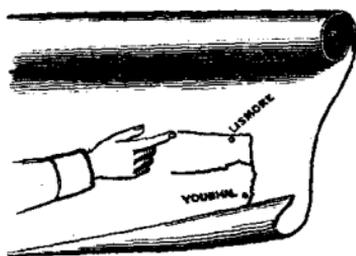


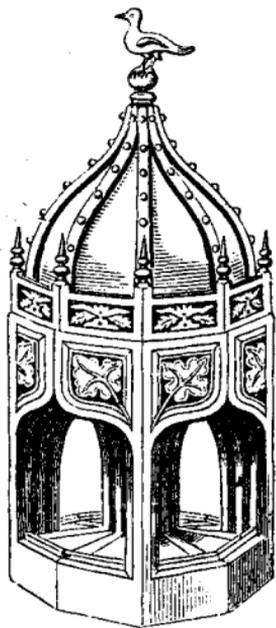
The Illustrated Guide  
TO  
The BLACKWATER  
AND  
ARDMORE.



YOUGHAL:  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. G. FIELD.

1898.

## P R E F A C E .



THIS publication is a reprint of one issued by "The Old Lindsay Press," written by the late Rev. SAMUEL HAYMAN. The necessary alterations to render it up to date have been made. These largely refer to the change of proprietors in occupation in the various residences mentioned since the original publication.

The beauty of the Blackwater remains unchanged and unchangeable, while the interest of the public in the history and archæology of our country is so developing that the references dealing with these subjects will be fully appreciated. The archæologist is specially referred to the portion of the work which deals with Ardmore.

THE PUBLISHER.

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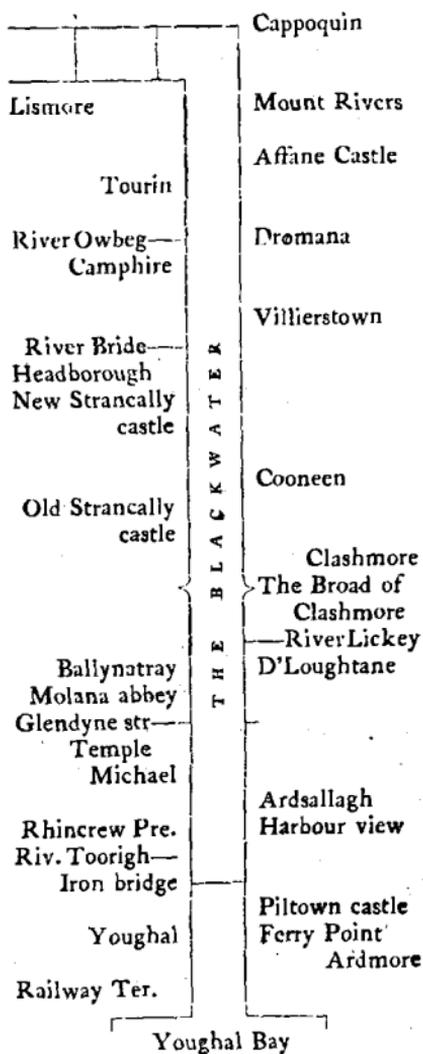
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## Map

in moveable types, to illustrate  
**THE GUIDE**  
 To the Blackwater and Ardmore.





THE  
ILLUSTRATED GUIDE  
TO THE  
Blackwater and Ardmore.



IRELAND'S Scenic Attractions, nearly three centuries ago, received their un-forgotten meed of praise from One eminently entitled to bestow it. "And sure," wrote Edmund Spencer, "it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly; sprinkled with many sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building houses and ships so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world." These "goodly rivers"

haunted the Poet like a passion. Not in prose only, but in his undying verse, he commemorated their charms. In the fourth

book of the *Faerie Queene*, he summoned up their long and bright array ; and, among the foremost that passed him by in shadowy review was the lovely Stream, to be noticed in this chapter :

“ Swift Awniduff, which of the English man  
Is cal'de Blacke-water.”

The source of the river is in a bog on the confines of Cork and Kerry, adjacent to the mountain of Slivelougher. From this it flows in a nearly direct course from west to east for fifty miles, traversing the whole breadth of the county of Cork ; after which it enters Waterford, preserving the same direction until it reaches Cappoquin. It here bends suddenly to the south, and becoming deep and navigable during the remainder of its journey for sixteen miles, it discharges its waters into the ocean through the bay of Youghal.\* The Blackwater, if we include its bends and reaches, may be reckoned to be in length nearly eighty miles. Among our Irish rivers, it, therefore, ranks the third or fourth in size ; while, as regards scenery and the amount of its historical associations, it is inferior to none. The country through which it passes is of comparative unimportance in our own day ; but, in the Virgin Queen's reign, many of the fiercest struggles to maintain English supremacy in the isle occurred on its banks. The Tourist, as he floats upon its waters, cannot fail to be interested in its “ castled crags,” haunted by many a wild legend ; in the rich woods that almost continuously clothe its banks ; and in the spiry mountain-chain behind them, through the defiles of which the river has to fight its way. Here and there, too, interspersed among the mouldering towers of the Desmond, his eye will be greeted by proud mansions, or the quiet hamlets “ where poor men lie,” occupying the interval between populous towns astir with life and business. The late Mr. Inglis, a cold but correct observer of our island, exhibited something akin to enthusiasm when speaking of this Munster river ; and averred that, with the beauties of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube present to his memory, he deemed the descent of the Blackwater

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\* The word Youghal is derived from the Irish *Eo-chaille*, i.e. The Yew Wood.

“unsurpassed by any” of the three. It is right to receive his judgment with the qualification that, if we speak of these Continental rivers for the purpose of comparison, we must altogether exclude the idea of size or superficial extent. The length of the Blackwater we have already given, and we have now to add that, at its widest part, near the sea, it is little more than an English mile across.

Into this reach of the river we pass, immediately on leaving the quays of Youghal. The eastern shore is in the county of Waterford; the western, in that of Cork. The expanse itself is large, but, save in the river's channel, of inconsiderable depth. On the western side an extensive slob was reclaimed, in 1846-8, under the Drainage Commissioners. We keep in a parallel course with its embanked wall, and ere long approach the great iron bridge, the total length of which is 1,800 feet; the girder portion of it is 1,300 feet; its cost was about £37,000. The portion of the bridge over the deep portion of the river is carried on cast-iron cylinders, some of which are sunk to a depth of 36 feet below the bed of the river, and are filled with concrete. The contractor for the structure was the Stockton Forge Co., and the designer, S. A. Kirkby, M.A., Cantab, Civil Engineer and Surveyor for the East Riding of Cork. Having passed the bridge, we find ourselves at the confluence of the Tohrig, or Toorigh, and Blackwater; while, in front a precipitous hill, clothed in foliage, abuts the water. On the hill's summit—distinctly showing themselves in a warm glint of sunshine—are the ruins of Rhincrew (*Rinn-cru*, in Irish, i.e. The Point of Blood, so named, perhaps, from some terrible deed enacted here, but of which history has no cognizance), once a preceptory of Knights Templars, and said to have been founded in 1183 by Raymond le Gros. This house was granted to Sir W. Raleigh, 3 Feb., 1585-6; and was assigned by him, 7 Dec., 1602, to Mr. Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork.

The ruins of this feudal fortress are extensive, covering a considerable part of the top of the hill. Numerous heaps, entwined with bramble and covered with moss, give the outlines

of a large irregular quadrangle. With some labour and ingenuity we may still identify the chapel, cloisters, refectory, kitchen and dormitories of the pilgrim knights. The chapel is an open ruin, measuring in the interior 58 feet by 27. The walls, now richly mantled in ivy, are 3 feet and a half in thickness. The lower proportions of the East Window may be traced out, and are wholly destitute of mouldings or ornament. In each of the side-walls are circular-headed windows; and at the western end there still remain portions of the great doorway, on each side of which is a narrow loop-hole. Of the cloisters, some low broken

