature's retreat, who, powerless in

* A singular species of trout, called the *Gillaroo*, peculiar to some of the lakes in the west of Ireland, is esteemed a great delicacy. It differs little in external appearance from the common trout, but internally it has a different organization, possessing a thick muscular stomach, somewhat resembling the gizzard of a fowl, to enable it to digest the small shell-fish on which it subsists; from which peculiarity it is frequently called the *Gizzard trout*.



W. H. Bartlett.

R. Wallis.

Lough Inn

(Connemara)

W. H. Bartlett. R. Brandard.

Clifden, Connemara

the water, suffered those in the boat to place his head upon the gunnel, and examine his enormous palmy antlers, a feat which would have been attended with considerable difficulty and danger had he been at large on terra firma. After having sufficiently satisfied their curiosity, the terrified animal was liberated and allowed to pursue its way to the shore; my narrator having first plucked a few hairs from the crest of her prisoner, which she still retains as a memorial of her exploit.

On Roundstone Bay stands the modern village of Roundstone, built by the late Alexander Nimmo, the celebrated engineer, whose scientific knowledge led him to the conviction that the best mode of raising the commercial prosperity of Ireland, was by means of her noble harbours on the western coast. Impressed with this opinion, he expended large sums of money in building a handsome pier and erecting houses at Roundstone; but his exertions were received with apathy or jealousy by those who should have aided his efforts, and he died in the prime of life, leaving his noble designs unaccomplished; but not until he had done enough to prove the soundness of his theory and the correctness of his expanded views. The Bay of Roundstone is backed by the lofty mountain of Urrisbeg, upon whose steep acclivities grow many rare and beautiful plants. Mr. Inglis enumerates several, and amongst them the Mediterranean heath, which I believe is not found elsewhere in Ireland.

The same writer, speaking of the view from the summit of Urrisbeg, describes it as "more singular than beautiful." "Here," says he, "Cunnemara is perceived to be truly that which its name denotes, '*Bays of the Sea.*' The whole western coast of Cunnemara is laid open with its innumerable bays and inlets: but the most striking and singular part of the view is that to the north, over the districts called Urrisbeg and Urrismore. These are wide level districts, spotted by an unaccountable number of lakes, and mostly entirely uncultivated and uninhabited. I endeavoured from my position to reckon the number of lakes, and succeeded in counting upwards of one hundred and sixty. Shoulders of the mountain, however, shut out from the view some of the nearer part of the plain, and other parts were too distant to allow any very accurate observation; so that I have no doubt there may be three hundred lakes, large and small, in this wild and very singular district. Several of the lakes have islands upon them, and by the aid of a good telescope which I carried with me, I perceived that many of these islands were wooded."

From Roundstone our seaward course lies round the far projecting promontory of Sline Head, upon whose rocky shores the wreck of many a stately argosy has been strewn. On the northern side of this peninsula lies the sequestered little Bay of Ardbear, on a navigable inlet of which stands the neat and thriving town of CLIFDEN. Two miles from the town, on the shores of the bay, CLIFDEN CASTLE, the

seat of —— D'Arcy, Esq. attracts the traveller's attention, delightfully situated in the midst of a thickly and beautifully planted demesne. The natural charms of this paradise in the wilderness have been heightened by the tasteful improvements of the excellent proprietor. A grotto formed of the various beautiful marbles of Connemara, and a fanciful pavilion, constructed principally of stalactites, shells, and bits of ore, gathered from the caves, the shores, and hills of this rich but unregarded district, deserve the attention of every visitor of this truly picturesque scene. From Clifden and its lovely bay I sailed round Dog's Head, another of those bold peninsulas, which, jutting into the ocean, receive the first shock of the Atlantic billows. A little to the northward of Dog's Head, and about six miles distant from the mainland, the island of Ennisbofine may be seen, rearing its dark form above the waves. Though now little thought of in a political point of view, it was esteemed of sufficient importance during the stormy period of the civil war to be made a place of arms. A castle built there by Cromwell was besieged by King William's army, and surrendered upon honourable terms. Near the extremity of the narrow headland, which lies between the harbours of Ballinakill, stands the solitary mansion of Renvyle, which, with the surrounding improvements, forms an interesting feature in the coast scenery, and engaged my attention while our little cutter was gliding towards Killery Harbour. As we slowly sailed up this narrow inlet, I was forcibly struck by the novel character of the scenery, which, Mr. Inglis says, resembles a Norwegian fiord more than anything he had elsewhere seen nearer home. The harbour, which is deep enough to receive vessels of great burthen, is, in many places, not more than a quarter of a mile across; and the shores rising precipitously from the water's edge, impart an air of stern grandeur and majestic beauty to the picture, to which my pen cannot do the justice it deserves in description. But the shores, though picturesque in form, are unadorned with wood, without which no landscape can be perfect. This deficiency was noticed by the intelligent tourist just quoted, who observes, that, "if the mountain sides on the Killery were wooded, it would be almost unnecessary to travel into Norway in search of scenery." The little mountain river Owen Erive, which has its source in the county Mayo, falls into the sea at the HEAD OF KILLERY HARBOUR, where, confined by the picturesque shores within its narrowest limits, it presents to the eye one of the most romantic and sequestered scenes, that this region of the sublime and beautiful can produce. At a short distance from this place stands the poor straggling village of LEENANE, remarkable for nothing but the natural beauty of its situation in the midst of the most magnificent scenery, and for being the *capital* where the renowned potentate of this district, hight *Jack Joyce*, resided.*

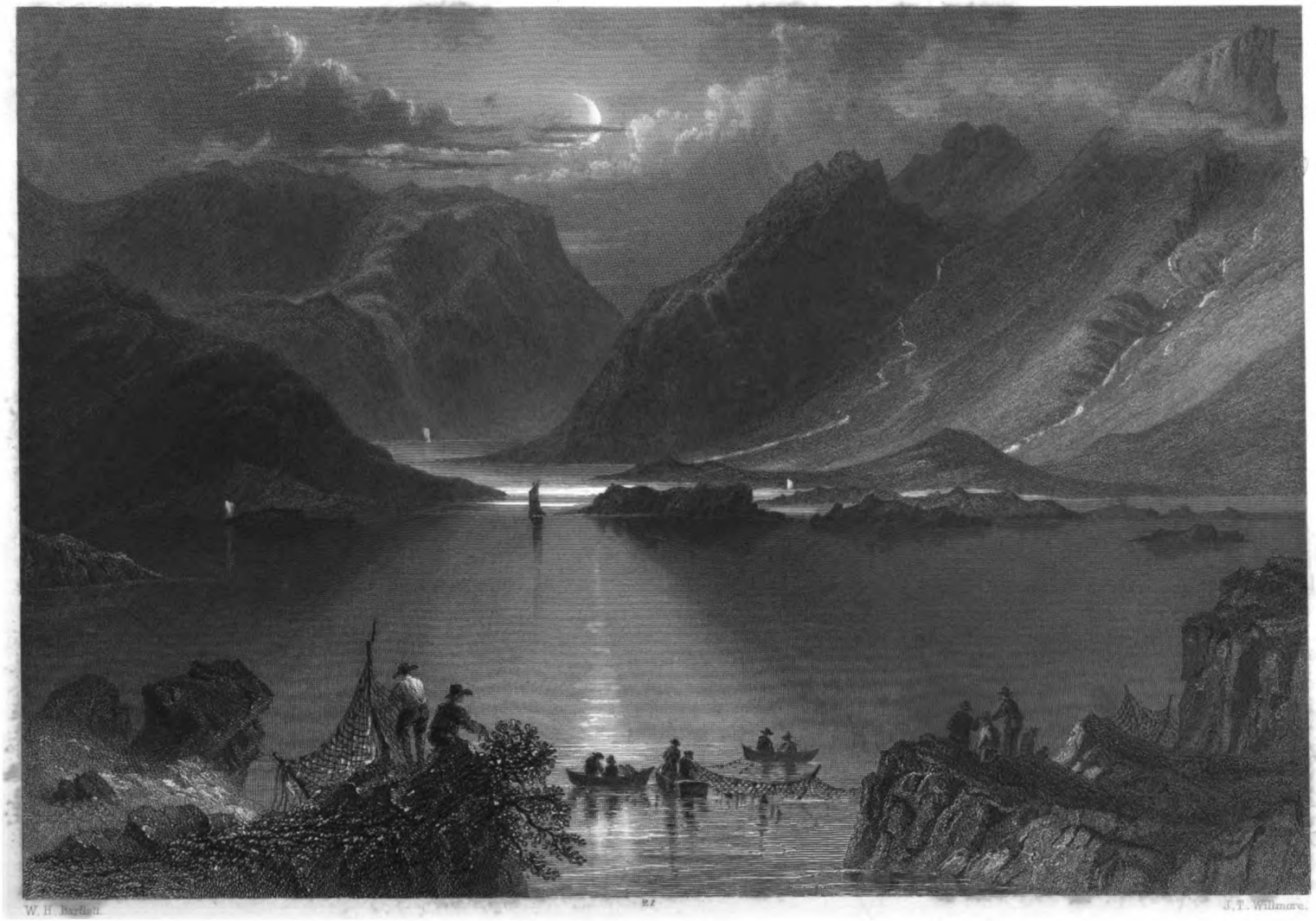
* For a description of this singular man, well known to every tourist through the wilds of Connemara, see Vol. i. p. 76. One trait of his character has, however, undergone a considerable

W. H. Bartlett. W. Mossman.

Clifden Castle.

(Connemara)

CHATEAU DE CLIFDEN, CONNEMARA. SCHLOSS CLIFDEN CONNEMARA



Head of the Killeries – Connemara.

We have now reached the northern confines of Galway, having, in my cruise from the Harbour of Wexford hither, taken a hasty view of the principal bays, havens, and objects of pictorial interest along this magnificent line of coast; so hasty, indeed, that I have been compelled to dismiss much that was curious and interesting, to give place to that which through its paramount importance forced itself upon my notice. Here, then, I terminate my pleasant voyage; too conscious that my pen has been unequal to the task of depicting truly the romantic scenery of this beautiful—

> "Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
> Sky-mingling mountains, that o'erlook the cloud."

But I trust I have been able to excite in the mind of my readers a curiosity to visit the scenes I have endeavoured to describe. Let their own eyes be the judges, and I fear not they will agree with me in saying, that no island in the world presents such an outline of coast for beauty or for utility—for all that the eye of the painter or the soul of the poet could desire—all that the hand of power, or the grasp of mercantile avarice could court. Bays, where the proudest fleets could ride in safety; rivers, carrying wealth from the extremities to the centre; islands, creeks, and coves, with all the appliances and means that nature in her most bountiful mood could tender to vary the plenty with which the same all-liberal hand has spread over its surface in hills of waving crops, valleys of pasture, and mountains redolent of the sweetest herbage. Look at Australia, the largest island in the world, or more properly a fifth continent: it does not contain so many practicable harbours throughout the whole extent of its vast circumference, as that portion of the Irish coast between Wexford and Connemara. I might expatiate upon this point, but I find that I must hasten onward to the fruitful plains of Leinster, and bid farewell with a sigh to the romantic region of the west, to the giant hills—

> "Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods;—rivers that move
> In majesty; and the complaining brooks,
> That make the meadows green, and poured round all
> Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste."

change since that portion of this work passed the press. Jack has become a teetotaller, and has taken the "pledge" from Father Matthew, the Temperance Apostle in Ireland. A gentleman who visited him last summer, found him washing down his dinner with a jug of milk instead of a noggin of potteen. But though Jack was thus abstemious himself, he set before his guest wine and spirits in abundance, of which he hospitably pressed him to partake.

V.

The principal road from Galway into Leinster, by way of Ballinasloe and Athlone, possesses few charms for the tourist. After passing the village of Oranmore, pleasantly situated on an inlet at the head of the Bay of Galway, and commanding a fine view of the Burrin mountains, and the broad expanse of the bay, I entered upon a cheerless and desolate tract of country, where large sheep farms, inclosed by fences of loose stones, dreary-looking bogs, with patches of wretched tillage, and miserable dwellings of the peasantry, presented a painful picture of neglect and poverty. A few stunted thorns are the only approaches to wood to be met with, except in the neighbourhood of the thickly-scattered seats of the gentry, where the improvements in their immediate vicinity relieve, in some degree, the desert and monotonous character of the surrounding scenery. The same bleak and uninteresting aspect of the country continued until I had left behind me the straggling town of Loughrea, the property of the Marquis of Clanricarde, built upon the borders of a small lake, which, if the high grounds on the south side were planted, would make an exceedingly pleasing feature in the landscape. The mansion and plantations of Roxborough, the seat of Mr. Persse, embosomed amidst lofty hills, have a picturesque effect as seen from the high road near Loughrea. The suburbs of this town are amongst the poorest and dirtiest now to be found in Ireland, where, I am happy to say, that the reproach which attached to Irish towns and cities generally, from the miserable condition of their outlets, is wearing fast away, and that the wretchedness which made such an unfavourable and frequently an indelible impression upon a stranger entering a town, is giving place to an appearance of neatness and regularity, extremely gratifying to behold. The country to the eastward of Loughrea assumes a more cheerful appearance than that which lies between it and Galway. Good farms, respectable cultivation, and marks of distribution of property begin to exhibit themselves on every side, but still there is a want of wood, which gives a tameness to what would be otherwise a very pleasing prospect. The high road passes through the little village of Aughrim, within three miles of Ballinasloe, rendered remarkable from the battle which was fought by the armies of James and William, on the neighbouring heights of Kilcommadan in 1691, when the forces of the former were totally defeated, and General St. Ruth, the commander of James's army, was killed by a cannon shot.*

* The ball from which the gallant St. Ruth received his death-wound is still preserved in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. It is attached to a few links of iron chain, and is suspended in the nave of the cathedral, near the communion-table.

Ballinasloe is a neat and thriving town, watered by the river Suck, one of the tributaries of that monarch of Irish rivers—the Shannon, which it joins about six miles eastward of this place. The plantations of the Earl of Clancarty, adjoining the town, have been laid out with great taste, but the general appearance of the country is bald and uninteresting; the great extent of bog and lowlands which lie on the Galway side of the town, and in the direction of the Shannon, being altogether opposed to the picturesque in landscape scenery. The trade, however, of this town is considerable; in the streets and shops I was struck with the air of business and an appearance of prosperous industry which I had not observed since I left Cork. The extension of the Grand Canal to Ballinasloe has considerably increased its intercourse with the fertile counties through which the Shannon flows, and it may be now considered as the centre of the inland trade and commerce of Ireland. This town has been long celebrated for its two great fairs, held in May and October, the first for the sale of wool, the second and principal for horses, black cattle, and sheep; as many as ninety thousand of the latter animals being frequently brought to it from the surrounding districts. During the week which the fair lasts, the town is literally overflowed with people from every part of Ireland, and to a stranger, desirous of studying the characteristics of the inhabitants of the different provinces, no better or more favourable opportunity could possibly present itself. There he will see drawn together as to a common centre, the long-visaged and dark-eyed people of the west, slender in form, but agile and hardy as mountain-deer. In contrast with them, he may remark the stalwart men of Tipperary and of the eastern portion of Limerick, distinguishable by their great stature, by a certain reckless daring in their looks, and a freedom in their gait,—marking them as the finest and most turbulent peasantry in the kingdom. Let him next observe the groups of grey frieze-coated men, of middle height but well knit frames, from the adjoining counties in Leinster, whose broad faces, blue eyes, and light hair, show the admixture of the Danish and British blood with the primitive stock:—and, lastly, when he sees a stout-built, well-dressed peasant, quiet in his demeanour, and with a countenance indicative of more shrewdness than humour, and more cool resolution than eager courage, he may set him down as a dealer from Ulster, in whom the peculiarities of our Scottish neighbours are developed in a very remarkable degree.

In short, every class and description of people are to be met with at Ballinasloe fair. Obsequious shopkeepers from Dublin, with "a large assortment of the most fashionable articles," selected from their unsaleable stock; Mayo jockies, who offer to sell you, "the best bit of blood that ever crossed a country," leaving it to the buyer's judgment to discover that the animal is broken down, spavined, and blind of one eye. Sheep-farmers from Galway and Roscommon, cattle-graziers from the

banks of the Shannon; horse-dealers from Kildare; gamblers, showmen, and quacks from every place; forming altogether as miscellaneous an assemblage as can be well imagined; all and each in pursuit of gain—that great object for which men toil and strive from the cradle to the grave.

The road from Ballinasloe to Athlone runs parallel to, but at four miles distance from the banks of the Shannon, which are here flat and boggy. In the winter season, or after heavy rains, these lowlands are overflowed by the river, and present a most dreary and unpicturesque appearance.

In this neighbourhood I once witnessed a scene of so painful a nature, that it made an indelible impression on my mind; and as it illustrates one of the ancient customs of the people, and exhibits a fearful picture of the results of those agrarian combinations which disturbed the country at that period, I shall make no apology for relating it.

It was about the middle of June, some twelve years since, I was returning to Athlone, after a long summer day's stroll through the country; the evening was delightfully fine, and even in those unromantic plains, the face of nature wore an attractive smile,—when I was struck by the superior air of comfort which distinguished a road-side cottage, around which a thick hedge of flowering thorn, and dark green elder bushes grew in wild luxuriance. A little garden filled with flowers, and laid out with considerable taste, lay between the cottage and the road. Outside the garden-gate, which was open, a girl, seemingly about fourteen years of age, was seated on a bank of turf weeping bitterly. I could not see her features, but I could hear her convulsive sobs and low moans, as with her elbows resting on her knees, and her face hidden between her hands, she rocked her body to and fro with an incessant and regular motion. I approached the young mourner, and endeavoured to draw from her the cause of her affliction. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and showed a countenance ghastly pale and bathed in tears. I repeated my question, but the poignancy of her sorrow seemed to have obliterated all her faculties, for she shook her head, and with a look of unutterable anguish resumed her position without replying to me. At that moment the mournful wail of the *Caoine*, or Song of Lamentation,* burst from the cottage. I then knew that the hand of the

* *The Caoine*, or *Lamentation for the Dead*, is one of the most ancient customs that has been preserved through ages of progressive civilization in any country. Its origin is of the utmost antiquity; that it was practised amongst the Greeks and Romans, there is not the slightest doubt, and that it was also practised by the Jews and other nations of the East, there is strong evidence to prove. Dr. Campbell observes, that the *conclamatio* amongst the Romans agrees with the Irish *caoine* or funeral cry; and that the *mulieres preficæ* exactly correspond with the women who precede funerals in Ireland, and who make an outcry too outrageous to be the effect of real grief:—

" Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
At faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo.—"

Angel of Death had fallen upon that household, and without further inquiry I walked towards the cabin-door, which on these sad occasions is open to all comers. On entering I perceived a crowd of people, sitting on wooden forms, ranged along the walls, or grouped around small deal tables, disposed, without any regard to regularity, through the apartment, which was dimly lighted by a few small candles stuck into raw potatoes, that had been ingeniously contrived to supply the place of candlesticks. At the further end of the room, on a platform constructed of a few loose boards supported on chairs,—the corpse, that of a middle-aged man of strongly-

The *conclamatio* over Dido as described by Virgil, shows that this custom prevailed amongst the Phœnicians—

" Lamentis gemituque et fæmineo ululatu
Tecta fremunt"———

The Doctor further remarks on the Irish exclamation of sorrow, *ullaloo*—that it has a strong affinity to the Roman *ululates*, and the Greek word of the same import. Sir Walter Scott informs us, that the Highland *coronach*, which is identical with the Irish *caoine*, is precisely similar to these classical dirges for the dead. The author of the " Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards," insists on the high antiquity of the Irish funeral cry, " from the circumstance of its obstinately refusing the accompaniment of a bass." The sacred writings are full of allusions to this custom of mourning for the dead—" Call for the mourning women that they may come," is an allusion to the practice too clear to be doubted. In former times it was the duty of the bard and the retainers of the family to raise the funeral lament, and sing the praises of the deceased when any member of it died; but since the decline of the Irish minstrelsy this office has been generally discharged by old women, who attend the wakes and funerals as professional mourners, and are remunerated for their services by the relations of the deceased. In the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, this singular custom is described in the following manner :—

" The Irish have always been remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who has visited them ; and it seems derived from their Celtic ancestors, the primeval inhabitants of this isle. Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, says, the Irish then musically expressed their griefs ; that is, they applied their musical art—in which they excelled all others—to the orderly celebration of funeral obsequies, by dividing the mourners into two bodies, each alternately singing their part, the whole at times joining in full chorus. The body of the deceased, dressed in grave-clothes, and ornamented with flowers, was placed on a bier or some elevated spot. The relations and *keeners* (singing mourners) then ranged themselves in two divisions; one at the head and the other at the feet of the corpse. The bards and croteries had before prepared the funeral *caoinan*. The chief bard of the head chorus began by singing the first stanza in a low, doleful tone, which was softly accompanied by the harp; at the conclusion, the foot semichorus began the lamentation, or *ullaloo*, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the head semichorus; then both united in one general chorus. The chorus of the first stanza being ended, the chief bard of the foot semichorus began the second *gol* or lamentation, which was answered by the head, and, as before, both united in one common chorus. Thus, alternately, the song and the chorus were performed during the night." The genealogy, rank, professions, the virtues and vices of the dead were rehearsed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased—as Why did he die ?—if married, whether his wife were faithful to him, his sons dutiful to him, or good hunters and warriors ?—if a woman, whether her daughters were fair or chaste ?—if a young man, whether he had been crossed in love ? or if the blue-eyed maids of Erin had treated him with scorn ?

marked features, was laid, decently covered with a snow-white linen sheet. Another similar cloth, hung like a curtain at the head of the corpse, to which were attached flowers and evergreens, which were also scattered over the bier, and a small crucifix with a little reservoir at its foot containing holy water, was suspended from the curtain directly over the head of the dead man. Twelve candles were burning on either side of the bier, and on the breast of the corpse was laid a plate containing salt.* Upon a table close by, a quantity of snuff and tobacco, and a formidable array of pipes were spread for the accommodation of the numerous visitors, who were regaling themselves with the potent contents of several large jugs, that, as often as they were emptied, which was pretty frequently, were replenished from a punch manufactory, carried on in an adjoining apartment under the superintendence of some elderly friend or relative of the family. The sounds of sorrow which I had heard, proceeded from an old woman, one of a group seated around the bier,—who poured out in the Irish tongue an eloquent recital of the good qualities of the deceased in a low, wailing chaunt,† which as she proceeded increased in pathos and energy until the singer became exhausted, when another of the aged mourners took up the wild and mournful song. I instantly recognised in these aged crones the professional *keeners*, who have obtained a reputation for chaunting these funeral verses, and who wander about the country, subsisting partly on charity, and partly on the rewards they receive on those occasions, where their melancholy services are required. Contrasted strongly with the noisy grief of the *keeners*, was the silent but poignant sorrow of a woman who sat at the head of the bed, her hands clasped together, and her tearless eyes fixed intently on the face of the dead man. Her lips were half apart, as if she would have given utterance to the emotions that struggled in her bosom, but her tongue refused its office, and a convulsive motion

* The custom of placing salt on the bosom of the dead before the corpse is laid in the coffin is of great antiquity, though the reason for doing so is lost to us. By some it is imagined that salt, from its anti-putrescent quality, is adopted as a symbol of immortality. Mingled salt and earth are placed on the breast of the deceased in some parts of Scotland.

† Translations and imitations of the *Caoine*, or *Song of Sorrow*, having been given by Mr. Crofton Croker, and other writers on the ancient customs of Ireland, I shall confine myself here to giving a single stanza of one of these deeply impassioned and figurative compositions—literally translated from the Irish.

"Cold and silent is thy repose! Thou wast to me as the nerve of my throbbing heart: for thy sake only was this world dear. Thou wast brave, thou wast generous, thou wast just, thou wast loved by all. But why look back on thy virtues? Why recal those scenes to memory that are no more to be beheld? for *he* whose they were has passed away; he is gone for ever to return no more—

Cold and silent is now thy repose!"

It should be observed, that the last line forms the chorus to the Lament, which is repeated at the beginning and end of every stanza.

in the muscles of her throat was the only sign of life she exhibited. This was the bereaved wife of the deceased, who, I learned, had been an industrious and honest peasant, renting a small but productive farm at an easy rent. He had married at an early age,—as most of the Irish peasantry do,—and had a family of six children, three of whom were now sitting weeping at their mother's feet, though too young to comprehend the full extent of the loss they had sustained. The girl whose lamentations had attracted my notice outside the cottage was the eldest daughter. Blessed in the love of an affectionate wife and children, Walter Kelly (the name of the deceased) led a life of perfect happiness, until in an evil hour he was induced to join one of those secret societies, which had for their object the redress of certain real or fancied social wrongs. The specious arguments of the leaders of these illegal associations overcame the scruples of Walter Kelly, and he deluded himself with the belief that he was performing a meritorious duty in lending his aid to remove the oppression under which his country groaned. In pursuance of their wild system of disturbance, large parties scoured the country every night, issuing their arbitrary edicts to the terrified and peaceable inhabitants, demanding arms, and not unfrequently committing acts of personal outrage upon individuals who had dared to disobey the mandates of these secret legislators. It was in one of these nocturnal expeditions that Kelly met the awful fate that brought death and desolation beneath his roof. He had accompanied a body of his lawless associates to the house of a rich farmer, who, in consequence of taking some land from which the former tenant had been ejected, had drawn upon himself the hostility of the association. The object of their vengeance had, however, by some means become acquainted with the intentions of the gang, and upon application to a neighbouring magistrate procured a party of police, who were privately stationed in the farmer's house on the night of the expected attack. At midnight the party arrived outside the farmer's door, and with dreadful imprecations ordered him to open it. A volley from the police, concealed within, was the answer, which wounded two of the party, and killed Walter Kelly on the spot,—a ball having passed through his heart. The remainder of the band, confounded at this unexpected reception, fled hastily, pursued by the police, who succeeded in securing two more of them. On the following day an inquest was held on the body of the unfortunate Walter Kelly, and a verdict of "justifiable homicide" being returned, his remains were restored to his distracted widow and family.

This, alas! is no uncommon picture of the events, which, within a comparatively recent time, blotted with blood and tears the pages of Ireland's domestic history. Let us hope, however, that a brighter day is breaking on this distracted land, and that the heart-burnings and discords which have for ages torn the

bosom of the country may be soothed to rest, and the stormy elements of party strife " mingled in peace."

