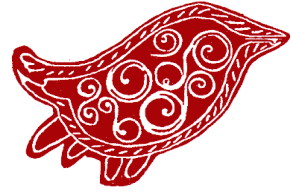


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through the extravagance of its original owners ; but, on the whole, the result of the changes of the Elizabethan period was the breaking-up of the semi-royal power of the chiefs, and the establishment in West Cork and South Kerry of a vast number of landowners of native descent, with titles recognised as valid by the English law.⁽⁴²⁾ For the final downfall of these native Irish landlords we must go to the confiscations which followed on the events of 1641.

⁽⁴²⁾ Especially in Carbery and Desmond. In Muskerry, and apparently in Duhallow, the chiefs got most of the clan lands.

Windele Manuscripts.

(Continued.)

FERMOY,



IRISH monastic Ara-moy, is a market and post town twenty-three miles from Cork, on the Blackwater, which is here crossed by a fine bridge of thirteen arches, rounded and pointed, half modern, half antique, the latter (the eastern portion) being thickly mantled with ivy. *Fearmaigh*. This tract extends along the north side of the Blackwater a little beyond Mallow, and is one of the most fertile and picturesque districts in the county.

In 1170 a Cistercian abbey, called "De Castro Dei," supplied from the monastery of Surium, was founded near the present bridge of Fermoy. Allemand ignorantly ascribes the erection to the Roches, a family not heard of in Ireland till long after 1170. It was probably in this monastery was written the *Leabhan Fearmaigh ; or, Book of Fermoy*, a manuscript work still extant, which contains in prose and verse an account of the possessions of the Roches of Fermoy with historical and miscellaneous tracts, amongst others a curious tract on the "Metempsychosis." It has long been pulled down, leaving no vestige save a name to the present Abbey Street. A village from an early period subsisted adjoining the abbey, but the present town dates its origin in or about 1791, being indebted for its worth and prosperity to the late John Anderson, esq., who had purchased property here, and contracted with Government for the erection of barracks. The result of his enterprise was the creation of a new town. It was Mr. Anderson who became the first contractor for the mail coach established between Cork and Dublin.

In view of the town looking down to the east are the castles of Carrickavrick and Lioclaish. The first of these stands within a mile of the town, on a high rocky steep at the south side of the river, recently planted down to the water's edge. Lioclaish, which is farther down, is a square castle of rude workmanship built by the Condons. It occupies a bold site above the river, and some ruinous buildings run along the edge of the precipice on which it is built. Its architecture is plain, rather rudely so. It is like Carrigavrick, double vaulted, the arches pointed; the ascent to the floors is difficult.

The O'Keefes preceded the O'Duggans in the lordship of this district; and in the Middle Ages the dominion of the latter was shared with the Roches, an Anglo-Norman family. The yearly tribute of O'Duggan "of the race of Ir" to his suzerain, the king of Munster, was forty bullocks, forty beeves and forty milch cows, and the king returned to him yearly as a royal gift seven horses richly accoutred, seven shields curiously wrought, and seven cups. Fearmaigh, the name of the barony as well as the town, signifies, with some, "the grassy plain." Fearmaigh Feine, the "grassy plain of the Phœnicians."

The Bardic accounts state that Mogruth, an eminent Druid, having assisted Fiacha, king of Munster, in A.D. 254, like another Joshua, by causing the sun to stand still for three hours to enable him to gain a victory, received the territory of Magh Mac Neirce, part of Magh Feine, as a reward. The O'Keefes continued its sovereigns until the ninth century, when the O'Duggans considerably encroached on them, and these were again intruded on by the Roches and Condons, to be in their turn elbowed out by the Spensers and Raleighs and Boyles.

CASTLE HYDE.

But delightful as is the Blackwater below Fermoy, it is at least a question whether it is not equalled, if not exceeded, in its course above that town. We shall briefly proceed along its northern shore westward to Mallow, and the first place to attract our notice is Castle Hyde, famous in song—

"Where the trout and salmon play at backgammon,
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde."

The seat of the Hyde family, a branch of the House Clarendon. Sir Arthur Hyde, ancestor of the present proprietor, John Hyde, esq., at the close of the Desmond's rebellion received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of five thousand five hundred and seventy-four acres in this country, as an undertaker, and it is no small credit to his descendants to say that, unlike the posterity of other grantees, they have remained constant residents upon their estates in Cork. The house is a large modern

mansion of four stories with wings. It contains a fine suite of rooms a spacious hall, and circular staircase of Portland stone. Behind the house is a fragment of Carrigamedy, "the rock of the shield," a castle built by the Mahons, but subsequently held by the Roches; it is based on a rock. The lower storey only remains with the doorway and a few opes (*gy.*) The whole is thickly covered with ivy. In the demesne, within one-and-a-half miles of the town, is a modern church of no inelegant appearance, for which it is indebted to the taste and improvements recently made by G. R. Pain.