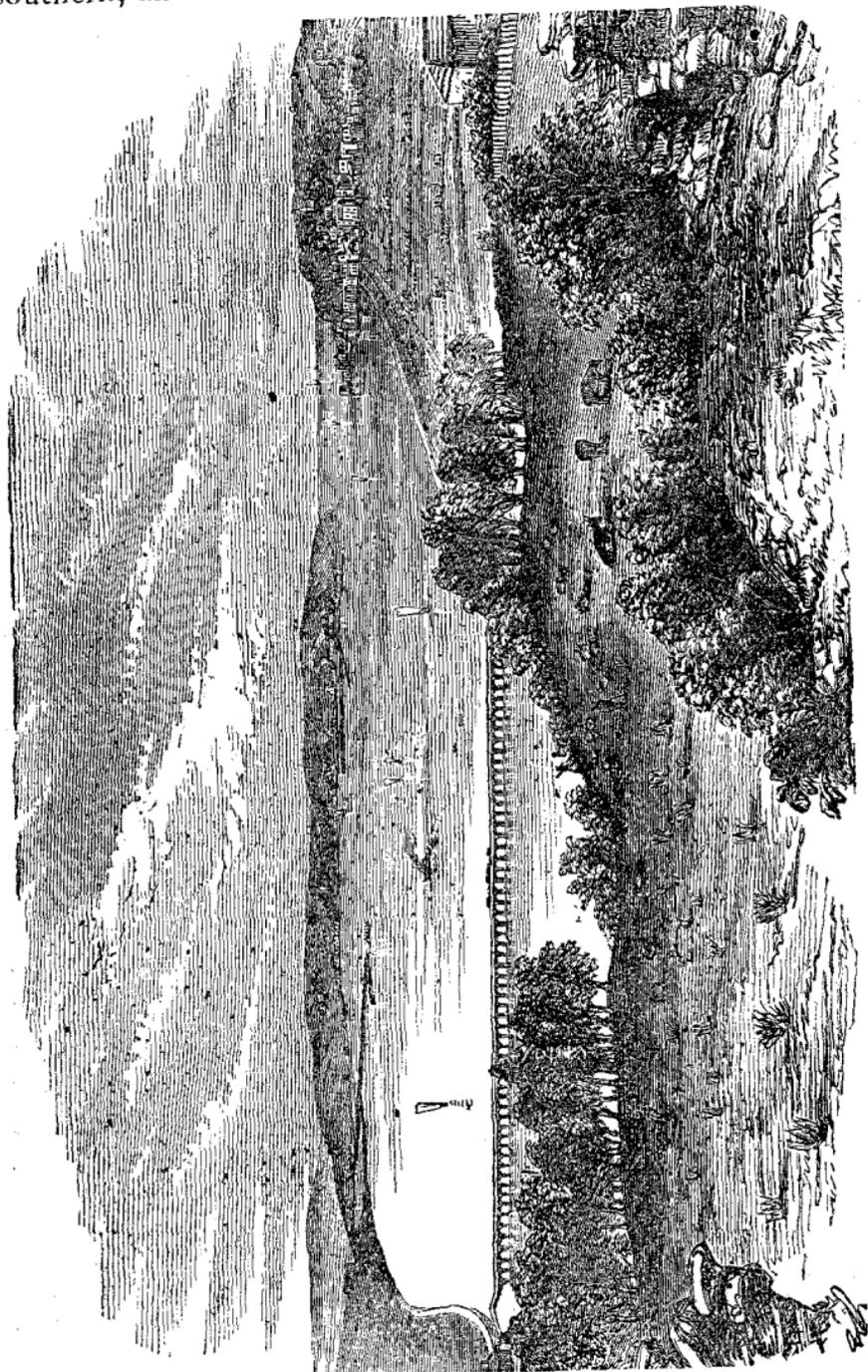


The Preceptory of Knights Templars at Rhincrew.

walls are the only remnants. These architectural details enable us to assign its foundation to the semi-Romanesque period of the 12th century.

The dining-hall or refectory forms, according to usage, a right angle with the chapel, and stands north and south. It measures, inside walls, 41 feet by 17 feet 9 inches; and at the springing of the arch of the pointed vaulted ceiling, which still covers in the old building, the walls are 5 feet 6 inches thick. The stones, like the rest of the material of the Abbey, are very small, as if quarried on the top of the hill. The refectory was lighted by seven spike holes, four in the eastern wall, two in the

southern, and one in the north-east quoin. There were three



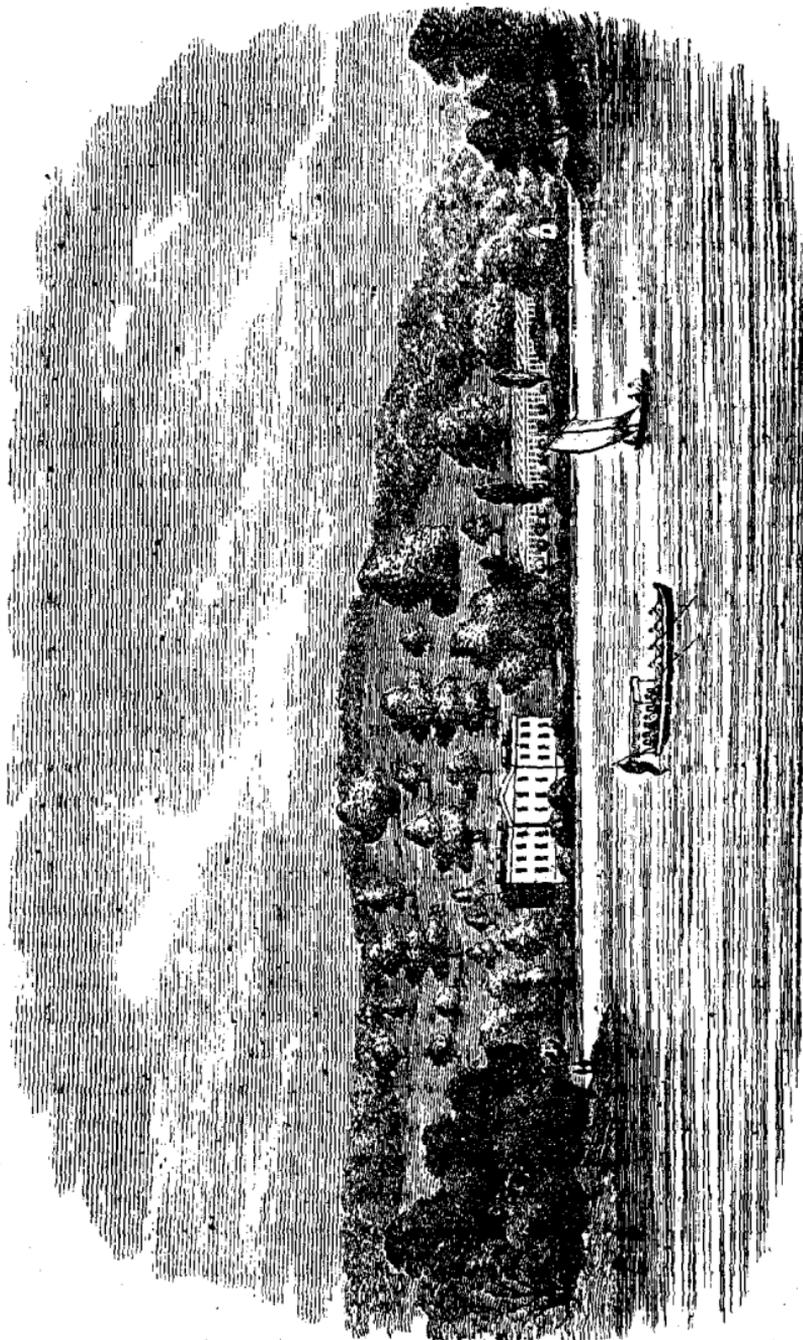
Youghal from Rhincrew (with the Old Wooden Bridge).

entrances: the great portal stood between the chapel and the

cloisters ; a second, lesser, door opened upon the cloisters ; and a third, for servants, communicated with the kitchen. This latter building, with its cellars, is at the northern end of the dining-hall, as was customary. Over the refectory and kitchen were the dormitories, the walls of which are in part standing. From this upper floor the view of the town and harbour, as well as of the eo. Waterford to Ardmore, is exceedingly fine. How often the Templar knights must have looked down upon the prospect as they watched the shipping that had come to bear them to conflicts with the Paynim for the Holy Sepulchre !

Passing on the eastern bank the pretty seats of Ardsallagh and Harbour View, we catch a glimpse of the rural church-steeple and Geraldine castle of Templemichael, towering above aged trees and fast-flowing river. The church is comparatively modern, but was erected on an ancient foundation called *Team-pul Mihil* or Michael's Church. Of the castle, the remains consist of the southern and eastern walls of a square donjon or keep, about 80 feet in height, having yet standing a large portion of the spiral stone stairs. To the north-east, at about 14 feet distance, are the ruins of one of the flankers—a circular turret 10 feet in diameter inside and 14 feet high. The architecture shows that the castle was erected in the 14th century ; but history is silent about its founder. Local tradition uniformly styles him Maurice FitzGerald ; and further states that there succeeded him in regular progression, six Maurices and nine Garrets. The last occupant was *Garralbh Crogagh*, or The Great. He was probably in possession in 1645, when Lord Castlehaven crossed the Blackwater here, that he might batter Youghal from the Ferry Point ; and no doubt the owner of the castle gladly assisted in the crossing. The stronghold of Templemichael did not long escape unscathed. The peasantry still point out the hill from which Cromwell, four years after, knocked to pieces two sides of the castle, and left it the curious spectacle it now appears\* (see note page 16.) A fragment of a canon-ball, 6 inches in diameter, was lately picked up by Mr. Edward FitzGerald, of Youghal, architect.

Ballynatray, the seat of Colonel Holroyd Smyth, is finely



Ballynatray, the Seat of Colonel Holroyd Smyth.

situated on a sloping lawn, near the river's margin. The man-

sion was completely re-modelled in the early part of the present century by the late Grice Smyth, Esq. ; but, on the same site stood the castellated dwelling of Sir Richard Smyth, knight, who settled here in the reign of Elizabeth, and married Mary, sister of the first Earl of Cork. The demesne is well planted and tastefully disposed. It comprises about 1,500 acres, with large gardens and a deer-park. The scenery about Ballynatray is of singular beauty. Mountain, woodland, lawn and river combine their attractions, and induce in the Tourist's mind reflective comparisons with much of the boasted scenery of the Continent. In an angle on the shores of the Blackwater are the ivy-clad remains of Molana Abbey, a house of Canons Regular of S. Augustine, founded in the 6th century. The site was originally an island in the bed of the river ; but, in 1806, the isle was united by a causeway with the mainland. It was anciently called *Dair Inis*, or the Isle of Oak Trees, a name

\* Our *Seannachus* says that, when the castle was dismantled, *Garralth Crogagh* retired across the Blackwater to Ballinaketha, an estate of his in the Old Parish near Ardmore, and here he remained until his death. His remains were laid in the cœmety of the Old Parish. On the first night after his burial, a Voice was heard at the Geraldine's former residence, Templemichael, shouting out from the opposite bank, "*Garralth harroing ! Garralth harroing !*" that is, "Garret a ferry ! Give Garret a ferry !" From year to year, at dead of night, the same beseeching tones reverbrated through the echoing glens around, and over the dark wide waters. At last, some spirited young men of Templemichael parish determined, in pity to their cherished chieftain, to bring him back to his own place and bury him with his fathers. This they accomplished ; and, thenceforward, the dread midnight Voice was heard no more.