Athlone is the last town in Connaught through which the traveller passes on this road; in fact, only a portion of it lies in that province, as it is situated on both sides of the Shannon, which here divides the counties of Roscommon and Westmeath; the connecting link between them being the old narrow bridge, the approaches to which are through confined and dirty lanes, in which all the numerous obstructions of an old Irish street appear to have been collected. Yet this old bridge—unprepossessing as it looks, with its clumsy buttresses and narrow arches frowning over the broad river—should not be overlooked by the tourist, for it was the scene of one of the most memorable events connected with the history of Ireland in former days. Here it was, in the war of the Revolution, in 1691, that the concentrated forces of England, under the command of General de Ginkel, effected the passage of the Shannon in opposition to the Irish garrison commanded by Colonel Grace, and their French auxiliaries headed by General St. Ruth. Never was a place defended with more obstinate bravery than this important bridge, which formed at that time the key to the province of Connaught. One of the arches of this bridge was broken down, and though the heavy artillery of De Ginkel, posted on the Westmeath side of the river, had battered the old castle commanding the bridge on the western side, and reduced the walls and defences of the town to a heap of ruins, still he was unable to effect a passage over the broken arch. In the repeated attempts made by the British to force this resolutely maintained position, numerous instances of intrepidity and devoted heroism were exhibited on both sides: the following has, perhaps, been seldom equalled in the history of modern warfare. The English had, on their side of the broken arch, thrown up a regular breastwork, while the defence on the part of the Irish was constructed altogether of earth and wattles, which was set fire to by the grenades and other burning missiles of the opposing force. " While it was fiercely burning," says a writer on the subject, " the English, concealed by the flame and smoke, succeeded in pushing a large beam across the chasm, and now it was only necessary to place boards over the beams, and the river was crossed; when an Irish sergeant and ten men in armour leaped across the burning breastwork, and proceeded to tear up the beams and planks. The British were astonished at such hardihood, and actually paused in making any opposition, but the next instant a shower of grape-shot and grenades swept these brave men away, who, nevertheless, were instantly succeeded by another party, that, in spite of the iron hail-storm, tore up planks and beams, and foiled the enterprise of their foes. Of this second party, only two escaped: there is scarcely on record a nobler instance of heroism than this delibe-

rate act of these Irish soldiers, who have died without *a name.*" There is little doubt that the valour of the brave garrison would have foiled all the attempts of the besiegers to gain possession of the town, had not chance favoured their designs in an extraordinary manner. The river, which had fallen lower than it had ever been known to do before, was discovered by two Danish soldiers to be fordable below the bridge; availing themselves of this fortunate circumstance, a party of sixty chosen soldiers crossed the river at day-break, and succeeded in placing planks across the chasm in the bridge, over which the whole body of the British forces poured into the town. The Irish, who were taken by surprise, made no defence, but fled in the utmost disorder in every direction. The French general, St. Ruth, whose confidence in the strength of the town had betrayed him into culpable security, had been amusing himself with his officers, dancing and gambling in a house about a mile from the town, of which the ruins are still pointed out, and laughed to scorn the first account which was brought him of the English having taken the town. The disastrous intelligence was, however, soon fully confirmed, and this rash but brave man, was obliged to make a precipitate retreat into Connaught, where he shortly after ended his unfortunate career, being killed at the battle of Aughrim, as I have already mentioned.

This bridge was built in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, by an architect named Peter Levis, (who was also a dignitary of Christ Church, Dublin,) under the superintendence of Sir Henry Sidney. All this is recorded in a monument, which contains in one of its compartments the figure of a man in a clerical habit, grasping in his right-hand a pistol, or something which has been conjectured to represent one. Upon this weapon appears an animal resembling a rat in the act of biting the thumb of the man's hand.

There is a curious story related of this sculpture:—it is said, that the figure of the man represents Peter Levis, at one time a monk in an English monastery, who, having adopted the reformed mode of faith, came to Ireland and obtained preferment in the Protestant church. But the converted monk, though fortunate in his worldly ambition, could never enjoy his prosperity; he was tormented night and day by a good Catholic rat, who, indignant at his apostasy, haunted him at bed and board. For a length of time he bore patiently with this annoyance, until one day, descending from the pulpit where he had been preaching, he perceived the filthy animal hidden in the sleeve of his gown. Unable longer to master his rage, he drew a pistol from his breast, and thought to shoot his persecutor; but before he could execute his intention, the rat sprung at his hand and bit him in the thumb. The wound produced mortification, which terminated in the death of the unfortunate Peter Levis.

Athlone is still one of the principal military stations in Ireland; its central

situation, in a cheap and fertile country, rendering it desirable quarters for the army. The best view of the country around the town is to be obtained from the hill on which the battery is erected. The prospect from thence is certainly extensive, but almost wholly destitute of pictorial interest. Looking eastward, I had close upon my left, Lough Ree, which in fact, is only an extension of the Shannon, that in its course expands into no fewer than five great river-lakes, besides several lesser sheets of water, forming an important feature in the diversified character of this magnificent river.* Behind me lay the unpicturesque tract through which I had been travelling; before me stretched the undulating hills, rich meadows, and broad pastures of Westmeath; while on the south, as far as the eye could reach, the Shannon, after issuing from Lough Ree, swept its heavy waters through a vast and naked plain.

On leaving Athlone I deviated from the direct road, for the purpose of making a little pilgrimage to the hamlet of Lissoy, (now called Auburn) immortalized in Goldsmith's charming poem of "The Deserted Village." It is distant about seven miles from Athlone, near the shores of Lough Ree, which are here more remarkable for quiet pastoral beauty than romantic grandeur—a characteristic that pervades all the writings of this delightful poet of nature. Goldsmith first saw the light at Pallice, near Ballymahon, a few miles from Lissoy, but he spent many of his youthful days at the latter place, where his brother Charles, the curate of a neighbouring parish, resided. His house is still pointed out, but, alas! time and neglect have reduced it to ruins, and a roofless shell is all that now remains to point out the place where

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."†

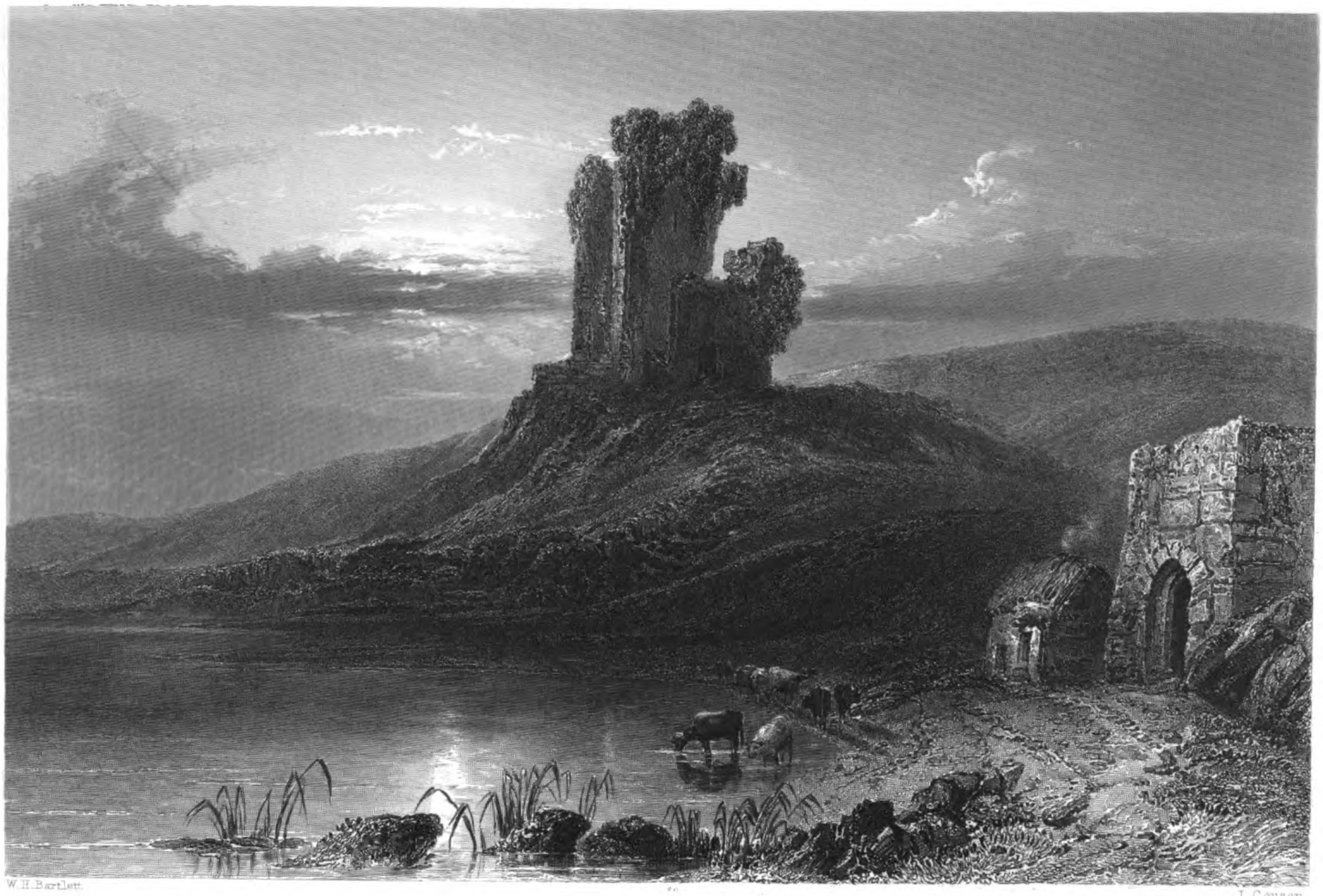
* In a pamphlet, published a few years since by C. W. Williams, Esq., the following summary of the advantages possessed by this unrivalled river may afford the reader a general idea of their extent and importance. "How," says he, "can we convey to English eyes the picture of the Shannon through its great course? Let us suppose a navigable river taking its rise in some distant county in England, as far from Liverpool as Essex or Middlesex. Suppose it occasionally spreading into noble and picturesque sheets of water of more than twenty miles in length, with numerous islands, receiving the waters of many rivers, and stretching its bays into the adjacent counties, as it were to increase the measure of its utility and beauty. See it winding its way through Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Warwickshire, and the rich soil of Leicestershire, and after passing by Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, falling into the estuary of the Mersey in Lancashire. See it presenting to each of these counties the benefit of fifty miles of navigation, and we shall have a correct view of the extent and capabilities of this river."

† Although Goldsmith laid the scene of this beautiful poem in England, it canot be questioned that the principal features in the landscape, and, perhaps, many of the personages also, have been delineated from his recollections of scenes and personages associated with his boyish years.

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,"

stood until lately in the front of the house,

"Where nut-brown draughts inspired."



W.H.Bartlett. J. Cousen.

Remains of Dilderman Castle.

RUINES DU CHÂTEAU DE WILDERMAN TRUMMER DES SCHLOSSES WILDERMAN

But though the mouldering walls be crumbled into dust, and the hearth be cold around which "the long-remembered beggar," "the ruined spendthrift," and "the broken soldier" forgot their sorrows, the memory of that good man, whose picture has been drawn with the feeling of a poet and the affection of a brother, will live for ever on the purest page of English literature. It was to this brother, to whom he was tenderly attached, that Goldsmith dedicated his exquisite Poem of "The Traveller."

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Goldsmith's birth-place is delightfully rural; it was on the picturesque banks of the river Inny, with its green islets, and clear waters sparkling and foaming over their rocky bed, that the young poet received the first impressions which called forth the latent spirit of song in his breast. It was to these scenes of his boyish days that he turned in after years with a deeply cherished affection, which the attractions of the world could never eradicate. The fervent wish he entertained of ending his days amongst them, is thus beautifully expressed by himself:—

"In all my wand'rings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose."

While I am upon the subject of places rendered famous by the residence of celebrated poets, I must not pass by unnoticed, KICOLMAN CASTLE, where Spenser, the gifted child of song, composed his inimitable "Faery Queen," and other poems of great merit. The description of a castle in the county of Cork may appear to be

The ale-house, a modern building, which has been erected on the site of the old one, is distinguished by the sign of "The Three Pigeons," which Goldsmith also introduces in his Comedy of "She stoops to Conquer."

"The decent church which tops the neighbouring hill,"

occupies a situation precisely as he describes it. Some of the minor objects, however, have disappeared in the lapse of years. The village schoolmaster's "noisy mansion," and "the busy mill" have been swept away by the effacing fingers of Time; but it is stated by the Rev. Mr. Graham, that, "A lady from the neighbourhood of Portglenone, in the county of Antrim, visited Lissoy in the summer of 1817, and was fortunate enough to find in a cottage adjoining the ale-house the identical print of 'the twelve good rules' which ornamented that rural tavern, along with 'the royal game of goose, the wooden clock,'" &c.

I have myself no doubt that the village pedagogue was an actual portrait, and it is not much to suppose, that the original might have been Goldsmith's early instructor; at all events, it would be impossible for any one who has observed the character of the Irish schoolmaster, not to perceive that the picture was drawn from an individual of that singular class.

unaptly introduced here; but my readers will, I trust, excuse the violation of the unity of place, for the sake of bringing into proximity two poets who have celebrated in sweetly descriptive verses the rural scenery of Ireland.

I confess that I could not view the ruins of this noble castle, within whose deserted walls the proud Desmonds once held sway, and which more recently had been the dwelling-place of one of England's most accomplished poets, without a feeling of deep sadness. The desolate pile, resting in lonely grandeur on the banks of the "Mulla fair and bright," seemed brooding over its vanished greatness, while the poet's favourite stream murmured sadly as it rolled along. It will be recollected by those who have read Spenser's biography, that he was one of those English settlers to whom Elizabeth granted the forfeited estates in Munster, on condition that no Irish should be permitted to live upon them. The result of this impolitic and impracticable design, as might be foreseen, was to increase the hatred with which the Irish naturally regarded these intruders, and to expose the latter more effectually to the vengeance of their enemies. Spenser had obtained, in 1586, a grant of three thousand acres of land, part of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond:—the following year he took up his residence in his Castle of Kilcolman, and in the favourable retirement of its ancient walls, or wandering along the banks of his beloved Mulla, he composed his beautiful poem of "The Faery Queen," a work which for brilliancy of fancy and richness of thought, is unequalled by anything of a similar nature in the English language. Throughout his poems we find numerous allusions to the scenery in the neighbourhood of Kilcolman and of Castletown Roche, where he possessed another small estate. In the sixth Canto of "The Faery Queen" he particularly notices several remarkable features in the landscape around Kilcolman. In "Mutability" he celebrates the barony of Armoy, or Fermoy, under the name of Armilla; and in "Colin Clout's come home again," he bestows the tribute of his admiration upon the river Mulla, a poetical name substituted by him for the less musical one of the *Awbeg*, which it still retains. This poem is a beautiful memorial of the friendship which subsisted between Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh. The poet describes his friend as a Shepherd of the Ocean, coming to visit him in his retirement, in the following exquisite lines:—

——— "I sate, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore;
Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.
There a strange shepherd chaunc'd to find me out;
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right;

Whom, when I ask'd from what place he came,
And how he hight? himself he did ycleep,
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main sea-deep."

Spenser, it should be observed, especially describes Ireland as a country formerly of such "wealth and goodness," that the gods used to resort thereto for "pleasure and for rest;" his muse expatiates upon the beauty of her rivers and mountains, and of the delicious verdure of the

——— "Woods and forests which therein abound;"—

but with all his poetic admiration of the scenery of the country, he displays in his "View of the State of Ireland" a decided dislike and prejudice against the people, and there can be no doubt that the antipathy was mutual. When the rebellion of Tyrone broke out in 1598, Spenser was compelled to fly to England to escape the fearful retaliations which were everywhere being directed against the English settlers. He saved his life; but his castle was burned, and all his property plundered by the rebels. It is not therefore surprising that he should have written with acrimony against the Irish, whom he regarded as natural and implacable enemies—overlooking the fact, that he had himself been in the first instance a party to the indefensible policy of England in her barbarous design of crushing and exterminating the people of a whole province.

Mr. Trotter, an eccentric but benevolent man, who made a pedestrian tour of Ireland in the year 1814, remarks, that amongst the peasantry of this neighbourhood "the name and condition of Spenser is handed down traditionally, but they seem to entertain no sentiment of respect or affection for his memory;" and, again, in speaking of some engaging traits in the character of the Irish, he says, "It is somewhat surprising that Spenser appears not to have appreciated their good qualities as they merited; but he spoke not their language, and came to their country full of prejudice against them."

The situation of the castle is bleak and cheerless, the surrounding mountains being completely destitute of timber—although a tradition exists that the woods of Kilcolman extended to Buttevant, three miles distance. The estates have long since passed away from the poet's family, who are now supposed to be extinct. The chief portion of the property was forfeited by a grandson of Spenser's, through his attachment to the cause of the unfortunate James II.

This digression done, I return to Lissoy, and with a parting glance at its peaceful bowers,—

"Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd,"—

I resume my route towards Dublin.

At Ballymahon I took my passage to Mullingar in one of the iron fly-boats on the Royal Canal. These boats, which are constructed on an improved principle, are tracked by two horses, and travel with sufficient rapidity to compensate, in some measure, for the very limited accommodation they afford to passengers. Being built almost wholly with a view to swiftness, they are made extremely sharp and narrow, and are in this respect a vast improvement on the unwieldy old passage-boats, that literally have been unable to keep pace with the march of knowledge in travelling.

The vicinity of Mullingar is adorned with numerous villas and mansions of the gentry; and the face of the country, though not strikingly picturesque, is luxuriant in wood and water. Several beautiful lakes are scattered throughout this district, and two of the most beautiful of these sheets of water, Lough Ouel and Lough Ennel, are situated within a short distance of Mullingar. The first of these is a sweet little lake, about a mile in width, and not more than three in length, boasting —it is true—none of the sublime characteristics of Killarney, the wild magnificence of the mountain lakes of Connemara, or the solitary grandeur of Gougane Barra, or Glendalough; yet excelled by none in the softer traits of pastoral beauty, and the many charms of richly cultivated hills and verdant lawns, sloping gently to the margin of the tranquil lake, which holds in its fond embrace—

———————— "The gay
Young group of tufted islands born of him."

There is an old legend relating to this charming little lake, which struck me as being singularly romantic and original. It is said that the lake originally was situated in some part of Connaught, and formed the principal ornament of a certain fairy's domains. Another fairy, who dwelt in Leinster, being on a visit to her Connaught sister, became so charmed with the beauty of this sweet little mountain lough, that she besought the Connaught fairy to lend it to her for a few days; to which the latter readily consented. The borrower instantly gathered the lake in the skirt of her gown, and hastening home to Westmeath, deposited her borrowed waters in the valley where Lough Ouel now reposes. The period for which the Connaught fairy had lent her lake having elapsed, she civilly demanded it back; but the Leinster lady, acting upon the legal axiom, that "possession is nine points of the law," flatly refused to restore the property, and the other being unable to assert her right by force, was obliged to return to the lonely mountain glen which had once contained her beautiful lake, and mourn in silence for her lost treasure. An elderly gentleman of my acquaintance who knows a good deal of the world, concludes the legend differently. He says, that the Connaught fairy commenced a suit in chancery for the recovery of her right, and that the lake remains in *statu quo* until the case shall be decided.

Lough Ennel, or, as it is now called, Belvedere Lake, lies between two and three miles south of Mullingar: it is somewhat larger than Lough Ouel, and partakes of the same pastoral character in its scenery. Its eastern shore, adorned with gentlemen's residences, has a rich park-like appearance, and the numerous woody islands that are scattered over its surface add considerably to the beauty of the picture.

After leaving Mullingar, I proceeded by a cross-road to Trim, the assize-town of the county Meath. Though of considerable antiquity, the town is now of little importance, and, with the exception of a handsome Corinthian pillar, erected in commemoration of the victories of the Duke of Wellington, and surmounted by a statue of the hero of Waterloo, it contains nothing of modern date that merits attention. The principal object of curiosity in Trim is its ancient castle, whose venerable ruins, occupying a commanding situation on the banks of the memorable Boyne, bear evidence of its former strength and importance. It was erected, according to the most authentic authorities, at an early period after the arrival of the English, by Hugh de Lacy, the favourite and confidant of Henry II., to whom he made the grant of a vast extent of the surrounding country. It is not my intention to trace the history of this old fortress through the various fortunes it experienced during five centuries of strife and bloodshed. I am not about to recount all the sieges and assaults, the burnings and sackings it has suffered in that time, nor to tell how often it changed masters as the scale of war preponderated one way or the other; it will be sufficient for me to state, that it has been at various times the scene of action in the civil commotions of Ireland, until the year 1650, when the castle was dismantled, and permitted to fall into decay.* On the opposite side of the river are the ruins of an extensive abbey, destroyed in the wars of the seventeenth century:—it is said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and the church served as a cathedral to Trim, which was the see of a bishop until it became united with the diocese of Meath.

At a short distance from Trim on the south, is the parsonage of Laracor, occasionally the residence of the eccentric Dean Swift, and during his absences inhabited by the unfortunate and accomplished Esther Johnson, immortalized by his pen under the name of "Stella,"—whose generous attachment to a selfish man, through a life clouded by public reproach, merited a far better fate than she experienced.

Between Trim and the pretty little town of Summerhill stand the ruins of Dangan Castle, celebrated as being the birth-place of England's greatest general,

* The castle of Trim enjoys the reputation of having been at one time a royal prison. Richard II. when in Ireland being alarmed at the success of his rival, the Duke of Lancaster, in England, imprisoned in Trim Castle the duke's son, Henry, who had accompanied him in his Irish expedition. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the illustrious captive was afterwards King Henry V.

ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who, on the 1st of May, 1769, came " into this breathing world," unheralded by any prodigy, undistinguished by any omen which might foreshadow the high and glorious destiny which awaited him. The remains of the ancient castle consist of the outer walls of the keep, to which a modern mansion, built in the Italian style, has been added by one of the modern possessors. The general effect of this once noble edifice must have been exceedingly beautiful when viewed in its perfect state, with its battlements and turrets emerging from the crowding woods. But unfortunately the demesne and castle passed from their original possessors into the hands of strangers: they were sold by the Marquess of Wellesley to Colonel Burrows, and by him let to Mr. O'Connor. While in the possession of the latter gentleman it was destroyed by fire, and all that now remains of this once stately pile is a naked and desolate shell.* The noble woods, too, which adorned the demesne have shared in the general destruction, and all the giants of the sylvan scene have been prostrated beneath the ruthless axe. How different was the appearance it presented when Mr. Trotter visited it in 1814. " From every part of the adjacent country," he writes, " the woods, and frequently the Castle of Dangan were visible. We continued to walk on magic ground:—the varied landscapes of a fine corn-country, always terminated by the widely extended woods of Dangan, could not but please." Yet even at that time decay and neglect had begun to do their work upon the place, for he also remarks, that, " the improvements and lakes which once highly adorned the demesne are lost through neglect, and the fine gardens are uncultivated." This intelligent traveller learnt, while lingering in this neighbourhood, that a cottage, in which the Duke of Wellington had resided in great privacy for two or three years, when the Marquis of Wellesley was proposing to sell Dangan, was to be seen near Trim. If this retreat of the future victor of Waterloo be still in existence, I have not been fortunate enough to see it. Mr. Trotter thus describes his visit in a very animated manner. " We proceeded," says he, " with much eagerness to this little country-house: we soon saw it buried in trees. We reached the gate of its avenue, which is straight, of modest appearance, and lined with tall ash-trees. The house is perfectly rural, with a small lawn, and pretty shrubberies round it; but very simple, and just fit for a small domestic family. The apartments are commodious, and all the accommodations good, but on the most modest scale. The garden pleased us most; it is good and quite rural, suiting to the character of the place." It is not improbable that the duke was residing in this secluded habitation when his great rival, Bonaparte, was pursuing his splendid career in Italy.

* I believe that even these venerable relics of its former grandeur have now disappeared, and that " two small pillars which crown the summits of two verdant hills," are the only vestiges which remain to mark the birth-place of the illustrious warrior.

I suppose it would be considered a grave offence were I to quit the county Meath without noticing the famous " Hill of Tara," celebrated by ancient bards and historians for its *Teaghmor*, or Great House, where, down to the middle of the sixth century, triennial parliaments of the kingdom were held ;—for its sumptuous palace, the residence of a long and illustrious line of monarchs ; and for its college of learned men, where the arts and sciences were cultivated and taught. Keating, O'Halloran, and O'Flaherty, whose poetic histories abound with florid descriptions of the grandeur and magnificence of the royal residence of Teaghmor, have dwelt with fond delight upon the solemnities of the periodical parliament, at which the kings of Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught are said to have assisted, in conjunction with the toparchs, dynasts, bards or *sennachies*, priests, and " men of learning, distinguished by their abilities in all arts and professions," in framing laws, and making wise ordinances for the government of the kingdom.* But, alas! for the past glory of Ireland, there remain no traces now of these stately palaces—not a vestige exists of the proud halls, where " chiefs and ladies bright," were wont to assemble ; the voice of the bard is hushed—and " the harp," as Moore touchingly sings :—

" The harp, that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled."

Unfortunately, however, not even a wall has been left on which a bard's harp or antiquarian's conjecture might be hung. The remains of a few circular earthen entrenchments on the summit of a lofty green hill, rising from the centre of an extensive plain, are all that the most curious eye can now discover of the vanished splendour of the Hill of Tara. Notwithstanding that I differ with those writers, whose heated fancies would invest every object connected with Ireland's ancient history with a halo of gorgeous light, and in their eagerness to vindicate the fallen

* There is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, an Irish manuscript containing a curious description of the Banqueting-Hall of Teaghmor. It states, that the palace was formerly the seat of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and of every king who ruled in Teaghmor to the time of Niall. In the reign of Cormac, the palace was nine hundred feet square ; the surrounding rath, *seven din*, or casts of a dart: it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, one hundred and fifty dormitories for the guards, with sixty men in each. The height was twenty-seven cubits; it had twelve doors, twelve porches, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles. The eating-hall had twelve divisions in each wing, with tables and passages round them ; sixteen attendants on each side ; eight to the astrologers, historians, and secretaries, in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the door. Two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs were divided equally at each meal to each side. The quantity of meat and butter consumed is incredible. There were twenty-seven kitchens, one hundred and fifty common drinking-horns, and nine cisterns for washing the hands and feet of the guests.

greatness of their native country, have suffered themselves to wander into the fairy regions of romance; I am far from coinciding with those cold sceptics who deny that civilization had considerably advanced in Ireland before Britain had emerged from the depths of barbarism.

When the incursions of the northern barbarians had extinguished almost every ray of knowledge in southern Europe, Ireland, remote and insulated, enjoyed a happy tranquillity. Her seminaries and colleges bestowed gratuitous instruction, not only upon her own children, but also upon literary foreigners, who were supplied with every accommodation free of expense.* It was thus that while native genius was fostered, foreign talents received liberal encouragement, and Ireland became a great school in which learned strangers pursued their studies in tranquillity. We have incontrovertible evidence to prove that Ireland produced at a very early period men eminent in every department of literature. Of these none have been more celebrated than Johannes Erigena, the preceptor and counsellor of Alfred the Great,† a profound theologian and philosopher, who opposed the doctrine of the Real Presence, and was the first who blended the scholastic theology with the mystic, and formed them into one system. Attempts have been made to rob Ireland of the honour of his birth, but Camden and Mosheim have completely established the fact of his Milesian nativity. The latter learned writer pays the following honourable tribute to the country and to the man. "The philosophy and logic," says he, "that were taught in the European schools in the ninth century scarcely deserved such honourable titles, and were little better than an empty jargon. There were, however, to be found in various places, *particularly among the Irish*, men of acute parts and extensive knowledge, who were perfectly well entitled to the appellation of philosophers. The chief of them was Johannes Scotus Erigena, a native of Ireland, the friend and companion of Charles the Bald." Startling as it may seem to some persons, we are also indebted to this eminent man for the origin of the System of Phrenology, the rudiments of which will be found in his noble work "Margarita Philosophicæ" or "The Pearl of Philosophy," which contains an engraving of the human cranium, mapped, and divided into organs, in exactly the same manner that modern phrenology teaches, differing only in the arrangement and nomenclature of the faculties. Feargil, or, as his name was latinized, Vergilius, afterwards bishop of Saltzburg, was the first who asserted the sphericity of the earth, and the doctrine of the antipodes, for which heretical opinions he was persecuted by Pope Boniface, who directed that he should be expelled the church. Both these illustrious men lived before Wickliffe, Luther, Galileo, and Copernicus, and were consequently the

* Bede.

