

AFFANE

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The Parish of Affane By Uberrima Fides

From Dungarvan Observer 25.05.1985

SITUATION

This parish is situated in the Barony of Desies without Drum Fineen, and is bounded on the north by the mountain anciently called Sliabh Cua, on the east by the parishes of Modeligo and Whitechurch, on the S. by those of Kilmolash and Aglish, and on the west by the parish of Lismore.

NAME

The name of this parish is in Irish Ath-Meadhoin, which signifies the Middle Ford, but it is explained ford of the Channel in a legend in the life of St. Carthage of Lismore, which is her transcribed.

St Carthage proceeded through the plain of Cliua to the aforesaid River Nemplie (now the Blackwater to the place, which in the Scotie language is called Athmedhoin that is vadum-alvei, the ford of the channel, in which none pass across unless a few strong men knowing well how to swim in great drought of summer heat and when the flowing of the sea entirely decreases. For the tide comes up to the city of Lismore against the current of the river almost five miles, (they reckoned very long miles at this period) and fills the channel of the river together with its bank.

But the holy father Carthage came to the ford on that day a great quantity of water like a torrent fell into the river, which together with the tide of the sea then flowing so filled the channel of the river that the waters were scarcely contained within their accustomed banks. St Carthage asked if there were any accommodation of boat, and they said that there was not. Then the holy father, full of confidence, went nearer to the bank of the river, and commanded the sea and the torrent of the river in the name of the Lord Christ to cease their flowing and violence for a time, and return for the servants of their Lord.

And having made the sign of the cross the tide and fresh water flood divided themselves and the land and sand appeared dry like a hill through the midst of the divided river; and the waters rolled back on each side stood like a wall on the right hand and on the left and the exposed earth was stripped of their waters. Then St. Carthage ordered his monks to go by the passage of the flood and with great confidence they proceeded undaunted and after the saints a crown of pedestrians enters and others in chariots as if they were carried by land through the divided strait, after this the ? of the river Jordan under Iosna proceeded with dry feet.

The river rose higher and higher after the manner of a hill, and in like manner also the sea, and when the most holy old man had after (behind) all the rest from the shore he blessed that place, and ordered the waters to return to their course, and that place is called in the Scotie language Inad na ? which in Latin sounds Locus benedictionum. The waters meeting each other caused a very great perturbation.

This beautiful little legend which is an imitation of the miracle about the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites is also told with some variations in the Irish life of St. Mocuda. The name certainly signifies the middle ford, but I do not believe that it had its origin in this miracle place being called by that name from its being placed in the middle between two other fords, one towards Cappoquin.

The site of the original church of this parish is occupied by a neat modern church which stands in a large graveyard evidently of considerable antiquity. About half a furlong to the west of the church stand the ruins of the castle of Affane. Only parts of the east and west ends and fragments of the south wall remain from which it can be ascertained that it was 45 feet in length and 19 ft 7ins in breadth. Its walls are 4 feet in thickness and built of small stones grouted. It was rather a strong dwelling house than a military castle.

WATERFORD CITY & COUNTY

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By Hook or by Crook
By Patrick Mackey

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As we approach the village of Passage East the roadway set high above the Waterford Harbour estuary, gives magnificent vantage points. Queen Victoria, on her first visit to Ireland, enjoyed the superb coastal scenery as the Royal Yacht lay-to for the night during her stay. Upstream, Faithlegg Hill on the left and the twin chimney stacks of Great Island Power Station on the Wexford shore hold our attention.

Passage was formerly a fort and as such was considered by Oliver Cromwell to be as formidable as Duncannon fort across on the Wexford side of the river. The spot occupied by the present pier was in Cromwellian times the site of a block house mounting some guns. Passage Fort was under the command of the Governor of Duncannon.

"Passage was besieged by General Ireton while Cromwell laid siege to Waterford and after some two hundred villagers were killed, the garrison surrendered. Passage formed part of the county of the City of Waterford and was only ceded to the county in 1842. The village was purchased by the government in 1783 in connection with the projected founding of the city of New Geneva nearby.

Passage was extremely important as an advance port for Waterford and here most of Waterford's thirty charters were received. Today the village is a noted centre for salmon net fishing. The high rocky escarpment which dominates the village is inhabited by a herd of wild goats and from time to time their leader, a great shaggy horned Puck may be seen standing guard. These goats are reputed to have been descended from a herd of domesticated Greek goats which clambered ashore following a shipwreck some two hundred years ago. The rock where they made their abode is known as Cnuic a Nu, pronounced Conniganoo. This is a very old name and may refer to a Tuatha De Danaan chieftain.

From Passage, we take the road for Crooke and Geneva Barracks.

CROOKE

From Passage we drive on to the village of Crooke. Crooke is the most historic spot in the area. Henry II of England landed here in 1171. King John landed in 1210 and a monastery was founded here in the 13th century by the Knights Templars. There were no templars in Ireland before the Norman invasion and it is suggested that as a penance for the murder of Thomas a Becket, Henry II made a vow to provide for two hundred Templars and that in pursuance of this he made them several grants of land in Ireland.

The Knights Templars were a semi-military order and had their origins in the wars of the Crusades. Their foundation dates from about 1100 A.D. and about the same time the order of the Knights Hospitallers were founded.

Later the Templars and these Hospitallers were constantly at variance with each other and finally on February 3rd, 1307, and Templars in Ireland were all arrested and lodged in Prison. They had been accused of pride, heresy and even worse and were totally suppressed by a Bull of Pope Clement V in 1312.

When the settlement of the Templars at Crooke was suppressed it was given to the hospitallers who held Crooke until the suppression of all religious houses in Ireland under Henry VIII. The old churchyard attached to the remains of the ancient church has most interesting tombstones. Up to 1798 a great pattern or "Patron", day was held here annually on June 24th.

From Crooke we travel to see the ruin of Geneva Barracks, a place where terrible atrocities were committed in 1798.

GENEVA BARRACKS.

The Irish Parliament of 1793, anxious to settle a colony of artisans from Geneva in Switzerland in the district, voted a sum of fifty thousand pounds for the purpose of buying land, building a town and bringing over the Genevese. This sum was subsequently increased by about six thousand pounds and when the lands were purchased the building of the town was begun. It intended to provide accommodation for 1,000 settlers from Geneva. Ostensibly, the reason given for bringing them over was the great impetus which such a body of skilled artisans and leading merchants would give to the trade and commerce of the country and the increase in the national wealth which would necessarily accrue. However, vastly different reasons are given in the following letter which Earl Temple, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland wrote to the Chief Secretary, Lord Grenville.

Dublin Castle, February 9th, 1793. "Tell Lord Shelbourne that I am full of the idea (which he must keep secret because of our University) of founding a Genevois College for the education in pursuance of the idea which we discussed together. Many circumstances decide me to wish to place them in the south and I think we have nearly fixed our spot (near Waterford). I wish to remove them from the northern republicans and to place them where they might make an essential reform in the religion, industry and manner of the south who want it more."

It is obvious from this letter that over one hundred years after the Cromwellian transplantations to Connaught and the consequent dispossession of the Irish, that strenuous efforts were still being made towards the settlement of the area around Passage with people of the Protestant religion.

However, the whole arrangement fell through when some of the Genevese who actually arrived in Passage refused to stay and completely turned the tables on the government by declaring what amounted to a unilateral declaration of Independence. They soon were sent home to their native land and the buildings at New Geneva were left derelict.

About nine years later the Insurrection of 1798 broke out and the derelict town of New Geneva was taken possession of by the government. The walls were raised somewhat and accommodation was provided for about 1,500 soldiers. The soldiers at New Geneva or as it was now called, Geneva Barracks, committed the most fearful atrocities on the local inhabitants as well as to those taken prisoner and held in the barracks. Even today, after a lapse of almost two centuries, the memory of those cruelties and outrages still linger among the people and Geneva Barracks is a symbol for all time of tyranny and oppression.

In Cox's Irish Magazine of 1815 there is a vivid account of the "blanketing" of a Mrs. O'Neill at Geneva Barracks in 1798. This lady had travelled all the way from the County Antrim to bid farewell to her son who was imprisoned in the barracks. By bribing the sentries, she was permitted an interview, but as soon as mother and son had saluted each other she was harshly ordered into the presence of a Colonel Scott and his wife who, having subjected her to a rigid examination, handed her over to some highlanders to be "blanketed." The soldiers obtained a blanket, stripped the woman stark naked, put her on the blanket, hoisted her up into the air and when she fell back into the blanket the process was repeated and kept up for twenty minutes. The inhabitants of the surrounding district could see the naked body repeatedly rising above the walls of the barracks during this time.

The unfortunate woman was eventually taken to a neighbouring village where she died next day. Today, all that remains of Geneva Barracks is a large quadrangular walled-in space of about eight acres. The name of Geneva, however, is immortalised in the ballad, "The Croppy Boy" by Carroll Malone. The "Croppies" of their ballad is buried at Passage East.

The "Croppies" as they were known were people who were suspected of having rebellious tendencies. Accused on the whim of a soldier, or selected at random as being a rebel the unfortunate victim had his hair chopped off or cropped before being given a "cap" of boiling pitch.

From Geneva Barracks we continue on to the pretty sandy beach at Woodstown.

WOODSTOWN

Woodstown has a vast expanse of flat, sandy beach. The resort is deservedly popular as a family bathing place and few beaches can boast of being as safe as Woodstown. The rise and fall of the tide here is very small and the beach is nearly always sheltered. Cockle picking in Woodstown had been popular from time immemorial and one of the traditions of Waterford City is to go cockle picking in Woodstown in summer.

The townland of Woodstown was granted to a Cromwellian Officer named Colonel Muttlow. Charles Smith, the Waterford historian, writing in 1746, a century after the Cromwellian occupation, states that the Muttloes owned a large property here. The name, however, has completely died out in the locality. The property of Woodstown subsequently passed into the hands of Lord Carew.

Robert Shapland Carew, M.P., was one of the principal inhabitants of Woodstown in 1821 and the village then consisted of eight houses. Coal was discovered in nearby Kilmacomb and was mined there for some time in the last century. The ancient church at Kilmacomb is said to have been founded by a monk from Ossory (Co. Kilkenny), named Mochum, in the seventh century. A later thirteenth century foundation on the site was dedicated to Saint John the Baptist.

Overlooking the beach at Woodstown is Greadon Head. At this point there was a bay right across the bay to Duncannon on the Wexford shore. The water here at low tide is only 14 feet deep and in former years numerous wrecks occurred here. Creadon Head has a pretty sea cove and stands over 200 feet above sea level.

From Woodstown we take the road for Dunmore East, and on the way we will enjoy some pretty panoramic views of pleasant countryside.

DUNMORE EAST

From Woodstown we drive to Dunmore East. The name 'Dunmore' refers to the huge Stone Age fort which once stood here, overlooking the village, but which has long since been quarried away to provide material for building the pier. The big Fort of Dunmore was one of those cliff top forts, which are found along the coast in which the district from here to Youghal is particularly rich. They were probably built by a wave of pre-Celtic settlers from Brittany and, artifacts have been found in some.

A description of Dunmore in 1890 stated that: "A more prosperous, fashionable, aristocratic neighbourhood could hardly be found and the village very looks down on all watering places along the southern coast. It continues in flowery language: All other places of resort bow their heads, and none of them dare to intrude when Dunmore rich, retiring and genteel, puts itself in view.

The village of Dunmore East is charming. The high cliffs, the secluded coves and the harbour above which the tiers of houses rise, remind one of a Breton fishing village, The beautiful, well-kept thatched cottages

are features of the village; their roofs of golden straw providing a delightful contrast to the sparkling whitewashed walls. The harbour is one of the busiest along the south coast and is a major fishing port. In summer, yachting, dinghy-sailing and board sailing are immensely popular and visitors flock to the resort.

The building of the old Dunmore Pier was commenced in 1815 and it was subsequently finished in 1826 at a cost of £100,000. It was built of the fine grained sandstone so abundant in the district. The pretty lighthouse was constructed in the Doric order which was very fashionable in the early years of the last century. The Board of Works, when building the pier, purchased the strip of land all the way from the pier to the 'Flat Rocks' and as far inward is the main road. The quarries at both sides of the road were worked out and a railroad was laid down to the 'Flat Rocks' for the carriage of material to the pier.

Lord Waterford, as proprietor of the land, built the large house, which is now the Convent of Mercy, for use as an hotel. During the building of the pier, immense triangles with windlasses attached to each were used for hoisting tons of stones at each lift, and depositing them in the railway cars. This was a mammoth undertaking for the time, when, without the benefit of modern machinery, those huge masses of rock were manhandled, eight men to a railway car, along the tracks to the pier end, where they were thrown into the sea and the car returned for another load,

At the outer side or sea side of the pier, a great storm wall was built with rough stones laid in cement. A sloping shelf of great stones had each stone fastened to the surrounding ones by huge clamps of iron, leaded in. The inner side of the pier was faced with cut stone, down to the bottom of the water. This was done by use of a diving bell which was raised or lowered by being suspended immediately under a bell-house. The bell house moved along a platform of timber, running parallel to the pier. An air pump was worked by two men, pumping by hand, to force air through a long leather tube into the bell, where the masons were building the wall.

When we see the strength and solidity of Dunmore Pier today, we should pause in amazement at the achievement of those iron men who toiled unceasingly, through wind and weather, most of them working from dawn to dusk, for five or six shillings a week.

When the pier was completed, the mail packet station between England and Ireland, and was transferred from Cheekpoint to Dunmore. Steampackets or fast steamships were used to convey mails from Milford Haven and the usual crossing time to Dunmore was nine hours. It is recorded that the ship 'The Cinderella' crossed in the record time of seven hours. When the packet reached Dunmore, a mail coach conveyed passengers and mails to Waterford, where they were transferred to coaches bound for Cork or Dublin. The packet sailed back from Dunmore to Milford Haven at midnight.

The great fort of Dunmore, called the Shannon, was situated near the convent. This great hill, which was an ancient Celtic fort, was quarried away for the building of the pier. From rocks, the original semi-circular earthworks ran for about thirty yards, to the main entrance of the fort. It then continued in a semi-circle to the old flag house. In all, the ditch enclosed an area of about one and a half acres. Underneath the fort is a cave called Merlin's Cave which extends for about 200 yards beneath the Headland. From here, the ancient Celts set out in their war sloops to do battle against the invaders of their territory. From here, too, the Vikings launched their war galleys, to patrol the sea coast of their city kingdoms of Waterford and Wexford.

Traces of an old Viking settlement still existed here in the early years of this century, and Tower Fort, which stood on the hill, was a Viking stronghold, rather similar to Reginald's Tower in Waterford City, although, of course, much smaller. The walls of this fort were almost ten feet thick. There was an internal porch and double doorway opening above, for dropping deadly missiles upon the besiegers. A stone stairway led to the roof, and subterranean passages are believed to have afforded escape routes to the sea.

From the sea, the cliffs along the coast are well worth seeing, and numerous rocky platforms of varying heights have been formed by the action of the sea on the sandstone. These miniature table-lands are put to good use by large flocks of sea-birds, who take up their abode along the cliffs. In particular, the constant mewing of the kittiwakes sound ceaselessly around the cliffs.

The Waterford Harbour Sailing Club has its headquarters in Dunmore East and their splendid clubhouse is a feature of the village. In summer, the pennants of many international yachts may be seen in the harbour, for the port has a high priority as a stopping place with visiting yachtsmen.

Sailing of all types is very popular and the harbour has been the venue of the World Mirror Class Dinghy Sailing Championships. Board-sailing, too, is growing in popularity, and Dunmore is rapidly becoming a major centre for this fast-growing sport. The resort boasts of an annual festival, at which many aquatic activities take place.

Near Dunmore East is the pretty village of Ballymacaw where a deep glen runs inland from the strand. Also in the vicinity is Harristown Megalithic Tomb, where some prehistoric finds were made.

Just two miles from Dunmore, northwards towards Creaden Head, is the rocky hill of Carrig-a-dhiria. On the hilltop, this massive megalithic monument stands, a few feet below the summit. The hill itself, although only 430 feet high, affords a magnificent view of Tramore Bay, with the jagged outline of the Comeragh Mountains in the background; On the very far horizon, Slievenamon, Tory Hill; Brandon and Mount

Leinster may be seen; The hill, upon which the tomb lies, is actually called Carrig Aghda (the long rock) and the adjoining hill is Carrig-adhirra (the end of the rock).

The site here has long been familiar to Irish Antiquaries, and it was excavated by Dr. Jacquetta Hawkes in the 1930s. The outer cairn was found to be about fifty feet in diameter and circular in shape. Inside some fragments of charcoal were found, scattered about the clay floor. The megalithic circle, enclosing the inner mound, was found to be about thirty feet in diameter, and before excavation, some twenty of its stones were visible. After clearance of the site, three other megaliths were found.

The inner chamber of the tomb is twenty feet long, and some three and a half feet wide. The north and south sides of the chamber were reinforced by external walls, built of smaller stones which at the west end were carefully fitted. The construction of the chamber walls was remarkably solid. The roof, also formed by five large slabs, successfully withstood the test of time.

The finds, during the excavation at Harristown, yielded cremated bones, possibly representing two people; an axe-amulet, and a pebble of similar shape; and a quantity of burnt sticks, presumed to be the remains of funeral fires, all dating from the period in which the tomb was built.

Other finds on the site date from the bronze age and include a food vessel, three incinerary urns and another three, outside the chamber entrance. A pygmy cup, a bronze razor, stone beads and bone needles were also found.

Harristown is but one of a remarkable consecration of pre-historic monuments in the area, and it is the easternmost of five comparable tombs, which show many features in common. Some archaeologists connect this, group of megaliths, which they call the Tramore group, with the entrance graves of the Scilly Isles and the theory has been advanced, that both the Scilly and Tramore groups are derived from Breton passage graves.

In any event, much work remains to be done to positively date and identify those tombs. Meanwhile, it is interesting to speculate on the co-incidence of the axe-amulet being found at Harristown, for axe-amulets were religious charms, worn by the stone age people of Western Europe. Their northern connections were with Scotland and Scandinavia and in time became the hammer symbol of Thor, venerated by the Vikings of Waterford who ousted the Deise tribe from their ancient lands of Carrig a dhirra, two thousand years after the axe was buried at Harristown.

Major finds were also made in nearby Corballybeg.

CORBALLY

The townland of Corballymore, more popularly known as "Carbally " had a salt water mill and fishing weir at the entrance to the channel leading up to Carbally chapel. The mill flourished in the early seventeenth century and after some years a second mill was built and put into operation.

The founder of the Fortescue family came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and the two of them, father and son, fought at the Battle of Hastings in 1066. The elder Fortescue, a man of great strength, protected William the Conqueror by bearing a great shield in front of him. In 1681, a descendant of this Norman knight, Edmond Fortescue of London, married Sarah Alland of Corballymore. Their son became the first Baron Fortescue of Credan.

At Corballybeg, a remarkable find was made in 1907, on a farm in the locality. On a hill-top, a pillar stone, surrounded by three large boulders, was excavated, and a flagstone was found buried. The flag stone which was raised, was found to rest like a table top, upon three uprights.

In the centre, between the uprights, lay a small but beautiful urn of baked clay. Underneath the run (which was placed mouth down in the orthodox manner) was a single human bone. Near the urn were several fragments of broken bones, chiefly pieces of human skull. Nearby: was a large quantity of black and red ashes in a-pit which had evidently been used as a crematorium. None of the bones, however, showed any traces of fire.

Beside the urn were a few round pebbles, larger than eggs, which had apparently been carried there for some purpose. The urn was, unfortunately, broken in removal but was completely restored by the National Museum authorities. It is now part of the national collection of burial urns. The restored vessel stands 7½ inches high by 6¾ inches in diameter at its mouth. It is of the vase type and was probably made by hand and not on the wheel. The design, and ornamentation is of vertical and horizontal lines which were evidently made by passing a cord around the soft clay. The immediate area must have been a settlement of considerable importance, for an adjoining field contained a conical hill, known locally as 'the Dun' and nearby another field was called the Faithche or 'Hurling Green.' We travel to Killea before we continue our journey to Tramore.

KILLEA

The old church of Cill Aodh (the church of Hugh or Aidan), was founded in the seventeenth century. No trace of this little monastic church, founded by a disciple of St. Declan, remains. The ruins, which are to be seen, are of a much later foundation and the present church dates from 1817.

The original church was built near a mineral spring and Rylands History of Waterford, published in 1824, mentions some efficacious waters to those in quest of health to be found at the foot of the rising ground of the church near the Fairy Bush.'

The number of these mineral springs or spas which formerly existed in the Barony of Gaultier was above the average number for similar districts in Ireland, and similar spas to that at Kilea existed at Crossbog, Monamintra, Kill- St.-Nicholas, Kilmacleague and Ballymabin.

We continue to Tramore via Clohernagh and soon the vast expanse of Tramore Back Strand comes into view. Around here the scenery is striking and some spectacular views may be had of the sandhills at Saleen and the town of Tramore, prettily situated across the water.

THE OLD RACECOURSE, TRAMORE BACK STRAND

Approximately half of the backstrand at Tramore was reclaimed in the middle of the nineteenth century. Almost 500 acres were reclaimed by a huge earthen breastworks which was constructed by Mr. Malcolmson to keep the tide from flooding the area. The original racecourse at Tramore was constructed here, and it was described at the time as being 'one of the neatest and best fitted racecourses in the country.'

The racecourse on the backstrand was an enclosed course which was an innovation for the time. A strong wooden paling, to which a high corrugated sheeting was attached, extended for two miles along the distance enclosed. This enclosure was built by the hon. secretary of the racecourse, a Mr. M. J. Murphy, T.C., Eight turnstiles admitted race-goers to a carriage way around the track.

The County Stand House was an elegant structure of pitch pine with large-plate glass panelling at both ends. The Grand Stand was also enclosed at the ends and, for the vast majority of punters, there was the Open Stand which accommodated about a thousand people. Contemporary accounts of race meetings there stressed that the course had great advantages in affording a perfect view of the races from start to finish, and also that the 'going' was invariably good, owing to the nature of the turf.

The stables attached to the racecourse consisted of 33 boxes with sand filled partitions between each one to create soundproof conditions. Weigh rooms, dressing room and stewards rooms were regarded as being excellent. The Waterford County Grand Jury supported the race course to the tune of liberal reward of over £5,000 to have a roadway and stone wall constructed along the beach to the racecourse.

TRAMORE

Tramore, justifiably rated as Ireland's best developed holiday centre, has been famed since Georgian times. The bracing climate and delightful aspect of the town, high on the hillside, overlooking Tramore Bay, gives the place a distinctive appeal quite unlike other seaside resorts. The sheer size of the beach, however, the immensity of its three mile stretch of flat golden strand which stretches away eastward to the morning, is what makes Tramore unforgettable.

At each end of the gently curving - beach, two tall headlands shelter the bay. Brownstown Head, to the east, is crowned by two tall pillars and the famous Tramore Metalman crowns the central pillar of three on Great Newtown Head, to the west. Those five enigmatic pillars are, in fact, warning marks, erected in the 1820s to distinguish the shallow bay from the navigable waters of Waterford Harbour, east of Tramore.

The Metalman, for so long identifiable with Tramore is a cast iron figure some 14 feet high. He was put on his lofty pillar in 1823 by Lloyd's Agency, to serve as a warning to shipping, reputedly after the disastrous wreck of the 'Seahorse,' a transport carrier some years previously. True to romantic nautical traditions, there are several legends associated with the Metalman. As the metal figure stands in his early nineteenth century sailors attire, with one arm pointing dramatically seawards, he is supposed to chant a doleful rhyme on stormy nights:

"Keep off good ship, keep off from me,
For I'm the rock of misery."

A happier legend associated with the Metalman says that if a girl succeeds in hopping around the base of the pillar three times on one leg, she will be married within the year. This legend is how-ever more associated with the pillar or an earlier standing stone which occupied the site, than with the Metalman.

A sea cave under the headland has two arched entrances. Known as the "Cave of the Light," it is popularly believed to have been used extensively by smugglers in olden times. It can only be reached by boat, and that with some difficulty.

Near the town, at the western end, the Doneraile Cliffs give superb views of the bay. Along the cliff top is the famous Doneraile Walk, with a flight of steps leading to the Foyle bathing place. On the Doneraile Walk, a stone tablet commemorates the loss of the "Seahorse," which was wrecked in Tramore Bay in 1816.

The "Seahorse" had on board, the second battalion of the 59th regiment of the British Army and on January 30th, 1816, the vessel was driven by a raging gale into Tramore Bay, where at midday, without any hope of saving them, the whole population of the town watched with horror the impending doom of the passengers and crew. Many scenes of heartbreaking heroism were witness by the watchers on shore, as hopeless attempts were made to struggle ashore. In a short time, in full view of everyone, the vessel struck and quickly broke into pieces, tossing 292 men and 71 women and children into the swirling water. Only thirty lives were saved and wreckage and bodies were strewn along three miles of the coast. A few years before, the 59th regiment had fought with distinction at Waterloo.

At the foot of the steps leading from the Doneraile Walk is the Wishing Well and nearby a pretty wooden glen leads to Pier Cove, a small landing place. The wide Cliff road, or Coast Road, runs along the cliff edge, from the Pier to the Guillameen Cove, about a mile from the town. The Guillameen, a deep water place, is very popular with experienced swimmers and at Newtown Cove, a short distance away, there are diving platforms and other bathing facilities.

BEACH

Tramore Beach provides excellent and safe bathing with beach guards on duty throughout the season. The beach is backed by a vast sand dune area which stretches for three miles eastwards to Rinnashark. The tide ebbs and flows here over 2,000 acres of salt marsh and muddflats and along the sand dune area, the Burrows Nature Trail has sixteen stopping points of interest.

A Tramore attraction, which almost rivals the beach in popularity is the giant amusement complex. This area, which has the most sophisticated and modern facilities in the country, extends over fifty acres. Here, when children get tired of sand and donkeys and pony-rides, they can enter a children's paradise of amusements.

The Tramore amusements include the largest transportable roller-coaster in the world, waltzers, ghost-train, orbiter, stroglide, pedal and rowing boats, miniature railway, as well as crazy golf, pitch and putt, adventure island, trampolines, five amusement arcades and a holiday shop complex.

The surrounding countryside is of rich and varied scenery from the wild beauty of the coast and ocean to the gentler harmony of the inland villages. The district is extremely rich in early Christian remains and sites and the little known byways around Tramore are delightful places for a leisurely drive. The woodland beauty of the stage Forests is very attractive and much of County Waterford is heavily planted with trees.

The Forest and Wildlife Service has opened up much of these forests to the public and many happy hours may be spent in the peace and beauty of the woodland areas. Amenities such as picnic places, forest trails and viewing points make a visit to the State Forests an enjoyable experience.

In the immediate vicinity of Tramore there are many quiet and secluded beaches. A trip along the Coast Road from the town, leads to turning off points for the little beaches of the Tramore area.

The first road down to the sea from the main road, leads to Garrarus. This is a beautiful little beach with small grained sand. The next road leads to Islandkane, and here traces of ancient fortifications may be seen. Offshore is Sheep Island, shaped like a boot. On the promontory, opposite the island, is the remains of an ancient fort. Another fort existed on the island itself. Evidently the inhabitants of these ancient forts expected the enemy to arrive by sea as the forts here, like the famous Dun Aengus, were constructed to face the sea front.

Another beautiful beach nearby is at Kilfarrissey, and here too is an island offshore, called Burke's Island. Further west the pretty village of Annewstown is a lovely place and it is situated on a lip of land, jutting out from an extensive plain into the sea. Nearby are numerous rocky heights. Lead mines were worked here in 1836.

From Tramore we continue on to Waterford via the main road. At the traffic roundabout, just before we reach Waterford city we turn right and return to Passage East via Passage Road and Knockboy.

WATERFORD GLASS

The earliest mention of a glass house in Waterford occurs in 1729. This venture was short-lived, however, and the story of Waterford Crystal – really begins in 1783, when George and William Penrose petitioned Parliament for finance to establish a flint glass factory, - The name of Waterford soon became synonymous with the finest cut crystal and the company began to export on a large scale.

Waterford Crystal continued to win acclaim all over the world but increased taxes and duties meant that by the mid 1850s the industry was in trouble and in 1851 production ceased at Waterford.

In 1951, exactly a century after the old factory closed production began at a new Waterford Glass factory, one of the most modern in Europe. Key glass-blowing master craftsmen and master cutters and engravers were brought in from Germany, Italy and Czechoslovakia. Local apprentices, were trained and within twenty years virtually all the firms employees were Irish, The original factory at Johnstown was extended; a new factory was built at Kilbarry in 1967 and still was not big enough for what has become the largest manufacturing unit of its type in the world. Many extensions have been built at Kilbarry and the company opened another factory at Dungarvan. Some years ago, Waterford Glass went into the crystal lighting-ware business and another new factory was built in Waterford.

Waterford Glass, today employs over 3,000 workers in their crystal glass factories and their industrial complex is the largest glass factory in the world, All over the world in offices, homes, palaces, embassies, boardrooms, churches and hotels the Waterford product is admired and appreciated.

To see the famous crystal being made is a fascinating experience. Each movement is planned and purposeful and the teams of batch mixers, pot fillers and master blowers move back and forth from the furnaces without seeming to take any notice of the incredible heat of the molten glass. To watch a jug being fashioned, the waste at the top being cracked off with seeming nonchalance; the lip being formed and the handle joined perfectly while the glass is at white heat is a memorable experience.

In the cutting shop – the master cutter deftly indents the beautiful designs on to the heavy crystal. The speed, accuracy and artistry displayed is a revelation and here too the craftsmen with a skill born of long experience seems not to look at his work at all, Finally when you have marvelled at the skills and crafts of the glass workers you may see a marvellous collection in the sumptuous showrooms. No glass is sold at the factory but you may look at the dealer catalogues. Tours are daily except Saturday and Sunday and appointments may be made free of charge by phoning Waterford Glass at 051-73311 or Waterford Tourist Office at 051-75788.

From Waterford Glass we continue on the main road until we see a sign on the left for Bonmahon.

BONMAHON

This seaside village has many quiet coves and secluded places to enjoy good bathing. Nearby there are several dissused copper mines which were worked up to the nineteenth century, to a depth of over 800 feet. Most of the nineteenth century miners came from Cornwall because, according to a contemporary report the Irish had no great taste for it.

Copper had been worked in the Bonmahon district since prehistoric times. The promontory of the Danes Island, called in Irish O'Bric's Ireland, was perforated with ancient mine workings and many stone hammers and mauls have been found there. The raw copper mined here by ancient Celts was made into spears and arrow heads and axes, cauldrons and ornaments, of which there are many examples in the museum collections. An ancient copper ingot, which weighed about one pound and which has been cast in a doubly circular mould, was found on the site of an early Christian cell at Kilmoylan, near Kilmacthomas. This early copper ingot was part of a collection of stone and bronze implements which were found in the Bonmahon region, and which were exhibited in the old Waterford Museum.

It was not, however, until 1745 that any systematic and determined effort was made to work the Bonmahon mines commercially. A company was formed, which rented the mines from Lord Ranelagh and 130 tons of copper and 35 tons of lead ore were raised in a few months. In subsequent years the mines were worked by Lord Ormonde, who expended considerable sums on them. It was not until the formation of the Mining Company of Ireland, in 1824, that the mines were properly developed.

The mining company of Ireland commenced operation with a capital of £500,000 of which £140,000 was paid up. The company undertook the working of several mines in counties Waterford, Wicklow, Tipperary and Dublin. The success of the Bonmahon Mines was so great, initially the shareholders received in dividends, the value of their shares twice over. However, the price of ore nosedived because of foreign competition and, in 1870, the mines had to be abandoned.

In 1891, the company proposed to liquidation and, in 1892, the Bonmahon mines were sold by auction for £50.

The coastal scenery in this area of County Waterford is very fine and some spectacular views may be enjoyed. The Mahon River is wildly picturesque and rugged, right up to its remote fastness in the Comeragh Mountains. From the village Mount Eyrie and Joy's Island can be seen, and the remains of the engine houses and mining machinery at Tankards Hill are evocative sights.

Bonmahon has a fine strand with a smooth, sandy beach. On either arm of the bay, rough, jagged cliffs rise to a height of 200 feet. There are some very interesting rock wormations. One of these, "The Bishop's Library," is found between Cassaunagreane Cove and Faillaneena Rock. The green verdigris, oozing from the copper seams, can be seen, as well as many bore holes which were made to establish levels during mining operations.

A tall, narrow rock-tooth, called "Faillaneena Castle," is nearly 100 feet high, and is completely surrounded by water at high tide. A little further east is the rock, known locally as "Caggair Drom Capaill" (the Rock of the Horses Back). On the western side of the bay, a fine pathway makes a pleasant cliff-top walk towards Stradbally, further west. The cliff walk gives superb views of high, rugged cliffs, which drop sheer for 150 meet to the beach below.

Bonmahon has historical associations with Philip FitzGerald Barron who founded Sea-field College in 1835. Sea-field College was founded to help in the revival of Irish, Greek, Latin and Hebrew were also taught. The college was situated about one miles from Bonmahon.

From Bonmahon we continue along the coast road with some dramatic coastal scenery on the left. All along this rugged coast are tall cliffs and sea-stacks off shore. The next resort we come to is the pretty little village of Stradbally.

STRADBALLY

Stradbally is a pleasant little seaside, resort on a rocky stretch of coast, about five miles west of Bonmahon. The coast-lines here is dramatically fringed by high dark cliffs with occasional secluded coves and inlets. Many delightful walks may be taken along the cliff-top pathways.

The land adjoining the beach at Stradbally is part of the Woodhouse Demesne, once the residence of the FitzThomas family; Woodhouse passed from them to the Uniacke family, and finally, to the Beresfords. Near the present Roman Catholic Church is the site where an Augustinian Abbey once stood. There are one or two interesting stones to be seen on the site. One is a headstone which bears the sculpture a skull

and crossbones. Beneath is inscribed the legend "Momento Homo" together with the date, December 17th, 1717. The other stone which is flat and coffin shaped is ornamentally inscribed.

Two miles north of Stradbally is the souterrain of Drumloghan. Several Ogham Stones were found built into the roof of this souterrain or underground passage. They have been re-erected above ground. Ogham is the earliest known form of writing found in Ireland and probably began around 300 A.D. The name is derived from Ogmios, the Celtic God of writing. The alphabet is made up of sets of up to five strokes on, diagonally across or on either side of a central line.

The souterrain at Drumloghan is an ancient pagan burial ground and during the last century traces of a double ring or trench were still evident. This double ring enclosed an earthen mound and inside this mound-the souterrain was discovered in 1867, when the outer ring was levelled.

The inscriptions of the Drumloghan stones is as follows:

MANU MAGUNO GATI MOCOI MOCOBBO

CALUNOYIC MAQI MUCIO LIT...

MAOI-INI.... TTEAS

CUNALEGEA MAQI C.... SALAB CELI

AVI QUECI

BIGU MAQI LAG

BIR MAQI MUROI ROTTAIS

MAQI NE..... AS

DENAVEC..... COI MEDALO

BBO..... AS

SOVALINI DEAGOS MAQI MUROI....

NAI

During the last century a Mr. Brash deciphered the first two inscriptions as: "Manu, son of Unoga: Timoge, son of Arb"

"Sleeps Unofic, son of Muccio under this stone mute."

The ogham inscriptions are particularly difficult to translate because they are written in an archaic form of Gaelic.

From Stradbally we travel on along the coast road to Dungarvan. Along this road we can see some magnificent coastal scenery along the rocky shoreline.

DUNGARVAN

The small but pretty seaport of Dungarvan is situated on one of the loveliest stretches of coastline in Ireland. The town was built where the River Colligan broadens into Dungarvan Bay and the Knockmealdown, Comeragh and Monavullagh mountain ranges form a scenic backdrop. Dungarvan grew up in the shelter of a large Anglo-Norman castle which dates back to Prince John's visit in 1185. During the rebellion of 1641 Dungarvan Castle frequently changed hands and it was surrendered to the Cromwellians in 1649.

Later a considerable part of the castle was incorporated into the military barracks which remained in army hands until 1882. After that the Royal Irish Constabulary were in occupation until 1921 when the barracks was destroyed.

The Dungarvan Valley was inhabited during the late Stone Age and all through the Bronze Age. In the third century A.D. a new wave of settlers came when the Deises were driven from their lands in Meath and eventually occupied virtually all of County Waterford and parts of Tipperary as far as Cashel. At Kilgreany, near the town, the bones and great antlers of the long extinct Great Irish Elk together with remains of Arctic fox and lemming were discovered in the early years of the century. Many bronze-age finds were also made in the area and there are many sites where ogham stones and early stone church have been found.

Perhaps the most noteworthy discovery in the Kilgreany Cave, however, was the late Palaeolithic human skeleton which was claimed to have been found. Because of the fact that parts of the skeleton were found in different strata within the cave the claim could not be substantiated. However, what is certain is the fact that the skeleton which was uncovered was very old indeed.

Another interesting find in Kilgreany was the remains of a Lynx, the only known Irish find of this animal. Shandon Cave nearby was excavated in 1851 and yielded bones of extinct fauna, including Mammoth, Reindeer, Bear and Wolf. Near Kilgreany there are other cave systems at Ballynamindra and Carrigmurris and also in Whitechurch demesne.

The Catholic Parish Church at Dungarvan is by George Ashin, a pupil of A. W. Pugin. It looks a rather plain structure from outside but the beautiful interior is a revelation. The lofty roof is supported by well proportioned columns and is finely grained. Over the altar are three stained glass windows, with seven windows, also of stained glass at either side of the church. Beneath the altar is a beautiful white marble sculpture consisting of life-size figures cut in Carrara Marble. The church was built in 1828.

A most interesting church, perhaps, is, the Catholic Church at Abbeyside, on the east side of the estuary. The present church, built in 1820, joins the old Abbey which was built in the thirteenth century for the

Eremites of St. Augustine by the McGraths of Sleady and the O'Briens of Comeragh. These families also built a castle near the church at about the same time although only one wall of this building remains. The ruins of the old Abbey include an elegant arch which supports a tower of some sixty feet high. Below the east window of the church is the tomb of Donald McGrath, dated 1490. During the Penal times in Ireland when Catholic priests were persecuted, the Augustinians were forced to abandon their Abbey and take refuge in the Comeragh Mountains. Carrig an Aifrinn (the Mass Rock) with holes in which lighted candles were placed during the celebration of Mass, is still pointed out. In 1824 the Friars returned to Dungarvan to build a new church in the street now called St. Augustine Street.

Adjoining the grounds of the Church of Ireland is Dungarvan Town Park. The plot for this beautifully sited park, over-looking the harbour, was acquired in 1895. A monument in the Park commemorates Edmund Power, the United Irishman, who was hanged in 1798.

Apart from the wonderful safe beaches, Dungarvan boasts one of the finest harbours in Ireland for sailing enthusiasts. Dungarvan Bay is a superb natural sailing centre and there is a very active sailing club in the town. Sea angling too is very popular and Dungarvan has become noted for the excellence and variety of its deep sea fishing. A feature of this sport in Dungarvan is the abundance of blue shark close inshore in summer and boats and equipment may be hired locally for this thrill-a-minute action sport.

About six miles from Dungarvan is the little Irish-speaking village of An Rinn (Ring) in the midst of the Deise Gaeltacht. Here there is a noted Irish collage and nearby are good small beaches. A mile or so from Ring is the pretty old fishing village of Ballynagaul and nearby Helvick Head commands magnificent views. Four miles from Ring, near the coast in Ballynamona, however, is Cailleach Bhearra's House, a portal dolmen which is one of the few in the south of Ireland. Less than a mile away is a cliff-fort at Carrick Philip and from here to Mine Head there are the remains of at least two other promontory forts.

WATERFORD

The antiquity of Waterford cannot be traced with certainty before A.D. 850. Most likely some kind of settlement existed on this part of the river before the Danish incursions. Bronze age remains have been found in and near the city and in an area just west, at Grannagh, evidence shows that it was occupied during the late stone age. However, it was as a seaport that Waterford, as we know it had its beginning. Sitric the Dane settled here in 853 and set up a fortified encampment. The Danish stronghold was, of course, subject to constant harrassment by the Irish, who breached the walls on several occasions.

The next phase in the history of Waterford began on August 25, 1170, when the town was taken by the Normans under Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. Prince John visited the city in 1185, and again as King in 1211, having granted Waterford its first charter in 1205. In 1487 the city refused to obey the Earl of Kildare, who directed that, Lambert Simnel be recognised as King of England. Ten years later the citizens repulsed a second pretender, Perkin Warbeck, and as a result of this latter engagement Henry VIII conferred the title *Urba Intacta* (Unconquered City) to Waterford, which persists to the present time on the city coat of arms. Richard II visited Waterford in 1395 and 1399. Waterford was occupied by Mountjoy in 1603 and visited by Rinuccini in, 1648. In his report on the affairs of Ireland sent to Pope Innocent X, Rinuccini described Waterford as being one of the only two Irish cities he would 'place in the front rank for reverence to the Holy See.'

In 1649, the city was unsuccessfully besieged by Cromwell, but was forced to surrender to his deputy, Ireton, in the following year; After the Battle of the Boyne, both James and William came by Waterford and soon after this the Huguenots came to the city.

Considerable United Ireland activity took place in the city and county in 1798. In 1826, Waterford returned Villiers-Stuart to Parliament against the opposition of Lord George Beresford, the out-going candidate and powerful landowner in the district. This was an historic victory which helped pave the way for Catholic Emancipation. At the time of the Great Famine (1846-'48), the fact that there were large quantities of rice in the city saved Waterford from the worst effects of the disastrous shortage of food.

In ecclesiastic circles, famous Waterford men include Bishop Patrick Comerford, Father Luke Wadding, Archbishop Lombard, Father Peter White and Dr. James White. The greatest Waterford-born patriot was Thomas Francis Meagher, and the field of artistic endeavour was nobly represented by John Roberts, the famous architect, Charles Kean the eminent actor and William Vincent Wallace the noted operatic composer.

WHAT TO SEE

Reginald's Tower: On the eastern end of the Quay stands this massive, chief remnant of Danish Waterford. Built in 1003 by Reginald Mac Ivor, Danish Governor of the city. With walls ten feet thick, it is the oldest tower of mortared stone in Europe, and was originally built as a fortress to protect the Danish settlement from attack by the Irish when the Normans took the city, Strongbow occupied the tower and was married there to Aoife, daughter of the King of Leinster. Subsequently the tower saw service as a mint, a prison, a military stores depot and a lock-up. In 1955, to mark the 750th year in the life of Waterford as a chartered city, the interior of the tower was restored to house a permanent exhibition of some of the principal items of corporation archieic sand muniments.

On display are the swords, uniform and battle-flags of Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher. Born in Waterford and known as "Meagher of the Sword" he was a brilliant statesman, soldier and orator. Because of his United Ireland activity. Meagher was transported to Tasmania but escaped to America where, joining the Union Army, he rose to the rank of Brigadier-General and led the Irish Brigade with such distinction at Fort Sumter and Fredericksburg that General Robert E. Lee was moved to say: "Never were men so brave." Meagher became Acting Governor of the State of Montana, but was drowned in the Mississippi in 1867.

For detailed information on Reginald's Tower, visitors should read "Reginald's Tower and the Story of Waterford" on sale at all tourist offices in the South-East.

The City Hall: The City Hall was completed in 1788 as an assembly place for the leading citizens, the architect was John Roberts. The main apartments are upstairs, the Council Chamber fronting The Mall, the Committee Room and the Municipal Theatre.

Also in the Council Chamber is a magnificent cut-glass chandelier, made in the old Waterford Glass factory over a century ago. A copy hangs in the Hall of Independence, Philadelphia, having been imported from Waterford in 1760. A complete dinner service of the old glass, now priceless, may be seen, presented to the city by Mr. E. A. McGuire, The Theatre Royal occupies about one third of the building and was established in 1876.

Also in the Council Chamber is a very valuable painting of Waterford by the eighteenth century Flemish artist, William van der Hagen.

Waterford Arts Centre: Housed in a splendid Georgian building in O'Connell Street, the Waterford Arts Centre holds regular exhibitions of cultural works.

The Courthouse: This substantial building of granite, with an impressive Ionic Portico; stands in its own grounds adjoining the People's Park and is now a century old but was completely renovated recently.

Chamber of Commerce Building: A spacious Georgian building in O'Connell Street, designed by John Roberts and built in 1795.

The Catholic Cathedral: The Catholic Cathedral in Barronstrand Street a dignified building on classic lines, was completed in 1796. Many precious chalices are preserved there.

Christ Church Cathedral: Christ Church Cathedral, Cathedral Square, occupied the site of the Danish church which was built in the eleventh century and demolished in 1773.

The French Church: The French Church (National Monument) was originally a Franciscan foundation, built in 1240. In the seventeenth century it came into the possession of a colony of Hugenot refugees (from which the name 'French Church' is derived). It was abandoned in 1819. The ruins contain a fine east window and a lofty central tower (key at house opposite main gate).

Blackfriars Abbey: The abbey in Arundel Sq. was founded in 1226 and was one of the oldest Dominican houses in the country. The square tower of the church is the only considerable remnant of the old building (key at City Hall).

The Clock Tower: The Clock Tower on The Quay was built in 1861, and was originally intended for the benefit of shipping.

The Bridge: This replaces an old wooden-toll-bridge built by Lemuel Cox, a Boston architect, in 1793. The present bridge was completed in 1913, is 700 feet long and measures 48 feet between the parapets. A new bridge has been built to replace the Redmond Bridge and is at present being demolished.

Holy Ghost Hospital: On the main Waterford/Cork Road, this was erected over seventy years ago. A handsome Gothic structure, it replaces the original almshouse which stood on the site of part of the old Franciscan convent (French Church), having been established there in 1545 by an Enabling Charter of Henry VIII. A number of unique mediaeval figure sculptures are pre-served, six in oak, one of alabaster, and one of sandstone, some of which probably date from the first Franciscan settlement.

Luke Wadding Memorial: Situated on The Mall, this commemorates Waterford's most illustrious son. Luke Wadding was born in 1588, son of a prominent Waterford merchant. He entered the Franciscan order at Oporto, Portugal, and later taught theology at Salamanca, Spain. So outstanding was his learning that he was chosen as theological adviser to the delgation sent to Rome by Philip III of Spain. He also founded St. Isodores and the Irish College in Rome.

Brother Rice Memorial Chapel: A beautiful memorial chapel at Mount Sion, Barrack Street, mother-house of the teaching order of which he was founded, hold the mortal remains of Edmund Ignatius Rice. Born in Callan, Co. Kilkenny, in 1762, he entered business in Waterford. He commenced instruction of the hitherto neglected youth of Waterford in 1802, and six years later took the vows of religion. Since then the Irish Christian Brothers have spread throughout the world and now numbers hundreds of foundations. The Reverend Founder died in 1844, and his cause for beatification was opened in 1961.

Birthplace of Wallace and Kean: Both William Vincent Wallace, composer of "Maritana" and other widely popular operas, and Charles Kean, actor, were born in Colbeck Street (off The Mall).

Site of King John's Palace: Not far from Christ Church Cathedral, an inscribed stone (in the wall of the widows apartments) marks the site of the castle which King John used when he visited Waterford.

The People's Park: Containing fifteen acres, it was laid out over a century ago. Two Russian furs, captured at Sebastopol, may be seen. The handstand, fountain and cycle track were added in the last century, and the park, having long since reached full fruition, is a pleasant place to relax amidst the beauty of its trees and flowers.

Visitors to Waterford should read "Selected Walks Through Old Waterford," on sale at all Tourist Offices in the South East. This gives detailed information on many parts of the old city.

From Waterford we travel out the main Cork Road to visit Portlaw and we turn right at the signpost to this lovely old factory town.

Huge Welcome for President Robinson

By unknown author

From *Dungarvan Observer*, 21.09.1991.



Huge crowds to welcome President Mary Robinson turned out on Tuesday in Dungarvan, Cappoquin, Lismore and Tallow. Her first stop accompanied by her husband Nick, and her A.D.C. Commdt. Pat McNally, was St. Augustine's College, Dungarvan, where she was welcomed by the principal Fr. Pat Moran O.S.A.

She officially opened the magnificent all-weather hockey pitch after getting a commitment from the male students in the college that they would give their support to the 93 girl students in their endeavours for the college.

This pitch will also be used by the Dungarvan Hockey Club.



Pictured Martina Hayes presenting a piece of Ring Crystal to President Mary Robinson. Included is Fr. P. Moran, Headmaster - Also, President Mary Robinson chatting to members of the



Dungarvan Hockey Club.

The President said she wanted to be supportive of sport and in particular to be supportive of women's sports "if only to redress the imbalance of the last 100.

Next stop was Cappoquin Boathouse where the President presented gold watches to Pat and Milo Murray on behalf of Cappoquin Club and local business community. The Murray brothers are reigning All-Ireland elite coxless pairs rowing champions. Welcomed by club president, Mr. Billy O'Donoghue and a packed club-house, The President officially launched the new Paddy McGrath boat which honours the memory of the late Paddy McGrath. Mrs. Nora Flynn M.C.C. made a presentation of a gold pen to the President on behalf of Cappoquin Rowing Club. *Pictured Above: President Mary Robinson shaking hands with Cappoquin School Children. Right: An enthusiastic crowd await the arrival of the President in Lismore.*



She left her car on Tuesday and walked up through the town of Lismore to a tumultuous welcome. Crowds of schoolchildren and many adults lined the streets to greet the President, on the occasion of her first Presidential visit to West Waterford.



Waterford County Librarian, Mr. Donal Brady, presented the speakers to the President. She was launching the West Waterford History and Heritage Week. It was very obvious that the President appreciated the warm and generous welcome extended to her. With her husband and her entourage she had been entertained to lunch in Lismore Castle by the Duke of Devonshire.

"In a county which has many outstanding scenic and historic attractions it is clear that any part of it which excites comment must have very special attributes she said. Lismore, she continued, was an area of exceptional interest in to. Waterford, with a very special appeal for visitors. She mentioned the warmth of its people, the natural splendour of the town and its surroundings in the spectacular Blackwater Valley and, holding pride of place, beautiful Lismore Castle." *Pictured Above Right: President Mary Robinson unveils the bust of Robert Boyle in Lismore Heritage Centre, Included is Willie McDonnell, Chairman Co. Council.*



Right: The President surrounded by wellwishers as she arrives in Lismore.

The President mentioned the special significance of the Castle for the day's ceremony it was the birthplace of the famous physicist Robert Boyle who died 300 years ago. "This famous son of Lismore" she said "achieved worldwide acclaim for his outstanding contribution to scientific endeavour with his celebrated improvements to the vacuum pump his discoveries of the necessity of air for combustion, respiration and transmission of sound and the use of barometers to measure altitude,"



Picture: The President and husband Nick with the Duke of Devonshire on arrival at Lismore Castle.

Mrs. Robinson said that every student of chemistry or physics is, or should be familiar with Boyle's Law.

"The pride which the people of Lismore take in their famous son is symbolised by the sculpture of Boyle that will be held in the magnificently restored Public library she said, congratulating John Coll who executed it. "We have been slow" she went on "to recognise the outstanding contribution of early Irish scientists at international level and the significance of this for our identity and sense of ourselves."



Mrs. Robinson also mentioned the designation of Lismore as a heritage town. "Great praise is due to the people of the area for their keen interest in their history, culture and heritage. I congratulate all those involved in the organisation of this week's activities their initiative and dedication is inspirational and has resulted in an exciting and widely varied programme of events for the week," she concluded. **Picture: The President addressing the huge crowd which turned out to greet her in Tallow**

The President later went to Tallow. Here she was once again welcomed by a cheering crowd of adults and schoolchildren who lined the streets. Helen, McCarthy, Chairperson of Tallow Enterprise Centre told her they were encouraged by her efforts to become a peoples' President. She hoped, she said, that the statue the President was to unveil, would lead to an awareness of the beauty of the area. Six international sculptors, five ladies and one man, had been working on it during the International Sculpture Workshop in Tallow. She thanked all those who had worked on the local committee, and the Council workers who had put in long hours getting Tallow ready. "The sculptors have brought an awareness of the area to Tallow" she said. She also thanked Mr. Jack Verbrugge of Holland for his part in getting the new factory to choose Tallow as its base. She concluded "If John Hogan were alive today he would say 'Well done, Tallow'". (John Hogan, the internationally famous sculptor, in whose memory the workshop is founded, was born in Tallow in 1800).



Mrs. Robinson told her audience that the invitation to West Waterford was the very first one she got after becoming President. "I was delighted" she continued to come here to Tallow to unveil this very significant work by Tallow Enterprise Group. They will provide self-confidence in the people. I pay tribute to the group." She said that the group was an important way of encouraging people to develop their talents. The Enterprise Group was bringing out the strength of Tallow, the home of John Hogan, one of the finest sculptors of his day. **Pictured Above: President**

Mary Robinson discussing the Tallow sculpture with Bernard Mortell Sculpture Society after she had unveiled it.

" At the beginning some of you must have been very sceptical" she commented "now we see young sculptors here from three continents. It is important for them to have opportunities."

Welcoming all the schoolchildren, Cllr. William McDonnell, Chairman, Waterford County Council, said it was a proud day for him. "I feel sure that September 17th, 1991 will be a landmark for the people of Tallow and the surrounding areas" he said. He paid tribute to the Enterprise Group. Referring to the statue he said "Long after the President returns to the Park we will have a tenant or two in the Square."

The President then unveiled the statue which she said, reminded people that Tallow Horse Fair was one of the oldest in the country. It is about 9' tall and shows the heads of two horses. Bernard Mortell was the co-ordinator of the sculpture workshop.

She then visited the Enterprise Centre where she and her husband had a meal before leaving for Mallow from where she took a train back to Dublin.

Gold Medallist Meets President

Nicola Carroll of Ballyvoile, who was a swimming gold medallist in the Special Olympics in Dublin last June got a special cheer when introduced to the President.

Here's to you, President Robinson By unknown author

From Waterford News & Star, 20.09.1991.

Sunshine smiles and warm weather hallmarked President Mary Robinson's first official visit to Waterford. During the balmy Monday and, Tuesday of this week, she was feted throughout Waterford city and county, creating a very special place for herself in the hearts of the hundreds of people she met, writes Helen Coughlan.

Her first port of call was to St. Brigid's Social Services Centre at 10.30 a.m. on Monday morning. A carnival atmosphere was created by the pupils from the Mercy Convent who had lined the street from their school entrance, opposite the centre to the Hypermarket early that morning.

From 10.00 a.m. onwards passing cars were treated to excited shrieks and a robust wave of class-made flags by the young citizens of Waterford who had come out of their classroom to greet the President.

DELIGHTED

And she didn't let them down either. When she arrived- bang on schedule - she alighted from her State Alfa Romeo car at the Hyper and with her husband Nick, walked past the pupils who at that stage had erupted into a delighted high pitch scream of welcome for the Presidential entourage. She was wearing a long white jacket and navy skirt, and the usual gold jewellery.

Smiling and nodding as she went past them, the bustle then began at the welcoming committee outside St. Brigid's. It was a case of last minute straightening of the ties and jackets and the President, still smiling and nodding, approached them.

She was welcomed firstly by Mr. William Fanning and Sr. Maria McGuinness who introduced her to people representing the myriad activities carried out by the centre. They included a deserted wife, members of the travelling community as well as those involved in the pre-school.

A little girl ran forward and presented her with a white rose which she gratefully accepted and promptly given to one of her aides.

The President went on a whistle-stop tour of the centre, admiring the wonderful craft work carried out there brightly coloured paper maches, lacework, paintings and cushions as well as inspecting its various meeting rooms.

An upstairs meeting room was packed to capacity for the President's address. As well as representatives of the various activities going on in the centre, there was a hefty sprinkling of priests and nuns, politicians as well as business representatives and professional groups who offer their services to the centre.

And centre stage in the room was a dia-grammatical wheel, denoting all the activities carried on in St. Brigid's. We were taken around the wheel by Sr. Maria, the Centre's co-ordinator and also a founder member. She was helped by Alan Delahunty, Senior Social worker and Dr. Tony O'Grady.