Another local legend runs thus : There is a ferry at Templemichael ; and from time immemorial the boat was plied by a family named Fleming. They never charged for taking a funeral procession across the river to the Templemichael graveyard. Their boat was so old, and had been repaired so often, that not a particle of the original timbers were in her ; and ghostly assistance was obtained in her occasional repairs. So soon as, at night-fall, the boat-builder from Youghal suspended his operations, unearthly hands took up the work, which proceeded without intermission through the hours of dark ; and in the morning the boat was completed and fit for her work again !

afterwards changed into Molana, from S. Molanfide,\* the founder of the monastery. On a pedestal, in the midst of the quadrangular court of the abbey, the late Mrs. Mary Broderick Smyth erected a fine statue of the founder, representing him, the size of life, in the flowing robes of the Augustinians. We engrave the effigy as the Initial Letter of our present chapter. At the same time, this lady placed in one of the side chapels, beneath an arched window and over a spot traditionally consecrated to the hero's grave, a funeral urn to the memory of Raymond le Gros, Strongbow's companion in the invasion of Ireland, and the Achilles of his forces. That Raymond was buried here, in 1186, we learn from the Carew MSS., preserved at Lambeth. In these we have the following entry: "*Raymond, surnamed Le Gros, bu: in the Abbey of Molan, nere unto Yoghall.*"

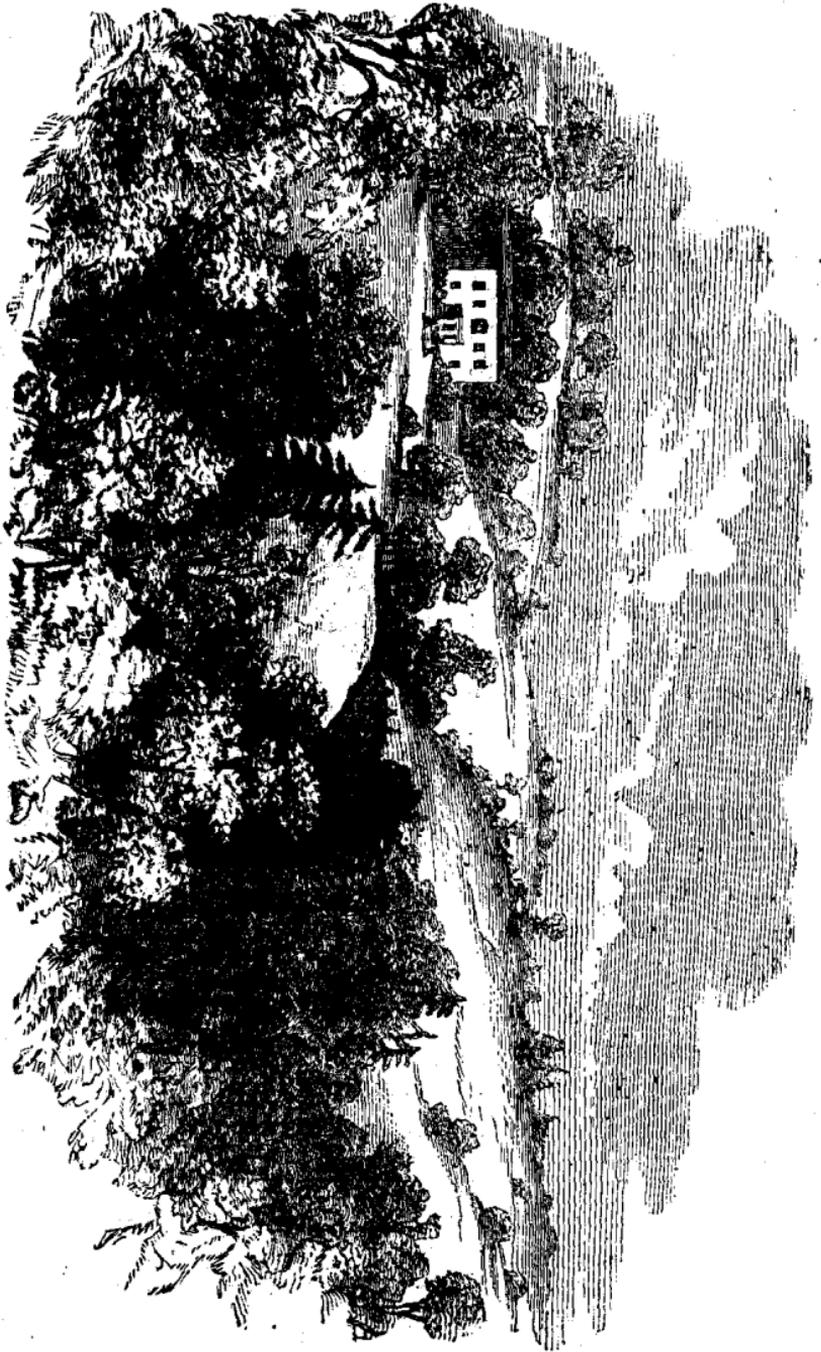


Funeral Urn of Raymond le Gros.

To the west of Ballynatray, finely situated on a hilly slope, is Cherrymount demesne. This was formerly the seat of the Parker family, and was purchased from them by the distinguished Indian general, the late Sir Joseph Thackwell. We present two

\* "Molanfide" (*Maelan-faidh*, in Irish) i.e. Molan the Prophet. Lanigan [Vol. II., p. 195] would derive this epithet from *fada*, long; but *faidh* is a Seer or Prophet, and supplies a more likely origin. In O'Clery's Irish Calendar, at 31st January, the *Dair-inis*, of which Molanfide was Patron, is described as being near Lismor-Mochuda, in the county of Waterford; and in the Gloss to the Feilire-Aenguis, at the same day, it is said to be near the mouth of the Abhainn-mhor, or Blackwater.

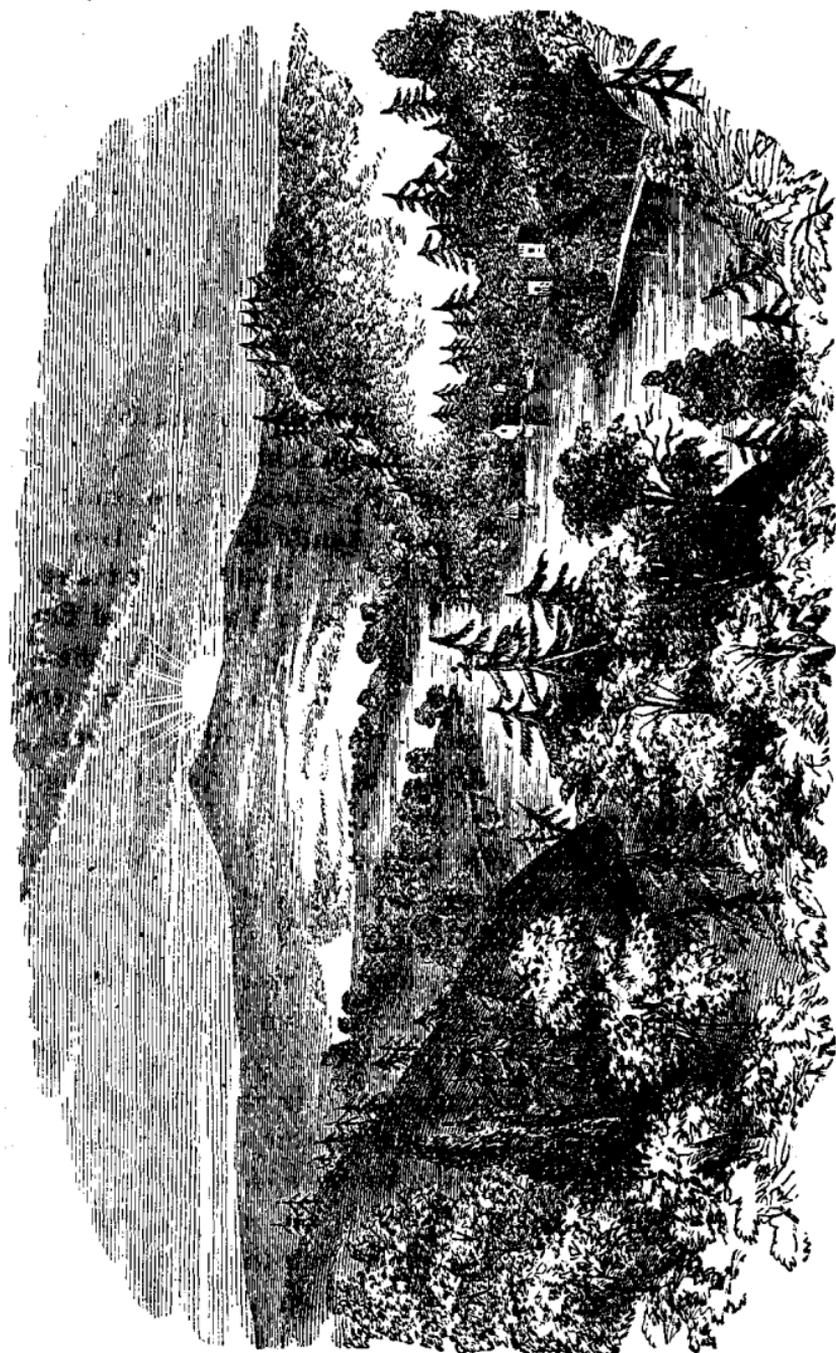
views; one of the house itself on its hilly seat, and the other