† We learn on the authority of William of Malmsbury, that Alfred retired to Ireland to study; "*in Hibernia omni philosophia animum composuit.*"

discoverers of the reformed systems of religion and astronomy, which produced such momentous results throughout Europe. The celebrity which the universities of Ireland obtained may be estimated by a Latin line which grew into a kind of proverb:—"Amandatus est ad disciplinam *in Hibernia*," was the necessary character to constitute the gentleman and the scholar in the middle ages; it was what the "Doctus *Athenis* vivere" was to the Romans in the Augustan age. Scaliger the younger writes, "Du temps du Charlemagne, deux cents ans après *omnes ferè docti* étoint *d'Irelande*." But it would be idle to accumulate evidence upon a point which appears so clearly established:—that Ireland eclipsed all competitors in the literature of those early ages, and freely imparted to less favoured countries the benefits she had acquired, few will be found to deny. The causes of the gradual decay of the arts of peace, and the decline of literature in the island, will be found in the ensanguined pages of its history; let those who read it wonder no longer that piety and wisdom fled affrighted from their desecrated retreats, when rapine and slaughter spread their terrors through the land. Yet under every disadvantage a deep passion for poetry and letters still exists amongst the Irish people. In the remote mountain districts of the west, it was no unusual thing, a few years since, to meet a half-clad peasant well acquainted with the classics, and until very lately Greek and Latin were commonly taught in all the hedge-schools of Cork and Kerry.

To return: it has been conjectured that the Hall of Tara, though not built of stone, might have been constructed of less durable materials, with a considerable degree of elegance, which would account satisfactorily for the non-existence of any ruins; and when we recollect that King John, on his arrival in Dublin, lodged in a palace of wattles, or wickerwork, plastered with clay, there can be no reasonable grounds for rejecting the hypothesis with respect to the court of Teaghmor. Hollingshed, though he disputes the accuracy of the Irish historians in their description of the magnificence of this palace, admits that, "the place seemeth to bear the show of an ancient and famous monument," and thus infers that some memorial of its ancient grandeur existed in his time.*

Instead of proceeding from Trim to Dublin by the more direct Enniskillen road,

* Alfred, king of the Northumbrian Saxons, who, according to Bede, returned to Ireland to avoid the persecution of his brother, about the year 685, devoted himself while in exile to study, and composed a poem in the Irish language, describing what he had observed in various parts of Ireland. Speaking of the palace of Teaghmor, he says:—

"I found in the great fortress of Meath,
Valour, hospitality, and truth,
Bravery, purity, and mirth—
The protection of all Ireland."

I preferred making a little *detour* for the purpose of regaining the great western road, which passes through the pretty villages of Leixlip and Lucan, and the picturesque country bordering the Liffey. A little to the westward of the straggling town of Kilcock stands the hill of Cappagh, which, though not more than three hundred feet above the sea, is supposed to be one of the highest points between Dublin and Galway. From the summit of this hill the prospect extends over the rich pastures of Meath, the fertile plains of Kildare, and to the borders of the distant bog of Allen on the south. This immense bog, or rather series of bogs, stretches from the borders of the county Dublin, across the county Kildare and the King's county as far as the Shannon, and beyond it westward into the counties of Galway and Roscommon; spreading laterally through the counties of Meath and Westmeath to the north, and the Queen's county and the county Tipperary to the south. It has been computed that it formerly contained 1,000,000 of acres, but by means of cultivation and drainage it is now diminished to 300,000 acres, and it is extremely probable that in a few years these immense and dreary tracts will be entirely reclaimed. Travellers who have seen only the morasses of England and other countries must not form an idea of the Irish bogs from these low swampy wastes, which no art could render productive. The Irish bogs, on the contrary, are generally found in elevated situations,* and are capable of being reclaimed and brought into productive cultivation by means of drainage and manuring. Various ingenious conjectures have been made respecting their origin; but all being founded on uncertain data, I shall not hazard a positive opinion on the subject. It seems, however, to be generally admitted, that they are not of primary formation, but have been produced by accidental and gradual means. The most generally received theory is, that they owe their origin to stagnant water, collected by means of the immense forests which formerly overspread the island. It has been surmised that quantities of timber, overthrown by storms, earthquakes, or fire, and remaining intermingled upon the ground, retained the water of the floods and rains, and that the portion of vegetable matter composing the leaves, bark, and lesser branches, decayed and formed the ground-work of a rank vegetation, which, in process of time, overspread the districts where those obstructions had occurred. This conjecture of the accidental and comparatively recent formation of bogs is borne out by the fact, that, under some bogs of considerable extent, there have been discovered indubitable proofs that the submerged surface had at one time afforded an abiding-place for man;—household utensils, farming implements,

* The Bog of Allen, for instance, at its highest elevation, is two hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea; more than one river has its origin in this bog, and the water which supplies the highest level of the Grand Canal is drawn from the same source.

weapons of warfare, ancient leather shoes, ornaments of dress, and a variety of other articles of a like nature are constantly dug up from bogs at various depths. Trees, too, have been found in great abundance;—some of them appear to have been broken as by the wind, others retain the marks of the axe upon their trunks, and many exhibit the agency of fire, by which means Mr. Wakefield imagines they were levelled during the early wars of the inhabitants, when these dense forests formed places of refuge and defence. The strong antiseptic quality of the Irish bogs is a singular but well authenticated fact, which still further removes them from the characteristics of the common morass. It is impossible to penetrate any depth below the surface of any of them without discovering the miscellaneous *debris* of animal and vegetable substances, free from important marks of decay. But while the bog is a known preservative of some substances; it is a no less powerful agent in the decomposition of others; thus, while the timber of a tree is found perfectly sound, not a vestige of the bark remains, and while the most delicate plants are preserved uninjured, the mould from which they drew their support has entirely disappeared. It is remarkable, also, though these bogs usually contain a vast quantity of stagnant water, that the persons who dwell in their vicinity are not subject to any of those diseases to which people who inhabit low or swampy districts elsewhere are invariably subject.

Although the bogs of Ireland in their natural state are unprofitable to the agriculturist, they are not without their advantages to the poor peasantry, who derive from them all their fuel; and those dingy and barren wastes covered with patches of coarse grass and brown heath, which suggest to the mind only feelings of desolation, contain within their dark bosoms the cheerful peat that bestows warmth and light to the cotter's humble hearth. Great quantities of this peat or turf are transported from the Bog of Allen to Dublin, by means of long flat-bottomed boats, which ply on the canal. The condition of the poor people, whose employment it is to cut and prepare this turf for sale, is miserable in the extreme. Their dwellings, which are mere hovels constructed of sods, are scattered along the banks of the canal, and present a melancholy picture to the eye of the traveller unaccustomed to the scenes of abject wretchedness, which are too frequently to be found amongst the poor of Ireland. The manner in which one of these turf-cutters commences operations is exceedingly primitive, and reminds us of the operations of an emigrant making a first settlement in the back-woods of America. His first care is to rent a small patch of bog in a favourable situation, near the canal; his next, to provide himself and his family with a dwelling: for this purpose he seeks a bank in a dry situation, where he excavates his future habitation to such a depth that little more is visible than the roof, which is composed of sods pared from the bog, the herbage of which being turned upwards, so perfectly assimilates with the sur-

rounding scenery, that the eye would pass it over unnoticed, were it not attracted by a number of half-naked chubby children, grouped round the door, with the cat, the dog, and the pig, the joint inmates of the cabin; while a cloud of smoke, penetrating through, and curling over the crannied roof—presents more the appearance of a reeking turf-heap than a human habitation.

The phenomenon of a moving bog has frequently been seen in Ireland; large portions of the surface sliding or flowing from their original position, cover the adjacent country, and in many cases cause a great deal of damage, by destroying arable land and overwhelming houses, corn, and hay-stacks. In September, 1835, the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of the extensive bog of Sloggan, which lies near the coach-road between Randalstown and Ballymena, were alarmed by several loud reports, like discharges of artillery or distinct claps of thunder, proceeding from the bog; an immense field of which, to their astonishment, they beheld slowly moving towards the road, which it completely covered to the extent of fifty perches, and continued its progress downwards to the river Main, into which it flowed and nearly choked up the channel. These singular disruptions are believed to be caused by the lodgment of a body of water between the porous bog and the substratum of hard clay or gravel upon which it usually rests; so that when the bog, as is frequently the case, lies higher than the land in its vicinity, and when the water has accumulated to a certain degree, it forces up the superincumbent mass, and carries it away to a less elevated situation.

Leaving Kilcock, the coach-road passes through the neat little town of Maynooth, chiefly remarkable for containing the modern college of St. Patrick, in which the Irish Roman Catholic clergy are now, with few exceptions, educated. The ruins of the ancient Castle of Maynooth—once a principal fortress of the bold Geraldines, ancestors of the present Duke of Leincester, are an object of great interest to every visitor acquainted with the eventful history of their noble owners. What stirring tales might be recounted of the long race of warriors who kept their state within these princely towers, beloved by their friends and followers, and hated and feared by their enemies! Indeed, the peculiar characteristics of a Geraldine's mind were eminently suited to secure popular affection: easily displeased, sooner appeased—warm friends and bitter foes—turbulent subjects—mild governors—liberal, brave, pious, and merciful. The anecdote recorded of the fiery Gerald, the eighth earl of Kildare, would be equally characteristic of any other of the family.

"In a rage with one of his followers, an English horseman seeing the chafed earl in his fearful mood, offered Master Boice,* a gentleman of his household, an

* A pithy saying has been recorded of this Boice; the occasion of which being *a-propos* to the subject I am upon, I shall relate. When Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, (*Silken Thomas*) was in re-

Irish hobby, (pony,) on condition that he would go up to his lord and pluck a hair out of his black beard. Boice, who knew his master, and felt how far he might venture on a Geraldine's nature, even while boiling in the heat of his choler, approached his lord, and said, 'Here, my master, is one who has promised me a choice horse, if I snip one hair out of your honour's chin.' 'One hair,' quoth the earl, 'I agree to; but mark me, Boice, thou malapert varlet, if thou pluckest more than one, I promise thee to bring my fist from thine ear.'" It was said of this stout earl, that he was made by Henry VIII. ruler over all Ireland because Ireland could not rule him, and that he excused himself for burning the cathedral of Cashel, by assuring his majesty he would not have done so, were he not informed that the archbishop was therein. Where, in like manner, could the romancist find a subject of such singular interest as in the rash career of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, or, as he was usually called, "*Silken Thomas*,"* whose chivalric courage, mad ambition, and melancholy fate, form one of the most remarkable pieces of personal history anywhere recorded?

Within a mile of the town of Maynooth is Carton, the spacious but irregularly built mansion of the Duke of Leincester; it stands in the midst of a noble demesne, laid out with judicious taste, and offering to the eye a great variety of

bellion against England, his castle of Maynooth was invested by Sir William Brereton, Lord Thomas being then absent in Munster. After a siege of fourteen days, little impression was made upon the castle, and in all probability the English commander would have been compelled to retire baffled in his design, were it not for the perfidy of the governor, Christopher Parese, a faithless *foster-brother* to Lord Thomas, who bargained with the enemy to betray the fortress into their hands for a stipulated sum of money. Accordingly, the garrison having been encouraged to a deep carouse, and the soldiers being overcome with wine and sleep, the traitorous governor gave the concerted signal, when the English entered, and took possession of the castle with little opposition. The double-dyed traitor, Parese, expecting great honour for the part he had played, presented himself with unblushing effrontery before the lord-deputy, who thus addressed him—"Master Parese, thou hast certainly saved our lord the king much charge and many of his subjects' lives; but that I may better know how to advise his Highness how to reward thee, I would ascertain what the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald hath done for thee." Parese, thinking to enhance his services, recounted minutely every favour that the Geraldine had conferred on him from his youth up. To which the deputy replied, "And how, Parese, couldst thou find in thy heart to betray the castle of so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for, and here also, executioner, without delay, as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head." "Oh!" quoth Parese, "had I known of this, your lordship should not have had the castle so easily." Whereupon one Mr. Boice, a friend of Fitzgerald, who was standing by, cried out, "*Antraugh*," (*too late*,) which gave rise to a proverbial saying used long after in Ireland, "*Too late, quoth Boice.*"

* This ill-fated young nobleman received the title of "*Silken Thomas*" from the magnificence of his attire, and that of his retainers, the housings of whose horses were gorgeously embroidered with silk. The history of his mad rebellion, his overthrow, and subsequent execution in England, would occupy more space than could be devoted to it in this work.

scenery, partaking, however, more of the graceful and tranquil than of the wild and magnificent in its character.

The little town of Leixlip is delightfully situated near the banks of the Liffey, in a richly diversified country. From the bridge the view is beautiful beyond description; on either hand the river is seen foaming and fretting over its rugged bed, until it is lost between its picturesque banks, while on a commanding eminence the old castle of Leixlip lifts its embattled towers above the thick oak woods that surround it. At a short distance above the town is that romantic spot called THE SALMON LEAP, where the river, tumbling over a succession of rocky ledges, forms a beautiful cascade; the precipitous banks are thickly covered with wood, and the whole scene, though not on so extensive a scale as many of the celebrated falls in Scotland or Switzerland, is excelled by few in natural beauty. Indeed, but for the barbarous intrusion of a modern business-like, stone-built, and slated mill, which has been erected close to the falls by some plodding trader, it would be difficult to find a place in which so many picturesque beauties are combined. The Salmon Leap is a favourite place for *pic-nic* parties of the citizens of Dublin, who make excursions to it in the summer months—dining on the grassy shore—or on the broad tabular rocks, which in the dry season are left bare by the fallen waters, and afford convenient platforms for the accommodation of the gay groups assembled there, who,

> Forth from the crowded city's dust and noise,
> Wander abroad to taste pure Nature's joys;
> To laugh and sport, and spend the live-long day,
> In harmless merriment and jocund play.

VI.

FEW cities are more fortunate than Dublin in the beauty of their environs. On the east it has its noble bay, which by many travellers has been placed in rivalry with the far-famed Bay of Naples; on the north the villages of Glasnevin and Finglas, seated upon the banks of the meandering Tolka, in whose picturesque vicinity Addison, Swift, Steele, Tickell, Delaney, and Parnell, had their constant or occasional residence,—the rich meadows of Artane, and the green lanes and pleasant shores of Clontarf, terminated by the magnificent promontory of Howth; west-

W. H. Bartlett. 15 G. K. Richardson.

Salmon Leap at Leixlip

ward stretches the Phœnix Park with the beauteous vale, through which winds the Liffey's silver stream, its steep banks enriched with gardens, pleasure-houses, and charming villas, backed by the blue chain of Wicklow Mountains, extending towards the south; on which side lie the pleasant outlet of Rathmines, the bathing village of Blackrock, favourably situated in a sheltered nook of the bay, Kingstown and its fine harbour, Killiney Bay and Hill, and the magnificent sweep of coast extending from thence to Bray Head, forming a succession of picturesque objects, which, for beauty and variety, is not approached by the suburbs of any capital in the world. After leaving Leixlip we enter the county Dublin, and passing through the richly wooded demesne of Colonel Vesey, bordering on the river, we reach the Spa House Hotel, near Lucan, erected for the accommodation of the numerous visitors who, some years since, resorted to a chalybeate spa, discovered here in 1758; the waters of which are said to possess singular virtues in cutaneous and some other diseases. Fashion, however, whose capricious taste merit cannot command, withdrew her favouring influence from the Lucan Spa, and it is now little frequented, except by those who, attracted by the romantic scenery, spend a few weeks of the summer season in its delightful neighbourhood. From Lucan the road runs nearly parallel to the course of the Liffey, whose banks, enriched by ancient woods, overhanging the silent waters, or spreading into verdant slopes, never fail to elicit the admiration of every beholder. It would be impossible for a stranger to pass the demesne of Woodlands, the seat of Colonel White, without being struck by its eminently beautiful situation. The fine lawn in front of the house is girt by rich woods, in which are many romantic rides and walks, leading through sylvan glades or deep glens, where the sparkling of bright streams and the glad sound of waters murmuring over their pebbly beds, or leaping down the rocks, soothe the mind to kindred repose. But the chief point of attraction on this road—at least to the good people of Dublin—is the range of steep banks that rise above the river near Castleknock,* which, from the extensive cultivation of strawberries upon their

* On a green circular knoll in the demesne of Castleknock are the remarkable ruins of the ancient castle of that name, once of considerable strength and celebrity; it was founded in the reign of Henry II. by Hugh Tyrrell, in whose family it remained until taken by Edward Bruce, when he invaded Ireland, in 1316. It was also captured in 1642 by Colonel Monk, who inhumanly put its defenders to death. This is the matter-of-fact history of the castle; but there are two singular legends attached to it, which it would be unpardonable to omit. The first relates to an old window, still pointed out to the curious, in the shattered wall of the ruin, of which old Stanihurst, says, "Though it be neither glazed nor latticed, but open, yet let the weather be stormy, and the wind bluster boisterously on any side of the house, and place a candle there, and it will burn as quietly as if no puff of wind blew. This may be tried at this day, whoso shall be willing to put it in practice." The other legend is even more marvellous than that of the window, which rests on the accuracy of an oral tradition. It relates that St. Patrick once

southern side, have received the name of "The Strawberry Beds." Here, in the genial month of June, when the fruit is ripe, the citizens repair in great numbers, and here they may be seen on fine sunny evenings sauntering along the banks of the river, scrambling up the precipitous banks, or seated in social groups in the little summer-houses and tea-gardens that invitingly tempt the "passing traveller to stay," committing fearful destruction upon the delicious produce of "the Beds," which is sometimes eaten *au naturel*, but more frequently, as the old song says, "smothered in cream." Oh! the pleasures of a strawberry frolic—none but those who have enjoyed one can appreciate it as it deserves. The drive down to "the Beds" on an outside jaunting-car, on a fine summer's afternoon, is delightful beyond description, particularly if you remember to secure your seat on the left side of the vehicle, by which means you may, while riding along the picturesque road through the Park, survey at your leisure all the beauties of the Lower road, and trace the Liffey's silver stream meandering through verdant meadows, and watering the rich valley, where stands the romantic village of Chapel Izod, formerly the suburban residence of the viceroys of Ireland. Indeed, I know of no place from whence a more comprehensive and finer view of Dublin may be obtained than from the eminence near the magazine in the Phœnix Park. From this point the spectator sees before him the entire extent of the city, its magnificent bridges, the domes and spires of its public buildings and churches; the beautiful "Nelson Pillar," erected in honour of the hero of the Nile, rising from the broad mass of houses; and close upon his left, the "Wellington Testimonial," a lofty and massive, but not remarkably elegant obelisk, intended to commemorate the victories of the great captain of the age.* The Phœnix Park is situated on the north-west side of the

came to Castleknock to endeavour to convert to Christianity Morrishtac, a Danish king, who then possessed the castle. The old infidel, after listening patiently to the saint's harangue for a considerable time, at length began to nod, and, finally, came out with a most irreverent snore at the conclusion of one of the preacher's strongest arguments. The saint, enraged beyond bounds at the unchristian conduct of the king, prayed that he might sleep in the same place and posture till the last day. It is scarcely necessary to add, that his prayer was granted, and that the sleeping monarch remains to the present day inclosed in an underground chamber, to which a winding passage in the thickness of the walls is said to conduct.

* This obelisk, erected on a rising ground, near the grand entrance of the Phœnix Park, forms a conspicuous object in almost every view of Dublin. On the summit of a flight of steps a simple square pedestal is placed, on the four sides of which are spaces designed to receive panels, on which are to be sculptured figures in relievo, emblematical of the principal victories won by the duke. But this portion of the design, as well as the proposed equestrian statue of his grace, intended to surmount a smaller pedestal in front of the larger one, has been properly left unfinished during the lifetime of the renowned warrior. From the platform a massive obelisk rises, on the four sides of which are inscribed the names of all the victories gained by the Duke of Wellington. The whole structure is of plain mountain granite, without any other decoration whatever. The base, formed by the steps, is one hundred and twenty feet on each side, and twenty feet in per-

city,* and whether we view it as a royal demesne, containing the summer residence of the viceroy, or an extensive place of resort, for the recreation and exercise of the citizens of Dublin, it is equally worthy the tourist's inspection. Though hitherto little indebted to the hand of art for improvement, except in the immediate vicinity of the vice-regal lodge, and that portion which adjoins the Zoological Gardens and the grand entrance-gate, this demesne contains many picturesque spots, romantic glens, and wild retreats—where nature displays her choicest charms to those who love to seek her in her sequestered haunts. Numerous hawthorn groves are scattered through the park, which in spring time are loaded with snow-white blossoms, and give a delicious fragrance to the air. The open spaces between the woods and copses are for the most part irregular and uneven; the principal level plain, so to call it, is "*the Fifteen Acres;*" though why so named, it would be difficult to determine, as its area is said to contain three hundred acres. This space is used for exercising the troops of the garrison: reviews and sham battles being frequently exhibited here during the summer season. But the Fifteen Acres has obtained its principal notoriety from its being the favourite ground on which affairs of honour, in the hair-trigger days of Ireland, were commonly settled at ten paces distance. I was much amused by the observations of an old man whom I met early one summer's morning, wandering near this celebrated spot. At first, I thought he might have been engaged gathering decayed brambles for firewood; but I was soon undeceived in my supposition, for I perceived that he kept gliding from place to place, apparently without any object. This singular conduct excited my curiosity. I determined, if possible, to learn what business he was upon, and intercepting the old man in one of his traverses, I commenced a conversation, in which, like most of his countrymen, he seemed perfectly willingly to take his part.

pendicular height. Sub-plinth of pedestal on the top of the steps sixty feet square by ten feet high. Pedestal, fifty-six feet square by twenty-four feet high. Obelisk, twenty-eight feet square at the base, and one hundred and fifty feet high, diminishing one inch in every foot. Total height of the monument, two hundred and five feet.

* Doctor Walsh in his History of Dublin, says, that this park derives its name from a corruption of the Irish term "*Fionn-uisge*" (clear or fair water)—pronounced *finnishé*, and which articulated in the English manner, might be easily changed into the word Phœnix. The spring, or well, believed to have given the name to this demesne, is a strong chalybeate, and is situated, according to the Doctor, "in a glen beside the lower lake, near the grand entrance into the vice-regal lodge, and has been frequented from time immemorial, for the supposed salubrity of its waters." Notwithstanding the celebrity of the spring, it remained neglected and exposed until the year 1800, when the Duke of Richmond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, having derived great benefit from the use of its waters, had it inclosed and covered over with a small structure of Portland stone. Behind the spring is a rustic cottage, containing seats for the accommodation of those who visit the well to drink of the sanative but nauseous beverage it affords.

"A fine morning, my friend," said I.

"Beautiful, sir, praise be to God for it! The rain last night will bring up the late pyatees finely, though it has made the grass mighty damp, and my ould shoes an't in the best ordher for keeping out that same," replied the man, exhibiting a pair of tattered and crannied shoes, into which the wet had soaked and penetrated in every direction.

"Why then do you walk here?" said I, "the road and foot-paths of the park are dry and pleasant. But you may have business?"

"Sorra hap'orth of business has myself here now, sir; but it wasn't always so—many's the guinea I airned before five o'clock in the morning on this very spot, when times was good;—and though my purfission ain't worth following of late, I can't break myself of my ould ways, and I come wandhering out to the ould spot every morning just as I used to do."

This speech of the old man's puzzled me exceedingly, and I inquired what his profession might be.

"Why then, sir," replied he, "I'll never deny it, I'm by thrade a tailor, but I gave up stitching long ago, and went into the *jewelling* line."

"The jewelling line?" I repeated, rather surprised.

"Yes, sir; I'm the boy that you might have heerd tell of;—Mick Delany, that attended on all the jintlemen who used to come out here to fight *jewels* before their breakfasts."

"Oh!" cried I, with some difficulty repressing my inclination to indulge in a hearty fit of laughter,—when I understood that the *jewels* my informant alluded to were those hostile meetings which so frequently took place on that ground. "And pray in what capacity did you act in these affairs of honour?"

"Why, sir," said he, with inimitable gravity, "I was the regulather. I could point out the exact spot every *jewel* had been fought for the last five-and-forty years, and be the same token I was prisent by at the most of them myself; and so, sir, by that manes, when jintlemin came here to settle their little differences quiet and asy; they were always glad to meet a knowledgable boy like myself who could put them up to the business in style, and keep a sharp look out for the murdhering villyans of polis, that was always spiling our sport."

"But how," I inquired, "did it happen that you were present at so many of these affairs?"

"Oh, asy enough, sir! I used to get up at cock-shout every morning regular, and walk out here to the Fifteen Acres, where I was as sure of falling in with two or three *jewelling* parties in the week, as I'd be of finding parthridges in stubbles. Most of the jintlemin ped me for my sarvices, and those that had no occasion for them ped me to get quit of me."

"So that in either way you were certain of being paid," said I.

"In coorse, sir; but that was in the good ould times when *jewelling* was in fashion, and when no jintleman could purshume to howld up his head amongst jintlemin till he had been *out* a couple of times at laste. Now, sir, they settle all their disputes in a mane and dirty way upon paper; there's no sperrit among the quality of late, like as there was when bould Harry Grattan, and little counsellor Curran, Bully Egan, and the ould joker Lord Norbury, that by all accounts *shot* himself up to be a judge, used to take the shine in Dublin. Them was the right sort of jintlemin, sir; them was the chaps for making any fellow that 'ud say 'black is the white of your eye'—shiver upon daisy, in no time. But, Lord help us, sir, there's nothing but changes in this world, and all of them for the worse too—the polis and the teetotallers have taken the *misnagh** out of the people; jintlemen don't now get into a quarrel over their wine or punch at night, and get out of it on the sod in the morning. They're grown as paceable as mice, sir, and a man might walk the Fifteen Acres for a twelve-month of Sundays without seeing the laste bit of divarsion in regard of a *jewel*."

"I am glad to find that the barbarous custom which has been so long a disgrace to our country is wearing rapidly away," I replied.

"Barbarous, sir! d'ye call a fair *jewel* at eight or tin paces—barbarous?"

"Certainly: the idea of two men going out coolly and deliberately for the purpose of imbruing their hands in each other's blood is perfectly horrible."

"But consider the convaynience of the thing, sir; they come out here in the cool of the morning with their sickonds and hair-trigger pistols, and settle their difference at once; and if one of them ain't shot clane out, they'll go home together greater friends than ever. I'm sure that's a shorter and better way of making pace than by going to law, and keeping up all sorts of hathred and ill-will towards each other."

"But, my good friend, I do not advocate litigation, because I object to violence. 'Let the angry man,' as the eastern proverb has it, 'drink of the waters of reflection.'"

"I wish you a good morning, sir," said my new acquaintance, abruptly turning on his heel, "I must be going," and as he hurried away I could hear him muttering between his teeth, "'Drink of the wathers!' I might have asily known he was a teetotaller."

The vice-regal lodge, an unostentatious but tasteful building is situated near the principal road through the park. At a short distance from the lodge, in the centre of a small area, stands a fluted Corinthian pillar, thirty feet in height, surmounted by a

* *Misnagh*, courage.