NOT DRIPPING

Images of the National Lottery came to mind as the trio twisted and turned the wheel around to explain the various work carried out in the centre. Unfortunately, unlike Ray Bates' wheel, Sr. Maria's was not dripping with money.

From the moment the President entered the stifling hot room people were still packing in, standing at the back to get a glimpse of the country's First Citizen,

She responded most eloquently to the speakers, declaring immediately that it was not a co-incidence that St. Brigid's was the first place she decided to come to on her first official visit to the city.

GRACIOUS

Her warm words of praise for the good work being carried out endeared her to the hearts of those present and after her speech she was presented with various presents from the centre. Incredibly gracious throughout, she delighted in shaking hands and having a quick word with the people who filed up to her meet her after the speeches.

Nick, her husband sat serenely beside her, smiling proudly and examining the presents she was given.

Soon it was time to leave and keep to her exhausting schedule, The school children were back out on the street to wave her off and her car, with the tri-colour and presidential flag fluttering in the light mid-morning breeze.

Still right on schedule, she arrived at the City Hall at 11.30. A small group which had gathered outside the building included two bemused Americans who were visibly astounded that they were almost within touching distance of the President of the country. Isn't she pretty?" one drawled as he moved closer to get her snapshot -presumably for the folks back home. **Picture: President Mary Robinson was presented with a beautiful Waterford Bowl by the Mayor, Cllr. Hilary Quinlan on behalf of the people of the City. Also included in the picture are the**



Aldermen, Councillors and Official of the Corporation.

AUDACITY

The usual photographs of the President with cute children caused a bustle among the press photographers, one of whom had the audacity to request the President to "hold it there Mary". Her bouquets of flowers, graciously accepted were then given to one of her minders who less than delicately placed them in the boot of the car.

The Mayor's parlour was packed to capacity with the Aldermen, Cllrs and, officials of the Corporation in their formal garb. The Mayor was dressed in his red cloak, complete with fur collar while the other Council members had their black cloaks with purple braiding.

Cllr. Martin O'Regan, who can never be accused of being inconsistent in relation to his stance on the formal garb, was cloakless.

President Robinson was presented with an exquisite Waterford Crystal Bowl by Mayor Hilary Quinlan, on behalf of the people of Waterford. After her encouraging speech pointing out the excellent work that has been carried out in the city to raise its profile. AId Liam Curham strolled over to her and had a chin-wag with her. He was joined by AId. Paddy Gallagher who also had a few personal words to say to her.

Afterwards, she "did" the room again shaking hands and having a few short words with its occupants.

Her next stop was the Tower Hotel for the official opening of the first South East Education Training and Development Exhibition and she was, at this stage actually ahead of schedule.

CHAIN GANG

Commenting on the occasion and its importance for the region she remarked on the presence of the Mayors from Waterford, Wexford Clonmel and Kilkenny, she called them the chain gang".

And now it is my great pleasure to declare it open if I can find the scissors to cut the tape," she said.

Mr. Noel Caffrey, Chapter Chairman told her that he had the scissors and would not keep her long. And the exhibition was duly open.

On Monday night she was given a tumultuous welcome in the Theatre Royal for the opening of the Waterford International Festival of Light Opera, wearing the same outfit as she had worn in Croke Park the previous day for Down's shock All-Ireland football final win over Meath.

She was sitting on the stage when the curtain went up and was immediately given a prolonged ovation. As the orchestra struck up the Presidential Salute, the warmth towards her from the large attendance was palpable.

HER TUNE

She was presented with a Waterford Crystal Bowl from the Festival Executive and at the end of the enjoyable E.S.B. show, 'On Your Toes'. the orchestra brought a smile of delight to her face with what has now become the President's unofficial signature tune. 'Here's to you Mrs. Robinson.' and were helped impromptu by the cast onstage and audience who joined in.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and sunny and, fresh from her overnight stay at Jurys Hotel. Her first visit was to the epilepsy Centre on the Quay. Looking resplendent in a two piece olive and black skin and long pleated skirt, she was greeted by a considerable crowd outside the office.

They had gathered there earlier and just before 10.00 a.m. they were getting soothing words of advice from Inspector Michael McGarry. Sr. Regina, who runs the centre, was flummoxed as to what she would call President Robinson.

I don't know what to say', she exclaimed. Will I say Madam President or Mrs President.

"Just call her President, Inspector McGarry confided with her.

ROSE EMBLEM

Red roses were sported by most of the people present to mark upcoming Rose Week. President Robinson remarked upon them and said how nice it was to see them. And it was definitely for the organisation and not the fact that it was her emblem during the Presidential election or the Labour Party emblem that delighted her so much.

She was presented with one and in what was one of the most touching and personal moments of her visit. her husband Nick, who exudes serenity and support for his wife, came to her and helped her pin the rose onto her blouse.

Shortly after 10.30 a.m she completed her official visit to the city and sped off to Co. Waterford to fit in the rest of her excruciating schedule."

President reaches out to the less fortunate **By Marion O'Mara**

From Waterford News & Star, 20.09.1991.

Overwhelmed -that in a word, summed up the reaction of President Mary Robinson by the work, of the 'unsung heroes' of St. Brigid's Social Services Centre at Yellow Road, who quietly and unobtrusively provide a host of services for the city's less fortunate citizens, reports Marion O'Mara.

During her official visit on Monday, President Robinson, who has always been identified with social issues and social justice, proclaimed that it was no coincidence that her first stop in Waterford was to the yellow Road centre.

For possibly the only time in her two day visit to the city and county, the President rubbed shoulders with those largely without a voice - members of the travelling community, families ravaged by unemployment and the victims of broken homes and marriages.

Following a tour of the impressive premises, which is the home of an impressive Citizens Information Centre, a free legal aid service, a home start programme and a pre-school for travellers' children, President Robinson said "this is an area which has a deep personal interest for me."

NO HESITATION

And she told how after reading the latest annual report of the Centre, she had no hesitation in accepting an invitation from Sr. Maria McGuinness, co-ordinator, to visit the premises and see at first hand what was being provided.

"What is going on here is the type of approach that is needed to help people help themselves and the work being carried out is also enriching for all those who come here and for those who provided the various services," she stated.

That was what impressed the President most after the warmth of a tumultuous welcome.

Clearly moved, she told how she had met a deserted wife who told what being able to come to the Centre, meant in her life; three members of the travelling community who stressed the need for a full time social worker and various other people who in one way or another had benefited from the enriching experience of St. Brigid's.

Acknowledging the work of the Centre with its multiplicity of services, President Robinson said that she was impressed by the fact that people were being encouraged to use their own initiative and not being patronised by "people in the know."

BENEFICIAL

She also highlighted the ongoing research programme being carried out at St. Brigid's. Though sounding academic, she said it was very important for the organisation to evaluate; itself- it was not just a case treating the symptoms - would be beneficial not just to Waterford but to the whole country.

The work of the Centre was outlined by Sr. McGuinness; Alan Delahunty, Senior Social Worker, Tony O'Grady, and Willie Fanning, chairman of the management committee.

Through the self-help programmes, backed up by expert help and advice, these people were given encouragement and incentives to stand on their own two feet, it was stated.

Within the coming weeks St. Brigid's also plan to develop an employment programme whereby people can come together with ideas on setting up their own small businesses.

The President was told that in the last twelve months alone 4,000 people have used the facilities available at the centre. At the root of most problems was unemployment, which resulted in marriage breakdown and social and psychological problems in children.

New Epilepsy Facility Opened By unknown author

From Waterford News & Star, 20.09.1991

Tuesday morning last marked a major mile-stone for the Waterford Branch of the Irish Epilepsy Association with the official opening by President Mary Robinson of their new offices at 125 The Quay. *Picture: Sarah Roche, Dunmore East, Catrina O'Brien, and Lisa O'Shea, both Waterford who presented flowers to the President of Ireland, Mary Robinson, after she officially opened the Epilepsy Centre at 125 The Quay.*



Funding for the offices was obtained through the proceeds of Roseweek '90 - a fundraising activity designed to increase awareness in epilepsy.

Declaring the new offices open on Tuesday morning, the President said that the opening of the new facility would be a source of great encouragement to people with epilepsy in the South-East region and also to their families.

"The provision of the centre is, of course, a tribute both to the enterprising spirit of the Irish Epilepsy Association as a whole and also to the zeal and enthusiasm of Sr. Regina Gallagher and her committee in Waterford," she said.

Continuing President Robinson reminded the captive audience that as celebrations were taking place for the provision of the new facility it was inspiring to realise that it was one of the many creative, far-seeking initiatives taken by the Association since its foundation in 1967.

"I am particularly attracted by the decision to provide training courses for school-leavers in conjunction with FÁS, where a number of trainees with epilepsy are given the opportunity of taking part in a course alongside other young people who do not have this condition. In addition to the valuable skills acquired, participation in these courses will surely prove to be an enlightening experience for all concerned.

Another aspect of these activities worthy of note is the attentive individual service provided for the members. Although the level of activity has grown rapidly in recent years this organisation has never lost sight of the fact that friendly personal contact is indispensable when assisting people affected by epilepsy," she said.

A staggering £250,000 was provided for the Waterford office from the proceeds of Roseweek '90, the President said getting in a plug that this years event will run from October 24th to 30th.

Epilepsy can happen to anyone at any time and affects one in every two hundred people. Across the broad spectrum, people with epilepsy can lead normal lives.

A Sense of Pride Rekindled

Waterford, efforts on the business and tourism fronts to fight back against a high level of unemployment, were lauded on Monday by An t-Uachtarán, Mary Robinson, when she made her first official visit to the city as Head of State, reports Marion O'Mara.

In a keynote address at the City Hall, during a civil reception by the Mayor, Cllr. Hilary Quinlan, the President highlighted Waterford's strong Viking and medieval past and its benefits for promoting jobs in tourism to counter high unemployment.

Waterford, she said, was a very fine city with a deep historical and archaeological past and was well placed to capitalise, both now and in the future, on its tourist potential.

Stressing the value of what had already been done, President Robinson pointed out, however, that in the European context we are still a largely unknown island. While many of the countries in Europe, not least France which she visited during the summer, proclaimed its history, much still remained to be done in this country.

However, Waterford was giving a lead to all other cities in showing off its viking and medieval past and it was well placed between Rosslare and Cork to become one of the richest cities for a person to get a first hand knowledge of our past.

Before coming to Waterford, the President said that she had been sent a copy of a special Business and Finance supplement on Waterford. The Chamber of Commerce supported supplement had, she said,

given an excellent indication of how Waterford was progressing in terms of both industry and support services.

Now with a more rounded vision of the city, she said that Waterford encompassed all the amenities of a modern city and the cultures of the past, which was helping it fight back against problems like high unemployment.

Picture: The President of Ireland Mary Robinson showing her delight at the welcome she received from the pupils of the Mercy Convent.



Formally welcoming the President to Waterford, Mayor Quintan told how “we in Waterford were very proud of our great viking and medieval heritage, and proud of the many infrastructural improvements and amenities now available in this modern city, we feel that a sense of pride and a sense of place have been rekindled and your visit here can only help to reinforce those sentiments, he stated.

The Mayor went on to say how pleased he was to have the opportunity to compliment President Robinson on the excellent manner in which she had discharged her duties in the onerous position of first citizen.

“In a short space of time you have come to grips with very busy and complex office and put your stamp on it. You made it clear from the start that you would endeavour to make the presidency more accessible to the people. This, I think you have successfully achieved -firstly by making Aras an Uachtarain more accessible and secondly by travelling to many parts of Ireland to meet the people,” he said.

In conclusion wishing her continued success in the years ahead, the Mayor presented President Robinson with a specially engraved Waterford Crystal bowl as “a token of the citizens’ esteem for her personally and for her great office.”

“It is fitting that this item of Waterford Crystal demonstrates the industry, craftsmanship of modern Waterford, but also reminds us too of the great heritage from which it stems.” he said.

Need to Update Skills

President stresses importance of Training to Boost Job Prospects

By unknown author

From Waterford News & Star, 20.09.1991.

The importance of co-operation between State training agencies like FÁS and outside interests such as the Institute of Training and Development was the best way of maximising resources to maintain and improve employment prospects.

That was the message delivered by President Mary Robinson on Monday when she opened a major education training and development exhibition at the Tower Hotel.

Addressing a large gathering from the South Eastern Chapter of the Irish Institute of Training and Development (S.E.I.T.D.), who staged the inaugural exhibition, the President highlighted the need for people to be able to make informed choices and said that State training agencies should be able to link up with the corporate sector which had wide range of skills to promote job creation. **Picture: Mary Robinson, President of Ireland, cutting the tape to officially open the South Eastern Education Training and Development Exhibition at the Tower Hotel watched by Noel Caffery, Chairman, do.**



IMPORTANT

"In these times of high unemployment it is very important that skills are attained and continuously updated, both when seeking work and on being employed. The activities of the training agencies are an essential part of that process and are very welcome and appreciated. The dedication and commitment of the members of the Institute of Training and Development has guaranteed an outstanding training service throughout the country which compliments the activities of the State agency in this valuable area," she said.

And she went on to state that the exhibition was designed to enhance the public profile of the Institute for Training and Development and to draw attention to the training services that it provided in the South East in the industrial, commercial, educational and related fields.

"Since its foundation last year the South East Chapter has embarked on a programme of activities in the region that is as vigorous as it is inspired. Seminars, meetings, workshops have; all combined to provide a comprehensive service for all the people of the area," she said.

Congratulating those involved in the staging of the Tower Hotel exhibition, the President said that she was confident that the Chapter would continue to grow and flourish and that its members would continue to enjoy the confidence and support of employers and employees alike.

ASSISTANCE

The Chapter chairman, Noel Caffrey said that it was as a result of a wide range of assistance from numerous supporters and sponsors within the South East Region that the chapter was developed.

Fifteen months ago the I.T.D. did not exist in the South East but now he said they were able to embark on their first major exhibition thanks to help and support from various organisations.

The Mayor, Cllr. Quinlan said that training was now established as an essential part of business. With competition now so tight, particularly from Europe, it is essential that our work skills are constantly updated and refined and that workers are retained and reskilled where necessary for new positions. This exhibition here today shows the wealth of services available for training and I am delighted to see that Waterford is very much to the fore in this regard, he added.

Describing the South East Chapter of I.T.D. as progressive in appreciating the immense importance of educational training he extended his congratulations to them for staging the exhibition.

"It is always dangerous to mention any names in a speech, but I will take the chance, and congratulate the exhibition director, Mr. Liam Butler, who with his team has worked extremely long hours to put this exhibition together," he said.

Major County Waterford Landowners
By unknown author

From Dungarvan Observer, 30.08.1980

NAME	AREAS	ACRES	L.V.	T.V.	RATES £
Lismore Estates	Ballyin, Ballyrafter, Boggaghbawn, Dyrick Lr., Glendeish, Glentaunemon, Knockaunanagh, Monard, Knockroe, Knockmealdown,	8,523	1,607	1,870	19,085
Curraghmore Estates, (Lord Waterford) Curraghmore, Portlaw	Kilclooney, Whitestown, Curraghballint, Guilcagh, Clonagam	4,734	1,941	2,171	22,810
Cappoquin Est. Co., Cappoquin	Boherboy, Cappoquin Dem, Glenafallin, Knockboy, Knocknamast, Tooranaraheen	2,319	412	587	4,996
Ballynatray Estates, Ballynatray, Youghal	Ardsallagh, Ballynatray Dem.	1,335	753	811	8,867
Rev. Lord Abbott, Mount Melleray, Cappoquin	Kilderihaan, Sunlawn, Mount Melleray, Garrycloyne	1,325	417	791	
Dermot Twomey, Clonkerdon, Cappagh	Ballygambon, Lickenagreany, Lisgriffin, Monalummery, Clonkerdon	972	276	298	3,253
John E. P. Maxwell, Moorehill, Tallow	Camphire, Ballinaspick, Ballyclement, Fountain, Sapperton, Janeville	870	788	908	9,817
Waterford Corp., City Hall	Ballyshonock, Ballyvadd, Knockhouse, Williamstown, Ballybeg, Ballynamona, Bawndaw, Kilbarry, Johnstown, Hackettstown, Ross, Dooneen	825	542	1,198	12,452
Wm. Connors, Cloncoskorane, Dungarvan	Ballinaskehagabeg, Cloncoskoran, Deelish Mountain, Knockahavaun, Knocknagranagh	813	378	419	4,445
Tourin Grass Drying, Tourin Dem, Cappoquin	Norrisland, Tourin Dem, Deerpark	758	611	681	7,662
G.D. Prer Wilkinson, Gurteen, Kilsheelan	Boola, Gurteen, Knocknaree	571	440	459	5,191
Peter Queally, Gardenmorris, Kilmacthomas	Ballingarry, Ballinlough, Bog, Gardenmorris, Kilduane, Rathanny, Sleaveen	535	274	362	3,218
Edward Crotty, Ballynaclough	Ballynaclough, Clongfadda, Ballyscanlon	533	293	315	3,452
John Rohan, Woodhouse, Stradbally	Knockadrumalea, Stradbally, Woodhouse	528	311	401	3,664
James Kearney, Gracedieu W., Waterford	Gracedieu E.	499	213	236	2,505
Ambrose Congreve, Mt. Congreve, Kilmeaden	Cullenagh, Stonehouse, Adamstown, Knockanagh, Mt. Congreve	499	536	617	6,298
Whitfield Est., Powerknock, Kilmeaden	Dooneen, Powerknock, Whitfield	491	360	412	4,549
James Shanahan, Ashtown, Kilmacthomas	Ashtown, Ballyboy, Kealfoun	487	203	299	2,389
Jeremiah Morrison, Strancally, Tallow	Bawnlawn, Killeenagh, Kilmacnicholas, Close	434	287	292	3,394
James Shanahan, Scrahan, Kilmacthomas	Scrahan, Darrigal, Tigroe	410	225	241	2,647
Fortwilliam Est. Co., Glencairn	Ballyvecane, Fortwilliam, Glencairn	393	348	505	4,096
Roger Shipsey, Woodstown House	Ballinvella, Kilmaquagne	393	228	246	2,687

John Lenihan, Ballynabanogue, Kilmacthomas	Ballynabanogue, Garranurton, Seafield	392	196	207	2,242
Mce, Tierney, Caherbrack, Ballinamult, Clonmel	Caherbrack, Carrigroe	384	174	201	2,048
Pierce Dunphy, Castlecraddock, Annestown	Castlecraddock, Lissavinon, Lossavinon Bog	375	243	256	2,862
Myles Hanley, Castletown	Ballykinsella, Castletown	370	279	301	3,283
John Joe Dahill, Auhenboy N., Glencairn	Ahaunboy M., Coolowen	358	223	234	2,628
E. Jennings, Island Biew, Fornaght, Dunmore E.	Fornaght, Ballyglen, Woodstown	357	227	238	2,678
Edmond Murphu, Dunhill, Annestown	Affane, Mountrivers, Dunhill	352	279	315	3,279
David Connors, Fahafeelagh, Kilmacthomas	Monyroe, Brownstown, Corballymore	351	262	283	3,083
Michael Power, Kilbeg, Kilmacthomas	Kilbarry, Kilbeg	345	213	229	2,511
Moorehill Est. Co., Moorhill, Tallow	Fountain, Glenawillian, Knockaraha	344	205	351	2,963
Thos Harty, Ballynamona Upr, Ring, Dungarvan	Ballynamona, Loskeran	344	208	235	2,452
Patk. Power, Tourgare	Knockeen, Tourgare	333	219	226	2,573
Marie Power, Kilbride Wth., Tramore	Kilbride, Monboy, Kilcaragh	333	216	245	2,545
John Sullivan, Carrickanure, Kilmeaden	Carrickanure, Knockaderry	332	202	212	2,374
Waterford Co-Op, Shandon, Dungarvan	Graigariddy, Blacknock	331	184	1,222	13,759
Col. H.D. Galloway, Ballycanavany, Halfway House	Faithlegg, Ballycanavan	324	281	314	3,303
John Orpen, Kealfoun, Kilmacthomas	Ballybrack	306	155	182	1,820
John Ronan, Coolamuck Dem., Carrick-on-Suir	Coolamuck	319	362	397	4,258
Patk. Cummins, Ballybrack, Kilmacthomas	Ballybrack	306	155	182	1,820
Ed. Delahunty, Kilcullen Cr., Halfway House	Crooke, Ballygunner	304	257	286	3,022
?????	Ballinamona, Ballindeed	296	241	413	2,835
John Murray, Ballinamultina, Clashmore, Youghal	Ballycullane, Ballynaparka	293	179	197	2,108
Fairbank Investment, Littleisland, Ballynakill	Little Island	292	303	371	3,559
Benjamin J. Daunt, Glenmore, Lismore	B'Saggart More, Glenmore	289	181	189	2,132
Anne Mansfield, Glenwilliam, Grange, Youghal	Kilcolman, Glenwilliam	289	196	206	2,302
John Mansfield, Corbally Lr., Ballymacart, Dungarvan	Crobally, Ballyeelinan	283	207	227	2,435
Gertrude Mc Carthy, Monea, Ardmore, Youghal	Monea	282	276	308	3,242
Thos. Curran, Ballylangadon, Grange	Ballylangdon, Grallagh	278	154	172	1,816
Patricia Wilson, Ballycahane, Portlaw	Ballycahane	276	151	173	1,773
Nicholas Connors, Lackenfune, Dungarvan	Ballynamuck, Glenmore, Woodville	272	319	331	3,748

Ed. Murphy, Gortnalaght, Kilmacthomas	Gortnalaght, Callaghane	270	141	163	1,802
Michael Ronayne, Coolcormack, Dungarvan	Ballycullane, Coolcormack, Farrangarrett	263	231	245	2,721
Mary O'Callaghan, Feddans, Rathgormack, Carrick	Feddans	263	197	209	2,314
Francias Quinlan, Kilmanahan, Clonmel	Kilmanahan	261	290	316	3,415
Reps Richard Long, Glencastle House, Kilsheelan, Clonmel	Glencastle	258	269	283	3,164
Roger Shanahan, Amberhill, Kilmeaden	Amberhill, Ballygarran	256	162	173	1,913
Patrick Murphy, Ballyquin, Carrick-on-Suir	Ballyquin, Feddans	247	165	180	1,941
Angustus Kingston, Ahaunboy, Glencairn	Ahaunboy, Ballymartin	246	173	212	2,033
Brian Elms, Kilbunny Lodge, Coofinn	Coofinn, Mountbolton	245	198	206	2,334
John Sheehan, Coolnagour, Dungarvan	Coolnagour, Twomilebridge, Knocknaglogh	245	197	228	2,315
Tramore Failte, Tramore	Crobally, Tramore	245	51	731	8,013
Catherine Cheasty, Quilla, Tramore	Ballykinsella, Quilla	245	182	186	2,140
The Lady Abbess, Glencairn	Ahaunboy, Glencairn	240	193	224	2,270
Carriglea Convent, Carriglea, Dungarvan	Carriglea	240	199	256	2,337
Laurence Halley, Kilbarry	Kilbarry, Avrantry	239	214	233	2,521
Richard Flynn, Fornaught, Dunmore East.	Fornaught, Knockavelish	239	178	191	2,095
Albert E. Kingston, Tubbrid, Cappoquin	Pallis, Tubbrid	236	196	217	2,307
Ed. Cunningham, Ballysallagh, Kinsalebeg, Youghal	Ballysallagh, Monatrea	231	183	229	2,156
Rugene Power, Ballyduff, Kilmeaden	Ballyduff	231	193	217	2,273
Thos. O'Reilly, Monsgrange, Brange, Clonmel	Ballymakee	229	232	232	2,731
S.N. Ahearne, Kill St, Nicholas, Passage East	Commons, Leperstown, Kill, St. Nicholas	228	172	197	2,028
David Kent, Cross, Halfway House	Ballynabola, Cross	226	167	176	1,947
Ind. Dev. Co., Industrial Estate, Waterford	B/naneashagh	225	185	214	2,183
Heinrick & Signid Thiel, Saunders Grove, Baltinglass	Knockhouse, Lismore, Skibbereen	224	333	347	3,914
John Byrne, Ballydonagh, Kilmanahan	Ballydonagh	223	232	245	2,728
Geo. Roch-Perks, Prospect Hall, Kinsalebeg	Monagally, Newtown, Springfield	221	168	187	1,975
Walter O'Hanlon, Tinhalla, Carrick-on-Suir	Portnaboe, Tinhalla	216	180	200	2,117
Reps. James Flavin, Youghal	Clashmore, Coolboa	215	192	208	2,263

M. Galvin, Ballycahane, Portlaw	Ballycahane, Clashganny, Coolroe, Mayfield	213	183	232	2,159
Dr. Brendan McCarthy, Cappagh	Cappagh, Ballynahemery	213	200	212	2,349
Michael McGrath, Ballyheeny, Kinsalebeg	Ballyheeny	208	167	176	1,964
James Phelan, Kildermody, Kilmeaden	Kildermody	207	163	173	1,926
David Shanahan, Whitestown, Clonea	Whitestown	203	174	191	2,054
Earl of Donoughmore, Knocklofty, Grange, Clonmel	Kilmanahan	202	197	214	2,318
James Howard Jnr., Ballinachor, Lismore	Ballinanchor, Toortane	200	197	207	2,316
Daniel Casey, Dugarvan	Clonea, Tallacoolmore	199	175	192	2,056
Geo. Jennings, Island View, Dunmore East	Kilcop	193	156	206	1,838
Sir Richard Keane, Cappelquin House, Cappelquin	Crinnaghtaun	191	164	166	1,930

Rian Bo Phadraig
By Miceal O Cuinn

From Waterford News & Star, Christmas Supplement 1965

The march of time has taken its toll on Clash a' Laoigh-a fair green field in Co. Waterford with a colourful and curious history. The lingering legend of the field and the ancient road which led to it is still related by the sheanachies of the Decies on Christmas evenings around the turf fires in the Blackwater Valley.

In Clash a' Laoigh ends the remarkable earthwork of 'An Rian Bo Phadraig' -The Track of St. Patrick's Cow - which stretches for miles through West Waterford. Associated with the Track and the now almost obliterated Trench is the story of the abduction of the calf of St. Patrick's Cow which in days of old was known from Ardfinnan to Ardmore.

The story goes that St. Patrick's Cow and calf were grazing peacefully on the rich fat grass lands near the River Tar in South Tipperary when the calf was robbed by a wily cattle thief from the Parish of Kilwatermoy, or somewhere south of the River Bride in Co. Waterford.

The robber, with the calf in tow started at full speed for home which was about twenty miles away. After he had covered a few miles the cow discovered the loss of her calf and set off in hot pursuit. In her fury, tradition tells us, the distracted cow tore up the earth with her horns and this accounts for the double trench which can be seen at intervals along the legendary route.

St. Patrick's Cow overtook the robber at Clash a' Laoigh, where he was promptly taught the evil of his ways. The exact point where the cow meted out justice is pointed out by local people in a depression close to the road fence. It is said that the cow took dire revenge on the cattle thief.

So well known was the legend up to recent times and so intimately did popular tradition associate the robber with this part of the country that almost 100 years ago natives of Kilwatermoy parish, when away from home would be very slow to admit their birthplace. In fact a certain family generally known by a nickname, was supposed to be the direct descendants of the fifth century robber.

The Track, which may now be identified as the ancient road between Ardmore and Cashel, first noticed by Smith the Historian, who wrote the history of Waterford almost 200 years ago, who described the work as " Rian Bo Phadraig." Smith tells us that the Track was a remarkable artificial feature, plainly traceable across all the then untilled country from within a mile of Lismore to the boundary of Tipperary.

Over a century ago it was still physically traceable over many miles of heath and peat as a double-backed trench, but owing to the advance of cultivation the track is well nigh-obliterated and only survives in patches. It can still be seen on the Knockmealdown Mountains and in the storied Blackwater Valley. A factor which led to the disappearance of the Rian was the rich black soil within it which sometimes was of great depth and value to the farmer.

However, local tradition preserves an accurate account of almost every yard of the obliterated roadway. The Rian changes its appearance with the physical characteristics of the county over which it travels. At first sight it may be taken for an ordinary turf track in certain places, but in general it is a slight depression in the earth and about seven or eight feet in width. On hill sides it takes on the appearance of a water course with high banks on either side.

Respect for the ancient highway of the saints prevented its demolition for generations, but eventually the roadway passed under the plough. A century ago, we are told, it would take a brave man to use a spade or plough on the trench. An interesting sidelight is that present roads and laneways when leading in the same direction as the Rian ran beside it rather than along its course.

The highway has also perpetuated its memory in many field names both in Waterford and Tipperary.

A mile outside Lismore the Rian was intersected on the banks of the Blackwater by an equally ancient road which travelled from the monastic centre towards Whitechurch, near Cappagh. This road was known to Irish speakers as " Bohar na Naomh "- the Road of the Saints - its route is pointed out the birthplace of Saint Declan at "Reilig Dheaglain."

This venerable highway crosses the Blackwater at Affane and continues in the direction of Waterford City. The course of the road corresponds with the present public road to Knockalarra. From close to this point it turns South again towards St. Declan's Holy City of Ardmore. In places it is incorporated in the modern road and sometimes in a disused and forgotten bohereen.

A little nearer to Waterford City, in the Barony of Gaultier, is the primitive highway known as Boithrin a' Chapail -The Little Road of the Bland Horse - which ran in a westerly direction through the county. Disjointed lengths of the road can be traced at Carrickbeg, off the main Waterford-Tramore road, and at Drumcannon, Tramore, but it is not until the highway reaches Kilrossanty do we find the legend which accounts for the unusual name of the road. In this district a trench leading from the Comeragh foothills to the sea at Stradbally is pointed out as the old road.

Tradition tells us that an old man who resided at Curreen, near Kilrossanty, owned an aged blind horse. So clever was the horse that he could make his way from, Stradbally Cove to his owner's home, laden with baskets of sea-weed, without the help of a guide. However, on one occasion the baskets fell off the horse's back into a ford, ever since called- Ath a' Trioscais -Seaweed Ford.

In Kilrossanty there is also a road called Bothar na mBacach -The Beggars' Road-which lead from the parish in the direction of Kilmacthomas. This curious road, at least up to 1817, led to a village which was entirely inhabited by beggars, and ruled over by a King. They deserted the village in the month of May, barricaded the doors of their huts and returned in September to put in the winter season.

The Northern Decies has a road which is remembered as "Boithrin Chinn Duine" - The little Road of the Person's Head. The explanation of the name is that human heads were uncovered by workmen many years ago when excavations were being carried out in an ancient church site in the vicinity.

An unusual feature of the ancient highways of the Decies is the constant reference to cow, horse and other animal legends.

Local sport and Sporting Links of Yesteryears By Mick Morrissey

From Dungarvan Observer, 10.08.1985

Many are my sporting memories down the years. On reflection I found them interesting and in many cases enthralling. Looking back on those years one can reflect on successes and disappointments, but then again that is what sport is all about, it has its ups and downs.

It has been my privilege to see some great horse men in action, such as the Costins and the Currans, Then we had one who stood up with the best the popular Tommy Kiely, son of master tailor Richie Kiely. We had the O'Donnells and others such as Vinny Morrissey, who was the heart and soul of the Dungarvan Harriers up to his much lamented death.

I recall some great show-jumping at the famed Dungarvan Show, an event that to this day continues to be one of the best in Munster. One must pay tribute to all concerned for their excellent administrative work year in year out. One must pay tribute to former Show secretary John Lynch, the Connors and Fitzgerald families, who kept the Show going in fair weather and in foul one could say the Lynch family of the "Dungarvan Observer" have, down the years, played a major part in maintaining the high standards of the founders of this great Show.

I recall Arthur Ryan, solr. having 3 horse "Wild Edgar" run in the Grand National at Aintree, a truly great sports-man.

Later we had a jockey named Power from Ardmore finishing in second place in this famed race. Of course I recall the great work done for show-jumping by Paul L. Power.

On to open coursing, a very popular sport round the area with men such as Pax Whelan playing a big part. Others I recall were Monny Noooan, Monny Colman, MI. Franklin, Monny Keohan, Andy Sandford, whose dog "Ropewalk King" was the talk of the town. Paddy Moloney of Abbeyside also had some good dogs.

Then we had dogs competing at dog tracks, with Johnny O'Connor, Abbeyside, putting on great victory runs at the White City in London with "Patricia's Hope". Nor do we forget Hartys wonderful dog "Highland Rum". Of course we cherish the memory of the super star Master McGrath in song and story.

Racing men I recall were John Joe Queally, O'Connell St., whose expert advice was sought by punters in town. He always had a copy of the Sporting Life on the counter. I knew many local punters such as Tommy Beatty, Abbeyside. He bought a copy of the Evening Echo at the station, if he found tie lost he tore up the paper. Other punters I knew were old friends Matty Organ, Willie Murray and Tim Cleary. They often gave me good priced winners.

In those days Dungarvan had only one Bookmakers shop, R. Power's, which is still there. I recall a punter, who shall be nameless, handing over a list of horses as a bet to be copied, saying he was in a hurry. Next day he called for winnings. The lady on duty explained to him that he gave her his wife's shopping list, which ran like this 1lb. sugar, ½lb. butter, ½ doz eggs. I started laughing. He rebuked me and shouted: "Go back to Abbeyside". His favourite type of bet was as follows: 6d. e.w. accumulator, if cash credit all in x doubles up and down and round the clock, any to come glad of it.

When visiting Dungarvan my favourite betting shops are Tony Lawn's, Dungarvan and Seamus Crotty, Abbeyside. I spend a long time looking at runners and prices. Despite this they never threw me out.

Around this period Dungarvan had quite a good rugby team with players such as Paddy Gaule, Cyprian Williams, Tom Higgins, Michael Curran, Mick Arrigan, Christopher bros, Michael O'Meara. ,

We could boast of outstanding swimmers in those days, such as Gus Drummey, Bill Organ, Jimmy Morrissey, Paddy Arrigan and later Bertie O'Neill. I also recall a lady, Miss Hill, a champion swimmer.

One often hears of great boat races held at Henley. I also saw some great races at the Pattern of Abbeyside. The rival crews came from Abbeyside and Dungarvan. Pats and Matty Organ, Bill Murray, I recall, some of the Abbeyside crew. Dungarvan bad stalwarts in 'Pincher' and John 'Lord' Duggan, Andy Hubbard and Dwyers. How I enjoyed those grand stand finishes. After the race both crews adjourned to Griffin's pub (now Minnies) where a fine social evening took place-sportsmen all.

I have heard of some great athletes before my time. My father, a close friend of Patsy

Keohan, often told me what an outstanding athlete he was. Also of Tom Barry, Dan

Fraher, Pat Morrissey, Kilossera. Of course the fame of Tom Kiely, the champion, was well known when he farmed at Fruithill. I had occasion to go there with a message from Dan Fraher, they always sat me down to a meal. Later Monny Fraher blossomed out to be an

athlete of repute. Later we had Monny Fitzgerald, bank clerk Tommy Travers, 'Junior' Cummins, who scored some great victories at national athletic meetings, and peerless runner Flynn, Ballinamult.

I recall some good boxers and enjoyed fights particularly when 'Duck' Daly fought 'Battling' Brannigan at the Town Hall. Jim Hayes promoted most fights and had a boxing booth at Scanlons yard. He always boasted the best boxer he had was Billex Begley. Another was Jim Street. Later I recall Gus Donovan,

Paddy Keohan, Johnny Morrissey. My old friend Peter Crotty was out on his own. If he had gone professional he would have reached the top. I have met ex-boxers in London, they always send regards to our Peter. A truly great sportsman.

There was a great camogie team in Dungarvan. Agnes Dee was outstanding, also Muggie Boyle (Mrs Mansfield), Mrs Cait Whelan, Nora Whelan, Marcia Browne. They played all over Munster and could hold their own with the best.

Dungarvan also had good tennis and hockey teams around this period. Most of the players came from Haddens, Main St, Paddy Gaule, who played hurling for Waterford, was outstanding at both games. He worked at the local bank.

The best cyclist I saw was the late Ben Beatty, formerly of Abbeyside, also a star hurler.

In the soccer arena Danny Connors starred, also George and Richie Donovan, Abbeyside. I heard Shamrock Rovers were interested in the trio at this time. Another outstanding player was Tom Cowman.

The Keohan family, Main St. made a big impact on the billiard scene. Locally, Mr. E. Keohan was a player of repute. His son Jack showed great promise. I recall Jack getting well known professional players Inman and Smith to play a number of exhibition games at the club in Church St. Tommy Butler, Quay St., was also a brilliant player.

On angling we had some useful anglers in town. I recall such anglers as the well known barber 'Phipps' Buchanan, who resided in Blackpool. He fished all over the place. He always had a good supply and like most anglers was reluctant to loan his rods to anybody.

Now on to the gaelic scene. I have vivid memories of some great Dungarvan teams and footballers of repute. Such as 'Lugs' Loughlin, 'Fox' Greany, 'Fisher' and 'Pax' Whelan, Paddy Fraher, Billy Organ, Paddy Cashin, Eddie McCarthy, Jack and Pats O'Donnell, Paul Lannon, Tommy Parsons, Mickey Connors, Joe Wyse, Jackie Goode, Dasher White, 'Pakeen' Whelan, Seamus and Ned Hayes. The Blues before my time were: Michael Cahill, postman Mike McGrath, and Fr. Roger Walsh, were the stars I am told. Great goalkeepers for Dungarvan were Monnie Noonan and Willie 'Yank' Sandford.

Dungarvan had an abundance of hurling stars in Dec, Jimmy and Jackie Goode, Ando Sandford, Mickey Clancy (now in U.S.A.), John 'Lord' Duggan, Jim Keohan, Fr. John Morrissey (now in Carrickbeg), John Kiely. Mick Foley, Eddie 'Fitzie' Fitzgerald, Jimmy Waters, Mickey Landers, Tom Curran, Christy Moylan, Willie Barron, Simon Whelan, Colin Quarry, Nick, Gus and Martin Noonan, Monnie Coleman.

How often I have been told of a star Dungarvan hurler 'Taffy' Connors, who emigrated to the U.S.A. It was pleasing to note that this outstanding club recently celebrated its centenary. Your humble scribe played in both codes for Dungarvan. In this hour of celebration let us not forget great Dungarvan gael such as Dan Hanrahan, Johnny and Paddy Byrne, Jackie Murphy, Tom Francis Morrissey and men like Peter Dalton, Tom Lannon, *Tom* Kyne and Dec Sullivan, who down the years rendered sterling service to the Old Boro club.

As a founder member of the Abbeyside G.A.A. club I have vivid memories of the many brilliant Abbeyside hurlers such as: Paddy Moloney, Percy Brett, Tom, Patsy and Harry Cowman, Mick Mahoney, Jim Mullins, Jack Sullivan, the Burke bros., Tom, Paddy and Jim; the Whelans, 'Georgie' Donovan, Chrisy Coleman, J.J. Forde, *Tom* Ryan. Yes they were great gael in every respect. In those days some landowners threatened us with the law if they found us hurling on their fields. We always found Jimmy Smith, Moloneys and Nickey Beresford, very helpful.

Both myself and Patsy Cowman were fined for hurling on the street. That great gael Dan Fraher paid the fines. In those days we had a great mentor and trainer in Gus Whelan. Hurling in Ballinroad each Sunday was the hurling highlight of the week. Of course nobody in the club claimed expenses. Having played and managed teams in London I never claimed expenses from London Gaels who elected me vice-president of the London Co. Board. I am a strong believer in the voluntary effort.

At a later stage I admired Abbeyside gael such as Paddy Langan, Donal Whelan. Phil Cashin and Noel McGovern. 'Fear' Organ. What a change from my time! Clubs in the county have big bank accounts. Now some have more money than the County Board.

I recall some great Ballinroad gael including the Landers, Jimmy Power, Davy Connors, Jimmy Foley, Tom Fitzgerald. They kept the gaelic flag flying in fair weather and in foul round the cross of Ballinroad.

Few towns in Ireland could boast of so many sports personalities as Dungarvan-in those days we had variety in abundance.

Waterford's Railways: A Brief History

By Michael Kennedy

Published by Dungarvan Museum Society

The first attempt to build a railway from Waterford City culminated in an act of parliament in 1826 to permit a railway to be built between Waterford and Limerick. This act was passed only one year after the first steam passenger railway in the world was built between Stockton and Darlington in the north of England. As the idea was so unusual it was not possible to raise money to build the Waterford and Limerick Railway until 1848. Meanwhile, the next railway to open after the Stockton line was the Liverpool and Manchester in 1830.

The first railway to open in Ireland was the Dublin and Kingstown in 1834.

The first part of the railway from Waterford to Kilkenny was opened in May 1848.

The Waterford and Tramore Railway, the most famous of the Waterford Railways followed in September 1853.

The next railway from Waterford City was the Waterford, Dungarvan and Lismore. This was opened in August 1878.

The final railway connections to Waterford were the lines from New Ross and Rosslare, opened in February 1904 and August 1906 respectively. The Dungarvan line had its own station at Bilberry in Waterford until 1908 when the train services were transferred over the River Bridge to the new station.

Of all these lines, the Waterford and Tramore was closed first on 31 December 1960. The New Ross route was closed in 1963. All that remains of the Waterford, Dungarvan and Lismore line is the twenty eight miles from Waterford to Ballinacourty. This was closed in July 1982 but has not been dismantled yet.

The photographs on show here were taken in all parts of Ireland but the majority of them were of the lines we have just mentioned.

We hope the photographs and exhibits will bring back pleasant memories to our adult visitors, and perhaps give some idea to our younger visitors how travel was in bygone days.

There are encouraging signs that after years of decay, neglect, incompetent management and political interference, the remaining sections of the railways of Ireland, North and South, will again give a standard of speed, comfort and safety which was the pride of our country. Is it too much to ask that we give them our support so that they can provide this service.

THE WATERFORD, DUNGARVAN AND LISMORE RAILWAY

The Waterford, Dungarvan and Lismore Railway was proposed in 1872, to connect Waterford with Lismore, a distance of forty three miles.

This railway was opened to traffic on 12 August 1878, and was a very difficult railway to construct. It had very steep gradients and had a tunnel through the rock at Durrow, three large stone viaducts at Ballyvoile, at Durrow and at Kilmacthomas. Also, a long embankment through the sea between Kilminnion and Barnawee, near Dungarvan. The level crossing at the Causeway in Dungarvan was reputed to be the longest gated crossing in Europe. At Mount Congreve it runs along the shore of the River Suir on a shelf of rock. There were 53 level crossings between Waterford and Lismore.

The Duke of Devonshire gave much financial support to the company and also built at his own expense, the Fermoy and Lismore Railway, which was opened before the W.D & L.R., (Waterford, Dungarvan and Lismore Railway), on 1 October 1872.

This line connected the Dungarvan line with the Great Southern and Western at Fermoy, thus giving a connection to Cork, by way of Mallow.

The Waterford Terminus was situated at Bilberry at the present Waterford Foundry. This station was closed after the new railway bridge over the River Suir allowed trains to use the new North Station in 1908.

The Dungarvan Railway was never a wealthy line, due to the expense of building it, together with the heavy cost of running it. Traffic was mostly to Waterford Harbour, with people and goods on their way to Wales, and also passengers and freight in the incoming direction.

At the turn of the century the Great Western Railway of England wanted to increase its Irish Traffic which mainly used Milford Haven in Wales.

It extended its railway line to a new harbour at Fishguard and joined with the Great Southern and Western Railway, in Ireland in buying up the Dungarvan, Kilkenny and Limerick Railways together with building a new line from Rosslare to Waterford and a new bridge over the Suir above Waterford to connect with the Dungarvan Railway.

The G.S.W.R (Great Southern and Western Railway), introduced considerable improvements in the train services on the Waterford Mallow line. One of the new services was a fast express train from Rosslare to

Killarney, for which a complete new train was built. This train was the most comfortable in Ireland, and fully equalled anything to be seen in England or the Continent at the time.

The purpose of this express was to accommodate the London to Killarney summer holiday traffic, which was largely first class. London to New York Mail traffic also travelled over the line and through Cork to Cobh where it was put on board the ocean liners. For many Irish people emigrating to America their last Irish railway journey was over the Dungarvan line.

The G.S.N.R improved the standard of the tracks and also improved the stations.

During the Civil War in 1923, the stone viaduct at Ballyvoile was blown up and a train crashed off it, fortunately without loss of life. The bridge was replaced by a steel bridge on concrete piers, being built by the well-known firm of Sir Robert McAlpine & Sons Ltd. Many of the local men who worked on the bridge went to England with McAlpine and several rose to senior positions.

In 1925 all the railways in the South of Ireland were amalgamated to form the Great Southern Railways.

The G.S.W.R was the largest component of the new company and had the biggest share of the new management.

In January 1945 Coras Iompair Eireann was formed and this time the Dublin United Tramways had the upper hand with the result that the new company favoured bus services at the expense of the railways.

In 1968 services were withdrawn between Waterford and Mallow. In the meantime the Quigley Magnesite Plant was built at Ballinacourty. A new extension line was built from the existing line at Morrissey's Bridge to allow direct running from Waterford to Ballinacourty. The remainder of the line was dismantled and the land sold off.

Finally in July 1982, Ballinacourty saw the last train depart for Waterford and the line has lain unused ever since.

Postal Perils in Waterford **By Doirin Mhic Mhurchu**

From Waterford News & Star Supplement, December 1985

The story of the postal service in our part of the country has been a varied and at times a turbulent one. Waylaid by robbers, pressurized by time schedules, held up by storms and by the Crown's reluctance to pay what it owed, mail carriers in bygone days led a hazardous and varied existence.

When exactly the first Post Office was opened in County Waterford no one seems to know. In the year of the Munster Rebellion, 1579, a postal crossing was established between Waterford and Milford Haven in Wales to facilitate the carriage of war despatches. The cavalry were allowed to carry civilian mail when it suited them, but the price must have been prohibitive to all but the very wealthy - a letter sent from Waterford to London in 1597 cost the equivalent of £9.50p.

In the mid 1600's there were three main roads from Dublin to Derry, to Sligo (also branching at Athlone for Galway), and to Cork. Post stages were set up on these routes and mail was carried twice a week. The Dublin/Cork road went through Carlow, Kilkenny and Callan from where there was a service to Waterford by 1659. A rider would travel by horseback on the main route, the leather mail satchels on the horse. At Callan a runner would await him, take the Waterford post and set out for the city at a trot, often barefoot.

Tallow was another stopping point from where a runner carried mail, this time for Youghal, and presumably again met the rider on his return journey, handing him the Youghal mail for Dublin. So, by 1659 there must have been some type of postal or sorting centre in Waterford and Tallow.

Seventy years later there were post roads over most of Ireland. Waterford by now was, getting a direct delivery three times a week as were Lismore, Tallow and Youghal. Carrick-on-Suir had a twice weekly mail delivery. By 1760 there were 45 letter offices in Ireland outside Dublin. Soon more developments were to come.

"The Clonmel Gazette" in its report from Dublin in the issue of April 10th 1788, said: "It is with singular satisfaction we find at last that Mail Coaches are to be established between Dublin, this city, Limerick, Waterford, Derry and Belfast." But this innovation was to take some time.

First Coaches

The first coaches on the road were those to Belfast and Cork, but, as Mairead Reynolds says in her excellent book. "A History of the Irish Postal Service," it was November, 1790, before the Cork road between Kilkenny and Clogheen had been widened and made safe enough for the mail coach. So it was that the "Clonmel Gazette" for May 9th, 1788, carried a report from its Waterford correspondent stating that "Between 11 and 12 p.m. on Tuesday last, the Post Boy bringing mail from Dublin to Waterford was stopped between Inistioge and Ross and robbed of the mail."

But the "Waterford Mirror" on Saturday, July 26th, 1802 carried some glad tidings, two new Royal Mail diligences had arrived in Waterford from Dublin. They were to operate on the Waterford/Clonmel run and began their service on the following Thursday, July 1st.

The advertisement is interesting, "each will carry Three Inside Passengers, and One Out- side." The fare inside for 14 British Shillings, half-price to Carrick. A seat outside cost British Shillings, four to Carrick. "To start from the King's Arms Hotel, Waterford." The days of the poor barefoot runner and the solitary horsemen were over.

But the new comfort and affluence brought its own dangers -holding up the mail coach became a regular occurrence. The "Waterford Mirror" of November 26th, 1803, reported that the mail coach from Waterford to Carlow left in the morning with a military escort of two of Captain Hackett's Yeomanry Cavalry. This was because two days previously on its way to Waterford it was held up at Mullinavat and robbed. Sometime later a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the robbers.

Among the list of prisoners in Waterford County Goal on May 29th, 1808, were Patrick Doyle, Michael Flanagan, Patrick McDaniel and James Walsh. They were accused of highway robbery of a 5 guinea bank note on the Lismore/ Tallow road, and "of stopping the Post Boy's Horse and taking from off said Horse, the King's mail on the evening of December the 23rd, 1807." So there must have still been mail riders in operation in Waterford at this stage.

Early Offices

Among the early post offices in County Waterford, I have mentioned Waterford, Tallow, Lismore. Other old ones include Kilmacthomas, Dunmore East, Clashmore and Dungarvan, although it appears to be impossible to get dates for their actual opening.

A Special Commission for County Tipperary sitting in Clonmel on February 4th, 1811, under "Hanging Judge" Lord Norbury and a Grand Jury of 22, tried Andrew Kerwick and Laurence Dwyer. They were charged with the robbery of Patrick Gibbons one of the guards of the Cork Mail Coach at Grange (3½ miles from Cashel) Turnpike Gate in November, 1810. They were lucky, considering Norbury's predilection for the noose -after a long trial they were found not guilty.

Pity the poor mailman! The Waterford/Ross service, for instance in the 1830's had to travel at four miles an hour, the road was so bad, and he was only allowed one horse to pull the coach, six passengers and a driver. He was a sitting target for highwaymen. He ran the risk of being beaten, shot or thrown into a ditch.

He had to be able to effect repairs if a wheel came off, or to haul his vehicle out of a ditch or pothole when it got bogged down. And on top of all that, if a guarded coach was robbed, the guards had to reimburse the Post Office their loss. And it was up to the coachman to ward off the swarms of beggars who surrounded the mail coach, pestering the more affluent passengers.

Contractors used their own coaches and horses, being paid by the Post Office by the mile. One of only three contractors in Ireland in the early 1830's was a Mr. Galway who held the contract for the Waterford/Bantry run. He may have been one of the Waterford city merchants of that name, or the Dungarvan merchant who built and resided in Duckspool House, the present-day Augustinian College.

Bianconi

By private agreement with the Postmaster, Charles Bianconi had, since 1815, carried some of the mails, but from 1832 on he had made an official contract to carry mails. Cummin's Hotel was his Waterford depot. At three each evening with a great blowing of horns the Bianconi mail coach left Waterford.

The mail between Waterford and England came via Milford Haven to Waterford or Dunmore. It had become a regular service by 1787. It was never well-supported and was discontinued in 1832 part of the trouble was that it was an 80-mile sea-run as compared to Holyhead/Howth

(58 miles) and when weather was bad, letters to Waterford arrived faster through Howth and Dublin.

For instance, the "Waterford Herald" of December 15th, 1792, reported that on the previous day, Friday, a violent gale tore a government cutter, lying at Passage, away despite having three anchors out. As a result no mail arrived in Waterford the following day. When there were prolonged winter gales, the mail boats were held up in Waterford or Milford, although the boats on the shorter, more sheltered Howth run, were sailing.

And so, through the 18th and 19th to the twentieth century, when, one might imagine, mail delivery had become a quiet, matter of routine. But the twentieth century had its share of upheavals in the County Waterford postal service.

All through the summer of 1921 the mails for the Black and Tans and the RIC stationed in Dungarvan were delivered by air-drop. At midday each day a small plane flew over Dungarvan Castle and dropped the mailbag into the Castle Yard, to prevent Government correspondence falling into the hands of the IRA.

Postal delivery in the Decies down through the years may have been hazardous but it was never dull!

ARDMORE

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The Romance of the Coghlan's of Ardo By Frances Gerard

From "Some Celebrated Irish Beauties of the Last Century"

Perched high upon one of the bleakest headlands of the South of Ireland there stands a country house, consisting of two wings, several round towers, and a square one, newly added. A few trees, growing quite close to the house and along the approach, were evidently objects of the most tender solicitude to their first owners, who, to provide shelter from the furious gales that raged along the heights, built lofty protecting walls of solid masonry. These walls run in and out in an utterly irregular fashion, irrespective of any design except that of enclosing every scrap of growth that might possibly develop into a tree. However incongruous or inconvenient these rambling plans of house, towers, and walls may have originally been, the lapse of time, and the interest of the strange fortunes of past dwellers in the mansion, make them appear now an interesting and picturesque arrangement.

The carefully cherished trees near the house have thick trunks and stout limbs branching from them, as far and no further than the height of the protecting walls. Above these, there is only a dense mass of matted and twisted small branches, whipped north-eastward by the prevailing south-westerly gales. There is something touching in this expenditure on walls which bespeaks much love of trees and care for them in the past, without which it would have been impossible for them to exist in such a spot. A bird's-eye view of the country from adjacent heights, shows how few and far between are even the stunted beeches, alders, or sycamores that battle out their wind-distraught existence. (1)

It must have been a resolute mind which first planned a home on this exposed spot, only a little below the highest level for many a mile in every direction. From the house, seawards, the ground slopes rapidly down a field or tow to the sea, where jagged cliffs and rocks of most forbidding aspect repel the attacks of the long Atlantic rollers, and there is always a sullen murmur of waters in the calmest weather. As Ardo stands to-day, the scrupulously white-washed walls gleaming brilliantly in the sun, the round towers, and curious high latticed wood-work wind-screens – all have a somewhat Moorish look. But no brightness of sun, or shining whiteness, can dissipate the the ghostly and uncanny influence of the house, if one visits it when it is uncheered by the presence of its owners, and there is nothing of life or stir to divert the mind from the tales of tragedy and strange ups and downs of fortune of its former inhabitants. Still, it must be remembered that only a small portion of the old buildings, that occupied by servants, now remains, together with the long lines of masonry walls. The present house was built about 1833, before which time the place was fast falling into ruin. The old house must have been somewhat like the present one in design, as it had round towers and small iron-barred windows.

The earliest history of Ardo is vague, and recorded accounts of its traditions and inmates few. From those, and inquiries among the few living persons who can remember any of the family, together with some notes of conversations with a lady now many years deceased, who knew both Mrs. Coghlan and her daughters, this chapter is compiled.

The ancient name of the bluff headland was Ardigena, spelt much according to taste, after the manner of the olden time. It is believed to have been inhabited in the seventeenth century by persons of the name of Coston, and a gloomy tradition of treachery and violent death has been handed down in connection with the last member of the family. In and about Ardo, even twenty years ago, it was a tolerably complete narrative as told by cottage firesides. Now those who knew it in detail have passed away, and only one or two remain who recollect having "heard the old people talking about it." The dark story was one of the betrayal of a minor by his guardian. Young Costen, "the heir of Ardo," as he has been called since his tragic end, had for his guardian a villain named Fitzgerald, who, without much originality in wickedness, contrived to brand him as a thief by a stratagem similar to that which Joseph used against his brethren in Egypt long ago. After a friendly visit to his guardian, the unsuspecting youth departed on horseback with his valise, in which Fitzgerald had secreted a valuable silver tankard. The false guardian's next act was to hurry to a Justice of the Peace, and procure a search warrant to enable him to recover his stolen property. The Justice, a harsh, insensible man, accepted Fitzgerald's story, and set off with him, accompanied by a body of troopers, in pursuit of young Costen, who found himself confronted by his accusers at his own hall-door, just as he reached home by a circuitous route. His innocence did not, of course, prevent his being thunderstruck at such a charge from such a quarter; But when the missing piece of plato was drawn from his valise, he apparently either lost his head, or realized that his persecutors were bent on his destruction, and that his only change of safety lay in flight. His horse, one faithful friend, was still at his side; so, in his despair, he leaped into the saddle, and fled in the direction of Ardmore. To

1) This Memoir has been contributed by Miss F.W. Currey, of Lismore whose sketch of the "Gallows of the Heir" will be found on page 233.

anyone who has traversed those rocky uneven heights, it is easy to picture the miserable chase – a wild affrighted youth hunted by the excited troopers, who were doubtless urged to the utmost exertions by Fitzgerald and his companion in authority. One version of the horrible end of the pursuit says that, his pursuers gaining on the fugitive, he leaped his horse across a dangerous chasm, and, gaining time by this desperate feat, doubled back on Ardigena, and urging his horse up a steep incline, was captured when the exhausted animal stumbled and fell. After that a rope was fastened around his neck, and he was dragged down to the rocks, and cruelly hung over a natural bridge, amid the taunts and execrations of his inhuman hunters. Another tradition says that he tried in desperation to force his horse – when, literally, between the devil and the deep sea – towards this same natural bridge, but the animal missed its footing, and, rolling with its rider down the cliff, he fell from the saddle, and, becoming entangled in the reins, was accidentally hung at the spot called “Crook-an-heire,” or “The Gallows of the Heir.” This place of evil memory is said to be haunted, and unearthly yells, wails, and shrieks are heard above the noise of the ground-swell of the sea so that no one will pass the accursed spot after dark. Other traditions respecting the tragedy assert that a cruel stepmother was partly responsible for the crime. But most accounts concur in attributing Fitzgerald’s evil deed to his betrayal of the monetary trust confided to him, and fear of discovery on the heir’s approaching attainment of his majority.