Cherrymount, the residence of Colonel Fitzgerald.

view from the hall-door, looking towards Templenichael. The

scenery around has been likened to that of Wicklow, to which



View of Cherrymount : looking towards Templermichael.

it bears a strong resemblance in the shapes of the mountains and

in the deep glens that divide them. A wooded defile, called Glendyne (*Gleann Damhain*, in Irish, or the Glen of the Oxen), stretches itself beneath the hills of Cherrymount, and affords a pleasing drive of three miles by the side of a mountain stream. Here, in the tenth century, was fought a sanguinary battle between the rival hosts of Danish invaders. Of this conflict we read in *The Annals of the Four Masters*—

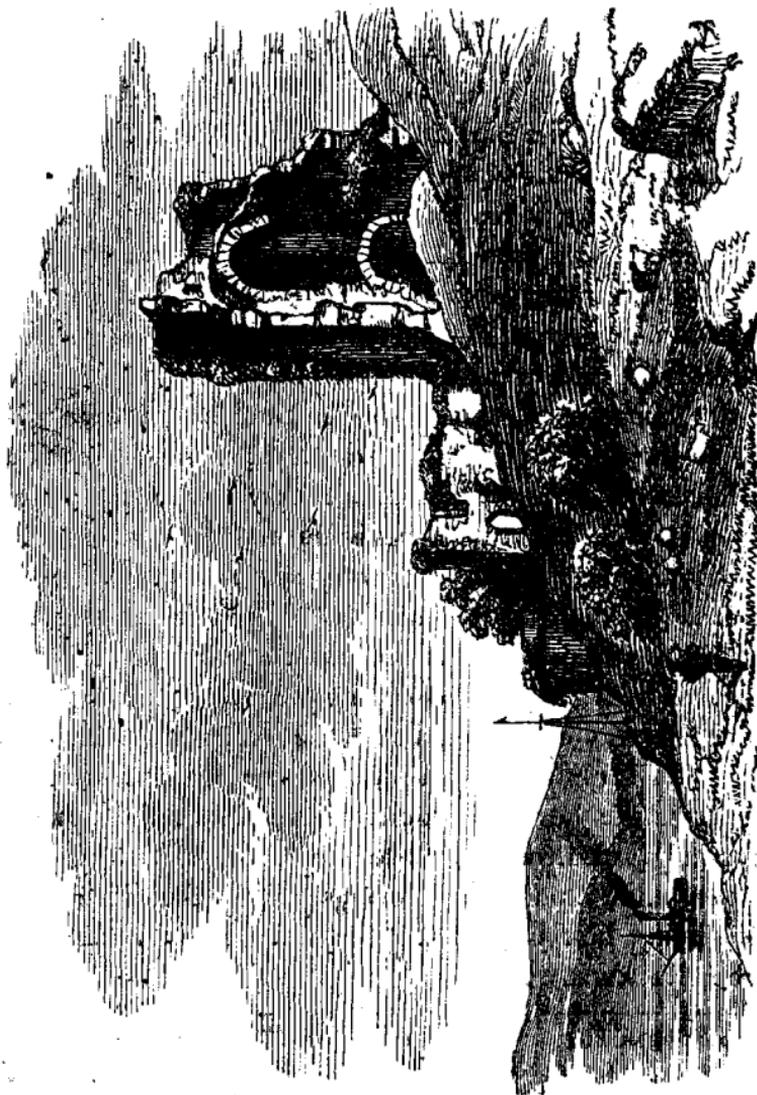
“A.D. 945. A battle between the Ravens [Northmen] of Munster in Gleann Damhain at Dair-inis, and a victory was obtained over the Ravens of the West, and many of them were slain there.”

—In the middle of the glen, most picturesquely placed, are a Roman Catholic Chapel and a National School.

Returning to the river we find it, as we pass up, suddenly expanding itself into a considerable bason, called The Broad of Clashmore. At this place the Lickey—a rivulet that takes its rise in the mountain of Slievegrine, between Youghal and Dunganarvan—discharges itself into the Blackwater. D’Loughtane, the seat of John Furlong, Esq., is finely situated on an eminence over the river. This was anciently the estate of the Bluetts, a Devonshire family, members of which were Mayors of Youghal in the reign of Henry VIII. From the Bluetts, D’Loughtane passed to the Ronaynes, on the marriage in 1600 of John Ronayne with Catherine Bluett; and from the Ronaynes the property was purchased in the Landed Estates’ Court by Mr. Allin. Clashmore, which gives name to this reach of the river, is a village of great antiquity. Here Cronan Mochua founded, in the seventh century, an abbey for Canons Regular. This foundation continued in existence until the general dissolution, when its possessions were granted to Sir Walter Raleigh. Clashmore was until recently the estate and residence of the Power family, who, with the Poers of Belville Park and the Powers of Affane, lineally descended from the le Poers, Lords of Curraghmore. By the marriage, in 1835, of Elizabeth-Anne, daughter and heir of the late Richard Power, Esq., of Clashmore House, with Francis-Theophilus, twelfth Earl of Huntingdon,

the estates passed to that nobleman, and are at present in his possession.

The western side of the bason is formed by a creek, where a small rivulet, that divides the parishes of Templemichael and



Old Strancally Castle.

Kilcockan, pours itself into the Blackwater. A little higher up, on the same side, we have the crumbling ruins of Strancally (*Strath-na-caillighe*, in Irish, The Hag's Strath or holm), seated on a bold cliff overhanging the river, that runs deeply beneath.

The massive rock forming the foundation of the castle exhibits a chamber, evidently of artificial formation. Art, at least, was employed to carry out in it the attempt of nature. This chasm is called the Murdering Hole; and, in explanation, you are told that the lord of the castle was wont, at times, to make his guests—very naturally we say—of the rich and powerful who dwelt around him; nay! he was even so forgiving and merciful that he would reconcile himself to his most hateful foe, provided that foe, now a friend, would come home and sup with him. But when the hearts of his guests were made merry with wine, his own trained band was silently admitted. A few rapid cuts and blows—each thrust letting out a life—a brief struggle—two or three convulsive groans—and the inimitable host had terminated his banquet, for none were left him to entertain; while as a *finale* the corpses, with weights attached, were lowered into the river by this secret communication. His guests' broad acres were added to his own; and not an enemy in the world had the happy man now to harm him, until his mischances should raise up some more, to be used in the very same way. One person at least escaped the tyrant's murderous ingenuity. He floated down with the stream, and recovered of his wounds received in the castle. The legend has some historical foundation. To this castle, then garrisoned by Spaniards, the Earl of Desmond, as we learn from old Holinshed,\* transferred the plunder of Youghal in 1579, and the horror-stricken memories of the inhabitants may have originated this wild tale of blood.

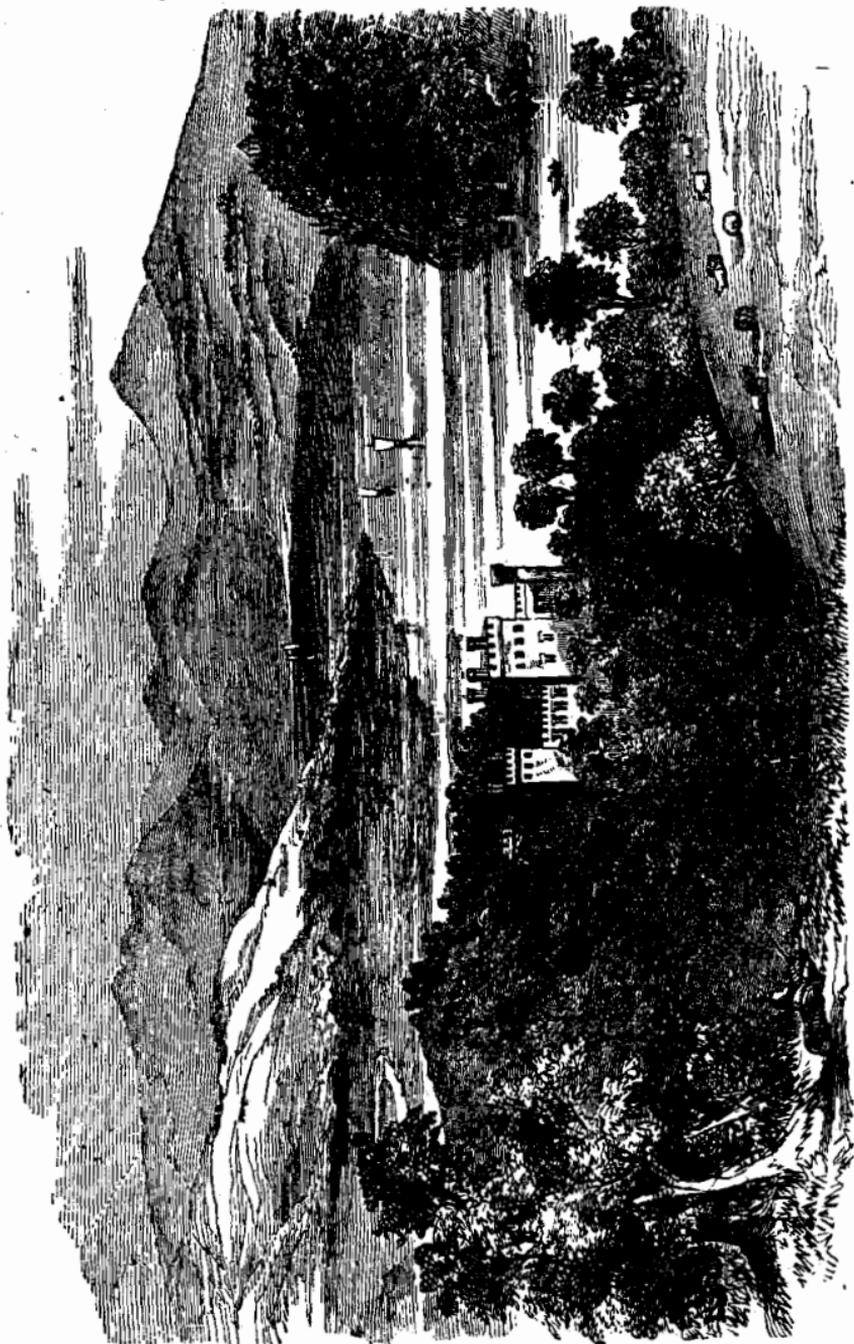
Another mile and a half brings us to the little quay of Cooneen, being half way to Cappoquin. Here is also a ferry across the Blackwater.