Phœnix, forming a picturesque object when viewed through the leafy avenues which conduct to it. It was erected by the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, who was governor of Ireland in 1745. The Royal Infirmary, or hospital for the soldiers of the garrison, which occupies a pleasant and healthful site near the grand entrance of the park, and the Hibernian School for the maintenance and education of soldiers' orphans, situated in the south-west angle of this spacious demesne, are both deserving the attention of strangers; nor should the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham be passed unnoticed, whose tall chimneys and formal spire may be seen on the opposite side of the Liffey, emerging from the thick foliage of the lofty elm trees which surround it.* This is the Military Asylum for invalid soldiers and officers, where about two hundred deserving veterans selected from the out-pensioners of Ireland, are supplied with every necessary and convenience, similar to that afforded at Chelsea Hospital near London. The dining-hall of the hospital, where amongst other portraits, are those of Charles II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and Prince George of Denmark, is an object of curiosity to visitors, as is the ceiling and altar-screen of the chapel, the former being enriched with elaborate and beautiful ornaments in stucco, and the latter exhibiting an exquisite specimen of carving in oak, said to have been executed by the celebrated Gibbons. But, certainly, the most interesting and amusing spot within the limits of the Phœnix Park, is the Zoological Gardens,† charmingly situated on a plot of ground sloping to the margin of a small lake. The natural beauties of this place, heightened and embellished as it is by the hand of art, have rendered it a fashionable promenade for the inhabitants of Dublin during the summer season. The animals, though not so numerous as in the gardens of the London Zoological Society, have been selected with great care, and it has been asserted that "there is no collection in Europe in which the animals are generally in such fine condition, or in which the proportion of deaths is so small.'

The only thoroughfare between Dublin and the Park was formerly through Barrack Street, a disreputable outlet in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Barracks,

* The first stone of this excellent institution was laid by the Duke of Ormond, in 1680. It was erected from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, and was completed in less than four years at a cost of £23,559, which was defrayed by a levy of sixpence in the pound out of the pay of every soldier and officer on the military establishment of Ireland.

† For the establishment of this intellectual and beautiful place of recreation the people of Dublin are mainly indebted to the exertions of Sir Philip Crampton the Surgeon General, and Doctor Stokes, the Professor of Natural History in the University. The Duke of Northumberland, under the sanction of Government, gave a site for the garden in the Phœnix Park, on the spot where formerly stood the residence of the Irish Secretary of War, and in the month of August, 1831, the Zoological Gardens were opened with a small collection of animals, principally presents from the Zoological Society of London.

where scenes of debauchery and drunkenness too frequently met the eyes and shocked the feelings of the respectable portion of the community. This nuisance has, however, been obviated by the erection of the beautiful metal bridge which crosses the Liffey, near the entrance of the Park, and which has been named King's Bridge, to commemorate the visit of George IV. to Ireland, in 1821.*

Before entering upon a description of the city of Dublin, let us take a glance at its ancient history. The earliest authentic mention we have of Dublin is by Ptolemy, who flourished in the second century after Christ, and who notices it under the name of *Eblana.* By the ancient Irish it was called *Ath-cliath,* or *the Ford of the Hurdles,* and *Bally-ath-cliath,* or *the Town of the Ford of Hurdles.* Stanihurst, on the authority of Giraldus Cambrensis, asserts, that the present name of the city is derived from Avellanus, a Danish sea-king, who at an early period established himself on the spot where it now stands; and he draws his etymological conclusion thus—Avellana—Eblana—Dublana. "But this cannot be the derivation," observes a writer in the Dublin Penny Journal, "for Ptolemy, upwards of six hundred years before, gave it the title of Eblana Civitas." After all, perhaps, the most simple and obvious etymology of the name will be found the Irish *Dubh-linn,* signifying *Black-water,* by which designation the ford upon the Liffey at this place was known to the inhabitants. We have unquestionable historical evidence to show that it was the Ostmen or Danes who first fortified Dublin, and who, in the words of Harris, the historian, "rendered it fit for defence and security soon after they possessed it, which seems to have been about the year 838." It is certain that although these barbarous intruders were opposed by the Irish, they were enabled to maintain the settlement they had made in Dublin and the contiguous districts, until the year 1014, when a number of Irish chieftains united in a patriotic league under the renowned monarch, Brian Boroimh, for the purpose of extirpating these unwelcome intruders. The Danish king Sitrig, collected a large army to oppose him, and the adverse forces met at Clontarf, near the city, on the 23rd April, when was fought one of the most memorable battles in which the Irish were ever engaged with a foreign enemy upon their own shores. This sanguinary action terminated in the defeat of the Danes, but the brave Brian was slain in his tent by a straggling party of the enemy while in the act of returning thanks to heaven for his victory. But though the power of the Ostmen was much reduced in Ireland after their defeat at Clontarf, they still maintained possession of Dublin for many succeeding years. When the

* A sum of £13,000 was raised by public subscription for the purpose of erecting a national monument to perpetuate this event—but the good sense of the managers of the undertaking substituted a work not only ornamental but highly useful to the city, for an idle pillar-trophy, which it was the original intention to erect with the funds subscribed.

Anglo-Normans obtained a footing in the country, the lordship of Dublin was bestowed upon Earl Strongbow, who appointed Milo de Cogan as his deputy.

In 1171, Dublin was invested by a large army under the command of Asculph the Dane, but the brave Milo de Cogan succeeded in repulsing the enemy with great slaughter, and the fierce Asculph being taken prisoner, his head was struck off and placed upon a spike on the castle gate. Thus terminated the sway of the Sea Kings in Ireland, for this was the last attempt made by the Danes to regain possession of the city. "Many of them," writes Harris, "had before incorporated with the Irish, and now upon this great revolution, such as remained in the city or neighbourhood became quiet subjects of the English, and by degrees one people with them." The visit of Henry II. to Ireland, in 1172, was productive of the most important consequences. On his arrival in Dublin, he summoned all the Irish kings to attend and do him homage as their liege lord. He was obeyed by the greater number of these petty dynasts; and in a spacious pavilion, constructed of smooth wattles plastered with clay, Henry kept his Christmas with as much pomp and ceremony as were practicable under the circumstances. Here, surrounded by the mail-clad chivalry of England, he entertained the Irish princes, and confirmed them in the opinion of his wealth and power. Having established courts of justice, held a parliament, and exercised other prerogatives of the sovereign, he returned to England, distributing his new and easily acquired kingdom amongst those leaders who had first invaded the island. From this date a new era commences in the history of Dublin. To use the words of a writer on the subject, "We have hitherto viewed the city as the abode of a rude colony, whose territory was limited to the district immediately contiguous. We are now to consider Dublin ascending progressively in the scale of cities; first, as the capital of the English pale, and afterwards as the metropolis of the whole kingdom."

The history of Dublin for the five succeeding centuries, until the Revolution, which placed William III. on the throne of these kingdoms, though not deficient in interest, is principally occupied with the bloody struggles which were obstinately maintained between the English and Irish interests. Subsequent to the Revolution, the annals of the metropolis are of a more peaceable character, and during that favourable period the city assumed a new aspect, and so rapidly did it improve in appearance, that at the commencement of the present century no European city of similar extent could vie with it, in the magnificence of its streets, squares, and public buildings.

The ancient ecclesiastical edifices of a city are generally the first objects to which strangers direct their attention. In Dublin, the venerable CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK claims precedence on account of its extent, importance, and high anti-

W. H. Bartlett. 23 F. W. Topham.

St. Patrick's, Dublin

London, Published for the Proprietors, by Geo. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

quity. Its situation, however, is most objectionable, being built on the lowest ground in the city, and surrounded on every side with old narrow streets, of the meanest and filthiest description. The reason for selecting such an unfavourable site for the principal cathedral, was the peculiar sanctity of the place, for on this spot, according to the best authorities, stood a small church, which it is supposed, with every appearance of probability, was founded by native converts to Christianity long before the Danes acquired possession of the city, as it was dedicated to the apostle of Ireland, and was erected in the vicinity of a holy well, also dedicated to St. Patrick. John Comyn, the first archbishop of Dublin, pulled down the ancient church, and erected on the same place a more extensive structure, in which he placed a collegiate establishment. Henry de Loundres, the successor of this prelate, made it a cathedral in 1225, uniting it with the priory of the Holy Trinity or Christ Church, and securing to the latter the prerogative of honour. The architectural character of the pile is of the early pointed style, with some occasional innovations in the additions which have been made at various periods. The most remarkable of these supplementary portions of the edifice are the square steeple and spire; the former owes its erection to Archbishop Minot, in 1370, and the latter to a legacy bequeathed by Dr. Sterne, in 1750. This spire has been compared, not unaptly, to a vast extinguisher. The height of the steeple or tower is one hundred and twenty feet, that of the spire by which it is surmounted, one hundred and one feet, making a total of two hundred and twenty-one feet. Notwithstanding this elevation is very considerable, the structure is far from possessing that grandeur of appearance one might expect; this is owing partly to the low situation in which it stands, and in a great degree to the clumsiness of its proportions, for it is only by comparing it with the buildings in its neighbourhood that we can form an idea of its great height. The interior of the cathedral is somewhat gloomy and monotonous, being built in the simple style which marks the first regular structures in this species of architecture.* The nave is separated from its aisles by unadorned arches and octangular pillars. The choir is the most interesting portion of the interior; the arches, which divide the centre from the side aisles, spring from clustered columns, each component shaft of which terminates in a small capital composed of foliage. The archbishop's throne, which is of oak richly carved; the stalls of the knights of St. Patrick, over each of which are displayed the banner, helmet, and sword of the knight; the tall lancet-shaped windows, the fine altar-piece, and the magnificent organ placed in the screen that divides the nave and the choir, form a combination of objects, which irresistibly recal the mind to the times when religion and chivalry mingled their solemn and

* This cathedral, which had fallen into a lamentable state of decay, has been recently rebuilt according to its original design, and is now likely to stand for many ages a fine specimen of the early architecture of Ireland.

gorgeous pageants. The cathedral contains several monumental sculptures, more remarkable for the celebrity of the names they commemorate than for the excellence of their design or execution. Amongst them the stranger will pause with interest before the black marble slab, which bears the name of *Jonathan Swift*, dean of this cathedral, whose wit and public spirit need no encomium here. Near to the remains of the eccentric dean, lie the ashes of Mrs. Johnson, celebrated by his muse under the name of STELLA; the history of this lady, and nature of her connexion with Swift, are still involved in a mystery that there is no probability will be ever satisfactorily cleared up. The most conspicuous and elaborate, but at the same time the most tasteless monument in this part of the church, is that on the right of the altar, intended to perpetuate the memory of sixteen individuals of the family of Boyle Earl of Cork. It was erected by Richard "the Great Earl," in the reign of Charles I., and remains a huge memorial of the gaudy and tasteless style which prevailed at the period of its erection. On the opposite side of the choir is a mural tablet in black marble, to the memory of Frederick Duke of Schomberg, the celebrated general of William III., who was killed at the battle of the Boyne. The ashes of this brave man were suffered to remain without any monumental record, until Dean Swift erected the simple tablet above mentioned at his own cost. Mr. Brewer says that "Swift did not undertake his task until he had made repeated unsuccessful applications to the family, who derived the whole of its affluence and honours from the duke; and the indignant severity with which he composed the inscription on a tablet thus raised by alien hands, although it gave some offence at the time, redounds to the honour of his humanity and public spirit."

Christ Church Cathedral, though not so extensive as that of St. Patrick, is undoubtedly of greater antiquity; the site, say historians, was given by Sitrig, a Danish prince, to Donat, a bishop of Dublin, who about the year 1038 erected upon it a church in honour of the Blessed Trinity.* This edifice was afterwards enlarged by Earl Strongbow, whose supposed tomb near the southern wall of the nave, attracts the attention of every visitor. Upon an oblong block of stone is rudely sculptured the figure of a mail-clad warrior, with crossed legs and folded hands, bearing on his left arm a shield with armorial bearings. Inserted in the wall over the figure is an inscription, which states that the monument had been broken by the fall of the roof of the church, in 1562, and had been "set up" again in 1570, by Sir Henry Sydney, then lord-deputy of Ireland. Some doubts have been

* There was attached to the church a monastic establishment, which existed until the dissolution of these religious communities by Henry VIII., when the priory was changed into a dean and chapter, and the ancient name of Church of the Blessed Trinity was altered to that of Christ Church.

entertained as to the propriety of attributing the effigy of the knight on the monument to Strongbow, as the arms emblazoned on the shield are not those which belonged to that chieftain. This may reasonably raise a doubt as to the identity of the monument; but from the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary historian, there can be no doubt that his mortal remains have their resting-place within these venerable walls. By the side of the figure ascribed to Earl Strongbow, is a half-length statue, which was reputed to be that of his son. He was a youth of seventeen, who, as tradition records, deserted his father in a battle with the Danes, and fled to Dublin in the utmost consternation, declaring that his father and all his forces had perished. When convinced of his mistake, he appeared before the earl to congratulate him upon his victory; but the incensed warrior, after sharply upbraiding his degenerate offspring for his cowardice, caused him to be put to death, the executioner severing him in the middle with a sword. This story, though related by Stanihurst, has probably no other foundation than the fiction of some romancer, who invented it for a people delighting in the marvellous: the effigy in question appears to be that of a female, constructed, as was frequently the case, in half-length proportions, without any reference to the hand of the executioner. It is now generally said to represent the Lady Eva, wife of Earl Strongbow.

I cannot attempt to give even a cursory description of the numerous other churches of every denomination with which Dublin abounds. Those who delight in antiquarian research will examine the interesting ruin, called Lord Portlester's Chapel, which constitutes a portion of St. Audeon's Church, and contains amongst many interesting monumental remains, the tomb of Roland Fitz Eustace Baron Portlester, erected in the year 1455, which is still remarkably perfect. The lovers of scientific inquiry will not fail to visit the vaults of St. Michan's Church, which are remarkable for a strong antiseptic quality, by which bodies deposited there some centuries since have been kept in such a state of preservation, that the features are still discernible, and the bones, cartilages, and skin, astonishingly perfect. A minute description of these vaults was written by a professional gentleman of Dublin, about twenty years back, when their singular properties first attracted public attention. "The bodies," says he, "of those a long time deposited, appear in all their awful solitariness at full length, the coffins having mouldered to pieces; but from those, and even the more recently entombed, not the least cadaverous smell is discoverable; and all the bodies exhibit a similar appearance, dry, and of a dark colour. The floor, walls, and atmosphere of the vaults of St. Michan's are perfectly dry, the flooring is even covered with dust, and the walls are composed of a stone peculiarly calculated to resist moisture. This combination of circumstances contributes to aid nature in rendering the atmosphere of those gloomy regions more dry than the atmosphere we enjoy. In one vault are shown

the remains of a nun who died at the advanced age of *one hundred and eleven;* the body has now been thirty years in this mansion of death, and although there is scarcely a remnant of the coffin, the body is as completely preserved as if it had been embalmed, with the exception of the hair. In the same vault are to be seen the bodies of two Roman Catholic clergymen, which have been fifty years deposited here, even more perfect than the nun. In general, it was observed that the old were much better preserved than the young. A convincing proof of this was afforded in the instance of a lady who died in child-birth, and was laid in those vaults with her infant in her arms. Not long after, the infant putrified and dropped away, while the mother became like the other melancholy partners of this gloomy habitation." The headless trunks of the two ill-fated brothers, named Shears, who during the rebellion of 1798 were executed on the same day for high-treason, are amongst the ghastly relics of mortality preserved in these vaults.

Of the modern religious edifices St. George's Church is decidedly the handsomest in Dublin, although the union of the Grecian with the Gothic style of architecture which it exhibits has been much censured. The Roman Catholic church of the Conception, in Marlborough Street, is a splendid pile built in the Grecian style, with a portico of six Doric columns in imitation of the façade of the temple of Theseus at Athens. The grand aisle is inclosed by a double range of columns, so massive that they completely obstruct the view, and injure the fine effect which the simple grandeur of the interior would otherwise produce.

Notwithstanding its antiquity, Dublin has few ancient edifices, either public or private; the massy labours of the early inhabitants having given place to the lighter works of their sons. Even the castle of Dublin, nominally ancient,* is in reality a modern building. It was formerly moated and flanked with towers; but the ditch has been long since filled up, and the old buildings rased; the Wardrobe or Record Tower excepted, which still remains.† The castle at present consists of two courts, called the upper and lower castle yards, the former of which is an oblong square formed by four ranges of buildings, which contain the state and private apartments of the viceroy. The external appearance of this quadrangle is exceedingly plain; the grand entrance to it from the city is by a fine gate, surmounted by a statue of

* The building of the castle of Dublin was commenced about the year 1205, by Meyler Fitzhenry, Lord Justice of Ireland, and was completed in 1220 by Henry de Loundres, Bishop of Dublin. But it was not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that it became the seat of government. The court was previously held, sometimes at the archbishop's at St. Sepulchre's, sometimes at Thomas Court, and sometimes at the Castle of Kilmainham.

† In the Record Tower are now preserved the statute rolls, the parliamentary and other national records: the walls are of great thickness, and it is built upon a rock of black stone. It was originally called the Ward Tower, and was the prison of the castle, in which for five hundred years all state offenders were confined. The last who suffered incarceration there, were Arthur O'Connor and some of his revolutionary colleagues.

The Four Courts, Dublin.

Justice. The lower castle yard contains several of the government offices, and the beautiful little Gothic chapel, built by the Duke of Bedford in 1814. A late writer remarks of it, that "though of limited dimensions, it must be viewed as the most elaborate effort made in recent years to revive the ancient ecclesiastical style of building, and is beyond a question the richest modern casket of pointed architecture to be witnessed in the British empire." It must, however, be confessed though Dublin Castle is pretty, and even magnificent in some of its parts, it is deficient as a whole; it has no uniformity of plan, and as it is so scattered that the eye can take in little of it at once, it has no dignity of appearance—it bears too evident marks of the various repairs it has undergone, and, like Sir John Cutter's worsted stockings, so often darned with black silk, that they changed their original nature,—it has lost all traces of its venerable origin in the incongruous embellishments of modern art.

It is not my intention to speak of *all* the public buildings and valuable institutions with which this metropolis is embellished; they will be found accurately described in various Guide-books: but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of taking a stroll with my reader along the line of noble quays, which stretch east and west through the centre of the city from the Military Road to the North Wall Light House, a distance of three miles. Travellers who have only seen the busy wharfs, docks, and quays of other sea-port towns, black, dirty, and crowded with dingy-looking warehouses, can scarcely form an idea of the beauty and grandeur of appearance of the Liffey, confined by walls and parapets of hewn stone, and its numerous magnificent bridges, connecting the handsome quays that extend on either side of the river. Commencing then at the castellated entrance to the Military Road, which forms an agreeable promenade between the Royal Hospital and the city on the north side of the river, we proceed in an easterly direction along Ussher's Island and Ussher's Quay. Our attention is first attracted by the colonnade of Home's Hotel and General Mart, an extensive building, erected by the enterprising individual whose name it bears. I regret to add that the speculation has been unfortunate as regards the Mart, which it was the projector's intention should become a general commercial bazaar for the convenience of country shopkeepers, who, if it were established, would be enabled to purchase every variety of goods in a building attached to their hotel. The idea was a good one: but the Irish people have a strange objection to innovation, and, after a vain attempt to bring buyers or sellers to his mart, Mr. Home was obliged to abandon his project.

As we proceed, Barrack Bridge, Queen's Bridge, Whitworth Bridge, and Richmond Bridge, successively attract our attention, and by their handsome proportions give an air of picturesque grandeur to the river. Midway between the two last-named bridges on the north side of the Liffey, stands The Four Courts, a noble

edifice, presenting a beautiful portico facing the river, consisting of six Corinthian columns, supporting a pediment ornamented with three statues, of Moses, Justice, and Mercy. At the two extremities of the front are corresponding statues of Wisdom and Authority. From the centre of the building rises a circular colonnade, surmounted by a handsome dome, whose massive proportions injure the effect of the light and elegant portico beneath. The arrangement of the interior is not liable to the same objection as the exterior; the great circular hall, around which are situated the law courts and offices, is conspicuous for the beauty and simplicity of its design. During Term time this hall is the grand nucleus where barristers, attorneys, and clients meet as in one common centre,

——— "To talk of fees,
Bonds, and horrible mortgagees,
To say nothing of assignees, lessees,
And an endless quantity more of these
Uneasy things that end in *ee's*."

But it is not law alone that fills the heads or busies the tongues of the wigged and gowned gentry of the hall; the news of the day, politics, castle gossip, steeple-chasing, and public characters are here freely discussed; and half the bon mots, epigrams, and witticisms which are scattered upon the stream of Dublin society emanate from the hall of the Four Courts. This freedom from professional solemnity is not confined to the lawyers; it is equally observable amongst the followers of Esculapius. "The physicians here," says an entertaining writer upon Dublin society, "do not forget that they are men and Irishmen:—they converse, laugh, and drink, and have thrown aside the formal airs and formal manners with the large wigs and gold-headed canes of their predecessors; they have a candour and openness of address, an ease and dignity of deportment, far superior to that of their London brethren. The truth is, a physician here is almost at the pinnacle of greatness; there are few resident nobility or gentry since the union, and the professors of law and medicine may be said to form the aristocracy of the place. They have therefore all the advantages of manner which a lofty sense of superiority, along with much association with mankind never fail to produce. A London practitioner is little better than a *bon bourgeois*, whom people of rank call in when they are sick, but have no intercourse with when they are well." It is an indisputable fact, that the medical men of Dublin combine a profound knowledge of their profession with refined taste and polished manners. That it is not an incongruous union we have the authority of the facetious George Coleman, who asks

"And why should this be thought so odd;
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronizes physic."

But I fear I have been digressing too far—let us resume our walk. We have now reached Essex Bridge, built upon the model of Westminster Bridge, but, of course, of much smaller dimensions. Looking up Parliament Street, which forms the avenue to the bridge on the north side, may be seen a portion of the Royal Exchange, an extensive and elegant building, situated on Cork Hill, which, it has been generally admitted, forms one of the principal ornaments of the city. The form of this superb edifice is nearly a square of one hundred feet, having three beautiful fronts of Portland stone in the Corinthian order. The building is surrounded at the top by a handsome balustrade—a low dome rising from the centre. Owing to the acclivity upon which the Exchange stands, the grand entrance on the west side is by a kind of terrace, protected by a light metal balustrade supported by rustic-work.* The interior of the edifice is even more remarkable for architectural beauty than the exterior, and the effect produced upon the spectator when he enters it is strikingly impressive. "Twelve fluted pillars of the composite order, thirty-two feet high, are circularly disposed in the centre of a square area, covered by a highly enriched entablature; above which is a beautiful cylindrical lantern, about ten feet high, perforated with twelve circular windows ornamented with festoons of laurel-leaves; the whole crowned with a handsome spherical dome, divided into hexagonal compartments, enriched and well proportioned, and lighted from the centre by a large circular skylight." The pillars, columns, floor, and staircase are all of Portland stone. Opposite to the north entrance is a statue, by Van Nost, of George III. in a Roman military costume. On the stairs in the north-western angle of the building, is one of Dr. Lucas, through whose exertions in Parliament a grant was obtained to aid in the building of the Exchange;† and in the centre of the circular hall stands a finely executed statue to the memory of Henry Grattan, Ireland's greatest patriot. It bears the following brief but touching inscription:—"*Filio optimo carissimo Henrico Grattan Patria non ingrata.*"

Resuming our route along the quays, we pass Wellington Bridge, a light handsome metal structure, spanning the river by a single arch. It was built by two private individuals; and is intended for foot-passengers only, each person crossing it paying a toll of one halfpenny.

Carlisle Bridge, the most frequented passage between the northern and southern sides of the city, forms the limit of the navigation of the river,—vessels of consi-

* On the 24th of April, 1814, a vast crowd having assembled to witness the whipping of a sweep, who had caused the death of his apprentice by cruelty, the balustrade gave way, and numbers were precipitated into the street; several persons were killed, on the spot and others seriously injured.

† The first stone of the Exchange was laid on the 2nd of August, 1769, by Lord Townsend, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The entire expenditure, including the purchase of the ground amounted to about £40,000.

derable burthen being able to come close up to it at high-water. The panorama of the river, and the city which encircles the spectator on this bridge, is unequalled in grandeur and beauty, by the noblest prospects which could be obtained from any single point in any other European city. I remember, several years ago, having been so struck with the splendid but solitary picture which presented itself to me while standing on Carlisle Bridge, soon after sunrise on a glorious summer morning, that I committed to paper at the time my impressions of the scene. I have the pages containing them now before me, from which I shall extract so much as may be relevant to my present purpose. "Philosophers and writers, have, according to their temperament or caprice, selected for themselves different places for meditation. Some have chosen to bury themselves in the deep recesses of an ancient wood, where 'day's garish eye' could scarcely penetrate the thick canopy of leaves which overshadowed them: some have delighted to fling their 'listless length' beside a babbling stream, lulled by the murmur of its gentle song: some have wandered, rapt in fancy's dream, in the delicious wilderness of a flower-garden; some have mused by the wave-beaten shore, and others in the deep seclusion of a cobwebbed library. But, for my part, I know of no situation more calculated to awaken feelings of deep awe, or to call up images of universal desolation, than the silent solitary streets of a great city viewed through the purplish haze of an early summer's morning. Almost every person living in Dublin has, at one time or another, experienced the solemn effect produced on the mind while standing on Carlisle Bridge at daybreak on a calm morning in June. How full of strange beauty is the scene!—all is hushed and still as death—not a sound disturbs nature's profound repose, save at intervals the shrill bark of a watch-dog from the decks of some of those numerous vessels lying below the bridge, whose taper masts shoot like a forest of leafless pines into the cloudless sky, which has already began to assume the lady Aurora's livery. Far as the eye can stretch on the other hand, the silent quays and bridges reflect their shadowy outlines in the still waters that sleep within their bosom; or if a dimpling circle should break the mirror-like surface of the tide, it is but caused by the rapid wing of some hungry swallow pursuing his insect prey.

"Behind us lies Westmorland Street, terminated by the ancient walls of Trinity College, and the noble Corinthian portico of the Bank of Ireland; on the opposite side of the river, Sackville Street extends its full perspective of architectural beauty—uninterrupted, save by the memorial of the brave Nelson,* whose pillar

* The Nelson pillar consists of a pedestal, fluted column, and capital of the Tuscan order, surmounted by a statue of the naval hero. The entire height of the pillar and statue is one

W. H. Bartlett. H. Griffiths.

Sackville Street, Dublin.

SOUTH SACKVILLE STREET. [illegible]

seems to have been dropped there in defiance of all the laws of good taste. Let us walk up this beautiful street—we are now opposite the Post Office,* and who can say that the republic of *letters* is declining, when they look upon that magnificent pile? But *allons!* for while we remain here we are preventing the poor pigeons, who are fluttering about the cornices and pillars of the portico, from seeking for their early meal in the silent streets. Before us lies the Rotunda, where revelry so often holds its court, while 'meek-eyed charity' extends its hand to succour the children of misery.† Let us now turn round, and survey from this eminence the splendid scene which lies before us:—the deserted streets, like the exhumated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, seem but as the monuments of departed splendour. Where is now the dark line of moving forms that a few hours since thronged these footpaths? where the waving plumes and the glittering equipages? where the merchant's busy face, and the proud beauty's conquering glance? All fled! there is no form of life—no vitality in the scene—and thus will the resistless scythe of time sweep these streets of palaces, and the antiquary of future ages will seek in vain for some relics of those noble works of art that we presumptuously hope may outlive the great destroyer himself."