BALLYHOOLY. CONVAMORE.

The village of Ballyhooly lies to the west of Fermoy. In front the dark brown chain of the Nagle mountains, stretching to the west with varying outline. The valleys are generally wooded, and some of the higher peaks crowned with cairns or monumental heaps similar to those of the Thane already mentioned. Between the village and the river stands the ancient castle of Ballyhooly, built by the Roches, the feudal proprietors of the surrounding districts in the Middle Ages, occupying a commanding situation above the flood; it is surrounded by the ruinous vestiges of walls and towers which formerly served as defences, and are now partially clothed with ivy as if in pity of their decay.

At the junction of the Awbeg and Blackwater an abbey was founded for Canons Regular (Monks of the Order of St. Augustine) in 1314, by Alexander Fitzhugh Roche. Spenser speaks endearingly of the Awbeg under the name of "Mulla mine." Renny was part of the estate granted to him. The Awbeg passes by Buttevant, Doneraile and Castletown-roche. A short distance beyond is the parish church, beautifully situated on a dark limestone rock overhanging the river, and adjoining it is Convamore, the seat of Lord Ennismore, grandson and heir of the Right Hon. the Earl of Listowel. The mansion contains a choice collection of pictures.

Adjoining Convamore is Renny, a finely-situated demesne now held by H. Smith, esq. Near the house is a fragment of an ancient castle of the Fitzgeralds.

In the *Anthologia* for 1793, it is stated that a descendant of Spenser's some years before lived at Mallow, who was in possession of an original portrait of the poet for which he refused £500, and also possessed several of his original papers.

CASTLETOWNROCHE,

surrounded by a massive wall and trench wall six feet high, four feet broad at top, forming a large square wall, batters in entered from west by stepping stones out, and four broad stairs inward.

At Teample-a-dorree, a large stone with crosses. Field to east four or five dallans conglomerate, two east six feet high, three paces asunder, east from west ten paces distant.

From Killavullen into Mallow the principal demesnes pointed out are: Rockforest, the seat of the late Sir J. L. Cotter, Bart.; Laurentinum, or "Gethins Grot," on the north, belonging to a family of Creaghs; Carrigleamleary, the Irish name of the place is *Carrigleam Laoghaire*, "the Rock of O'Leary's Leap." The Roches in the Middle Ages had a castle there. Carrigoon, nearer to Mallow, signifies "the rock above the river."

The view along this line is bounded on the north by a chain of high heathy hills, or rather mountains, generally named Ballyhoura, which forms part of the great range of the Galtees. Ballyhoura is known through the muse of Spenser, who celebrated it under the name of "Mole."

Doneraile, six miles from Killavullen. Within a mile of Doneraile is the seat of George Washington Brazier-Creagh, which he calls Creagh Castle. The gateway is the handsomest thing of the kind I have seen in the country, being entirely Gothic, formed of pannelled piers, surmounted by ogee crocketed pinnacles with finials, etc., the arches depressed; the workmanship is excellent.

The Awbeg flows at foot of the town, near the church, into Lord Doneraile's demesne. This demesne is splendid and extensive (nine hundred acres); the river, formed into canals, peopled by swans and their cygnets. The timber is old and magnificent. The old house does not look that of a nobleman; the gardens are beautiful. The Lord Doneraile and family live here about six weeks annually; the remainder at Cheltenham.

MALLOW—THE CHELTENHAM OF IRELAND.

Mallow Spa. Its medicinal qualities were first noticed by a Dr. Rogers of Cork, who, having been in attendance on a lady in Mallow of whose recovery he had abandoned every hope, made trial of the spa water with the most beneficial effect. It is a sort of tepid water issuing from a limestone rock, like those of Bristol and Matlock, warmer than the latter and less so than the former. The heat varies very little in the course of the year, in cold weather its temperature being about 69° Fahrenheit. On evaporation it produces a residuum of calcarious matter at the rate of twenty grains from two gallons of water. It is extremely soft, and, contrary to the nature of the hot well of Bristol (with which it nearly agrees in every other circumstance), very quickly dissolves soap, so that it is no uncommon occurrence to see the inhabitants of Mallow using this water to wash linen without boiling, and employing it for every other

domestic purpose. It is estimated to discharge twenty gallons per minute.

Mallow Castle stands within the demesne of Mr. Jephson, on a gentle elevation above the river; a narrow meadow edged with trees intervening. It consists of an extensive oblong main building, defended at the west by three towers presenting three sides to the front. It is still, though unroofed, in tolerable preservation; a portion of the east side fell in in 1836. In the house (an old one) is a small armoury and some pictures, some of them old family portraits of warriors and statesmen of the seventeenth century.