After passing through several hands, the house and property were purchased by Sir Francis Prendergast. Another crime is said to have been committed during the ownership of the Prendergasts. A servant offended his hasty and arbitrary master, who, it was alleged, had him secretly hanged from a beam in the ceiling of a room in a part of the old house which still remains. Needless to say, such a crime produced supernatural sounds, and to get rid of the ghost and its noises structural alterations became necessary. When the old house was pulled down, a skeleton was found buried some feet below the dining-room floor, and was believed to have been that of the murdered servant.

The Coghlan’s obtained possession of Ardo early in the eighteenth century, and around their persons and fortunes its chief interest centres. The last male Coghlan who lived at Ardo was Jeremiah,¹ and his wife was said to have been a Miss Davis. The surviving children of his marriage were four in number, and surely never was there seen a greater inequality of natural gifts, as well as fortune and destiny, amongst the members of one family. The eldest daughter, Anne, married in 1795, at the age of eighteen, the last and one of the least reputable of the notorious Earls of Barrymore.⁽²⁾

1 Jeremiah Coghlan ran away to sea when only a lad. He had a strange story, which is told in Gronow’s memoirs.

2 At the beginning of this century the Barrymores were conspicuous amongst the rogues of the day. There were three brothers and one sister; they were known by the flattering sobriquets of *Hellgate*, *Cripplegate*, *Newgate*, and *Billingsgate*. The eldest was the most celebrated; he had a country house near Henley which was the scene of the wildest orgies; his career was short and his death mysterious. His brother Cripplegate, so called from his lameness, indulged in all manner of excesses and extravagances; he was addicted to low company, and married the daughter of a sedan chairman. Newgate, the eighth and last Lord Barrymore, was not such a celebrated character as his brothers; he was, however, a famous whip, and his ambition was to be taken for a genuine hackney-coach driver. He was intimate with the Prince Regent, and indulged in all manner of extravagance; the final smash came after a splendid entertainment given to the Prince in Sackville Street, crowded with all the rank, beauty, and fashion of London. It was the expiring flame of the Barrymores. Wargrave was seized by the angry creditors, so was Castle Lyons and Buttevant. His estates in the north of Ireland followed, and were bought by John Anderson, of Armagh, with a reservation of four thousand a year for the Earl and four thousand for the Countess. This, however, was soon squandered, and the noble pair once more were paupers. Luckily for them the Duc de Castries, as stated in the text, came to the rescue. – [*Note by the Editor.*]

Every exertion has been made to trace these miniatures, so far ineffectually. – [Ed.]



CROOK-AN-HEIRE (The Gallows of the Heir).
(Reproduced from original sketch by Miss F.W. Currey.)

The second daughter, Eliza, married a widower, an émigré of exalted birth, one of the noblest dukes of France – the Duc de Castries. Both of these Miss Coghlan were of great beauty and charm. Lady Barrymore was small, but exquisitely formed; the Duchesse de Castries was less lovely, but tall and dignified. Lady Barrymore had blue eyes and brown hair. The two younger members of the Coghlan family, Jeremiah and Thomasina – familiarly known as Jerry and Tamsin – were both idiots, and despite their sisters' grandeur, died in loneliness and poverty.

Frances, Lady Musgrave, widow of Sir Richard Musgrave, the second baronet, of Tourin, in the county of Waterford, who died at the advanced age of ninety in 1865, had often seen Mrs. Coghlan and her daughters, and visited at their house during her stay at Grange, the seaside residence of the Musgraves at Whiting Bay, near Ardo. Lady Musgrave said that Ardo House was full of interesting old furniture, of various styles and fashions; there was also a spinet, and portraits of former residents at Ardo, including one said to be that of the unhappy "heir", young Costen, last of his race. There were also in existence at this time beautiful miniatures of the celebrated sisters, in gold frames, one with a countess' the other with a duchess' coronet. There was also a portrait of the Duchesse de Castries, and her sons, Alix and Olonville de Castries. In those days, country visiting was attended with considerable difficulty, and Lady Musgrave used humorously to describe her *impressions de voyage*, when as a young bride she set out to return complimentary visits paid to her by residents in the country around Whiting Bay. The roads were so rough as to be impassable for anything less strong than a springless farm-cart, and she found herself obliged to pay her visits of ceremony in one of these carts, padded with straw, feather beds, and cushions to lessen the jolting. Lady Musgrave had many interesting recollections of scenes and persons besides those connected with Ardo. She knew the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and remembered him at Bath, where he turned many heads, her own included, so that she and other ladies used to ride out in green habits to please his patriotic humour.

To return to the Coghlan – gossip was often busy with regard to their way of living. Their means were known to be small, and the fine silks and laces and ribbons worn by the two elder and beautiful daughters of the house were accounted for, not unnaturally in those days, by a supposed traffic and friendship between Mrs. Coghlan, or "Madam", as she was called by her household and dependents, and the smugglers of the coast. She was said to befriend the latter by securing information as to the whereabouts of the revenue officers and their men, and by displaying signals from her windows at Ardo, which could be in the Coghlan's time the kitchen was much the same as it is now; with a staircase in just the same position, leading upstairs to the servants' rooms, and divided from the rest of the house by a door. It used to be said that Mrs. Coghlan's custom was to leave the kitchen table well stocked with eatables and drink, and to open the postern door communicating between the kitchen and the out-door

world, and then to retire upstairs, locking the connecting door. In the morning the table was clear of food, and in its place would be found silks and laces, and occasionally a keg of foreign wine or spirits.

The Coghlan's were undoubtedly on good terms with their poor neighbours, for though Protestants, and living in an isolated place in turbulent times, they escaped without any injury. During the rebellion of '98 "Madam," then a widow, continued to reside at Ardo with her two idiot children. The only interference she suffered was the requisitioning of her hospitable kitchen as a meeting place for rebels. Probably the previous smuggling transactions suggested the later plan – but it was on a less profitable basis for Mrs. Coghlan. In such times, however, a lonely widow may well have thought she was buying safety cheaply enough, at the expense of potatoes, bacon, and drink. About 1817 the Caravats, a secret society of nocturnal habits and ill fame, used to come to her every Saturday night, and her already reduced circumstances were still further straitened by their exactions. A negro servant of the family, called "Gillick the Black," used to walk to the Blackwater, and cross the river to the town of Youghal every Saturday for marketing, and the "Caravats" were well informed of what he brought out – meat, vegetables, fish, bread, everything, even to the whiskey which their involuntary hostess was obliged to supply for them. An entry exists in the Youghal Parish Church, St. Mary's, of the burial of this negro messenger. It runs thus: "1824. March 21. Gillick Coghlan. An 'African Black.'"

Ardo House was reputed to be both unlucky and haunted, and if it has a somewhat uncanny look even now, when so much restored and renovated, what must it not have seemed when falling into decay during the last years of Mrs. Coghlan's lonely life. Once when Lady Musgrave was being shown over the house in one of her visits to Mrs. Coghlan, she was cautioned against falling over a couple of loose steps in one of the staircases, which they had never, they assured her, been able to fasten down securely since a child's body had been found beneath them – a disagreeable discovery made just at the time of some wedding festivities. The crime of the child's death and concealment was traced to some unhappy servant's intrigue. Again and again, Lady Musgrave was assured, the steps had been mended, only to be found loose again; so at last their unsafe condition was acquiesced in – with no doubt the same resignation displayed in Ireland in more commonplace cases of ill-repair.

There was certainly no scarcity of supernatural phenomena at Ardo. In addition to the mysterious staircase, and the unaccountable noises on the spot where the Prendergast tyrant hanged his servant, and the wails and shrieks of the poor betrayed "heir of Ardo's" spirit haunting his lost heritage, the ghost of Jeremiah Coghlan, father of the two lovely and ambitious peeresses, cannot apparently rest at peace, but has been seen riding a ghostly steed about the roads of Ardo, where he once carried a crimson banner triumphantly in honour of the marriage day of one of his daughters. A gentleman, now deceased, who formerly lived in the neighbourhood, and was much respected throughout the countryside, had the idea of purchasing Ardo some time after it had passed out of the Coghlan family's possession, but was deterred from doing so by the fatalities and superstitions with which the place was associated; and on one occasion he had a personal adventure ??????illegible line?????house by one of its approaches, which had formerly been lined by trees – these were felled, however, before the occurrence in question – when his horse, a well-bred, spirited beast, began to tremble violently, and at last stopped, and utterly refused to move on. His master could see or hear nothing to cause this fright, and tried to urge the animal forward; he could not get it to stir, however, and it broke out into a violent lather of foam and sweat, so that at last he had to dismount and tie his silk handkerchief over its eyes. The horse then bounded forwards, and was almost uncontrollable during the rest of the ride home. This occurred at one of the places where Mr. Coghlan's ghost was said to wander.

Accounts differ as to the place where Anne Coghlan first met Lord Barrymore. A probable version is that which asserts that Miss Coghlan met her future husband at a military ball in Youghal – a town only a few miles from Ardo, though divided from it by the river Blackwater. It is also possible that they first met at Lismore Castle, where her relatives, the Connors, saw much company; or at Dromana, near Lismore, the seat of the Grandison family, and with which the name of Barrymore had tragic associations. Dromana is magnificently situated on a rock overhanging the Blackwater river, and commands a perfect view of the finest reach of the river, and of great stretches of wooded country and the Knockmealdown Mountains. One of the rooms facing the river, from the windows of which one can almost look down sheer into the dark water, is called the Balcony Room. It was in this room that Richard, the sixth Earl of Barrymore, shot himself in 1773, after a night of heavy losses at cards. He was the guest of the last Earl Grandison, who died in 1800, and who was one of the chief figures of a very fast set when heavy stakes and high play were the fashion of the day. It is almost needless to say that Lord Barrymore's uneasy spirit cannot rest, but haunts the room where the tragedy occurred. The belief in this ghost, or ghosts rather ??????line missing?? obtained curious confirmation some years ago, when, the room being used as an oratory, or private chapel, a lady sent her maid into it late at night to fetch a prayer-book which had been left there. The maid returned without the book, saying she had opened the door, but had not liked to go in, fearing to disturb the party of gentlemen who were in the room playing at cards. To this day noises and mysterious sounds disturb the silence of night at Dromana, and are laid to the accounts of the wild revellers and gamblers of

this story. It is curious that the seventh Earl was shot accidentally in 1793, while escorting French prisoners between Folkestone and Dover, just twenty years after his father's suicide. The follies, vanities, and vices of Richard, the seventh Earl, are set forth in his obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of May, 1793, with considerable frankness, by a candid biographer who, while entitling his subject "this popular, witty, and eminently gifted young nobleman," sandwiches flattering epithets with a record of profligacy, folly and stupid jesting, in a manner almost to suggest malice. "The Life of the late Earl of Barrymore," published by Symonds in 1793, will fill in the picture of this unedifying peer's life for those who care to know more of it, and contemporary books dealing with society gossip contain occasional references to him and his successor to the title. His only brother, Henry, the eighth and last Earl of Barrymore, married, two years after his brother's death, Anne, "eldest daughter of Jeremiah Coghlan, of Ardo."

After her brilliant marriage Lady Barrymore went the way of her husband, and found herself plunged into the vortex of dissipation of the fastest set in London, where her beauty and Irish charm found full appreciation, and she carried off with her from Ardo to town, Eliza, her almost equally beautiful sister, seen far out at sea, to inform the smugglers when it would be safe for them to land their dangerous cargoes in the neighbourhood. The Coghlan's lived in a very expensive and reckless manner, and were fond of every sort of gaiety. A sister of "Madam" was Mrs. Connor, wife of Mr. Connor, who lived at that time at Lismore Castle as agent to the Duke of Devonshire. The society in which the Coghlan's moved had the name of being a "rollicking set", and of course social display required supplies of all sorts, including smart clothes. Shops for ladies' fashions were few and far between in those days, and communication – even assisted by farm-carts and feather beds – slow and laborious; and there appears to have been some considerable trafficking between Mrs. Coghlan and ladies who were her neighbours, in silks, tabinets, laces, and ribbons – especially whenever the wedding of a daughter or other festivity was impending, and had to be provided for. As her possession of those articles of supply were not very clearly accounted for, the smuggling theory became generally accepted. In those days smuggling was somewhat faintly reprobated, and the temptation to deal with smugglers often proved too much for the principles of people in a good position even. Two sons of a local clergyman, the Rev. Ponsonby Carew, who lived at Ardo for a short time after Mrs. Coghlan's death, were both reading for the Church, but were refused ordination by the then Bishop of Waterford on the grounds of their trial and conviction for buying smuggled goods. Eliza Coghlan won much admiration, but several proposed matches of an advantageous character failed to end satisfactorily through fear of the wild Barrymore connection. Subsequently she met and became the wife of, as already stated, of the Duc de Castries, at that time an *émigré* living in London in comparative poverty. The children of this marriage were two sons, Alix, Comte de Castries, and Olonville de Castries, who died young; and one daughter, Adele, whose life was cut short at the moment of its rarest promise. Through the De Castries family, Eliza Coghlan was grandmother of Marshal M'Mahon, Duc de Magenta. The Duc de Castries returned to France¹ with the Bourbons, and at the coronation of Louis XVIII., an Irish lady of rank, present at the ceremonies said she saw the Duchesse de Castries, *nee* Coghlan of Ardo, seated before the assembled sovereigns, enjoying, by virtue of some De Castries privilege, the right to sit while others stood in the presence of royalty. It was also reported that when the Duc de Castries resumed possession of his *hotel* in Paris, abandoned in the "Terror", he found it unpillaged, and everything in order, just as he left it.

Under the Bourbons he obtained full recovery of his estates and honours. The Duchess died at the height of her fortunes, and Lady Barrymore took her place with the children, and, childless herself, devoted the rest of her life to their care, taking up her permanent residence in France. The Duchesse de Castries had had a great success as a beauty in Paris – crowds following her carriage to obtain a sight of "La Belle Anglaise." It is to the credit of Lady Barrymore and her sister that they never forgot their old mother in her loneliness among the wild stormy cliffs of Ardo, but sent her every day a minute account of their doings. It is to be feared that these letters, which would be such rich literary treasures in our day, were destroyed or lost in the condition of confusion into which Ardo fell, when the idiot children continued to live on there for a short time after their mother's death.

¹The Duc de Castries, after his restoration to the family honours, was made governor of Rouen. Cyrus Redding mentions him as a polished man of the Bourbon school, who, as Demouriez says, would have thought all France ruined if an individual came to court with a ribbon in place of a buckle in his shoes. He was very unpopular. – [Ed.]

The contrasts of the family fortunes must have seemed vivid indeed to Mrs. Coghlan, ageing among her wild cliffs and rocks. For her, poverty, a crumbling, decaying mansion, the thundering of the surf, and the cry of the sea-birds, the foolish talk or foolish silence of the idiot children; for her daughters, the gayest *salons* of Paris and London, the glitter of courts, the homage and flatteries to rank, and the apparent enjoyment of life and luxury to the uttermost. But while no shadow of unhappiness was ever believed to have fallen on the married life of the Duchesse de Castries, rumour credited the Countess of Barrymore with the reverse of her sister's experience. Stories were told of her husband's conduct towards her that were very miserable, and disgraceful to him. Possibly while outwardly gay, and seeming to enjoy a reckless, frivolous life, her thoughts went longingly homewards to her mother and the peace of Ardo.

After the death of their mother, somewhere about 1823, Jerry and Tamsin continued to reside at Ardo for a little time; but the money matters of the family had become so involved that they were removed to Lismore, to live there under the care of a Mrs. Gurley, said to have been formerly in the service of the family. It was a cruel grief to poor little Miss Tamsin to leave her home, to which she was so devotedly attached, and her accustomed seat by the chimney corner, where she used to play with the dolls sent to her by those great ladies, her sisters, and prattle of everything under the sun, including the tragedy of the discovery beneath the stairs. She loved dolls, and a lady who often visited her at Lismore, described her thus:-

"She was very tiny and picturesque, always dressed in white, and she delighted in the engravings of the *Illustrated London News*, which we used to colour for her."

She liked attention, and being visited, and to receive presents of cake and pieces of silk and ribbon for her dolls. It must have been a strange, pathetic sight to see the little old lady – she lived to be eighty-five – dressed in childlike white, and with the expression and mind and language of a child, playing with her dolls. All those who know her represent her as gentle and winning. A lady who knew her well wrote of her as follows, describing her rigid Protestantism: "I remember the old lady particularly telling me that the people she lived with, and who had the care of her, were earnestly endeavouring to induce her to become a Romanist, but that she never would consent. She had been always in the habit of repeating the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed morning and evening, and one evening they brought a priest, who tried to convince her that the creed was in favour of *his* religion, not *hers*, for she said, 'I believe in...the Holy Catholic Church.' Now *his* was the Holy Catholic and *hers only* the Protestant, etc.; but she said, 'I never repeat those words now. I say, 'I believe in the Holy Church of my own persuasion.'" This acuteness in getting out of the dilemma struck me as the only glimpse of brightness I ever remarked in her. Since then I have frequently known half-witted persons show understanding of a religious truth who were very obtuse about ordinary matters." Similar accounts of her strong religious feelings were given by other persons who knew her well and saw her often. She had pleasure in attending the church "of her own persuasion," and resented being taken by her guardians to a Roman Catholic one; and she would hide when a priest called, but was delighted to see a Protestant clergyman, saying, "Ah, this is one of my own persuasion." While at Lismore she had the miniature portrait of Lady Barrymore that Lady Musgrave saw at Ardo, and was very proud of it, liking to show it as the picture of her beautiful sister. She was very fond of birds, but always particular that they must be hens. Also of babies – she was devoted to them, and would examine every article of their clothing to see if it were clean and well made up. When Ardo House was about to be pulled down and rebuilt, poor little Miss Tamsin heard of it, and begged so piteously to be taken to her old home, that those in charge of her conveyed her there, where she wandered from room to room through the whole place, weeping bitterly, and sobbing that she was the last of the Coghlan.

Jerry, the idiot boy, was fond of kittens, and used to carry them about in his pockets in the happy days of his life when he lived in his mother's care at Ardo. The boys on the roads used to rouse his anger by calling him "Pussy Mi-aow." He was kindly indulged by Mrs. Coghlan's friends, and used to fall in love sometimes – but only with those of his own rank who came up to his ideal of "fine rollicksome girls." He was extremely attached to the mother of a lady still living in the neighbourhood of Ardo. He could only be taught to count as far as five, and thought he was doing real man's work when minding his mother's sheep along the cliffs, but they might all be stolen or strayed if only five were left for him to count and bring home.

Lady Musgrave met him after Mrs. Coghlan's death on the cliffs near Crook-an-heire, and he turned away from her, sobbing bitterly, after telling her in his imperfect fashion that his mother was dead. He was also said to have been found one night lying in a swoon on her grave. He had always loved her most passionately. His life at Lismore in the care of a stranger was apparently a change which told harmfully on his nature, if it was not the direct cause of his falling rapidly into a worse mental state. He grew depressed, and would not walk unless someone went out with him. Mrs. Garley took him one day into the garden and made him hold on to a clothes-line, thinking he would let go when tired and walk about; after a time she came back and found him still in the same position. He is described as having been a well-developed, tolerably good-looking man. He used to be tied frequently by his caretaker to prevent him from climbing up the roof of the house – a poor substitute for the cliffs and rocks where he used to wander unrestrained. His sad life ended about thirteen years after the irreparable loss of his mother. The

entry of his burial is contained in the registry of the Protestant Cathedral at Lismore: "Jeremiah Coghlan, Esq., late of Ardo, September 4th, 1836."

Although the Duchesse de Castries and her sister cannot be charged with neglect of their mother, it is impossible to acquit Lady Barrymore of unconcern for her unhappy brother and sister's fate. Shortly before Jeremiah's death, the Comte de Castries, his nephew, came to visit a family of the name of Lalor, then residing at Ardo, to make arrangements about the head-rent due to his family, and a ball was given in his honour in the house, and the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood danced on the lawn before him. He also went to Lismore and found the condition of his idiot uncle and aunt and their way of living such as to cause him a considerable shock. The sum of 50*l.* was allowed for the keep of each, and this was not increased after his visit. Whatever were the young Frenchman's feelings, no action was taken in the matter, and nothing was done to improve the nature of their surroundings.

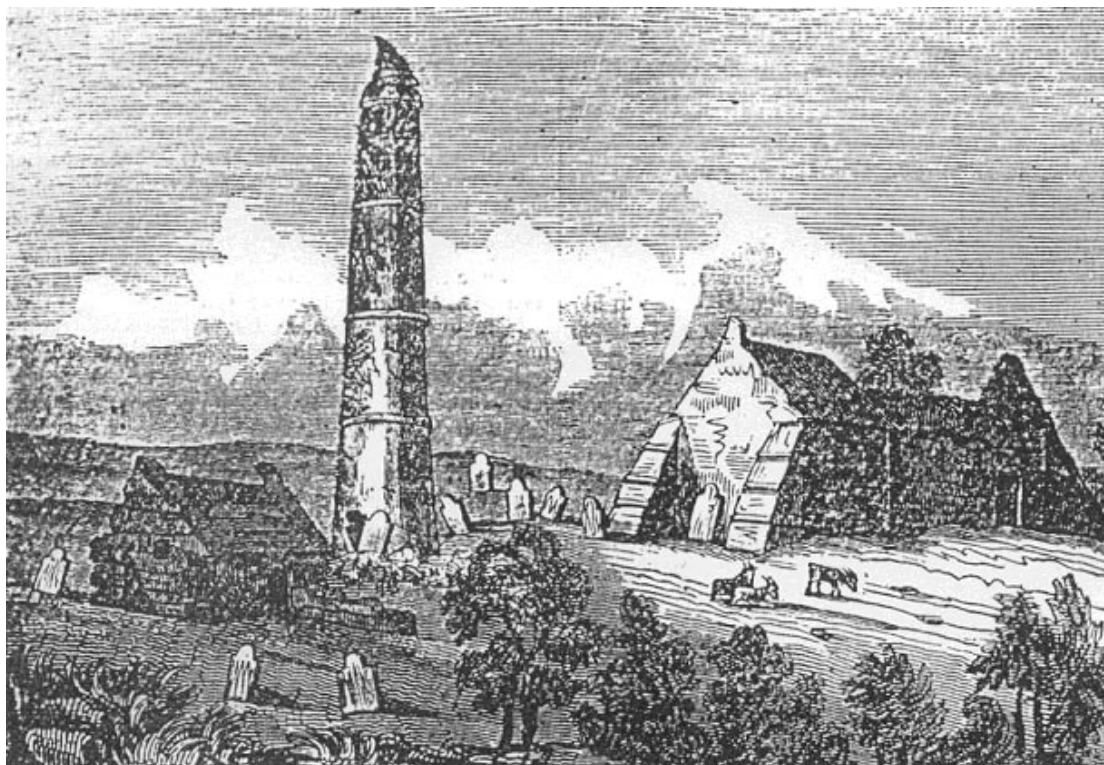
Little "Miss Ta", as she was sometimes called, lived to be eighty-five, preserving to the end her childish appearance and expression of countenance. The same registry that records her brother's burial gives hers also: "Thomasina Coghlan, January 24th, 1856; age, 85 years."

The sixth Duke of Devonshire hearing, during one of his visits to Lismore Castle, of the sad and lowly state of the brilliant Countess of Barrymore's sister, visited her, and was shown by poor little Tamsin all her store of dolls and their clothes, made from cast-off finery of ball-dresses that had been sent to her by her sisters. The duke said he remembered Lady Barrymore as the centre of the gayest society in London, and he was distressed at the pitiful fate of a sister of so renowned a leader of fashion. He sent her many presents, and showed her many thoughtful kindnesses, which even limited intellects can appreciate. One especially superb doll, a present from the duke from London, was one of poor little Miss Tamsin's most treasured possessions.

Through the De Castries family, the interest in Ardo passed to Marshall M'Mahon. Twenty years ago or so advertisements appeared in the pages of the Cork newspapers, having reference to the sale of this interest, inserted by authority of Marshal M'Mahon, and giving his name as owner of the interest for sale. Ardo, or Ardigena as it is still called, has passed into the hands of Sir Joseph Neale M'Kenna, who has made considerable additions and repairs to the buildings, and dissipated the eerie look that hung around the place, compelling the mind to dwell on its past tragedies and the strange fortunes of its former inmates.

Ardmore Tower
By P. Dixon Hardy, M.R.I.A.

From "Dublin Penny Journal," Vol III, October 1834, no. 118



ARDMORE TOWER, COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

The village of Ardmore is situated on the coast of the County of Waterford, about four miles from Youghal, and is remarkable for one of the most perfect round towers to be found in Ireland, the origin of which is attributed to St. Declan, who is said to have been the friend and companion of St. Patrick, by whom he was made Bishop of Ardmore, where he founded an abbey about the year 402, and where his memory is still held in great veneration.

The tower is about ninety feet high, and fifteen feet in diameter at the base; and the door-way is sixteen feet from the ground. Its formation is different from most others, being divided into four stories or compartments, each marked by a projecting course of solid masonry, carried round the building, and each storey has a window or loop-hole : the whole structure is well built, and bids fair to withstand the ravages of time for centuries to come.- It is a prominent feature in the landscape, being visible for many miles round, and serves occasionally as a landmark for vessels at sea.

St. Declan was descended from the family of the Desii, whose territories extended over the southern and western parts of the county of Waterford. He travelled to Italy when young – resided in Rome for several years, and being ordained by the Pope, he returned home; was consecrated Bishop of Ardmore, and survived to a great age; for his immediate successor, St. Ultan, lived until the year 550. He was buried in the churchyard here, in the dormitory, which goes by his name, and which is visited by vast numbers of the 24th of July, on which day his festival is held. Great virtues are attributed to the clay which is supposed to cover his remains, and which being taken away in small quantities from time to time, has gradually excavated the surface to a depth of several feet below the adjacent soil. This dormitory was repaired and roofed, at the expense of Bishop Mills, about one hundred and twenty years ago.

There is also a well bearing the name of the saint, and a stone on the sea-shore, which tradition reports to have floated over from Rome with the bells of the cathedral, and which is connected with many superstitious ceremonies.

The present church is but small, being only a part of the chancel of the old one, a portion of the walls of which still remain, covered with ivy; and one of the windows is adorned with curious carvings in freestone, representing the twelve apostles, and various scenes in scripture history.

R.F.

We are informed by our correspondent, E.H. that there are two transverse pieces of wood or metal at the top of the interior of the tower, to which he supposes the bell was attached, which is said to have been so deep and powerful in tone as to be heard at Glown Moore or Big Glen, a distance of eight miles. The top of the tower, which suddenly diminishes to a conical point, appears loose, and threatens a momentary fall; but, strange to say, it has withstood the fierce blast of about thirty winters in the same position, before which time it was erect, and surmounted with a cross.

A little further, on the edge of some shelving rocks, which immediately overhang the bay of Ardmore, is the ruin of an old place of worship, called *Thoumpei a Desbert*, or the old "Temple of Dissart" at one end of which stood a high gable, ornamented with a well cut Gothic window, which was demolished by a sudden gust of wind about seven or eight years since, and has now nothing more to boast of than the "holy well," in one of the walls, which owes its present neat and enticing appearance to an individual named Hugh Byrne, a private soldier in the Donegal militia, who, after the Irish rebellion of 1798, came here, and passed the remainder of his life in this solitary abode, and was buried beside St. Declan. There is a square door-way in one side of this old building, with an inverted key-stone in the arch, which has been a source of much enquiry and difference of opinion amongst the lower class of the adjacent mechanics, but which may be easily accounted for on inspection. Adjoining this are some silver mine-holes, which at present afford nothing more than pure water.

Ardmore

By Doireann Mhic Mhurchu

From Dungarvan Observer 29.09.1984

Ardmore...St. Declan's choice. Ardmore, the high, green headland of the sheep pastures. Ardmore, the safe, sheltered resort for family holidays. And now, Ardmore, the best of toy villages, Aird Mhor Dheaglain is all this and much, much more besides. *Picture: Main Street, Ardmore.*



It can, without exaggeration called the cradle of Irish Christianity, for here, before St. Patrick came to Ireland, St. Declan in Ardmore and St. Colman in An Seanphobal lit the flame of the Christian religion in the hearts of the Deise. And to this day Ardmore holds and reveres the reminders of those early times.

An Aird Mhor, the great headland, as opposed to its

"little sister" an Mhion Aird - Mine Head, the small headland -holds, in a beautiful sheltered green spot, high above the bay, the hold well of St. Declan and the remains of his little church, focus for pilgrimage by thousands over the centuries. Up to 15,00 pilgrims were recorded there at a pattern in the early 1830s.

But indeed you can hardly turn in Ardmore without some reminder of Declan, like the great boulder on the foreshore with a reputed cure for backache, if your pain is not too bad to allow you to Crawl under it. The stone is also the subject of one of the loveliest legends about Declan, how it floated into Ardmore Bay with the saint's forgotten bell sitting on top of it.

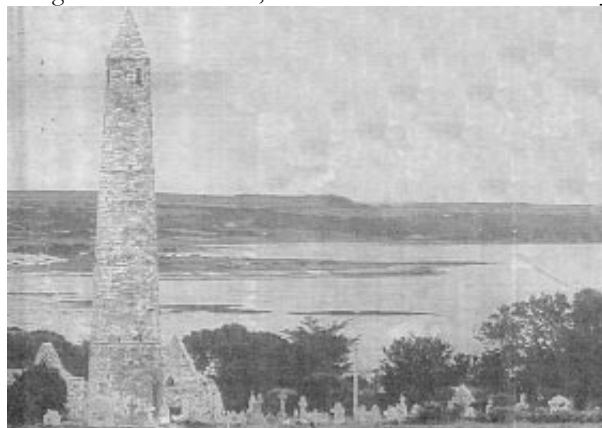
And high on the slope of Monea Strand the most glorious of all historical ruins in the Deise, the tall, perfect round tower, like a finger pointing heavenwards for all time; the Cathedral with its fine allegorical sculptures; and the tiny church, an Beannachan. where the Saint himself is said to lie.

But all the history of Ardmore has not been holy and happy. This peaceful enclave has withstood Viking raids and centuries later the now long disappeared Ardmore Castle was the scene of several bloody episodes.

August 1642 saw a Cromwellian force of 400 troops under the command of Lords Broghill and Dungarvan attack the castle, held by the Irish. Great guns brought in by sea pounded the defences. Thankfully they did no damage to the Round Tower, also garrisoned, surrender came on the 26th and the people of Ardmore watched the horrifying spectacle of 117 men from the defending force being publicly hanged.

No-one will ever know the exact number of wrecks that the sea has claimed in Ardmore Bay, lying out far or in beneath the cliffs. Their names ring in the mind, now part of Deise folklore:- July 1838, the "Hercules", 1865, the "Sextusa"; on down through the years, the "Juan de Austerlitz", the "Nellie Fleming", the "Bandon". March 1917 saw the survivors of the "Folio" being cared for by the good women of Ardmore; February 1947 saw the victims of the "Ary" ship-wreck being buried side by side in Declan's holy ground; November 1963 saw the wreck of the "Fee de L'Onde".

All through the centuries the local people carried on a great-hearted tradition of rescue and sacrifice for those in trouble at sea, the Ardmore fishermen and boatmen going out in the most awful weather conditions to help ships in danger, and the women feeding and nursing the survivors and laying out the dead.



But the two ships that really called on Ardmore's great tradition, the two names that should ring a proud carillon for Ardmore's bravery are the "Teaser" and the "Marechal de Noailles". The super human rescue efforts made by the men of Ardmore and their curate, Fr John M. O'Shea with the "rocket" lifesaving equipment, went far beyond anything expected from any human being. Happily, they were awarded medals, certificates and decorations and were publicly acclaimed.

Set in the curve of a bay, fishing has always been a way of life here, that and farming the fertile fields around and above. But, increasingly, the village has become the mecca for those people who look for the peaceful and unspoilt places to holiday. It is especially suitable for families with small children. The long, clean sweep of safe beach and the amusements for the children, the relaxed easygoing air of the village life and the fine scenery, these call families back again and again.

Yet, no matter how great the influx, Ardmore always keeps its own character. It is an area that has not forgotten its Irish heritage. For more than twenty years in the 1920's, 30's and in to the 40's, Colaiste Deaglan was a source of learning and pleasure for many students of Irish. Today the women of Ardmore especially, through their local guild of the ICA, make sure this traditional heritage of language, art and drama lives on, Go mairidh siad!

And on the sports field the men and boys have played no small part in the story of the GAA in Co. Waterford. Ardmore GAA is a club that refused to die. Twice, because of difficulties, it seemed to be defunct, once in the 20's and again in the 50's. Each time, like the legendary firebird it rose again from the ashes, not just to play, but to win. 1950 they took the Western Junior Football title; in 1960 the county title in the same grade. Two years later they had a double, winning both Western titles in the minor grade. 1965 saw Ardmore's first Senior County win in football. They had to wait twelve years before again becoming Senior Football champions although in the meantime (1972) they became County Intermediate Football champions. Then in 1979 Ardmore showed their versatility by becoming Junior Hurling champions.

But the culmination of it all came this year with the official opening of the new Ardmore playing field, a magnificent pitch in a glorious spot, complete with a two-storey club-house that must be the envy of many. It is theirs, not by any lucky chance, but by sheer hard work and through openhanded generosity on the part of all the community.

The little bays and strands around Ardmore are lovely. There is a sense of peace as you go along the cliff paths with only the rabbits and the seabirds to interrupt your thoughts. The places of historical interest breathe of the past, a tangible link with days gone. Instead of that, the local people have cared for what is theirs. And now, 1984 has brought the reward of that loving care - the title of tidiest village in Co. Waterford. Not alone first in its own category, it also had the highest rating in the county and was, with 141 marks, a mere 3 behind the national winner for tidy villages, Ardagh, Co. Longford.

1984 has indeed been a year which underlined Ardmore's greatest asset, the community spirit which holds its people close together. Ba mhaith an rogha a dhein Deaglan. Go mba fada buan i Aird .Mhor na nDeise!

Duibhin Declain: Little Black Stone / Little Black Bell By Donncha O' Laoghaire

What may be described as a translation of an episode from the Irish Life of St Declan is to be found in the Royal Irish Academy manuscript 12 N 22. This MS is a large unbound gathering of 19th century papers dealing with Irish archaeology and history, which may have belonged to George Petrie. Some of the items are in Irish, others are translations from Irish. As already indicated, the episode referred to here is in the latter category. It occupies about two-thirds of a single folio sheet with the word "Ardmore" written in pencil on the back. As might be expected the matter is an account of one of the many miraculous occurrences associated with the Saint. It states:

Saint Declan being on his way home to Ireland from Rome went on a certain day into a church which happened to be on his way, to say mass and whilst he was so engaged a small black stone was sent to him from heaven through the window of the church and it rested on the altar in his presence.

Declan was much overjoyed on perceiving it and returned thanks to God for this token of His care of him, and then his fortitude against ignorance and infidelity became stronger and his Christian belief more firm on account of having received this stone. And he gave the stone into the keeping of Lunan, a Roman youth of royal blood who accompanied him and who constantly carried it about him, and the name by which it is called in Ireland is Duibhin Declain, i.e. The Little Black (Stone) of Declan, and it was on account of its colour it was called that name, because it is black in colour and through it and by the grace of God, many miraculous manifestations were revealed unto Declan and it is preserved even at this time in the church of Declan.

The following note is then added: "From an Irish MS Life of St Declan in the collection of Messrs Hodges and Smith. E. Curry."

The MS to which Eugene Curry is here referring is now 23 M 50 in the R.I.A. The scribe was the 18th cent. Co. Cork poet Sean O Murchadha na Raithineach. Other copies are in: R.I.A. 24 L 11 (18th cent. by the same scribe), 3 B 7, 24 A 27 (both 19th cent.); Kings Inns Library, Dublin, MS No.9 (18th cent.); Maynooth College Library, MS Murphy 39 (19th cent).

All the above copies are incomplete, i.e. none continues beyond the point in the narrative where the Saint returns to Aith Bhresail. [1].

Of the surviving copies of the Irish Life the earliest and fullest, and consequently the most important, is that found in MS 4190 - 4200 at The Royal (Burgundian) Library, Brussels. A colophon, or scribal note, to the narrative states (in translation here):

The Friar Michael O'Clery initially copied this Life of Declan in Cashel from the book [i.e. MS] of Eochy O'Heffernan. The year in which that old book of Eochy was written is 1582, and now I am rewriting the Life at the Convent of the Friars, Druisce [2], February 1629.

This version of St Declan's Life edited and translated by Canon P. Power was published in 1914. [3]. As one might expect in the case of such an important figure there are also Latin versions of the Life. One of these, from a 16th cent. MS in Trinity College, Dublin, has been edited by the Rev. Charles Plummer [4]. A Life, also in Latin, has been published by the Bollandists. [5].

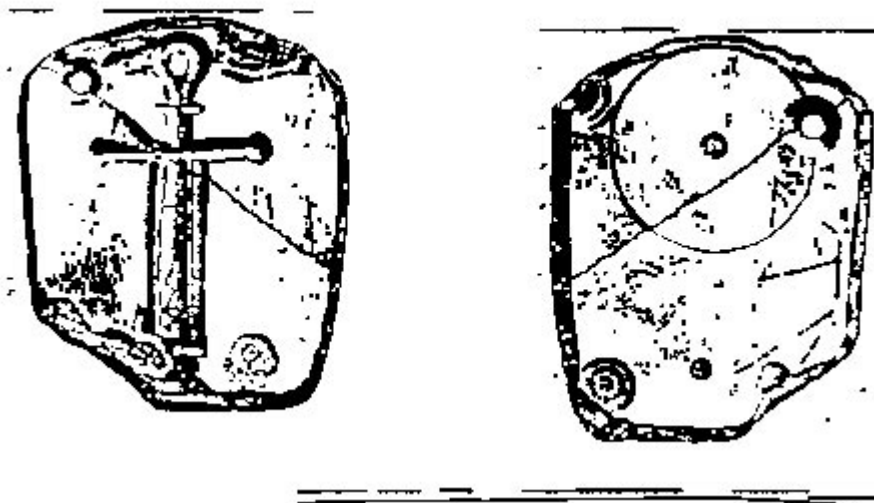
In the version of the Life edited by Canon Power the little black stone, which is the subject of the episode related above becomes a little black bell. Similarly, the floating rock, which guided St Declan's ship into Ardmore, carries the mislaid bell. In all the other available copies of the Irish Life (in the MSS listed above) the little black stone replaces the bell in this story also.

In his editing Canon Power appears to have made what can only be described as an extraordinary mistake. One recognizes the fact that when he was engaged on his material almost eighty years ago he did not enjoy many of the facilities at the disposal of researchers nowadays. It can therefore be understood that he could easily have been unaware of the existence of copies of the Life other than the three MSS which he cites as his source, these being: the already mentioned Brussels MS, the R.I.A. 23 M 50, which has also been referred to, and a copy in a MS then in the possession of Dr. Douglas Hyde. (The editor does not appear to have made any use of this copy.)

What is not easy to understand, however, is the Canon's reason for stating that there is an "immense lacuna", i.e. an immense gap, in 23 M 50 [6]. This is not the case. In consequence of this error he was apparently unaware that the little black stone replaces the bell in both of the stories as found in 23 M 50. The confusion does not end even here. As has already been pointed out 23 M 50 terminates at a particular point in the narrative. Canon Power nevertheless continues to supply various footnote readings from 23 M

50 for considerably longer. The question is: where did he find this additional matter [7]? The above remarks are not meant to be taken as disparagement of Canon Power's editorship; the information is given only to underline the opinion that if he had not missed the 23 M 50 version of the nature of the gift from heaven the Canon might have taken a different view from that expressed by him here in the following passage:

Bell: It is evident from the context that cloc here is identical with the clocc of a few sentences lower, I have accordingly translated it bell in both cases. The word I am aware has been translated stone (Journal of Kilkenny and South East of Ireland Archaeological Society, Vol. 111, New Series, 1860-61, p.47), and on strength of present passage the name Duibhin Deaglain, has been applied to a small object of marble said to have been found in St. Declan's grave at Ardmore and preserved with veneration in the vicinity for ages. The object in question was simply a thin and flat piece of black marble, roughly about two inches square, bound by a light metal clamp, and bearing on one side a cross incised and on the other a circle. The stone was pierced by four or five holes countersunk for silver rivets. This singular object was regarded locally with great popular reverence; it was also in much request on account of its alleged curative, &c, virtues. A detailed description of the stone, with a woodcut, will be found in the above quoted Kilkenny Archaeological Journal. Regarding the name, Duibhin, Mr. William Williams, of Dungarvan, writer of the notice just referred to has offered the explanation that Duibhln=Duibh-mhionn; perhaps Duibhin, "little black object (bell)" is more likely. Unfortunately the so - called Duibhin has not been heard of since 1861, but I have little doubt its rediscovery would reward an adequate search for it in Dungarvan or vicinity. [8].



**THE DUIVHIN DEGLAIN Full size Front & Back view
(from Kilkenny & S.E. Ir. A.S.J. 1860- 61)**

Writing cloch for cloc/c or vice versa would seem at first sight to be a natural enough scribal error but since it happens that cloch (a stone) is feminine while cloc/c (a bell) is masculine, Irish usage requires that the corresponding gender pronouns, personal and otherwise, be used. Examination in this respect of the Brussels text (cloc/c) shows that masculine usage is followed, while 23 M 50 and all the other MSS listed above having the cloch follow the feminine. This does not necessarily suggest a deliberate alteration; it is rather an example perhaps of the survival of different traditions relating to the one life, and so the black stone may derive from an earlier, or even an alternative, version of St Declan's Life.

Canon Power sees the Ardmore pattern as still (in 1914) the most noted celebration of its kind in Ireland. He could also have said that Declan is probably the only local Irish saint whose praises have been sung by a noteworthy poet, since Tadhg Gaelach O Suilleabhain composed a poem in honour of St Declan. The popularity of the pattern must have gained by reason of the poem being included in the Irish Pious Miscellany, the title under which a collection of Tadhg's religious poems was published. The extent of the demand for this work can be judged from the fact that it ran to at least eighteen editions. The following is a stanza from it relating to the participants in the pattern.

Is ciallmhar clumhail a dtiúin 's a dteagasc
Is rialta a ngreann os cionn na mara
Is deachroioch a n-aithri 's a machnamh,

A Dheaglain ghleighil ar naofacht do bheatha.

[9.]

[Fine is their music and thoughtful their converse
Restrained their amusement overlooking the sea,
Deep is their penitance and their reflection
On your saintly life, O glorious Declan.]

1. This unidentified placename occurs as Ait mBresail in O'Clery's text. Power seems to accept this (but writes it once as Ait-Breasail in his English translation and suggests also that it may be the present Crossford (Ath na Croise). (Note p.167 in Work) Regarding the same name in the Latin Life, Plummer states: "Bressail atrium (atrium represents the Irish Raith, but the Ir. Life translates this Ait Bresail i.e. the place of Bresal), near Ardmore..." C. Plummer Index Locorum in Work (see 4 below). 23 M 50 has: Aith Bhresail and Aith Bhresail

2. This is one of Power's anglicized versions of O'Clery's Irish name (Drobhais) for the Donegal river known (in English) as the Drowes (Power also refers to it as Drouish and Drouiske elsewhere in his work). Further information regarding the historic Franciscan Friary on the Drowes (the convent of Michael O'Clery, who was also one of the Four Masters) can be found in the Donegal Annual over the years 1956k-58, and in Galvia, No.9 pp.14-19, 1962.

3. Rev. P. Power, *Life of St Declan of Ardmore and Life of St Mochuda of Lismore. With Introduction, Translation and Notes.* (London, David Nutt for the Irish Texts Society), 1914.

4. Carolus Plummer, in "Vita Sancti Declani episcopi de Ard Mor" in *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae*, (ed by Carolus Plummer), pp.32-59, (Oxford, Clarendon Press), 1910.

5. The title (from the surname of its founder) applied to an Antwerp group of Jesuits, who in the 17th Century were engaged in producing acceptable Latin lives of the Saints. As a general rule these authors excluded any matter that might be regarded as capable of causing scandal. Hence the account of the conception of one of Declan's forbears has been suppressed. (It is found in the Irish Life and Power describes it as a "horrible story". (Notes on Life of St Declan p.150.). The Latin Life appeared in *Acta Sanctorum* 30, Julii, Vol.5, pp 593-608, 1727. (This whole series has been reproduced in: Editions Culture and Civilisation, 1969.)

6. See footnotes (a) p.17 and (f) p.28 in published text.

7. In this connection Power states: "Only three surviving copies of the Irish Life are known to the writer (i.e. himself) one in the Royal Library at Brussels, the second in the Royal Irish Academy Collection (23 M 50, pp. 109-120), and the third in possession of Professor Hyde. As the second and third enumerated are copies of one imperfect exemplar it has not been thought necessary to collate both with the Brussels Ms which has furnished the text here printed. 23 M 50 has however been so collated..." (Introduction to Work already cited. p. 25.)

This appears to make it as clear as language can that Power used only one other manuscript, (23 m 50) in addition to the Brussels manuscript for his edition.

8. P. Power in Notes to Life of St Declan (p. 164.)

9. Risteard O Foghludha ("Fiachra Eilgeach"), *Tadhg Gaedhlach*, (Baile Atha Cliath, Muintir C.S. O Fallamhain, Teo), 1929 p. 71.

Ardmore (Round Tower)
By Hodder M. Westropp

From Proceedings Royal Irish Academy, page 60

The summit of the cone of the tower was formed of two stones fitted together. There is scarcely any trace of carving or sculpture on them, they are so worn by the weather and defaced by time. On the side of the larger stone is a kind of groove or fluting, very perfect for about six inches; a corresponding ornamentation was evidently on the other side. On the upper part is a slight projection, which originally may have been a carved ornament. The immediate top bears evident traces of something having been broken off. The lower inner portion of each stone is hallowed out into a kind of angle, evidently to meet a corresponding rise in the platform stone they rest upon. No iron bolt or rivet was used to form them in their position. The two stones fitted together and formed the apex of the conical top of the tower.

Some of the old people of Ardmore recollect seeing a cross on the top of it, which it is said was shot off some forty years ago by a gentleman firing at a crow perched on the top. Croker makes mention of it as being like a crutch. This very probably was the remaining portion of an Irish wheel cross, such as is seen over the door of the tower at Antrim.

The Ardmore Ogham By Richard Henebry

From "The Journal of the Ivernian Society"

This Stone is preserved in Ardmore, a primitive Christian site on the Waterford coast, about five miles to the east of Youghal. It was discovered so early as 1844 by a Mr. E. Fitzgerald of Youghal, in the eastern gable of St. Declan's ancient oratory, where it was used as a building stone. It was transferred thence for safety to the adjoining large round-arched church, and may now be found standing in an alcove at the epistle side of the chancel, and near the pointed chancel arch. Mr. Fitzgerald narrates his discovery of the stone, and reports some attempts to read it in a paper which will be found in the volume for 1853 of the "Kilkenny Archaeological Journal." Robert Rolt Brash in his valuable work, "The Ogham inscribed Monuments of the Gaedil," reviews the history of the stone, and gives the results of his own examination and readings. His record of the scorings is fairly accurate, but his reading and interpretation is almost an entire failure. In his *Irish Epigraphy*, Vol. III., p. 175, Macalister says :-"The only one of the many attempts that have been made to interpret this inscription calling for serious notice is that published by Professor Rhys in the *Journal R.S.A.L.*, 1903, p. 381." This interpretation I have not consulted, but that it was practically the same as Macalister's is plain from the latter's introductory remark to his own reading, where, following immediately on the quotation already given, he says:- "I may be allowed to indicate one or two minor points in which I venture to differ from him," and then gives his interpretation and reading with a conjectural restoration of the second word as follows :-*Dolatibigais Gob(ann) Lugudeccas maqi mucoi Netta Segamonas*, "of Dolativix the Smith, Lugad's son, tribesman of Nia Segamon."

For purposes of reference it will be necessary to distinguish the distribution of the legend according to angles. Facing the stone, the inscription begins at the bottom of the left arris, extends to the top and down the right hand angle. This portion, with the exception of the partially mutilated word *mucoi* (which however, can be emended to an inevitable certainty), is whole and complete, and the reading admits of no doubt whatsoever.

It is, as given in Macalister's truly accurate transcription and transliteration, *Lugudeccas maqi mucoi Netta Segamonas*, and it means "The inscription of Lugaid son of one of the tribes of Nath Segamon, 'or as it would be said now in the English of the district, "The inscription of Lugaid, a man of the McNath-Segamons." The right hand hinder angle is blank, but that on the left is inscribed from near the bottom to very near the top, and the difficulty of reading and interpreting this portion is what has hitherto been the obstacle to an understanding of the whole inscription.

This stone contains one of the longest ogham inscriptions, and, as will be shown, is of an importance not approached by any other known example. It has been accessible since 1844, and curiously still remains unread. A couple of years ago while visiting Ardmore with my class in Archaeology" I took a rough sketch of the scores on this stone, to serve as an object lesson for my pupils in the reading of that class of monument. But as I took it for granted that a stone so plainly inscribed and well preserved had long been known and interpreted, I merely read the front angles and threw away my notes. I had seen the stone several times before, but moved by the same reason I neglected even to take a record of its scores. I found afterwards, however, that the inscription had never been read, and as I suspected that such a long legend might possibly include an explanatory relative sentence with a verbal form, I visited the stone again on May 9th, from Cork, accompanied by Father Michael Murphy. We took independent readings, which we afterwards compared and checked by a reference to the stone. That our reading was accurate is proven by its exact coincidence with Macalister's, which we had not consulted at the time. The disputed third angle we found to read plainly as follows: -,



Some little care is required in transcribing here, for a spall having fallen off the arris before inscription, leaving a forked angle, the scribe elected to follow the slightly raised or very obtuse angle to the left instead

of the right or obvious angle of the stone. However, examination at once revealed the condition of things, and a transliteration immediately gave the reading: -

Dolati Bigo esgob.

pupil of Bigus the Bishop.

Then the whole inscription reads :-

Lugdeccas maqi mucoi Netta Segamonas dolati Bigo esgob,

or in Old Irish spelling: (*ainm*) *Lugdech meicc moccu Nath Segamon daltai Bigo epscuip*, which in English would read: -

"(The inscription) of Lugaid son of one of the tribe of Nath Segamon, a pupil of bishop Bigus."

From this inscription there arise questions affecting (a) Linguistic, (b) Archaeology, and (c) Church History; and first-

(a) Linguistic. The state of the end syllables here denotes that this legend belongs to the earlier class of Ogam inscriptions. Regarding the stone *in se* there is nothing to show an end weakening beyond what is found in the very oldest examples. Thus

Netta Segamonas may be for *Nettas Segamonas*, where one *s* does duty for two, as single *m* does duty for double *m* in two places

of the well-known *tria maqa mailagni* of the three sons of Maelan, for *tria mmaga mmailagni* for *trian maqan Mailagni*. Similarly *Bigo* is for *Bigos* in external sandhi before a vowel. For Intervocalic *s* was already lost in the oldest Ogam period. *Vid.* MacNeill, *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. XXVII., Section C., No.15, p. 346. Hence the testimony of end weakening, the great criterion of lateness in an Ogham, cannot be depended on in the present case, for the apparent loss of *s* in both the instances cited is amply accounted for, and the stone may well belong to the primitive period. *Lugdeccas* is genitive of *Lugdex*, Old Irish *Lugaid*, gen. *Lugdech*. If this name were in the "pure" condition, i.e., on a level with the Gaulish names found in Caesar's *De bello Gallico*, we should have nom. *Logdex* gen. *Logdecos*. But Cesar's work is a dated document falling within the first half-century B.C., therefore, assuming that Irish and Gaulish were on a level in Cesar's time (and in this, if anything, we do an injustice to Irish) the weakening of vocalism separating *Lugdeccas* from *Logdecos* is a measure of the time by which the former is later than the latter. Now, no Ogam is found in the "pure" or *Logdecos* Condition, and if any such existed we should have no means of assigning a superior limit to its date, for such a form might have been written any time between 50 and 1050 B.C. to go no further back.

On the contrary we find the very oldest oghams already strongly under the influence of the stress accent, for detoned syllables have mostly yielded up their quality and are vocalised by a colourless *a*. See *as* for *os* in the word under discussion, and compare *Netta Segamonuas* for **Netos Segomonos*, and *dolati* for **dolitii*, from a primitive *di-alitii*. The earliest oghams then are much later than the pure period, because of the weakness of their detoned syllables, but on the other hand they are far earlier than Old Irish, because with some minor exceptions they have preserved their consonants intact. Elision of unaccented vowels had not taken place, and the auslant syllable is preserved, though with weakened vocalism; but intervocalic *s* was lost, a preceding nasal was lost in voicing the unvoiced stops, and consonants were subject to the unreported action of vocalic infection. Considering the whole linguistic evidence then as a means of attaining to the fairest possible computation, it seems that about two hundred years would be required to change *Logdecos* into *Lugdeccas*, whereas about three hundred years would be needed to convert the latter into *Lugdech*. Or *-Logdecos* would extend from some period in the past that cannot be determined down to the first century, *Lugdeccas* would appear about 200 A.D. and *Lugdech* about the year 550. The ogam period then I would place between 150-200 A.D., and, say, 550 A.D., and the present inscription not later than 220 A.D.

The words *mucoi Netta Segamonas* is the surname of the person *Lugdex* commemorated by the stone. This *Netta Segamonas* designation occurs on oghams at Old Island, to the west of Dungarvan, at Seskinan Church, as far east as Stradbally, and this instance at Ardmore. It represents doubtless the name of the tribe prevailing at the time in the territory defined by those points. From this area, however, Ardmore must be

excepted, for an attempt will be made below to show that the present stone marked the grave of a stranger from the parish of Stradbally. *mucoi* means "of the tribe or nation." In early Latin sources it appears as *mocu*, *moccu* and is glossed by "gente" as in *Lugbeus*, gente *mocu* *Min*, Adamnan, *Life of Colum Cille*, and in one place is actually translated "de genere," viz., in *Cruth de genere Runtir* compared with *Trenanus mocu Runtir*, ib. vid. MacNeil, loc. cit. p. 367. It was a proclitic word, and so became finally weakened to *Mac*, or even "Mc" in English surnames. Thus *Cloin moccu Nois* became later *Cluain mac Noiss*, in English, "Clonmacnoise." In that late condition it became confounded with *mac*, a son, and 80 primitive tribal surnames, derived from an eponymous ancestor, were not distinguishable from those arising in recent times from individuals, as *Mac Uilliam*, "son of William," where William became progenitor of a sept. Then *mucai Netta Segamonas* is a true surname, and is used in exactly the same sense as McGrath would be in modern times. *Netta(s)* I take with MacNeil¹ to represent an older *Netos*, gen. of a consonant stem, whereof the nom. would be *.Nets* *-Ness*. In Old Irish both cases as independent monosyllabic nouns would be subject to the highest accent and appear under the forms *Nie* *-Ness* *-Nets* for the nom., and *Ni-ad* *-Neth* *-Netas* for the gen. Hence the Old Irish *nie* (later *nia*), gen. *niad*, "a champion."