Trinity College and the Bank of Ireland, when viewed from Carlisle Bridge, have a very noble and imposing appearance; but the combined effect of their magnificence is seen to the greatest advantage from the south side of College Green. The centre of this area is adorned with an equestrian statue of King William III., erected in 1701, by the citizens of Dublin to commemorate the Revolution of 1688. The Jacobites regarded this memorial of their defeat with no very amicable feelings, and from the time of its erection until very recently, the unoffending statue became a

hundred and thirty-four feet four inches. From the top an extensive view of the city, the bay, and the surrounding country will well repay the trouble of the ascent.

* This superb edifice, of which the foundation stone was laid in 1815, is two hundred and twenty-three feet in length, one hundred and fifty in depth, and fifty feet in height. The grand Ionic portico in front imparts a striking air of grandeur to the building, which adds considerably to the architectural beauty of Sackville Street.

† The Rotunda, which stands at the extremity of Upper Sackville Street, is united with the Lying-in Hospital, and with it forms a very distinguishing feature in the city. The circular room of the Rotunda is eighty feet in diameter, without any central support. Balls, concerts, and public meetings for festive or serious purposes are occasionally held in this room, from which the funds of the hospital derive much support. Formerly, when the nobility and gentry of Ireland had their town residences in Dublin, the subscription balls, card assemblies, and masquerades of the Rotunda were regularly and fashionably attended throughout the winter; and the public promenades on the terrace of the ornamental gardens, formed in summer unfailing attractions to the lovers of pleasure. The promenades alone have survived as a regular entertainment; on certain evenings in the week during the summer season, the gardens are still open to the public at the trifling admission-charge of sixpence. The terrace on these occasions is illuminated, and one or more military bands contribute to the gaiety of the scene.

fruitful source of discord and ill-will between the Protestant and Roman Catholic inhabitants. The extensive and ornamental front of Trinity College forms the boundary of College Green on the east. This university, as is generally known, was founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and richly endowed by that sovereign.* It is styled in the charter, "the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin;" though it is now almost in the centre of the city, so rapidly has it increased in size in little more than two centuries. The college is governed by a provost, vice-provost, senior and junior fellows. When a vacancy occurs amongst the senior fellows, the eldest of the juniors, if no objection lies against him, is elected by the provost and seniors to a senior fellowship within three days after the vacancy is reported; but the admission to a junior fellowship is obtained only by sustaining one of the severest trials of the human faculties of which we have any modern experience or even knowledge from history. The examination is in Latin, and the days appointed for it are the four days immediately preceding Trinity Sunday. None but young men of the highest abilities ever think of standing for a fellowship: they generally read from fourteen to eighteen hours a day for a period of five, often of seven years, before venturing to undergo an examination. Such intense study has materially injured the constitution of hundreds—many have become blind—many have lost their lives from the fatal effects of such continued mental exertion; nor is there, perhaps, a solitary instance of a fellow whose health has not been injured and talents impaired by it. The principal buildings of the college are comprehended in three spacious quadrangles: a description of them separately would considerably exceed our limits, but visitors will be much gratified by an inspection of the museum, the chapel, the dining-hall, the examination-hall, and the library. Of the latter interesting building, which strikes every stranger upon entering, with its superb and lofty magnificence, I cannot forbear saying a few words. It is built of hewn stone, with an elegant Corinthian entablature, crowned with a balustrade and ornamented windows, and consists of an extensive centre, and two advanced pavilions. In the western pavilion are the librarians' apartments, and the grand staircase, from which, by folding-doors, you enter the library, by far the finest room in Europe applied to a similar purpose, and of whose magnificent proportions George IV. expressed his admiration. The galleries, which are of Irish oak, varnished, are adorned with the busts of many illustrious writers and illustrious characters, executed in white marble by able masters; and on the shelves are to be found an admirable collection of the best writers on every subject, in number exceeding one hundred and thirty thousand volumes, which are daily increasing. At the extremity of the great room is a smaller apartment, called the Fagel Library,

* The first stone of Trinity College was laid on the 13th of March, 1591, and students were admitted the 9th of January, 1593.

W. H. Bartlett. T. Higham.

The Custom House, Dublin.

containing the vast collection of books of the Fagel family in Holland, which were removed from that country upon the invasion of the French, and purchased by the university of Dublin for £8,000. The manuscript room over the Fagel library contains a great number of Irish, Icelandic, and Oriental MSS. of inestimable value.

The Bank of Ireland, in College Green, is decidedly the noblest specimen of architecture which the metropolis can boast; indeed, it is scarcely saying too much to assert, that it is unequalled in grandeur of design, simplicity of arrangement, and majesty of effect by any public building in the empire. This magnificent pile was originally the Parliament House of Ireland, but in the year 1802, after the incorporation of the Irish senate with that of England, by the union of the two countries, the building was purchased by the governors of the Bank of Ireland for a sum of nearly £40,000. The central façade and projecting wings, which form a colonnade of the Ionic order, are admitted to be a *chef d'œuvre* of modern art. This noble portico, which is without any of the usual architectural decorations, (with the exception of the three statues surmounting the centre pediment,) derives all its beauty from the harmony of its proportions, and is one of the few instances of simple form only expressing true symmetry. On the conversion of this building into a bank, several alterations internally and externally were found necessary, to adapt it for its present purposes, which, however, have been executed with judicious taste, and a strict regard to the preservation of the original design of the edifice.

Proceeding westward along the quays, at a short distance from Carlisle Bridge, we reach the Custom-House, a magnificent structure, whose great defect is that it is placed so close to the water's edge that the spectator is unable to see to advantage the noble front which it presents on that side. When viewed, as Sir Richard Hoare observes, from the opposite bank of the river, it has a very striking effect, and combined with the numerous shipping immediately adjoining it, reminds one strongly of those subjects which the painter Canaletti selected for his pencil at Venice. The building, which is a quadrangle, is completely insulated, exhibiting four fronts to view, those to the north and south being the principal. Over the portico, on the south side, is a handsome cupola covered with copper, on the top of which is a disproportionately large statue of Hope. The warehouses and wet-docks to the east of the building are spacious and commodious; but they have been constructed on far too extensive a scale for the decaying trade of Dublin, and the appearance of these magnificent, but deserted basins and wharfs, awaken sensations more nearly allied to sadness than pleasure, such as might be experienced while contemplating the ruins of some noble work of antiquity.* After passing

* About ten years since these splendid warehouses were burned to the ground, and property

the Custom-House, the Liffey is confined by a handsome and solid stone causeway on either side—called the North Wall and the South Wall—erected for the purpose of keeping the channel free from the sands which accumulate on the flat shores of the bay at the embouchure of the river. The SOUTH WALL runs in a straight line into the bay, a distance of nearly three and a half miles; at the extremity of it is a fine LIGHTHOUSE. The North Wall, which is not quite one mile in length, has also at its terminus a lighthouse, but of much smaller dimensions than the other. A few years ago the North Wall was a lonely and unfrequented place, but since the establishment of the "City of Dublin Steam Company's" packets between Dublin and Liverpool, and the building of their warehouses, it has become one of the busiest localities in the city, from whence immense quantities of horned cattle, sheep, and pigs are daily shipped for England by the company's steamers. Those who have never witnessed the departure of one of these "cattle-boats," as they are called, can scarcely form an idea of the animated and extraordinary scene which the North Wall then presents. Fancy, good reader, a noble-looking steamer lying alongside the quay,

"Her streamers waving in the wind,"

the black smoke issuing in massive wreaths from her chimney, and blotting the fair face of heaven, while the tyrannous steam, impatient of constraint, disgorges its slender grey stream with a giant's roar into the clouds. The privileged quarter-deck is covered with a miscellaneous collection of trunks, boxes, baskets, travelling-bags, and packages of every size and figure. Persons of both sexes are seen in groups, either engaged in deep discourse or leaning idly over the rail which divides the after part of the vessel from the main deck, where the crew are busily lowering the cargo into the hold. The last cask is in the slings—the mate's rough voice sings out, "Lower away," the chain runs off—the cask descends—and the work is done. Further forward in the vessel another widely different scene is being enacted: there, a miscellaneous collection of pigs, sheep, oxen, and ragged but merry *spalpeens** are hurrying aboard in an undistinguished throng; the only marked difference between the brute and the man is, that the former seems reluctant to quit a land in which he had enjoyed a share of nature's common bounty, while the latter evidently parts with little regret from a country where starvation is the lot of the poor. All is now nearly ready—on the shore the clamour of the gingerbread and apple-women, the porters, the car-boys, and the beggars exceeds all description. The friends and relatives of the frize-coated emigrants, having drowned their sorrow in a parting

to a great amount destroyed. The fire, it was imagined, was caused by the spontaneous combustion of some goods deposited in the building.

* An Irish term of contempt for an ignorant country fellow.

W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

'South wall Light house'

(with Howth hill in the distance)

PHARE DE SOUTHWALL COLLINE DE HOWTH DANS LE LOINTAIN. *DER LEUCHTTHURM SOUTHWALL (IN DER FERNE DER HOHE HOWTH)*

London Published for the Proprietors by Geo: Virtue 26 Ivy Lane.

Clondalkin

drop with "the poor boy that's going to seek his fortin in furrin parts," have formed themselves into distinct groups, surveying with intense curiosity the manifold wonders of the "smoky devil;" all commenting, ejaculating, and arguing, in the varied guttural terms of their native dialect, on the novelty of every object that attracts their notice. The horned cattle are easily driven aboard, but the pigs, with the proverbial obstinacy of their race, are much more refractory, nor is it until after sundry grotesque pirouettes and demi-voltes, squeakings, and squallings, that the last grunter is got quietly on board. I should not have said quietly, for the creatures still express, by every modulation of grunt on the swinish gamut, their perfect disapprobation of their present situation. But, hist! the last bell rings, the captain takes his post on the paddle-box, trumpet in hand—the loungers all hurry to the gangway—tender adieus and hearty farewells are taken—

> "A smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
> Is all we can hope,"—

for the plank has been hauled away—the last careless loiterer regains the shore with a bound—the paddles begin to revolve—the stern-fast is cast off—handkerchiefs are waving amid the crowd, while murmured blessings burst from many a sorrowing heart for the weal of some dear friend, lover, or relative, whose fate is linked with the safety of the gallant vessel, that, apparently endowed with vital energy and conscious power, dashes through the blue waters, and shapes her course for the distant shores of merry England.

The antiquarian traveller who finds himself in Dublin should not omit visiting the little village of CLONDALKIN. It is picturesquely situated on the Naas road, about five miles from town, and exhibits a rare combination of hoary relics of ancient days, with the graceful productions of modern art. Adjoining the road may be seen one of those mysterious pillar-towers which appear to have been raised—

> "For time to count his ages by,"

in close proximity with a cottage *ornée;* the ruins of an old castle hold pleasant neighbourhood with a neat school-house; and in the vicinity of the shapeless remains of the ancient abbey, the white walls of a modern church gleam through the foliage of the surrounding trees. Of the Round Towers of Ireland I have already spoken at some length.* I shall therefore merely observe, that the pillar at Clondalkin, which is one of the plainest in the kingdom, is eighty-four feet in height, the diameter fifteen feet. The doorway is about twelve feet from the ground, and near the summit are four square openings or windows, from which the prospect

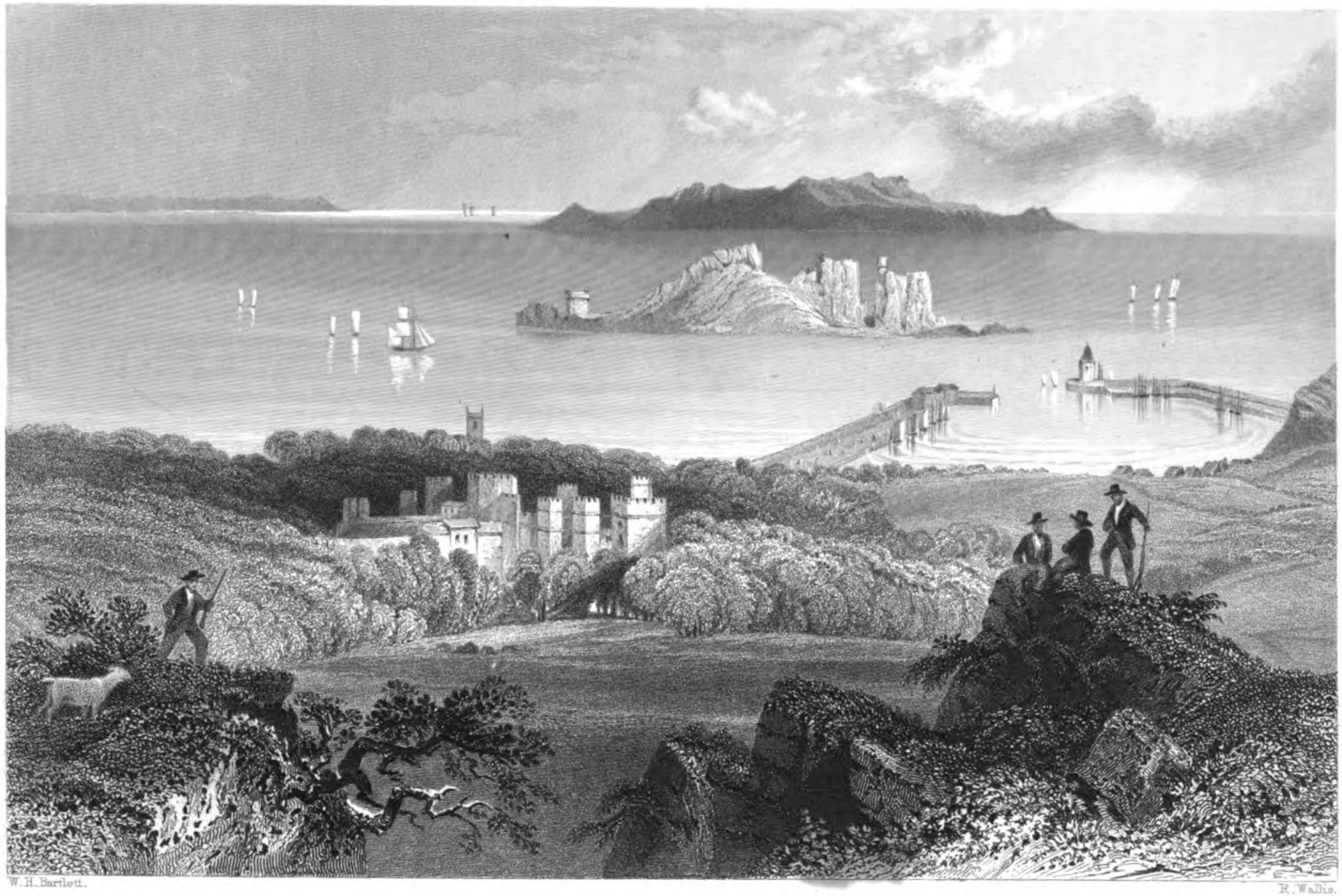
* Vide page 78 in this volume.

of the surrounding country is extremely fine. There are no traces of a stairway in the tower, but ladders have been put up so as to enable the curious visitor to reach the uppermost story. Clondalkin was originally a Danish camp or fortress, and continued to be a favourite place of residence of these barbarous people while they maintained their sway in Ireland.

The Bay of Dublin spreads out into a noble expanse of water to the eastward of the city; its shores are agreeably diversified, and present all the various features, from the rugged and severe to the soft and smiling, in landscape-scenery. From the northern shore of the bay we obtain a most interesting view of its extensive surface, with the South Wall and light-house, and the mountains of Dublin and Wicklow forming an outline of enchanting beauty in the distance. Marino, the classical seat of the Earl of Charlemont, occupies a delightful situation on the margin of the bay, in the immediate vicinity of the city. The demesne, which the liberality of his lordship has thrown open for the recreation of the respectable citizens of Dublin, is laid out with great taste, and contains an exquisitely proportioned temple, built of white marble, from a design of the late earl, which cannot fail commanding the admiration of every visitor.

The villages of Clontarf* and Dollymount are pleasant little bathing-places, much frequented in the summer months. Behind Clontarf, the country, thickly planted, is intersected by sequestered roads, called "The Green Lanes:"—the appearance from the bay of the long, low, woody shore, studded by detached clusters of white cottages and handsome villas, is peculiarly beautiful. The views, both coastwise and inland, as we sweep round the north side of the bay, are singularly attractive; as we approach the promontory of Howth, the shores become bold and rugged, but picturesque. The peninsula, or, as it is usually called, the Hill of Howth, jutting into the sea, forms the northern headland of Dublin Bay, and the little town and harbour, with the CASTLE OF HOWTH, are pleasantly situated under the shelter of the hill which rises precipitously behind them. The town, which is a mere fishing village consists of one straggling street; the inhabitants are a rude, hardy race, the greater number of them being fishermen, who hold their cabins rent-free on the ancient tenor of supplying the lord of the manor with the best fish taken in each boat. The first object which on entering the town arrests the attention of the tourist or traveller, particularly if he be infected with the antiquarian mania, is the ruined abbey, which occupies a romantic site on the cliff overhanging the sea. By the way, although generally called an abbey, the claims of the building to this distinction are dubious: we find no mention of it in the Monasticon, and in early

* Clontarf, as I have elsewhere mentioned, is celebrated for the memorable battle fought there on Good Friday, 1014, between the Danes and the Irish, in which the latter, under their heroic monarch, Brian Boroihme, obtained an important victory over their enemies.



W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.

Howth Castle.

CHATEAU DE HOWTH. DAS SCHLOSS HOWTH.

days it was only known as a prebendal church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Surrounded by a strong embattled wall, it presents a striking evidence of the half-monk, half-soldier character of its founders, and a specimen of the general state of society at its erection, when it it was not unusual, or considered particularly unbecoming, for the professed minister of peace to join the ranks of war, and distinguish himself in the sanguinary *mêlée*, or to find the prior or abbot of a monastery, the ostensible temple of religion, and the calm retreat of meditation and virtue, marshalling his vassals for the onset, or fortifying his sanctuary by fosse and battlement. Viewed from a favourable point on the commanding eminence of the hill, the white battlements of the venerable castle are seen emerging from the thick woods in which it is embosomed; lower down, the square tower of Howth church shows itself above the trees; and beyond these, the harbour and piers,* the sea-worn islands of Ireland's Eye† and Lambay‡ and the vast expanse of sea, constantly enlivened by the appearance of ships and boats under sail, form a picture whose features are as varied as they are beautiful and extensive.

Howth Castle, the venerable mansion of the ancient family of St. Lawrence, ennobled by the baronial title of Howth, is an object of considerable antiquarian and pictorial interest: the estate, over which it appears constructed to reign, includes the whole romantic peninsula of Howth, which, unlike most Irish estates,

* This excellent harbour was constructed at an expense of nearly £700,000 as a station for the Holyhead mail-packets, when sailing-vessels were employed in that service; but since the introduction of steamers, and the completion of the harbour at Kingstown, the packet-station has been transferred to the latter place, and the magnificent harbour of Howth has been wholly abandoned.

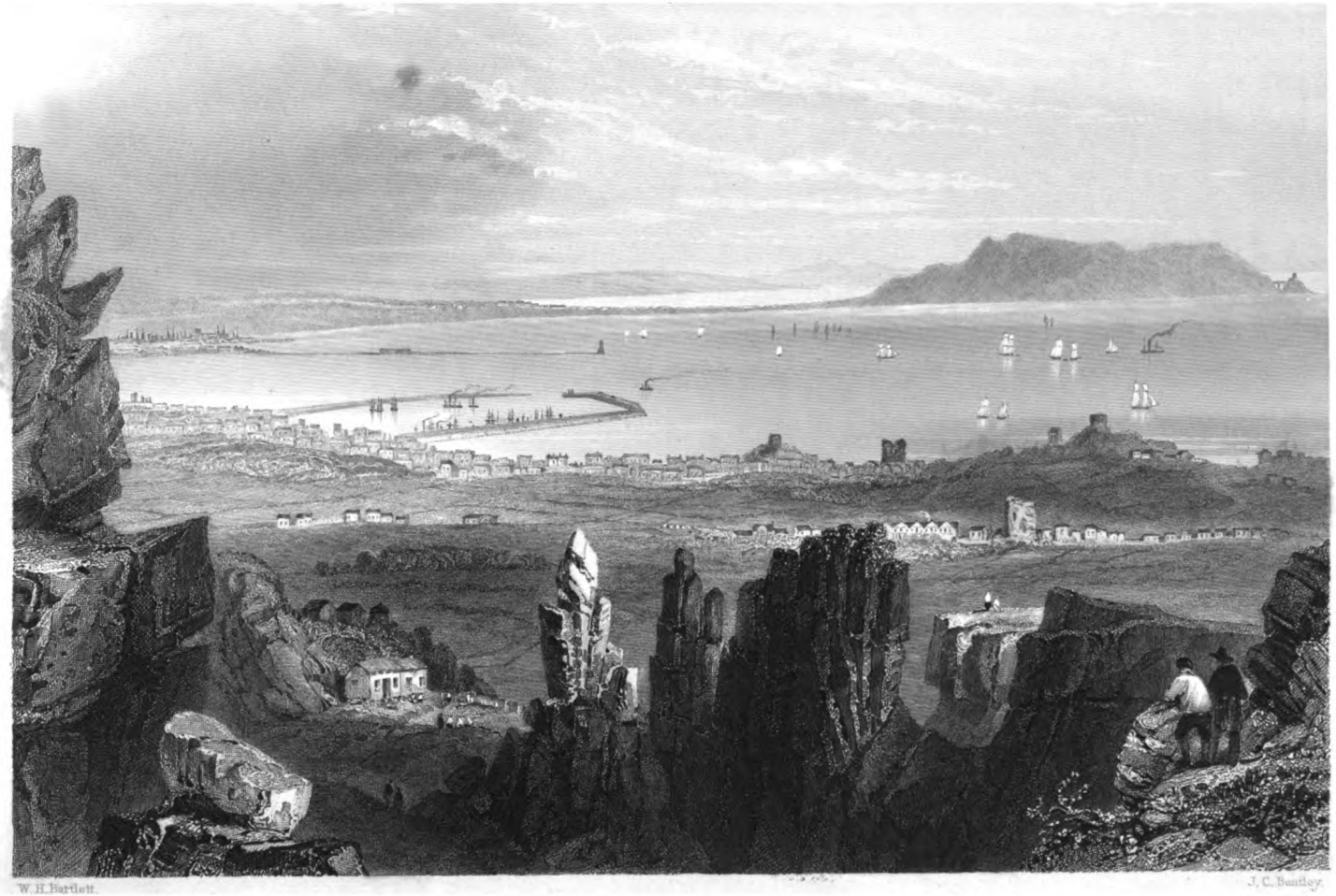
† Ireland's Eye, a rocky islet, lying about a mile from the north side of the Hill of Howth, is not more than a mile in circumference: a huge rock on its eastern extremity, which appears to have been riven asunder by some convulsion of nature, presents a very singular appearance. The ruins of a small abbey, said to have been built by St. Nessan, in the year 570, are still to be seen on the island. In this quiet sanctuary the saint passed his days in religious exercises, and in it was preserved the celebrated book of the four Gospels, called "*The Garland of Howth*," which, according to Archbishop Alan, was "held in so much esteem and veneration, that good men scarcely dare take an oath on it, for fear of the judgments of God being immediately shown on those who should forswear themselves." One of the ridiculous martello towers which are scattered around the Irish coast, stands on the western point of the island.

‡ Lambay, another small island lying further out to sea than Ireland's Eye, forms a conspicuous object in the picture. It was granted by Edward VI. to John Chaloner, on the condition of his colonizing the island, and protecting it from the pirates who infested the coast. This person built on it a small castle, which is kept in good repair, and occasionally occupied as a fishing-lodge by the Talbots of Malahide, to whom the island now belongs. The celebrated Archbishop Usher received a grant of Lambay from Queen Elizabeth, and is said to have written a considerable part of his works in its seclusion. The island is abundantly stocked with rabbits, and is the resort of immense quantities of sea-fowl.

has continued in the family, without increase or diminution, for upwards of six centuries. The name of the great ancestor of the Howth family was Sir Amoricus or Amorey Tristram: he came over with the first adventurers from England, and obtained by conquest the lands and title of Howth. Several stories are recorded in his life which are more extraordinary than those of any hero of romance: amongst others it is related, that, after a variety of wild and perilous adventures in Ireland, he was surrounded by a superior force in Connaught, and being in imminent peril, some of his mounted followers were about to avail themselves of their horses and save themselves by flight; but their leader, dismounting, drew his sword and cried out, "Who will may preserve his life by flight on horseback, but assuredly my heart will not suffer me to leave these my poor friends, with whom I would sooner die, than live with you in dishonour." At the same time he thrust his sword into his horse's side, saying, he should never serve against them with whom he had so worthily and truly served before. His example was followed by all the horsemen, except two young gentlemen, whom he ordered to retire to a hill and watch the issue of the unequal conflict, and carry the news of it to his brother. This done, he engaged the enemy, (who were said to be twenty thousand strong,) so desperately that one thousand were slain; but being overpowered by numbers, he and his brave companions perished to a man. "Thus," say the old Chroniclers, "died Sir Amorey Tristram, who among a thousand knights might be chosen for beauty and heroic courage, for humility and courtesy to his inferiors, yielding to none but in the way of gentleness."

There is another well-known romantic tradition of this family, respecting the kidnapping of the young heir of Howth by the celebrated sea-roamer Grana Uille, or Grace O'Malley, from whence arose the singular custom still observed in Howth Castle, of having its gates thrown open during the time that the Lord of Howth is at dinner, which has been related in another part of this work.* A painting in one of the apartments is said to represent the abduction of the young lord, but there is no authority beyond that of tradition for ascribing the subject of the picture to the supposed exploit of the piratical Grana Uille. History informs us, that the original family name of Tristram was changed to St. Lawrence on the following occasion; one of the lords of Howth being in command of an army against the Danes, made a vow to St. Lawrence, (on whose anniversary the battle was fought,) that if he were victorious he would assume the name of the saint, and entail it upon his posterity. After a very hot but successful engagement, he performed his vow by taking the name, which has since continued the

* Vide, vol. i. p. 75.



W.H.Bartlett. J.C.Bentley.

Dublin Bay.

family sirname; and to perpetuate his victory, the two-handed sword with which he defeated the Danes is still hanging up in the spacious hall, amongst a curious collection of pieces of armour and weapons of former days.

On a steep cliff at the eastern extremity of the peninsula of Howth stands the old lighthouse, which has not been used since a new one was erected upon the southern side of the headland, on a small promontory nearly detached from the main land by a deep ravine, which has obtained, from its constant bright verdure, the name of the Green Bailley, signifying the *green town*. Here, it is said, that the remnant of the Danes who escaped from the battle of Clontarf, insulated themselves by digging a fosse across the neck of the promontory, and defended their little fortress until they were carried off in their vessels.