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\* The sacking of Youghal is thus described by Holinshed :

“The proclaimed traitor of Desmond and his brothers, not able anie longer to shrowd his treacheries, went with all his forces to the towne of Youghall, where against his coming the gates of the towne were shut, but yet it was thought but colourable : for verie shortlie after, without deniall or resistance, the Earle and all his troope of rebels entered the towne and took it, and there remained about fvee days, rifling and carrieng awaie the goods and household stuffe to the castells of Strangicallie and Liffinnen, the which then were kept by the Spaniards.”

Strancally castle (new), the seat of George Whitelocke Lloyd;



Strancally Castle (new) : junction of the Bride and Blackwater.

Esq., is beautifully situated on the river, almost at its point of

junction with the Bride. Looking northward to Dromana, the

Dromana, the seat of Captain Villiers Stuart.



Tourist has presented to him a fine opening of the Blackwater,

with mountains in the distance, as here represented. New Strancally was erected by John Keily, Esq., of whom it was purchased by Mr. Lloyd. It forms a striking feature of the scenery from whatever point it is viewed; for both the plan and position of the building were admirably chosen. In its immediate vicinity is Headborough, the fine estate of Percy Smyth, Esq. The Bride is navigable for lighters as far as Janevale, within a short distance of Tallow, and a considerable traffic is thus maintained with the interior of the country.

A mile and a half above the mouth of the Bride, on the eastern bank of the Blackwater, is the quay of Villierstown. This village was founded by the first Earl of Grandison, in the hope of introducing the linen manufacture among the peasantry of his estates; but the looms have long since ceased working. Higher up, and nearly opposite Villierstown, is Camphire (*Cam* in Irish signifying crooked, it being situated near an elbow of the river), the seat of Arthur Ussher, Esq., lying low near the river's side. The name originally was Neville; but the remote progenitor, who filled the office of Usher in the court of King John, took, according to a common practice, the title of his office in lieu of his patronymic. The demesne of Dromana now succeeds, skirting the Blackwater for about three miles; and, peering out from dense foliage is Dromana House, the seat of Captain Villiers Stuart. This modern mansion masks from sight the remains of a fortalice, belonging to the FitzGerald of the Decies, who were descended from Sir Gerald, second son of James, 7th Earl of Desmond. No site for a castle, more suitable or romantic, could have been discovered than that chosen by the Geraldines for their feudal home. It occupied the highest point of a perpendicular cliff, jutting out over the Blackwater, and looked on a panorama of luxuriant forest scenery, with the blue range of lofty mountains stretching away in the far distance; while the river, as it flowed darkly beneath, expanded or narrowed itself into seeming lakes. In this castle was born Katherine, the Old Countess of Desmond, who, at the age of 140 years, presented herself at the English

court to petition James I. for her jointure, of which the attainder of the last Earl of Desmond had deprived her. The cherry was first domesticated in this country at Affane, near Dromana, having been brought from the Canary Isles by Sir Walter Raleigh; and the Countess' death is attributed to have at last taken place in consequence of a fall from a high branch of a favorite cherry-tree, into which she had climbed to get at the fruit. The mountain-ranges around afford most striking scenery. Knockmele-down (*Cnoc-mael-dombnaigh*, in Irish, Muldowney's hill), anciently *Sliabh-cua*, is seen soaring above the lesser eminences. at an elevation of 2,069 feet above the level of the sea. On its summit Mr. Henry Eeles, author of "Letters from Lismore" (Dublin, 1771) and of other scientific treatises, is buried with his dog and gun. He selected this resting-place himself. Near Dromana is Affane (*Ath-mheadbain*, in Irish, i.e. *Vadum alveoli*, the river being fordable), famous for a battle fought, 1 Feb., 1564-5, between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, when the latter was defeated with the loss of 300 men, and was himself taken prisoner. As the victors were bearing him from the field, their leader rode up to satisfy his malignant gaze, and taunted the captive with the enquiry, "Where is now the great Lord of Desmond?" "Where?" was the fierce reply of the wounded chief, as with pain he lifted himself up on his elbow, "Where, but in his proper place—still on the necks of the Butlers." A reconciliation was at last effected through the intervention of commissioners appointed by the English government; but when the rivals came to shake hands, an aperture was made in the oak door of St. Patrick's chapter-house, Dublin, through which they exchanged this greeting, without the hazard of each being poignarded by the other!

In the old castle of Affane was born, 14 Feb., 1628-29, Valentine Greatraks, called "The Stroker," from his curing diseases by stroking the parts affected with his hand. Of this remarkable man we give, in the next page, a Portrait after the engraving prefixed to his "Account" of himself, in a letter to Robert Boyle (London, 1666), and we subjoin a fac-simile of his

Autograph, which has been carefully traced from the original MS. The cures effected by Mr. Greatraks were attested by many of



*John Greatraks*

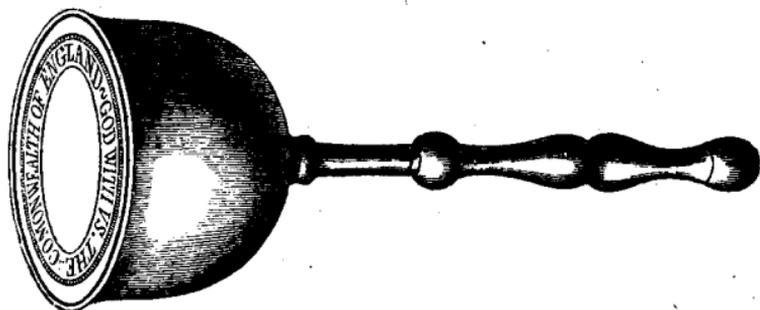
his distinguished contemporaries; and the weight of evidence is so strong as almost to defy contradiction. Cudworth and

Robert Boyle have given them the sanction of their high names. Mr. Greatraks temperately, but firmly, maintained that his power of healing was a supernatural gift; and acknowledging it, as he did, to have wholly come from God, his exercise of it was accompanied with prayer and was always gratuitous. The remedial power seems to have been more or less efficacious in every kind of disease; but some were cured immediately, and others gradually, in the course of several weeks. Moreover, there were some cases (as Lady Conway's) in which he failed to give relief; and he candidly avows, in his *Autobiography*, that he could assign no reason why some were healed and not all. Affane passed from the Greatraks family by the marriage of Mary, daughter of Valentine Greatraks, with Major Edmund Browning of the Parliamentary Army. Their son, Valentine Browning, married Jane, the eldest daughter of Samuel Hayman, Esq., of Myrtle Grove, and (with two sons who died unmarried) left a daughter and heir, Elizabeth Browning, who, by her marriage with Pierce Power, Esq., of Ballyhane, brought the property into his family. The Powers of Affane descend from the Lords le Poer of Curraghmore, an illustrious house established in Ireland by Robert le Poer, Marshall of King Henry II.

On the western bank is Tourin, the seat of Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., who is descended from Richard Musgrave, Esq., of Wortley in Yorkshire, a cadet of the ancient knightly family of Musgrave, in Westmoreland, so celebrated for their heroic deeds in defence of the English border. Camden calls them "the warlike family of Musgrave;" and their name continually recurs in the early Ballad Poetry, both of England and Scotland. Tourin formerly belonged to the Roches, a branch of the Fermoy family. After the rebellion of 1641, it was escheated to the crown; and, with other lands, was conferred on Mr. John Nettles, an English colonist, whose great grand-son, in 1780, disposed of the property to the Musgraves. George Roch of Tourin, who lost his family estates in consequence of participating in the troubles of 1641, left a son more fortunate and more loyal than himself—a colonel in the army sent to the

relief of Derry—and of him a well-authenticated piece of almost Roman heroism is recorded. When Kirke, the general in command, with his thirty ships, arrived in Lough Foyle, he found a strong boom or barricade drawn across the lake, so as entirely to prevent communication with the city. With an irresolution that had nearly proved fatal to the expedition, he made no attempt to pass the obstacle, and was about sailing away without even encouraging the besieged by any words of hope: by night, however, Colonel James Roch swam across the Lough. He brought letters from the English commander, bidding the garrison be of good cheer, and maintain themselves as long as possible; Kirke added that he was in daily expectation of reinforcements, and would, on their arrival, assuredly throw in provisions. Roch had attached bullets to these letters, for the purpose of sinking them in the event of his own capture; but he returned, though severely wounded, to his companions, and was, during the remainder of his life, honorably styled by them “The Swimmer.” There is a family story that he received the more valuable reward of the Irish ferries by patent; but we are not aware that his descendants took steps to establish their claim. His grandson, nearly a hundred years after, was invited by the Corporation of Londonderry to visit their city, when, in commemoration of this feat, he was presented by them with his freedom, and a gold box valued forty guineas.