When prefixed in apposition to another noun the latter has the higher accent, and *Ness* *-Netos*, or their later forms, cease to be monosyllabic and strongly stressed elements, but rather form part of a long combination having a single accent. This accent is determined to the second element of the combination, and *Netos* assumes the proclitic form *Nath* (later *Nad*). This determination of the accent to the second element of such an appositional combination arises from the fact that in Irish syntax the word of logically definitive signification occupies the second place. In other words their second element has appreciable predicative value, and the predicate bears the highest tone accent and the heaviest stress. So when speaking such a compound as *Gobban saer*, "Gobban the builder," or the *Bigo esgob*, "Bigus the bishop," of this very inscription, the qualifying second element is the one accented in speaking Irish. When such an appositional compound is permanent so is the accentuation permanently strong on the second element, and permanently light on the first, and hence the final weakened form in proclisis of *Nad* *- Nath* *-cranntail* of the *Tain*, and many other instances to be found in the MS. literature. See the collection for this word *Netta*, with a valuable discussion, and an account of its confusion with *Niotta*, in MacNeill, loc. cit., pp. 369-70. In like manner the permanent weakening of the verbal forms of *is*, and their differentiation both in shape and meaning from those of *atta*, is a matter of word order and accent. In Irish syntax the verb is first, the predicate second. As the latter is, logically considered, the main word in the sentence, it bears the heaviest stress together with the highest singing tone, and *is* being constantly associated with it in the function of predication, is in constant contact with a strongly accented element, and becomes proclitic. On the other hand *atta*, which is used in pre-dicating the state or condition, is followed by an adverb or proposition, usually words of a low accent grade, and so it retains its own accent. This *Netta-Segamonas* therefore is not a compound word, but an appositional combination. This is shown by the fact (a) that aspiration after *Nad* *- Nath* *-*, is not marked in the literature. (b) This absence of aspiration is proved by the form *Naz̄ar*, quoted by MacNeill from the *Book of Armagh*, where *z̄* is for *ts* or the word is a writing of *Nath-Sar*; and therefore the initial *s* of *Sar* was not aspirated. Hence the form goes back to an ogam *Nettas Sagru*, and not, as it were, to *Netta Sagru*, (a name actually occurring in the ogham inscriptions). Similarly in the present case we can set out the primitive form, *.Netos Segomonos*. But principally (c) because if there was composition the first element would retain its accent as the definitive word, and could never enter into proclisis with the second. Hence *-Netos* finally *Nad* *- Nath* *-* is the main or principal element, and is defined by **Segomonos* with adjectival or appellative force, and the meaning is *Dux* (or champion)-"the majestic one,"

"the *Dux* who is the majestic one." *.Segomonos*, to give its pure form, is a derivative from the adj. *Segos*, *-a* *-on*, "high, noble, majestic." Thus *sego* is found in the name of *Segda*, "O'Shea" of modern Irish. The deriving termination is found as perfect participles in Greek, in Latin as *am-amini* (*estis*), and in Irish as in *britbemon*, gen. "of a judge," and elsewhere. Its force in Keltic was generally that of a *nomen agentis*, or to denote that a person was endowed with the quality indicated by the root. See Holder, *Altceltischer Sprachschatz*, in '*Voce Segomo*, for further examples.

The *dolati Bigo esgob* of the third angle affords us some very interesting words for examination. As stated above *dolati* is for a primitive **di-alitii*. I cannot accept Pedersen's opinion, *Vergl. Gram.* II., 292, that *d* in Old Irish *dalte*, modern, *dalta*, is a secondary form of *ad* *-*, but prefer to regard the word as a perfect participle passive of a lost compound verb *do-alim*, involving the use of the preverb *di* *-*. The *o* of *dolati* as against the *a* of Latin *alo*, Old Irish *alim*, and the *a* of Old Irish *dalt(a)e*, modern *dalta*, is very remarkable. It arose from the well-known influence of slender *l*, which converts an *a* into *o* under the accent. Thus; in

this very root we have still *do bailed*, "he was reared, nurtured," pronounced *heleG*, *oileamain*, "rearing, nurturing." The following are further examples. (Italics are written forms, the others are roughly phonetic.)

Lat. <i>alius</i> .	0. I. <i>ale</i> .	Mid. I. <i>oile</i> .	Mod. I. <i>eile</i> .
<i>Alo</i>	<i>alim</i>	{ <i>oiled</i>	<i>eleG</i>
		<i>Oileamain</i>	
		<i>Ol'-all Mod.i.ele</i>	(<i>uile</i>)
		<i>Tol gen Tele</i>	
		<i>Bele</i>	<i>bile</i>
		<i>Fele</i>	<i>fili</i>
		<i>Spele for</i>	<i>spile</i>

Even slender *ll* shows traces of the same influence: -

ball. pI. boill.

felle *filled*.

Here we find that *a* followed by slender *l* under the accent will run the series, *a, o, e*, and that *i* tends to become *e*. That is, under the influence of *l* slender *a, o* and *i* are all inclined to become *e*. Slender *r* exerts a similar influence, but drops *e* from its series: -

<i>ar-</i>	<i>oirem</i>		<i>irev</i>
<i>tarb</i>		gen. <i>tuirb</i> .	<i>Tiriv</i>
Lat. <i>mare</i>	<i>*mo1'I</i>	nom. <i>Muir</i>	<i>mwir</i>

There are many other examples such as Mid. I. *oirderc* for Old I. *Air-*. Similarly *oiregda*, *oirfited*, *oirlecb*, etc. The Old I. gen. *moro* is either formed on the analogy of the nom. or its 0 arose from the gen. after the article, where *m=v*. For *v, vr, ss, sv (zb)*, i.e., spirants or a spirant plus *r*, exert an opposite effect, or change *o* to *a*, as *cobir, cabir; dorb, darb; -tobail', tabair; torbe, tarbe., odb, fadb., Bodb, Badb., fota" fada (-st-D),. boss, bass; foirre, fairrge (vergivos* and therefore influence from *-rg-v*). This change is not effected by *w* which is not a spirant. Thus in poetry often *tabair* is still *Tavir*, but in conversation *Towir*, where *v* has become *w*. This force of '*w*' may be noticed in brogue English, where "sovereign" is pronounced "savern." Hence in *dolati* the first change discussed here, i.e., *a* to *o*, took place under the influence of *l* slender, when the second element of the word was still *alutios* (compare the Latin *alutius*), and the return to *a* was made after the binding *i* vowel had lost its quality, and the group *-It-* had become, or was becoming broad;

The word finally eventuated in Old I. *daltc*, often written *dalt(o)e*, mod. *dalta*. The second Old I. writing and modern pronunciation shows that the group *-It-* had become broad, or there was progressive instead of regressive assimilation. The reason depends on a phonetic law in Irish, by which highly accented consonant groups are slender, but the same weakly accented are broad. Hence after syncopation, if a resulting group of consonants are highly accented, for what reason soever, they assume slender timbre, but, if the necessary high grade of accent is wanting, they remain broad. In short form, strong syllables are slender and weak are broad. The very fact of grouping is a strengthening. Want of serious attention to proper accent - grading has fathered many of the gravest errors in Irish grammar. For instance, there is no distinction made even yet between noun and verbal accent; and, in the case of nouns, the high grade of monosyllables is not distinguished from the far weaker stress of dissyllabic or polysyllabic words. Again, there is no regard for the interplay of accents between words in context. The present is not the proper occasion to enter into this question fully, but it may be said that verbal accent, strictly so-called, is only found in the case of the '*Verbum simplex*'. This is a weak level accent, which though generally strong enough to cause syncopation, is not of sufficient energy on the initial syllable to destroy the colour of all the following vowels, nor to annihilate the auslant syllable. Thus the vocalisation of the simplex *foillsigidir*, having the series *i-i-i* after the initial syllable is entirely different from that of the compound *ni foillsigedar*, which shows the weak and colourless series *i-e-a* in the same position. And compare the simplex *tiagu* with its auslant syllable, in great measure preserved, with the compound *do-tiag*, which is clipped as short as a noun. In fact the '*Verbum simplex*', which is found only as the introductory word of a paragraph or sentence, or, if inside a sentence, is still to be regarded as initial, in that it recounts a new and independent incident in the narrative, has preserved some tradition of the weak accent of the Indo-European verb, and hence its very peculiar aspect at the present day. The compound verb on the other hand accepts the accent of a proclitic particle on its initial syllable, which, in addition to its own initial accent, constitutes as heavy a

stress as that of a noun, and behaves accordingly. The compound verb then has noun accent with syncope, weakening of secondary vowels and loss of the auslaut syllable. However, it differs from a noun in bearing its accent on the second syllable, whereas a noun is generally accented on the first, the exceptions being some proper names like Mochuta, Moling, etc., and the verbal nouns compounded with two prepositions, which change their stress to the second syllable when immediately followed by a word of low grade accent. Hence the Irish verb, both simplex and compound, used only secondary endings, and the difference in their appearance is effect of accent solely. Coming to noun accent, the monosyllable had the highest grade of stress. Thus *cenn* developed a nasal diphthong which only happens under pressure, and is entirely wanting in the dissyllabic acc. pl. *cenna*, because the opening the second syllable let loose the flood of stress that was banked by the *nn* of *cenn*. Take again *críde* with a broad *cr* group (written *croidle* for that reason in modern Irish) and compare with *críis* having a slender *cr*. Now both come from the same root **krd*, **krid*, but because *críde* was dissyllabic, and therefore weaker in accent, its initial group receded to broad *timbre*. In *críis* however, the high monosyllabic stress preserved the same group slender. So the *CT* is broad in *crethach* and slender *crith*. Again take the declension of *long*, gen. *lung(a)e*, dat. *luing*. Here in the monosyllabic dat. the group *ng* is slender, and in Mod. I. a nasal diphthong is developed, whereas in the dissyllabic gen. the same group is broad and there is no nasalisation of the internal vowel, because the pressure was too low, either for the outside *i timbre* to penetrate the group *ng* in old times or induce a nasal diphthong later. Similarly the dissyllabic *daIt(a)e* above was too weak in accent and its group *It* became broad. The final *i* of this word is but the usual ogham writing for *ii*.

Bigo. A proper name which may be either an *i* or a *u* stem. The person mentioned here under that name is with a high degree of probability the *Bigu* in the inscription, *Bigu maqi (Dag?)* upon the seventh lintel at Drumloghan near Stradbally, in the same county as Ardmore. See Macalister, Vol. III, under heading Drumloghan. The *u* of *Bigo* makes a difficulty. I do not remember the scoring on this stone, because it is a good many years now since I examined the stones in Drumloghan cave, I would suggest that for final *u* we should read *o*, viz., the weakened form of *os* the ogham gen. of both *i* and *u* stems. The reason is that the word *Bigu* is in appositional relation to the following gen. *maqi*, and of course must therefore be a gen. Besides ogham inscriptions begin almost universally with a gen. case. ("The name) of so and so," not as in modern practice, "To so and so," or "To the memory of so and so," and there is no clear instance of an ogham beginning with a dative, and therefore we should the more understand a gen. here. Hence I would propose that we read *Bigo* in the case. As against the identification of the Drumloghan *Bigo* with the one mentioned in the Ardmore inscription, it may be said that *Bigis (Bigus?)* might have been a very commonly used name, and the double occurrence is a chance arising from that circumstance. As, however, we know nothing of the name beyond the evidence furnished by those two stones, - it is useless to assert anything that may not fairly be covered by that testimony. Now we find a *Lugaid* commemorated in Ardmore, who stood in the relation of pupil to a certain more or less celebrated bishop named *Bigis (Bigus?)*, and in the same territory, some eighteen miles to the north-east, we find a *Bigo maqi (Dag)*. The territory is the same, and both the *Lugaid* of Ardmore and the *Bigo* of Drumloghan were persons in the same class of society, viz., were of the caste that marked the graves of their dead with head-stones, which head-stones were inscribed in the ogham character. This so circumscribes the number of eligible individuals bearing the name *Bigo*, that even were the name very common we should be justified in making the identification with a high degree of probability. But as we have no evidence that the name was common, the identification can be made with a very high degree of probability. With the understanding then that the evidence for identification is, and must always remain, somewhat short of certitude, we can say that a bishop named *Bigis* lived amongst the *Netta Segamon* tribe in the neighbourhood of Stradbally. That he had once an ecclesiastical student of the same tribe named *Lugaid* as pupil. That under his tuition this *Lugaid* became a priest and joined a religious community or worked in the neighbourhood of Ardmore, and dying was buried there. For his honour and distinction it was put upon his tombstone that he had made his studies for the priesthood under *Bigis* the bishop, and therefore the latter must have been renowned either for learning or sanctity, or both.

If the identification be granted then a certain consequence follows for the critical appreciation of this Ardmore inscription. It is that as *Bigo* of the Drumloghan inscription has lost *s*, and, ex-hypothesi, is a generation elder than the Ardmore inscription, therefore not alone has the Ardmore inscription lost the *s* its *os* termination, but that consonant in that termination had vanished at least a generation before, wherefore a date somewhat thirty years later than that assigned above must be set forth for the Ardmore inscription. Until, however, the Drumloghan stone is examined again nothing further can be alleged about the relative ages of the inscriptions.

The last word *esgob* is interesting for many reasons. And first of all because it is a Graeco-Latin word that has reached us through the medium of the British or Welsh language. Furthermore, it had become a common word in the speech of the people, for in no other way can we explain the loss of the "p" of *episcopus*. Noteworthy is the fact that the unvoiced stops, *c, p, q* of the Latin had become *g, b*; that is, they follow the Welsh and not the Irish rule of vocalic infection. So we know for certain that the word reached us through the Welsh, for in Irish, under the same influences, those letters would have become *ch, ph*.

Again, this ogham form of the word is the one actually in use yet in spoken Irish and Welsh. For the modern Irish *esbog* is separated from *esgob* by an accidental metathesis only. The same form, but written *escop* (according to the Latin letter system of phonetics, used first by Old Welsh and adopted by Old Irish) is found far back in Middle Irish. Only in Old Irish does the form *epscof* come to light, but beside ogham and modern *esgob* this form appears in its true guise as an etymological writing that was never spoken. Here then we find a loan-word from Old Welsh used as a Christian technical term of highly specialised meaning, or the Greek-Latin word *Episcopus* reached Irish through the mediation of the British or Welsh language. Hence the occurrence of this word in an ogham inscription is a proof that the rule of vocalic infection had passed the operative stage in contemporary Irish, and was quiescent. So for the *dolati* of the inscription we must understand *dolatthii*, i.e., intervocalic *l* and *t* had already become "aspirated," and so of all other inter-vocalic consonants. And this was true of the whole ogham period. Finally this word is indeclinable, or we have *esgob* for *esgobi*. This was either because Welsh had lost the end-syllable long before Irish, and the word was learned without an ending, or being a foreign word its declension was unknown. Or again, it may be a late ogham form for *esgobi*, especially as declensional syllables are somewhat inclined to disappear in those inscriptions *in pausa*.

This stone is also of archaeological interest. Some time ago I published an opinion that the Drumloghan Cave was the work of the earlier Danes, because the native Irish, being Christian, would not desecrate a graveyard to procure materials, nor the later Danes, for they were also Christian. Now that theory will not hold, because we have direct evidence that Christians used ogham headstones as building material. Seskinan Church used them plentifully as lintels, and I have noticed an example in the southern wall of Aghadoe Church near Killarney. But Seskinan Church is late, though its lintels may have been taken over from its predecessor, and Aghadoe is in a very jumbled condition, and looks to have been rebuilt from mixed materials of various ages. But the *Lebaid Declain* or primitive oratory over Declan's grave in Ardmore is admittedly ancient and homogenous in structure, still this ogham under discussion was used as a building stone in its eastern gable. It seems reasonable to assume therefore that a long period must have elapsed between the inscribing of the stone and the building of the oratory. Hence either the stone was very early or the oratory is later than the period usually assigned to buildings of the type. How then account for the fact that this stone, which marked the resting-place of a priest who had been a pupil of a celebrated bishop, was treated without the slightest respect by the builders of an oratory that cannot have been many centuries later? And even if there was the lapse of a couple of centuries, we should remember the very conservative tradition of our people regarding memorials of the dead. Probably we must assume that there was a break between Latin letter and Ogham Christianity, and that the latter system of writing was for some reason forgotten and entirely illegible at the building of the oratory. The Ardmore graveyard has a remarkable group of three buildings, a large church, a round tower, and this oratory. The chancel of the large church deserves particular attention. The eastern gable has now some Gothic features, and at the west it is connected with the present Romanesque nave by an early English Gothic arch. The north and south walls, saving the alcove in which the ogham stone stands, are blank. Examination however, reveals the fact that for the most part they show masonry of a highly archaic type. For the oldest portions show uniformly cyclopean work of the kind called "rustic," having exceedingly fine and close joints with a very sparing use of slender spalls. The contour of the bed must have been accurately scribed upon the next stone to be laid before the latter was hammered into shape. The beauty of the work must be seen to be appreciated. These walls are now pointed with mortar. Particulars to be ascertained are the thickness of those walls and the presence or absence of mortar in their interior. For it may be conjectured whether those were not originally cold stone walls that were surface pointed later. In any case they are the oldest stone work in the place, and very probably represent portion of the original church founded in the ogham period. The present nave of this church is Romanesque with Gothic repairs, and an end wall that was removed from about the position of the entrance westward to its present site in lengthening the church. The removal and rebuilding of this wall is shown by the broken resetting of the celebrated arcades on the outer or western side. The oratory is a one-roomed building, with a scooped, round-headed eastern

window, and a lintelled western doorway. The masonry is composed of large, long stones laid on the horizontal bed and not according to the "rustic" pattern, with open joints and plenty of spalls. Good rubble in fact. The tower is of the highest kind of sandstone ashlar work, shaped like a telescope, and at the present time perfect. The oratory has a stone lined grave, more to the Epistle side, that occupies nearly half the ground space, and is now open to a depth of about two and a half feet. This is traditionally and of course truly, Declan's grave. This rubble oratory is far later than the work in the chancel of the large church, and was doubtless St. Declan's own oratory, where he said mass, and where he was buried. Just as a parish priest would now be buried in his church. St. Declan therefore is probably of the second layer or Latin letter Christianity, but is universally regarded as the founder of Ardmore. The original occupation seems here, as elsewhere, to have faded from tradition. Very likely if the ogham area and its records were properly searched, we should be able to piece together a good deal of the facts regarding a very early Christian establishment in Munster. This is a matter of the highest import, as its elucidation would conduce to the general advancement of Irish History, and especially of that portion of it which, though most neglected, is the most valuable and interesting.

Finally, in the domain of Church History, this stone is doubtless the earliest plain Christian document that so far has come to light in Ireland. It has long been the fashion to hold that those ogham memorials were all of pagan origin and purpose. This position have traversed ever since I acquired sufficient knowledge to form a judgement in the case. For this class of monument appears suddenly in a certain locality, evidently as a sequel to the spread of Christianity in that area. That Christianity was the cause is evident from the nature of these inscriptions, for all are epitaphs, and the writing of such memorials in Ireland was a Christian and not a pagan custom. The evidence to the contrary furnished by pagan literary monuments that have come down through an almost immemorial Christian tradition is utterly valueless. This sudden appearance was coincident with nothing we know of in paganism, but was in striking concord with the spread of Christianity in early times. Most important of all is the linguistic evidence, for as has been explained above, the very earliest inscriptions are in the *Lugudeccas* and not in the pure or *Logudecos* condition. Now as the pure condition persisted down to the first century, the impure which required about two hundred years for development was well within the Christian period. In fact the appearance of those inscriptions are in the happiest consonance with known historical conditions. For omitting sporadic occurrences the great ogham area is comprised within the counties of Kerry, Cork, Waterford and Pembroke, i.e., all Southern Munster, and the next lying shire of Wales. The Welsh ogham inscriptions are written in Irish not Welsh. The conclusion is irresistible that Pembrokeshire was the seat of a Munster Irish colony in ogham times. Britain including Wales was, as is well known in the hands of the Romans from about 50 B.C down to somewhere about the year 400 *A.D.* During all that period of 450 years the country was held by Roman garrisons. And as many of the soldiers, in some cases whole legions, are known to have been Christian from very early times, it is easy to trace the origin of British Christianity from contact with the numerous barracks by which the country was studded. And those Irish inhabitants of the Pembrokeshire colony having become Christianised by the same influences, communicated a knowledge of the Faith- to their compatriots in Munster. The theory that Ireland received its first knowledge of Christianity from Roman soldiers through the British has been, broached already by Zimmer, though he did not contemplate the very early spread of ogham Christianity but referred rather to the later or Latin letter period. In this regard a gloss in the *Felire Oengusso*, on March 5th, has a significance that can not be gainsaid. The glossator, while discussing the birth and family of *Ciaran Saigre* says :-*acus is a Corco Luigde toisech ro creided do Crois a n-Erinn artus*, and is in *Corco Luigde* the Cross was first believed in, in Ireland at the beginning." This is an extract from the tract *Genelach Corco Luigde*, edited by O'Donovan in the Miscellany of the Celtic Society, but from a far older copy than O'Donovan's source, because some copyist, in the history of his MS. misunderstanding the word *toisech* above, wrote:-*Is and ro bui in toisech*. "It is there lived the chieftain," etc., and forgetting to change the following passive *ro creided* made nonsense of the whole sentence. See the correct version as given above in *Felire Oengusso*, p. 88, edited by Stokes for the Henry Bradshaw Society, London, 1905. By *Corco Luigde* is meant the present Diocese of Ross, in the south-west of the County Cork. This territory is in the ogham belt, and the gloss quoted, which affirms that Christianity first appeared there in Ireland *artus* "at the beginning," is an echo of primitive tradition. But there appears a significant hiatus between the ogham and Latin letter traditions.

MacNeill says that only two names from all the former material can be identified in MS. tradition, and even those are not entirely convincing. And in connection with this very point some passages in the Life of Declan, recently edited by Father P. Power for the Irish Texts Society, may be of interest and value. This Life, for the unnecessary vehemence of its advocacy of St. Patrick's claim to supreme archiepiscopal honours, raises a just suspicion that it was an *ex parte* document in the controversy between Armagh and

Dublin for the primacy of Ireland. I translate particularly portion of the very remarkable chap. 26, p. 42. "Whilst Patrick and those saints were along with him in Cashel, namely, Ailbe and Declan, with their disciples, along with Oenguss mac Nath Froich, a great deal of superstitious practices and of errors in Faith were by them brought to an end. And they turned them to the Christian Faith. And Patrick and Oenguss mac Nath Froich ordained in the presence of all and several that Ailbe should have the Archbishopric of Munster, and they ordained unto Declan likewise his own tribe, namely the Desi, *for it was he who had turned them from their heretical errors*, and that he should have them for his parish and bishopric. And as Ireland regarded Patrick that so the Desi should regard Declan as their own patron." Now here we have record of an ancient council held in Cashel in the presence of St. Patrick and the King and attended by the entire ecclesiastical communities of Emly and Ardmore. The business was the condemnation of heresy in the Province of Munster. The contrast was therefore between heretical and orthodox Catholic, or as it is called in the text, Christian doctrine. And many of the superstitious practices inherited from the pagan period were condemned *besides many errors in Faith*. That seems a perfectly connected and reasonable account, and has all the appearance of a historical relation of fact. But the writer uses the occasion to subserve his political ends, and devotes the remainder of the chapter to pseudo-promulgations regarding honours and the jurisdiction over territories. That is, the jealousies and controversies of mediaeval times were foreseen and forestalled by legislation at the very inception of Christianity in Ireland. Students of Irish hagiology will recognise this as of a piece with the usual considerations that motivated the very existence of those Lives, whereby one naively interpolated his claims into the acts of some primitive legislative body, or put them into the mouth of some saint. For the better effecting of their purpose, claimants made use of celebrated or well-known occasions that formed no matter for controversy. Hence, in appreciating the historical value of our great mass of hagiological material, it is an easy rule to discount all ancient and preposterous sanction for interests and privileges that first arose from, the prescriptive rights or encroachments of far later times, but on the other hand to hold the occasions or settings of those sanctions as greatly enhanced by such a use. Here St. Declan was actually appointed "patron" of his own tribe in his lifetime, because he it was who had turned them from their errors. Here there are evidently traces of a dispute about patronal honours between some successor of St. Declan and some successor of St. Carthach of Lismore, or even between Ardmore and Danish Waterford, but the justification of the Ardmore claim was beyond dispute, for everybody knew that Declan had extirpated heresy from his dominions, and turned his people to the orthodox Faith.

But whatever may be said for those Ardmore claims to ecclesiastical supremacy, it is pretty clear that heresy existed in Munster in Declan's time. Here evidences are weak and investigation is difficult. By constant tradition Declan and Ailbe are both regarded as pre-Patrician saints. But if Declan, though so early, was a purifier of the Faith in his territory, he cannot also have been its introducer. Hence these acts of a primitive synod of Cashel are not intelligible unless we assume the existence of ogham Christianity. Now there is a gap between that and Latin letter Christianity. The great saints of the Early Irish Church are not those commemorated by ogham inscriptions, in fact the Church of the MSS. seems not to know the Church of the ogham stones. How far exactly this is true must depend on future research. We had better look again to many things said of "the first order of saints in Ireland," to some obscure sayings in the Laws, and we must properly try to digest the Lives of the Saints for historical evidences. In addition, we have the whole body of ogham inscriptions put into our hands as Christian documents by the testimony of this Ardmore inscription.

And, if that testimony accounts for the upper or anterior end of ogham tradition, surely the testimony of two others will suffice for the later period of contact with the MSS. The late ogams *Anm Colom.bagan alitir*, "the name of Columbanus the Pilgrim," and *Qrimtir Ronann maq Comogann*, "(the name) of the priest Ronan, son of Comgann," are decisive, and beyond any cavil whatsoever. The way those plain witnesses have hitherto been explained away should be for a warning to us that our future dealings with Irish Church History be marked with a tenderer regard for fact, even if it be to the prejudice of very respectable theories. That those two specimens are late is shown by the entire loss of the auslant or declensional syllables, but that they antedate our oldest MS. Irish by a fairly long period is proved by the presence of the binding vowel which had not been effaced by the action of syncope at the time. The whole process of change from the pure or pre-ogmic; condition, down to Old Irish, may be exemplified as above by the series, (1) *Logudecos*, (2) *Lugudeccas*,

(3) *Lugudic*, (4) *Lugdech*. The Ardmore inscription is in the condition indicated by No.2. Those quoted above are in the condition marked N0. 3 and that differs from No. 4, or the Old Irish form, merely because the latter is syncopated or lost its middle vowel. I hold that the differences separating N0. 2 from

N0. 4, embodying as they do the two great facts of syncopation and loss of the auslant syllable, would require a far longer time for development than that postulated by MacNeill.

It is to be remarked here that there is no structural break between the language so far as it is exemplified by the ogham inscriptions and the language of the MSS. The phrase *dolati Bigo esgob* of this inscription gives a *dalt(a)i Bigo epscuip*, which is a well known and commonly used formula of MS. tradition. To take the first source to hand see Felire Oeagusso, p. 118, *Mac Caille epscop*, "Macc Caille Bishop," and see *ib.* p. 128, *Nechtain dalta Patr'aie O Chill Unchi i Conaillib*, "Nechtain the fosterling of Patrick of Cill Unchi in Conailli," i.e., Nechtain a saint, who founded Cill Unchi in Conailli, and awaits the resurrection in the churchyard there, was a priest who had received his ecclesiastical training from Patrick. A similar reference to the priest commemorated in our inscription would read *Lugaid dalte Bigo espuic O 'Ard m6ir Declain isna Deisib Muman*, "*Lugaid* who was trained for the priesthood by Bigo the bishop, who lived and is buried in Ardmore of Declan in the Desi of Munster." So that therefore the expression *dolati Bigo esgob* is faultless Irish.

From the complete evidence adduced it will be seen that all ogam inscriptions are Christian epitaphs. Very likely the vast majority mark the resting places of clerics, those bearing women's names being doubtless nuns. Probably also Christian chieftains are occasionally commemorated. In other words, they were very similar in use to the Latin letter inscriptions which succeeded them, and which are doubtless largely modelled upon them. See *Thesaurus Palaehibernus*, II, pp. 286-89, for examples.

In placing the present inscription about 250, in the absence of all other means, total reliance has been put upon the proportion :-

Logudecos Lugudeccas. Ludech.

1 : 250 : 550

furnished by the linguistic data. Whoever can strike a fairer medium between the extremes indicated here is quite welcome to try his hand. Declan's dating is a matter of more difficulty. He must be admitted as a pre-Patrician saint in agreement with the whole tradition. If so, then what was his relation to ogam Christianity? Was that system the "errors in Faith" (sechran) referred to in the account of the Cashel synod? What are the evidences outside that quoted, that such a council was ever held? The oratory is a very old building, still, from its masonry, it can hardly be so old as Declan's time. It encloses the grave, and that fact, being in consonance with present-day burial practice, disposes one to think that it had been used as his oratory in default of any other certain criteria to the contrary. The restoration effected by Bishop Mills in 1716, mentioned by Father Power, *Life of Declan*, p. XXIII, throws no doubt on the early connection of our inscription with this building, for Fitzgerald's sketch, published in the *Kilkenny Archaeological Journal* (cited above), shows the ogam in the eastern gable to the Epistle side, and considerably below the characteristic round-headed opening. As the latter was not disturbed by the restoration, then neither was the ogam, which was underneath it, but has plainly been incorporated with the structure from the first building.

The Parish of Ardmore By Uberrima Fides

From Dungarvan Observer, 05.01.1985

Situation: this parish is situated in the Barony of Decies within Drum Fineen, and is bounded on the north by the parishes of Whitechurch, Dungarvan and Ringa-gana, on the E. by the Irish Sea, and on the west by those of Grange, Clashmore, Aglish and Kilmolash.

Is in the Irish life of St. Declan Ardmore, ARD MOR which signifies the great height an appellation first applied to the hill on which the original church was built and afterwards extended to the whole parish.

The Round Tower of Ardmore, the only one in the county of Waterford, stands in the church yard on a rocky eminence, and rises to the height of 98ft. 7ins. sublimely above the church. It is constructed in a superior style of hewn sand stone, and has four projecting belts of beautifully chiselled sand stone around it, which are very rarely to be met with in the other towers (indeed I do not remember a single instance). There belts would appear to mark the different stories, each of which gradually diminishes in circumference. The doorway which is on the east side is constructed of cut and sandstone but not ornamented except on the outer edges with a rope and channel; its head is semicircular; its sides incline, and it is of equal dimensions on both sides, vid 5ft. 10 ins. in height, and in width 1ft. 11ins. at top and 2ft 3ins. at bottom. The wall is only 3ft. 4ins. in thickness, less than that of any Tower I have yet measured. There were four projecting stones with square mortices on the inside (of which one is broken) to secure the door, and a part of an iron gudgeon may still be seen in one of the stones on the inner corner of the doorway. Some of the stones above mentioned project 8 inches and others only 6 inches, and they are 7ins. wide. The square mortices in them for receiving the bolts are 3½ inches by 3 ins. The bottom of the doorway is 7ft. 10ins. from the level of the door on the inside and exactly 13ft. from the level of the rock (on which the Tower stands) on the outside. The diameter of the Tower at the level of the floor on the inside is 9ft. 5 ins. and across at the doorway 9ft. 2ins. and it gradually lessens towards the top. There are various projecting stones on the inside ornamented with heads and grotesque representations, and there are sticks or bars of iron placed across exactly under the conical cap, which are supposed to have been there since the time of St. Declan. This Tower measures 52 feet in circumference at the base on the outside. Its ground floor was dark unless lighted from the doorway through a hole in the wooden floor (which could be easily done, it probably was).

The second floor, that is the first over the ground one, was lighted by the doorway; the third floor by a small quadrangular window placed on the north side at the height of about 29ft. from the ground and which is about 1ft 6ins. in height and 12 inches in width. The fourth floor or third over the ground one was lighted by an oblong window about 2ft. in height and 1ft. 2 ins. in width placed directly over the doorway about 7 feet over the second belt. The fifth floor, or fourth over the ground one, was lighted by a small roundheaded window placed immediately over the third belt on the south side; and the highest story was lighted by four windows or apertures placed immediately over the fourth belt and under the Bell-cover or conical cap. Of these the one on the south side is quadrangular, but the other three are rectilineally pointed or triangular headed. Their sides incline and are as well as my eye could measure them 5ft. in height and in width 1ft. 6ins. at top and 2 t. at bottom. The conical cap is considerably shaken.

Dr. Smith, whose history of Waterford was published in the year 1746, mentions a kind of cross like a crutch, which was on the top of this cap, but this is not now to be seen, it having been taken down as Colonel Mont-morency Morres informs us by repeated discharges of musket balls! Mr. Odell is repairing this Tower. He intends to floor it to the very top, and repair its cap.

To the east of this Tower in the extremity of the church yard is the little oratory or shrine of St. Declan; it measures on the inside 13ft. 4ins. in length from E. to W. and 9ft. in breadth, and its side walls are 2ft. 6ins. in thickness and 10ft in height and built of large blocks of stone and lime and sand cement. It is now roofed and slated, it having been repaired about a century ago at the expense of Bishop Milles.

There was a doorway in the west gable now built *up* on the side and forming a recess in the wall on the hillside where it measures 5ft. in height from the present level of the floor and in width 2ft. 2ins. at top and 2ft. 4ins. at bottom. The ground is very much raised on the outside so that its height cannot be determined but its width at the lintel is 2ft.1in. Its lintel is 6ft. 3ins. in length. There is a small window in the east gable which is roundheaded on the inside where it measures 4ft. in height and in width 2ft. at top and 2ft. 6ins. at bottom; but it is modernized and made quadrangular on the outside. There are two corners of the east gable like those attached to the west gable of the Cathedral of Glendalough. In the

N.E. corner of the interior of this little chapel is shown the tomb of St. Declan still held in the highest veneration. Many virtues are attributed to the earth taken out of this tomb supposed to contain ashes of the Saint.

The church lies to the north of the Round Tower and is a structure of great antiquity, but remodelled and repaired at various periods. Crofton Croker states 'that this church is evidently very ancient from the massive irregularity of its architecture and the clumsiness of the buttresses!' But though we acknowledge that Croker is a good fairy antiquarian we must laugh at him for this assertion and come at once to the conclusion that he has no knowledge of ancient Ecclesiastical architecture; for there is no instance of clumsy buttresses in any ancient Irish church, nor were buttresses such as are to be seen here introduced into Ireland 'til some time after the Anglo-Norman Invasion.

This church is divided into nave and choir, the nave measuring in length on the outside 78 ft. 4 ins. and in breadth 31ft. 6ins. and the choir 37ft. 7 ins. by 26ft. The nave was lighted by five windows, of which two are on the south wall and two on the N. wall placed directly opposite each other, and one on the west gable, they are all round headed and constructed of cut stone and are very like the windows of the Cathedral of Glendalough. They are all nearly the same height but vary in width from 1ft. 10ins. at top and 2ft. at bottom to 1ft. ins. and 1ft. 11 ins. All the features of the choir has been modernized except the choir arch, which is semi- circular and of considerable height; but the side walls contain considerable parts of the original massive masonry in the semi-cyclopean style. There are huge buttments built up against the east gable, which denote, according to Crofton Croker, the very great antiquity of the building, but these are in reality not older than the fourteenth or perhaps sixteenth century!

There is a doorway on the N. wall of the nave near the N. E. corner but parts of it have been modernized and the lowest arch of this doorway is now pointed, but two of the original outer semi-circles still remain untouched and show that it was originally a magnificent doorway. The lowest of these is 4ft. 11ins. in width at the springing of the arch, and from the present level of the ground to its vertex is exactly 10ft. 5ins. The walls of the nave are 2ft. 10ins. in thickness, and about 15ft. in height, and built of stones of considerable size and cemented with lime and sand mortar. There is a huge buttment at the N. W. corner, but it is not many centuries old.

On the exterior of the wall at the west end and immediately under the west window are twelve figures in bas relief, evidently intended to represent the twelve apostles each under a small round arch. Under these are two semi-circular projections within which various figures in bas relief are observable, but now much effaced. Among the rest may be observed two rude figures of Adam and Eve standing on each side of the tree of knowledge, and a figure of a man playing on a harp of antique form.

The well of St. Declan, at which a "Patroon" is annually held on the 24th of July, is situated over the sea shore a short distance to the east of the village of Ardmore. It is enclosed by a wall and covered over head. To the east of it in a most romantic situation is the church of Disart or Dysart, now nearly destroyed. It was 67 feet *in* length, but its breadth cannot be determined as its north wall is entirely destroyed. A considerable part of the south wall remains and nearly all the west gable which is remarkably high, and has a quadrangular window evidently of great antiquity and formed of cut stone, placed at the height of about 16 ft. from the ground. There was a doorway on the south wall, but is now so disfigured that its dimensions could not be ascertained. The walls are 2ft. 7ins. in thickness, There is a breach on the west gable, where there was probably another doorway.

St. Declan's stone is situated on the shore; it is a large conglomerate rock resting on two others which elevate it a little, so as to leave a space under it into which it is possible for some persons not remarkable for crassitude to creep when the tide is out. This stone measures 6ft. from N. to S. and 4ft. 6ins. from E. to W. and is 3ft. 6ins. in thickness. This *stone* is believed to have floated from Rome (after the ship in which St. Declan was), bearing a bell which the Saint had forgotten! If anyone can succeed in creeping under it three times on the Festival Day of the Saint, he will be relieved from all rheumatic pains. MA'S FIOR.

In the townland of Kilcolman in the south side of this parish there is an old graveyard now deserted in which there was a remarkable old tree. An old church dedicated to St. Colman formerly stood in this graveyard, from which the townland took its name.

The loss of the S.S. 'Ary' Ardmore, Co. Waterford, on 8th to 19th February, 1947. By Kevin Gallagher

From *Dungarvan Observer*, 22.02.1997.

Round about these parts the question is occasionally asked, do you remember when the sailors were washed in? Fifty years on, quite obviously that question would mean very little to most people, but still many people along the coastline from Mine Head to Ballymacoda would have clear recollections and memories of that terrible sea tragedy of 50 years ago in February 1947.

For myself, I was a nine year old youngster growing up here in Ardmore, where the aftermath of the tragedy was centred and as well as remembering some of the events following the sinking of the 'Ary' and the washing ashore of the dead sailors, I recall also that year as being the year of the big snow -1947 broke all records when measured in degrees of cold and frost the cold spell lasted for round about 10 weeks and rural communities such as Ardmore were frequently cut off in the blizzard conditions when snowdrifts as deep as 10 ft. were commonplace, I remember the Village being completely cut off and the snow being shovelled away .at the Sluggera Cross to allow Flemings bread van from Youghal to get into the Village.

I was living in the Garda Barracks overlooking the beautiful Ardmore Bay, my father, the late Dan Gallagher, was the local Garda Sergeant and he was to play a significant role in the after-math of the loss of the 'Ary.' Some days after the sinking I remember going with my brothers along the cliff walk between Fial Na Sleangara and the Lichanán near the area of the Look Out hut and seeing two bodies floating over the sunken rock as they passed by Ram Head. We could see clearly that they had grey coloured lifejackets on them, all we could see were the backs and part shoulders of their bodies, the heads and legs were under water , as such and the seagulls were kind of swooping down and perching on the lifejackets, the gulls appeared to be pecking at the bodies.



The sometimes treacherous coastline of the Old Parish Peninsula on the Northside of Ardmore Bay where Jan Dorucki, the sole survivor from the S.S. Ary, landed in the ship's small lifeboat in February 1947, (photo: Kevin Gallagher)

Then there was the day in the duty room (day room) of the Barracks when quantities of foreign paper money and personal papers were hanging up on strings to dry, these items were found on the bodies washed in around Monatrae by Willie Roache and transported to Ardmore by Mr. Jack Farrissey in his horse and cart.

On the morning of the funeral it started snowing at 11 o'clock, not too heavy, but enough to lay a covering of white on the roads and rooftops all around Ardmore. Eleven sailors were laid out on the floor of the Ardmore Fire Station near the Storm Wall, 'twas a terrible sight to see them there side by side before being taken to the grave-yard for burial in the mass grave which had been prepared by Paddy Whelan and Stephen Murphy and now awaited the mortal remains of most of the crew members of the ill fated steamer the S.S. 'Ary' which sank off the South Coast of Ireland eleven days previously on the night of 8th/9th February, 1947.

THE VOYAGE AND THE SINKING

The S.S. 'Ary' a ship of 640 tons displacement left Port Talbot, South Wales, on Saturday, 8th February, 1947, under the command of 55 year old Estonian national Captain Edward Kolk, who was deputising for the 'Ary's' permanent Master, Mr. L.J. Catalender, who was unavoidably absent at the time. The ship carried a full cargo of best Welsh coal destined for the Great Southern Railway Company at Waterford - she was crewed by a full compliment of an all-male crew of fifteen including the Captain. That February the whole of Western Europe, Britain and Ireland too was gripped by one of the worst Winters on record. As night

drew in on that fateful Saturday, the Welsh coast was left astern and the 'Ary' steamed away on her 150 mile voyage to Waterford, her first trip to this port at the estuary of the Three Sisters. The East wind was rising - the following seas were getting rougher - the troughs were getting deeper - the waves became higher and ever so stronger.

With the worsening conditions, the ship was wallowing in the heavy seas, the signs were ominous, then suddenly the fickle cargo of coal began to shift, a list to port developed, things looked bad. Frantic efforts to rectify the situation failed, water was pumped into the starboard side, to no avail, the list got worse - the situation was desperate, the order 'Abandon Ship' was given and at midnight the lifeboats were lowered to what was to become the even Crueller Sea for these unfortunate seamen.

Nine of the crew were in the Port lifeboat, the other six in the Starboard boat.

As they drifted 100 yards from the stricken vessel, they were forced to watch the sight that every sailor dreads - their ship the steamer Ary disappearing beneath the waves.

ADRIFT ON THE HIGH SEAS

The tale of the six crewmen in the starboard lifeboat cannot be told as not one survived, the nine in the port side lifeboat included the sole survivor of the impending tragedy, nineteen year old Polish born Jan Dorucki who had joined the ship during the previous year in 1946, his companions in that little boat were the mate, the second engineer, the steward, the cook, three firemen and an ordinary seaman. They soon found to their horror that the boat carried no oars, sails or engine and there was no food or drink on board, fate indeed had dealt a terrible blow to these hapless sailors forced to abandon their ship and now adrift on an uncaring ocean.

The seas got rougher, their situation was made worse by the bitterly cold Easterly wind swirling about them, penetrating to their very marrow and slamming them with squalls of snow. They had abandoned ship in such haste that they had only light clothing on them. Soon the cold took its toll as fingers and feet became numb, the steward was the first to be overcome in these freezing conditions, he died as he had lived - a man against the sea. The survivor Jan Dorucki pulled some tarpaulin over himself and soon he fell asleep and as dawn came on that February morning (9th February, 1947), Jan Dorucki awoke to behold the most awful and terrifying of sights - his companions in the lifeboat were all dead - they died during the night in temperatures well below zero. Young Ian became very nervous being as he was in a boat full of dead men, so he decided to push the bodies into the sea. He drifted on all through that Sunday and all day Monday and Tuesday too and at dawn on Wednesday, 12th February, the little boat came ashore carrying a barely alive Jan Dorucki at the 'Suice' cliff near the farmhouse of Mr. Cornelious Hourigan at Ballynaharnie on the Old Parish Peninsula on the North side of Ardmore Bay.

THE SOLE SURVIVOR

By some means, not even understood by himself, Jan in a barely conscious state scaled the almost sheer cliff face of the 'Suice.' He crawled to the yard of the Hourigan farmhouse and there he lay at death's doorstep until at half past eight on that Wednesday morning with the brightness taking over from the dark Jan Dorucki was found by the Hourigan family dog. He was wrapped in a blanket and taken inside the house, Garda Sergeant Dan Gallagher, Ardmore was notified and Jan was immediately taken to Dungarvan District Hospital. On duty when Jan was admitted was Nurse Cáit Waide, the relief night nurse in place of Nurse Guiry who was absent on sick leave. Now living in Kilrossanty, Cait Cunningham as she now is, recalled the events in Dungarvan District Hospital fifty years ago. Jan arrived in a critical state, he had to be thawed out, he was in extreme pain, he remained very critical for many days, his hands were severely frost-bitten, the fingers were in a dreadful state, his feet were also badly affected. Dr. Dan McCarthy carried out several operations to combat the gangrene which was spreading upwards from the feet, eventually a decision to amputate both legs was taken, some of his fingers suffered the same fate. The language barrier was a big problem and after some weeks a Polish Army Officer arrived from England to interpret. Jan's father also came. He stayed in Dungarvan for some days. They gave the day time nurse, Nurse Dray Moloney, a Polish phrase book and dictionary and she quickly got adept at communicating with Jan. With communication established a great affection grew between the staff, from Dr. McCarthy down, and the young Polish patient. We all loved him, the nuns were absolutely marvellous. Jan was slowly getting better and he was not as frustrated as in the beginning when with pain and the language barrier, he just couldn't communicate."

Nurse Guiry resumed duty in mid March. Jan was still quite ill when I left him. Radio and the newspapers didn't give a lot of information about his progress, but I always made enquiries when visiting Dungarvan during the following months. Over the years I always remembered him during the month of February especially in times of snow or frost. He went back to Poland after twelve months and I believe he corresponded over the years with Nurse Dray Moloney and I was told that when she married a few years later Jan sent a congratulatory telegram to her wedding reception."

THE SAILORS ARE WASHED IN

Later on the same day that Jan landed on the rocky coastline of Old Parish, less than two miles away at Ballyquin, local farmer Mr. Willie Whelan was beachcombing. Willie continues: I had not heard anything about the wreck, but 'twas blowing a gale, say about force 7 or 8 and I walked down to the strand as usual, beachcombing as was the custom with most people living along the coast. So I saw this object stretched at the brink of the water, the tide was out, it was around low water time. I saw the gulls around it, so I went down and there was a body stretched out at the edge of the water. He was the first of the sailors to come in and he was found at the Carrigeen Glas Rocks here at the west side of Ballyquin strand. I transported him to the fire station in Ardmore where from papers found on him he was identified as Jose Guisado Mejais, aged 32, from La Linea, Spain; Jose was the ship's steward and he was buried in St. Declan's graveyard, Ardmore three days later on Saturday, 15th February."

Pictures: Willie Whelan & Willie Roche with his dog 'Babe'



In the days following Willie Whelan's gruesome discovery in Ballyquin, across the bay from the historic village of Ardmore, the arctic conditions continued. The gale force easterlies swept the other dead sailors on past Ram Head towards the estuary of the river Blackwater at Youghal and beyond to Knockadoon Head close by the village of Ballymacoda. Two were washed in at Monatrea. They were found by Mr. Willie Roche at the Guileen in Carty's Cove just west of Whiting Bay on Sunday, 16th February, seven days after the sinking of the 'Ary' in the vicinity of the Tuskar Rock Lighthouse on the night of 8th/9th February 1947. Willie says: "I remember well that Sunday morning 'twas about quarter past seven. I was doing my bit of beachcombing, I got to the Guileen. I saw a body faced down and wearing a grey coloured life jacket. Then my father came

down and about an hour later we saw a second body in the water. 'Twas at the first of flood and the body was being washed up on to the rocks. We then took the two bodies and laid them side by side on the Guileen. Afterwards we took them up to near the Coast Guard Station and at about four o'clock Jack Farrissey took the two bodies to Ardmore Fire Station where the first of the two to be washed in at Monatrea was identified as being the ships Master, Captain Edward Kolk, Tallim, Estonia. They were all buried side by side in Ardmore. I still visit the grave, just to say a prayer for them."

During the course of that weekend nine more bodies were recovered. The Ferry Boat came on three when crossing from the east side of the harbour at Monatrea to the quayside at Youghal. The others came in at various places west as far as Knockadoon Head. All were taken to the Market House in Youghal and from there by lorry to Ardmore.

On the morning of Tuesday, 18th February the inquests recorded verdicts of 'Death from Exposure' on all. The funerals commenced at 2 o'clock. All through that afternoon the people of Ardmore paid their respects to these poor souls being buried in that hallowed ground in the shadow of Ardmore's one thousand year old Round Tower. It snowed all through the individual services as the coffins were laid side by side in the mass grave as the S.C. corner of St. Declan's Graveyard. The graveside prayers were said by Rev. Fr. O'Byrne, Parish Priest of Ardmore and the Church of Ireland Rector the Rev. Warren. The Curate of Ardmore, Rev. Fr. Johnny Walsh was also in attendance.

JAN DORUCKI GOES HOME

And so, the weeks went by, then the months. February led into March and early spring. The evenings grew lighter, they grew longer too. Jan Dorucki was tenderly cared for by the doctors, the sisters and the nursing staff of Dungarvan Hospital in West Waterford. He was young, and as his recovery progressed he required specialist attention at St. Patrick's Hospital, Waterford City and also in Dublin. It was during one of Jan's stays in St. Patrick's that, when visiting her father in the next bed to him that Annie Lonergan became acquainted with the only survivor of the 'Ary.' Annie recalls:

"It was when I went to visit my father one night, this man was in the bed next to him. He was only in for the night, he was going off to Dublin the next day. He looked to me as if he had no legs. It was the next day my father told me the story of him climbing the cliff and that someone with a dog had saved him.

I visited my father every day and it was about three weeks later when going down the corridor to the ward, I saw coming towards me a man on crutches. He nodded to me and I nodded to him. I thought he looked familiar. My father told me that it was indeed Jan Dorucki and that he was back from Dublin with two artificial legs. He remained in St. Patrick's for some time after that. **Picture: The Tuskar Rock Lighthouse off the Wexford coast in whos vicinity the S.S. Ary foundered on the night of 8th/9th February, 1947. Photograph courtesy of Irish Lights.**



I can't remember exactly when it was, but later that year I was at the quayside in Waterford saying goodbye to my two sisters who were returning on the 'Great Western' to their nursing jobs in England after their holidays at home in Ballygunner. Jan was there on the quayside with a Red Cross nurse. He was taken aboard in a wheelchair. But when he got on deck he stood by the railings of the 'Western' and waved goodbye to us, to Waterford and to Ireland as he, started out on the first leg of his long journey home to Poland.

And so, fifty years on, the story of the 'Ary' is told, Ardmore remembered. The dead sailors were prayed for at the Sunday Masses fifty years later and a graveside Remembrance Service was conducted by Rev. Fr. Pat Butler and Rev. Peter Rhys-Thomas on the anniversary of the burials of the twelve interred in St. Declan's Graveyard here in Ardmore.

Ar dheis De go raibh siad.

In order of burial these are the twelve that were buried on 18th February, 1947 except for Jose Guisando Mejais the ships steward who was buried on 15th February.

Stefan Pawlicki, Seaman (Fireman); William James Fisher, Seaman (Fireman); Alexander Maim, Ship's Engineer; Edward Kolk, Ship's Captain; Antonio Rodriguez, Seaman; Ludwig (Peter) Fisher, Seaman; H. Nugis, Seaman (Second Engineer); Marakin Edmund Stefanski, Seaman. And three unidentified bodies. Two members of the total crew of fifteen were unaccounted for.

In the autumn of 1947 at the request of relatives, the remains of Alexander Maim were exhumed and reinterred a short distance from the mass grave. At present the writer with assistance from the Polish Embassy in Dublin is attempting to establish whatever became of Jan Dorucki who was born in Poland in 1927 and survived this tragedy off the Waterford coast in 1947.

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Guinness Book of Records for Human Centipede at Ardmore

From "The Guinness Book of Records," 27.08.1989



GUINNESS BOOK OF RECORDS

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

704 PEOPLE

SET A NEW

HUMAN CENTIPEDE RECORD

AT ARDMORE,

CO. WATERFORD

ON 27 AUGUST 1989

DONALD McFARIAN
McWHIRTER

NORRIS

Donald McFarlan

Norris McWhirter

BALLINACOURTY

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From Dungarvan Leader, 22.09.1989 - "No one injured."

At about 6.30 p.m. a few members, who were in the members upstairs bar at the southern end of the 2 story building got a smell of smoke and when flames were spotted they endeavoured to quell them with fire extinguishers, Mr. Niall O'Kennedy, Mr. Frank Riordan, Mr Michael Kelleher with the bar steward Michael Clancy quickly realised the danger and at once alerted the Fire Brigade in Dungarvan, two units of which were quickly on the scene and who were joined soon after by Brigade Units from Cappoquin and Kilmacthomas.



Michael Kelleher told a Leader reporter that within minutes of the fire starting he heard crackling above the ceiling and he went outside to the back of the building to where his car was parked. I then saw the whole roof was on fire and it was just frightening to watch how quickly it spread, he said.

Fanned by a strong southerly wind the flames quickly enveloped the building and to the accompaniment of exploding gas cylinders the roof collapsed in a fiery fury, all within twenty minutes.

Handicapped at the outset by the lack of water, the fire fighters had to run their hoses to the seafront to draw a water supply from the nearly full tide which was running at the time. However within an hour, despite the herculean work of the three fire brigades, the once fine building was reduced to a charred shell. Tuesday at the Dungarvan Club is traditionally ladies day and at the time a big number of lady members were out on the course. However many of them had left their personal belongings in the club-house and those with some playing equipment must be deemed lost although the new ground floor locker room where a great deal of equipment was stored was saved. Mrs Chris Morrissey, one of the lady members said that there might well have been a more serious tragedy had the fire broken out later when a big number of members would have been in the building.

For Club Captain John Sartwright, the devastating fire was a most harrowing experience happening as it did in this year when the Club was celebrating its Golden Jubilee at the Ballinacourty location. However he expressed utter relief when he told the Leader, as long as no one has been injured whatever has happened can be got over.

Incidentally the burned down Clubhouse stood on the site of the old Coastguard Station in Ballinacourty which was destroyed when set of fire by the IRA on August 9, 1922.

Units were under John Hamilton, the Cappoquin Unit was under Billy O'Donoghue and the Kilmac' Unit was under Tom McGrath.

An electrical fault was suspected as the cause of the outbreak.



Looking to the future.

In the wake of the fire, the Club Committee under the Captain John Cartwright (**pictured left**) were meeting to arrange for the provision of Pre-Fab temporary accommodation to facilitate members pending the planning of a new Clubhouse.

From Dungarvan Observer, 23.09.1989 - "Golf Club Guttled by Fire."

At about 6.30 last evening (Tuesday) smoke was noticed coming from Dungarvan Golf Club Clubhouse at Ballinacourty by some of the lady members who had just completed their game. The alarm was immediately raised and the building cleared. Within minutes the building was completely ablaze and fanned by a gale force wind was beyond redemption in a short time.



Two units of Dungarvan Fire Brigade were quickly on the scene and shortly after were joined by units from Kilmacthomas and Cappoquin. The firefighting operation was led by Asst. Chief Fire Officer, William Hickey.





Within thirty minutes nothing was left but the four walls, but the combined brigades were successful in saving the downstairs locker rooms.

First reports suggested that the fire was started by an electrical fault in the roof space and quickly spread to the bar.

There were few people in the building at the time and all escaped without injury. Tuesday is traditionally ladies day at the club.

First estimates put the damage at about quarter of a million pounds, but it will be some time before an estimate can be made. Units of the Fire Brigade were still standing by late last night.

The clubhouse which was officially opened on 10th August 1939, was extensively refurbished through the seventies and eighties and saw the golden jubilee celebrations this year.

The building – a former Coast-guard Station – was previously burned to the ground in August 1922.