Twenty-five years ago the handsome and improving town of Kingstown, situated on the south side of the Bay of Dublin, was a poor village called Dunleary,* consisting almost entirely of fishermen's cabins. The construction there of a splendid artificial harbour,† where the post-office packets between Liverpool and Dublin deliver and receive the mails, was the first and great step for the prosperity of the town, which has been further advanced by the recent formation of a railroad, which in less than half-an-hour conveys the citizens of Dublin from the middle of a crowded capital to one of the finest sea-bays in Ireland. The view of DUBLIN BAY from the hills adjoining Kingstown, from whence the stones used in the construction of the pier have been quarried, is exceedingly beautiful. Looking across the bay, which is here about six miles in breadth, we perceive the "big hill of Howth,"‡ with the flat sandy isthmus which unites it to the mainland. The remainder of the shore on the northern side is low, but all along studded with groups of white-walled houses—behind which the land swells into gentle eminences, clothed with wood, and sprinkled with the villas of the gentry. At the extremity of a long straight line of wall, and apparently in the centre of the bay, stands the South Wall lighthouse, already mentioned; while nearer to the spectator the cheer-

* It was from this place that George IV. embarked, when quitting Ireland after his memorable visit in 1821; to commemorate this event, a tasteless obelisk was erected on the pier, and the old Irish name of Dunleary changed to Kingstown.

† The first stone of this immense work was laid in 1817, by Lord Whitworth, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The pier extends two thousand eight hundred feet into the sea, and is at the base two hundred feet in breadth; it terminates in a nearly perpendicular face on the side of the harbour, and an inclined plane towards the sea. A quay, fifty feet wide, runs along the summit, protected by a parapet eight feet high on the outside, and a beacon marks the harbour on the extremity of the pier. There is a sufficent depth of water at the lowest springs to admit a frigate of thirty-six guns, or a merchantman of eight hundred tons to take refuge within the habour, and at two hours' flood there is sufficient water to admit a seventy-four.

‡ "By the big hill of Howth,
That's a lump of an oath."—IRISH SONG.

ful-looking streets, houses, and gardens of Kingstown, with the basin of the magnificent harbour, circumscribed by its massive piers, lie distinctly mapped out beneath his feet. The stranger, on ascending KILLINEY HILL from Kingston finds that he has crossed the neck of a promontory, and looking either backward or forward has a noble view of the sea. Beneath him lies the silvery shore of KILLINEY BAY, bending its graceful crescent-line until it terminates in the noble promontory of Bray Head; landward, his eye rests upon the quiet intervening vale, with the mountains, pile upon pile, above it, and the greater and lesser Sugar-loaf lifting their blue pinnacles over all.* When he has satiated his eyes with this glorious prospect, he has but to turn round, and a scene of inexpressible richness, variety, and grandeur meets his eye. Looking over Kingstown Harbour, he beholds, to use the language of an enthusiastic tourist, "the most splendid bay in Europe, spreading for miles its vast and lake-like level, adorned with all imaginable objects that can animate and diversify; the towns and shining outlets, the piers, docks, batteries, and beacons, the sails of every form —the darkening curve of steam-- the cloud-like canopy of Dublin and Howth,

'Like a leviathan afloat on the wave,'

shutting in the bay at a distance of a dozen miles."

One of the most striking features in the view from Killiney Hill is Dalkey Island, which lies off the promontory. It is divided from the mainland by a channel, Dalkey Sound, where ships may safely ride at anchor in eight fathoms water, sheltered by the island from the north-east wind, to which every other part of Dublin Bay lies exposed. This island is said to contain eighteen acres, and although covered with rocks, is esteemed an excellent pasturage for cattle of all kinds. The manner in which the people convey black cattle hither from the mountains is exceedingly curious and primitive. They fasten one end of a rope about the beast's

* It must be humiliating to every lover of Ireland to perceive the almost general desire which prevails amongst what is termed the "better class of people" in this country, to change the ancient Irish names of places, often highly poetical, and always strikingly descriptive, into something singularly common-place or absurd. For instance, these remarkable hills, whose conical summits of white quartz, furnish with picturesque peaks the mountain-scenery of Wicklow, were (according to Mr. Monck Mason) called by the native Irish a name which signifies "*The Gilt Spears*," derived from their retaining the light of the sun after the rest of the surrounding landscape was involved in darkness. This name, than which nothing could be imagined more picturesque and significant, has been altered by the English into the vulgar grocery appellation of "*The Sugar-loaves.*" In like manner, in America, the beautiful and expressive Indian designations of places have been changed into pompous classical names; and it is no uncommon thing to find yourself crossing the Scamander or Tibur in a canoe—shooting squirrels on Mount Hymettus—from whence you may possibly obtain a glimpse through the clearings of the forest, of the log-edifices and thriving settlements of Athens or Troy.

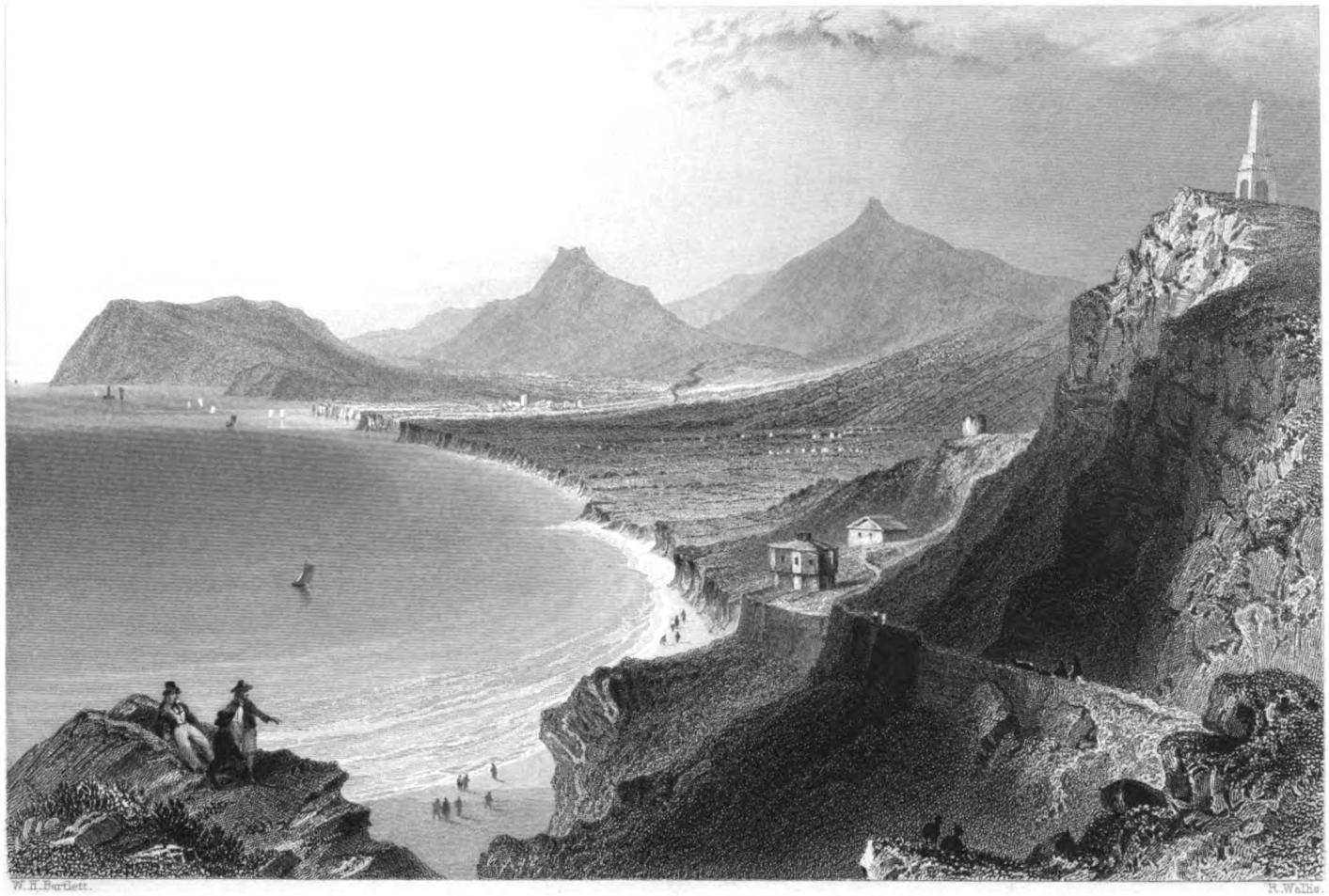
Killiney Hill.

(near Dublin.)

COLLINE DE KILLINEY PRES DE DUBLIN.

KILLINEY ANHOHE BEI DUBLIN

London Published for the Proprietors by Geo. Virtue, 26 Ivy Lane



Killiney Bay.

County Dublin

horns, and tie the other end to the stern of a boat, which is pulled with oars in the direction of the island. By this means they drag the animal into the sea, and force it to swim after the boat across the sound, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. Besides good pasturage, Dalkey Island produces some medicinal plants; and there is a ruin on it, said to be that of a church dedicated to St. Benedict; but, the belfry excepted, no trace survives that would induce a person to suppose it a place of worship. The aisle of the structure, where some trace of an altar might be expected, presents no such appearance; on the contrary, a fire-place and chimney are to be seen where the altar should stand, had the building been for ecclesiastical uses. There are also visible vestiges of its having been lofted. It is, therefore, probable that the fabric, which is small, was used for domestic or commercial purposes. Tradition says, that when Dublin was visited by the great plague of 1575, the corporation and some of the principal citizens, retired there to escape the contagion. The memory of this event was preserved until the close of the last century, by an annual visit of a party of respectable citizens to the island, on which occasions it was customary for them to dine together, and hold a sort of burlesque court, when they elected a "King of Dalkey," and confered degrees of mock nobility upon his most approved counsellors, the titles being always taken from the names of localities in the neighbourhood, as "The Earl of Bullick," from a small fishing village at no great distance; "Vicount Killiney," from the hill above Dalkey; or, "Baron Muglins," from a cluster of rocks close to the island. The last King of Dalkey was elected in 1797; the rebellion, which broke out the following year, interrupted this harmless festive custom, which has not since been revived. There is a battery crowned by a martello tour, which forms a conspicuous object upon the island. The village of Dalkey, which is situated on the main-land opposite the island, was once a place of considerable mercantile importance, and its harbour constituted one of the principal resorts of the shipping engaged in the trade carried on between Ireland and England. No less than seven castles were erected there for the protection of the goods of merchants and others, three of which are still in tolerable preservation; but of the former commercial greatness of Dalkey, not a vestige now remains.

VII.

THE county Wicklow has justly been termed "The Garden of Ireland," for in no other district of the island are to be found assembled such a variety of natural beauties, heightened and improved by the hand of art. There we may behold lakes of more than Alpine beauty; streams that wind through quiet dells, or roll their sparkling waters down rugged precipices; deep glens, and sombre ravines, where the dark mountain shadows make twilight of the summer noon; mountains whose bare and craggy peaks seem to pierce the clouds; romantic woods and picturesque glades—with fertile fields and warm and pleasant valleys, whose quiet pastoral features remind us of the pictures of the golden age—

——— "Such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times."

The beauties of this terrestrial paradise have been lauded by poets of every grade on Parnassus; they have more than once afforded a subject for the graceful pen of Ireland's sweetest lyrist. "The Meeting of the Waters," one of the first and most charming of the Irish Melodies, celebrates a delicious spot in the vale of Ovoca;—the tree is still pointed out under which, it is said, he composed the song.

Another of the Melodies, commencing,

"By that lake whose gloomy shore,"

commemorates a romantic legend of Glendalough. The charms of these romantic scenes are considerably enhanced by their proximity to the metropolis, the nearest point of the county Wicklow being not more than ten miles from the city. There are several routes by which the tourist may reach it, but that which passes through the villages of Dundrum and Enniskerry is most generally chosen, from the attractions its romantic scenery offers. Dundrum is an unpretending hamlet, seated at the base of the lofty mountains, around which the road winds; it is noted for the salubrity of its air, and is much frequented by invalids, who repair thither to recruit their broken health by inhaling the fresh breezes from the hills, and drinking the goat's milk, for which this place has long been celebrated, and whose peculiar sanative qualities have been attributed to the animals that yield the milk being in the habit of browsing upon the medicinal herbs and plants which grow upon these mountains. Ere reaching Enniskerry, the traveller beholds before him that immense natural cleft in the heart of the mountain, called "*The Scalp*," through which the road runs, and which, viewed at a little distance, presents the appearance of the letter V. The sides of this singular defile

W. H. Bartlett. G. K. Richardson.

Ennisherry

(near Dublin.)

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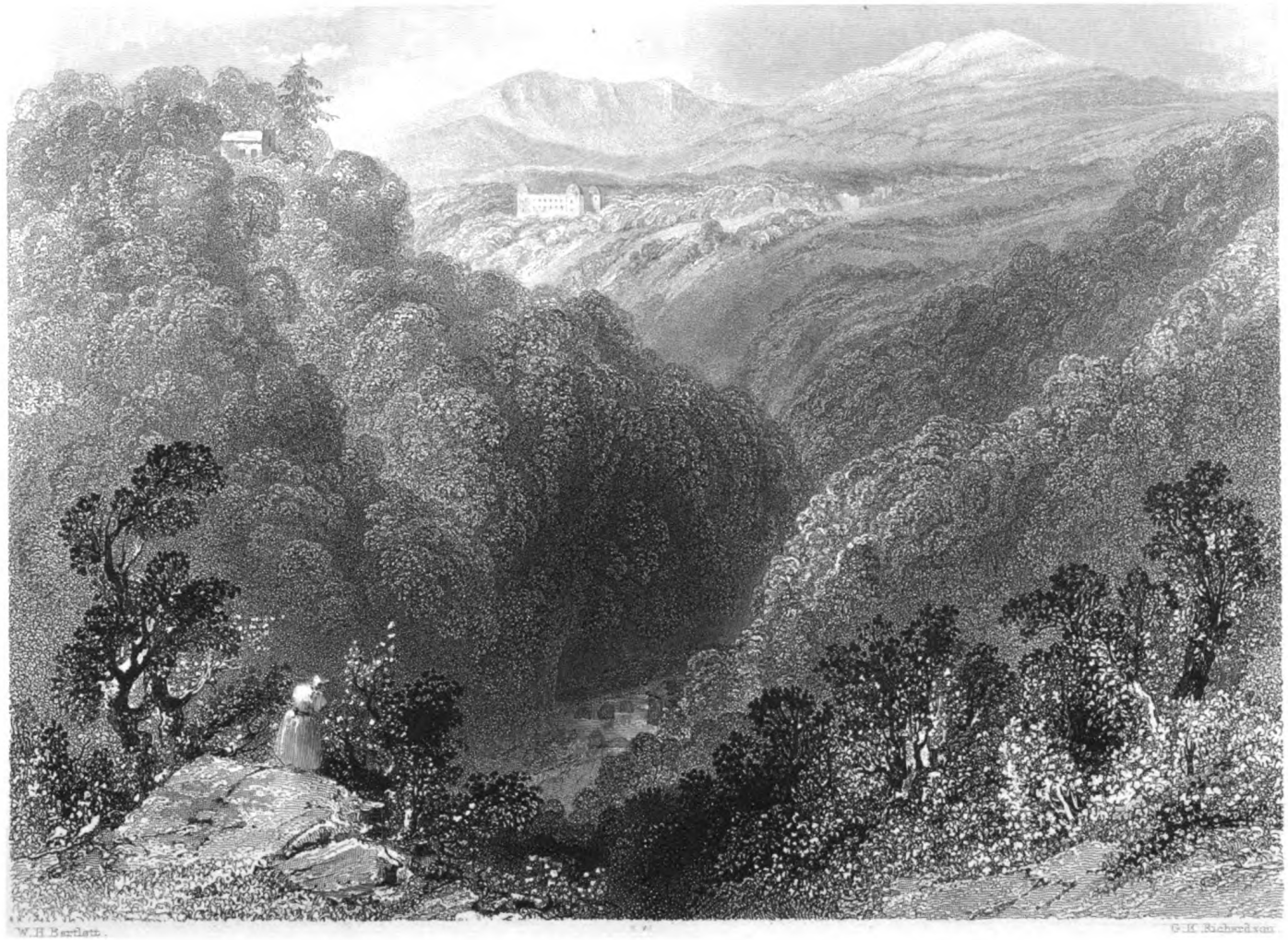
ENNISKERRY, BEL. DUPL. N.



Powerscourt from the Dargle

(County Wicklow)

are covered with huge masses of disjointed granite, conveying to the mind of the passenger the not very agreeable idea, that they are momentarily in danger of toppling down on his head. Occasionally in the winter season, or after heavy rains, some of these loosened crags are precipitated to the bottom of the ravine, and completely choke up the road, from whence they are removed with considerable difficulty and vast labour. With the popular tendency of the peasantry to connect the wild and wonderful in nature with superhuman agency—the formation of this singular chasm has been attributed to his satanic majesty, who on one occasion, driving a flock of sheep from Wicklow into Dublin, was impeded in his progress by a steep and rugged mountain; but caring little for such an insignificant obstacle, he kicked through the opposing granite, and made a smooth and level road for his flock, as it still remains.

THE VILLAGE OF ENNISKERRY may be considered the threshold to the beauties of Wicklow; it is picturesquely situated in the lap of gently sloping hills, its white cottages contrasting cheerfully with the bright verdure of the foliage with which it is partially screened. At a short distance, on the rise of the hill above the village, is the entrance to the demesne of Powerscourt, the property of Viscount Powerscourt, which for beauty and variety of scenery can scarcely be equalled anywhere. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the numerous points in this demesne from which prospects of unrivalled magnificence may be obtained; but, perhaps, none are excelled by that which is gained shortly after entering the grounds. "Here," says an observant tourist," as we approach the house, the first break of scenery towards the south is inconceivably grand, soft, and various. Mountains, often cultivated high towards their summits, and sometimes rudely majestic in the unaided tints of nature, form the impressive back-ground at a happy distance. The undulating tracts which lie between that range of mountains and the lofty ridge on which the spectator is placed, comprises the rich woods and plantations on the demesne of Charleville." Amidst this romantic scene, the river Dargle pursues its devious course, gliding, rippling, or foaming through a lovely glen towards the ocean.*

The noble mansion of POWERSCOURT shows to most picturesque advantage from the eminence above the Dargle. Surrounded by magnificent woods, and gleaming with its fine granite façade above the deep and leafy valley which it dominates, it looks like the proper residence of a lord of the soil. There is something very Italian too, or rather I should say, something like the compositions of the Italian masters in the scenery of this valley. Tennehinch, the seat of Ireland's eloquent patriot,

* It is conjectured that the *Dargle* has acquired its name from the oaks which adorn it. *Dar-Glen* signifies Oak Valley, which might easily have been corrupted into *Dargle*.

Grattan, forms such a feature in the picture as a painter would introduce, lying lower down on the banks of one of those tributary streams, which mingle their waters with those of the romantic Dargle, that

> " Undisturbed, save by the harmless brawl
> Of mimic rapid or slight waterfall,
> Pursue their way
> By mossy bank and darkly waving wood,
> By rock, that since the deluge fixed has stood,
> Showing to sun and moon their crisping flood,
> By night and day."

The deer-park of Powerscourt is rich in natural beauties, but its principal attraction is the celebrated POWERSCOURT WATERFALL, which is seen at the extremity of a beautiful semicircular amphitheatre, (formed by mountains wooded to their summits) tumbling over an almost perpendicular wall of ferruginous basalt, nearly two hundred feet in height. This picturesque cascade is supplied from a very inconsiderable stream, and when unaugmented by heavy rains, the volume of descending water is so very small, that the face of the rock is seen through the thin veil of its delicate transparency. But in winter, or when the channels of the mountain have been charged by recent rain, the tumultuous fury with which the thundering cataract dashes at one wild bound down the frightful depth of its descent, fills the beholder's mind with wonder, and makes us

> ——— " Feel
> A nameless grandeur swell the soul,
> With joy that makes the senses reel,
> Half wishing in the flood to roll."

The profound seclusion of the glen favours the peculiar awe with which this scene never fails to impress the spectator, when beheld under favourable circumstances; the dark masses of the contiguous woods, rising in sylvan beauty to the tops of the mountains, lend a delightful contrast in colouring to the white foam of the cataract and the dancing waters of the stream, sparkling in the gleams of rich sunlight, that break through the branches of the overarching trees.

On the opposite bank of the river is Charleville, the handsome mansion of the Earl of Rathdowne. The demesne, which participates in the attractive features displayed in the romantic scenery of Powerscourt, extends over twelve hundred acres, and is adorned with noble forest-trees. Pursuing the course of the river downwards from the Waterfall, the tourist arrives at the spot where its waters emerge from a deep ravine, whose precipitous sides are clothed with luxuriant oak-wood, through whose thick foliage vast masses of rock occasionally protrude their rugged forms over the chasm beneath. This romantic glen, which is consider-

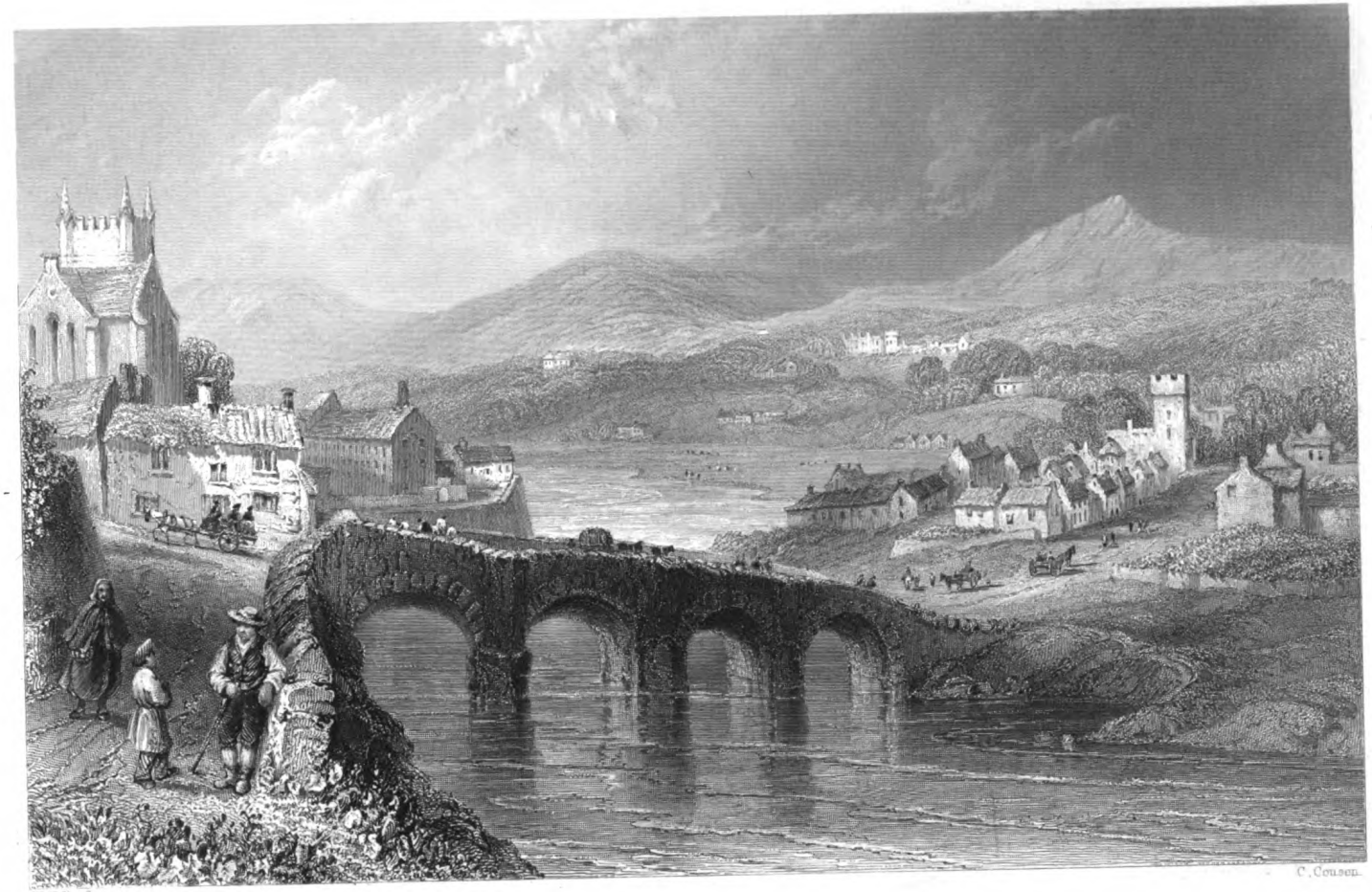
W. H. Bartlett. J. Cousen.