The ancient name of the Blackwater river was *Nimh*; a name, says one etymologist, signifying "poison!" The real meaning is truly descriptive of this magnificent river. *Nia*, "a hero, a noble warrior," and *Amh*, *i.e.* *Amham* ("a prince, a chief amongst rivers"), that is, "the champion of rivers," or "the noble river."

The whole surrounding country is delightfully wooded and inhabited by a numerous gentry; villas, some of them beautiful, lie scattered around in charming profusion. Mallow possesses a bank which, added to its happy locality, has imparted a prosperity to this place excelling any other inland town of the county. There is neither distillery nor brewery. Its fine mineral spa would seem to supply the place of a distillery. The properties of those waters are very much the same as those of Clifton. Previously to the discovery of its medicinal qualities it had enjoyed the reputation of a holy well dedicated to St. Patrick.

The manor and castle of Mallow formed part of the estates of Gerald, Earl of Desmond; the latter was erected by one of that name, and after his rebellion in the reign of Elizabeth they were granted in 1584 to Sir Thomas Norris, president of Munster, from whom they passed in the female line to the family of Jephson, and further confirmed by another grant, in which the manor is stated to contain six thousand acres.

James I. granted the town a charter of incorporation, of which a notice is contained in the *Liber Hibernica*, which states that it contained a clause requiring any vacancy amongst the burgesses to be filled up within seven days; it has been conjectured that the non-observance of this clause led to the extinction of the corporation. The chief magistrate is styled a seneschal; he holds a court once in three weeks for the recovery of small debts, but has no jurisdiction as a magistrate.

Mr. Jephson is lord of the manor. The tolls are rented at about £250 per annum.

In the early part of the seventeenth century Mallow was a place of considerable importance; its bridge formed the only pass over the Blackwater, and the town was defended by two castles, that at the north



CASTLEMORE BARRETT.

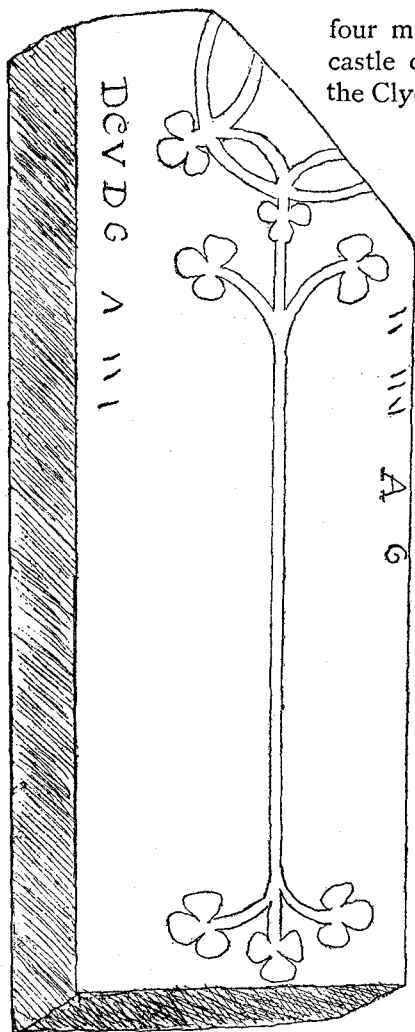
From a Photograph by Rev. H. Swanzy.

called Short Castle (now destroyed), and Desmond Castle near the bridge, which was ruined in the wars of 1641. At that date the town consisted of two hundred English houses, thirty of which were strongly built and slated.

1643. Mallow was taken by the Confederated Catholic forces under Lord Castlehaven. In these wars the castle was ruined.

CASTLEMORE BARRETT,

four miles from Mallow, a boldly-situated castle commanding a high elevation above the Clyda. It consists of an oblong structure connected with a lofty square tower. At the south side stood a three-quarter round tower which gave a handsome finish to the structure. This was pulled down in 1835 by a brute of the name of Haynes, who, having been all his life engaged in some sordid occupation in Cork, retiring from business in that year, unluckily pitched in Ballinamona, and wanting building materials in the neighbourhood of abundant quarries, amidst the curses of the peasantry, pulled this down.



STONE IN THE OLD CHURCH OF PRECEPTORY OR HOSPITAL OF MOURNE.
16th June, 1837.

MOURNE.

Five miles from Mallow, on the roadside, are seen the crumbling remains of the Preceptory or Hospital of St. John Baptist of Mona, or Mourne, once belonging to the Knights Hospitallers. It was founded in or about the reign of John, by Alexander de Sancta Helena.