Dungarvan Golf Club

Ladies and Gentlemen: Regardless of our unfortunate setback all competitions will continue as planned.

Minnies golf tournament will be played on Friday/Saturday next (22nd/23rd September). On Friday 29th September our 14 hole jubilee night will be held in the Gold Coast on Sunday, 1st October.

Please support this event.

Various Pictures of Ballinacourty, ... in early 1900s.



Pictured Above and Below: Ballinacourty Coastguard Station Approx 1900, Pictures: Property of Museum E Keohan



Pictured Below: Mary M Drohan's Pub, Ballinacourty, Approx 1900

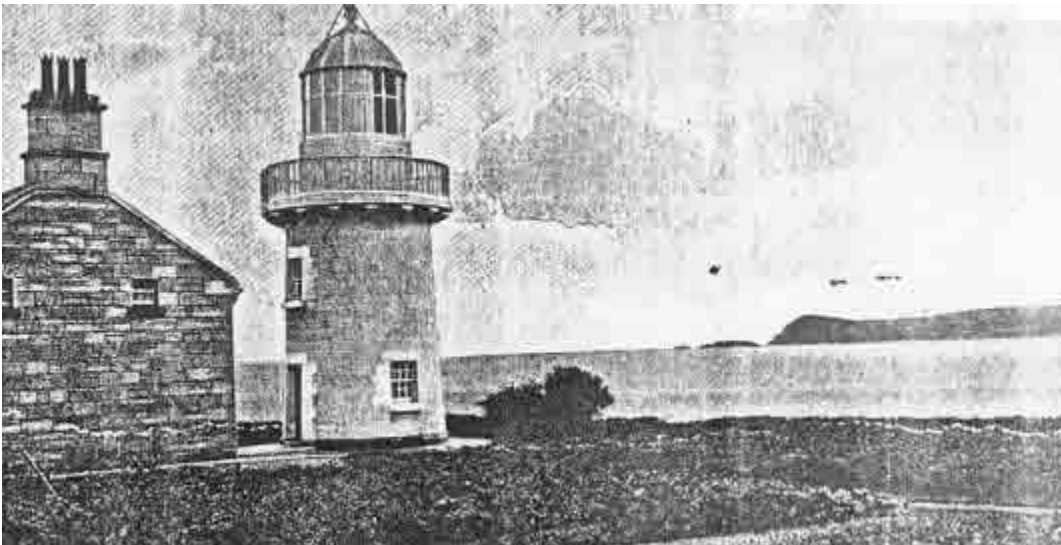




Pictured Above is Ballinacourty House in 1900



Pictured above are The remains of the Walled Garden in Ballinacourty in 1900s



Pictured Above: Ballinacourty lighthouse and Lighthouse keepers cottage in 1914, with Helvick Head in the background. The lighthouse was built in 1851 with limestone from an adjacent quarry. Near the lighthouse is Ballinacourty House, home to the Longan family from about 1700 until the turn of the century. There is an evocative description of the house and garden in the book *Walled Gardens – Scenes from an Anglo Irish Childhood* by Annabel Davis-Goff.

BALLINAMEELA & WHITECHURCH

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From Dungarvan Observer, date unknown

This parish is in the Barony of Decies without Drum Fineen, and bounded on the north by the parishes of Modelligo and Colligan, on the E. by the parish of Dungarvan, on the south by that of Ardmore, and on the west by those of Kilmolash and Affane.

NAME;-

Is called in Irish TEAMPULL GEAL, of which Whitechurch is a translation, but it is of no antiquity.

No part of the ancient church of this parish now remains, its site being occupied by a modern protestant church of very small dimensions.

Over a pond or small lake in the townland of Cappagh in this parish are the ruins of a building said to have belonged to the Knights Templars, but it is much more probable that they are the ruins of the residence of Sir James Fitzgerald, who removed from Cappagh to Dromana, where he died in 1581. He was the brother of the Baron of Dromana and Viscount Desies. The people however, call this ruin "the monastery" but it is now impossible to form any idea of its form, extent or characteristics, as the fragments remaining are covered with ivy, laurel and various kinds of trees, which disguise the masonry. Its north gable alone remains gable alone remains un-shattered.

At the south side of the hill of Knockmoan stands a small church in ruins measuring in the clear 21 ft 4 ins in length and 15 ft in breadth. Its walls are 2 ft 2 ins in thickness and 11 ft in height and built of quarried stones cemented with lime and sand mortar. Its doorway is on the east gable, a thing very unusual in churches of any age; it is destroyed on the outside and its top is off on the inside, but it can be ascertained that it was traversed at top by a lintel as its track remains from which its height appears to have been 6 ft 4 ins on that side, and its breadth 4 ft 1 in. At the distance of 8 ft 8 ins from this gable there is a window on both the side walls. There is a similar window on the west gable about 10 ft from the ground and another on the east gable. This building is certainly not ancient.

About 100 paces to the north of this little church on the summit of a high and large rocky hill are the shattered remains of the celebrated castle of Knockmoan of which Ryland writes as follows:-

The Castle of Knockmoan, in the parish of Whitechurch, is one of the most picturesque buildings in this neighbourhood and would be esteemed an in-valuable object by the admirer of wars and sieges. It is situated on a tall insulated rock commanding an extensive prospect and perfectly secured by a deep morass which en-closes it on every side. This castle is supposed to have been built by a female whose tomb was long shown here, but there being no inscription or record of any kind to confirm the idea, the matter is still involved in obscurity.

Sir Richard Osborne was besieged in this place in the Rebellion of 1641; it was afterwards taken by Cromwell's soldiers and probably it was by them reduced to the ruinous state in which it now appears".

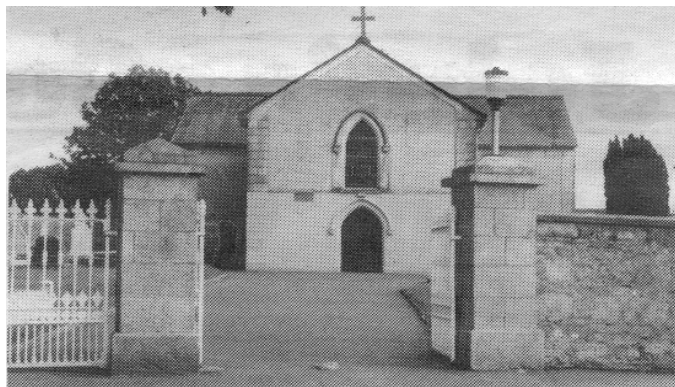
Hist: Waterford p 314, 315.

The dimensions of this castle could not now be ascertained as it is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Its walls were 8 ft 8 ins in thickness and well grouted.

At the foot of the hill on which it stands and between it and the little church about 30 paces from the latter, there is a large flag of grit and stone ornamented with a cross in the middle, but exhibits no inscription, It lies flat on the ground from E. to W. and near a pit like a grave; it is 7 ft 5 ins long and 2 ft 8 ins broad and 11 inches thick. It is said that the female by whom the castle was erected lies interred under it.

From Dungarvan Observer Spring Special, date unknown

The Church of St. James in Ballinameela was 150 years old recently. It was built in 1840 by Fr. William Roche and to celebrate its 150th year the Church was given a major face-lift both inside and outside. The Parish Priest Fr. Finbarr Lucey, P.P., engaged a Painting Contractor and Decorating Consultant to undertake the task.



The work was financed by the generous bequest of the late Mrs. Chris Begley who for many years ran a well known public house in Ballinameela. The following is the Homily preached by Reverend. Monsignor Michael Olden, P.P., Kilsheelan, at the 150th Celebration Mass on Friday, 30th November, 1990, in the newly restored Church in the presence of His Lordship Dr. Michael Russel, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, former Priest of the

United Parishes of Aghlish, Ballinameela and Mount Stuart, and a large attendance of Parishioners.

The Priests and people of Ballinameela and indeed of the whole Parish of Aghlish, Whitechurch and Kilmolash have every reason to celebrate the 150th Anniversary of this handsome Church dedicated to St. James. They have every reason to salute their forefathers and mothers who stood here in 1840 and proudly looked on the House of God which they had raised on this historic area. There had been Churches on this site before 1840 - simple thatched structures which, though powerhouses of prayer, would have lacked the permanence and elegance which the people would have wanted as the centre of worship for their parish. A year before this Church was built there occurred the famous night of the big wind on 6th January, 1839. Perhaps it was the damage caused by that terrible night that prompted Fr. William Roche to encourage the people to erect a new and dignified Church.

The big wind of 1839 may have hastened the building of this Church but it was the faith of a proud people which built it. They had reason to be proud and they had reason to have faith. Ever before Patrick came, ever before Christianity was born, this broad valley through which the River Brickey flows, was a centre of high civilisation and human activity. For archaeologists and scholars the Caves of Kilgreany, which lie between the townlands of Scart and Canty with Whitechurch on the North and Canty-bridge on the South, have been an important source of vital information about Stone Age in Ireland. Excavations in Kilgreany took place as far back as 1858 and again in the 1890s when R. J. Usher of Cappagh made important discoveries. Very significant finds were made in a major archaeological dig which was conducted by Hallam. I. Movius and Amory Goddard of Harvard University in 1928. Some of the earliest traces of human life in Ireland were found here: skeletons more than five thousand years old, remains of the Great Irish Elk, the Wild Boar and other animals which Neolithic man hunted, pottery and bronze axes and silver; plated emblems. Local farmers, such as Paddy Moroney who owned Kilgreany and John Keating of Knockmoan Bog found their names memorialised in scholarly books and treatises on early Irish history and prehistory. By any yardstick Ballinameela (Baile na mBialac - Veale's Homestead) and Whitechurch (Teampall Geal) are significant places, cradles of a proud people.

I said that the people of 1840 had reason to be proud. They did not have to go back to Stone Age to find a basis for their pride. As they stood here in 1840 they had only to recall the famous Stuart election fourteen years earlier in 1826 when a Protestant native of this Parish, Henry Villiers Stuart of Dromana, rocked the Irish nation and the British Parliament by being elected to Parliament in the cause of Catholic Emancipation.

One of Stuart's most staunch supporters was Parish Priest of this Parish, Fr. John O'Meara. The people of Ballinameela stood four square behind Villiers Stuart in that election and took on the Establishment. It was one of the most heroic stands in 19th century Ireland and had similarities with Gdansk and Solidarity in Poland in the 1980s. In all of Ireland if one had to erect a shrine to the birthplace of Catholic Emancipation it would have to be here in this Parish between the Brickey and the Blackwater. The courage and faith of 1826 was the same courage and faith which fourteen years later built this church.

But the folk and faith memory of Ballinameela and Whitechurch went back a long way before 1826. If one had to choose a date and a place where Christianity was first noted in this Parish the date would be 636 and the place would be Kilcloher, 'the sheltered Church' whose primitive ruins lie in a corner of Parknakilla. We are told in the ancient life of the great St. Carthage who founded the renowned Monastery and university of Lismore that it was in Kilcloher the decision to found Lismore was made. Carthage had been expelled from Rahan in Co. Offaly and he travelled South through Roscrea, Cashel, Athassel, Ardfinnan, through Sliabh gCua to Kilcloher where he was befriended by St. Mochua Mianáin who had a

Monastery here. Carthage and his Monks were treated with great hospitality. During his stay at Kilcloher the legend tells us, Carthage miraculously ensured that the barrel of ale in the Monastery was always full! The Monks of Kilcloher advised him to travel to Lismore and directed him towards Affane where he crossed the Blackwater at Mount Rivers and proceeded by the Bothar na Naomh to found one of the greatest Monasteries Ireland has ever known. Alas, as soon as Carthage had departed the barrel of ale emptied immediately!

One of the greatest scholars who studied at Lismore and who is one of the best known, Irish Saints on the continent of Europe was, in great probability, born within a short distance of this Church. I speak of St. Cathaldus whose tomb lies in the great Cathedral of Taranto in Southern Italy. The late Cardinal Ó Fiaich, not long before he died, was staying with me in Kilsheelan and we were discussing places of historical importance in the Deise region. "Tell me," he said, "where is Canty; would we have time to visit it?" I explained to him where it was but unfortunately we did not have the time to travel there. The Cardinal who was one of the great authorities on Irish Saints in Europe enquired about Canty because in a medieval life of Cathaldus written in Italy it is stated several times that the Saint was born in a place called Canty in the diocese of Waterford and Lismore in Ireland.

Cathaldus, having studied in Lismore in the 7th century, became a Bishop and is associated with Shanrahan in the Parish of Clogheen. Like many early Irish Saints he travelled from Ireland. It seems that his destination was the Holy Land, but for some reason perhaps shipwreck -he landed in the extreme South of Italy near Taranto and eventually died there. It would be difficult to exaggerate the popularity and importance of Cathaldus in Italy and beyond. After St. Columbanus he is probably the best known Irish Saint in Europe. He is the Patron Saint of the Diocese and City of Taranto; his feast on 10th May is celebrated in Genoa, Cremona, Mantua, Bologna, Rimini, Verona, Messina in Sicily and the island of Malta. There is even a tavern called after him near Naples and a City in Sicily called San Cataldo! Even in the Holy Land itself his image is painted on one of the pillars in the great Basilica of the Nativity in Bethlehem. And it all began here in Canty where there used to be a well on John O'Brien's farm (I think) which was said to mark the place of his birth and which was in older times a centre of great devotion. I think it would be a very fitting local tribute if there were a plaque or monument to commemorate what is a very important, if relatively unknown, event in local history. I am sure many fine emigrants have left this area throughout the centuries; St. Cathaldus is certainly their Patron and is the most prominent exile who ever left Ballinameela. Canty -Cainte -probably means 'the dispraised place.' Why it should be so called I do not know, but as the place from which Cathaldus came it deserves the highest praise and respect.

Today marks another mile-stone in the long cultural and Christian history of this Parish, a Parish which boasted many Churches throughout its long history: Kilcloher, Kilcannon, Kilgreany, Kilnafarna, Parknakilla, Kilmolash and others. "Memories should be long and noble in this territory of the Gambons, Veales, Kennedys, Mullalys, Moloneys, Phelans. In commemorating the brave people who built this Church in 1840 you are ensuring that those memories will live on into future generations.

I ask no pardon for being nostalgic and reminiscent in this historic place on this special occasion. But we celebrate this Church and this day not because we are tied to the past but because, we have hope for the future. Today is a day of renewal, of housewarming and hansen, a day of planning for a future which will match and even out match a glorious past. There is a challenge in today's celebration, a challenge to you, the Parishioners of Ballinameela, to start again as the people did when in 1840 they answered Fr. William Roche's call to build this Church.

We should never forget that a Church is more than a roof to keep the rain off our heads at Mass. It is the expression in stone and symbol of the religious life of the Parish. The sanctuary lamp burns every day to remind us that Christ dwells here and expects us to drop in, the doors of the confessional are meant to be opened for forgiveness and consolation week after week; the altar is the Parish table where Christ is shared and neighbour should grow closer to neighbour; the Baptismal font is the place, where parents as well as babies should begin a new life of faith; the weddings begun in this Church should be matters of faith and not fortune; the funerals should be hallowed by hope. I have mentioned Cathaldus and other great Priests of the past; we should pray today that this Church will host in the future the ordination of many young men to the Priesthood. Today is a day to look back and to look forward.

In the long history of this area and of this Parish 150 years is a short time. In 1841, in times more difficult than our own, the people of Ballinameela had the courage to build for the future. Our prayer today-should be that their courage and faith will live on. There is a townland in this Parish called 'Ballyard' -the elevated village, reminding us of the 'city on the hill' which Christ talks about in the Gospels. May Ballinameela and Whitechurch always be a City on a hill showing hope and light and courage to a world where darkness and despair too often dominate people's lives.

“CAPPAGH CAVES”

You may not find a cave-man in Dungarvan, but if you're interested you'll certainly find a Dungarvan cave-man in the National Museum. He's known as Kilgreany Man, and although he's only a pale shadow of his former self an "imaginative mind should have little difficulty in restoring him to his one-time surroundings. These were at Cappagh, a few miles north-west of Dungarvan where Michael Doyle's farm backs on to one of the most interesting caves in Ireland. It is not a labyrinth like Mitchelstown, but a two-chamber cave which was lived in at lengthily separated periods.

The cave was explored by archaeologists in 1928, and again in 1934, with fascinating results. The main occupation remains dated from the early Christian period but there were conclusive evidence of limited Stone Age (3,000-2,000 BC) occupancy.

Animal bones formed the chief evidence, with every imaginable domestic animal represented. And in addition to Irish elk reindeer and bear, the only known example of a lynx to be found in Ireland -was unearthed here. The cavern with its two wells had through the centuries housed people of the Stone, Bronze, Iron and Early Christian ages - as shown by finds of beads, knives, stone querns, pottery fragments, a comb, and a silver-plated ornament:"

Most striking find of all was the skeleton (Kilgreany Man) buried in a crouching position against the cave wall, and the discovery later of a second (female) skeleton.

BALLYDUFF UPPER

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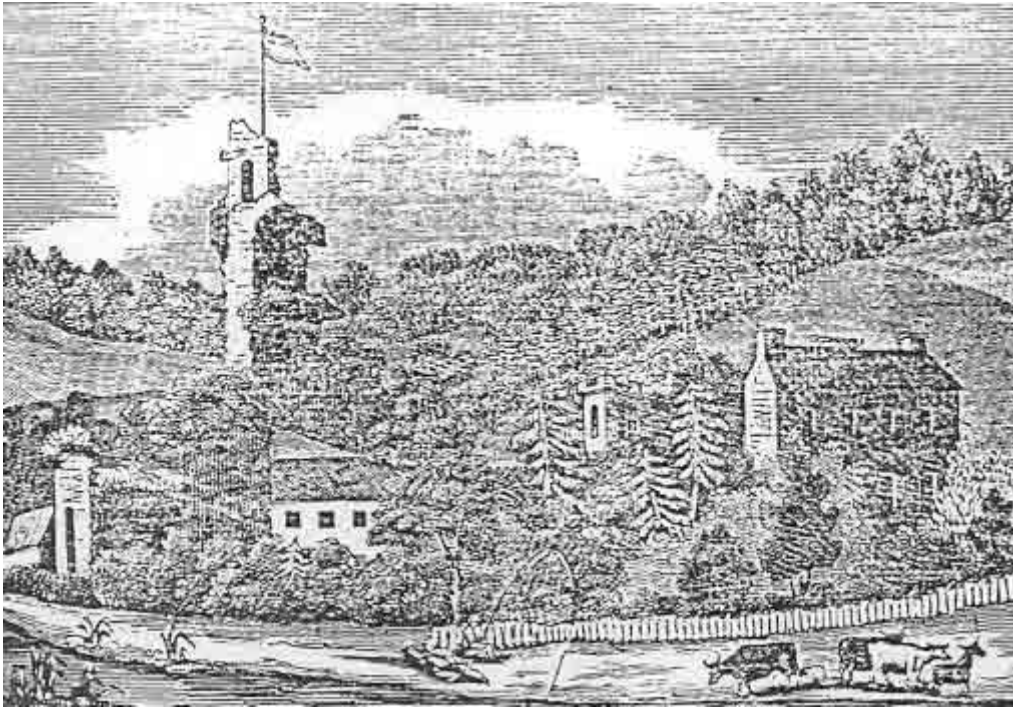
DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

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Conducted by P. Dixon hardy, M.R.I.A.

April 26, 1834.



MOCOLLOP CASTLE, COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

Situated on the banks of Blackwater river, on the boundary of the county of Waterford, and midway between the towns of Fermoy and Lismore, a distance of about ten miles, stands the ancient ruin of Mocollop castle, consisting of a large round tower, with several smaller square ones flanking its intermediate base; and with the several adjacent improvements, has at present a very picturesque appearance when viewed in almost any direction, but particularly across the river, from the spot where it is said Cromwell, in the year 1640, with an ill directed cannon shot, reduced it to its present dilapidated state. The situation of the house which is plain and rather low, seems as if designed to give the castle the most advantageous appearance, while the church, which fills up the chasm in the centre, with a well planted hill screening the more distant mountains of Clogheen and Ariglin, completes one of the prettiest landscapes which imagination can convey to the mind; the lawn and adjacent low grounds are judiciously planted with well grown timber, and the river, which here enters the county of Waterford, and winds almost under the castle, adds much to the beauty of the scene. A neat timber bridge, subject to a small toll, has, for public convenience, been erected a little to the west of Mocollop house, by the spirited resident owner, F. Drew, Esq. A little further up the river may be seen, fast falling to decay, the perforated walls, and high pointed gables of an extensive mansion on the Waterpark estate.

Following the course of the river, the next place almost adjoining Mocollop, is Ballyduff, a village, like almost all those in the south of Ireland, worthy of remark for nothing more than a new chapel, three or four policemen, and three or four times that number of public houses, the remaining population forming a vast contrast to the many princely rural residences at either side of the river. A little further on is Glenbeg, the seat of G.B. Jackson, Esq.; a place for which nature has done much and art but little. Overhanging the river is a lovely beech walk, perhaps not to be equalled in the kingdom for situation and growth of timber.

A very pretty cavern was a few years past discovered on part of the demesne; several curious dilapidated stones and other surprising natural curiosities have been found, but its extent has not as yet been perfectly ascertained; almost opposite Glenbeg is Flower Hill, the prettiest and most enviable situation I know of on the river; the entrance at the avenue is truly neat, and terminates with the house, built in the cottage style; the lands, which are neatly planted and most economically arranged, speak much for the owner, B. Drew, Esq. It is celebrated as a great cider country, and, in my opinion, might vie with that of Devon and Cornwall. Adjoining Flower Hill is the natural Waterfall of Glenmore, and on the opposite bank of the river is Glencairn Abbey admirable situated.

E. H.

Tallow, 12th December, 1833

Parish of Ballyduff

This parish is of quite recent formation as an independent pastorate. Up to the year 1866 it formed portion of Lismore. On the death of Rev. Dr. Fogarty in the year named, Ballyduff became a separate parish with the Rev. David Power as its first pastor.

Ballyduff is approximately the ancient parish of Mocollop, which latter seems to have been absorbed into, or united with, Lismore at a very early period. At the end of the 16th Century (temp. Bishop Miler Magrath) for instance, the boundary line between Lismore and Mocollop had been forgotten. The patronage of the parish is uncertain; there was, fifty years ago, a faint recollection that, up to seventy years previously, the feast of St. Michael the Archangel had been observed by the celebration of Holy Mass in the Church. In a remote corner of the parish there is a holy well called St. Michael's to which multitudes from the counties of Limerick, Cork, and Tipperary resorted, through devotion, at Michaelmas. The "pattern" took place on September 29th. In course of time crying abuses crept in, so as to make it necessary for the Rev. Dr. Fogarty, the Parish Priest, to interfere and interdict the carnival. The well is called Tubbernahulla or the "Well of the Penitential Station", and the townland bears the same name. Ola is literally "oil" but in a secondary sense it signifies a place or station for penance.

The single church of the Parish was built about one hundred and forty years ago, during the pastorate of the Rev. Edmond Wall, Parish Priest, Lismore and Ballyduff. It is cruciform in plan, and since its renovation, it presents exteriorly a dignified appearance.

The only graveyard in use is the old cemetery attached to the Protestant Church at Mocollop, about which there is hardly anything of interest. A schoolhouse endowed by Colonel Hillier of Mocollop Castle stood till recently at the entrance to the graveyard. Here practically all the pupils were Catholics and the priests had free access at all times to the school. It was the last survival in the diocese of the old half-subsidised, half-pension schools which preceded National Education. The Parochial Registers do not extend further back than 1857.

SUCCESSION OF PASTORS

The first Parish Priest of the newly constituted parish was, as we have seen, Rev. David Power, appointed in October 1866. He was a man of unusual ability and energy. During his time as curate in Tooraneena he had built the handsome church of the Nire. On his appointment to Ballyduff he renovated, and partly rebuilt the church there. He also erected schools at The Furances, on the extreme northern boundary of the Parish.

Father Power was succeeded, on his death in 1870, by the Rev. Patrick Slattery, who had been many years connected with the parish as curate of Lismore. About four years before his death, in November, 1890, he resigned the parish, when the Rev. John Casey was appointed Adm., and so continued till the death of the pastor on the 21st February, 1894.

Rev. Michael Power succeeded Father Slattery and was transferred in 1896 to Ballyneale.

Rev. David O'Connor became Parish Priest in April, 1896. In April, 1901, Father O'Connor was transferred to Ballylooby after he had completed negotiations for erection of new schools at Ballyduff.

Rev. Edmund Meagher, 1901-2.

Rev. David O'Connor, now in failing health, was re-transferred to Ballyduff in February, 1902. By the close of 1902, Father O'Connor's malady had increased so much that it was necessary to appoint an administrator. Rev. James B. Coghlan was appointed and continued in office from November, 1902, to October, 1903, when Father O'Connor died.

Rev. John Moran was appointed to the vacant pastorate in November, 1903, and held it till his death, July, 1912. During Father Moran's administration there was erected an excellent curate's residence at a cost of 800.00.

Rev. Thomas Condon succeeded, July, 1912; then, in succession, came Rev. Maurice Foley (1916), Rev. Patrick Fitzgerald (1918), Rev. Michael Callanan (1924), and Rev. Thomas Galvin (1931).

Father Fitzgerald was transferred to Clogheen in 1918 and Father Galvin to Newtown and Kill in 1934.

Rev. Michael Dowley succeeded in 1934 and thus, within the sixty-six years since its creation, Ballyduff has had twelve parish priests in addition to two administrators.

ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES, ETC.

As a greater portion of the parish is mountain, till recently unoccupied, there are not many traces or remains of early ecclesiastical settlement. There are Holy Wells at Tubbernahulla above-mentioned, at Ballyheafy (Tobar Naomhta), and at Tobber. The last, called "Tobar Mochuda" and of considerable depth, is situated on a hill top. In addition there are early church sites, on the townlands of Garrison, Tobber, and Flower Hill, respectively; the first, known as "Cill Breac," has a circular enclosing fence and within the second, beside St. Carthage's Holy Well just alluded to, stood till sixty years ago, a rude and ancient stone altar. Local Irish speakers gave Cill Duigeain as the name of the third (Flower Hill) site. Hardly any remains of the ancient church of Mocollop, in the cemetery of the same name, survive. The castle of Mocollop was gallantly defended against Cromwell's forces in 1650 by Richard Maunsell whose portrait, with his wife's and with some military stores, was in 1826 found artfully concealed in the castle.

BUNMAHON

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Re-Opening of Bunmahon Copper Mines in 1906

By unknown author, unknown source



This picture of a scene down in the Bonmahon Copper Mines was taken at the time of the effort to re-work them, which began in the year 1906. They had been closed since 1886. The man on the left hand side of the picture is Bill Roberts, from Knockaune, whilst the one with the white coat near him is Jer Cooney of Boatstrand. Both of those men, with the mining tradition strong in them had earlier migrated and worked in the mines in far away Bute City. In fact young men who had first imbibed the mining fever at Bonmahon afterwards worked as miners in several parts of

the world. What a chequered history could those disused shafts tell: were they gifted with the power of speech: the early digging for copper there undertaken during the Bronze Age in Ireland: then the major effort made in the year 1824 to get the countryside around to yield up its wealth of metal. And what a run of prosperity swept across the little village and its environs in the train of that effort! ...streets of houses springing up where there had been green fields. Fifteen hundred hands employed working at the mines.... shops being hastily run up to meet fast developing trade. Amongst the latter were no less than twenty-one licensed premises-there was, too, a pawn-shop, two good-sized hotels, rows of provision shops and even a printing works....from the edge of the surging sea away back into the silent inland valleys, men delved and worked underground daily....an overhead pulley railway bearing the precious ore to waiting ships outside.....Yes, these were the days in Bonmahon!

Old residents still speak by their firesides of the happenings of that period, which terminated in 1886. The large crowded reading and club-room built specially for the miners which structure is now in use as the present Catholic Church in Bonmahon. The throngs in the public houses on pay night's, when, tradition asserts, it was a common thing for a publican's wife to carry upstairs the night's receipts in her check apron, so big were the takings. Yes, in those days it could be truly said of the many rugged slopes around Bonmahon: "Thar's gold in them thar hills!"

And-has the curtain finally fallen on the mineral wealth of Bonmahon. Is it just something that happened ago? The series of pictures to follow, and the data beneath them concerning that district may supply the answer.

The bungalows of miners families



This is a picture of a number of the bungalows especially constructed for the miners and their families by the new company which re-opened Bonmahon copper mines in 1906. They were constructed of timber and galvanised iron. This picture shows that they were not long there. The foreground is of upturned clay on which the grass had not yet time to grow, whilst the ditches of the original fields can still be seen.

In the background and, because of its whiteness it cannot here be seen clearly but the original picture shows the newly-erected office of the mining company. The apparel worn by those seen outside the near bungalow gives it as the period of 47 years ago. The name of the townland on which they were built was Knockmahon - to work the Tankardstown part of the mines.

Two prospectors from the Wicklow Mining Company concluded a mineral survey of Bonmahon district in June, 1953. It is understood that these experts were loaned by the Wicklow Mining Company for the purpose. We are also informed that they are due to return to the district with a view to further prospecting. This is heartening news because in the survey made just before the War by Swedish engineers the results were exceptionally good. They carried out an electrical survey for five consecutive summers, from 1933 to 1938, when they gave it as their opinion that not alone is there copper in this neighbourhood but also other minerals. They were to be seen by the locals with a battery-strapped to their backs connected to instruments which they handled, and one of which they drove into the ground to take readings. They said it was quite likely that the lode would reach as far as the Comeragh Mountains, where the biggest deposits of minerals may yet be found. From enquiries we have made from the most reliable sources and from

various documents which we have seen and examined, the 1906 opening of the mines and the unfortunate consequences which followed cannot be taken as a criterion of the potentialities of Bonmahon copper mines. All that is now a matter of history which we do not propose to deal with except as a passing reference though we have much documentary evidence to go upon. We were also informed that the reason of the closing down of the mines in the last century, i.e., not the 1906 closing, was caused by the cheapness of copper on the world market caused by a "flood" of that mineral by South African companies. To-day the price of copper has risen very considerably. Furthermore at that time the ore was simply crushed into powder and shipped to smelting works in Wales. The site of the crushing plant was at the right hand side as one entered the village from the Tramore road there just across the small bridge. Now the rural electrification scheme can give power and heat and the smelting can be done on the spot. Also mining machinery and engineering has made enormous strides. It is believed, however, that the opening will have to be under Government auspices to prevent a repetition of the unfortunate occurrences of the company of 1906. The legislation which has since been enacted by Dail Eireann is a distinct advance but some further legislation might still be necessary in the acquiring of mineral rights, etc.

Public meeting in progress



The above picture shows a public meeting in progress in Bonmahon in the passage leading to the beach which runs by Mr. J. Kirwan's licensed premises. The object of this meeting has been lost in the mists of memory in Bonmahon, and so we can but gaze at the large assembly which gathered there on a particular occasion towards the end of the last century.

Whatever the matter which was being talked about at the above meeting there is one theme of discussion which can be truly said never to have died down in Bonmahon. That subject, which still lives, centres around the potential mineral wealth of the district. The writer has had occasion to meet and speak to several persons in the district recently. He has come away from those conversations with one thing imprinted on his mind and that is that the people there have solid reasons to speak of the mineral resources of the district.

It must be borne in mind that while the old regime functioned in Ireland the developing of the mineral wealth of this country was quietly set aside. One old resident cited to the writer an incident told him by some of the old miners who worked in the Bonmahon mines prior to their closing in the last century. An official had given instructions to some of the men on one occasion that when they came to a particularly thick vein of copper they were to plaster it over with mud. The men concerned did as directed, but when the matter was discovered some time later, the official involved was dismissed.

Again, a case is stated where a prospecting grotto located copper in Bonmahon in abundant quantity. The local work-men employed by the prospector then managed to learn that the foreign mining company sponsoring the prospecting had happened on a large copper deposit in Africa, where the coloured workers' wages would be negligible, and so the Bonmahon project was hung up.

As for positive evidence of the mineral wealth of Bonmahon district, a few notes may here be cited. Men still alive in Bonmahon have worked with a prospector who located copper in quantity sixteen fathoms deep at Ballyrustheen Glen. The presence of copper so close to the surface is not of frequent occurrence, it should be added. Dehinch, the Austrian prospector, averred to some friends in Bonmahon the evidence of the presence of large quantities of lead in the cliffs at Traigh-na-Strella, The late Ed. Fitzgerald, Bonmahon, who had prospected in Australia, and mined in Bulle City, Montana, U.S.A., declared there were veins of copper at Monaceoghal which were never yet touched. The late Captain Paul, of Bonmahon, a reputed authority, stated there were twenty-five veins of copper running from Bonmahon towards the mountains. In fact, all traditions in the district coincide with the view that all veins run north-west towards the mountains, and it is emphasised that the best one is closest to the hills.

Will the wheel of fortune once again swing round for Bonmahon? Will thousands of Irish workers delve again for the precious minerals believed to be stored in the earth there? These are queries which can be best answered by an intelligent approach to the long-standing riddle of Bonmahon.

Boring operations in progress



The above picture shows prospectors and workers at a boring in Kildwan, Bonmahon, in 1906. The names of those in the picture, from left to right, are Edmond Jackson (prospector), Paddy Keane, Tom Nugent, Riordan (mining engineer), Michael O'Meara, Maurice Nugent, -Spargo (prospector), James McCarthy and Edward Fitzgerald. The picture was kindly lent by Miss Annie Cummins, Kildwan, Bonmahon.

Edmond Jackson's venture was a prospecting one, and took place at the same time that the Bonmahon Company were mining in 1906 and was a completely separate enterprise. He made a large boring at Ballyrustheen, Glen and discovered copper there in fairly plentiful quantities, a short depth below the surface. He made some further borings, and finally left the district after a year's operations. He was believed to have been a prospector working with a view to discovering ore and then contacting interested commercial interests.

Throughout the past fifty years, prospectors have given uninterrupted attention to the mineral potentialities of Bonmahon district. Dehinch, an Austrian, came there prospecting for several weeks in two consecutive years. He employed a few local assistants during his survey. A group comprising A. Broughton-Edge, Lawrence Austin Impey, both Englishmen, and Lenander, a Norwegian, next arrived in 1933 and set hope pulsating anew in Bonmahon. They employed a number of helpers from the district, and some professors and students from an English college interested in mineral research crossed over here at the time and participated in the operations. Local men who worked with this party state that the results of the survey were good. The coining of World War No.2 appeared to put an end to this venture.

The following is an extract from the documents we have seen and concerns the application for mining rights prior to the beginning of the electrical survey begun in 1933 and terminating in 1938:-

MINING AND MINERAL ACT, 1931 (SECTION 21) (1).

APPLICATION FOR A MINING RIGHT

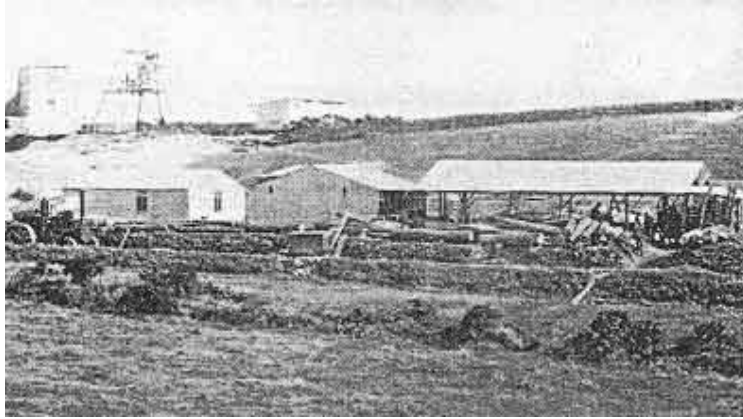
I, We, Nils Erik Lenander, of Orkla, Lokkenverk, Norway, Managing Director of the Orkla Mining Company; Arthur Broughton- Edge, of Lynton Lodge, Rickmansworth, In the County of Hertford, England, Mining Geologist and Geophysicist, and Laurence Austin Imoey, of Great Rollright Manor, Chipping Norton, in the County of Oxford, Esquire; etc., etc.

Our Irish Government sent prospectors to Bonmahon some years back, but the writer is unaware of any published report concerning their survey. In June, 1953, two officials from a Wicklow mining company arrived in Bonmahon and took borings at several points. They are believed to have been loaned to the Irish Government for the purpose, It is known that they took away some boxes of specimen mineral deposits with them. It is whispered in Bonmahon that the collection comprised specimens of lead, sulphur and another mineral.

A group of mining buildings

The old mining company which closed in the early 80s of last century had not the same scope as the company of 1906. For instance, the old company had only the mining rights of Knockmahon and a lease of the remainder of the ore-bearing ground from the Duke of St. Albans (whose seat is near Clonmel), the Poer-O'Shee family of Gardenmorris, Kill, and Mr. P. J. Power, M.P, Pembrokestown (near Tramore). Tankardstown shaft was 240 fathoms deep, and the deepest of them all. Incidentally, it was there that Garda Superintendent Brazil (a native of Waterford) courageously descended in the fruitless search for the body of the ill-fated Stradbally missing postman, Larry Griffin.

Lest it might be thought that these mines are not very valuable, we now give a few extracts from documents which we were also privileged to peruse. The tons in mining reckoning are 21 cwts. to the ton.



From the facts and figures we have adduced in the course of this series on Bonmahon and its mines however, we have endeavoured to show that wealth is beneath our feet in the district and there is much potential employment. The Government is still investing hundreds of thousand, of pounds in Avoca Mines, County Wicklow, and now that some attention is being given to Bonmahon, a new era may dawn in due course.

On account of the unfortunate happening, of the post, let us stress that any further operations must be undertaken by our native Government. Modern legislation and modern machinery and electric power, with a genuine effort to succeed, will, we believe, repay a hundred fold. No country in the world needs productive mines more than Ireland, and now we leave the matter for the present in the hands of our Irish Government, who should be kept reminded of Bonmahon Mines by our public men, and particularly Dail Eireann representatives.

On April 29, 1840, the amount of ore powder mined for the month was 704 tons, which realised £8 5s. Od. Per ton, totalling £5,807 14s. Od. The output for the whole year of 1840 of the same mine of Knockmahon was 3,716 tons, value £31,713, and the net profit £10,951 1s. 9d. today this ore powder would be valued for twenty times more, with a corresponding profit, because the use of modern machinery would offset the cheap labour of a century ago. Finished copper is marketed at £240 to £255 per ton.

We could tell of other tentative efforts made to again reopen the mines in 1915, when the late Mr. Martin Murphy, M.P., the very popular proprietor of the Grand Hotel, Tramore, and the late Sir James Power, Seafield, Tramore, and Mayor of Waterford in 1903. '04 and '05, were interested, but no purpose would be served by such references.

Philip Barron's Irish College (from "Irish Book Lover" 1910) By Seamus Ua Casaide

In 1834, after some nine years of careful preparation, Philip F. Barron in the parish of Ballylaneen, a member of a prominent County Waterford family, erected at his own expense, a small college for the Cultivation of the language and Ancient History of Ireland. On New Years day 1835, the first number of Barron's weekly, (afterwards) monthly magazine, Ancient Ireland was published from the office known as the Irish Office, 5 Bachelors Walk, Dublin. This was the address of John S. Folds, who printed all his publications and Peter Roc, afterwards well known as the proprietor of the Irish Builder, was their compositor.

The magazine, gave some details of Barron's projects and called for the co-operation of all lovers of the Irish language, particularly the clergy of all denominations, to aid him in the establishment of branches of the Irish Office in every parish in Ireland for the cultivation of the magazine and of a series of cheap text books for the study of Irish.

A few years ago guided by the Rev. P. Power's Place Names of the Decies, I visited the site of Barron's College. The foundation (about 20 x 16 yards) were clearly traceable in an untilled corner of a field at the southern boundary of the townland of Seafield beside the Glenaverbal Road. On that summer day the place had a quiet charm and an interest for me as the scene of one of the struggles for Irelands priceless heritage. In Barron's words, This college is situated in a silent glen, remote from any distraction or interruption and affording in a peculiar degree that tranquil silence and repose so suited to study and literary pursuits. It is on the sea side but shut in by hills from every storm, a mile from the village of Bonmahon and three from Dungarvan and three and three from Kilmacthomas. In this building, the ancient Gothic order has been adopted. There are two returns in the rear with a yard in the centre. These returns are also Gothic, and so constructed, that they can be enlarged to any requirement without violating uniformity or unity of plan.

An octogenarian in the neighbourhood told me that he remembered the removal of the stones of the building by some farmers, but he was unable to supply the names of any of the pupils of the collage.

The scheme of work in the college embraced a great range of subjects from Agriculture to Hebrew, but of course, particular attention was devoted to the study of the Irish language. Evening classes were arranged for those unable to attend during the day.

Barron, who was himself an Irish speaker from infancy, appointed as professor, some excellent scholars – Thomas Hickey, of Ballygrey near Killenaul, Thomas O'Harney, of Stradbally and young Walsh of Carrickbeg. Disputed, however, arose between patrons and professors, and the college was finally abandoned. For some years previously Barron had been in communications with persons in various parts of the country who were likely to be interested in his work, and the pages, or rather the covers of his magazine contain the most flattering promises of co-operation, by the clergy and others, and undoubtedly some of them such as Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, Dr. M. Hale, Archbishop of Tuam, Dean Lyons of Ennis and Fr. Damil O'Sullivan of Bandon, were sincere in their devotion to the Irish language. So little is known beyond the particulars given in his magazine of actual workings of the college, that it is difficult to form an estimate of Barrons' motives and methods. Eugene O'Curry accused him of publishing a corrupt version of An Maidrin Ruadh to see how far he could impose his forgeries on his credulous clerical patrons. Another Irish scribe Mr. O'Reilly, writing from Ennistymon on 16th July, 1843, informed O'Curry that Mr. Barron robbed this part of Clare of all the fragments of Irish it contained, and they are lost to him also, for they remained in pledge at the different hotels at Ennis, Milltown and Kilrush.

It is difficult, however, to believe that Barrons' work was entirely fruitless. Into hundreds of Irish speaking households his tastefully printed booklets, with their bright yellow covers must have carried a message of hope for Ireland and her language.

Philip Barron was elected M.R.I.A. in June 1832, and was for some time proprietor of the Waterford Chronicle. He finally retired to the continent and died in Paris about the year 1860.

The following is a list of Barrons Irish Publications and perhaps no public library has a complete set of them:-

"Ancient Ireland" No 1	Jan. 1 st 1835.	16 p.p.	Price 6d
"Ancient Ireland" No 2	Jan. 10 th 1835	p.p. 17-32	Price 6d
"Ancient Ireland" No 3	Jan. 31 st 1835	p.p. 33-48	Price 6d
"Ancient Ireland" No 4	April 1835	p.p. 49-112	Price 1/6
"Ancient Ireland" No 5	May 1835	p.p. 113-176	Price 1/6
Irish Primer	No 1 32	p.p. 44	Price 1/2d
" "	No 2 16	p.p. 1-16	Price 1 1/2d
" "	No 3 14	p.p. 17-32	Price 1 1/2d.

Irish Sermons with translations 1835 Vol. VIII (preface) plus 16 (Irish) plus English. Price 1/-.

The first number contains an Irish sermon on Charity by the Rev. John Meary of Kilrossanty.

The harp of Erin a collection of Irish songs No. 1 16 IV

Preface plus 16 Irish plus 12 English p.p. Price 2½d.

The Irish Catholic Prayer Book with English Translation 16.

16 (Irish and 8 English). Price 3d.

In addition to the pagination shown above all those books had covers containing very interesting information and some had double covers. All the publications were probably issued during the first half of 1835.

Seamus Ua Casaide.

Philip Barron, 1801 - 1860

By unknown author, unknown source

Philip Barron was born in 1801 in Durrow House, near Stradbally, the eldest of seven children of Richard Barron and Catherine Hay. Richard Barron died when Philip was eleven years old; thankfully, he was a wealthy man, owner of the Mountain Castle estate.

Philip enrolled at Trinity College, Dublin in 1820 as a resident student. He remained at the College for three years and left without a degree, a common practice in those days. He became a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and was an excellent Hebrew and Classical scholar.

In 1825 he bought a newspaper, 'The Waterford Chronicle'. It would appear that Philip's main object in acquiring 'The Chronicle' was to champion the cause of Catholic emancipation. This campaign came to fruition during the Waterford election of 1826, when the paper threw its weight behind Colonel Villiers-Stuart in his attempt to oust Lord George Beresford from the seat. Villiers-Stuart was the champion of the Catholic cause, and the Beresford's, who regarded the seat as a family heirloom, were bitterly opposed to emancipation. Villiers-Stuart won the election by 1,351 votes to 528.

The Beresford's retribution was swift and every tenant who had voted against them was evicted. Needless to say, 'The Waterford Chronicle', bitterly opposed this action and launched an attack against it. As a result Philip Barron was sued for libel, following allegations he made about a Cork Solicitor's treatment of tenants in the Tallow area.

Philip was found guilty and ordered to pay £1,350, an enormous sum in those days and almost the same amount as the votes cast for Villiers-Stuart in the election! An unsuccessful appeal was made on his behalf, (there was a Beresford on the jury) and he decided to leave Ireland.

Little is known about the next two years of his life save that he travelled extensively around Europe. During these travels he became conscious that other European nations were able to pursue their traditional ways of life, speak their native tongues and learn of their heritage without fear of persecution. This was in contrast to his own country where the majority of Irish speakers were illiterate and Irish script and literature almost extinct.

It appears that he returned to Ireland in 1830 with three great ambitions: to promote the literary and musical heritage of Ireland; to provide small and inexpensive books of Irish grammar; and to found an Irish College.

From 1830 - 1834 Philip wrote hundreds of letters to Irish scholars and began work on the building of his College entirely at his own expense. It was built in the Gothic style near his own house of Seafield, Bunmahon. A plaque has been erected near by.

The College was officially opened on 1st January, 1835, and the syllabus included reading, writing, mathematics, English, geography, history, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. The courses were initially to be bilingual but would revert to Irish when all the students had mastered the language. Night classes were also run for locals and included agriculture, another area Philip Barron was passionately keen to improve. Generous prizes were offered for the best scholars in each subject. Sadly, the College suddenly closed after only six months.

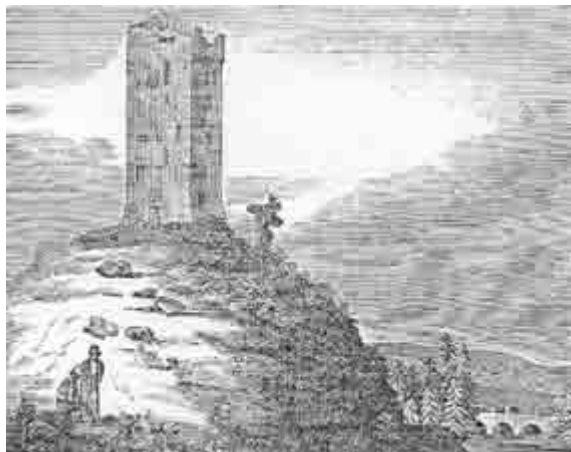
CONNA

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Conna Castle, County of Cork

By unknown author

From The Dublin Penny Journal Vol 3, 1834-1835.



From three to four mile, west of Tallow stands Conna Castle, on a high limestone rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from the river Bride. The exterior of the building is tolerably perfect. It presents a square tower, about eighty feet in height. The first arched floor, called *The Earl's Room*, is accessible by a winding staircase of cut limestone, which, for neatness of execution, far exceeds any I have before seen in the ancient towers of the south. From this room may be seen to the west, a tract of finely diversified country: Immediately under is the village of Conna; a little beyond which seen a rising ground, called *Gallows Hill*, the spot where, we are told, Cromwell stationed his army, and held council for the execution of the defending army, and from whence he battered the castle apparently with little effect. Over the entrance is a covered aperture in the wall, which communicates with the upper room, and is evidently for the purpose of letting fall missiles, or boiling water or lead, on an enemy attempting to force the doorway; this conducting aperture is, with few exceptions, peculiar to the ancients defensive towers, and similarly situated in each. In the river side of the castle is a large square opening, continued from the base to the top, such as mentioned in the description of Lisfinny Castle in a former number of your Journal. Dr. Smith in his history of the county of Cork thus mentions – “A mile west of Maguly is Connough Castle which belongs to Thomas Fitzgerald Roe. It was demised to Sir Richard Boyle by Sir James Fullerton, anno 1603. Near it is a stone bridge over the river Bride. This Castle is a high square tower, built on a steep rock, and commands an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. More west is the small parish church of Knockmourne, in repair, the only remains of an ancient corporation, which was entirely burned down by the white knights, with many other churches and villages, in Desmond's rebellion. A few tattered walls, covered with ivy, now alone remain to show the design of its former site.

DUNGARVAN

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Dungarvan.

By unknown author, unknown source

Dungarvan, as seen from the summit of Cushcam, looks as if rising out of the sea; and it combines with its chequered bay and broken sea-strand, to form, from various points of view, a good subject for the pencil. But both in exterior appearance and interior character, it did not long ago undergo a sweeping ameliorating change. It was edified with wretched houses and hovels, irregular in the alignment of its streets, filthy in its thoroughfares, and without either efficient police, eligible market-place, public water-works, substantial court-house, a bridge of any sort, and almost every other appliance of decency and convenience becoming a corporate and important provincial town. Popular feeling held it in derision; passing travellers laughed or blushed at its indelicacies; and industry forsook its fisheries and trades, and left its population to conflict as hopelessly with poverty as with filth. The Duke of Devonshire, the lord of the manor of Dungarvan, commenced in 1815 to effect reform and renovation; he built a bridge and causeway across the Colligan, erected a handsome street and square, constructed reservoirs for the supply of water, built market-places for fish and meat, contributed to the establishment of schools and medical charities, and gave encouragement and patronage to the revival of trade, the practices of industry, and the general habits of social well-being and comfort. Abbeyside, on the east bank of the Colligan was noticed in its appropriate place. See Abbeyside. The bridge and causeway which connect Dungarvan with that large suburb, and carry across the high road to Waterford, are jointly 1,120 feet in length; and the bridge itself consists of one beautiful arch of 75 feet in span. The new street built by the duke of Devonshire extends south-ward from the end of the causeway, is less than 150 yards in length, and terminates in the square. The rest of the town consists of a street about 750 yards in length, extending westward from the river, and across the south end of the square; a street of about the same length, extending parallel to the former, about 180 yards farther south; and a great number of intermediate and connecting thoroughfares, chiefly alleys and lanes. The town has, on the whole, a rather neat appearance, and acquires finery and consequence from being a summer resort for sea-bathing; yet it is poor in proportion to its population, and makes a melancholy display of small houses, erected for the purpose of qualifying forty-shilling freeholders, and inhabited by fishermen or by persons of varied and precarious means of support.

History

The town acquired both its ancient name of Achad-Garbhan and its modern one of Dungarvan, from its patron saint Garbhan, the alleged founder of its abbey. Its castle was originally built by King John; and its walls seem to have been erected by Thomas, Earl of Desmond, the restorer of the castle. At the outbreaking of the Irish Rebellion of 1641, the town raised the standard of revolt; in March 1642, it was recovered by the Lord President of Munster; soon after its castle was surprised and captured by a party of Irish, who immediately communicated with France, and obtained means of strengthening themselves in their position; in May 1647, it was retaken by Lord Inchiquin, at the head of 1,500 horsemen, and the same number of infantry; and in Dec. 1649, it was besieged by Cromwell, and in a few days, surrendered at discretion. The town gives the title Viscount to the eldest son of Earl of Cork and Orrey.

The Parish of Dungarvan By Uberrima Fides

From *Dungarvan Observer*, 08.12.1984

SITUATION

This parish is situated in the barony of Desies without Drum, in several detached portions; the principal portion of it is bounded on the East by the parish of Clonea, on the North by Kilgobinet, on the South by Ringagouna, and on the West by the parishes of Kilrush and Whitechurch.

NAME

It is generally supposed that the name of this parish owes its origin to St. Garvan, who is supposed to have founded an abbey here in the 7th century, but this is by no means certain, and has been assumed from a conjecture thrown out by Colgan in the life of St. Garvan, at 26 Mart: (*Acta SS.* p 750). It is nowhere stated that the monastery of St. Garvan was called Dun Garvan, and it is not yet proved that Achadh Garvan, the name set down in the Calendars as that of his monastery, is the same with Dungarvan. On this subject the learned Dr. Lanigan has written the following remarks in his *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland*.

"Colgan threw out a conjecture that Achadh Garbhan was perhaps the place now called Dungarvan. Following this conjecture Harris (*Monast*) considers them as one and the same place, and Archdall lays it down as a fact that Garbhan a disciple of Barr, founded an abbey at Dungarvan, although he could not discover any vestige of it. The conjecture itself is very weak: Achadh and Dun have quite different meanings; the one signifies a field and the other a fort; and the town of Dungarvan, in all probability, owes its name not to a monk but to a chieftain". Vol. ii p 315.

At the Abbeyside on the east side of the water and opposite the town, are the ruins of a castle and abbey. According to Lodge and Archdall the abbey was an Augustinian Friary and owed its erection to Thomas Lord Offaley, who was Justiciary of Ireland in the year 1296, and Dr. Smith states that the family of Magrath endowed this house with a castle and some contiguous lands, and that the O'Briens of the Cumberagh, who held the rectorial titles of the parish, were great benefactors to it. (Smith p 89).

This building was much ruined in the last century when Archdall wrote his *Monasticon*, he describes it as follows:-

"This monastery was situated on the other side of the water and opposite to the town. The remaining walls of the church and steeple show it to have been a neat light Gothic building. The steeple is about sixty feet high supported by a curious vault sustained by Ogives passing diagonally from one angle to another and forming a cross with four other arches, which make the sides of the square of the building. The cells occupied a considerable space of ground, and on the North side of the church near the altar is the tomb of Donald Magrath, who was interred here in the year 1400."

Of this monastery only the tower and choir now remain; the space occupied by the cells is now occupied by a modern R.C. chapel. The choir is 45 ft. in length on the inside and 20 ft. in breadth. The east window is nearly disfigured; it was formed of cut sandstone of a brownish colour and was 10 ft in width and about 26 ft in height. The south wall contained three pointed windows formed of cut stone, "but they are now so disfigured that their dimensions and exact characteristics could not be determined.

In the north wall near the N.E. corner is the tomb of Donnell Magrath around the horizontal flag of which now level with the ground, may be traced in very large Gothic letters: "Hic jacet Donaldus Magrath", and the date 1400, but it would take a long time to decypher the entire inscription with certainty. The tower is about 60 ft. in height and consists of four stories; it is supported by a curious vault sustained by Ogives of chiselled lime stone passing diagonally from one angle to another, and forming a cross with four other arches, which make the sides of the square of the building. This vault or archway is 22 ft by 9 ft 6 ins and 13 ft in height from the present level of the floor. The west arch communicates with the modern chapel, which, contrary to the usage of all antiquity is placed north and south. The nave of this building has entirely disappeared. The walls of the choir are 3ft in thickness and about 18" ft in height and built of hammered lime stone in rather a coarse style. There is a very large grave yard much used as a cemetery at present.

About 150 paces to the north of this abbey stands the castle which is mentioned above as granted by Magrath to the abbey. It is a lofty square building measuring on the outside 38 ft from east to west and 31 ft 6 ins from north to south and its walls are well grouted and 8 ft in thickness; it is six stories high and had two stone arches supporting two of its floors. The quoin stones are chiselled sand stones, and all its windows are narrow and quadrangular and formed of chiselled sand stone. Its east side is destroyed to the ground, but the other sides are in good preservation and not less than 90 ft. in height.

Opposite the protestant Church of Dungarvan is the west gable of some large building, now called the old church by the natives, but I am of opinion that this is a part of the Leperhouse mentioned by Archdall. The part of this gable remaining contains five circular windows each 10 inches in diameter on the outside

and constructed of cut stone; it is 29 ft long and 3 ft thick and about 30 ft high and constructed of hammered stones well grouted.