Tintern Abbey

ably more than a mile in length, takes its name of "THE DARGLE" from the river which flows through it. Entering the majestic woods by a path cut through them, and which overhangs the stream, we obtain at every opening in the trees views of unparalleled beauty and variety, the prevailing features of which partake in a great degree of the sublime. The opposite side of the glen appears one mass of thick foliage rising precipitously from the brink of the river, whose progress is heard, but whose bed is sunk so far below the surface of the woods in which it is lost, that one might suppose, without any extraordinary stretch of the imagination, it was a river in some inner world, laid open by a Titanic throe, that had cracked asunder the rocky crust of this shallow earth;—the soil, and the deep-striking roots of the trees terminating far above us, looking like a black rim on the enclosing precipices. When occasionally we catch a glimpse of the troubled waters through the gleam of the overhanging woods, they afford no silvery relief to the solemn grandeur of their majestic channel, but taking a sombre tinge from the shadow of the impending precipices, "boil and bubble" darkly over their rocky bed. About midway down the glen, a huge mass of rock, projecting at a great height over the river, has received the name of "The Lover's Leap," though I confess I have not been able to discover that any heart-striken swains or damsels were ever silly enough to follow the example of Sappho, by precipitating themselves from the dizzy precipice. The prospect from this spot is magnificent, and the most vivid powers of imagination must fail adequately to describe a scene of such exquisite beauty as here spreads before the view. The eye from this elevated site comprehends every part of the deep glen below, catching, at intervals, the river breaking over fantastic fragments of rock detached from the cliffs above. To the left, the glen gradually expands into an open champaign country, bounded in the distance by the blue expanse of the sea; to the right, the vales and hills of Powerscourt, richly verdant and adorned with majestic timber, and hemmed in by lofty and rugged mountains, form an interesting and noble landscape. Another new and delicious view of THE DARGLE is obtained from a small patch of green sward at the bottom of the glen, close beside a broad pool, in which the waters of the river, dammed in by a ledge of rocks, sleep in unbroken tranquillity. Looking up the stream, the waters are seen tumbling through a rocky channel from the dark woods, which, rising to a vast height on either side, exclude every other object. Perched on the shoulder of a precipitous cliff, the thatched roof and rustic pillars of a charming little cottage, called the Moss-House, peep through the foliage of the trees that grow above and beneath it, and form a singularly pleasing object in the landscape. This delicious spot is a favourite haunt for pic-nic parties from Dublin:—on the smooth turf which spreads its inviting carpet beside the clear stream, many a happy group may be seen, in the pleasant summer-time, laughing, dancing, singing, or dining *al fresco*, with

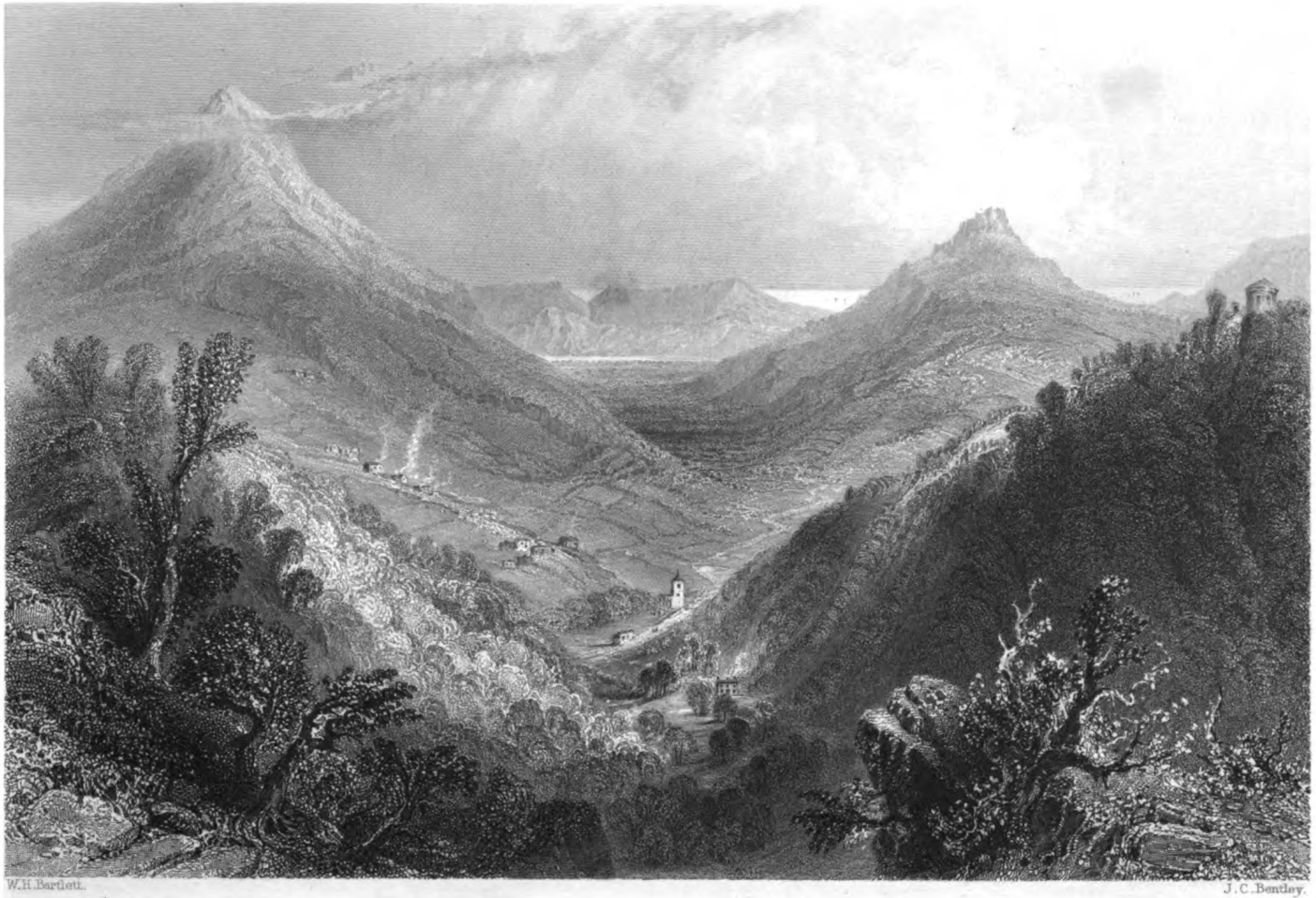
that perfect contempt of care or ceremony which so strikingly distinguishes the light-hearted people of this country. Following the course of the Dargle downwards, we reach, at a distance of four miles, the neat little TOWN OF BRAY, situated on the sea-shore, about a mile behind the promontory of Bray Head. From its vicinity to the sea and some of the finest scenery in the county Wicklow, it has become the head-quarters for numbers of pilgrims in search of the picturesque and beautiful. Bray is fortunate in the possession of one of the best inns in England or Ireland. Quin's Hotel is a place one regrets to leave; it is admirably arranged, and has the important adjunct of a private garden, extending a full mile from the hotel to the sea-beach. Few, indeed, who have tasted the repose, comfort, and seclusion which they enjoyed while sojourning in this most excellent resting-place, will readily lose the pleasing impressions they received there. Naturally enough with the charms I have mentioned, Quin's Hotel is a favourite resort for bridal parties, and many happy couples repair thither to pass their honey-moon amid the picturesque scenery which environs it. From Bray the tourist generally proceeds to visit the GLEN OF THE DOWNS; a beautiful dell, resembling the Dargle, though on a somewhat smaller scale, which lies a few miles south of Bray. This glen is walled in by mountains, (clothed in many parts with oak, ash, and evergreen shrubs,) so precipitous as barely to leave room for the narrow road and the small bright stream that glides through the romantic vale, whose devious course produces at every step a constant succession of new charms. High upon the wooded hill, to the left going from Bray, stands a banquetting-house and a romantic cottage, so delightfully situated as to impart an air of poetry to the whole landscape. These tasteful accessories to the beauty of the scene have been constructed by Mrs. Latouche, through whose extensive and finely-wooded demesne of Belleview this enchanting glen runs. From an octangular room in the banquetting-house, the best view of the surrounding country may be obtained;—the glen far beneath, with the many-tinted sides of the rocky steeps by which it is overhung, rich in native woods and abundant plantations, and the sublime galaxy of neighbouring mountains, amongst which the dazzlingly white peaks of the two *Sugar-loaf* hills tower conspicuously, present a scene of luxurious softness, combined with grandeur and magnificence.

On clearing the glen we reach the pretty hamlet of Delgany with its Gothic church, picturesquely situated on the side of a romantic hill; and about three miles further south we arrive at the village of Newtown Mount Kennedy, which, from its position in the centre of a tract of beautiful country, is generally made a *point d'appui*, from whence the tourist may visit at his ease the several objects of interest in its neighbourhood. The most remarkable of these is the wild ravine, called "*The Devil's Glen*," a combination of rock, wood, and water, so beautiful as to have conferred more properly the name of "*Glen of the Gods*" upon this delicious spot. In-



W. H. Bartlett. C. Cousen.

Bray.



Glen of the Downs

VALLEE DE LE DOWNS

DE [illegible] SPE[illegible]WN

ferior in majestic character to the Dargle, and destitute of the softness mingled with grandeur of the highly adorned Glen of the Downs, it is marked by some combinations of pictorial objects, blended in forms unknown to either of those districts. The river Vantrey forms at THE HEAD OF THE DEVIL'S GLEN a fine fall of one hundred feet in height, in an unbroken descent, which is not exceeded in beauty by any waterfall in Ireland. Indeed I know no spot better suited for the indulgence of deep meditation than this solitary and secluded glen. It has been the cradle of an accomplished poetess, for at a short distance is Rosanna, the home of Mrs. Tighe, the amiable and highly-gifted author of "*Psyche*," one of the most graceful poems in the language. It was in the retirement of the romantic scenery of this residence that she improved her taste for natural beauty, and strengthened the powers of her imagination. Endowed by nature with a refined and susceptible mind, and surrounded by the incitements to social happiness, and a highly picturesque country, she devoted herself to the refined enjoyments of literature, and rendered herself not less beloved for the estimable qualities of her heart than admired for the brilliant effusions of her fancy.* The romantic pass of Dunran in this vicinity should not be unvisited by the tourist; it is one of the sumblime gems which enrich the eastern part of the county Wicklow, and though it assimilates with the general character of the magnificent scenery of the district, it possesses individual attractions to amply compensate the labour of ascending the eminence from whence it may be advantageously viewed.

From Newtown Mount Kennedy we diverge, in a westerly direction, to the village of Roundwood. The immediate neighbourhood of Roundwood is not particularly interesting, it is chiefly noted as a halting-place for visitors to Glendalough and Luggelaw. Of the latter place I shall speak first After ascending a gentle elevation two or three miles to the northward, the traveller comes suddenly upon the beautiful sheet of water called Luggelaw.† It is encompassed on all sides, bowl-like, by mountains, some of them of the wildest, and others of the richest and most pleasing character. In the outline of one of the precipitous rocks, is distinctly

* This amiable lady was snatched from the society of her friends and the literature of her country, which she enriched and adorned, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Her surviving friends devised a mode congenial with her character, of commemorating her genius and her virtues, by having her poems collected and published, and the profits applied to the endowment of an hospital ward in the "House of Refuge," a charitable institution founded by her mother.

† It has been conjectured that the true name is *Lough Hela*, or, *The Lake of Death*, derived from the *Hela* (death) of the Danish mythology. The title must have been peculiarly appropriate to this dark lake, before the hand of cultivation had softened the wild horrors of the valley; and it is not improbable, that it was bestowed upon it by that people while they possessed this part of the island, and handed down from them; though the derivation is lost in the corrupted name by which it is now known.

traced a gigantic resemblance of a human face, looking gloomily on the lake below. The eye-brows, broad and dilating, are marked by moss and heath, and the prominent cheeks and deep-sunk eyes perfectly formed by the clefts in the rock. The mouth appears open, but when you remove to some distance it closes, but without producing any alteration in the features. Embosomed in a deep valley, which runs into the mountains at one end of the lake, stands a handsome mansion, belonging to the La Touches of Delgany, surrounded by rich meadows and luxuriant plantations. Higher up, the valley closes with a vast amphitheatre of rocks, down which pours a small but pretty waterfall, forming at the foot a little stream, which, winding through the meadows, mingles with the still waters of the lake. Such is the picturesque spot, which art, improving upon natural advantages, has formed in the midst of a wild country. I can imagine no more pleasurable surprise, than a stranger would experience on being led to this sequestered spot, without any previous preparation for a scene of such matchless beauty. It would be strange if the wild charms of Luggelaw had remained uncelebrated in the minstrelsy of Ireland; the bards of former days have devoted to it more than one "sweet wreath of song," and Erin's modern and immortal lyrist has commemorated its beauties by the adaptation of probably the choicest of his poetic strains in the "Irish Melodies," to the delicious old air of "Luggelaw."

We will now turn our steps to Glendalough, or, the *Valley of the Two Lakes*, a spot, which if it offer fewer natural beauties to the observer of nature than other portions of the county Wicklow, is possessed of more than common interest to the lover of Irish antiquities. It is about half-a-mile west of the bridge and village of Laragh, where the mountain-streams which pour from the various lakes and ravines in the district, unite under the name of the Avonmore, and flow in a south-easterly direction through the beautiful vale of Clara, until they mingle with the waters of the Avonbeg in the vale of Ovoca, from whence they roll into the sea a few miles further down at Acklow.

The valley of *Glendalough*, or, as it is frequently called, *The Seven Churches*, is twenty-eight miles distant from Dublin, and thirteen from Wicklow. It is about two miles and a half in extent, open at the eastern extremity, but enclosed on every other side by lofty and precipitous mountains. Ascending the valley, through which the road winds for nearly a mile and a half, we obtain the first view of the once celebrated GLENDALOUGH, the site of the "mountain city," where religion and literature flourished in former times, but which now presents to the curious traveller nought save a melancholy waste, whose sombre character is deepened by the mouldering relics of past greatness, that lie scattered through the glen. On an eminence that slopes gently down from the mountain towards the lake, the principal ruins of Glendalough form an exceedingly picturesque group; the first object

W.H. Bartlett.

J.T. Willmore.

Head of the devils Glen.

(County of Wicklow.)

ENTRÉE DE LA VALLÉE DU DIABLE COMTÉ de WICKLOW.

DER VORDERE THEIL DES TEUFELS THALES IN DER GRAFSCHAFT WICKLOW.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

Luggela.

Country Views.

that attracts our attention is the stately *Round Tower*, (one of the finest in the kingdom)—in the vicinity of which are seen the *Cathedral;—Our Lady's Church;*—a stone-roofed building, with its singular belfry-tower, called *Kevin's Kitchen;* at a little distance, in the bottom of the vale, the remains of the venerable *Abbey;* and beyond these the still waters of the lake, thrown into solemn shade by the precipitous and gloomy mountains which overhang them, and form here a world of their own, dark, silent, and motionless as the grave. "There is nothing in these buildings particularly interesting," says Mr. Otway, in his entertaining Sketches, "except their extraordinary position in the midst of the lonely mountains, placed at the entrance of a glen, singularly deep and secluded, with its two dark lakes lying in gloom and solitariness, and over which deep vale hang mountains of the most abrupt forms, in whose every fissure and gorge there is a wild and romantic clothing of oak, birch, and holly." It is, indeed, a region where the wild, solitary enthusiast might conjure up visions of things that mortal eye had ne'er beheld; a dim valley over which the angel of death seems to have spread the shadow of his dark wings; a tomb where every human passion is buried, and within whose gloomy precincts the sombre goddess, Melancholy, walks in lonely meditation rapt. To this dreary solitude did St Coemgan or Kevin* (a holy man who flourished in the fifth century) retire after he had assumed the cowl: there he wrote many learned works, and founded the Abbey of Glendalough, over which he presided as abbot and bishop for many years, dying in the odour of sanctity on the 3rd of June, 618, at the great age of one hundred and twenty years. His extraordinary piety and virtue, no less than the numerous miracles wrought by him, drew, as the Monasticon Hibernicum informs us, "multitudes from towns and cities, from ease and affluence, from the cares and avocations of civil life, and from the comforts and joys of society, to be spectators of his pious acts and sharers in his merits, and with him to encounter every severity of climate and condition. This influence extended even to Britain, and induced St. Mochuorog to convey himself hither; who fixed his residence in a cell on the east side of Glendalough, where a city soon sprang up, and a seminary was founded, from whence were sent forth many saints and exemplary men, whose sanctity and learning diffused around the western world that universal light of letters and religion, which, in the earlier ages, shone so resplendent throughout this remote, and at that time traquil isle, and were almost exclusively confined to it."

Such is the brief history of the foundation of the ecclesiastical city that once adorned these mountain solitudes, but of which the decaying ruins are all that now

* The beauty of the saint, when an infant, was so remarkable, that it is said an angel descended from heaven, and, having kissed the babe, bestowed upon him the name of Coemgan or Kevin, which in the Irish language signifies "*pretty boy.*"

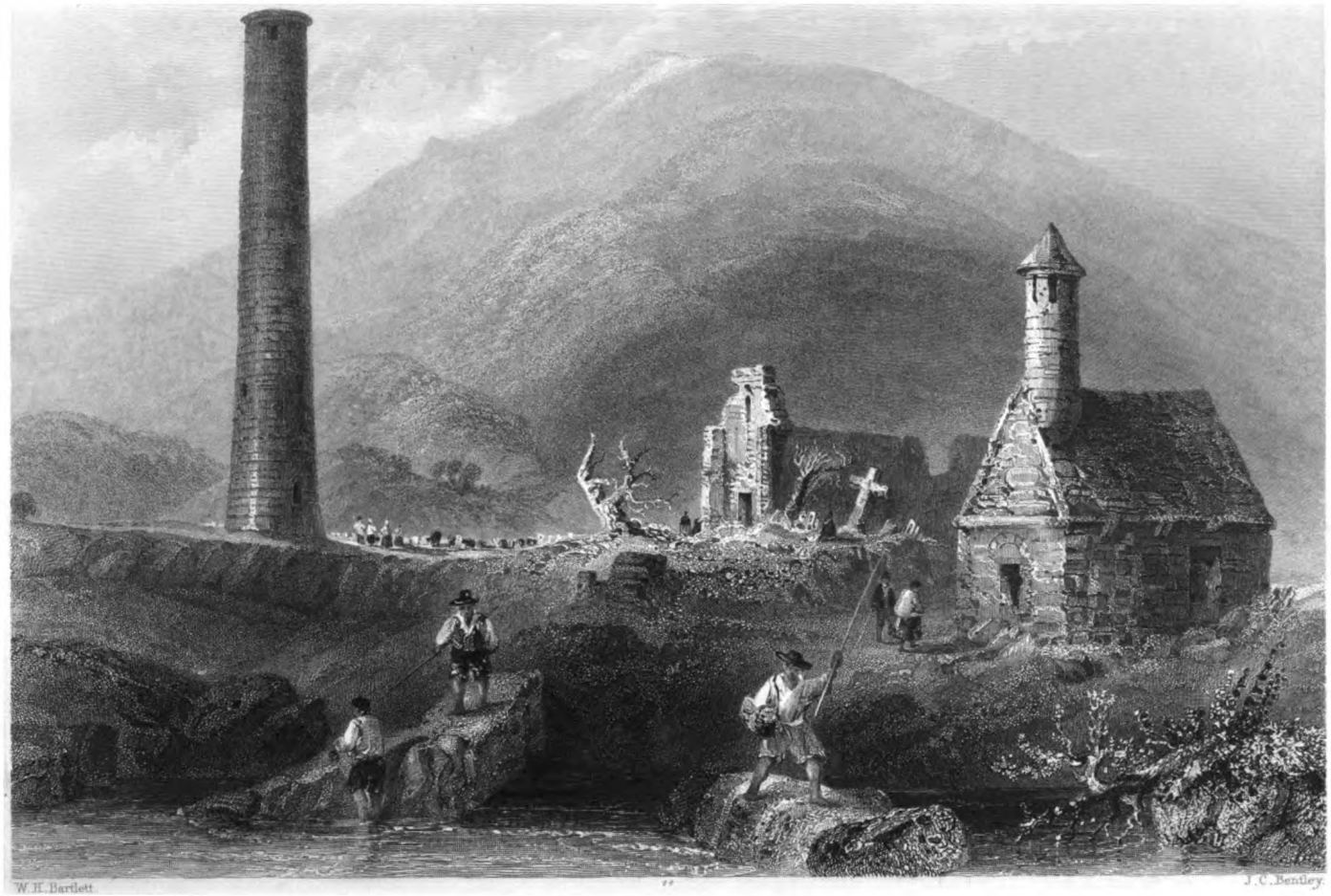
remain. Even the identity of the *Seven Churches*, for which this valley has been for centuries celebrated, and which at the present time confer a second name upon the spot, cannot be exactly ascertained; and of the famous city of Glendalough, built by St. Mochuorog, not a vestige remains, except a small paved plot of ground, of a quadrangular form, which indicates the site of the market-place of the fallen city. No traces of domestic buildings have been discovered; but the remains of a causeway, extending from the ancient market-place to Hollywood, on the borders of the county Kildare, are still visible. This laborious work of art was about twelve feet in width, and was composed of blocks of roughly-hewn stone set edgewise, not unlike the Roman roads which are frequently met with in England.

Of the religious edifices of Glendalough, the *Cathedral*, which owes its origin to St. Kevin, claims precedence. It was of small dimensions, being no more than forty-eight feet in length and thirty in width; the architecture was of the rudest style, and almost destitute of ornament. This building is now little better than a heap of ruins. Adjoining the cathedral is a small dilapidated structure, called "*The Priests'-house*," which was probably the sacristy where the priests' vestments and the reliques were preserved. A miraculous property of preventing future headaches has been attributed to this building:—the individual wishing to obtain this immunity being required to turn himself three times round in the closet, with an entire faith in the power of the blessed St. Kevin. Of the many crosses scattered amongst these ruins, a remarkable one, which stands in the spacious cemetery, eleven feet in height, and formed of a single block of granite, has also some miraculous qualities attached to it. To obtain the benefit of these, it is necessary that the supplicant should so completely embrace the cross, that his hands shall meet on the opposite side. A stranger naturally approaches the front of the cross, and endeavours to perform the required ceremony, but from the great breadth of the stone he is unable to unite his hands on the other side. The guides, however, for a small fee undertake to remove this difficulty, by causing the person making the attempt to change his position, and by placing him close to the narrow side of the shaft, enable him to accomplish his design without any trouble. Within the walls of the cemetery stands THE ROUND TOWER, one hundred and ten feet in height, uncommonly well built and in fine preservation, the roof alone having suffered by the hand of time. The contrast which this lofty monument of Pagan sepulture* offers

* Since the preceding portion of this work went through the press, some important discoveries have been made relative to the Round Towers, which will serve materially to elucidate the mystery in which their origin was involved. The reader, by refering to page 83 in this volume, will perceive it stated, that an opinion had been recently entertained, (arising from the fact of human remains having been found within the foundation of the Round Tower at Ardmore,) that these pillars were monuments erected over the graves of illustrious persons. Within the last month,

W. H. Bartlett. J. T. Willmore.

Glendalough.



Round Tower, &c. Glendalough.

(County Wicklow)

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to the humble head-stones which mark the resting-places of the Christian dead, must awaken a train of interesting ideas in every reflective mind. The poetic fancy of Mr. Otway dwelt with peculiar pleasure upon this scene. "I would rather ponder," says he, "on such a spot as this at Glendalough, surrounded as it is with mighty mountains, dark winding glens; all its lakes, streams, rocks, and waterfalls, in keeping and accordant association with a place of ruins; ruins that testify of altars, and of a priesthood overthrown—a workshop made desolate—a people 'scattered and peeled,' where the long continuous shadow of the lofty and slender

(June 1842) "The Cork Southern Reporter," a respectable journal, contained the following interesting paragraph. After alluding to the investigation made in the early part of the preceding year, it continues: "We shall now proceed to state the discoveries made subsequently to that of Ardmore. In the month of September, 1841, several of our fellow-citizens met by appointment at Cashel, the very Rev. Dr Cotton, of Lismore, and Mr. Odell, whose labours we before mentioned; the Round Tower was then examined: although human remains were found within that structure, yet because they were near the surface, mixed with earth and decayed timber, it was supposed they had been thrown casually from the adjacent cathedral. But it is now to be noted that there was evidence of a previous delving, and the discoveries since made show, at least a probability that the human bones there found had been disturbed from their original resting-place within the foundation-walls. It must however be admitted, that the Cashel researches cannot be adduced as a positive instance of the sepulchral character of these towers. Not so with Cloyne, there, at a depth from the doorway of about thirteen feet, being very near the same as at Ardmore, were found the bones of four human skeletons, lying in the direction from west to east. The space in which they lay was an irregular serrated oval, of about six feet and a half by four. The Roscrea Tower was opened about three weeks since, at the request of our society, by Mr. E. Wall of that town, who discovered human remains all through, from the doorway downwards, in a depth of over ten feet. The correspondence with Sir W. Betham has shown the success of the discoveries to which that learned and zealous antiquary has been instrumental. His noble friend, the Marquis of Downshire, caused to be opened the Round Tower of Drumbo. The Tower of Maghera has also been opened, in both of which has been found human remains. Similar results had previously attended the opening of the Tower on Ram Island. Two remarkable instances remain to be mentioned. We have the authority of Sir W. Betham, that in the Tower of Timahoe there were not only human bones, but the sepuchral urn was found; and by Mr. Black's History we learn, that in Abernethy Tower, (Scotland,) human skulls and bones were found in great numbers, and there was also discovered an urn. These two facts prove that Timahoe and Abernethy Towers, at least, were Pagan structures, and leave a strong presumption in favour of the same inference with regard to the others." The conclusion to which we inevitably arrive, after reading the foregoing statement, is, first, that these towers were of Pagan origin; imitated, perhaps, by the early Christian missionaries, but certainly converted by them in many instances to the purposes of their own religion, in accordance with their practice of changing the object of the people's worship, from a false to a true God, by maintaining the reverence they entertained for their ancient places of Pagan adoration. Secondly, that they were devoted to sepulchral uses, and very probably marked the burial-place of the priests of the ancient fire and star worship, which there is reason to believe prevailed in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity. The confirmation of this supposition would reconcile the theory of their being devoted to the obscure form of religion indicated by the element of fire, with the ascertained fact, that they were intended as monumental pillars.

round tower moves slowly from morn to eve over wasted churches, scattered yew-trees, and the tombs, now undistinguishable, of bishops, abbots, and anchorites, walking its round as time-sentinel, and telling forth to the Ancient of Days how many suns have run their diurnal and annual course since these holy men had descended to their graves."

The small building with the miniature of a Round Tower at one end, shown by the artist on the right-hand side of the accompanying engraving, popularly but incorrectly called *St. Kevin's Kitchen*, is now the most perfect of the Seven Churches: the roof, which is very curious, is composed of thin stones laid horizontally, and rising in the form of a wedge to an acute angle, the extreme height being about thirty feet. The remarkable round belfry, which rises from the west end of the church, is forty-five feet in height, the roof, like that of the church, is formed of thin stones, very neatly laid. A groove that has been discovered cut in the east end of the building, shows that this was not the original round tower, which there is reason to suppose was a distinct structure from the church, the latter being erected so as to incorporate with the edifice.

Our Lady's Church, a small ruinous structure, stands to the west of the cathedral, the architecture of which appears to have been less rude than that of the other churches. There are several recesses in the wall, in which women who desire to become matrons, are recommended to turn round three times. The effects of the *pirouette*, under the influence of the "blessed mother," are said to be truly miraculous. *The Rhefeart*, or *Sepulchre of Kings*, is situated between the two lakes, and is celebrated as the burial-place of the O'Tooles, the ancient dynasts of this country. On a tomb in this church is an inscription in the Irish character, defaced by age, which indicated it as "the resting-place" of a prince of that race, who died in the year 810. *The Priory of St. Saviour*, commonly called the *Eastern Church*, and the *Ivy Church*, which has obtained its name from the plant with which its ruins are overgrown, are not of sufficient importance to require more than a passing notice. *Teampull na Skellig*, or the *Temple of the Rock* or *Desert*, situated in a solitary nook beneath the impending mountain of Lugduff, is the last of what are commonly called the "*Seven Churches*" of this glen. To this small rude fabric, almost inaccessible except by water, St. Kevin was wont to retire during the season of Lent, devoting himself to prayer and devout exercises. Tradition relates, that on one occasion, when the holy man was praying at a window in this chapel, with one hand extended in a supplicating attitude, a blackbird descended and deposited her eggs in his open palm. The saint, moved with compassion for the bird, did not withdraw his hand, but remained in the same position until the creature had hatched her eggs. For which reason in all representations of St. Kevin he is shown with an outstretched arm, and supporting in his hand a bird's nest. *The Abbey*, though now

completely in ruins, is the most extensive and the most interesting of the architectural vestiges of Glendalough. It consisted originally of two buildings, lying parallel to each other, of rare and beautiful workmanship, adorned with curious sculptures; but of these only detached fragments are now visible: the earth rises in wavy hillocks over the fallen enrichments, and matted trees and brambles overgrow the decaying walls. Some of the specimens of ancient sculpture found in the vicinity of the abbey, though rude, are of great interest. On one stone is represented a wolf gnawing a human head; on another, the head of a young man, whose long hair is entwined with the tail of the animal. A writer of great antiquarian knowledge observes, that "the hair thus thrown back from the forehead was the genuine Irish Cooleen or Glibb." Wolves were not wholly extirpated until the year 1710, and in attaching the hair of the man to the tail of the animal, the sculptor intended, perhaps, to typify the fondness of the one for the pursuit of the other.

It may be necessary to explain here, that the ancient Irish shaved or clipped the hair close on the forepart of the head, and suffered it to grow long behind: these flowing locks were called a *Glibbe* or *Coolin*. The policy of the English government being ever to remove every national distinction from a people whom they had but partially subdued, a parliament was held in Dublin, in the year 1295, by which an act was passed, strictly enjoining all persons to wear, *at least as to the head*, the English habit and tonsure, and *not to presume longer to turn their hair into a Coolin*, under a severe penalty, and deprivation of the benefit of the law. A native bard, indignant at this arbitrary edict, composed a song, in which an Irish virgin declares her preference for her lover, who wears the dear *Coolin* above those who had assumed the stranger fashion. The exquisitely plaintive and universally admired air, known as "*The Coolin*," is all that has descended to us of this song, to which Mr. Moore has adapted very beautiful and appropriate words in his "Irish Melodies." The mention of this circumstance reminds me of the singular change in the politics of the hair, which has taken place in Ireland since the edict was passed against the *Coolin*. The hostility of the ancient Irish to the English sway, was shown by the long locks of the *Coolin;* the disaffection of the modern Irish, in the rebellion of 1798, was exhibited in the close-cut hair of the rebels, from which they derived the contemptuous epithet of "Croppies." This close cropping of the hair was a mark of Republican sentiments, and first came into fashion in Ireland at the period of the French revolution.