By Inquisition taken at Shandon Castle, Cork, the ancient corporation of Ballymona was found to belong to the queen, 9 Sep., 1588. It



MOURNE ABBEY.

From a Photograph by Rev. H. Swansy.

was destroyed by Morrogh O'Brien, king of Thomond, during the Wars of the Roses. It consists of a large ruinous enclosure standing near the junction of the Glain with the Clyda, and extending between the old and new road to Cork. The north-west angle was defended by a tower; a broken arch is now impending over the north-west angle, and within the enclosure is the skeleton of a church which was at one time one hundred and eighty feet long. After the suppression it was granted to Teige McCarthy, of the house of Muskerry, whose descendants forfeited in the wars of 1641, but still retained the family designation of Master-na-Mona, or Master of the Hospital of Mourne.

At Burnfort, six-and-a-half miles from Mallow, visible from the high road, on a heathy clump above the stream Aha-na-Lienta, appears a small circle of several stones, the diameter small. Burnfort has already given us an Ogham stone. The hillock on which it stands is called Duneen, and the monument called "Reim-na-Geeha," *i.e.* the Troop or Band of the Winds, probably a Temple of the Winds.

Eleven miles from Cork to the north is the old church of Greenough, which is seen at the west side of the An-Marteen (a river which rises near Aha-na-leinta, the latter going north to the Blackwater, the former south to Blarney and the Lee), on the land of Lyreadawn, where is a remarkable fort of several moats and a cave, within which are several flights of steps and large rooms.

Nine miles from Cork is Glen and bridge of Glouncoum. Stretching at the south side of the Blackwater the Nagle mountains extend from near Mallow at the west, to their termination near Castle Lyons in the Carn Thierna at the east. A number of deep and beautiful glens intersect them in their whole length, dividing the chain into distinct hills, each bearing its appropriate appellation, and each pouring its own tributary stream into the Blackwater at the north, or the gentle Bride at the south. An excellent and far-extended view is obtained from their summit, bounded in the distance by the dark-sided mountains of Ballyhoura and Galtees, the lofty chain of Knockmeldown, and the hill of Cahirdrinny with its old fortalice proudly crowning its feudal summit. Beneath is seen the Blackwater flowing through a country of ever varying but all lovely landscape—Castle Hyde, Glenville church, etc. I made several excursions over these mountains, not less for sake of the prospect than to see the tumuli, of which there are four, and all seated on the highest points of the hills, Carn Thierna, the most remarkable, standing on the summit of the eastern extremity of the whole chain.

The first which I visited is situated nearly midway between the others, on the mountain called *Maolan* (the "Mole" of Spenser), who resided at Renny, just at the foot of it. (Smith, by mistake, deems Ballyhoura the

Mole of the poet.) The monument is an enormous heap of stones about eleven feet high and seventy-eight yards in circumference. The stones are laid in a very mechanical manner, and on the top formed a regular level platform of twenty-six yards in diameter; the form of the entire heap is circular. It is not a little extraordinary that a single stone cannot be found on the surface of this entire mountain within half-a-mile of the leacht; and as they were evidently brought a considerable distance to form the carn its erection must have been attended with vast labour, perhaps for years, the ascent being very steep and difficult. The Rev. Mr. Hagan thinks that the flat summit was used as a court of justice. I doubt it, but I am perhaps wrong (*see Carn Amhaldard in Hy. Frach-rach, also Petrie's B.T.*). The one to the east of this is called Carn, or Sugar Loaf Hill, also very high, commanding a noble and extensive prospect to the south of the baronies of Muskerry, Barretts, Barrymore, and Imokilly, and of the harbours of Cork and Kinsale, which are seen very conspicuously. This carn (or leacht) is similar in form and dimensions to the other.

The other leacht is situated in a north-east direction from the middle one, *i.e.* from Maolan. It is called *Sighean na Nina Finne*, or, "The seat of the Fair Lady." I should disagree with Mr. Hagan here, and call it rather "The seat of the women of the *Fenii*." The ascent is steep and difficult over a barren waste, scantily covered at intervals with turf, which yields only heath, long rank grass, and the bilberry or hurtleberry. The carn is a broken and irregular heap of large stones. There is a tradition current here that the Phœnician lady was of such immense proportions that she could with ease extend one hand to the Blackwater, while with the other she touched the Bride. It probably alludes to some antique heiress whose mountain inheritance extended between the two rivers.