The large castle of Dungarvan is said to have been built originally by King John but its presents all the appearance of having been after remodelled and repaired since. This fortification, which was repaired in 1463 by Thomas Earl of Desmond, is situated within the entrance of the harbour of Dungarvan, and consisted of a castle placed in the interior of an oblong fort, which was regularly fortified and mounted with cannon, and was protected by circular towers at the angles.

The external defence is approached by a narrow passage between two battlemented walls, at the extremity of which is the entrance or keep, a narrow towerlike building, flanked on each side by circular castles. The gateway, which is very narrow, opens into a small quadrangular space, from which there are recesses opening into the massy walls. The interior building or castle was elevated some feet above the external fortifications, and was in itself capable of resisting an attack, even after the loss of the out-works. See Ryland's History of Waterford pp 306, 307.

In the townland of Cloncoskeran in this parish about 2 miles N.E. of the town of Dungarvan stands on low marshy ground the ruin of the castle of Cloncoskeran. Only 24 ft of the length of the north side 10 ft of the west side connected with it and 10 ft of the south side remain up to the height of about 45 ft. The walls are grouted 4 ft in thickness and built of hammered stones in rather a rude style of masonry. Its doorway and all its windows are entirely disfigured.

It is said that this castle was built by a gentleman called Builtearach Dubh, who had more sense than all the men in the Decies put together.

The Picture Palace By Tobin, Tom

From *Dungarvan Observer*, 14.08.1986.

The memories came rushing back as I strolled along the banks of the Colligan River which divides the "Old Boro" of Dungarvan and Abbeyside on the Waterford coast. I was wondering what became of the great silver screen that filled my young mind with adventure and hope close on 50 years ago.

It would look good to be able to say that I found the answer but I failed. It all happened so long ago and no one could be sure anymore. I was gazing at what was left of the old cinema - and remembering.

The long warehouse standing in front of me looked drab and insignificant but in my mind I saw it as the colourful Picture Palace that Dan Crotty built in the dawn of the century.

I remembered the long canopy with its 100 bulbs that lit up in yellow, green, red and blue. It was here we queued for the generous allocation of fourpenny seats, which were in fact, nothing more than timber benches without backs. The eight-penny seats were a lot more comfortable. They had backrests. The soft seats at the back were expensive at one shilling and fourpence. These were the days before World War II when life seemed simple. Our major concern was to raise the fourpence needed to get to "the pictures." It was so important that we should not miss an episode of those gripping serials where both the hero and the heroine were always in "fierce trouble" at the end of the showing. And there was no way we could miss the "big picture." All too often we could not earn the fourpence needed. In fact, it was never easy. Nevertheless, we usually managed to "get in." ***Picture: Dungarvan in the early "fifties"***



The risks were not to be disregarded and apart from getting nabbed in the act there was real danger in our methods. A sliding window to the extreme right of the screen was blacked out during the filmshow and could be pushed open quite easily. But to reach it was a real test of nerves.

We had to slip through a side-door into Dan Crotty's garage beside the cinema and if we were lucky enough to reach the other side of the garage we were faced with the most dangerous test of all. We had to slide inch by inch across a ledge less than a foot wide and eight to ten feet above the

running waters of the Colligan with nothing to grab but the fingertip joint where the cement wall of the building was overlapped by sheets of galvanised iron.

To slip into the river could well have been fatal because of the powerful currents that sweep by the cinema and beneath the nearby Abbeyside Bridge. The ordeal of getting through the window was something else. It had to be done at a prearranged signal -two quick taps and all was well. To put this another way the dread of our youth as filmgoers was the man in the dark red uniform who patrolled outside as well as inside. His job was to, maintain control in the queue outside and silence among the crowd inside.

Our entry was always quick, silent and, of course, a tremendous relief. We were never caught and the old sailor who regularly tapped out the "all clear" took our secret to the grave. Inside, we didn't worry about the kind of seat we had. Everything was fine once we could watch that silver screen. The cartoons, the "shorts" and, particularly, *Movietone News* kept us keyed up, but we lived every second of the "big picture."

My favourites included Tom Mix, the Cisco Kid, the Dead End Kids and Hopalong Cassidy, but a film made in 1938, which I saw in Dungarvan at the beginning of World War II, turned me into a fanatic where aeroplane pictures were concerned. The film was called *Test Pilot*, and starred Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and Myrna Loy.

I did have a keen interest in aviation and the great opportunities that would be offered by the full development of the infant commercial aviation. This had its beginning in the summer of 1933 when Sir Alan Cobham walked me across Egan's Field on the outskirts of Dungarvan to see his aeroplanes of the famous flying circus.

I had the privilege of meeting him, thanks to my parents friendship with Sir Alan, who was a daring pilot seeking what he believed in and risking life and limb to display the potential of flying to all those who were brave enough to fly with him aboard his "Luxurious airliner" on a sight-seeing trip that cost seven shillings and sixpence. I flew with him in that "airliner" but it was not my first flight. Earlier that same day in 1933, Sir Alan Cobham took off on one of his two-seater aircraft on a flight over the Waterford coastline when I was his passenger with the wind whistling through my hair. He was my real-life test pilot five or six years before I saw the film.

As some of us "young fellas" grew a little more mature our attention focussed on the beauty and the shapes of such lovelies as Hedy Lamar", Betty Grable, Ann Sheridan and Esther Williams. It was about this time we were noticing the girls on our own doorsteps. We started polishing up our appearance. We even

used Brylcreem on the hair. The effort was worthwhile in every respect except one - two seats in the cinema cost two shillings and eight pence.

The "Emergency" years came to Ireland with World War II. Some of our crowd were old enough to enlist in the Irish army, some joined the local Defence Force or the Red Cross and others "went away." The beginning of the "scattering" could be seen in the attendance at the cinema.

The scene was changing. Tragedies of the silver screen had moved down amongst us and the empty seats were a testimony to those who had stepped into the bitter realities of a world at war.

Very few of the emigrants returned, and far too many rest in war-graves throughout Europe and even in the Far East. I returned, but found changes that penetrated my heart. The old Picture Palace was closed, heavy chains fastened its doors, no photographs of the stars to be seen on the "Coming Attractions" boards. A new cinema had taken its place.

I moved on to Shannon Airport when my work as a journalist introduced me to some of the stars of the Picture Palace, including George Sanders, Charlie Chaplain, Fred Astaire, John Wayne and Edward G. Robinson.

Walking away towards Abbeyside Bridge I remembered a saying I heard from an old Tipperary shoemaker at Shannon Airport as he was waiting to board the Aer Lingus Jumbo to

New York following a holiday in Ireland, "I thought I wanted to go back to a place. But, I found that I wanted to go back to a time. And, here was the impossible dream."

Are you ready for Le Tour?

By unknown author

From Christmas Times, Vol 3, 1997.

When people wonder what the tangible benefits of International sporting success can be, it is sometimes very difficult to be able to quantify the beneficial effects of high quality exposure on foreign television at peak viewing times, or the more abstract depiction of Ireland as a modern, progressive first world country, across billions of screens from Valentia to Vancouver and from Timbuctoo to Tokyo.

The exposure-generated by successive Eurovision Song Contests must have brought in many extra tourists and we know that the increase in the Italian visitors hip to this country after Italia '90 was also very high, purely because of the friendliness and courtesy, of the Irish soccer fans abroad. When Sean Kelly and Stephen Roche were dominating the European Cycling circuit, there was a great focus on Ireland throughout the season and quite a few Europeans must have been tempted to sample the delights of the most westerly country of the EC.

Next year however, there will be no doubt about the benefits to tourism of having household names in a particular sport, when one of the most famous, one of the best supported and one of the most lucrative sporting events in the world, arrives on our very shores.

Not everyone may yet realise that *Le Tour de France* will start in Ireland next year, or understand just, what the many benefits will be to our little country, but by the evening of 11th July next just about everyone will have been made fully aware of how carnival an atmosphere Le Tour can generate and how dedicated the French public can be to an event as uniquely Gallic as the Eiffel Tower itself.

For three days Ireland will be in the grip of Tour fever and while we may not have Sean Kelly or anyone of his calibre to cheer on in the race itself we will be as steeped in the trappings of the event as we were on those warm and sultry evenings of Italia 90 when life in our cities, towns and villages ground to a halt when the Irish Soccer Team took to the field.

We will all be experts in French cuisine, know an about leading riders; peletons and domestiques and we might even brush up on our smattering of student French, if our school-days were in the not too distant past.

On July 11th next, the fifteen kilometre cavalcade of cars, vans, coaches and support vehicles, will roll through Dungarvan en route from Enniscorthy to Cork, having passed through Carrick-on-Suir, the one town which was always destined to be on the route of the Tour when it finally arrived in Ireland. The Suirside town, is the de facto cycling capital of Ireland and home to one of the most revered men in the history continental cycling, Sean Kelly.

But by then, the event will be almost over and

people will be starting to 'come down' from the high which will have been generated by the greatest sporting spectacle ever witnessed in this country. **Picture: The Sweep Hill, Dungarvan, where all the action will be, Including a "King of the Mountains' Prize". Photo: Kevin Dwyer, permission Waterford Co. Co.**



CHr. Austin Flynn, Cathaoirleach of Dungarvan Urban District Council on whose shoulders much of the effort of at least motivating the population will rest, is enthusiastic about the prospect of thousands of visitors descending on the town, potentially for the whole weekend of the Tour.

"Dungarvan is poised to reap great rewards from this event", he says, with the enthusiasm of someone who has already thought through the sequence of events which can bring the town of Dungarvan and the scenic spots of the County to the notice of a huge world-wide audience.

"We in the Urban Council will have to give a very positive lead to those organisations, groups and individuals who are best placed to prepare the town for the Tour and to have it

looking its sparkling best. A chance like this comes just once in a lifetime and it is up to everyone to see that the town makes the best use of the opportunity"

Leo O'Donnell, Director of Dungarvan Chamber of Commerce and Industry who has already prepared the first draft of the plan for how Dungarvan will capitalise on this opportunity for mid-summer bonanza also has his preliminary homework done.

"Because this never happened here before," he says, "people do not realise the magnitude of the event. If you thought you saw crowds follow the Nissan Classic in the halcyon years of Irish cycling, then you've seen nothing yet."

"Our plan is to have music, colour, excitement and gaiety in the streets of the town all through the three days of the Tour", he says enthusiastically. "We envisage a real carnival event, the like of which people have never seen before. There will be visitors from all over Ireland, not to mention the overseas visitors who will take at least some of their holidays to coincide with this unique part of the Tour. If we cannot generate the excitement for the second weekend in July, then we will never have such a good opportunity in the future.

The potential is there to be tapped and we have been working with the other interested parties for quite some time now to see how best we can make this opportunity work for us."

The other interests include the local authorities, Gardai, media, tourism, commercial bodies and representatives of the sport of cycling. So far, their activities have been mainly behind the scenes, but they have already learned at first hand how towns the size of Dungarvan can capitalise on the huge business opportunity being presented. The details will be made public in good time, but even now, businesses and individuals should be planning their own strategies and being aware of the rewards they could reap, regardless of what the summer weather will be like.

FÊTE DE DUNGARVAN - Brochure on events surrounding and leading up to the Tour De France when it came to Ireland 13.07.1998.
By Dungarvan Tourist Office & County Waterford Arts Office.



FÊTE DE DUNGARBHÁN
 Co. Phoirt Láirne
 Thursday 19th July to Monday 23rd July 1998
"HOME OF THE CYCLE RACE"
 DUNGARVAN
 Ireland's Cycling Capital - The Heart of the Tour de France

DE LUAIN 16TH

Tour route A25 closed between 8.30am and 3.30pm. Come Early!

GRATYAN SQUARE WELCOMES "LE TOUR"

11.00.00hrs Live Entertainment including
 Dungarvan Brass Band, Dungarvan Freshing Set, The Butcher's Band, Paddy O'Brien and his band,
 Modeligo Figure Dancers and Julie's Set, Comeragh Ceolais, Aine W. Ceolaghaigh and Clara Durns.

11.56 - "LE TOUR" CAVALCADE
 Colourful Tour Entourage a sight not to be missed!

12.56 - "LE TOUR DE FRANCE 1998"
 Family Entertainment, Face Painting, Balloons, Street Entertainment all day.

For Extensions plus Entertainment in featured Hotels, many Restaurants to full of tables!

98 LE TOUR DE FRANCE

DUNGARVAN, HOME OF THE CYCLE RACE

Dungarvan is the place to be for the Tour de France Festivities
 Big Live Entertainment all day on Grattan Square and a Challenge Race to Done!

As a historic town Dungarvan has a long tradition of being a cycling town. The town centre has long been a cycling hub, with the town being the starting point for the Tour de France in 1998. The town is also home to the Dungarvan Cycling Club, which has a long history of producing professional cyclists.

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ONGOING EVENTS

19th July 1998
 Dungarvan Museum Society
 14 Hours of Cycling in Dungarvan - 19th July 1998
 At Grattan Square, 10.00am - 10.00pm, Dungarvan

20th July 1998
 ICA Art on Tour '98 Exhibition - Dungarvan
 10.00am - 10.00pm, Grattan Square, Dungarvan

21st July 1998
 Le Tour Young People Art Exhibition
 10.00am - 10.00pm, Grattan Square, Dungarvan

22nd July 1998
 Dungarvan Golf Club Open Evening
 7.00pm - 10.00pm, Dungarvan

23rd July 1998
 West Waterford Golf Club Open for de France Weekend
 10.00am - 10.00pm, Dungarvan

24th July 1998
 Dungarvan River Club "Festival of Rivers"
 10.00am - 10.00pm, Dungarvan

Improvements in Dungarvan By unknown author

From *The Dublin Builder*, 01.12.1863

During the last ten years few town of its size has made such rapid strides towards improvement as the old watering place of Dungarvan. The progress which street architecture has been making amongst us of late years, we are happy to say, is in a right direction. Scarcely a month passes over, but we witness some new public office or place or mercantile business, adding materially to the beauty of the town. The old dingy shops, furnished with windows calculated to give the smallest possible amount of light, are fast disappearing. Plate glass windows take the places of murky little panes, and convey light, sunshine and cheerfulness into apartments, where, heretofore, the rays of the sun were so parsimoniously economised as to do little more than to "make darkness visible." Amongst the new buildings erected may be mentioned the Town Hall, a magnificent structure, with granite front and plate glass windows the large room of which is intended for public entertainments, such as lectures, concerts, &c., and though not entirely finished is a splendid apartment. One of the basement storeys is at present used as a telegraph office, for which it is admirably adapted. A public reading-room is about being opened in the town for the use of the merchants, traders and shop-keepers, to be supported by an annual subscription or one pound from each member. It is also in contemplation to establish a Farming Society, to be called the Dungarvan Union Farming Society. Gas works have lately been established, and the town is very well lighted, there being no less than sixty lamps erected in the principal streets, a large number for a town like Dungarvan; and during the last session of parliament, a bill was passed authorising the Town Commissioners to act as Harbour Commissioners, and empowering them to borrow a sum of money for the purpose of deepening and removing obstructions in the harbour, the necessary works of which will be commenced next Spring. A short time since a beautiful edifice was erected as an office for the National Bank, which bestows much credit on that prosperous establishment. This office is one of the most perfect things in its way that we have had the good fortune to see in a country town. As to private enterprise in Dungarvan, generally speaking, the principal business establishments will stand comparison in beauty, showy appearance, and comfort or internal arrangements with those of similar establishments in any provincial town in Ireland. There are a steam-mill, two breweries, two convents, a Christian Brother's school, and though last not least, in a commercial point of view, a printing office has been established, and a very tastefully got up stationer's shop, a want long felt in such a business and rising town as Dungarvan. Very few towns like Dungarvan possess so fine a brewery as that of Mr. J.R. Dower's J.P., and every stranger passing must have been struck with the artistic taste displayed on the exterior of the entrance as well as with the evidence of enterprise and spirit presented by a visit to the interior; indeed, if there were a few more spirited men like the worthy proprietor, Dungarvan would shortly become one of the leading provincial towns in the south of Ireland.- *Freeman.* -)

Abandonment of Waterford / Dungarvan Railway Line

By unknown author

From Dungarvan Observer 13.11.19??

Brian Cowen T.D., Minister for Transport, Energy and Communications wrote to Deputy Austin Deasy concerning proposals by the Fishguard and Rosslare Railways and Harbours Board to abandon part of the Dungarvan/Waterford line.

I have been in touch with the Chairman of CIE concerning the issues raised in your letter. I have been informed that the Dungarvan/Waterford line closed to passenger traffic during the 1960's and that all traffic ceased on the line in 1975. I understand that the segment of the line which is the subject of the Abandonment Notice is the property of the Fishguard Railways and Harbours Company. Under existing legislation, notice of the Board's intention to abandon the line must be published at least one month prior to the making of the Abandonment Order. Having issued the Notice of Intention to abandon the line, the Board of the Fishguard and Rosslare Railways and Harbours Company will consider any responsibilities made about the abandonment of the line, prior to taking a decision in the matter. Representations concerning the line should be forwarded to Mr Brian Dowling, Company Secretary Coras Iompair Eireann, Heuston Station, Dublin 8 who will arrange to bring them to the attention of the Board of the Fishguard and Rosslare Railways and Harbours Company.

I have been informed by the Chairman of CIE that the decision by the Fishguard and Rosslare Railways and Harbours Company to post the Notice of Intention to abandon the line was made with the agreement of the Boards of Iarnrod Eireann and CIE. The question of providing services on the line or the disposal of the property is under the Transport Acts, a matter for the Board and Management of CIE and I have no statutory function in the matter.

Deputy Austin Deasy asked the Minister for Agriculture, Food and Forestry when a final report from the appeals committee set up to examine and make recommendations on application for inclusion in the disadvantaged areas scheme on appeal will be made available.

Reply - Following a detailed analysis of appeals received the Disadvantaged Areas Appeals

Panel have presented to me its recommendations on the areas to be included in the Disadvantaged Areas. Shortly, the Government will be asked to make proposals based on the Panel's recommendations for submission to the EC Commission. If the Commission accepts the Government's submission, it will make a detailed proposal to the Council which must consult the European Parliament before making the final decision. This procedure is expected to take at least six months at the end of which a list of the new town lands to be included in the disadvantaged areas will be published by the Commission.

Gallows Hill; The origins of Norman Dungarvan Published by Dungarvan Museum Society

GALLOWSHILL DUNGARVAN:

A REPORT ON THE SITE AND RECENT FINDS:-

By Ciaran M. Tracey.

PREFACE:



Development work commenced on land in this townland and the adjoining townland of Spring (Marquis) on 3rd September, 1982. The development site, outlined on Map No. 1, is in the ownership of Dungarvan Urban District Council. The works consist of the provision of infrastructural services to enable the development of the site for Private, Local Authority and Co-operative Housing. The Co-operative Housing is the proposed first phase of this development. The basic outline of this housing layout is shown on Map No.2.

These development works have given rise to some concern as it appeared that the development works would obliterate an existing feature, discernible both on the ground and from aerial photographs, which appeared to be associated with the tumulus at Gallowshill.

The author visited the site on 6th September, 1982 and, with the consent of the Town Clerk of the Urban District Council, had the spoil from the excavation for the road and trunk sewer deposited so as to avoid damage to the feature already mentioned. The evening of the same day the author re-visited the site and noticed a large area of black-burnt clay. On examination this would appear to be spoil from a

smelting operation where the clay was burnt in the smelting process. This discovery led to further examination of the excavation spoil heaps on the site and produced a large quantity of pottery-shards and other finds. The site was again visited by the author, accompanied by Mr. Jim Shine, a fellow committee member of the Dungarvan Museum Society, on the morning of the 7th September, 1982. The spoil heaps were again scanned and a good quantity of finds made. From time to time, through the willing assistance of Mr. Joe Conway, Clerk of Works on the site, a great deal of material was salvaged. These finds will be fully described in a later part of this paper.

TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION: -

"Gallowshill" is both the name of the townland and the name ascribed to the earthen mound/tumulus from which presumably this townland gets its name. The features on the site consist of a mound surrounded by a discernible ditch, an elevated area to the south west of the mound and a ridge running north-south just west of the elevated area already mentioned. This ridge runs the full length of the site.

John O'Donovan writing on 23rd June 1841 states:-

"In the townland of Gallowshill in this parish (Kilrush) there is a moat about 180 yards in circumference at the base and 25 ft. high on which malefactors were formerly executed".

O'Donovan does not designate the feature to any given period.

LITERARY REVIEW:

The literature relating to this feature is quite limited. Dr. Charles Smith writing in the mid 18th century stated:-

"One of this kind (dun) is situated near the town of Dungarvan, to the west of that place, near the high road, and is composed of a yellow clay, dug out of the ditch which surrounds it. I had the curiosity to bore this mound; with augurs on the top, and found it hollow towards the bottom; but made no further discoveries".

Rev. Dr. Ryland writing in 1824 relied heavily on Dr. Smith's account and had no further enlightening comment to make regarding the Gallowshill feature.

Samuel Lewis writing in 1837 is not very clear in his description of this feature when writing on Dungarvan in his Topographical Dictionary of Ireland. Firstly he states:-

"To the west of the town is Cromwell's mound, supposed to have been thrown up by his forces while besieging the town".

Later on in his account he states:-

"To the west of the town is a large barrow surround by a fosse".

Which of these statements relates to the Gallowshill?

To deal with the latter quotation first:- It is unlikely that this quotation deals with the Gallowshill site. I base this on the fact that O'Donovan writing 4 years later makes no reference to a fosse being evident on site. It is more likely that Lewis's description relates to an existing earthworks at Luskanargid. From a preliminary examination of this earthwork there is some evidence that this feature includes a fosse. Is the Gallowshill therefore "Cromwell's Mound"? If so this would date the mound to just prior to the 4th December, 1649. Lewis was probably referring to Gallowshill when he referred to it as Cromwell's Mound but if he was mistaken. I base this on a number of points. Firstly, Smith writing just over 100 years after the event of Cromwell's entry into Dungarvan makes no reference to Cromwell building the mound. This event, if true, would still live in the folk memory. Secondly, the elevated area just west of the mound, described in paragraph 4 is probably the outline of a Bailey relating to the mound while in use as a Norman Motte. In addition to this Lewis himself, with the use of the word "supposed" indicates the tentative nature of his ascertainment.

John O'Donovan as already quoted described the state of the mound in June, 1841.

He also referred the reader further to his letter on the parish of Kilbixy, County Westmeath for notices of a similar feature, but does not otherwise ascribe an origin to the feature.

Mr. M. P. Egan, writing in 1894 again relies heavily on Smith's history; and states:-

"The tumulus:- On Gallowshill a dun, fort or tumulus exists, which is somewhat like the Sheanoon in Dunmore. Smith considered it hollow inside and that it was a sepulchre. It is probable that from this ancient dun, or fort Dungarvan was so called. If it be hollow inside it then belongs to the class called chambered raths, but the theory of it being the dun or stronghold from which Dungarvan took its name would do away with the theory that it was merely a sepulchre"

It is interesting that Egan compares the Gallowshill tumulus with the Sheanoon in Dunmore East. The Dunmore feature is a promontory fort. However, *in* addition to designating *it* as a "Celtic Fort" Egan relates:-

"Sheanoon seems to be a corruption of the Irish word seanuaig, "old grave". Edmond Keohan writing in 1924 states:-

"On the Shandon side of Dungarvan there *is* a large tumulus which is supposed to be the tomb of some ancient warrior".

Keohan, though not referring directly to Lewis, dismisses the claim that Cromwell was responsible for the raising of the mound. He relates that members of the Waterford Archaeological Society visited the site "about the year 1900" and decided to make a boring but no action was subsequently taken". Keohan also relates to Smith's investigation of the site and sees this as bearing out the supposition that *it* is the grave of "some Irish chief".

The final commentary on the site found by the author *is* from Rev. Canon Power's

"The Place Names of Decies". To quote:-

"Gallowshill, Leacht Mor -"Great Grave Mound" the name giving mound still survives. Its name suggests that the monument is pre-historic of New grange or Old Castle type and not a Norman Motte".

THE GENESIS OF THE FIELD MONUMENT.

Which of the commentators are correct? Firstly, save Lewis, there would appear to be a consensus among the other commentators that the mound is a burial mound of some sort.

There seems to be some difference of opinion however as to which type of burial mound Gallowshill is. Firstly based on the Irish form of the place name Power is of the opinion that it is a passage grave. Dr. Michael Herity however in his book on Irish Passage Graves does not ascribe this kind of passage grave to County Waterford. A recognised group of passage graves "The Tramore Scilly Group" exists in County Waterford, the Harris town Tomb, near Dunmore East being an excavated sample. Power's place name evidence, while being supported by Egan's reference to "Sheanoon" may be questioned. Firstly: could "Leacht More" not in fact be "Leach Mor" i.e. the large stone. This may relate to a standing stone in the adjoining field. (in the townland of Spring Marquis). In listing the townlands in the parish of Dungarvan, Canon Power makes no reference to the townland of Lough-More. This townland lies just south of the townland of Gallowshill and knits in neatly with the latter townland. Could this townland and Gallowshill, have formed a single townland at one time and could Lough-More be a corruption of the Irish "Leach Mor"? These questions need answering and leaves Power's placename evidence less useful than one might think on first examination.

Egan, who in a sense uses placename evidence, sees this evidence as contradicting the possibility of the site being a burial mound. In this, the author feels Egan was mistaken. Using placename evidence, the rows of housing north east of Gallowshill on the main road to Cappoquin is known as Shandon. This is a sub-denomination within the townland of Fairlane and is quite distinct from the townland of Shandon, which

lies to the north of Fairlane. The sub-denomination Shandon or Sean Dun, (The old fort) probably derives its name from Gallowshill. Egan classified the mound as a burial mound of the "chambered rath" kind. This would conform with Power's classification of the mound as a passage grave. Egan bases his classification on the boring carried out by Dr. Smith. The author contends however that Egan was incorrect to do so. Based on Dr. Smith's own testimony he bored with an augur from the top until he encountered a hollow. In the event of there being a chambered tomb within the mound, the augur would be unlikely to penetrate its corbeled roof or capstone. Thus Dr. Smith's evidence, if it is to be taken as correct, does not support a theory of solid chamber construction. Egan's assessment of Gallowshill is therefore of little use.

Keohan refers to the mound as being of a type commonly found in Ireland and relates that those which have been explored were found to contain urns. This cannot be taken as a clear classification and his account is more in the nature of folklore than history.

Dr. Smith's evidence, as a source of primary evidence, relating to the mound, is widely used by all subsequent commentators. How useful is this evidence? There would seem to be two aspects of Smith's account that bear questioning. Firstly how did the augur penetrate the roof of the chamber? Such a roof would be necessary in order to create the "hollo", encountered. Secondly, how did Smith himself determine the hollowness of the area encountered? These two unanswered questions would indicate that Smith's evidence, the only primary evidence to date, is of doubtful value.

THE ORIGINS OF GALLOWSHILL AND ITS RELATED FEATURES:

There is little evidence to support the theory that this mound pre-dates the Norman period. The only claim of examining this mound internally comes from Dr. Smith. This evidence as already discussed previously would appear to be of little value. The place-name evidence of Canon Power, because of the brevity of its references, may have shortcomings. It is however supportive in its nature of the theory. That the mound was fused as a Norman Motte and Bailey has received wide acceptance. In the listing of items of archaeological interest compiled on behalf of the Urban District Council by the Conservation and Amenity Advisory Service (C.A.A.S.) of An Foras Forbartha, Gallowshill is listed as a Norman Motte and Bailey. An elevated area south west of the mound is the most likely location of the Bailey. This area is quite distinct from the surrounding ground in that (a) it is elevated over the surrounding ground indicating a possible build up of habitational deposits and (b) the vegetation is quite distinct indicating that the soil type (resulting from such deposits) is distinct from the adjoining soil.

The fact that the Normans initially sited their stronghold on Gallowshill while subsequently developing the Castle and walled town of Dungarvan a distance of a half a mile away, would tend to support the theory that the mound existed prior to their arrival. The Normans were military opportunists and would use a ready made mound, if convenient, to site their Motte rather than throw up a new one. The strategic advantages available by siting the fort on Gallowshill would have been obvious to the Normans.

From Gallowshill the Normans would have control over two sources of fresh water supply and defended the "peninsula" on which the Normans later developed the seaport of Dungarvan.

It is therefore the opinion of the author that Gallowshill is not just a Norman Motte and Bailey but pre-dates the incursion of the Normans. By how much it pre-dates the arrival of the Normans, the author is not prepared to speculate, but simply to quote the Rev. Canon Power "only excavation can settle the matter". It was hoped that some of the recent finds would have thrown some light on the question. The author found a shaped stone, illustrated in plate 1. along with a number of flint particles. From the shape of the stone it was hoped that a neolithic date could be ascribed to the site. However, on examination by staff of the National Museum, the stone was deemed to have been shaped by water rolling rather than human endeavour. The third feature within the townland of Gallowshill is the ridge running north-south just west of the Bailey. What is this feature? The author suggests that this may be part of a defensive rampart. This rampart cuts across the "front" of the Bailey. Its position and its relationship with the Bailey would support the theory that it is an early defence line. While the ridge is only visible in the same field as the mound it runs into the existing field pattern to the north and to the south. Following this field pattern it is possible to see how this rampart could have extended northwards to Shandon td. and southwards to Curraheen Commons td. Both these townlands would have been tidally flooded in Norman times and as marsh areas would have formed formidable obstacles to and defences against any approaching enemy. The erection of a rampart, linking these two areas (which are a little over a $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile apart) would have the effect of creating a promontory fort of the area to the west of the rampart. This defensive line would also have resulted in the enclosure of one of the available fresh water supplies. The question of a secure water supply is critical to any defence situation. There was no fresh water supply available any nearer to the Castle and walled town.

Keohan writes extensively about the water supply problem and gives account of effort in the 16th and 18th century to provide the Castle with a supply. The extended use of the Motte and Bailey, beyond in fact the

completion of the Castle, in order to secure the Castle's water supply is highly likely. This, could in turn have led to the strengthening of the vanguard defences of the town with the erection of a defensive line.



During the recent development works this feature was mechanically excavated at the southern end of the site in the course of construction of a retaining wall, the ground level in the site being significantly higher than the adjoining road level. The author examined this cut, however due to adverse weather no stratification was discernible. Could this ridge be simply an old field boundary? The author examined the 1840 edition of the Ordnance Survey 6" sheet of the area. No boundary fence existed in this location at the time of that survey. Also the ridge is only 50 yards approximately from the next nearest field boundary. The narrowness of this interval is out of character with the intervals in adjoining fields. These two points would support the theory that the ridge is not a field boundary fence but a defensive rampart. As with the origins of the mound, however the origins and nature of this ridge must await excavation. Further opportunity to examine this feature may arise in the event of the two access roads, to service the proposed Local Authority Housing Scheme, being developed.

THE RECENT FINDS:

The datable finds from the site span the period between the 13th century and the early 20th century. These finds were retrieved from the spoil heaps already described in the preface.

It should be borne in mind that these finds were retrieved from an area of the development site which was least likely to be productive of archaeological remains. The area from which the spoil was excavated is shown on Map 11. The 13th/14th century pot-shard was found in the area closest to the Bailey. It was notable that as one moved along the spoil heaps associated with the servicing of the "spur" roads the density of finds decreased. The reader's attention is drawn to the fact that these objects were collected out of "context" but would appear to indicate that there was little activity in the area during the 15th and 16th centuries. How late the Norman Motte and Bailey was used cannot be established from these finds.

Schedule No.1 outlines the type, description and date of the finds. Those which are illustrated in this paper are noted.

SCHEDULE I

	TYPE	DESCRIPTION	DATES	ILLUSTRATED
	Potshard	Strap handle – slightly glazed	13 th / 14 th Cent	Plate I
	“	Tim – slip ware	17 th 18 th Cent	
	Potshards	25 Fragments Brownware	17 th / 18 th Cent	
	“	5 rim fragments “	“	
	“	1 base fragments “	“	
	“	3 from same vessel Staffordshire or North Midlands ware	17 th /19 th Cent	
	“	3 fragments Blackwares 2 rim fragments	17 th 20 th Cent	
	Potshard	Fragment Stoneware Possibly German	18 th 19 th Cent	
	Potshards	2 fragments Salt Glazed – Cream ware.		

	1 fragment decorated 1 rim fragment 2 rim fragments decorated 1 base fragment 3 base fragments decorated	19 th Cent	
Clay Pipe	Bowl & Stem fragment	1670's	Plate II
“	Bowl, without leg no stem 2 Bowls with leg, no stem 2 Bowls, without leg decorated, no stem	1800-1900 “ “	“ “ Plate I Plate II
“	1 Stem Fragment, decorated possibly Dutch	19 th Cent	Plate I
“	3 stem frags – Mouthpieces 18 stem frags – Centres 5 bowl frag. Decorated 1 Bowl frag. Decorated 1 leg frag. Decorated	“ “ “	
Animal Bones	8 frags of bone 1 frag of bone with crude butchery marks 2 animal teeth – heavily worn	uncertain date	
Iron	6 pieces of Iron – heavily oxidised	“	
Glass	5 wine bottle fragments	“	

CONCLUSION:

The origins of Gallowshill and its associated features still remains to be determined. Whether this mound is a passage grave or some other form of burial place can only be determined by archaeological excavation. As the first Norman fortification in the Dungarvan area, Gallowshill played an important part in the development of the modern Dungarvan. The associated features, on excavation may enlighten us as to the early phases of the development process through which Dungarvan passed.

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Dungarvan's Seafaring Folk By John M. Young

From *Dungarvan Observer*, 29.09.1984.

Once Dungarvan had a thriving business in exports of every description from every quarter of the town, but today the import and export business is done by very large enterprises such as Waterford Co-op, Dungarvan Crystal, Stafford Miller and Dungarvan Leathers.

Now and again the Quayside takes on an image of the past when we see a ship unloading raw material for Waterford Co-op, or the Glass Factory. But this scene is now becoming all too seldom.



Dungarvan Quayside at the turn of the Century.

Towards the last quarter of the last century and *up* as far as the 1950s the port of Dungarvan was thronged with vessels from many nations. Amongst these vessels could be seen the pride of the local fleets.

Many local firms found it very prudent to own their own ships as well as acting as forwarding agents for the large volume of trade which took place from and to Dungarvan. Grain, timber, coal, pit props for the mines of Wales were the mainstay of this trade with England.

Dungarvan men and Schooners were well-known (along the Welsh seaboard. Docks such as Barry, Newport, Bristol, Lydney, Cardiff, Milford Haven, Pembroke, other ports of call being Garston, Runcorn, Swansea. Portsmouth, Southampton and Birkenhead were frequently visited.

A LOVE FOR THEIR HOMETOWN

Most of our seagoing community who left to sail before the mast as boys of fourteen or fifteen always found a longing to come home to meet family and friends. When the seamen came home they would regale their companions with stories to raise the hair on one's head

A lot of these yarns were made *up*, but unfortunately some of these tales were true, especially those who went round the Horn in Wind-jammers. Many saw strange events as they approached the Horn and never wished to relate them to anyone.

But now and again around a fireside in Abbeyside or Dungarvan on a stormy Winter's night, a story would begin to unfold of a fearful trip that took place at sea. The strange story of the Windjammer, the "Usk" is often told.

The "Usk" was trading from Newport to Valparaiso, South America, with a cargo of coal. The captain, Digby Mathias, who was a very religious man and who would never leave port on a Sunday as he said it was the Lord's day of rest and likewise for himself and his crew.

In March, 1860, the "Usk" was approaching the Horn and battling through sixty foot waves or "Greybeards" as the old sailors called them. Suddenly one morning the captain came on deck and announced to the mate to *put* the ship back to port. The mate tried everything possible to make the skipper change his mind, but to no avail and was forced to obey.

Captain Digby Mathias declared that he would clap anyone who disobeyed his order in irons. So slowly the "Usk" was turned for home. The mate asked the captain why he was returning home and the Captain replied that he had had a vision from God that his ship was doomed by fire unless he turned back.

STRANGE SIGHT AT NEWPORT

One fine morning in July 1860, there was great excitement at the old Pierhead when the familiar sight of the "Usk" appeared. Nobody could believe that she was back as she should have been in South America. Upon docking the owners sent for Captain Mathias to ascertain the reason for his early return.

When they interviewed him he informed the amazed owners that his vision from God revealed that his ship was doomed from fire. He was relieved of his post with a recommendation that his eyesight be tested. He retired home to Pembrokeshire and regarded this vision as a warning to give *up* a life at sea.

The ship's owners decided to check if the cargo of coal was heating due to its long sojourn in the hold of the "Usk". They discharged it onto the Quayside and left it there for fourteen days.

Again it was loaded into the hold of the "Usk" and a new Captain put in charge. The odd part of this story started to unfold when the vessel rounded the Horn. It was found that the coal was heating from natural combustion. It was found necessary to keep the decks wetted down to prevent them from opening.

The ship managed to make Valparaiso but as soon as the hatches were opened the ship burst into flames and was promptly burned to the water line,

History does not record if the religious Captain Mathias ever went back to sea again.

This is one of many strange tales of the battle of men against the sea.

MANY OTHER FEARFUL STORIES TOLD

Every house in town had some of its dependants involved in the trade of the town. Many went to sea and never returned to their native soil.

Some families lost fathers and sons to the sea and many more were lost in the two great Wars. Dungarvan's sons joined the Merchant Navies of the world and like many other nation's sons they found a wattery grave in the Oceans of the world. To there brave and gallant men We owe a great debt of gratitude as they kept their nation's lifeblood alive with much needed cargos during the Wars.

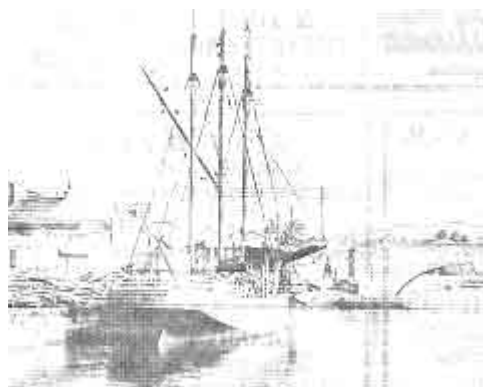
Today the men of the town and Ahbeyside still carry on the tradition of seafaring, with men like Brendan Cullinane, Pat Tyrell, Garvan Kyne and many more, continuing in the footsteps of their forefathers.

**Information on the “De Wadden” sought
By unknown author**

Information on the "De Wadden" sought From Dungarvan Observer, 31.08.1985.

The "De Wadden" was built in Holland in 1917. She is a three masted auxiliary schooner. Up to the time when "De Wadden" and her contemporary were built schooners had all been purely sail vessels, some having engines fitted at a later date. Being built with an engine as the main form of propulsion was a new departure in vessels of the type. The auxiliary schooners formed the link between the older sailing vessels and the motor coasters which in time were to oust the schooners from coastal trade.

The last years of the First World War saw "De Wadden" very active in Continental trade. During the slump that followed she was offered for sale by her Dutch owners. In 1922 she was sold to Captain Richard Hall or Arklow, Ireland, a schooner owner who had served his apprenticeship in Liverpool square-riggers. He bought her to help modernise his expanding fleet of schooners. *The "DE WADDEN" Schooner pictured in Dungarvan Harbour many years ago.*



Some alterations were carried out on her arrival at Arklow. These mainly consisted of structural changes in the hold, where crew quarters were built in forward. The rigging and general deck arrangement remained virtually unchanged, apart from a reduction in size of a deckhouse in the way of a fore-mast.

For the next 40 years "De Wadden" was busy in the Irish Sea trade, carrying various cargoes between Britain and Ireland. In time she became one of the best known schooners around our coasts, and was one of the last schooners to trade commercially, continuing to work until

1961. She was particularly well known on the Mersey as a regular visitor to Garston where she loaded coal for Ireland.

In the 1930's the topmasts and bowsprit were shortened. After the war further reductions in the topmasts took place and the bow sprit was cut back to a stump. These alterations in roasting and rigging took a lot from her appearance as she did not appear as lofty and graceful as before.

Varied cargoes were carried including grain, wood, coal, china clay to name a few wading and discharging was mostly done using ships gear. The relevant gaff boom was hoisted and rigged with lifting tackle. A small motor winch was housed in a deck house by the fore-mast. Drum-ends protruded from the sides and provided power for both cargo work and sail hoisting.

The crew numbered six comprising Captain, Engineer, Bosun, Cook, Seaman and boy, the cook helped on deck as required. "De Wadden" is remembered as a happy well found ship by the men who sailed in her.

In 1961 she was sold into private ownership and was based in Greenock, Scotland. She had a varied career over the next 20 years. Often she was used in sea films and in particular during the making of the T.V. series 'The Onedin Line', During her later years she was used both as a fishing trip vessel and a sand carrier. During this period further alterations were carried out. A large saloon was built on top of the after hatch with wheelhouse abaft it. This later work did nothing for appearance as it was ill-designed and ugly. Eventually the cost of the upkeep and maintenance became a problem for her owner and she was offered for sale.

The Merseyside Maritime Museum, Liverpool successfully bid for her in 1984 and in August of that year she sailed up the Mersey for the first time in 23 years. It was a historic moment when the last trading schooner to sail on the Mersey returned once more, this time for good.

It is the Museum's intention to put her back in sailing condition. A period in the 1930's is aimed for, as that 'was when she looked her best, with tall masts and a graceful bowsprit.

The task of renovation is already under way. Most of the alteration work done by the previous owner has been removed, including the unsightly saloon, the hold has been cleaned and the engine is undergoing over-haul. On deck, work will continue over the summer on chipping and painting, renewal of blocks and rigging and generally getting her ship shape.

If anyone has any photographs, receipts, stories or information re the "De Wadden" please contact John Kearon, Shipkeeper, Merseyside Maritime Museum, Pier Head, Liverpool, L 3 1DN. Telephone (051) 236 1492 or John M. Young, 13 Hillview Drive, Dungarvan. All items will be copied and returned.

1798 in County Waterford By Sean Murphy

From Christmas Times, Vol 3, 1997.

Next year, 1998, will be the bicentenary of the 1798 Rising. In this article, Seán Murphy, historian of the Comeraghs, gives details of some of the action of that troubled period in Co. Waterford.

The year 1798 brought insurrection and bloodshed to our neighbours in Wexford but there was no similar occurrence in Co Waterford.

John Beresford reported to Dublin early in the year that " We are constantly threatened with massacre and many people were taking refuge in the city".

Dr Thomas Hussy was appointed Bishop of Waterford" and Lismore. He had been a loyal subject to the British as a diplomat and his influence helped to keep the priests and the parishioners docile in spite of the suspicion of Beresford and others. The parish priest of Modeligo joined with his congregation in a public declaration of loyalty in January 1798.

" On the first of February, Richard Musgrave of Tourin, Cappoquin reported that the county is as peaceable as any shire in England. He also administered the oath of allegiance to 2000 people. A murder attempt was made on his life and as a consequence 15 men were sentenced to transportation. The accused men were Thomas Meehan, Darby Coffey, Patrick Flynn, John O'Burke, Thomas Keane, Michael Power, Thomas Coogan, William Leahy, Patrick Callanan, Michael Tobin, Patrick Dunne, James Lend and William Barry, A James Lynch and Patrick Boyle were also charged.

In the month of May a man named Michael Quinlan, a United Irishman, was hanged in Dungarvan, not for any political revolt but for cutting the ears of William Sheehan. Quinlan was hanged not in the safety of the town but at the scene of the crime, thus revealing how quiet the countryside around Dungarvan was at that time.

In Dunhill an attempted assassination on the life of local yeomanry was foiled and four men captured. Sergeant and Quinn were sentenced to transportation and the other two, Carey and Boland, were freed.

The barracks at Passage East was the main holding centre for captured rebels and it is the location of the most haunting song to survive from that period

"The Croppy Boy"

*"At Geneva Barracks that young man died
And at Passage they have his body laid",*

Edmond Power of Ballygagin was hanged in Dungarvan market place. He had been arrested with an ex clerical student named Francis Heame, in Carlow. They were court-martialled in Waterford and condemned to death for being organisers of rebels. Heame was hanged in Waterford and Power was taken to Dungarvan for execution.

In October Thomas Curreen of Touraneena was murdered by fellow United Irishmen for being indiscreet in speech about his fellows. A Cappoquin yeoman spent all day drinking in Aglish in uniform on Sunday and was killed on his way home to Cappoquin. Thomas Christopher devised a plan to steal a cannon from a ship anchored in Dungarvan. He assembled 700 men at Cushcam but nothing came of the plan.

In Ballyduff Sean Tobin left his holding and walked to Wexford to fight with the rebels. He returned home unharmed and when the news of his return reached the Yeomen at Garrison they made haste to capture him. Seán, hearing of their plan, escaped to the hills and waited till the excitement was over. For ever more he was known as Seán A Reatha or The Rebel Tobin.

The only other names of United Irishmen to survive are those of Thomas McGrath and his son James. They were members of a former gentry family the McGarths of Slieve gCua and they became known as "Old Croppy McGrath" and "Croppy McGrath".

By the end of August 1798 after the defeat of the French invasion, the grave danger of serious rebellion had gone from Co Waterford. The insecurity of the gentry was still evident from a letter sent to Lord Waterford by Captain John Keane of Cappoquin, in which he protested against the removal of soldiers of the 41st Regiment from Cappoquin to Cork.

Even though Waterford remained relatively quiet in 1798, in the two decades that followed Waterford County was very disturbed by the faction fighting that raged through the county up till the famine years of 1845-1850.

Source...

History of Waterford.....Patrick C. Power.....1990

The Courts Martial of 1798-99.....Patrick C. Power.....1997

The Comeraghs Famine.....Sean + Sile Murphy....1996

**Application to connect the Quay Dungarvan to Dungarvan Station.
Dobbyn, Tandy, & McCoy, Solicitors for the Promoters. 2, Beresford Place,
Dublin**

From an unknown source

In the matter of the Tramway. (Ireland) Acts, and the Acts incorporated therewith, and of an application to the Lord Lieutenant in Council for an order authorizing the construction of a Tramway to connect the Quay, Dungarvan, with the Dungarvan Station of the Waterford, Dungarvan and Lismore Railway, and for other purposes

Notice is hereby given that application is intended to be made by Abraham Denny, Esq., Francis E. Currey, Esq., Sir Richard Francis Keane, Bart., Henry White, Esq., and William Goff Davis Goff Esq., or the survivors of them (hereinafter called "the Promoters") through the Grand Jury of the County of Waterford, at the next Spring Assizes for the County of Waterford, and through the Dungarvan Town Commissioners, at a time nearly corresponding with the time of the said Assizes to the Lord Lieutenant in Council, pursuant to the Provisions of the Tramway (Ireland) Act, 1860, the Tramway. (Ireland) Amendment Act, 1861, the Act 34 and 35, Victoria Chapter 114, entitled "An Act to Amend the Tramway. (Ireland) Acts, 1860 and 1861," and the Tramway. (Ireland) Amendment Act, 1881, for an Order in Council for all or some of the following, amongst other purpose, that is to say:-

To enable the promoters to make, maintain, and work a Tramway, single line, of a gauge of 5 feet 3 inches, and of the length of 2 furlongs and 65 yards or thereabouts, with all proper rails, plates, works and conveniences connected therewith, or some part or parts thereof, said Tramway commencing in the Townland of Shandon, in the Parish of Dungarvan, and County of Waterford by a junction with a siding of the Waterford, Dungarvan, and Lismore Railway, at a point 230 feet or thereabouts, to the North-west of where the said Railway crosses the Shandon Road, and terminating on the Quay, in the Township of Dungarvan at a point 190 feet or thereabouts, measured in a South-easterly direction from the North-east corner of the Fish Market abutting on said Quay, and which said Tramway will pass from, through, or into the Parishes, Townlands, Townships, and extra parochial places following, that is to say :-

The Parish of Dungarvan, the Townlands of Shandon and Dungarvan, the Township of Dungarvan, including the following places in the said Township of Dungarvan, viz.:- Shandon Road, lands contiguous thereto, Bridge approach from Bridge-street to the Bridge over Colligan Estuary, and the Quay, all in the County of Waterford; and the extra parochial place of the bed and shore of that part of the Bay of Dungarvan, called Colligan Estuary.

To enable the Promoters to purchase or acquire Lands and easements for the purposes of the said undertaking by compulsion or agreement.

To enable the Promoters from time to time to make all such Crossings, Passing Places, Sidings, Junctions and other Works, in addition to those particularly specified in this Notice, as may be necessary or convenient to the efficient working of the Tramway or for providing access to any Stables, Carriage Houses, Engine Houses, Warehouses, or Works of the Promoters.

To enable the Carriages to be used on the said Tramway to be moved by animal power or steam power or any mechanical power, or partly by one and partly by the other kind of power.

To enable the Promoters, their Lessees or Assigns to demand and take Tolls and Charges for or in respect of the use of the said Tramway and the conveyance of Passengers, Animals, and other Traffic over the same.

To enable the Promoters from time to time to enter into agreements with the Waterford, Dungarvan, and Lismore Railway Company or with any person or persons or corporation or corporations for the working or working and use of the Tramway or any part of same for such time and upon such terms as they may deem fit.

To enable the Promoters to demise lease or grant the said undertaking, and the tolls thereof, or any part thereof, respectively to the Waterford, Dungarvan, and Lismore Railway Company, or to any Person or Persons or Corporation or Corporations, for such term, and upon such conditions as may be agreed upon.

To enable the Promoters, for the purposes of the said Tramway and the construction thereof, to cross, pass along, alter, widen, narrow, or construct, either temporarily or permanently, any Roads, Streets, Highways, Foreshores, Streams, Sewers, Pipes, or other works, and generally to enable the Promoters to do all such Acts, Matters, and Things, and to confer upon them all such Rights, Powers, Authorities, and Privileges as may become necessary for making, maintaining or working the said Tramway and every part thereof.

In connection with the said undertaking, the Promoters intend to apply for Powers for the compulsory purchase of Lands.

AND NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN, that on or before the 1st day of December, 1885, the following Documents, viz.:- (1)A Copy of this Advertisement to be published pursuant to the Tramways

(Ireland) Act, 1860, (2) a Published Map to a scale of not less than a quarter of an inch to a mile, with a line of the proposed Tramway delineated thereon, so as to show its general course and direction, and (3) a plan, book of reference and section prepared according to the regulations contained in Schedule (A.) to the Tramways (Ireland) Act, 1860, Part II will be deposited with the Secretary of the Grand Jury of the County of Waterford, at his Office, at the Court House, Waterford, with the County Surveyor of the County of Waterford at his Office, at the Court House, Waterford, with the Clerk of the Dungarvan Town Commissioners, at his Office, at the Town Hall, Dungarvan, and with the Surveyor of the Dungarvan Town Commissioners, at his Office, at the Town Hall, Dungarvan, and with the Clerk of the Poor Law Union of Dungarvan, at his Office, at the Workhouse, in or near the Town of Dungarvan.

Dated this 24th day of November, 1885.

Dobbyn, Tandy, & McCoy,
Solicitors for the Promoters.
2, Beresford Place, Dublin.

Lot No. 16.

The Butter Market and House adjoining thereto, situate in the Main Street and Quay Street, in the town of Dungarvan, in the Barony of Decies without Drum, and County of Waterford, held in fee.

No. on map	Denominations	Tenant's Names	Contents of each holding, Statute Measure	Yearly Rates	Ordnance Valuation	Gale Days	Particulars of Tenure and Observations
33	Main Street Butter Market	In owners possession	A.R.P. 0.0.5½	£. s. d. 16 0 0	£. s. d. 40 0 0	25 th March and 29 th September	Estimated yearly value of Butter Market
32	Quay Street One room on ground floor of house adjoining the Butter Market	William Hayes	0 0 2½	2 0 0	3 1 0 0		Tenant from year to year, tenancy commencing on the 25 th day of March in each year
				2 0 0			This is the estimated yearly value of that part of the house adjoining the Butter Market, now in the owners possession
33a	Quay Street The upper part of the house adjoining the Butter Market, and one room on the ground floor of same house	In owners possession	Unascertained	0 1 0	25 th March and 29 th September		Tenant from year to year, tenancy commencing on the 25 th day of March in each year
38a	Bathing Place, situate near Bath Street	Mary Troy					
			0 0 8 Nett Rental...	<u>20 1 0</u> 20 1 0	43	10 0	

For Rights, Easements, Reservations, &c., see Conditions of Sale.

There is a large trade in butter in the town of Dungarvan, and the Butter Market and Weigh House, with store overhead, are on these Premises. There is a dwelling house annexed.

Extract from a letter from Dungarvan, Co. Waterford
By unknown author

From Waterford Herald, 16.08.1792.

" We have had desperate work here yesterday, from 600 to 1000 men assembled in a riotous manner on the Coolrou (a Common) and commenced their outrages by levelling all Mr. Fitzgerald's ditches; from thence they proceeded to Michael Walsh's and se^rved his property in like manner, which has completely ruined the poor man - it was rather a miracle that his house was exempted from the same fate. From six o'clock in the morning till the same hour in the evening, they continued to ravage the country from Collrou to the Iron mines, in which time you may naturally think the havoc was immense.

There was notice sent to all the chapels last Sunday to desire they would assemble next day, which they punctually obeyed, and the event has proved ruinous to many. Roger Dalton Esq., accompanied by a number of the principal gentlemen of the country, and a party of soldiers, went out but were unable to disperse them. The Riot Act was read without the desired effect, and we are under much apprehension as to their future proceedings. I am told they intend levelling every Common in the Country.

From what we have been able to learn of the cause of the above tumultuous assemblage, It appears to have had its origjn in a Common being enclosed on which the peasantry had been accustomed from the immemorial, to cut turf; but that privilege had been allowed only by the indulgence of the proprietors.

A Historical Sketch of Dungarvan **By unknown author**

From The Dungarvan Journal 1883

Fifty Boats

"Dungarvan (says Dr. Smith), is tolerably well built With a decent session and market-house. The situation is not unpleasant, the sea flowing up to the town walls. On the north side is a Quay, sufficiently convenient for the loading and discharging of small vessels. Forty or fifty coasting boats belong to the place. The sea water runs underground for a considerable way hereabouts which prevents the sinking of wells, so that fresh water is not conveniently had. Some years ago, the Earl of Burlington gave a considerable sum towards the conveying of fresh water hitherto, but to the great detriment of the town, the designs proved abortive." Such is Dr. Smith's account of Dungarvan as it was in the year 1746.

Ryland in his history, published in 1824, thus writes of this good old town:- "It is well situated-standing to the west of the Harbour, an arm of the sea, which extends inland for some distance, and is navigable for vessels of considerable tonnage. According to a map of the town, as it appeared about the middle of the last century, the streets and buildings were of the most wretched description, and they continued for a long time in the same wretched state. There was no bridge across the Colligan and consequently, no way of crossing from the town to the Abbeyside district except by a ferry boat, or, as was generally the case With the poorer classes, by fording the stream at low water. But when the late Duke of Devonshire directed his attention to the improvement of the town and neighbourhood. Dungarvan presented a favourable appearance. The first great work accomplishment by him, was the present magnificent bridge and causeway, which were executed at the sole expense of this spirited and generous noble Englishman, in 1815. The bridge Is a single arch of 75 feet, and is a beautiful specimen of architecture. The massive blocks of stone of which it is built, were all brought from Bath. The causeway is 350 yards in length. The noble proprietor, also built the large Square. (till lately called by his name), and also Meagher-street, connecting the Bridge and the Square. He also built market places for the sale of fish and meat. He contributed to the establishment of Schools, the Dispensary, and an hospital for the sick poor. He also encouraged the Fisheries, and in 1824 Dungarvan had 163 good boats sailing towards the Nymph Bank to benefit by its inexhaustible supply of fish. About 1100 men and boys were employed in the fishing trade, and the wives and children or these gallant hardy fishermen, were engaged in cleaning and salting the treasures of the deep blue sea. The noble Duke did all in his power to benefit it and the inhabitants; and he made Dungarvan the handsome town it is."