In the bed of the river before Tourin is a small island, remarkable only as being the limit of the ancient jurisdiction of the Corporation of Youghal. The charter of king Richard III.,



Youghal Water-Bailiff's Mace, see note next page.

in 1485, conferred on the mayor, bailiffs and burgesses, custom and cocket of all things customable from Ardmore head and Capel Island up to "the island of Tourin," to go to the repairs of their walls. These dues were collected by their Water Bailiff,\* an officer granted them, in 1399, by king Richard II. Between Tourin and Cappoquin, on the river's side, stands a curious ruin, Norrisland Castle, once the property of the Greatraks family.

Cappoquin (*Ceapach-Chuinn*, in Irish, The tillage-plot of Conn), where navigation ceases owing to the shallowness of the river, is a small but very ancient town. The FitzGerald had a castle here at a very early period, but the exact date of its erection is unknown. In the civil war of 1641, this castle was occupied by the English, and was garrisoned for the Earl of Cork by Captain Hugh Croker and his company. In July, 1642, Lord Broghill, on his return from relieving Knockmourne, with about sixty horse and one hundred-and-forty foot, defeated a party of rebels strongly posted near this place, and killed nearly two hundred men and two of their captains, with the loss of only one Englishman. In the summer of the following year, the Irish General Purcell assembled his army at this place to besiege Lismore, and hence he ravaged the surrounding country. The castle of Cappoquin was taken by the Irish, under Lord Castlehaven, in 1645, after an obstinate defence. At Salter-bridge (so called from the Salter family, now extinct), near the town, are large pits whence the Earl of Cork dug iron ore. The smelting was discontinued on the failure of the timber, but might at any time be resumed by an adequate capitalist, and with a fair prospect of remuneration. The Blackwater was anciently spanned at Cappoquin by a timber bridge, which was erected by

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\* The symbol of authority used by the Water-Bailiff of Youghal—the Oar or Mace—dates about the year 1656. It is eight inches long, and has a silver bowl or head mounted on a turned shaft of mahogany. The bowl, now much battered and defaced, is about two inches and a half in depth. Its flat face, originally circular, is now oval, and is four inches by three. There is a rim of about half an inch, inscribed with "THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND. GOD WITH VS;" but the central portion, containing probably the Arms of the Commonwealth, has been long since lost.

We engrave it in the page preceding.

the first Earl of Cork. Of this venerable structure we preserve beneath an interesting memorial. The timber bridge was rebuilt in 1666, at a cost of £600, under the Act 16 & 17. Caroli II. It was taken down in 1850, and a handsome structure of stone now crosses the river, almost at the same site.



Ancient Timber Bridge at Cappoquin (now removed).

Three miles from Cappoquin, on the side of a mountain, is the Abbey of Mount Melleray, occupied by monks of the order of La Trappe. The community were driven from France by

the revolution of 1830, when some of the brethren repaired to Ireland, and located themselves here on a tract of about 500 acres, given to them by Sir Richard Keane, Bart., at a nominal rent. The Abbey is a quadrangle in shape, three sides of which are buildings for the inmates, while the chapel forms a fourth.

Mount Mellery Abbey, near Cappoquin.

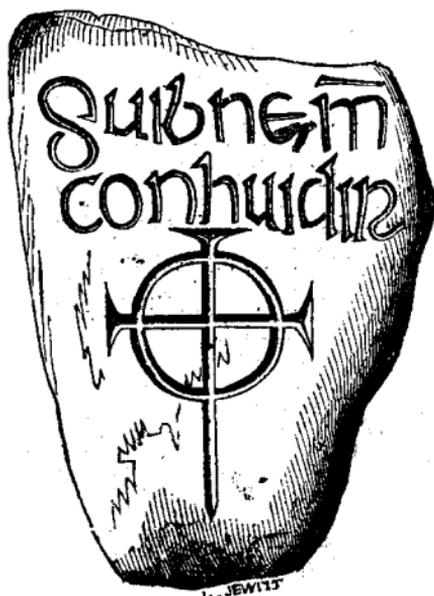


The river scenery between Cappoquin and Lismore, a distance of four miles, is generally acknowledged to be the finest the Blackwater can boast of. The visitor is obliged to proceed by land, but can readily accomplish the journey by means of the cars that await the steamer's arrival at Cappoquin. (*Lios-mor,*

in Irish, i.e. the Great Fort) was so called from an ancient rath that yet exists in a perfect state a little to the east of the town. It was famous, after the introduction of Christianity into the island, for its monasteries and religious establishments. Saint Carthagh founded here, in 636, an abbey of canons regular, which was remarkable for the severity of its discipline. About the same time he is supposed to have erected the cathedral also, on the high ground over the Blackwater. This foundation was noted for the many illustrious ecclesiastics connected with it; and some of their sepulchral memorials yet exist in the nave. These early tomb-stones bear no mark of iron tools. They were, in some instances, "boulders," gathered from the adjacent river, and in others rude fragments split asunder by the primeval celts, or adzes. Subjoined are two, belonging to the middle of the ninth century :



Colgan's Tomb-stone.



Sweeney's Tomb-stone.

The inscriptions are in Irish. On the first we read :

“BENDACHT FOR ANMAIN COLGEN,”

“A blessing upon the soul of Colgan.”

The second contains merely the name of the deceased, whose

obit took place, according to the Four Masters, A.D. 854:

“SUIBNE MAC CONHUIDIR,”

“Sweeney, son of Cu-odhir.”

In the year 878, Martin Ua Roichligh, Abbot of Lismore, died, as recorded by the same Annalists. On his tomb-stone appears the like benediction, with Colgan's, testifying that he was well-beloved:

“BENDACHT FOR AN MARTAN,”

“A blessing upon the soul of Martin.”

This appellative was common in Ireland, because of St. Patrick's uncle, Martin of Tours; and it is noticeable that it is here written “Martan,” not “Martin,” as if to give phonetically the French pronunciation.

The next stone we engrave is that of Cormac Mac Cuilenan, Bishop of Lismore and Lord of Deisi Mumhan, who, according to the Munster Annals, was slain, A.D. 918, by his own family. His memo-



Martin's Tomb-stone.



Cormac's Tomb-stone.



rial Cross, of which we give both the obverse and reverse, is the smallest specimen of the kind known to exist. The material is a compact hard sand-stone, now so much mutilated, that we have but a portion of the inscription :

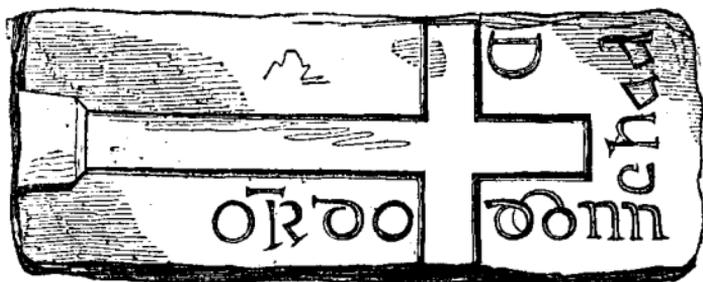
“OR[OIT] DO CORMAC P....”

“ A prayer for Cormac P.... ”

In the year 1034, the Annals of Innisfallen record the assassination in the cathedral of Lismore of O’Bric, monarch-elect of the Deisi, by his half-brother ; and of Donnchad, his kinsman, at the same time and by the same hand. Of the latter we have yet a memorial in Lismore. His tomb-stone bears a stepped cross, with the words :

“OR[OIT] DO DONNCHAD,”

“ A prayer for Donnchad.”



Donnchad's Tomb-stone.

The cathedral was held in such veneration by the Irish that, in 1173, Raymond le Gros found, when wasting the Decies country, the easiest mode of extracting a heavy *black-mail*, to lie in the threat of burning down the edifice. An accidental fire shortly after consumed the town and the greater part of its religious foundations. The castle was built by Prince John (afterwards King of England) in 1185. It is said to be the last of the three fortresses erected by him in Ireland during a stay of eight months. Four years after its erection, it was surprised by the Irish, when the garrison were indiscriminately put to the sword, along with Robert de Barry, the governor. It was ere long rebuilt, and for four centuries was made the episcopal residence.