The view, as already observed, from these mountains is very extensive; wide-spread demesnes, castles, and ancient ruins are frequently perceptible on either bank of the winding Blackwater; the landscape for variety and beauty cannot easily be excelled. Before us we could see the ancient castle of the Roches, the Anglo-Irish rulers for a time of these districts, but which they forfeited for their mistaken loyalty to the despotic and ungrateful Stuarts. Near this, from the same elevation, is seen the old dismantled castle of the Nagles—Carrigacunna. The well-known Sir Richard Nagle, the attorney-general to James II., resided in this tower for many years, venerated, as it must have been, by him as the residence of a long line of his ancestry; it is now unroofed. A few of the sept of the Nagles still hold in its neighbourhood.

Coming to the church of Monanimy, near Killavullen, nothing can exceed in beauty and effect the picture which this ruin and the spreading

woods which surround it presents. It stands at the foot of an amphitheatre of mountains covered with purple heath, swelling and stretching out against the clear blue sky in every form of noble and graceful outline. Below runs the Blackwater, sparkling and winding beneath steep overhanging rocks, every knoll crowned with its tuft of trees; broad meadows smiling in the noon-tide sun, the wide-spread woods presenting every hue and tint which the declining autumn so luxuriantly lends. I have seen many a living picture, but never one to surpass this one in beauty and variety.

From Castle Lyons we returned back to Rathcormac, thence proceeded on to Fermoy. Nearly half way between which two last-mentioned places occurs the heathy hill of Carn (or Carran) Thierna, the Thane or Dynast's Heap, concerning which two curious legends have been given in the first volume of the *Dublin and London Magazine*.

This mountain, or rather hill, forms the termination of the Nagle, or Ballyhooly, mountains, a dark chain of rather inconsiderable height, the lower part only being cultivated. The road passes immediately at its foot, and at the other side of the road is spread out the morass or bog mentioned in one of the legends. The ascent from the road to the carn, one thousand two hundred and sixty feet, is seven hundred and twenty paces of a steep and difficult passage over a surface rude and partly rocky, or covered with deep rich lichens; the hurtleberry plant, the blooming furze, which breathe balm and fragrance around, afford some scanty pasture for a few sheep; but above all a fine extended prospect, commanding a view of Rathcormac and Castle Lyons villages and their adjacent plantations and demesnes, Fermoy and the beautiful scenery which surrounds it and overhangs the Blackwater, Carrickavrick Castle, Castle Hyde, so famous in song. A great solitude above me the lyric lark chanted her lonely hymn, a frog beneath would jump across my way out of the heather. Would that I were a botanist, so varied were the botanical productions.

The sides of Carn Thierna Hill were seen by me encircled with a wreath of mist; on a misty day the summit is not discernible. The carn, an irregular surface composed of brown stones of size used in building, ascent twenty-six paces, height of the round column eight feet, circumference nineteen paces. At eleven paces to top there are four small heaps fifty paces across, the entire one hundred and eighty paces round. Croker says there is a cyclopean circle at a short distance around it. Tradition of carn: a chieftain's son was doomed by astrology to be drowned. His father resolved to build a castle on top of a hill, but while materials were being provided he fell into a tub of water and was drowned. This legend is set

out at abundant length in the *Dublin and London Magazine*, now defunct.

KILLURA

(the Church of Yew Trees) stands to the north, in view of the Nagle mountains ; its vestiges scarce remain. It was situated on the brow of a finely-meandering glen, with some sheets of water varying the scenery. Near the ruin a beautiful and healthy tree, immensely large, and sacred to St. Cranit, stands. His festival is on 9th March. Various wonders are reported of it, amongst the rest that for many years a bell was distinctly heard to ring in it about midnight whenever the air agitated it boughs, the sound sometimes echoing along the glen ; and the superstitious dread of the people was such that no consideration would induce them to pass the place at night, or after sunset. This circumstance further raised the tree in the general veneration, and to cut away any part of it was deemed a signal impiety. About 1834 a violent storm broke down the greatest part of it, when a bell, was discovered partly overgrown with wood, which had concealed it for a number of years. This bell is now in the possession of a Mr. Murphy, of Mallow, and is supposed to have been the chapel bell, which had been hidden in the tree and forgotten after the destruction of the church.

Castle Kevin (Caomheen, *i.e.* "of the young O'Keeffe"), is in this neighbourhood ; it is a modern castellated structure belonging to the Thornhills.

The burial place of the Hagan family is Clenor, *Hibce* clonuir, *i.e.* ground inclining to the north (*que*, rather the yew tree retreat). The parish church was dedicated to St. Cranit (or, as we were informed, St. Francisca). It is seventy feet long, twenty broad, and the walls fourteen feet high, thick, massive, and of rude masonry, with little more lime cement than that used in the grouting. The walls are composed of large rocks without much appearance of the chisel, with the exception of one Gothic doorway and the jambs of a narrow window near the altar. Under this window on the inside was placed the holy water font in a small circular niche. There was a chancel window which, according to the rest of the building, could be neither elegant nor light. There were no windows in the north wall ; it was erected in a marshy situation, and appears to have been built in the fourteenth century.