£80,000

The celebrated author of Vanity Fair, W.M, Thackeray, visited Dungarvan in 1842 and he records in his Irish Sketchbook – "when the pikeman had finished his composition (that of the turnpike, which he had to fill), we drove on to Dungarvan: the two parts of which town, separated by the River Colligan, have been joined by a causeway three hundred yards long, and a bridge erected at an enormous outlay by the Duke of Devonshire. In former times, before his Grace spent his eighty thousand pounds upon the causeway, this wide estuary was called 'Dungarvan Prospect.'

Previous to the Union., this ducal borough sent two Representatives to Parliament-but, in fact it elected four members, as it was certainly the lock and key of the country. To Dungarvan, Villiers Stuart in a great measure owed his election in 1826.

At the Abbeyside, in view of the town and harbour, are the ruins of the old Castle and Monastery. The castle is called McGrath's castle, and was built by some member of that family who owned the surrounding property. This family and the O'Brien's of Comeragh, also founded, built, and richly endowed in 1295, the Abbey for the Hermits of St. Augustine. Commonly called Austin Friars. There is much to admire in these ruins. The wall and tower, with the grand entrance are still almost perfect. The beautiful light Gothic Tower is sixty feet in height, and contains the Chapel bell of the Parish Church of Abbeyside. The timber used in turning the arch, which supports the tower is still to be seen, and though exposed to the air for nearly 6 hundred years is not yet decayed. Immediately beneath the window, at the eastern extremity of the church there is a very ancient tombstone, round which may be traced the following inscription in large letters, 'DONALD M'GRATH, 1400.'" The Parish Chapel of Abbeyside is erected on the foundation of the ancient cells of the Monastery, which it may now be said to form a part. The ground surrounding the building is used as a cemetery.

The Parish Church

The Roman Catholic Church occupies a commanding site at the south of the town, and is approached from St. Mary Street. The church stands in the centre of an extensive area that is used as a cemetery, in which there are several fine tombs and monuments. The front of the cemetery is ornamented by a light

and beautiful railing, embedded in cut stone. The entrance gate being of wide dimensions. This church is an oblong building, supported externally by eight buttresses on each side, which gradually diminishing as they ascend to the edge of the roof, end in ornamental pinnacles, the eastern gable being graced by a belfry and cross. This gable contains a large stained glass window, and is ornamented by a spiral pinnacle. There are seven windows in each side of the building, which are filled with beautiful stained glass. The stations of the Way of the Cross are certainly artistic, and are much admired for their beauty of execution. The site for the church was given by his Grace the late Duke of Devonshire, who also contributed nearly £1,500 towards its erection. It is in the style of Gothic architecture, with richly groined ceilings. The arcade arches spring from well proportioned clustered columns, and the whole of the interior is imposing. The grand high altar of white marble, with its splendid representation of the Dead Christ, the Blessed Mother; and Mary Magdalen, has a solemn awe-inspiring beauty. A gallery in the western end of the nave supports the organ, which formerly belonged to Melleray Abbey, and was purchased by the late Dr. Hally from the good monks for £600. The Schools of the Christian Brothers, founded in 1808, are near to the Parish Church, and in the reception room of the monastery is a clever oil painting of the late Bishop Foran. The Nuns of the Mercy have also establishments in Dungarvan. In 1859 the late Mr. Edward Brenan, Postmaster of Dungarvan, discovered Mammoth and other animal remains under limestone, in a bone cave at Shandon, near the town. Formerly it was difficult to travel to this town, but now the county railway and the more pleasant improved modes of touring by cycles, enables travellers to reach it without suffering delays and dangers of the old stage car. The district around Dungarvan abounds in beautiful and picturesque views of the sea and mountain: there are in the neighbourhood many natural curiosities and fine old castles worth visiting, but better than all, there are kindly hearts in the old town, and travellers are sure to meet a cead mile failte.

Mammoth find in Dungarvan – 1859

By unknown author

From Christmas Times Vol 3. 1997

Dungarvan enjoys a particular fame in being at least the first location in Ireland where Pleistocene - remains were found. Put another way, Dungarvan may be the only location in Ireland where the remains of the pre-historic mammoth have been discovered and is certainly the site of the finest collection of animal remains of the period in this group of islands. In the immortal words of Michael Caine, 'not many people know that'.

What is a pity however, is that what should now be a major tourist attraction for the district and the cause of tourists staying an overnight in the town, has been almost totally eliminated by the official ignorance of the mid last century and the perceived necessity of completing the task of building the new road once begun.

I was only reminded recently of this unique aspect of Dungarvan and I must admit, I did not have to delve too deeply, to resurrect some details of the find and what precisely was discovered at the time; As usual, the friendly people at the County Library in Lismore, were only too glad to help and turned up not only a very concise summary of the activities of the period of the finds in *Egan's Waterford Guide*, but also the report of The Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, volume XXVI, published in 1876 which carried a most comprehensive report on the whole matter.

This was prepared by none other than A. Leith Adams, Professor of Zoology in the Royal College of Science for Ireland, who conducted the explorations which formally investigated the find by quarry workers, which first turned up the remains of the various animals and birds and is entitled Report on the Exploration of Shandon Cave.

First to Egan who announces boldly that "Shandon brings geological fame to Dungarvan.

The place where the Bone Cave was discovered in 1859, just outside the town, looks very uninteresting. The fact of Shandon being the only Mammoth cave of Ireland makes it a subject particularly attractive. The days when the elephant, the wild deer, and the wild bear roamed over the plains of West Waterford seem indeed very distant. " While they may have been distant at the turn of the century, when Egan wrote his guide, they seem positively, well Pleistocene by the standards of today's hi-tech, hi-speed, hi-pressure society.

"The first discovery of bones was made in 1859, when the public road by the Colligan river was made.

This road was cut right across the cave, and thus cart-loads of bones were discovered; some so large as to be carried on mens shoulders in presence of the wondering inhabitants of Dungarvan, who marvelled at the giant's osseous remains, which possibly may have belonged to one of their great ancestors."

What a time to be alive and living in Dungarvan. Imagine the excitement as the bones were brought to town, to be gazed and wondered at by a population who were less than well-educated and who must have wondered just what kind of animals were being dug up on the new road.

"It was needless to explain that the bones were the cervical or dorsal vertebrae of an *Elephas primigenius* that were flourished before them, or that it was the tibia of the same animal exhibited as the thigh of a giant who had inhabited the Cummeraghs."

Egan was less than kind to the local inhabitants, and was less than understanding of their lack of knowledge on the subject. No doubt, having recently survived a cholera epidemic and a major famine, which had wrought havoc among the local and visiting population, the remains of pre-historic animals were not exactly of primary importance to the residents of the town and district.

But the formal recording of the details was left to Prof. Adams, who made a most meticulous study and report on the subject:

In the parish of Dungarvan, near Shandon, are two caves situated in the limestone ground; the first near Shandon House, on the shore side, is about 40 feet square, where is a narrow passage, near 40 yards long, giving an entrance into some inward chambers. This cave has been lately almost swept away through quarrying operations; indeed; only a small portion of one of the galleries is left. It is important, therefore, to notice that about the middle of the last century it opened on the side of the estuary of the Colligan; and although seemingly very extensive, in as much as upwards of 200 yards of its tunnels have been removed; there is no record; local or traditional, of any animal remains having been discovered on its floor."

So what precisely did the quarrymen and later, Prof. Adams find in the caves? Egan's inventory suggested:

"Two elephants, six horses, forty reindeer, some red deer, one goat, a grisly bear, said to have been lame of the left hind leg, a wolf, some foxes, hares, birds, etc."

The men who were quarrying were actually cutting through and clearing the entrance to the cave or tunnel and so tightly was the stone material packed, that they did not recognise it as such. They came across many bones, but "these they cast aside with the rejectamenta of their work, until coming on the entire long bones of a mammoth, curiosity was excited, and a tibia of this animal was paraded in the town of Dungarvan as

the thigh bone of a giant. The novelty of the discovery drew many persons to the spot, and one individual, anxious to turn the bones to good account, collected a large donkey load and sold them to make bone dust; "Shandon Cave is not the only locality in the Dungarvan Valley where pleistocene remains have been discovered. 1. As far back as 1741 two magnificent heads of reindeer were found by Major Quarry in the bog of Ballyguiry, about three miles south-west of Shandon, on the south side of the river Brickey. 2. A rib of a large animal, most probably the fourth or fifth rib of an elephant, is figured by Smith, who merely states that it was dug up within a mile of Whitechurch, about the year 1740."

Adams concluded that the remains of the reindeer found at Shandon were closely related to those of Norway and Lapland as opposed to the caribou of Canada. It is also interesting to note that at one time there roamed around Ireland and the area around Dungarvan, wolves who were probably as fierce as those represented in nature programmes today. The original explorations of 1859 only unearthed small portions of the remains of a wolf, but the 1875 'dig' produced definite evidence, of two young wolves.

The other find of note was that of the Grisly Bear, which we associate with the Rocky Mountains today. This find was made in 1859 when the greater portion of a skeleton including a mutilated skull, besides portion of a mandible and dorso-lumbar vertebrae of one individual, were turned up. The presence of a good number of limestone caves in the valley which stretches between Dungarvan and Dingle Bay is responsible for the retention of the remains of so many animals. Whether, as in the Whitechurch case, animals may have just fallen into a hole in the ground consistently over the years, 'stockpiling' there until they were discovered, or whether there was another reason for their being in the caves, we have yet to learn conclusively. What is clear however, is that not all the caves in the 'Dungarvan Valley' may have been discovered and that a major find is still to be made in the vicinity. Adams says that: "It is evident however, that, from the nature and number of its limestone caves, diligent search will not fail to be rewarded by the finding of many interesting objects."

So, as people walk the fields or work the land, they should keep their eyes peeled for the signs of an, as yet, undiscovered cave. The great Mitchelstown Caves were discovered when a workman drove his pick through a soft part of the earth to expose a small opening. That may yet be repeated and who knows what may yet be found.

Dungarvan Old and New By Louie Maher

From Waterford News & Star, Christmas Supplement 1968

The remains of Dungarvan's, historic King John's Castle, situated at the extreme eastern portion of the town is a legacy of the Norman conquest of our shores. Following the invasion of Wexford in 1169, the Normans spread along the . . . Southeast coast and formed settlements where they built castles and fortifications. Landing in Waterford in 1185, King John of England, son of Henry II moved to Dungarvan later in the same year and built the castle. An imposing keep with walls six feet thick, a cone shaped roof and roughly timbered ceiling. The ruined castle still indicates and bears evidence of what was a massive fortress of its time.

Now within its walls stands the present Garda Barracks. It is supposition that on completion of the castle King John also built the fortified walls and the four-corner circular towers which enclosed the town. Starting at the castle, the walls continued at the water's edge (at that time the quay, sea front, and buildings did not exist and the sea lapped the castle walls) along the present Quay to the end of Clubbers Lane (popularly known as Walsh's Lane and leading to the Main St.) where, the entrance gate to the town was situated between the houses at present residents, Mrs. M.J. Walsh and Mrs. M. Keohan. The walls continued up Friary Street down the Dead Walk (now re-named Convent Road) and continued along to the quay to again to join the castle. Early in the 1920's at the top of Friary St., in the building of a house, the foundation of the circular corner towers was discovered showing huge stones and walls, four feet thick. It has been established that at that particular period each angle of the town walls was defended with towers and bastions and the gates with guardhouses.

Relevant to Dungarvan, Charles Smith's, History of Waterford (1745) tells us: "By a Statute made in 1463 it was enacted that this town and castle, with several others named in the Statute, being in a state the King's hands, there to remain for 60 years, and the guardship of them to be committed to Thomas, Earl of Desmond, and that he should receive the customs of the said town, and expand them upon the reparation of the Walls. At the same time an Act passed for holding a common market every day in this town, and that all goods therein should pay reasonable customs in the same manner as was paid in Waterford and Dublin; which customs were to be employed in making ditches, walls and C. about the said town, according to the discretion of Thomas Earl of Desmond. Another Statute of the same Parliament grants the entire Fee-farm of this town to the said Earl during his life, without rendering anything to the King or his heirs. The castle was originally built by King John, though afterwards repaired and possessed by the Earl of Desmond. In the 4th year of Henry VIII an act passed, by which this castle is confirmed to the King, together with all its fittings, issues, customs, & C. to be knit and united to his Majesty's Imperial Crown for ever. This town was incorporated about the year 1463 by Act of Parliament still preserved in the Rolls of King James I, for their fidelity to the Crown during the Rebellion in Queen Elizabeth's time, renewed their privileges, and changed the government of Portrieve into that of a Sovereign, Recorder, and 12 Brethren who were to be yearly chosen five days after the feast of St. Peter. The Admiralty of the harbour was granted to the Sovereign with the same extent of power as the Mayors of Bristol had. This Charter was renewed by Richard Cromwell in April 1659, at the request of Richard Harris as is expressed in the recital. By an inquisition taken 7th March 1566 by Michael Fitzwilliam, the general Surveyor of Ireland, there belonged to this Borough several lands houses & C. to the value of £203 per annum, which are now set at 5 times as much. This Manor was granted to Sir Pierce Butler by King Henry who was also created Earl of Ossory and Seneschal, Constable and Governor of this castle and Manor (into which the Earl of Desmond had intruded forcibly) with a fee of £100 sterling to hold to him and his heirs. On the 5th of July, 1536 of King Henry VIII, the King by privy Seal remitted to the Earl of Ormond, all arrears due out of this place from Michaelmas before, and directed Letters patent to be made out by the Chancellor for his discharge, and for appointing Robert St. Leger, brother to the Deputy, to be keeper and governor of the castle, and granting to him all rents, fishings and customs thereof; under condition that he should keep convenient ward in the same castle. On 27th of January, Elizabeth (1559) a common martial law was granted to Henry Stafford, constable of this castle to exercise martial law through the whole county of Waterford on those who had not inheritance above 20 shillings per annum, nor goods or chattels to the value of £10. This manor, & C. was afterwards granted to Sir George Thornton by patent dated 8th of November 1605, James 1st at £20 per annum. It at present belongs to the Earl of Cork. The castle and C. being granted to him by Act of Parliament. The Corporation is now gone into disuse.

Soon after the breaking out of the Irish Rebellion the Lord President of Munster, in March 1642, recovered this place, which had revolted but a few months before, with most of the towns in Munster. He left one Lieutenant Roffington governor of the castle, from whom the Irish soon after took it by surprise. The persons who concerted the design were John Hore Fitz-Matthew, Matthew his son and John Fitzgerald of Farnane, who at the request of Richard Butler Esq., of Killcash, made the attempt. The castle

was taken with the help of scaling ladders placed between the grate and the wall, and the same night all the English in the town were plundered by Sir Nicholas Walsh and his followers. After this surprisal they fitted out a vessel for France, and loaded here with several kinds of goods, and in return, brought over a large quantity of powder, cannon and other firearms, with which they fortified the castle.

The Irish governor was one John Butler, who lived near Carrick, and had (as the MS. says) a little Scotch Engineer, who undertook to supply the place with fresh water, but could not effect it. They held the town until May 1647, at which time the Lord President Inchiquin with 1500 horse and as many foot, made him self master of it; having in his march reduced the castles of Cappoquin and Dromana. The town continued two years in the hands of the royal party. until about the beginning of December 1649, at which time Cromwell, having raised the siege of Waterford (the Marquis of Ormond not being to be drawn to a battle) marched this way on the 2nd of December, the army arrived at Kilmacthomas, on the next day the water was so high at that place, that the whole day was spent in getting over the ford, so they marched only three miles and then quartered at several villages.

On the 4th, part of the army advanced to Knockmoane, the remainder besieged Dungarvan, which surrendered in a few days at discretion. Cromwell, having ordered the inhabitants to be put to the sword, marched into the town on horseback at the head of his troops. At this juncture a woman, whose name was Nagle, (and who deserves to be remembered) boldly stepped up, and took his horse by the bridle, and with a flagon of beer in her hand, she drank to the general's health; who being warm and thrifty, pledged her, and at the same time her servants brought out some barrels of beer and began to distribute it among the men.

Cromwell. pleased with the generosity of the woman, not only ordered the lives of the inhabitants to be spared, but also saved the town from being pillaged. Two days after the surrender, Lieut. General Jones being feverish took to his bed and then died of a pestilential fever, and was carried to Youghal, where he was buried with great solemnity in the chapel of the Earl of Cork.

In January 1967, renovations to a house in Church Street residence of Mrs. O'Driscoll revealed a link with the period, which created great interest. During the renovations, in hacking down and stripping the plaster from the front, the contractors. Messrs. Tobin Bros. Dungarvan uncovered two plaques embedded in the wall. The top one, a rectangular lime-stone slab, rounded at the top, about a foot long with an end on arched brick surround, bore a three lined inscription with letters K on top, G. M. in the centre and 1714 at the bottom.

The second slab, placed directly underneath, was inscribed in a similar manner, with the letters H. B S and 1716. A three-storey building with a wide frontage and six big windows, the stones were located between the upper half of the two-second floor windows. At ground level there was bricked up arched entrance at each end of the front and bricked up windows overhead. This appears to indicate that extensive alterations were at some time carried out.

Well known for its historic associations, the house was requisitioned as army quarters by Cromwell's army in December 1649 and it was here that Lieutenant General Jones died. In his history, Smith gives the following extract from the hand written manuscript of Dr. Henry Jones journal:

The memoirs of Lord Orrery say: "that Colonel Jones, who was disgusted at Cromwell and Ireton, sent a letter to Lord Broghill from Dungarvan pressing earnestly to speak with him. of which he informed both Cromwell and Ireton, asking their leave to go to him, which they granted but sent an officer along with him under pretence of attending on him, but really as a spy. With this companion, Lord Broghill went to Jones, who was laid upon his bed, Jones seeing the captain with him entered upon a general discourse. At last telling my lord he was very ill, and not knowing but he might die, he desired the captain to walk out of the room, for he had something to say to Lord Broghill in private.

The Captain withdrew and as soon as he was gone, Jones, after some passionate invectives against Cromwell, told my lord, that his lordship was but a young man, that Cromwell intended to ruin hem both, that they were suspected by him, as he might see by he spy which he sent with him, that if he would join with him, they would set up for themselves and beat Cromwell out of Ireland: and with those English who, he made no doubt, would join them, they might well enough subdue the rebels.

Lord Broghill replied, he was sensible under what suspicion they lay, hat he thought it was not at that time, seasonable to free themselves from their yoke, because they should then be a divided party, and the Irish would cherish their divisions to destroy them both, and so the reduction of the rebellion would be hindered; that they had better wait until the rebellion was entirely suppressed and themselves had got a better interest with the people before they attempted the ruin of Cromwell. Besides he told Jones, he feared his passion would increase his distemper, being as he thought in a high fever, and desired him to lay aside the matter till he was recovered.

Jones seemed satisfied with this answer, but grew worse and worse A physician being called for, who was in the house, after he had examined his pulse beckoned to Lord Broghill, who sat at the bedside; to come to the window, when he assured him that Col Jones was a dead man, for he had the plague upon him, or something as bad, and entreated him to come no more near him. Upon that he took his farewell of Jones, charging the physician to take care of him; but he died the next day.

One Mrs. Chaplain, who lived in the house. and died about sixteen years ago, has often said that it was confidently believed that Cromwell had found means to poison Jones. She was daughter of Andrew Chaplain. Minister of the town, who was employed under the usurpation and had £80 per annum. At the same time one Richard Fitzgerald had £100 per annum as minister here in 1655.

In 1658 John Dalton was Minister here, and was paid £100 per annum by the usurpation. In 1657, the usurpers set 36 houses in this town with the appurtenances.

Again, during the War of Independence the house was occupied by British Forces. It is well remembered for the sandbagged, barbed wire entanglement, which surrounded it, and the sentry outside.

New Dungarvan

The administrative headquarters of the county, modern Dungarvan is a far cry from the old walled town. Rapidly expanding with new facilities, housing estates and industries, it is gradually extending over adjacent green belt areas. Its population of well over 5,000 is catered for by a choice of well-stocked shops and supermarkets. The biggest industry is the vast modern co-operative Creamery, which may well be termed "a town within a town."

Dungarvan Leathers Ltd. factory, lately modernised and greatly extended, as well as being the second major industry has put Dungarvan on the international map with its thriving export market. At present under construction at Ballinacourty, the American sponsored Messrs. Pfizers dolomite ore processing factory will create a big employment pool and will probably attract other complimentary industries.

Also most important to the viability of the town are the other industries which include Builders, Mineral Water Manufacturers, Bottlers, and Distributors, Foundry and Light Engineering Works, co-operative Fruit Growers Society, Bakeries, etc.

In the educational field catering for the second level of education, the town is served by five large post primary schools with, an attendance of approximately 1,200 students. In the field of tourism, Dungarvan has much to offer with facilities for sailing, angling, deep sea fishing, coarse -fishing and trout fishing, golf, swimming, shooting, tennis, hunting, riding and pony-trekking, with the tourist having a wide choice of hotels and guest houses.

Living up to tradition in the cultural realm, active Dramatic and Choral Societies each year attract overflow audiences to shows that are of near professional standard. For lovers of the Irish Language, music, song and dance, the energetic branch of Comhaltas Ceoltoiri, whose members frequently appear on RTE, hold regular gatherings.

In the educational, social and cultural, as well as administrative sphere, both rural and urban organisations use to the fullest extent the town's accommodation facilities.

Dungarvan Branch Library

By unknown author

Before the building was reconstructed as the town library it had been owned by Merry's as a wine store. The name R.A. Merry & Co. Ltd,- wine merchants was originally on the façade in cast iron letters and also the date 1868. The date refers to the setting up of their business in Dungarvan. A couple of yards away their fine shopfront still survives, where they used to sell wines, spirits, groceries and exotic teas and spices. In the primary valuation books (1848-1865) the building is listed as being occupied by the Duke of Devonshire and Beresford Boate. The ground floor was occupied as a store by Mrs, Maria Olden (publican). The building itself is described as the Market House and Buttercrane.

Charles Smith's History of Co. Waterford 1746 tells us that Dungarvan is tolerably well built with a decent session and Market House. Accompanying his description is an engraved view of the town in which the roof of the market house can be seen. It is shown with a small cupola and weather vans at the west end. As this area was the town centre the markets were held in front of the building, the area being known as Market Place or Market Street.

The area around the Market house was also used for public executions. Local legend recalls that Edmund Power was hanged from a window of the Market House in 1798 for his involvement with the United Irishmen. Hanged drawn and quartered, Powers head is buried in Dungarvan Goal and his body in Kilgobnet. Canon Power in his history states that John Clancy and Edmund Hore, parish priest and curate of Dungarvan, as well as other prominent citizens were executed in the market place during the occupation of the town by Lord Inchiquin in 1642.

A deed of 1641 refers to the courthouse in this area, which may by a reference to the present building. It is difficult to say how much, if any, of the 17th century building is incorporated in the present structure. A room on the upper floor was used as a meeting room for the United Irishmen Literary & Dramatic Club. On the walls were stencilled slogans – Encourage Literature – prosperity to our cause etc. and designs such as round rowers and harps.

Dungarvan Library therefore is but a continuation of the spirited literary tradition, once found within these walls but with more emphasis on literature, and less on spirits.

**Bone “Trial Piece” Shandon, County Waterford c. 1000 A.D.
By unknown author**



Made of a long bone which has been filed down and polished to form four flat surfaces. Two are carved with animal and interlaced patterns in false relief, the crests and tails of the animal extended into small knots of interlace.

The ornament is typical of the blend of Viking and Irish art styles of the late tenth and early eleventh centuries.

As vellum was so expensive, artists used bone to sketch out their designs.

Cloncoskeran

By William Fraher

From unknown source

Description

A mid 18th century house refronted in the 19th century of five bays and two storeys with a half hexagon in the centre from which projects a little sandstone ashlar porch. Garden front of five bays with pediment on console brackets over a central first floor window, parapet on roof, lower two-storey service wings large return. Simple 18th century stables.

History



The house is not mentioned in Smith's History published in 1746 but had been built by the time Dr. Pococke wrote his Tour in Ireland in 1753 'Cloncoskeran, Mr Nugent's seat on the east side.'

Before building this house the family had lived in an old tower house nearby, Cloncoskeran Castle. The earliest mention of the lands at Cloncoskeran appears in an inquisition on William of London (de Londres) taken at Stradbally on July 6th 1283. William had 43 acres of land aforesaid are worth 20s a year.' William had two daughters Marcella and Mary who were his heirs. Marcella married

Richard le Butleler and succeeded to most of her father's estates. Richard was the son of Geoffrey le Butler and had only one child a daughter called Joane. The Butlers held Cloncoskeran until 1450/55 when the heiress Joane Butler married Edward Nugent third son of Richard tenth Baron Devlin. One of the Nugent's of Cloncoskeran married Hanah O' Brein, daughter of Matthew of Comeragh in the early 16th century. Edmund Mansfield of Ballinamultinagh married Ellen Nugent, daughter of Richard Nugent in the Castle in October 1621.

The Civil Survey (1654) says that the castle was occupied by one 'James Wallis, English Ptestant. The castle was leased to him for seven years in May 1653 by the widow of Richard Nugent, at 17li rent yearly, there is on ye prmises a mill worth 7li by ye yeare together with a Castle a stone house and cabbins. It is obvious from the Civil Survey Description that a stone house had been built on to the old tower house, both of these seem to have been in poor repair when James Wallis leased them. In building whereupon and in repairinge ye castle and mansion house of ye sd Richard Nugent wch stands on the landes of Cloncoskeran aforesaid. It is said ye James Wallis hath been at greate charges and expenses.' After 1688 Cloncoskeran was held by John Nugent. Charles Smith writing in 1746 gives the following note on Cloncoskeran; 'Cloncoskeran belonging to the Nugents has but little remarkable except the shell of a large house, built on the remains of an old castle which was for many years the residence of this family.' Edward Nugent Shanahan (b.1728-d.1762) married Barbara Newport (d. 1766) of Waterford. They had 3 children, Harriet, Elizabeth and Edward. Harriet and Edward died young and Elizabeth was the heiress. She married Captain Charles Humble of the 45th Regiment. They had a son, Sir John Nugent Humble (b.1781-d.1834) he was created a baronet in 1831. O'Donovan in his O.S. letters 1841 gives us details of the dimensions of the tower house; 'Only 24feet of the north side, 10 feet of west side and 10feet of the south side remain up to the height of about 45feet. The walls are grouted, four feet in thickness and built of hammered stones. Its doorway and all its windows are entirely disfigured.' In Slater's Directory 1806 Cloncoskeran is mentioned as being in ruins and the home of the late Mr. Shanahan. The present house was in existence by 1834 when Sir John Nugent Humble is noted as of Cloncoskeran house. Sold in 1959 by Mrs A.R. Wynter Bee (nee Nugent).

References

Sweetman's Calendar of documents relating to Ireland.

Civil and Ecclesiastical Topography p137 143

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F.F.p.78

John Nugent Humble, Cloncoskeran Castle (Pigott 1824)

DUNGARVAN

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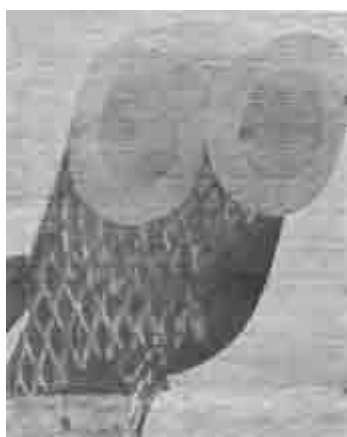
Portrait of an Artist By Catherine Foley

From Dungarvan Observer, 14.12.1985

Living in Dungarvan's Grattan Square Jim Lawn has been working at home since July. He began to study a formally five years ago when he went to Cork's Crawford Municipal School of Art as a mature student. Before that he worked in Waterford Glass for seven years, learning the skills that he can now use and enjoying the discipline of working as part of a team.



His drawings and sculptures are not meant to be complex he says, people should not need to analyse what they see. The simplicity of each piece represents the innocence of a child. Bright colours and imaginative shapes are two of the most striking features in his art and there is always the idea of fun and enjoyment behind these extravagant forms. An exhibition of his most recent work was held in the town library for three weeks during November. It was titled 'Third Secret' and it is clear from this inspiring artist that he has discovered a secret. He is happy working and creating images using materials ranging from wood to glass to steel to paper sometimes combining these and achieving a freshness that is intriguing.



In his freshly painted studio Jim a quiet spoken man of thirty explains how he has come to understand himself and is not now worried about the past or what will happen to his work. He is following the needs of his soul which is to give expression to his mind's eye, through these abstract drawings and steel sculptures. He begins each new work with the intensity and eagerness of a child at play becoming totally engrossed in the possibilities of a new shape. ***Pictured Above: Artist Jim Lawn, and "OWL" – one of the exhibits at the "Third Secret" Art Exhibition by Jim Lawn and Jim Cummins, presented by the Dungarvan Museum Committee. (photo by Kate Biggs)***

A lot of school children were brought to this exhibition and they responded to the lovely painted steel discs and the pink and blue fluid paintings that hung about the library. The variety of shapes that peered out at them like magical fairytale images with names like Owl, Quixote, Hedgehog, Green Smoke are an indication of a volatile imagination finding expression. He has had other successful exhibitions in Dublin, Cork and London. His work, striking different chords with different people has been bought by various notable art collectors. 'Chrysalis' a steel sculpture won him first Penn Chemicals Purchase Prize in 1984. This now stands in Corrabinnny, Co. Cork, where the firm have their head quarters, amongst the trees. Rusting slowly in the elements, this enhances it in Jim's eyes as it becomes a natural part of its surroundings taking on a life of its own.

An institutionalised training in art has not restricted him. Now in his home town the critical acclaim of those that he has grown up with is not what interests him, only that they would enjoy his work and perhaps see something of this artist's perception of his surroundings and how he interprets this.

Historic Dawn of New Fraher Field Era By unknown author

From **Dungarvan Leader** 06.05.1994

Sunday, May 15th sees the official opening of "the new Fraher Field", Dungarvan, which over the past ten months has been developed and modernised at a cost of half million pounds. One of the most historic and fabled G.A.A. grounds in the country, Fraher Field can claim to be the only provincial venue in the 32 counties to have hosted two All-Ireland Senior Hurling finals and one of only the provincial Gaelic grounds in the history of the Association to feature a senior football All-Ireland, the other being Fitzgerald Park in Killarney.



Pictured at the press conference in the Park Hotel to announce details of the plans for the opening of the redevelopment Fraher Field, Dungarvan, were (l to r) Jimmy O'Gorman, Anthony Walsh, John Fraher, Greg Fives, John Foley and Seamus O'Brien.

Those days of fond 'lore for Fraher Field date back to the early years of this century, but with the re-emergence of Dan Fraher's famous field as top class venue, it may not be long before the G.A.A.'s biggest stars once again come to parade their skills, Colligan-side.

At a press conference to announce details of the upcoming official opening, held in Dungarvan's Park Hotel, on Friday night last, it was confirmed that the big day, billed as "one of the most historic occasions ever" within Waterford G.A.A. circles, will see National G.A.A. president, Mr. Jack Bootham performing the honours, whilst paying his first official visit to the Decies since his presidential election. Guests on the sure to be famous and emotional day, will also include members of the G.A.A.'s Central and Munster Council.

TRIBUTE

At Friday night's press function, which was attended by, amongst others, Waterford Co. Board Chairman Mr. Eamon Murphy, and Waterford Co. Board Secretary, Seamus Grant. The respective West and East Divisional Board Chairman Paddy Joe Ryan and Frank Cullinane, were also present to hear the exciting plans for the entire May 13th-15th weekend. Chairman of the Fraher Field committee Nioclás MacCraith, spoke of the "new" Fraher Field as being a tribute, not to any one individual or group of people but to the G.A.A. Association throughout Co. Waterford, the players, team mentors and the 14,000 people who have supported and continue to support the Déise Development Draw.

He was followed by the main officers of the draw committee, Declan McMeara, (Chairman) John Foley (Secretary), and Greg Fives (Treasurer), the latter proving to be one of the foremost speakers on the night. Greg Fives, also a fellow member of Nioclás MacCraith on the Fraher Field Committee outlined the history of the development programme since it was initiated in July 14th last. It had all been possible he asserted through the successful launch of the Déise Development Draw in 1993, to which 14,000 now subscribe. With the Fraher Field project, nearing completion, Mr. Fives confirmed that similar development work, also estimated to cost £500,000, is shortly due to commence at Walsh Park in Waterford city.

PRIDE

The new Fraher Field he issued will be a modern stadium "fit for the 21st century" and of which he said "Waterford people and more particularly the G.A.A. in Waterford can be proud of."

Aforementioned Co. Board Chairman Eamon Murphy, Dunhill, was unstinting in his praise of everyone who'd turned "the dream of a modern Fraher Field into reality. It will be a stadium of which everyone in Waterford can take justifiable pride he said.

The refurbished Fraher Field will feature a 3,000 seater stand running the length of the pitch on the show grounds side, with the ground overall capacity taking in 16,000 spectators. Those at last weekend's press launch also heard that the new stand will be named Ardan na nDéiseach," while it also been decided to name the surrounding three embankments after people with a very close affection and affinity to the famed venue.

The embankment opposite the new stand at the Curran Boreen side will be titled after Dungarvan born millionaire, John A. Mulcahy, who made a major financial contribution to the grounds development some years ago. The 'Road End' embankment will be named after the late Pax WheJan, who for decades had

been synonymous with the venue. The third embankment at the Waterford Foods end will be named after the late Seamus O' Braonain, former P.R.O. of Waterford Co. Board, whose untimely and unexpected death a decade ago, proved a huge loss to the Association in Co. Waterford.

OPEN AIR ENTERTAINMENT

As well as the announcement of the weekend's events programme which sees an official National League senior ladies football clash between Waterford and Kerry on Sunday afternoon (May 15th) to precede the formal opening ceremony, it is also disclosed that a further fundraising venture in the form of a major open air entertainment, is planned to be held at Fraher field on Whit Weekend, June 4/5th. This will feature on Saturday, June 4th. The renowned Diarmuid O'Leary and The Bards while on Sunday, June 5th a monster open air disco will be held with a Marquee on site.

The press conference also heard worthy praise extended to chief contractor for the development of Fraher Field, namely John Kiely of Kilrossanty and to the contract holder for the earth handling, Tony Kirwin also from Kilrossanty. The consultant Engineer for the project is well known Cork man Michael Horgan who was involved in the major developments of two of the country's biggest stadia, Semple Stadium, in Thurles and Cork's Pairc Uí Chaoimh, alongside the above mentioned Nioclas MacCraith on the Fraher Field Committee are: Seamus O Meachair (Killrossanty); Tom Cunningham (Stradbally); Greg Fives (Abbeyside/Ballinacourty); Tomas O Droma (Eire Og); Deamus Breathnach (Kilgobinet); Anton O Muirgeasa (Geraldines). The late Liam O'Domhnaill (Dungarvan) whose unexpected death occurred last year, was also a member.

CALENDAR FOR HISTORIC WEEKEND

Venue: Fraher field.

Friday 13 th	Camogie	Waterford v Wexford	7.30 p.m.
Saturday 14 th	Junior Hurling	Waterford v Kilkenny	7.30 p.m.
Sunday 15 th	Ladies Football	Waterford v Kerry	12.45 p.m.
	Senior Football	Waterford v Wexford	2.00p.m.

Official Opening 3.15 p.m. Special Guest: Mr Jack Bootman, President G.A.A.

Senior Hurling	Cork v Wexford	3.45 p.m.
Waterford v Limerick		7.30 p.m.

Sunday evening Celebratory Function Lawlor's Hotel, Buffet, band, bar extension adm. £5

Official Reopening of Fraher Field **By unknown author**

From Dungarvan Leader, 06.05.1994

Full details of the reopening programme of events which will take place at Fraher Field, Dungarvan on the weekend of May 13/15, were outlined at a Press Conference held at the Park Hotel, Dungarvan on Friday night last.

May 15 is D-Day for Pairc Ui Fearachair, Dungarvan, when its gates will be opened once again to the many Gaels whose residence it has been on a Sunday evening for many years in the past. The weekend of May 13 to 15 will here be called in history as a major leap forward in C.L.C.G., Portlairge, Waterford as a county can now stand tall with all the other so called giants of our national game when it comes to playing grounds.

"14,000 people combining forces in the county G.A.A. draw has resulted in what can only be called a dream becoming a reality. We must also keep in mind that this is only part of our efforts. Walsh Park in the very near future will also stand aloof.

Pairc Ui Fearachair is now a tribute, not to any individual or groups of people but to C.L.C.G. Gaels, Portlairge, players, mentors of teams, the 14,000 people, who paid £5 to our draw last year and have continued to do so, and most of all to you our patrons."

This was the core of the press release which gave a brief outline of the history of the progress at Fraher Field since the grounds were purchased on April 1, 1973.

Greg Fives, Treasurer of the Finance and Development Committee, welcomed the media and the many others who came along to the conference.

He traced the history of the planning of the development and the organising of the county draw which yielded a total of £477,000 for the clubs in the county last year and provided the finances to develop Fraher Field to its present state and would soon develop Walsh Park, for which planning permission has been granted. Having paid tribute to the work of both the field and finance committee he asked those present to remember the late Liam O'Donnell, who was a very active member of the Fraher Field Committee up to the time of his death. He also paid tribute to the clubs, promoters and the 14,000 people who had joined the draw in order to develop our grounds.

Nicholas MacCraith, Secretary of the Field Committee informed the meeting that it had been decided to recommend to County Board that the new stand would be named Ardan na nDeise. This was considered to be a very fitting name and one that would be popular and acceptable.

The main bank in the field, which is on the Curran's Boreen side of the field, will be named 'Port Ui Mhaolchathaigh' in honour of John Mulcahy former Dungarvan born business-man, who contributed very generously towards the cost of the purchase of the field in 1973.

The bank on the roadside of the grounds will be named Port Ui Faolain in honour of the late Pax Wheilan, who laboured for many years to keep the grounds in top class condition.

The bank at the West side is to be named Port Ui Bhraonain, in memory of the late Jim Brennan who was county P.R.O. and organiser of many important county events for a long number of years.

The official opening will take place at 3.30 p.m. approximately on Sunday, May 15, when the new President; Jack Boothman, will performed the opening ceremony after the stand has been blessed. Other dignitaries will also attend.

Fiona McDonald of the Finance Committee, announced that the weekend programme will be as follows:

Friday, May 13 -Senior Camogie: Waterford v. Wexford, 7.30 p.m.

Saturday, May 14 -Junior Hurling: Waterford v. Kilkenny, 7.30 p.m.

Sunday, May 15 -Ladies Football: Waterford v. Kerry, 12.45 p.m.

This is an official National League match and because of the special occasion, Kerry have been very decent and sporting in agreeing to come here and play the match, which had been fixed for a venue elsewhere. Waterford and Wexford meet in senior football at 2 p.m.

After the opening by the President, the main event of the afternoon will see Cork and Wexford (who fought three memorable battles in the never to be forgotten League final at Thurles last year) in opposition for a set of trophies. To wind off the programme, Waterford and Limerick will meet in the field at 7.30 p.m., also for a set of trophies. Bands will attend and a souvenir programme will be on sale. The referees on duty will be Michael Wadding, Pat Moore and Thomas O Meachair.

It was also announced that a £5 admission ticket will permit patrons to attend the entire weekend programme. There will be a single admission for people wishing to attend for the single match programmes. Children will be admitted free on Friday and Saturday evenings, but because of the seating arrangements in the new stand, only ticket holders can be admitted on Sunday.

The capacity of the stand is 3,000 and of these 1,500 are in a covered section.

Other speakers at the conference were Eamon O Murchu, County Chairman, who praised the work of the field and finance development committee and said that May 15 would be a day of great joy for the Gaels of

Portlairge. Seamus Grant, County Secretary, Declan O Meara, Chairman Finance and Development Committee, Frankie Cullinane and P.S. O' Riain, both Divisional Board Chairmen.

On the night of the official opening a celebratory function, including buffet with band and bar extension, will be held at Lawlor's Hotel and will be open to everyone at £5.

Other fundraising ventures are also planned and will include Open Air entertainment at Fraher Field on June 4 and 5. On Saturday, June 4 a marquee will be in situ for a dance with Diarmuid O'Leary and the Bards. On Sunday, June 5 an open air disco will be held in the Show Grounds.

Death of Mr. Dan Fraher **By unknown author**

From the files of the Dungarvan Observer

Dungarvan's famed Fraher Field is set to be re-opened on the 15th May next. Following on Waterford's all-Ireland u-21 success in 1992, the minors contesting the All-Ireland Final and not forgetting the Waterford Ladies footballers, a great deal of good will exists towards the G.A.A. It was against this background that the Co. Board launched its Déise Development Draw which has proved to be such a successful fundraiser and in 1993 the re-development work commenced at Dan Fraher's Field. Currently a magnificent new stand has taken shape and a very neat embankment now runs the length of the Curran's Boreen side of the pitch with the new stand on the showground side and local supporters are now really looking forward to attending games once again at the famous Old Boro venue. It is our intention to carry some special features in the run up to the re-opening of the refurbished Fraher Field. With feelings of deepest regret we chronicle the death of Mr. Dan Fraher, Square, Dungarvan, which occurred at his residence on Monday morning at 10.30 o'clock following a few weeks illness. He had been attending to his business as usual up to about a fortnight ago, when he was obliged to take to his bed. Since then he was under the special care of Dr. McCarthy, while Rev. L. Egan C.C. was constant in ministering to his spiritual needs. He remained conscious up to the last, and fully resigned to the will of the Almighty, he breathed his last in holy calm surrounded by his family and his household staff.

Sprung from a most respectable and widely-esteemed family, Mr. Fraher was born at Skeheens, in the Parish of Touraneena, on the 18th November, 1852, and from the start gave evidence of the Celtic courage, manliness and dashing spirit which marked his lifelong career. A born leader of men, the first to do and dare, of manly mould and powerful physique from his schoolboy days he stood forth a pillar of strength to every cause he espoused. E'er yet he left school his name had gone forth as an athlete of renown, and a manner worthy of the long lost days of our Nation's ancient greatness he excelled in all forms of manliness -running, jumping, weight-throwing, vaulting, wrestling, etc. His prowess in that line is fully detailed later.

Coming to Dungarvan in his 16th year, he was apprenticed to the drapery business carried on by Mr. Thomas McCarthy, O'Connell Street, and just as in sport, he gave a whole-hearted attention to his commercial pursuits, and with such conspicuous success that when after some years he opened business on the Square on his own account, he built up in a short space a big drapery and outfitting concern on the soundest lines and with instant success. Broadminded, tactful and shrewd, with a highly developed commercial instinct, he proved himself a businessman of the highest rank, and always won and retained the confidence of the public. His sound, practical advice was ever at the service of his friends, and his clear knowledge of the ways of men, coupled with an even understanding of most of the problems which concern daily life, were highly appreciated by all whose guide, philosopher and friend he was. Gentle in manner and charitable in disposition, he never failed to befriend those in distress. His advice and his purse were at the disposal of every deserving case, for his kindly nature could not bear suffering if he could by any chance, alleviate it. He was the embodiment of good nature, one who never stood aside when help was needed, and he was never found wanting when an appeal was made to him. Needless to add, he was an out-and-out supporter of goods of Irish manufacture. He had all the attributes of a noble-hearted man, who was beloved of all classes of the community and whose loss is not local, but National.

Patriot

In the broad field of patriotic endeavour, few men did more than he did for the cause he loved. From boyhood to the closing hour every fibre of his manly frame vibrated with love of Ireland. In early manhood he was imbued with the true Fenian spirit, and his actions were moulded from the lessons of the past. A close student of his country's history down from the distant ages, he was fully conversant with the evils wrought by alien misgovernment, and resolved to do his part in righting an undoubted wrong. The deeds of the men of '98, '48 and '67 appealed to him in no uncertain manner, and guided by their example he shaped his course. Every movement having for its object the betterment of the downcast people had in him a pillar of strength. A prominent member of the Land League in these parts in the Eighties, he was the true and trusted lieutenant of the then National Leaders, and many was the time he used the football as a decoy to outwit the enemy in trying to locate the meeting place of the Leaguers. Possessed of a virile Nationality, he did not approve of the mild tactics of the Parliamentarians of later days, and so we find him an ardent supporter of the Clan-na- Gael and I.R.B. and of the cause being then developed by Willie Rooney, Arthur Griffith and others. The Hungarian policy of Arthur Griffith appealed to him, and he was one of the first adherents of the Sinn Fein Cause in Munster. For that cause he worked unceasingly for years, and his confreres. The men of 1916 were all personal friends of his, and as an instance of the respect they entertained for him, he was admitted to their inner counsels, and his opinion on all big questions was eagerly sought after and duly appraised. When the rebellion broke out in Easter Week. Mr. Fraher was in

Dublin attending the annual Congress of the G.A.A. He escaped arrest while in the city, but on returning home he was taken into custody at Waterford and lodged in Ballybricken Jail, where after a fortnight's bad treatment he was liberated. The execution of so many of his personal friends later, was sorely felt by him but strong man that he was he kept up his spirits and entered the fray with all the greater vigour. Then came the rise of Sinn Fein, and as President of the County Waterford Organisation, all his weight and influence bore full fruit. He was the chief enemy of the then authorities, and his house was raided times out of number. Indeed, on the slightest provocation his premises were searched. With the advent of the Buffs and later of the Black and Tans, he got no peace, and more than once he was taken to the barracks for interrogation. In the general round up in November 1920, he was taken into custody with several other worthy citizens and sent to Ballykinlar Camp, where he was detained eight months. While there he got cold and developed Rheumatism from the bad treatment he received, and it may safely be said it was in Ballykinlar his robust health was first snapped. Then came the Treaty. Finding his country split in two and her sons divided into factions hurt him, and he did a man's part to throw oil on the troubled waters. To his great influence may be attributed the peaceful solution of very many burning problems, local and National. No man in Ireland was more respected by the leaders of the Cumann na nGaedheal and Fianna Fail Parties than Mr. Fraher, and he died with the satisfaction that in his lifetime alien government had come to an end and the destinies of his country rested with her sons. He paid the price in his health, as to his sufferings in prison and camp was due the rheumatism of which he was the victim in latter years. No more pure-souled or, single-purpose patriot ever worked for his country's good. In that respect his life, was an example to be followed.

Closely allied to his love of country was his love of his country's language. With him 'Gan Teanga, Gan Tír, was no empty meaningless phrase. He spoke the old tongue with a flourish none may emulate. A native speaker of ability, coupled with a burning desire to have the Irish language made household, he never missed an opportunity of advancing it. His was no boisterous word-spinning in the mother tongue. He was animated by great zeal, coupled with an absence of dictation which made it patent that his advocacy was from the heart, and patriotic motives with him were so deep as to carry conviction in any company. Not alone was he a fluent Irish speaker, but he was deeply read in Celtic lore, and could more than hold his own in argument with any University Professor on the charm, depth of meaning and elegance of style of the old language. Further, he was an authority on Celtic philology and the mythology associated with Ireland. He was the possessor of a most valuable library of Ancient, Middle and Modern Irish, and to hear him dilate on the various literary styles and forms of the different periods of history was a treat to the scholar in search of information. He was founder of the Gaelic League in the Co. Waterford and President of the Coiste Ceanntait, and in dark days as well as bright, kept the ball rolling onwards towards the day when Irish would be once again in general use. In his declining years he had the satisfaction of seeing Irish occupying its rightful place. The last public meeting he attended was a month ago in the Town Hall, Dungarvan, when a conference was held to advance the Irish Cause. At that meeting he presided and arrangements were made to hold a Feis here next summer.

To the Gaels of Ireland the lame and fame of Mr. Dan Fraher Dungarvan are well known. The distinction which he attained at an athletic meetings the various positions he held in the Gaelic Athletic Association and the numerous times he acted as referee of important football known. The distinction which he attained at all athletic meetings: the various positions he held in the Gaelic Athletic Association and the numerous times he acted as referee of important football and hurling matches, have brought his name before the public.

He was a renowned athlete in his day and held such a record as to bring the blush of shame to our present-day cracks. While yet a schoolboy he exhibited symptoms of his taste for the manly art, and was far beyond those of his own age in jumping, running and weight-throwing. He commenced his athletic career in 1868 when at the Sports at Knockboy, Ballinamult, he won the high jump at 5ft. 2ins. He was now 15½ years, of promising appearance, remarkable for strength and activity, of which he gave many proofs during his youth and early manhood. In the following year, 1869, at Druidmount he excelled all his competitors in the standing hop, step and jump at the distance of 30ft. 6ins. The time had now come for him to chose an occupation, and he was apprenticed to the drapery business with the late Mr. Thomas McCarthy, Dungarvan. During the years of his apprenticeship he was prevented from competing at athletics. Accordingly it was not till the year 1872 at Ballymacarbry Sports on July 6th that we again find him competing, his opponents being Thomas Lonergan, Kilsheelan; John Burton, Rathronan, and D. McEniry, Kilmacomma, for the high jump, which he won at 5ft. 4½ins. On the same day he succeeded in obtaining second prize in the hop, step and jump at 32ft. being next to T. Lonergan, who won at 32ft. 7ins.

He now received several challenges from aspiring athletes. The first of these was from Michael Branagan of the R.I.C., for an all-round competition consisting of five events. In this contest Mr. Fraher decidedly proved his superiority over his opponent by winning the running high jump at 5ft. 8in. standing high jump at 4ft. 8ins. standing hop, step and jump at 32ft. 9ins. and the three standing jumps at 35ft. 10ins. Branagan won only at 21ft. These performances were done by Mr. Fraher in stocking vamps and without the aid of dumb-bells. Patrick Morrissey, Killosera, Dungarvan, was the next to oppose him in throwing a 7Ib.

weight. The event came off at Dungarvan in May, 1873, and resulted in an easy victory for Dan Fraher at 73ft. Morrissey being 71ft. 8in. In 1875 B. McGowan of the R.J.C. thought his athletic prowess fully entitled him to compete with Mr. Fraher, and so challenged him for five events, viz-putting 56lbs, 28lbs, the 18½lb. shot, throwing 7lb. and 14lb. Mr. Fraher easily won the first three events of the reel at 20 ft. 2½in. 30ft. and 36ft. 8 ins. respectively. P. Power of Tramore next challenged him for the same five events, and Mr. Fraher again won the first three easily. His next opponent was James Dwyer, Carrick-on-Suir, who was trained by the brothers Davin. Dwyer went for a single event only, viz. the hop, step and jump. The event came off at Leamybrien in 1876. Mr. Fraher being in poor form was advised by his friends to postpone the competition, but to no purpose. In this contest Mr. Dwyer had the advantage of careful training, jumped in spiked slippers, with the aid of dumb-bells, and his jump on that day was given as 33ft. 8ins. Mr. Fraher in an ordinary pair of pegged shoes and without dumb-bells was here defeated by 5½ins. But an eventful and auspicious day was now at hand. Cork had challenged Waterford in the person of John Russell, of Queenstown v. D. Fraher, Dungarvan. The programme consisted of seven jumping and four weight-throwing events. The contest came off at Youghal on December 2nd, 1883. It was patronised by a large but excited assemblage. Betting was fast -10 to 1 in favour of Russell. But when the 9th event was over, Mr. Fraher having placed six out of the 11 to his credit was declared the victor. Mr. Fraher won the 7lb. at 73ft. 6ins. throwing 14lbs. 43ft. 1ins. throwing 16lbs. shot. 32ft. running high jump 5ft. 4ins. standing high jump 4ft. 4ins. three standing jumps 33ft. 3ins. Thomas Reilly R.I.C. Ring, was next to encounter him in all-round contest of nine events, which took place on the Cunnigar on 17th January, 1884. This competition was to all appearances evenly contested, but though Mr. Fraher was in real bad form, yet he gained a decisive victory by winning five out of the nine events. In June 1873, at Powerstown, Clonmel, he won the high jump 5ft. 6ins. and the standing hop, step and jump at 3ft 8ins. At Clonmel, August 6th, 1883. a handicap high jump resulted as follows:- W. Naughton (7ins. handicap), jumped 5ft. 4ins.; D. Fraher (5ins.) jumped 5ft. 5½ins; and P. Davin, Carrick-on-Suir (scratch) 5ft. 10½ins. At Pembrokestown (Tramore) Sports in 1878 he won the high jump at 5ft. 5ins. and was second in the high jump at Newtown (Kilmacthomas) Sports in 1 879. At the Kilmacomma (Clonmel) Sports meeting 1876, he won the high jump at 5ft. 4½ins. defeating Thomas Kiely, Ballyknockan, and James Dwyer, Carrick-on-Suir. He was also successful in putting the 56lbs. at 20ft 3 ins. and at Lismore in 1879 he again put the 56lbs. 19ft. 6ins and tied with John Dee at vaulting height 7ft and got distance of 96 yards. In 1880 at Ballymacarbry he won the hop, step and jump in the first attempt; the distance being 31ft. 3ins., and in 1882 he put the 56lbs. 20ft 5 ins. At Ballymacarbry Athletic Sports in 1883 he won the high jump at 5ft, 4½ins, and the hop, step and jump at 3ft. 10ins. In the same year at Lismore he took the high jump at 5ft. 3ins. At the Leamybrien Sports he took the 7lbs. at 73ft 14lbs. at 46ft. 9ins., and the 28lbs. at 29ft. In 1883 he retired from athletics, and did not competed again until June, 1885, when at the Dungarvan Sports he again entered the arena and was awarded the championship belt. At these sports he exceeded all his previous performances. He took the high jump at 5ft. 8½ ins. standing jump at 4ft. 7½ins. standing hop. step and jump at 32ft. 4ins. three standing jumps at 35ft. 8ins. putting 16 lbs. shot. 34ft. 6ins. and the 250 yards race. He got second in the standing long jump, 11ft. in the 56lbs.. 22ft. 10ins. in the 7lb. 72ft. 4ins. and in the 14lbs. 44 by P . McGrath, Lackendarra, and in the standing high jump by T. Barry, Dungarvan. At the Kilkenny G.A.A. .meeting he successfully accounted for a quartette of events by winning the high jump, 5 ft. 3½ins. hop, step and jump, 32ft. 10ins.putting the shot, 38 ft. 7 ins.; the three leaps, 35 ft. 9 ins. and got second in the 56lbs. at 22ft. 10 ins. In October 1885, he won at the first Gaelic Championships at Tramore the standing Hop, Step and Jump without weights (30 ft. 8½ins), and got second in the high jump. On 26th December, 1885, at Piltown G.A.A. Sports he took the 7lbs. at 69 ft. 7ins., and got second in the 16lb. shot at 38ft. 2ins. He did not again compete at an athletic meeting until October 1888, when in one week he won honours in three different counties first at Ballylanders. Co. Limerick, where he won the three standing jumps at 34ft. 10ins. secondly at Fermoy, Co. Cork, where he tied with J.P O'Sullivan for first place in the high jump, and thirdly at Carrick-on-Suir, where he won the high jump at 5 ft. 8½ins. He also placed the three standing jumps to his credit by doing 35 ft. 8½ ins. in his first and only attempt as the shades of night were falling fast.

During his early athletic career he never knew the advantage of proper training, and it was not till the year 1888 when he had reached his 36th year that he resolved for the Ballylanders, Fermoy and Carrick Sports and his performancess as given above proper training, and it was not till the year 1888, when he had reached his 36th year that he resolved for the Ballylanders, Fermoy and Carrick Sports and his performancess as given above show what he would accomplish had he got the chance of training in his earlier days. That want of training was his greatest regret in after life; but for him who often had to go to athletic meetings without his shopmates knowing of his intentions until they saw his performances in the Press, it was impossible to have the advantages enjoyed by his more fortunate competitors.

Bowling, wrestling, and vaulting were his best and favourite events. He was a good wielder of the caman, and played many a hard, rough-and-tumble football match, and it is a well-known fact that he never met "terra firma" in a football field except through a foul or an accident. Since the foundation of the G.A.A. he acted for a number of years as goalkeeper for the Dungarvan team, in which capacity he stood out by

himself as a tower of defence to his side. He had in his possession over 100 prizes as fond trophies of his youthful deeds of muscular strength.