In 1589, Meiler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel and Bishop of Lismore, granted the castle and manor to Sir Walter Raleigh

at a small annual rent. Raleigh founded a free-school here soon after, and assigned a portion of the estate for its support. From him Lismore passed, along with other possessions, to Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, whose seventh son, Robert, the philosopher, was born in the castle on the 25th of January, 1626. In the wars of 1641, the defence of this important post devolved on the Earl's son, Lord Broghill, who gallantly maintained himself here against 5,000 Irish, under Sir Richard Beling. He writes to his father, the Earl of Cork, then shut up in Youghal—

*“ My most honoured lord,*

“ Just now is one of my brother Dungarvan's troopers come unto me, and acquainted me, that a party of horse, which he sent to meet me, went out this morning to take a prey; but an ambuscade of the enemies fell upon them, and have killed poor Jack Travers, with two more, whose names I know not. His body was stripped, and I have sent a trumpeter for it: his horse is come home shot in three places. This design was out of my knowledge, and contrary to my direction, for I quartered him at Cappoquin last night, and advised him to return to Youghall of this side the water, for fear of an ambush, which he then resolved to do, but since his resolution altered; and marching without scouts in an enemy's country (for so I call that, and where they have so good intelligence of our proceedings as we ourselves have) could not expect a better fortune. I have sent out my quarter-master to know the posture the enemy is in. They are, as I am informed by those that were in the action, 5,000 well armed, and that they intend to take Lismore. When I have received certain intelligence, if I am but a third part of their number, I will meet them to-morrow morning, and give them one blow before they besiege us. If their numbers are such that it will be more folly than valour, I will make good this place which I am in. I tried one of the ordnances made at the forge, and it will hold with two pound charge, so that I will plant it upon the terras over the river. My lord, fear nothing for Lismore; for if it be lost, it shall be with the life of him that begs your lordship's blessing, and stiles himself,

*My lord, your lordship's most humble,  
most obliged, and most dutiful son and servant,*

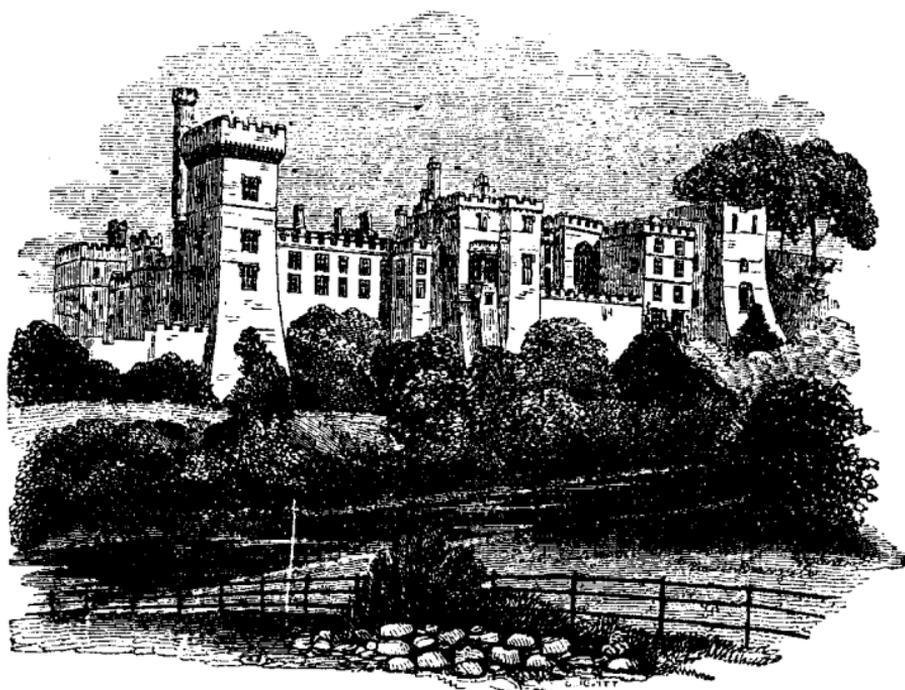
“ Lis. January 11.

*“ For my most honoured lord  
and father, The Earle of  
Corke, Youghall.”*

BROGHILLE.

On the perusal of this heroic epistle, the reader will be prepared to hear that the defence of Lismore castle was successful. Lord Broghill made good his position, repelled every assault, and beat off the insurgents ultimately, compelling them to raise the siege. The castle was taken and burned by Lord Castle-

haven in 1645. It was, at the time, defended by Major Power with 100 of the Earl of Cork's tenants, who, before they surrendered, killed 500 of the besiegers. Lismore was rebuilt by Richard, 2nd Earl of Cork and Burlington, on the restoration of tranquillity. In 1689, it received for its guest the unfortunate James II; and an anecdote is told that this monarch, when brought to the bay-window of the great room, was so struck by perceiving the vast height at which he stood,



Lismore Castle, co. Waterford : after a Photograph taken in 1859.

and the rapidity of the river running beneath him, that he started back with evident dismay. Hence, the window is still called by his name. In 1753, on the death of Richard, 4th Earl of Cork and 3rd of Burlington, Lismore and many other estates of that nobleman passed to his daughter, the Lady Charlotte Boyle, who had married, in 1748, William Cavendish, 4th Duke of Devonshire. In 1775, Lismore bridge was erected, at the sole expense of William, 5th Duke of Devonshire. The principal arch is

one hundred feet in span. In 1784, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant, while on a tour through Munster, held a council in the castle of Lismore, and thence issued proclamations. In 1814, the late Duke of Devonshire greatly improved the town. He erected a commodious inn and offices; a sessions house and prison; and laid out large sums in the development of the place. He also gave the castle some general repairs, in the course of which was discovered, within a built-up recess in a wall, the episcopal crosier of Nial Mac Meic Æducán (*hodie*, MacGettigan), Bishop of Lismore, who died A.D. 1113, with a vellum MS., written in the 14th century, although the language is apparently of an earlier date. This tract relates the exploits of Fionn Mac Cumhal (the "Fingal" of MacPherson), and is now known among Irish scholars by the name of "The Book of Lismore," or "The Book of MacCarthy Reagh." It was compiled by Aengus O'Callagh, for Finghin, head of the powerful sept of MacCarthy Reagh, who had married the Lady Katharine Fitzgerald, daughter of Thomas, seventh Earl of Kildare, and of his wife the Lady Joan, daughter of James, seventh Earl of Desmond. Yet later in his life, and but a short time before his decease, the late Duke greatly enlarged and almost rebuilt the castle, to which he paid an annual visit, making it the scene of princely and profuse hospitalities. Never, perhaps, since its original erection, has the grand old pile exhibited a higher state of architectural magnificence than as it was brought to—and left—by WILLIAM-SPENCER, SIXTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



Mayor's Seal of Youghal.

## The Illustrated Guide to Ardmore.

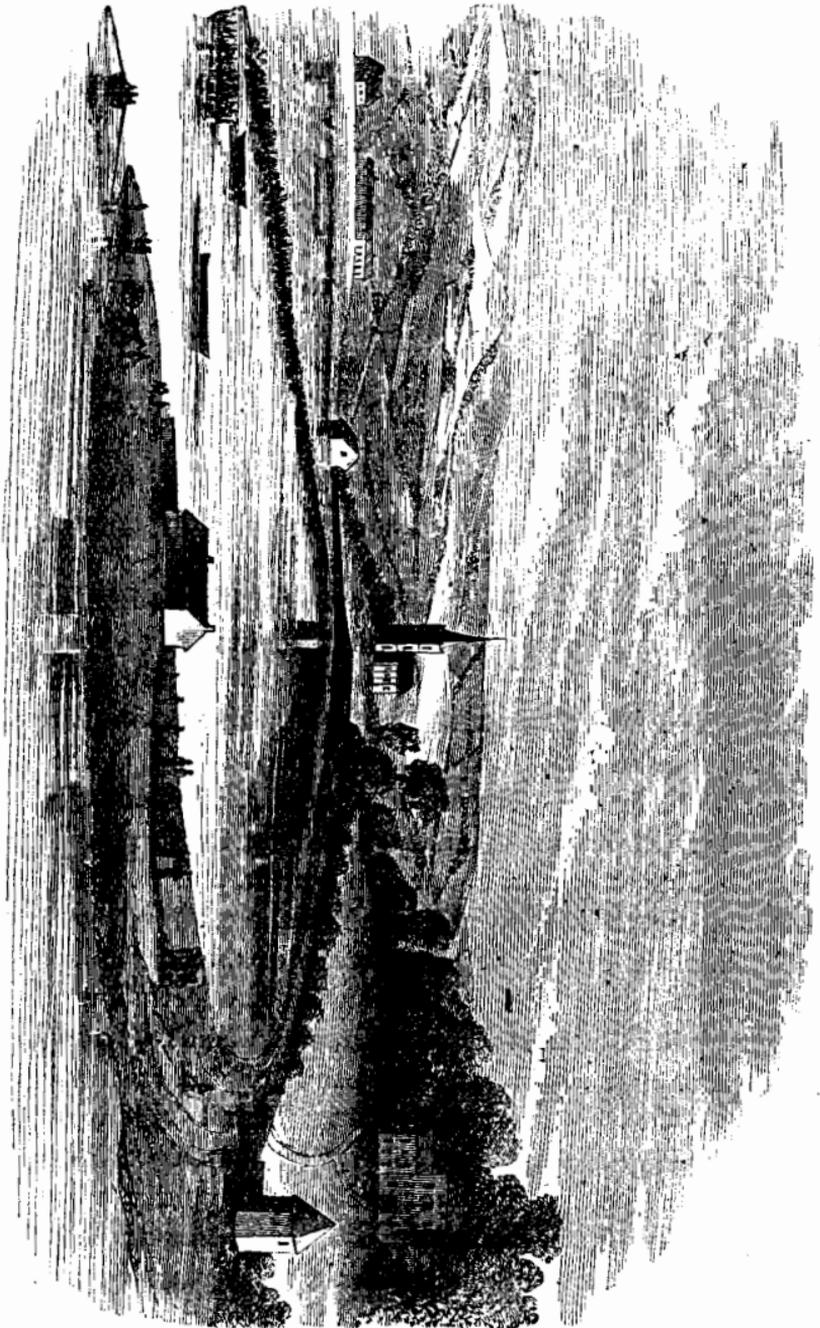


ARDMORE, to which we shall next conduct the Tourist, is situated in the county of Waterford, about five miles east of Youghal. The Ferry affords the most direct route for the visitor, who can proceed himself in the ferry-boat, and on the Ferry Point mount a vehicle previously sent round by the iron bridge. The road leads past Kinsalebeg and Pilltown (*Baile-na-phoill*, in Irish), and, for nearly three miles, follows the course of a valley, which terminates in a large opening on the sea, called Whiting Bay. Leaving it, a dark pillar with a conical head is soon discovered, and serves as a guide to direct our way. This is the Round Tower of Ardmore. As we draw nearer, it seems to lift itself and grow in dimensions; and now we discern the low-lying ecclesiastical structures in connexion with it, and the little hamlet bursts on the view in picturesque retirement.