The last object of interest in this wild glen to which I shall direct my readers' attention, is the celebrated *St. Kevin's Bed*, a small cave hollowed in the face of the perpendicular rock, and overhanging, at a considerable height, the dark waters of the lake. The path which conducts to the aerial couch of the solitary recluse

is fearfully narrow, and the stranger must be endowed with more than ordinary nerve, who (though assured by the guides that there is not the least danger in the attempt) can muster courage enough to climb the perilous-looking track without an involuntary shudder, or a consciousness of—

——— "That sense of danger which sublimes
The breathless moment, when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,
Like the death-music of his coming doom."

The romantic tradition attached to this cave, even more than its singular situation, has given it an extraordinary celebrity, and has formed the subject of Moore's Irish Melody—commencing,

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er," &c.

It is related that St. Kevin, who in his youth was not less remarkable for his exemplary piety than for his personal beauty, captivated the heart of a beautiful and high-born maiden, named Kathleen. In the words of the song,—

"She had loved him well and long,
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong:
Wheresoe'er the saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turned,
Still her eyes before him burned."

But the warm glances from Kathleen's "eyes of most unholy blue," had no power to melt the young anchorite's frigid heart; and in order to be freed from the interruptions of her visits, he concealed himself in a cave, which he had formed in the face of Lugduff mountain. In this sequestered spot he fancied himself secure from the temptations of the sex; but the fond girl had tracked her lover's steps to his rocky couch, and—

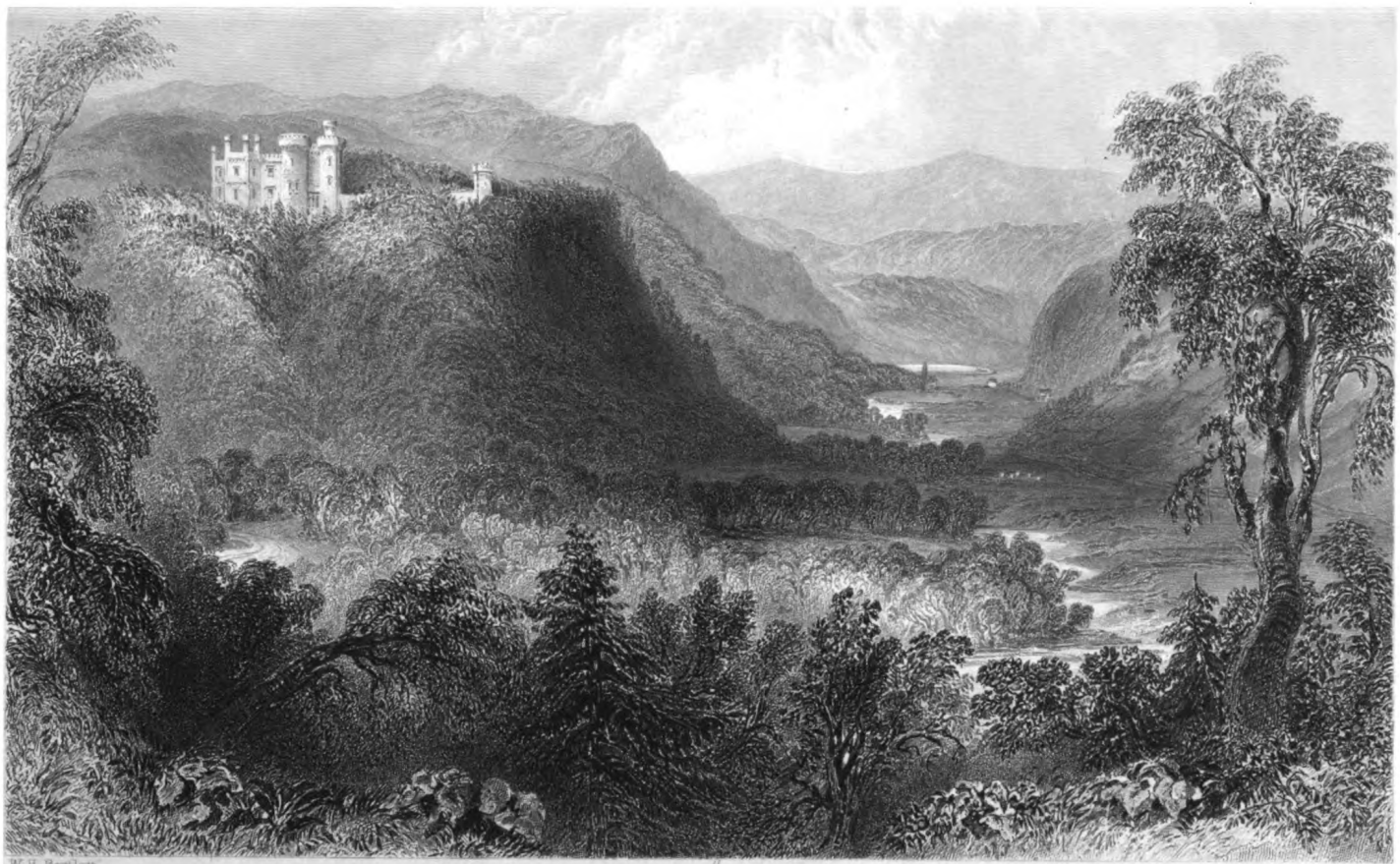
"Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'r him leans and weeps."

The catastrophe of the story is more creditable to the saint's purity than his humanity; for awakening from his slumbers, and perceiving a female beside his couch, he, in a moment of sudden anger, hurled her from the cliff into the lake below. No sooner had the gentle Kathleen sunk into the dark waters, than the saint reproached himself for his cruel conduct; and though he could not save the life of her who loved him so tenderly, he put up a prayer to heaven that no other mortal might find a watery grave in that lake; a prayer that the peasantry in the neighbourhood firmly believe was granted.

W. H. Bartlett. ES J. C. Bentley.

Head of Glenmalure.

(County Wicklow.)


W.H. Bartlett.
S. Bradshaw.

Quitting the solitary and awe-inspiring Glendalough, the tourist intending to visit the delightful vale of Ovoca, proceeds by the military road to GLENMALURE, a beautiful valley through which for several miles winds the Avonbeg, one of the rivers which lower down combine in the Meeting of the Waters. The character of this glen is altogether different from the picturesque beauty of the wooded Dargle, or the softer features of the Glen of the Downs; its aspect is wild and impressive, the rude and barren rocks which rise abruptly on either hand, giving a savage grandeur to the scene. THE HEAD OF GLENMALURE, where the waters of a small stream, flowing down the precipitous face of a steep mountain, forms the Ess Fall, is especially striking, and merits the praise of a modern tourist, who asserts, that it is by far the finest of the Wicklow Glens, and, with the exception of the Killeries in Connemara, is not to be equalled in the kingdom.

The outlet of Glenmalure, proceeding towards Rathdrum, is extremely pleasing: the valley expands, the hills slope gently away, and being wooded down to the banks of the river, the features of the landscape are not so wild and rugged as in the upper part of the glen. At the junction of Glenmalure with the Vale of Avoca, the most striking object is CASTLE HOWARD, the residence of Mrs. Howard, picturesquely perched on the brow of a lofty eminence, apparently upheld by the tops of the trees, for from the towers to the river side it is one mass of luxuriant foliage. Directly below this romantic structure, the Avonbeg and the Avonmore, stealing forth from their secluded glens, unite their streams; and here the Vale of Avoca, which stretches from hence to the sea at Arklow, may be said to commence. The confluence of these rivers is generally termed THE MEETING OF THE WATERS. Nature has here scattered her charms with a liberal hand: waving woods, clear waters, and verdant shores combine to render the scene one of delicious softness and beautiful tranquillity. "It is not a scene," says a late writer, "which a poet or painter would visit if he wished to elevate his imagination by sublime views of nature, or by images of terror; but if he desired to represent the calm repose of peace and love, he would chose this glen as their place of residence." No language could adequately convey to the reader a faithful picture of the serene beauty of this enchanting valley, but the emotions which the contemplation of them excites in the human breast, has been deliciously described by the graceful pen of Ireland's Bard. Who does not remember that warm effusion of his early muse, consecrated to "The Meeting of the Waters," commencing with the following stanza?—

> "There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
> As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
> Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

From "The Meeting of the Waters," the river pursues its devious course to the sea through a fertile valley, whose mountainous sides are thrown into an endless variety of lovely pictures, by the irregularity of their positions. These mountainous ridges are covered with the thick foliage of the oak,* and are richly pictorial in heaths, furze, and other upland vegetation. Further onward the vale gradually expands into broad and verdant slopes, dotted at intervals with white cottages, through which the river glides gently towards the sea, whose blue waters make a noble boundary to a combination of the grandest and softest scenery which nature has ever produced.

Although I have in the preceding pages noticed many of the most attractive scenes in this romantic district, it would be impossible within the limits of a work of this nature to enumerate all the beautiful spots that invite the attention of the tourist. I cannot, however, complete my desultory sketches without noticing a remarkable waterfall, at a place called POUL-A-PHOUCA,† on the north-eastern borders of this county. The cataract is formed by the descent of the river Liffey through a narrow opening in a craggy precipice, falling from a height of upwards of one hundred and eighty feet, over several progressive ledges of rocks, till it is precipitated into a dark abyss, where it forms a whirlpool of frightful appearance and immense depth. Owing to the manner in which the water is broken in its descent, Poul-a-Phouca is by many considered the most picturesque fall in the county Wicklow. A handsome bridge of a single Gothic arch has been thrown across the chasm through which the water rushes. The span of this arch is sixty-five feet, and its key-stone is one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the river. On one side, the glen for some distance, both above and below the fall, is overhung by abrupt and naked rocks; on the other, the banks being less precipitous are cut into walks, and otherwise tastefully embellished. This is a portion of the demesne of the Earl of Miltown, whose splendid mansion of Russborough, at a short distance from the fall, is the most conspicuous ornament of this part of the country.

* Ireland was once celebrated for her oak woods, and, according to the authority of Spenser, the county Wicklow, so recently as the reign of Elizabeth, was greatly encumbered with a redundance of wood. The oak woods of *Shillelah* (a barony so called) conferred that universally-known appellation on the redoubtable cudgel of the Irish peasant, whose toughness can only be equalled by the heads to which it is so frequently applied in the little *scruimmages* that occur at the fairs, patrons, and merry-makings through the country. It was these woods that supplied the architect of Westminster Hall with the oak-timber of which the roof of that noble and venerable edifice was constructed. But the glories of Shillelah are departed; a few straggling trees are all that now remain to perpetuate the wooded pride of that famous district.

† *Poul-a-Phouca*, i. e. *The Phouca's Hole*. In the Fairy Mythology of Ireland the *Phouca* or *Pooka* is described as a misshapen imp, haunting lonely glens and dark recesses; he resembles in his habits and disposition the Scotch *Brownie* and the Scandinavian *Troll*.

W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

The Meeting of the Waters.

P. M. WOOLLETT, R.A.

As the united streams which form the Ovoca river approach the spot where their waters mingle with those of the sea, the vale expands, and the mountains subside into gentle undulations. Amidst this scenery Shelton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Wicklow, is beautifully situated on the northern bank of the Ovoca. It stands at the base of a range of hills, which rise gently around it, and are luxuriantly clothed with oak and birch-wood. The mansion, which is of considerable antiquity, has received several important improvements from the present noble possessor, who has had it almost wholly reconstructed under his own inspection, and from a building of very moderate architectural pretensions, has converted it into an appropriate baronial residence—that of an abbey of the fourteenth century, with additions of a later date. The picturesque character of the edifice has a fine effect, and, with the surrounding scenery, forms one of the most charming landscapes of which this delightful county can boast. The demesne, stretches for a considerable distance along the bank of the river, and is thickly studded with beech and chestnut-trees, some of which have attained to an unusually noble growth. On the southern bank of the river, nearly opposite to Shelton, Kilcarra Castle, the seat of the Earl of Carysfort, stands girt by venerable woods, which extend almost to Arklow. This little town, when approached from the vale of Ovoca, presents, with the barracks and the ruins of the castle crowning the hill, and the bridge of nineteen arches spanning the waters, a very pleasing appearance. The town is divided into two parts; the upper town, in which the houses are neatly built, and the fishery, which consists of a number of mud cottages, irregularly huddled together, and wholly inhabited by fishermen and their families. Like the Claddagh men of Galway, the fishermen of Arklow are a race distinct from the other inhabitants. They will allow no persons but those engaged in the fishery to live in the quarter of the town they have appropriated to themselves; and being wholly devoted to their own particular pursuits, they hold but little intercourse with their neighbours; neither will they, even when reduced to absolute distress, employ themselves in any occupations not connected with their favourite element. Their lives afford an incessant variety, which seems the zest of their existence. They endure all the hardships and privations of a seafaring life with astonishing patience and resolution; but as soon as the cause which urges them to exertion is removed, they relapse into indolence, and remain sitting at home by the fire-side for days together, in the full enjoyment of the pleasure of "doing nothing at all." Sometimes they have money in abundance, at others they are suffering under the bitterest effects of imprudence and poverty. But probably in these respects they differ little from the same class of men all over the world; and both their defects and good qualities, it is likely, may be traced in all cases to the same cause—a life of chance and adventure.

The herring-fishing on the coast between Wexford and Dublin, has of late years become an object of considerable importance, and consequently of increased attention; the fishing in the Bay of Arklow is considered, next to that of Galway, as the best on any of the Irish coasts.

The only relic of antiquity that Arklow boasts, is an old ivy-grown tower adjoining the barracks; the remains of the castle built by one of the Ormond family, who once held large possessions in this county. In 1331 it was taken from the English by the O'Tooles, the Irish princes of this district, who, however, were shortly after driven from it by Lord Bermingham. Subsequently the Irish became its masters, but were again expelled by the English. In 1641 the Irish surprised the castle, put the garrison to the sword, and kept possession of it till 1649, when it was captured by Oliver Cromwell, who dismantled it, and reduced it to a heap of ruins. The remains of a monastery, founded by Theobald Fitzwalter, Lord Butler of Ireland, in the reign of Henry II., were visible at the rear of the town at the close of the last century, but they have now wholly disappeared.

The county of Wicklow was the scene of several sanguinary conflicts during the rebellion of 1798. The town of Arklow, in particular, has acquired a melancholy celebrity on account of a battle fought there between the royal forces and the insurgent army, when the latter were defeated, after a desperate but ill-directed resistance. The following particulars of this action may not be uninteresting to my readers. After the defeat of Colonel Walpole's troops at Gorey on the 4th of June, the rebels, flushed with success, advanced to attack Arklow on the 9th. Their number probably amounted to twenty-seven thousand, of whom near five thousand were armed with guns, the rest with pikes; they were also furnished with three pieces of serviceable artillery. The troops posted for the defence of this, at that time, important station, consisted of sixteen hundred men, regulars and yeomanry. The rebels attacked the town on all sides, except that which is washed by the river, and the approach of the column which advanced by the sea-shore, was so rapid that the guard of yeoman-cavalry stationed in that quarter, with difficulty effected their escape through the flames of the thatched cabins, which had been fired by the rebels on entering the town. The further progress of the assailants was prevented by the charge of the regular cavalry, supported by the fire of the infantry.

As the rebels poured their fire from the shelter of ditches, so that the opposing fire of the soldiery had no effect, Colonel Skerritt, the second in command to General Needham, directed his men to stand with ordered arms, their left wing being covered by a breast-work, and the right by a natural rising of the ground, until the enemy, leaving their cover, should advance to an open attack. This open attack was made three times in most formidable force, the assailants charging within

a few yards of the cannons' mouths; but they were received with so close and effective a fire, that they were repulsed with great slaughter in every attempt, and were at length obliged to retreat in confusion upon Gorey.

The valour displayed by the undisciplined and half-armed peasantry, in the various conflicts which took place during this deplorable struggle, would, under different circumstances, have redounded to their eternal honour; but, in the heat of party strife, the voice of the accuser alone was heard, and none had courage to publish the brave or generous deeds of the misguided men, whose virtues are interred in the grave—

"Where cold and unhonoured their relics are laid."

Few, however, will be found to deny, that there is no nation on earth upon whom the gift of natural courage is more largely bestowed than on the Irish. In the common people it too often displays itself in brawls and faction-fights—but in the disciplined soldier it rises to the loftiest pitch of intrepid gallantry. As far back as Spenser's time, the bravery of the Irish soldier was generally admitted. The poet, who was no friend of Ireland, writes: "I have heard some great warriors say, that in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than an Irishman, nor that cometh more bravely to his charge."

This disposition has gained for the Irish a character for pugnacity, and it has been humorously said, that while the Englishman fights for love of conquest, the Frenchman for love of glory, the German for love of discipline, and the Swiss for love of pay, the son of Erin fights for love of fun. A popular Irish song gives a very graphic description of this friendly hostile feeling in an Irish *boy* at Donnybrook fair, who—

"Goes into a tent, and he spends his half-crown,
Comes out, meets his friend—and for love knocks him down."

Carleton, in his admirable Stories of the Irish Peasantry, illustrates this disposition in a pugnacious little tailor, who exclaims, that he is "blue mowldy for the want of a bating." As a companion anecdote to that of Carleton's tailor, I once heard a story of an Irish labourer, who was in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Ireland. He was on one occasion about going to a fair, which was held annually at a neighbouring village, when his master endeavoured to dissuade him from his design. "You always," said he, "come back from the fair with a broken head; now, stay at home to-day, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings;" "I'm for ever and all obliged to your honour," replies Darby; "but does it stand to rason," added he, flourishing his shillelagh over his head, "does it stand to rason that I'd take five shillings for the bating I'm to get to-day?"

This digression has caused me to wander from my subject;—to return then to the glens and mountains of Wicklow.—Bountifully has nature lavished her gifts upon this delicious garden of the west, for she has not only given beauty to its hills and valleys, but has enriched the bosom of the earth with her choicest treasures. Towards the close of the last century, a quantity of native gold, in lumps and grains, was picked up by the peasantry in a stream that descends from the mountain of Croghan, which excited the most extravagant hopes respecting the existence of a mine of the precious metal. Government in consequence established works on the mountain-streams, and sunk mines for the purpose of obtaining the gold, but with such little success, that they were induced, after some time, to abandon the enterprise. One might almost fancy that the protecting spirits of these mountain solitudes, indignant at having their quiet haunts profaned by the sordid hunters after mammon, had converted the golden stores of the mountain into slates and stones, as the gifts bestowed by the fairies upon mortals are said to be changed into something vile and worthless. It is a strange fact, that from the 24th of August to the 15th of October, 1795,—when government took possession of the prize,—the quantity of gold collected in this vicinity was no less than two thousand six hundred and sixty-six ounces, which was sold on the spot for £10,000 of the Irish currency of the time; but since then rarely any gold has been found, and, if any, only in very small grains indeed.

My tour through Wicklow is now drawn to a close:—but though I have been unable to pourtray in words all the charms that embellish this romantic region, I trust that the lovely scenes upon which the pencil of our artist has been employed may create a taste for the beautiful in nature in the minds of many of my readers:—or haply the glimpses we have given of the sweet haunts of this fairy land, may tempt some English tourists from the banks of "the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po," to enjoy, amid the scenery of a sister isle,—

> "The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That have their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms, or watery depths."

W. H. Bartlett. J. B. Allen.

Dunbrody Abbey

APPENDIX.

In bringing this volume to a conclusion, I perceive that our artist has supplied three Engravings which have not been noticed in their proper places. As they will be found highly interesting, I deem it advisable to append a short description of them here.

The first of these illustrations is a view of Dunbrody Abbey, a venerable and extensive monument of antiquity in the county Wexford. It was founded, according to the best authorities, about the year 1182, by the celebrated Hervey de Montmorency, marshal to Henry II., who was amongst the first of the English adventurers that obtained a footing in Ireland. Hervey was related to Strongbow by marriage, being uncle to the lady Aliva de Montmaurisco, the earl's first wife. No less distinguished for his prudence than for his courage, he was made constable of Ireland by the English monarch, and obtained from Dermod Mac Morough, the traitorous king of Leinster,* extensive grants of land in this county. When Strongbow found it necessary to repair to England to remove the political jealousy of Henry, by surrendering formally all his Irish acquisitions to the royal disposal, he appointed Hervey de Montmorency seneschal of Leinster, and committed to him the command of the English forces. On Srongbow's return to his government, he made a pretext for quarrelling with Hervey, of whose increasing influence he began to grow jealous; in consequence of which the insulted chieftain quitted the army, and restored to Strongbow all the lands allotted to him, except a small portion in the barony of Shelburne. Here he erected and endowed a religious establishment, in which he settled monks of the Cistercian order, and, retiring from the stormy scenes in which he had been long engaged, assumed the cowl, and became the first abbot of the noble abbey he had founded. Dunbrody Abbey was originally dependent on that of Buildwas in Shropshire: an old poem with which I have met,

* This was the monarch, who, being driven from his provincial throne for his cruelty and tyranny, adopted the base expedient of regaining his power by means of foreign arms, and procured the invasion of his native country by the English adventurers.

after enumerating the several townships bestowed by the constable Hervey upon this religious house, concludes with the following couplet:—

"These lands de Montmaurisco gave
To Buildwas shrine,—his soul to save."

Subsequently Dunbrody became an independent abbacy, and its abbot sat in parliament as a spiritual lord, until the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. when it was granted to Sir Osborne Itchingham. The edifice, though considerably injured by the tooth of time and the hands of barbarous despoilers, is still one of the most perfect and interesting specimens of the ecclesiastical architecture of its age to be met with in the kingdom. It is situated upon the verge of an extensive bay or arm of the river, near the confluence of the Suir, with the Nore and Barrow, about five miles below the city of Waterford. This bay is so shallow, that at the recess of the tide a vast, unsightly mud-bank is left exposed; but at high-water, when the bank is overflown, the venerable ruins of the abbey, unsheltered by a single tree, and standing in naked and solitary grandeur beside the flood, present to the mind of the spectator a solemn image of fallen and deserted greatness. Visitors enter the building by an arched doorway at the western end; the workmanship of which, as well as that of the unique window above it, has been pronounced "magnificent" by every person who has seen them. The interior of the abbey, viewed from the entrance, is singularly striking:—before us lies the great aisle, divided from the cloisters by a double row of arches, supported by massive square pillars; the inside of these arches is adorned with a moulding, springing from beautiful consoles. In the centre of the edifice, sustained by noble arches, fifty feet in height, rises the great tower, whose grey battlements afford shelter to a community of daws, whose sable plumage and mournful cawings, might suggest to the mind of a Brahmin the idea, that the souls of the old monks who once paced these dim cloisters inhabited the bodies of these birds, and still lingered around the haunts they loved so well. Some curious tombs of the early benefactors of the abbey existed formerly within its walls, but they have long since been overturned and destroyed by the country people, in digging for hidden treasures, which popular tradition says are concealed amongst the ruins.

The remains of the venerable abbeys and the ancient castle of the Fitzgeralds in the neighbourhood of the little village of Adare, about eight miles from Limerick, form the subject of the second engraving.

The early history of Adare is involved in considerable obscurity; the ancient town, which derived its name from *Aith-dhar*, or "*The Ford of the Oaks*," lay upon the eastern bank of the Maige, (a tributary stream to the Shannon,) about half-a-mile

W. H. Bartlett. W. Mossman.

Augustinian Abbey, Adare.

(with the Castle of the Fitzgeralds and the Franciscan Abbey.)

ADARE DE AUGUSTINIAN ABBEY

DE AUGUSTINER AB EI DE ADARE

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W. H. Bartlett. H. Griffiths.

Carrigquinnell Castle

from the modern town, which is situated on the western side of the river, over which is a fine level bridge of fourteen arches, built by the fifth Earl of Kildare, still in a state of excellent preservation. There is not, perhaps, in the whole province of Munster a more beautifully situated village than Adare; the ruins of its magnificent castle, where the proud Desmonds held sway—the meadows, sloping gently to the margin of the stream—the ivy-mantled walls of the stately abbeys that once flourished here—the lonely shades—the venerable trees, and the quiet walks,

"Where heavenly meditation musing dwelt,"

awaken in the contemplative mind emotions of the most exquisite nature. The remains of three important religious houses are still to be seen here, viz. THE FRANCISCAN ABBEY, THE AUGUSTINIAN ABBEY, and the Abbey of the Holy Trinity. The first of these was founded by Thomas Fitz-Maurice, seventh Earl of Kildare, and his wife Joan; the second, an exceedingly picturesque ruin, was built in the year 1315, by John Fitz-Thomas, first Earl of Kildare, and forms a beautiful and striking object in the landscape. "A great part of this friary," says a writer who visited it in 1781, "still remains in good preservation; the steeple, similar to that of the Trinitarians, is supported by an arch; the choir is large, with stalls, and the nave answerable thereto, with a lateral aisle on the south side; to the north of the steeple are some beautiful cloisters with Gothic windows, within which, on three of the sides, are corridors, and on most of these windows are escutcheons with the English and saltire crosses, generally ranged alternately; the workmanship is simply elegant, the principal parts being of hewn limestone, which appears so fresh as to give it a modern yet venerable appearance." The monastery of the Holy Trinity was founded, and amply endowed, by the first Earl of Kildare, for the pious purpose of redeeming Christian captives from slavery. The entrance to it was by a low gate, on the west side, which, as well as the other remaining portions of this building, are of an extremely massive and gloomy character. The castle, built by the Earls of Desmond to command the bridge over the river, is now reduced to a pile of ruins; but the portions of the structure which remain show that it must have been a place of great strength, and that its position was admirably chosen to protect the pass it was intended to defend. It was finally destroyed in the rebellion of 1641. Adare gives the titles of baron and viscount to the ancient Irish family of Quin, Earls of Dunraven and Mountearl. Adare Castle, the family seat, is situated on the western bank of the river, in a very extensive and highly-ornamented demesne, and commands a fine view of the ancient castle and the venerable abbeys in its neighbourhood. The building of this noble mansion is not yet completed, but when finished, it will be one of the finest edifices in the country.

The interesting ruins of CARRIGOGUNNELL CASTLE, of which our last engraving

is a representation, are situated on the summit of a lofty rock, rising abruptly from an extensive plain on the banks of the Shannon, about six miles west from Limerick and presenting a noble and striking object to the surrounding country.

Archdall's *Monasticon Hibernicum* informs us, that there was a house for knights templars here, which, in the year 1530, was the seat of Donough O'Brien, Lord of Poble O'Brien. In 1691, when the Irish forces, after the disastrous battle of Aughrim, retreated to Limerick, Carrigogunnell Castle was held for King James. General Scravemore marching against it, forced the garrison to surrender, and the following month, (August,) the castle was dismantled and blown up. It is worthy of notice, that Dr. Story, who was Dean of Limerick at the time, and who afterwards wrote the History of the War in Ireland, received one hundred and sixty pounds to reimburse him for his expenses, buying powder, &c. to blow up Castle Connell and Carrigogunnell Castle, of which nothing now remain but piles of venerable ruins.

THE END.

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