According to the *Life of Molaga* (the patron of Timoleague Abbey) that saint was of the tribe of Dimma, which with the Degadii and Luchtee possessed a portion of this territory.

Teampul Molaga, one mile north-east of Kildorrery, and Leaba Molaga, four miles north of that place, are within the district of Fermoy,

which in Smith's time is described by him as "a small village pleasantly seated on the Blackwater," and not a word more.

An abbey called "De Castro Dei" was founded here in 1261 by Richard de Rupella, lord justice of Ireland, for Cistercian monks. At the dissolution the possession fell to the earl of Cork.

Fermoy in its ancient name preserved an indication of its early Phœnician colonization—Fearmigh Feine, meaning "the grassy plain of the Phœnicians," and to this day one of the adjoining Nagle mountains is called "Sighian na nina Finne," "the seat of the Phœnician women." A cairn on the summit marks the burial-place of some of those early colonists.

Dr. Wood has placed an early colony from the north of Europe in the barony of Fearmoigh and half barony of Condons. "They were," he says, "the Finns, a people of European Sarmatia who used the Slavonic language, hence the old name of this district was Magh Feine, and that of its inhabitants Fir Magh Feine, the people of the territory of the Finns." To test this shrewd conjecture, by looking at the native language and very pure Gaelic spoken by the old Fir Magh Feine, we would defy Dr. Bouring himself to bear it out with the aid of one Slavonic word to be found in the existing dialect.

FERMOY.

About two miles from Carn Thierna stands the very modern and respectable town of Fermoy. A century ago it had no existence—Smith scarcely notices it—while now it may nearly challenge the place of the first town in the county. It stands on the banks of the Blackwater, which here is a broad and deep river crossed by a long and handsome bridge. The north side of the river possesses two enormous and disproportionate barracks, capable of holding four regiments of soldiers and generally holding not one. There are some respectable houses, and a church whose spire has been lately dismantled, which stands in the centre of the street on a gentle eminence above the bridge. This side of the town is evidently its West End. Here is also a very handsome seat belonging to the Anderson family, the founders of Fermoy. The south side of Fermoy is that inhabited by people in business; it is the largest, and consists of one long regular street, with some lesser ones, and a square leading to the bridge, called the Queen's. The principal street is called Patrick Street, has a good market-house and assembly rooms; it is terminated by the sessions house. In one of the lesser streets, to the rear of this, is a large and spacious chapel, in the villainous style—called by the carpenter—Gothic.

Nothing can be happier than the situation of Fermoy, seated on the most romantic of Irish rivers, within a few miles at either side of high heathy hills.

It owes its origin to the enterprise of a Mr. John Anderson, to whom the south of Ireland is indebted for improvements in roads and mail coach communication. As Ireland was to be militarily occupied, he availed himself of his interest, and covered a hill overlooking the Blackwater with vast barracks, the expenditure of whose red-coated inhabitants he turned in on his infant town much to its advantage. I was alarmed at my first *entrée* into this town by observing a notice posted on the sessions house cautioning beggars and vagrants against remaining therein, and perceiving that I had no particular business in the place, having merely arrived in my wanderings after sights, under the full impulse of a vagrant disposition, I felt not quite at ease after the perusal of this inhospitable and uncharitable intimation.

Adjoining Castle Hyde, at the west side, is Cregg Castle, the seat of Colonel Stewart, an old fortalice of the Roches; a high, square and plain tower of the era of the Plantagenets, or Roses, which stands out boldly above the steep bank of the river. Theobald Roche, of Cregg, was found, at inquiry taken at Shandon Castle, Cork, 9th September, 1588, to have been concerned in Desmond's rebellion.

I strolled down by the Blackwater towards the old castle of Carrigarruch. It is a circular tower standing boldly upon a perpendicular rock, which rises abruptly from the river, which flows deeply beneath; the entire wall facing the river has given way and tumbled into the flood, leaving open the skeleton of the interior, which is divided by two stone arches or storeys with passages thereto in the thickness of the wall. When defended by out works, this tower must have been one of strength; near the summit it has two small projecting parapets, machicolated.

