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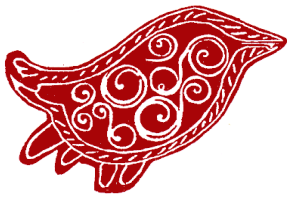

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Historic and Prehistoric Remains in the districts of Glanworth, Ballyhooly, etc.

By C. CREMEN, (*Council Member*).

ON Easter Monday the following members visited the historic and prehistoric remains in the districts of Glanworth, Ballyhooly, etc.

Dr. P. G. Lee (Hon. Sec.), Dr. J. J. Fitzgerald, Miss G. Lee, Miss M. Fitzgerald, Messrs. M. F. Cogan, M. J. Lavallin, D. MacPherson, C. McCarthy, M. Holland and C. Cremen, who were joined by Dr. Eaton Waters and Mr. J. Harold Barry at Glanworth.

Having passed Bottle Hill, famous for the skirmishes, denominated battles, fought there in Cromwellian times, as in much later days, they stopped for a short time near Cnoic Skeagh (Hawthorn Hill) to seek for some mounds in that locality.

Not being able to readily locate these, they proceeded directly in the fabled track of the Bo Fainne (the White Cow of the Old-Folk Lore Story to Ballyhooly) (Apple Town). Here finding themselves in the arena of a great struggle between Lord Castlehaven (Royalist) and the Earl of Inchiquin (Parl.) they were much interested in Ballyhooly Castle, an outlying Castle of the Roches, which appears to have been taken and retaken in Cromwellian times.

Lewis states that "Ballyhooly Castle was formerly one of the principal fortresses of the Roches, and passed on its forfeiture with the adjoining lands to Sir Richard Aldworth. It was taken in 1645 by Lord Castlehaven, who commanded the Royal forces in the district."

And Captain Hodder, in his official report in 1645, wrote "All the Castles beyond the Blackwater are taken only Ballyhooly."

After these events it was reported by some writers as "in a ruined state," but our party found it in very good condition again, having been rebuilt by Lord Listowel, the owner, in 1862.

Passing on to Glanworth, which we were told was spelled Glen Amhain (Glen of the River) in the *Book of Rights*, a district rich in both historic and prehistoric relics. Glanworth Castle, which stands by the roadside near the village of that name, is now a hopeless ruin, the outworks having almost disappeared, and the mere fragment, the gable of the keep that remain seems tottering. This may be the result of the sieges it passed through in the days of the Confederation, &c., but unfortunately it's ruin seems to have been accelerated by the malicious propensities for wanton destruction in our people of to-day. Even while there, we could see fresh traces of vandalism; portions of the wall torn down by youths or others for seemingly no purpose. Such conduct here and elsewhere throughout the country calls

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for the immediate and drastic operation of the Act for the Preservation of our Ancient Monuments recently passed by the Government.

As the district around appears to have been granted after the Anglo-Norman Conquest to Flemings and Condons, who had come over in the train of Raymond le Gros and Maurice Fitzgerald, Glanworth Castle is regarded to have been originally built by Fleming. It passed into the possession of the Roches in a romantic manner peculiar to the times, such as the timely relief of the Castle closely besieged by the native Irish, when Roche marries the daughter of the Lord Fleming, and so adds this domain to his own.

So it is that while the Castle proper is ascribed to Fleming, De Rupe or Roche, is credited with the erection of the peculiar building within the quadrangle, known as the State Apartment or Banquetting Hall, but more like a Citadel within the fortress such as a soldier of Fortune like Roche would erect.

It measures 47′ 6″ x 34′ 10″, of a height of nearly 40′ and with walls over 6′ thick.

This building is better preserved than the Castle itself.

It is said that warlike as those Normans were, they evidenced a strange spirit of religion, taking land and spoil from the natives and founding and endowing Churches with the proceeds. The Roches seemed to be no exception, and we find close by a Dominican Abbey founded by them. I understand there is another, a Cistercian House, some miles away ; as well as a Leper Church near the village which also owe their foundation to them.

The Tig Aluis or Sweat House at Manning next visited, is somewhat remarkable inasmuch as it is not a mere hole in the ground, but a cave opening in a bank and at first sight appears to run under the present roadway. On entering, however, it is found to be a regularly constructed chamber of rubble masonry composed of fair sized pieces of Red Sandstone, fixed in the face of the earthy bank. The drain seems to turn off at an angle and descend. There is a small pond of clear water adjacent which suggests that those old folks had anticipated all the modern improvements of the so called " Turkish Bath."

The next place of interest was the famous Leabba Callighe, little over half a mile away. This famous Cyclopean Monument of some ancient race abuts on the public roadway leading to Marshalstown and consists of some twelve or sixteen large stones enclosing a space of 32 feet long. One of the covering stones is nearly 16 feet long and weighs several tons. The whole is enclosed in a stone circle, about 43 feet in diameter.

Was this the foundation of a Cairn to mark a Celtic burial ? Has the ground receded so that a person by stooping can walk beneath ?, or was it the gigantic Altar of some ancient funeral rite ?

Time has woven a strange legend around it, of one of those Warrior hags of Celtic stories from whom it gets its name " The Hags Bed." She is said to have killed her husband by hurling a huge stone, still to be seen standing in the bed of the neighbouring river Funcheon nearly three miles away.

On going down towards the Funcheon to see the stone which stands

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LEABBA CALLIGHE (HAGS BED)

THE CHURCH OF THE LEPERS.

(Photos by Dr. P. G. Lee).

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in the middle of the River, we were pleased to find we had a good view of the Ford near Manning, the site of the memorable battle of "Mannings Ford," where the Cromwellian Army under Sir Charles Vavasour were so signally defeated by the Irish troops under Lord Castlehaven, immediately after the Massacre at Cooleigh in June, 1643.

Many photographs of historic interest having been taken, we returned to the City well pleased with our day's outing.

The Antiquaries at Glanworth.

A Leprecaune, plying his fairy trade
Of cobbler, deep in the ferny shade
Of the Laibhe Cailleach, or Witch's Bed,
Peered out from the stones and "Good day," he said,
"Did ye meet them ones that was visiting here?
"The maddest folk that ye'd see in a year!"

"What folk?" said the Cluricaune he addressed,
"Is it Con and Lavallin and all the rest
"Of the Antiquaries? Why man," said he,
"I met 'em all. There was Dr. Lee
"With his quare wee box on its three straight feet;
"And the heartiest man you'd like to meet,
"John, son of Gerald, I think his name,
"But I misremember: And with him came
"Mr. Holland, the man who knows the flowers
"Of wood and field—he's a friend of ours!
"There, too, was a man who from Scotland hails,
"Like the Galloglasses of bygone tales;
"And Mr. McCarthy, with a tape to measure
"Biteens of stones; And, as if our treasure
"Were hidden there for him to find,
"One Waters, with a rake, I mind;
"And Mr. Barry, the earnest man,
"A terrible keen antiquarian;
"And Mr. Cogan, and sure that's all—
"A dacent lot, taken short and tall!"

"And will you tell me," the Leprecaune said,
"Are any of them folk right in the head?
"For such fuss to make over bits of stone
"And crumblin' castles and moulderin' bone!
"'Tisn't sense at all at all, bedad
"'Tis onnatural nonsense," the Leprecaune said.
"Whisht a while," said the Cluricaune, "Give them their due,
"They're as sane as me and more sane than you,

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