Declan was the son of Ercus, chief of a noble family of Nan-Deisi (co. Waterford), and his mother was Dethidin. He was baptized by a Christian Teacher, named Colman, who preceded him in time, but whose fame has been eclipsed by his higher renown, so that it is little locally remembered. He was brought up until the age of seven by a relative named Dobran; and at this period was placed under the instruction of Dymma, who gave his name to Kildimo, co. Limerick. Declan commenced his mission among the pagans of his district in the early part of the fifth century, and he soon experienced a success, to which, no doubt, his high birth and gifts contributed as largely as his zeal. The lord

of Nan-Deisi, Hanmer tells us, made him a grant of the "soile"

The Ferry Point, Youghal.



called *Ard-na-g-caerach*, or the Height of the Sheep; a name

now changed into *Ardmor*, or the Great Height. Here Declan founded, circa 416, a Seminary from which the light of Christianity radiated into all the contiguous districts; and the retired hamlet soon became a sanctuary for religion and letters. The "goodly buildings" of the "*Civitas Sancti Declani*," as the chronicler Hanmer calls them, we shall now proceed to describe:

*St. Declan's Oratory.* Like all ancient churches of Ireland, this building is of small dimensions, being only 13 feet 4 inches by 8 feet 9 inches in the clear. The two side walls extend about 2 feet 6 inches beyond the gables, and form in this way a

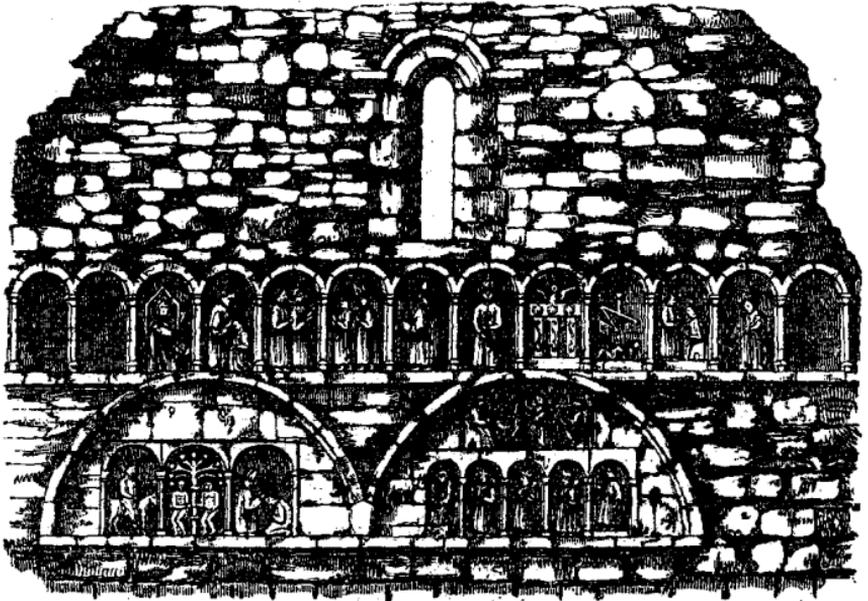


St. Declan's Oratory, Ardmore.

set of four square buttresses to the building. The original entrance was at the west end; but it is now rendered useless owing to an accumulation of soil on the outside to the very lintel. It is 5 feet 6 inches in height, and its lintel is formed by a single stone more than six feet in length. The doorway splays in width, from 2 feet at lintel to 2 feet 5 inches at base. The east window also tapers, and has a semicircular head formed in one stone. In the S.E. angle, within, is Declan's grave. The earth taken from it is superstitiously believed to protect from disease.

*The Cathedral.* This edifice consists of a Chancel and Nave, connected by an arch of great beauty. In the lower part of the northern wall of the Chancel is masonry of Cyclopæan character, leading us up to the remote date of Declan's immediate successors in the sixth or seventh century; but the Nave is Romanesque, and belongs to the eleventh century. The western gable, of which we supply in the next page a wood-cut, after a photograph, presents a series of sculptured niches of elaborate design and execution. About six feet from the ground are two large semicircular compartments, enclosed in a moulded string-course. In that to the north are three arched niches; the central one containing a sculpture representing the Tree of Life,

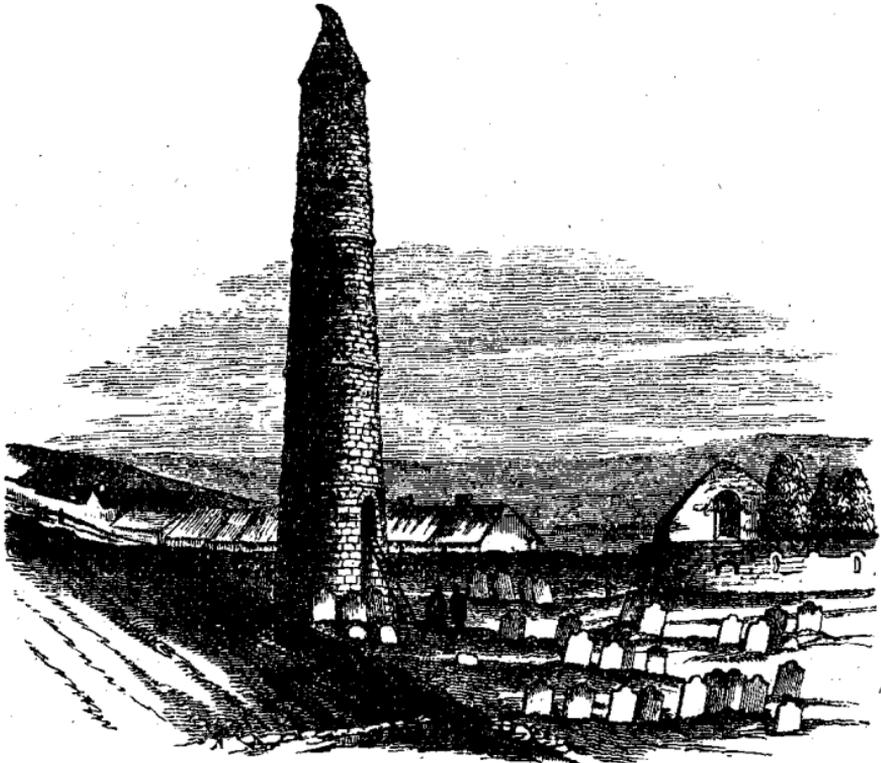
with the serpent coiled around the trunk, and Adam and Eve standing at either side. The right hand niche of this compartment commemorates the conversion of the Pagan Prince of the Deisi, who, with his spear couched and resting on his shoulder, bows himself before the Christian Missionary. The left hand niche has an equestrian figure. The southern compartment is yet more elaborately filled. At the top is the Judgment of Solomon, beneath which are six niches, that to the extreme left being square-headed, and all the rest circular. In the square



West Gable of Ardmore Cathedral, with Bas Reliefs.

niche is a cow or sheep raised on a pedestal; in the next, the Virgin and Child; and, in the remaining four, the Magi with their offerings. Above these grand compartments stretches a continuous series of thirteen circular-headed niches, divided from each other by plain pilasters. These display various human figures, sometimes a single one in a niche, and sometimes two. What may be intended by this sculptured history we are left to conjecture, but probably it refers to the early Christianizing of Ardmore by Declan and his successors.

*The Round Tower.* This graceful structure is about 15 feet in diameter at the base, from which it gradually tapers to the apex, 97 feet above the surface of the ground, and terminates in a conical roof, now half thrown over by injuries from lightning. Four string-courses divide the exterior into five stories. The circular-headed, tapering doorway is in the eastern side, at the distance of 13 feet from the ground. The interior of the Tower



The Round Tower and part of Cathedral, Ardmore.

is lighted by splaying spike-holes; and grotesque corbels, as shewn in our initial letter, project from the concave walls.

*The "Templum Deiscart."* The grey ruins of this old Church stand on a steep precipitous cliff, overhanging the ocean. The edifice is in the style of the 13th century, and measures within the walls 66 feet by 18. It was lighted by a large lancet window of two lights in the eastern gable, a narrow window (now built up) in the southern wall, and a square tapered window high up

in the western gable. This last is now broken through at the base, and affords a modern passage into the ruins. At the eastern end is a square piscina, close to which is a rude modern altar.

*St. Declan's Well.* We subjoin a sketch of the *Tober Deglaune*, the famous holy well of Ardmore. The veneration in which it is held may have been transmitted from



St. Declan's Well, Ardmore.

pagan times ; but it no doubt also served as a Baptistery to the Primitive Christian Missionaries.

*St. Declan's Stone.* Lying among the rocks on the beach is a boulder-stone of considerable size, beneath which penitents creep on the "Patron" day, every 24th of July, in hope of receiving health or spiritual benefits.



St. Declan's Stone, Ardmore.