Standing upon the Tuch, beneath which skirts the river in its windings to the east, two other castles are visible; the nearer one rising amidst foliage from a cliff, the farther one crowning a distant hill. The view is beautiful. On a rude bench within, sheltered from the rays of the sun, was stretched a country fellow in luxurious indolence, perusing a tattered pamphlet containing a report of a debate on the Irish Union. I sat down at one end, my thoughts turned on my own concerns, with inclination like his, hostile to the glowing warmth of the day, but he did not long leave me to the enjoyment of my thoughts. He seemed to be warming in the process of his reading, and he soon raised his voice in the richest brogue, spouting out with an enthusiasm, kept sadly at check by the difficulty of the reading, a speech of the celebrated Flood in reprobation of that suicidal measure. A pause in the oration at length

enabled him to breathe, and in the fulness of his awakened emotion he shouted out, "Well, that's elegant surely. Oh then I hope they'll never carry it for a Union." My informant on the Union reminded me of Swift's double sarcasm against the Irish Parliament and university, where in his "Legion Club," speaking of the situation of the building, he described it as

"Not a gunshot from the college,
Half a globe from sense and knowledge."

A more lamentable proof of the arrest of the schoolmaster could not be well offered. The progress of mind and mental illumination seemed here most preposterously stayed, and the floodgates of knowledge firmly closed. Here was a genius, thirty years at least behind the rest of men, over whose head a great national calamity (if the Union may be so regarded, as some do) had passed unobserved and unheeded, and his life passed as reckless of the dire event as though Ireland basked in the full noontide fruition of independence, and her Floods and Yelvertons and Grattans, Currans and Bully Egans, had been enriching and fertilising the happy land with the glorious floods of their silver eloquence. Oh, it was too bad! the rocking of the land had not disturbed his equilibrium; the tempest had swept, and to him it had passed as sunshine.

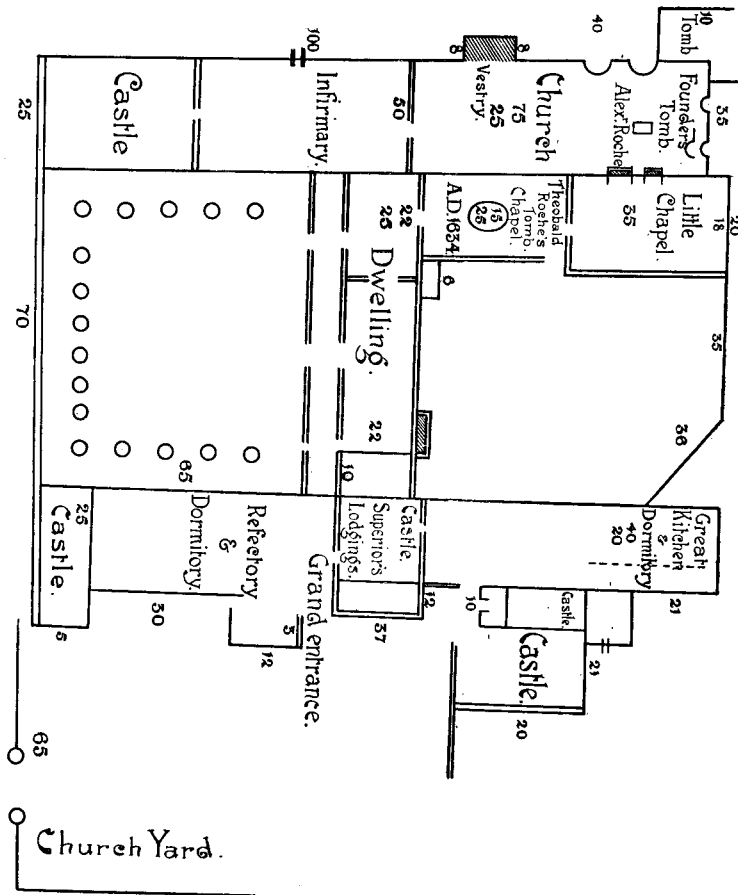
Castle Hyde, renowned in song. Ballyhooly, its castle boldly situated on a sloping height over the Blackwater, a large keep of Tudor age, the windows of that period; door defended above by projecting machicolation, and above that an embattled parapet, one arch, that of the ground floor, the outer court wall and a round flanker standing; beside it to the east a large church, and Ballyhooly, a poor village.

Passing through Ballyhooly we ascended the mountains opposite. On the summit of one is a broken congeries of stone called "Seechan No Inna Finne;" on the top of the next mountain is a cairn, visible from this, simply called "Seechan." At the western foot of Seechan No Inna Finne is Glen-a-sack, a farm of Mrs. Wallace's.

At Kilnaooree, near Renny, is Spenser's tree, in which is a seat, in which tradition says he wrote the *Færie Queene*.

Renny, Mrs. Wallace's house (which signifies "a little promontory"), is built at the head of a lofty precipice, standing boldly above the Tuck beside the Blackwater. At foot of this rock is a large deep pool called Poul a Morrar, the "Hole of the Dead." Near the house, and more immediately on the edge of the precipice, is a fragment of Spenser's castle. Tradition says this property formerly belonged to him, and that in this castle his throat was cut by his wife while he was in the act of shaving himself. From the house a fine view of the Blackwater, sweeping round at the foot of an immense overhanging precipice, is obtained, and the grounds around are finely wooded.

Ground Plan of Bridgetown Abbey, by Rev. M. Horgan.



The external wall of the whole building measures 691 ft.

Bridgetown Abbey (which belonged to the Augustinians) about a mile above Renny, is finely situated at the confluence of the Awnmore, or Blackwater, and Aubeg, about a mile below Castletownroche, and nearly three miles from Killavullin and Monanimy. The ruins are low, covered with ivy, and afford no picture. The chapel, contrary to all others I have seen, stands at the north side of the monastery, and consists of a mere choir; it had no steeple, its oriel is small, having two lights. Tombs of the Roches covered with flowery crosses fill the building; one within a canopied niche in the south wall has a sheet with "Roche" thereon. The chapel was lit from its north wall by several small windows. To the south is the monastery, in the centre is a large cloister, the eastern arcade of which, low and narrow, is still standing. The architecture of this is of the period of the Roses, and is very unadorned. The castellated portions speak of a necessity for defence. Between the cloisters (whose verandah must have been of timber) and the convent ran a long arched entrance, now partly broken and so incumbered with ruin as to be scarcely passable. This formed the great entrance, and led into the chapel by the south wall.

A poor old creature, derelict of the world of friends or relations, has for the last two years (1834) taken up her residence amidst these ruins, like a second Blake as at Mucross. She has chosen for her abode a vault once devoted to the dead, and her sole companions are two cats; the people around pitying her desolation and wretchedness supply her with food. I can conceive nothing more fearful to a superstitious mind than this solitary abode in the gloom of midnight, amongst ruin and death. The most stoical and free from ghost believing must, even with the influence left by early impressions, feel this a situation not without its vague terrors, however unreasonable. How much more so must it be to a hapless recluse like this poor woman, unenlightened, ignorant, and credulous, as the most uninformed of the peasantry around, and believing in all the horrors of the ghostly doctrine current amongst them, satisfied that every grave pours forth its dead, that every breeze bears their voice, and that thick shades are moving around her. The mind which, with this belief, could choose and endure such a situation must be one of extraordinary power and courage. Cromwell destroyed the bridge leading to the abbey, which gave it its name.

Maurice Lord Roche, refusing to compound with the usurper Cromwell, abandoned a fine estate in 1652 and entered the Spanish service. When Charles II. was at Brussels, Lord Fermoy being a colonel of a regiment, assigned to the king almost all his pay, reserving for himself and family a mere trifle. This generosity nearly ruined him, and he was obliged to sell his commission to pay his debts. After the Restoration he

came to London with his wife and six children, and the king, though pressed by the Duke of Ormonde and Lord Clanricarde, so far from restoring him to his honours and estates, refused to hear of him. His descendants abandoned their country, and sought and obtained distinction in foreign countries. The Roches were barons of parliament in the time of King Edward II.

(To be Continued).

Robert Marshall, of Clonmel, Esq.

By F. ELRINGTON BALL, M.R.I.A.



ANOTHER title might easily be chosen for an article on this eminent Irish lawyer, who in his day was a well-known member of Parliament, a serjeant-at-law, and a justice of the Court of Common Pleas; but I have selected his earliest designation because it is the one under which he has obtained posthumous fame, as the co-residuary legatee of the unhappy Vanessa.

Robert Marshall was the only son of John Marshall, gentleman, of Clonmel, in the county Tipperary, and was probably born there at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Clonmel was then a pretty little town, the capital of the palatine granted by Charles II. to the great Duke of Ormonde, contained within the ancient walls, which, together with the old gates and portcullises, still remained, affording on their summit a promenade for the townspeople. The town was remarkable for its handsome market-house and church; but outside the walls stretched long rows of wretched cabins, displaying all the squalor and misery for which the dwellings of the poor in this country were then notorious. A woollen manufacture which had been established was fast falling into decay under the laws to prevent the extension of that industry in Ireland; and there was little to disturb the uneventful life of the inhabitants save the rare excitement of a contested election, or the arrival of a fresh regiment at the large barracks, such as that one to whose chance coming to Clonmel Laurence Sterne owed his Irish nationality.⁽¹⁾

It was probably in Clonmel Grammar School—which had been founded in 1685 by the Moores, the ancestors of the Mountcashell family, whose influence in the town was only exceeded by that of the Duke of

⁽¹⁾ *Diary of a Tour in 1732 made by John Loveday* (Printed for the Roxburghe Society, Edin.); *A Tour Through Ireland by Two English Gentlemen in 1746*; Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary of Ireland*.