But great as was his success in everything he undertook we think his greatest work was in connection with the Gaelic Athletic Association. He was the life and soul of the revival of our old games not only in this county, but in Munster. He may in fact be reckoned as one of the first half-dozen men in Ireland. When in 1884 the Gaelic Athletic Association was formed by Michael Cusack, of Drangan, and Maurice Davin, of Carrick-on-Suir, under the patronage of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, Dan Fraher was in the heyday of his manhood and in the pride of his athletic prowess, and at once entering the fray with all the energy he could command he had the G.A.A. firmly established in this county. From the start he was one of the leaders of the movement, and acted as one of its Trustees of the Central Council from then up until a few years ago. He was also a leading member of the Munster Council, while with a few exceptions he had been President of the County Waterford G.A.A. up to his demise. In fact, he may be said to be the father of the G.A.A., and a wise, sound Counsellor he was, who controlled the destinies of that great organisation with the same conspicuous ability as characterised everything to which he put his hand. A player himself of a high order, he kept the Dungarvan football team ever to the fore in the championships of the county, and the story of the meetings at Dungarvan, Aghlish, Kilrossanty and Fenor 40 years ago are still told by the fireside. But in order to make Dungarvan a centre for Gaelic pastimes, Mr. Fraher found a proper play field was a necessity, and with uncommon foresight he purchased from Captain Richard Curran some 30 years ago the field today so well known as the finest pitch in Ireland. The work he did in preparing, levelling and walling-in that field, erecting stands, banks, dressing-rooms, etc., would take a long space to recount. Suffice to say that he moulded the field into what it is as seen today, the most picturesque, elaborate and best laid-out Gaelic Grounds in the country. In all that work he acted as his own engineer and financier, and proved himself a man with clarity of vision and artistic taste. Today 30,000 can witness a big match in perfect comfort and amid sylvan scenery that defies competition. In the past 20 years numerous championship games have been played there in the All-Ireland and Munster semi-finals and finals, and the assembled thousands have lauded the architect who so ingeniously planned the arena in such panoramic surroundings. He gloried in this work, and incidentally made Dungarvan and its scenery of sea and mountain known to thousands who, but for him, would never have seen it.

What an enormous amount of money was spent in the town through Mr. Fraher's activities will never be known. Not a year passed but big championships were decided here in the presence of thousands, and what money they spent on these occasions is for the citizens to fix the amount. He was indeed the Father of the town, and by his death a void is created that will not be filled for many a day.

He was a man of faith. More, than most men, he believed in life. Never was he known to hint that the struggle did not repay the efforts that the goal was unworthy of the race. No man every heard from his lips a syllable of doubt. The stumbling of denial he never knew, He never looked aside because the path seemed difficult to climb. In youth he turned with energy on every simple task presented. In prosperity a complex world could never dim the hunger of his mind. The altering heart was strange to him.

Socially he was a great favourite, Possessed of a keen sense of humour and a ready wit, an expert 45 player, and a supporter of every form of sport, his friends were legion, and visitors to the town invariably called on him and received a C ad M ile F ailte. He is gone from amongst us. After a life of energy and usefulness devoted to the public good he has left us and not only his native town and county, but the country, is the poorer for his loss. The embodiment of kindness and manly sport, the soul of chivalry, the friend of the poor and the open enemy of all who would play foul with Ireland, her language, history and traditions, he is gone to his eternal reward, and fervent are the prayers offered to the Almighty God for the Happy repose of his soul.

To his bereaved son, daughter and sister the deepest sympathy is extended in their great loss. R.I.P.

On Tuesday at 4 p.m. the remains were removed to the Parish Church, Dungarvan, and were accompanied by the largest cortege ever seen in the town. The coffin was borne thence on the shoulders of personal friends, members of the Old Hopes and Rovers teams and present day G.A.A. in relays. Those taking part included: Messrs. John Lynch, Michael Flynn, P.J. Crotty, J.J. Crotty, Percy Kirwan, E. Walsh, L. Fraher, John Fraher, Michael Cullinan, James Foley, James Nagle and Michael Sheridan. A Guard of Honour from the G.A.A. clubs in the county wearing mourning armlets preceded the coffin and lined the entrance to the church. At the church gates the remains were received by Rev. L. Egan, C.C. and Rev. M. F. Hearne C.C. Amongst distinguished athletes present were Messrs P. McGrath, Secretary Munster County G.A.A.; P. Davin, Carrick; T.F. Kiely, world's all-round champion; Peter O'Connor. solr. world's long jump champion; Percy Kirwan. F. Drohan. Treasurer. G.A.A. Willie Walshe, together with all the leading G.A.A. men in the county.

On Wednesday morning Requiem Masses were celebrated for the repose of his soul in the presence of large congregations. At 12.30 o' clock the remains were taken from the Parish Church. The funeral was the most imposing ever seen in Co. Waterford. From an early hour motors from all parts began to arrive in the town, and by 12 o'clock the streets were thronged. The countryside for twenty miles was fully represented, there being scarcely a house but sent its representatives, while Dungarvan, Lismore, Cappoquin and

Kilmacthomas was at full strength. The coffin was borne from the church on the shoulders of Messrs. John Lynch, Michael Flynn, J. J. Crotty and P.F. Crotty. A file from the Dungarvan Hurling and Football clubs under Seamus Hayes and the Civic Guards under Supt. Keenan formed up at each side of the street and accompanied the remains to the borough boundary at Kilrush, where the coffin was transferred to the hearse. Mourning was visible on every side, all shops being shut and blinds drawn. The other pall-bearers were: T.F. Kiely, J. Harrington, D.J. Callanan. John Fitzgerald, Cork; E.& J. Walsh, L. Frilher; E. Moore, Jas. Foley, Thomas Casey, Michael Sheridan and M. Cullinan. The sad procession took almost an hour to clear the town, and when it set off on its way to the ancient graveyard of Knockboy it was 1½ miles in length, being composed of 160 motor Cars, 200 vehicles, and numbers of horsemen and cyclists. On the way it was augmented at every crossroads, and was easily the biggest demonstration of public sympathy every Witnessed in this county. Arrived at Knockboy, the interment took place in the presence of an enormous concourse of his family; friends, relatives and the general public. Rev. L. Egan C.C. read the last prayers, assisted by the Very Rev. J. Gleeson, P.P. Aglish, and Very Rev. R. Meskill. When the grave was covered the Rosary was recited in Irish by the Very Rev. John Gleeson P.P.

He lies in the ancient graveyard of Seskinane 'neath the shadows of the trees. For miles in each direction stretch the hills and glens he loved since his boyhood days. They are dotted with the homes of the farmers whom he knew. Everywhere is peace. Everywhere is life. Everywhere the heart of nature beats.

The Fraher Memorial (Gaelic Survey)

By An Fear Faire

From Waterford News & Star, 19.10.1984

Waterford will honour one of its outstanding Gaels on Saturday week next, 27th October, when G.A.A. President, Paddy Buggy, unveils a memorial and pay tribute to Dan Fraher of Dungarvan, a man who, in his lifetime, made a considerable contribution to the growth and development of the G.A.A. The ceremony will take place in Cnoc Bui, Sliabh gCua, where Dan Fraher is buried.

The memorial will be blessed by Most Rev. Dr. Michael Russell, who is patron of the G.A.A. in Waterford, and Dr. Russell will preach a homily during the open air Mass which will follow the unveiling. In addition to Paddy Buggy, it is expected that the Ard Stiurtheoir will also be present and invitations have also been extended to the Chairmen of all the Munster Counties and to the Kilkenny County Chairman. These are the counties which enjoyed close connections with Dan Fraher in the years when the Dungarvan Field, now Fraher Field, housed many great games including Munster and All Ireland finals.

Those were the days when Dungarvan was very much at the heart of G.A.A. affairs with Dan Fraher as trustee, a man of National reputation and a major figure in the G.A.A. hierarchy of his time. Munster Council Chairman, Brendan Vaughan, and former G.A.A. presidents, Con Murphy and Seamus Ryan, will also be in attendance.

The ceremonies at Cnoc Bui are being organised by the County Centenary Committee and no effort is being spared to ensure that the occasion is worthy of the man and his county. The Touraneena club is responsible for the on-the-spot arrangements and they have been working very hard at their end. The occasion is essentially a club occasion. The cost of the memorial is being borne by club subscriptions and every club in the county is expected to be represented in the parade from Beary's Cross to the cemetery at Cnoc Bui.

While there is no limit to the numbers attending it is hoped that each club will send a minimum of six members to participate in the occasion. Clubs will carry their official club standards as they did for the opening of the county's centenary celebrations in January last.

Ceremonies

Club delegations, guests and other participants will assemble at Beary's Cross at 2.30 p.m. and parade to the cemetery. Paddy Buggy will unveil the memorial and address the assembly. The memorial will be blessed by Dr. Russell. Open air Mass will be celebrated by Very Rev. J. Keating, P.P. Touraneena, and the homily will be preached by Dr. Russell. Following the ceremonies at Cnoc Bui, County Chairman, James Tobin, will host a reception for the invited guests in the School in Touraneena.

Dan Fraher

I confess that I knew little of Dan Fraher of his work for the G.A.A. I am sure that virtually all but the oldest reader of this paper would have to make a similar confession. Having put together available information on the man and his times, it certainly makes an interesting story and one of which Waterford can be proud.

Dan Fraher was born in Touraneena on November 18, 1852. He died on December 2nd, 1929. He was thirty two when the GAA was founded in 1884, and he was then a man of considerable repute in his own county and beyond. Even before he left school he was known as an athlete of renown excelling in running, jumping, weight throwing, vaulting and wrestling, the great athletic pursuits of that time.

He was 16 years old when he came to Dungarvan and was apprenticed to the draper trade. Subsequently, he would open his own business and be recognised as an out and out advocate of Irish goods. Soon he emerged as a prominent member of the Land League, an ardent advocate of Clann na Gael, and the I.R.B. and one of the first to rally to the Sinn Fein cause in Munster. Arrested following the 1916 Rising, he was interred in Waterford's Ballybricken Jail. As President of Sinn Fein in Waterford, he was again arrested in 1920 and held for a time in Ballykinlan Camp where his health deteriorated. An Irish speaker, he was founder of the Gaelic League in Co. Waterford.

In addition to his athletic prowess, Dan also excelled at hurling and football. In the world of the G.A.A. he was an acknowledged leader of the movement and his purchase of the Gaelic Field in Dungarvan proved a most important step in the history of the Association. He was a member of the Central Council and as a trustee became one of the shapers of G.A.A. policy. His name and his money were ever at the service of the G.A.A. and he played a major role in the acquisition of Croke Park.

Athlete, Patriot, hurler, footballer, language enthusiast, and administrator, Dan Fraher's role in the emergence of the G.A.A. as a powerful force was a vital one. He deserves to be honoured in his own county in this Centenary Year.

Willie Walsh

While writing about Dan Fraher and his exploits, it crossed my mind that perhaps Centenary Year should not pass without an official County Board tribute to another great Waterford man of a different era, the late Willie Walsh. Willie is suitably remembered in Walsh Park, the city grounds named after the man who more than anybody else secured the field for the G.A.A. and Gaelic Games.

Willie was also Chairman of the County Board, a member of Munster Council and Central Council, a man who like Dan Fraher suffered imprisonment for his beliefs during the troubles. He was one of the outstanding referees of his time and handled many All Ireland finals in both hurling and football.

Pairc an Bhreathnaigh is an enduring memorial to Willie Walsh but wouldn't it be appropriate if the County Board could mark the Centenary celebrations with the erection of a simple plaque on the dressing rooms in Walsh Park?

Re-Opening of Fraher Field **By unknown author**

From Dungarvan Observer, 07.05.1994.

Maurice Fraher an outstanding Athlete.

Dan Fraher's son Maurice "Monny" Fraher was one of the country's leading athletes and lion great fame for his many remarkable feats.

In jumping he won All-Ireland honours and hundreds of trophies while in weight-lifting he amazed the nation.

As a schoolboy he was the first pupil to enter St. Enda's College in Dublin and be greeted by his Master, Pdraig Pearse. Following the death of his father in December 1929 Monny Fraher stood by the affairs of the GAA locally and at inter-county level at the Fraher Field where his help in constant co-operation made him an unforgettable benefactor to the local G.A.A. clubs.

Athletic Record

The outstanding athletic record of Maurice Fraher is worth recording and it is as follows:-

Began Athletics at well-known Dublin College. Pearse's School. St. Enda's, where he captained Hurling and Football teams, which afterwards won the Co. Dublin junior Championship, defeating Kickhams, Dolphins, Davis' and a host of others. At this time he was only 14 years of age. He entered for College Sports and competed against the Seniors, although only a Junior himself. He won the High jump at 5ft. 2½ins Long jump at 18ft. 6ins. off grass; and Putting two stone Weight The Handball Championship also fell to him before leaving College to take up business at home. He then began Athletics proper, when he entered and competed at Fermoy Sports. Here he won Long Jump at 20ft. 8ins. After this success he had a "go" at the All-Ireland Championships at Mallow, where he took 3rd place; to; Mike Creedon and Barry of Cork, in 3rd Jumps, with an effort of 33ft. On 13th of August following he accomplished the remarkable performance of covering 22ft. 2½ins. in Long Jump at Mullinahone Sports, though not yet 17 years. Next day, at Ballyluskey, he again won Long Jump off grass at 21 feet nett. The following season he started off by winning second place to Tom Leahy of Charleville, at Fermoy Sports, in the High Jump. At Ballymacarbry, Co. Waterford, he won High Jump at 5ft. 6ins. and was second in Long Jump, though he covered greatest distance of 21ft. 6ins. Following month he again essayed his luck at the All-Ireland Championship. Here he took third place to the well-known leapers. D.M. O'Connell of Ardpatrick, and Mike O'Hanlon, of Gusscrane, Co. Wexford, who since have covered over 24 feet, as a member of the Irish A.A.C., New York. At Ardfinnan he won High Jump at 5ft. 7ins. and was second in Long Jump at Holloway, of Bansa.

The year 1913 was a very successful Season for him as he began by ,winning High Jump (5ft. 7ins,) from Tim Leahy at the Gaelic League Carnival, at Jones's Road, Dublin. In Long Jump he got over 21 feet getting second place. These were very good performances, considering that there were over thirty competitors from ail parts of Ireland at each event at this monster meeting, and the prizes were the more valuable that were ever offered at a Sports meeting in Ireland. At an indoor meeting in Rathmines he won Standing High Jump at 4ft. 6ins.

At Cashel and Cobh meetings he was too heavily handicapped to pull off a first place, and had to be contented with seconds, Almost immediately afterwards he excelled himself, when at Kilkenny Asylum Sports he won High Jump in grand style at 5ft. 8½ins. and Long Jump at 21ft. 4inches nett. He tried an exhibition jump, at the request of the Committee, and cleared 6ft. in his third attempt. His jumping at this meeting, "The Kilkenny Journal" reported, was the "most stylish that was seen for a good while at Southern meetings." on the following Tuesday he competed at Abbeyleix, where he again swept the decks. He won the High Jump on bad ground at 5ft. 8ins, beating such good men as Barney Lyons, of Thurles, who often got over 6ft. Egan of Borris, and Condon of Ballinure. He also won Long Jump at 21ft. 11½ins. but Barney Lyons took on handicap. At Cappoquin he cleared 5ft. 8½ins, in High Jump, and covered 21ft. 8ins. in Long Jump, though Moss Hackett the local athlete, won latter with his handicap. About the time he was displaying his best form. His weight was about 11st. 7lbs. and on level ground was able for close on 6ft.in High Jump, and 22ft. 7ins.in Long Jump. At a big meeting, held in Waterford Sports Field, he won long Jump at 21ft. 6½ins. and got 2nd in High Jump at 5ft. 6ins. Numerous Committees wrote him soliciting his presence at their meetings.

The ensuing year opened with the Gaelic League meeting again. Among the competitors were the Leahys of Charleville; O'Learys of Cork; Kane, Galway and Grimes the Maynooth flier from Enfield. He again won the High Jump, but in his third attempt he put out his ankle, which prevented him from doing his best. This in conjunction with a family bereavement, set athletics aside for this season.

On the opening of the Athletic Season next year, he competed at Carrick and New Ross, but had to be satisfied with second place at each meeting. At Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, he tried an all-round performance, Here he got second in High Jump to Furlong, Wexford, Leinster Champion; third in 100 yards, 561bs, over bar (12 feet) and 28lbs. (29ft. 3 ins.)



This week we include a truly historical photo in the lead up to the official re-opening of Dungarvan's Fraher Field.

Our photo is one taken of the members of the Central council of the G.A.A. in the early years of this century. Second from left in the back row is Waterford's own Dan Fraher, who not only purchased and development the famous venue

which is named after him, but was one of the trustees of the G.A.A who went guarantor for the purchase of Croke Park in 1913.

In June 1915, at Tralee meeting, he covered over 22 feet, winning Long Jump, and though he put Shot 38ft. 6ins could only take a place, At the grocers Sports in Dublin (one of Ireland's leading meetings) he won High Jump, doing 5ft. 7½ins. and was second to Grimes, of Maynooth in Long Jump, at 22ft. 6ins. Grimes doing 22ft. 6ins. Banteer, Co. Cork, was the next meeting at which he competed. William Britton, the Mullinahone athlete, was at the top of his format this meeting, and cleared the decks completely. Fraher was second to him in Long Jump, after a great contest, Britton winning in his last try, covering close on 23 feet.

In the Running Hop, Step and Jump they had another great set to, Both got close on 45 feet, but on account of bad handicapping were only placed.

Fraher won his first All-Ireland Medal in 1915 Championships. He sprung a surprise in Three-Jumps; when he beat J.K. Beagley, of Upton, the title holder with an effort covering 34ft. 5½ins. (The late Mr. F.B. Dineen said in "Sport," that, with proper training, Fraher could beat the record). However, about this time Maurice was putting on any amount of weight:- too much for successful jumping -his weight at this time being 15st. 3lbs.

At the All-Ireland Jumping Championships, at Dungarvan, he fared badly owing to above and want of training, However he excelled himself at the Munster Championships in the following month. At this meeting he covered the fine distance of 35ft. 5½ins in the 3 Jumps, (J. Fahey, of Chicago, who one time held the World. Record for this event jumped 34ft. 9ins, on same ground as year previous), In the long Jump he secured second place to Britton at 21 feet.

He wound up his last active year of field Athletics by winning long Jump at Callan, Co Kilkenny, with a leap of 21ft. 5ins. Did following performances In practice: Standing Log Jump, 12ft. Standing Hop, Step and Jump, 33ft. 56lbs, without follow, 22ft. 6ins. Hammer 136ft. Took part in almost every Sport and has been complimented by Edward Aston, Britain's strongest man; Thomas Inch, W. A. Pullum, Maxick and Saldo, and a host of other physical training experts, upon his eight-lifting ability. He has lifted with one hand from floor to arms length a weight of 180lbs. and with two hands 245lbs. The feats were performed in Aston's Gymnasium London, and as a result was presented with a famous Aston Medal by Britain's Strongest Man.

Maurice Fraher died in 1950 and Dungarvan Urban District Council convened a special meeting to pay tribute to his service to sport and the town.

Urban Council Pays Tribute

Dungarvan Urban District Council on last Friday night, at a late hour caned a special meeting to pay tribute to the memory of the late Maurice Fraher, Grattan Square, Dungarvan, who died suddenly while returning from the local Gaelic Field that night.

Mr. T.A. Kyne, in extending his sincere sympathy to the relatives said that there was little need for him to say what the Fraher name meant to the people of Dungarvan, to the people of Co. Waterford, and to the sports-men of Ireland. They had lost a great Gael and one whose name had been heard of and spoken of throughout the highways and bye-ways of Ireland and wherever sportsmen gathered. He was the son of an even greater Gael, the late Daniel Fraher, whose memory would be for all upheld by the most fitting of memorials. Dungarvan Gaelic Field -the Fraher Field. In moving an adjournment as a mark of respect, Mr. Kyne stated that he did so with deep and sincere regret for at all times Monnie Fraher has been one of his closest friends.

Mr. McCarthy seconded the proposal and added that he had known the deceased since boy- hood when he was then one of the country's greatest names in athletics, and he was indeed sorry this occasion had arisen.

Mr. Lee associated himself with the remarks of the previous speakers, and stated that Dungarvan would miss a sportsman who has helped in many ways to make the town famous in sport.

Mr. Kelly also spoke and said that it was only recently he had the occasion to speak with Senator Margaret Pearse, and she then requested him to convey her best wishes to Maurice Fraher, Dungarvan, adding that he had been the first pupil of her brother Patrick Pearse, at St. Enda's.

Mr. O'Dwyer said that all he could add to the tributes paid was to say that their loss was a great one and he personally was very sorry.

The chairman, Tom Lannon, said that he had been associated with the local G.A.A. for many years and had been very closely associated with the late Maurice Fraher. and he could say that like his father, the deceased had done much for the G.A.A. throughout his life. As an athlete his reputation was of the very highest and would live on for all time in the records of Irish sporting history.

It was, he said, difficult for them to pay a just tribute to someone whose passing had been so sudden and so tragic, but there was no doubt their loss was a great one-one that was a shock to all, and one that Co. Waterford could never replace.

The Co. Manager, Mr. S.J. Moynihan, and the Acting Town Clerk, Mr. M. O'Meara, joined in the expressions of sympathy and paid tribute to the memory of the deceased.

The meeting then adjourned as a mark of respect.

G.A.A. Matches Postponed as Mark of Respect

The senior football champion- ship match between Kilrossanty and Dungarvan and also the minor football championship match between Brickey Rangers and St. Augustine's. to be played at the Gaelic Field. Dungarvan. In Sunday last, were postponed as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Monnie Fraher

21 years of Dungarvan Rugby By Donal O'Regan

From Dungarvan Observer Christmas Supplement 16.12.1989

The present rugby club was reformed in 1968. The first President of the Club was Revelle Farrell and the Chairman was Danny McGrath, Secretary Killian Lannon and Treasurer Marion Nagle. The Committee consisted of Pat Murphy, Mary Dalton, Alice Daly, John O'Donnell and Alfie Nicholson. For the first two years the Club consisted of approximately 18 playing members. The pitch was first located at Dan Casey's in Clonea, and later at John Morrissey's and finally at Ballyrandle on seven acres of land purchased from Gerry Heaphy of Ballinacourty.



Garryowen Cup Winners 1986 – Back row (l to r) N. O'Herlihy (coach), V. O'Rourke, P.J. Kindregan, J. Morrissey, D. Dower, E. Walsh, T. O'Brien, T. Clarke, M. Hanrahan, M. O'Halloran, D. O'Regan. T. Lyons (selector). Front row (l to r) E. Phelan, K O'Connor, D. Salmon, Mk O'Connor, P. Coughlan, A. Curran, (capt), M. O'Connor, J. McGrath, N.

Hannigan. Great progress was made in the club generally around 1969 with the pitch at Ballyrandle. A lot of work had to be carried out on the field by a bulldozer in order to make it level at considerable cost before new grass seeds were sown. *Pictured Recently at Junior Chamber Sports Exhibition – Kieran O'Connor, P.R.O., James Morrissey, Captain, Donal O'Regan, President, Niall King, Projects Director.*



A very energetic committee set about erecting dressing rooms and trees were planted around the perimeter and railing erected around the pitch. A road was also made from the main gate down to the dressing rooms. The next improvement carried out was the instalment of spot-lights for night training. A new entrance was built in 1976.

It was always the ultimate objective of the committee of Dungarvan Rugby Club to have a suitable Pavilion. This dream has come through in 1981, when the present

magnificent structure was built. It should be mentioned that the sole source of income in the early days of the present Club, apart from limited membership fees, was derived from social functions, dances, etc. Since the formation of the Club in 1967, it has been blessed with particularly hard working officers and committee members.

Since the official opening in September 1981 the Club has continued to expand and in 1982 purchased 3 further acres from neighbouring farmer John Landers. Much hard work was done to develop this new land and have it reach its present stage, ploughing, fence removal, stone picking, re-seeding. In September 1984 our second pitch was officially opened. This left Dungarvan with facilities which are second to none in Munster.

Club's Roll of Honour

Cahel Sevens –1977, 1980.

FIRST XV

Manseragh Cup –1984, 1985.

Garryowen Cup -1986, 1987.

Hoffmans Rugby Festival – 1985,1986,1987.

Hoffmans Rugby Plate –1988, 1989.

SECOND XV

Ballyrandle Cup –1983, 1984, 1987.

Waterford Glass Festival - 1987.

THIRD XV

South Munster Cup -1989.

UNDER 16

Joe Power Cup -1982.

UNDER 12

Moloney Cup –1980, 1982.

AS PRESIDENT it is a great honour for me to lead the Club from the Eighties into the nineties. Tremendous success in the Club's fortunes, both on and off the pitch, especially in the last decade, was due to good planning and trojan work by all players, supporters and committees since 1968.

The current season started well with captain, Jimmy Morrissey, and his merry men winning the Hoffmans Plate and the Clock Gate Cup. Former Munster Coach, Martin Hession, with the assistance of former Munster Junior Caps P. J. Kindregan and Kieran O'Connor give excellent training every Tuesday and Thursday nights at 7.30.

Mention must be given of new Munster Junior Caps, to Dungarvan's Owen Phelan and Mark O'Connor. If you believe in the three Fs of rugby, fun, friendship and fair play, call to Ballyrandle on the Clonea Road. Live music has been launched with success in the Pavilion catering for new trends with an excellent programme of events over the festive season.

Finally, I welcome this opportunity to thank mothers, wives, girlfriends and the people of West Waterford for all the help given in the sixties, seventies and eighties.

We see love in sport, we have dreams. Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Decade.

Clubman of the Year

1975-76 – T. McGrath (R.I.P)

1976-77 – J. Lynch

1977-78 – P. Morrissey

1987-79 – C. Curran

1979-80 – J. Byrne

1980-81 – N. Heffernan

1981-82 – T. Considine

1982-83 – M. Power

1983-84 – P. Morrissey

1984-85 – K. O'Connor

1985-86 – T. Considine

1986-87 – D. O'Regan

1987-88 – K. O'Connor

1988-89 – N. O'Herlihy

Past Officers

	President	Captain
1967	A.R. Farrell	K. Lannon
1968	A.R. Farrell	K. Lannon
1969	A.R. Farrell	K. Lannon
1970	A.R. Farrell	J. Harty
1971	A.R. Farrell	J. D. Power
1972	A. Nicholson	J. D. Power
1973	A. Nicholson	J. Lynch
1974	D. McGrath	N. Phelan
1975	D. McGrath	J. Lynch
1976	D. McGrath	J. Lynch
1977	D. McGrath	P. Morrissey
1978	P. J. Cummins	P. Morrissey
1979	C. Curran	D. Dower
1980	P. Morrissey	T. Considine
1981	P. Morrissey	T. Lyons
1982	J. Harty	P. J. Kindregan
1983	J. Harty	N. Herlihy
1984	T. Considine	D. Dower
1985	T. Considine	A. Curran
1986	A. Clarke / P. Cullinane	M. O'Halloran
1987	K. O'Connor	M. O'Connor
1988	J. Lynch	J. Tynan
1989	D. O'Regan	J. Morrissey

The Lions

The "Lions" tracksuit on display in the Club was kindly presented by Mick Doyle, former Irish International, Lion, 1985 Treble Crown Coach and World Cup Coach.

Club's Munster Junior Interprovincials

J. Lynch, J. D. Power, E. Walsh, P. Morrissey, F. Lynch, K. O'Connor, P. J. Kindregan, M. Hanrahan, L. Lannon, Mark O'Connor, O. Phelan.

OFFICERS 1989/'90

President: Donal O'Regan

Vice-President: P. J. Kindregan

Secretary: Brian Lineen

Treasurer: Peter Maher

Captain (1st XV): James Morrissey

Captain (2nd XV): Dermot Coughlan

Captain 3rd XV: Niall O'Herlihy

Fixture Secretary: Michael O'Donovan

P.R.O.: Kieran O'Connor

Club Coach: Martin Hession

County Rep: Michael Power

Selectors: J. Morrissey, M. Hession, D. Coughlan

Committee: Eamonn Spratt, Neil Parks, Niall King, John Phelan, John Lynch, Michael Brackett, Dermot Coughlan, James Morrissey.

International Cap

You will observe on display in the Clubhouse an Irish International Cap which was won by the late Tim McGrath, a past coach of our Club, which was presented to us by his wife Sylvia. Tim won his first Cap in the famous Irish victory over Wales in 1956, in a team that included such notables as Ronnie Kavanagh, Marney Cunningham, Tony O'Reilly and Jackie Kyle. While the famed Cliff Morgan was on the Wales XV. Tim went on to win a further six Caps. Tim played most of his rugby with the famed Garryowen in Limerick. He was our Clubman of the Year in 1975. The Club suffered a great loss on his death in 1978.

World Cup Ball

The 1987 World Cup Ball - Ireland v. Tonga - signed by all the Irish party, was presented to the Club by Jack Crowley, father-in-law of our present first outhalf Michael Brackett. One of only twenty used in the Inaugural World Cup, it is on permanent display in a well constructed glass case at the Pavilion.

Brothers who played with the Club over the Years

Harty, Curran, Lynch, Walshe, Frost, Shalloe, Considine, Sheehan, Lannon, Morrissey, O'Connor, Coughlan, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Phelan, McGrath, Clarke, Veale, Connors, Power, Cronin, Cosgrave.

The First Team to Represent the Re-formed Club

Date: September 1968.

Venue: Youghal.

Opposition: Youghal.

Dungarvan team: Killian Lannon (capt.), Neville Binnions, John Colman, P. J. Cummins, Pat Dineen, Rodger Fitzgerald, Pat Harty, Tommy Joe Harty, Michael Kelleher, Paddy Lannon, Johnny Lynch, Tom McDermott, Johnny Ryan, John Sheehan.

CLUB PRESIDENT, Donal O'Regan, presents Honorary Life Membership to Brian Lochore, represented New Zealand 1963-'71 in 68 matches, captain New Zealand in 18 tests, played all major rugby nations, toured 5 home nations with 1963/'64 team, captained 1967 All Blacks in Britain, national coach, national selector and finally to cap his unequalled career coach of the 1987 All Blacks, winners of the world's first ever "Rugby World Cup."



Dungarvan Jockey Hangs up his Silks

By unknown author

From **Waterford News & Star, 22.11.1985**

After a quarter of a century at the pinnacle of one of the toughest and most demanding sports of all, National Hunt jockey, Paddy Kiely of Dungarvan, has decided to hang up his silks and concentrate all his future activities on the small training stable he has successfully established just outside his home town.

Typical of the unassuming nature of the man who has ridden almost 500 winners in a star studded career, Paddy Kiely's retirement came about without fun or fanfare. Quietly he handed in his jockey's licence to the Turf Club just a few weeks ago leaving behind a scene to which he has made such an exhilarating and exciting contribution over the years.

I caught up with Paddy as he was riding out his most recent training Winner, Papa's Gold, at Punchestown, at his compact establishment at Lisfennel. Initially he was reticent to talk about those twenty five years but, finally reflected for us on a career during which he held his own - and more -with some of the greatest names in Irish racing.

In that time he has ridden at every track in Ireland -North and South. Six times he has taken on the intimidating Aintree fences on Grand National Day and in 1972 finished joint third on 'General Symons,' owned by the mother of another great Irish jockey -Gerry Newman.

He has ridden in Cheltenham's Gold Cup, and venues such as Ascot, Haydock Park, Newcastle, and Ayr, are no strangers to him. At home he has ridden also in every one of the big races, and won more than a few of them. For one who never had the power of a really big stable behind him, Paddy Kiely has enjoyed quite remarkable success.

From his riding out with the local hunts as a young boy, Paddy was determined to be a jockey. Almost inevitably then he took out his jockey's licence in 1960, and as an amateur rode fourteen winners until he turned professionally in 1964.

First Ride



His first ride as a pro is one he will always remember, and with good reason. He piloted "Great Rakes" in the Carey's Cottage chase at Gowran Park and finished second to the legendary Arklu. There could scarcely have been a more eventful beginning to Kiely's professional career.

He hadn't long to wait though for his first winner in the paid ranks. It came at Clonmen on a horse he was to enjoy further success with, "Toberaheela."

Ninety nine per cent of Paddy's riding was "over the sticks," but it had always been an ambition of his to ride on the flat at the country's premier venue, the Curragh. This he did and on Derby Day at that when he piloted a horse he rates among the best he has ridden, "Lainntodd," owned by the late Niall Flynn, and bred in East Cork by Moss Q'Mahony of Killeagh. *Picture: Paddy and Marie Kiely pictured at their Lisfennel home*

Grand National

In a career in which he has enjoyed so many high points it isn't easy for Paddy to single out the ones he has fondest memories of. However, his joint third in the Aintree Grand National in 1972 on "General Symons" is undoubtedly one of them. That race was won in style by "Well To Do," but Paddy remains convinced to this day that had he not lost an iron at the last fence he would have finished second.

That was his first Aintree ride and he found the fences just as intimidating as he had been told they were. "When you jumped them you really knew they were every bit as big as their reputation," said Paddy.

A week after his fine Aintree achievement, Paddy piloted "Beggars Way" in the Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse and this time finished second. "A third in the English Grand National and runner-up in the Irish Grand National all in the space of one week wasn't a bad achievement," Paddy said modestly.

He well remembers too his first Aintree Grand National ride aboard "Roman Bar" which provided the great "Red Rum" with one of his three historic National wins. That race provided Paddy with one of the biggest disappointments of his career.

He recalls how well "Roman Bar" was going as they headed out on the second circuit. "We were really mororing then and my fellow was going every bit as well as Red Rum. I had visions of victory until the fence before Beecher's Brook when over we tumbled. The disappointment was acute."

Double-Almost

Paddy has also very good reason for recalling the big Galway race meeting in 1980 when he gave a vintage display of power riding to boot "Sir Barry" to victory in the Galway Plate. But he was foiled, narrowly, of the big double when he finished second on "Rent A Row" in the Galway Hurdly. Incidentally, "Sir Barry" was one of his favourite horses, winning four times on him.

Among his other fine feats are three successive victories in the prestigious Troytown Chase at Navan -a course he rates among his favourites. "It has always been a lucky course for me and is a real test of horse and rider. In many ways it is the Cheltenham of Ireland."

He rates the unlucky "Ivan King," owned by Dungarvan solicitor, Eamonn King, as the best he has ever ridden. His wins with "The King" included the Findus Handicap Chase, the Goff Chase, and the P.Z. Mower Chase.

"I was looking forward with great expectancy to riding him in the Gold Cup at Cheltenham last year but he received a setback in training which ruled him out and has now, sadly, brought about his premature retirement," said Paddy. During his twenty five years as a jockey Paddy has ridden against some of the greatest riders the game here in Ireland has produced. "It's not easy to trot out all the great jockeys but my top five would be Pat Taaffe, Tommy Carberry Frank Berry, Ben Hannon and Stan Murphy. You would travel through many a country to find better than they," he said.

He has added praise for Pat Taaffe who, he says, gave him greatest advice as to how to tackle the big Aintree fences. And Taaffe also gave Paddy more than one ride when he quit riding to become a highly successful trainer.

While he readily acknowledges that racing is among the toughest and most demanding of all sports, he will tell you that he had been remarkably lucky where injuries were concerned.

The worst injury it sidelined him for five months -was, in fact, sustained at the stables of his brother, John, when he received a broken leg. He recalls a nasty fall from "Auto-giro" at Naas which resulted in a bad neck injury, but remarkably he has had his collarbone broken just once. "I have had hundreds of falls but luckily relatively few serious injuries.

Ups And Downs

Racing, Paddy insists, provides jockeys with more ups and downs than any other sport. "I have gone lengthy periods without riding a winner and now would start asking if I will ever again enter the winners enclosure. "Then out of the blue a spare ride comes along, he proves to be a winner, and suddenly your luck has changed for the better."

The excitement and satisfaction from riding a winner are something that have never waned with Paddy from day one.

"Until I decided to call it a day, I received the same satisfaction from being on board a winner as I did when I first booted one past the post."

Weight has never posed major problems for him, though he can recall occasions when he has to shed three and even four pounds in a matter of an hour or two.

Paddy has combined riding with training for the past four years and has set up a compact establishment at Lisfennel where he presently has eight horses in training. He intends to remain compact, saying that in that way he can give every horse in his charge personal attention.

Twenty Winners

He has turned out over twenty winners as a trainer, the most recent being Papa's Gold; owned by Noel Brett of Colligan, at Punchestown. That was his first training winner following his retirement from the saddle.

Uniquely, there are now three Kiely brothers in training within a half-mile stretch of roadway. John, who has fifteen in training, is undoubtedly the best known and continues to successfully combine riding (as an amateur) with training. David has eight in his stables and is doing "very nicely, thank you."

"We all work and school the horses together, and generally help one another out," says Paddy.

Racing has been very good to be despite the ups and downs that are part and parcel of the sport. I am very thankful to the many owners and trainers who have engaged me over the years, and I would like to think their confidence in me was well founded. I will undoubtedly miss the game but it will make for an easier life from now on, and certainly it will be easier for

my wife, Marie, and my mother-in-law, Mrs. Joan O'Shea, who have had to deal with all the telephone calls and the like over the years."

His family and friends in Dungarvan and district organised a "This Is Your Life" style function for him and presented him with a framed glass picture showing Paddy on board "General Symons" jumping Beecher's Brook on his way to that third placing in the 1972 Aintree Grand National.

It was a fitting tribute to a most unassuming man who has graced "the sport of kings" so impeccably for two and a half memorable decades.

Olga Pyne Clarke
By unknown author

From Dungarvan Observer 27.08.1996.

Olga Pyne Clarke Colligan Lodge, Dungarvan, 1915-1996

Ireland has lost another of its most fascinating literary figures, with the passing, at 81 years, of Olga Pyne Clarke, late of Colligan Lodge, Dungarvan.

Her death on Tuesday 6th August, came just months after that of legendary Ardmore based novelist, Molly Keane.

Born in Ireland during first World War, Olga Pyne Clarke grew up in the turbulent years of the Troubles, witnessing the burning of Cork City and the Battle of Douglas, not forgetting the infamous Black and Tans.

As an only child in a strict household, she turned to horses for companionship and spent her early life with an arab stallion as her only friend.

She subsequently became absorbed in the training and racing of horses, until she encountered stiff resistance to her desire to marry and was forced to elope to England. It was here that she became involved in the work of early World War II – a war which was to claim the life of her first husband, Guy, her much loved mother-in-law and their mutual home in the West Country.

Determined to do something to help the British soldiers fighting in Europe but wanting to keep her promise to her late husband that she would not join any of the women's services, Olga settled for the Y.M.C.A. and set off for Europe with the exhortation to get religion into the men via their stomachs.

Running a mobile canteen in Belgium, she rescued Erna, a two year old filly, badly wounded by a German shell and went on to become the first civilian woman to cross the Rhine into Germany, with the Allied Troops and her own horse.

The post war years brought grief and tragedy to Olga's life. Her fiancé died only days before they were due to wed and she was to endure a disastrous second marriage to an army officer.

However, her survivor's instinct and the friendship of her beloved Erna – who lived to the ripe old age of 28 – led Olga Pyne Clarke to find peace and tranquility back home in Ireland, specifically Dungarvan, where she ran the Colligan Lodge Stud Farm.

Her literary prowess, forged through a spiritual and witty Anglo-Irish writing style, first presented itself in the contribution of articles to Irish newspapers, under the pseudonym of Pádraig Ó Clara. She was also to broadcast for R.T.E. and appeared in the Thames Television series, the troubles.

Her first book "She came of decent people" published in 1985 cast Olga Pyne Clarke as a natural and delightful storyteller. As a first part of her autobiography it painted a vivid, often extremely moving picture of life in a now classic period of Irish history.

The concluding account of her remarkable life-story "A horse in my kit bag" (1988) was equally evocative and was dedicated to the memory of her father Ernest Pyne Clarke and cousins, Jack and Millivent Jackson.

It concluded with the lines: in 1972 I fell in love with Colligan Lodge near Dungarvan in County Waterford. My horses and I are now very happy living in this beautiful place and tranquility and its many, many trees.

Memorial to the Lord Lieutenant in Council praying for the making of an order in Council under the Tramways (Ireland) Acts 1860-1881

To

The Lord Lieutenant in Council

The memorial of Abraham Denny of Tramore in the County of Waterford Esquire Francis E Currey of Lismore in the said County Esquire Sir Richard Francis Keane of Cappoquin House in the said County Baronet Henry White of Harbor View in the said County Esquire and William Goff Davis of Glenville in the said County Esquire

Sheweth as follows:-

1. That Memorialists are desirous to make and maintain a tramway with all proper conveniences and works to connect the Quay at Dungarvan with the Dungarvan Station of the Waterford Dungarvan and Lismore Railway a distance of two furlongs and sixty five yards.
2. That it is proposed to construct the said Tramway partly through or into the public roads or streets and partly through or into the lands contiguous to such roads or streets.
3. That it is necessary that compulsory powers for the purchase of lands should be granted to Memorialists.
4. That the roads and lands through or into which it is proposed that the said Tramway should pass are level except at the Bridge approach from Bridge Street Dungarvan to the Bridge over Colligan Estuary where it is proposed that the Tramway shall be carried under the Road. The said Roads and Streets are wide and present no engineering difficulties.
5. That there is a great quantity of traffic between the Quay at Dungarvan and the Dungarvan Station of the Waterford Dungarvan and Lismore Railway and the construction of the said tramway would lend to further develop the said traffic.
6. That the proposed Tramway would be in other ways beneficial to the Town of Dungarvan and of great public and local utility and advantage.
7. That Memorialists have caused an Estimate to be made of the expense of constructing said Tramway and the necessary service thereof with all proper conveniences and works and that the same will not exceed the sum of £2106.3.4.
8. That the necessary Capital for the construction of the said Tramway, Service and other works will be provided by Memorialists.
9. That Memorialists are desirous to Construct maintain and work said Tramway

Order

**By the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council in Ireland
Carnarvon**

Whereas Abraham Denny Francis E Currey Sir Richard Francis Keane Baronet, Henry White and William Davis Goff (hereafter called the Promoters) presented their memorial to the Lord Lieutenant in Council pursuant to the Provisions of the Tramways (Ireland) Act 1860 the Tramways (Ireland) Amendment Act 1861 the Act 34 & 35 Victoria Chapter 114 intitled "An Act to amend the Tramways (Ireland) Amendment Acts 1860 & 1861" and the Tramways (Ireland) Amendment Act 1881 alleging that the construction maintenance and working of the Tramway service referred to thereafter authorized to be made would be of public and local advantage and that the Memorialists had in all aspects complied with the directions contained in the said Acts respectively and on their part as such Promoters to be observed and that they were desirous to construct maintain and work the said Tramway in accordance with the provisions of the said Acts.

And whereas it is expedient and it will be of public utility that the said Tramway should be made and maintained

Now we Henry Howard Molyneux, Earl of Carnarvon Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland by and with the advice of her Majesty's Privy Council in Ireland and in pursuance of the Tramways (Ireland) Act 1860 the Tramways (Ireland) Amendment Act 1861 the said Act 34 & 35 Victoria intitled "An act to amend the Tramways (Ireland) Acts 1860 & 1861" and the Tramways (Ireland) Amendment Act 1881 And by virtue and in exercise of the powers thereby respectively vested in us and of every other power and authority enabling us in this behalf do hereby order as follows:-

Interpretation

1. In this order the expressions “The Tramway” and “the Undertaking” mean and include respectively the tramway works and undertaking by this order authorized and the expression “the Surveyor” means as to the portion of the Tramway which will be outside the boundary of the Township of Dungarvan the County Surveyor for the time being of the County of Waterford and also the portion of the Tramway which will be within the boundary of the Township of Dungarvan the Surveyor for the time being of the Town Commissioners of Dungarvan.

Undertakers of the works

2. The promoters shall be the undertakers of the works authorized by this order

Incorporation of Acts

3. The Lands Clauses Consolidation Act 1845, the Railways Clauses Consolidation Act 1845 and the Railways Act (Ireland) 1851 and any Acts amending the same respectively shall subject to the provisions of the Tramways (Ireland) Acts be incorporated with this order except where the same are expressly varied by this order. The provisions of the said Acts directing deposits to be made with Clerks of the Peace (Except the provisions with respect to the crossing of roads and other interferences therewith other than the provisions of the Railway Clauses Consolidation Act 1845 Sections 65, 66 67) are hereby excepted and of the incorporation hereinbefore made.

Power to construct, Purchase of Land etc.

4. The Promoters may construct and maintain subject to the provisions of this order the Tramway mentioned in the said memorial in the directions and levels with the powers of deviation (if any) specified in the Plans Book of Reference and sections deposited by the same Promoters with the secretary of the Grand Jury of the County of Waterford and with the clerk of the Town Commissioners of Dungarvan pursuant to the said Acts and upon a gauge of 5 feet 3 inches and with all proper rails plates offices engine houses cables carriage houses warehouses works and conveniences connected therewith or for the purposes thereof and (Subject to the provisions of the said Acts) may purchase acquire and hold all such lands and easements as may be necessary for the purposes of the Tramway and any Engine House Cable Carriage house Warehouse and other buildings and works requisite for the working of the Tramway.

Tramway Authorized

5. The tramway hereby authorized is a tramway single line of the length of two furlongs and sixty five yards or thereabouts commencing at a point 230 feet or thereabouts to the North West of where the Waterford Dungarvan & Lismore Railway crosses the Shandon Road by a junction with a siding of the Waterford Dungarvan & Lismore Railway in the Townland of Shandon and thence extending in a generally south easterly direction through the said Townland of Shandon in the Parish of Dungarvan in the County of Waterford, Shandon Road the bed or shore of Colligan Estuary lands contiguous to Shandon Road Bridge approach from Bridge Street to the Bridge over Colligan Estuary and the Quay in the Township of Dungarvan Parish of Dungarvan and County of Waterford and terminating on the Quay aforesaid at a point 190 feet or thereabouts measured in a south easterly direction from the South east corner of the Fish Market abutting on said Quay.

Compulsory purchase of Lands

6. From and after the time when the order becomes binding the Promoters shall be empowered to put in place the provisions of the Lands Clauses Acts with respect to the purchase and taking of lands otherwise than by agreement with reference to the lands and premises specified in the schedule of this order. The powers of Compulsory purchase conferred by this order shall not be exercised after the expiration of three years from the time when this order is binding.

Time for Completion

7. The Promoters shall complete and finish ready for use the said Tramway and shall provide a proper quantity of Rolling Stock within four years from the date of this order becoming binding.

Placing of Line

8. The Promoters shall in laying down such tramway along a street or High Road place the same at such side or in such part of the street or high road along which it is laid as the Surveyor shall direct. In every case in which the Surveyor shall require the Promoters to lay down the said Tramway on the side of the Road which at present time is used as footpath the Promoters shall if so required at their own expense lay down a footpath on the opposite side of the road to the reasonable satisfaction of the Surveyor but in the

event of the Promoters being dissatisfied with the decision of the Surveyor or any matter arising under this Clause they shall be at liberty to appeal to the Board of Trade, whose decision shall be final.

Power to cross roads

9. The Promoters may subject to the provisions of the Acts incorporated herewith and of this Order for the purposes of the Tramway and construction thereof cross pass along alter wider narrow divert or construct either temporarily or permanently any roads streets high ways foreshores streams sewers pipes or other works.

Notice to Surveyor

10. Before the Promoters commence to open or break up a Street or High road they shall give the Surveyor notice of their intention to do so such notice be given at least forty eight hours before the commencement of the work.

Superintendence by Surveyor

The Promoters shall not open or break up any street or road save and except under the superintendence of the Surveyor unless he neglects or refuses to give such superintendence at the time specified in the notice of the Promoters or discontinue the same during the work. The surveyor shall be paid by the Promoters such reasonable remuneration for the duties thereby imposed upon him as may be directed by the Lord Lieutenant by any general or special order.

Restoring Roads

12. The promoters shall after having opened or broken up a street or High Road with all convenient speed complete the work on account of which they opened or broke up the same and (Subject to the formation of the Tramway) fill in the ground and level and make good the surface and generally restore the street or high road to as good a condition as that in which it was before it was opened or broken up and clear away all rubbish occasioned thereby. They shall during such period as the street or as the High Road may be opened or broken up cause the place where the street or high road is opened or broken up to be fences and watched and to be properly lighted at night.

Alteration of level of Roads

13. If any Authority having the control of any Road or any Street along or across which the Tramway authorized by this order is laid hereafter alter the level of such Road or Street the Promoters shall from time to time alter their rails and lay them so they shall not be a danger or annoyance to the ordinary traffic on the said road or street

Expenses of Repairs

14. The Promoters shall pay all reasonable expenses of the streets and high roads upon which they shall have constructed any part of the Tramway for six calendar months after the same shall have been restored so far as those expenses are increased by the opening or breaking up of the street or road.

Maintenance of sidings and rails

15. The Promoters shall at their own expense maintain all sidings on which the Tramway shall be laid.

Level Crossings

16. The Promoters shall construct to the satisfaction of the Surveyor all such level crossings as shall in his opinion be necessary to the junctions of any Roads or Ways with the road or along which the tramway shall be laid and at the existing entrances to all lands and buildings abutting or in the vicinity of such road.

Power to enforce obligations of Promoters

17. In case the Promoters shall at any time fail or neglect to carry out any work of maintenance or repair imposed upon them by this order the expiration of four days from the service on them of a notice in writing by the Surveyor or his Assistants it shall be lawful for any two magistrates of the county without prejudice to any other remedy in that behalf to order any work for maintenance or repair as aforesaid to be executed by the Promoters at their own expense within such time as the said magistrates shall decide and in default thereof it shall be lawful for the Surveyor to cause said work to be executed and the Promoters shall on demand by the Surveyor pay to him all expenses incurred in the execution thereof.

Rights as to roads

18. The Promoters shall not be deemed to acquire any right other than that of user only in the soil of any street or high road along or across which they may lay the Tramway.

Additional powers as to crossings and works

19. The Promoters may subject to the provisions of this order from time to time make all such crossings passing places sidings junctions and other works including twinning loops and triangles at the termini in addition to those particularly mentioned in the said deposited plans and sections as may from time to time be necessary or convenient for the efficient working of the Tramway or for providing access to any cables carriage houses engine houses warehouses or works of the Promoters.

Temporary Works

20. If and whenever it shall become necessary for the purpose of repair or other similar or temporary purposes to remove or close any part of the Tramway of the Promoters they may lay down and maintain for the time necessary but no longer on some other part of the same Tramway or on an adjoining part of the road a temporary Tramway instead of the part removed or closed and may maintain and use the same until the part removed or closed is reinstated.

Working Agreements

21. The Promoters may from time to time enter into agreements with the Waterford Dungarvan & Lismore Railway Company or with any person or persons or Corporation or Corporations for the working or working and use of the Tramway or any part of same for such time and upon such terms as they may deem fit.

The Promoters may at any time or from time to time leave or grant the Tramway and the tolls thereof or any part thereof respectively to the Waterford Dungarvan & Lismore Railway Company or to any person or persons or Corporation or Corporations for such term and upon such conditions as may be agreed upon between the Promoters and the said Railway Company or any such person or persons or Corporation or Corporations.

Tolls

22. The Promoters their Lessees or Assignees shall be entitled to demand and take such tolls and charges as shall not exceed the maximum tolls and rates of charge which are specified in the schedule to the Tramways (Ireland) Act 1860 as amended by the Tramways (Ireland) Amendment Act 1881.

List of Tolls

23. A list of tolls and charges authorized to be taken shall be exhibited in a conspicuous place inside and outside each of the carriages used upon the Tramway.

Roof Loading

24. No passengers nor goods shall be carried on the roof of any Tramcar except with the permission of the Board of Trade and subject to any conditions which they may impose.

Motive Power

25. The carriages used on said Tramway may subject to the provision of this order be moved by animal power or steam power or any mechanical or partly by the one and partly by the other kind of power. The exercise of the power thereby conferred with respect to the use of steam or any mechanical power shall be subject to any regulations which may be prescribed by any order which the Board of Trade may and are hereby empowered to make from time to time as and when they may think fit for securing to the public all reasonable protection against danger in the exercise of the powers by this order conferred with respect to the use of steam or any mechanical power on the Tramway.

Fences and Walls

26. Before the Tramway shall be opened for traffic the Promoters shall erect and complete all such new fences railings and walls and strengthen improve and alter all such existing fences railings or walls as the Surveyor shall consider necessary to make the Tramway and the Street and Road in or along which the Tramway shall be laid safe for the use of the public and shall thereafter maintain and keep the same in good order repair and condition to the satisfaction of the Surveyor and if in the construction of the said Tramway any existing stone depots shall be taken or rendered useless the Promoters shall construct an

equal number of Depots of the same dimensions as these taken or rendered useless in such places as the surveyor shall direct.

Further Provisions as to Settlement of disputes

27. If any difference (the mode of settling which is not herein before provided for) arises between the Promoters on the one hand and any Corporation Body Surveyor or other person on the other hand with respect to any subject smaller or thing arising under this order the smaller in difference may be set by a Referee nominated by the Board of Trade on the application of either party and the expenses and costs of the Referee shall be borne and paid as the Referee directs.

Cost of Order

28. The costs charges and expenses of obtaining this order including the expenses incurred by the Grand Jury of the County of Waterford or the Town Commissioners of Dungarvan in relation hereto shall be paid by the Promoters.

Provision for Securing the Completion of Tramway

29. The Promoters shall within 21 days of the date of this order with the privity of the Accountant General of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice in Ireland either pay in his name into the Bank of Ireland the sum of £105.6.2 being the one twentieth part of the estimated cost of the undertaking or deposit in his name in the Bank of Ireland or transfer into his name three exchequer bills or other Government Securities equivalent to the said sum of £105.6.2 at the price of which such bills or securities were originally purchased by the Promoters to be proved by the Brokers Certificate of such purchase. And the said sum of money Bills or other Securities shall thereupon remain the subject to all the provisions of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th subsections of the 29th Section of the Tramways (Ireland) Act 1860 which provisions shall apply to the same accordingly. Provided however that for the purposes of the said subsections and each of them respectively the making of this order shall be equivalent to the obtaining and passing of such Act of Parliament as is therein mentioned.

Short Title

This Order may be cited for all purposes as “The Dungarvan Tramway order 1886”

Schedule

The Schedule referred to in the foregoing order

Townland of Shandon Parish of Dungarvan County of Waterford

No. on Plan	Description of Property
1	Field embankment and Railway
2	Road
3	Garden
4	Public Road
5	Slob of Colligan Estuary (extra parochial)
6	Stream (Extra parochial)

Townland of Dungarvan, Township of Dungarvan, Parish of Dungarvan County of Waterford.

No. on Plan	Description of Property
1	Slob of Colligan Estuary (extra Parochial)
1a	Slipway (extra parochial)
2	Slob of Colligan Estuary (extra parochial)
3	Public Road
4	Field or Enclosure
5	Field
7	Public Road
9	Field of Enclosure
10	Urinal or Latrine
11	Public Road
12	Quay

Dungarvan to benefit from New Urban Renewal Facelift

By Aisling Conroy

From Dungarvan Leader, 26.02.1999

Large tracts of prime development areas in Dungarvan such as O'Connell Street, Mary Street and Grattan Square are to benefit from a range of lucrative tax incentives similar to those which helped revitalise the entire quay front of the town.

Dungarvan is one of over 40 selected towns and cities around the country to be designated by the Government for a range of residential and commercial tax incentives aimed at improving the appearance of the town centre and encouraging more people to live over local businesses.

The tax incentives are similar to those applied in previous urban renewal schemes and include many new areas such as Western Terrace, parts of Abbeyside and Lower Main Street which heretofore have never experienced the benefits of urban renewal designation.

While the incentives under the new urban renewal scheme apply to both residential and commercial development, the EU has yet to approve of the commercial incentives. Negotiations on the matter are still ongoing between the Department of Finance and the EU and an announcement is expected to be made in the near future. The residential tax allowances meanwhile will come into effect from 1st March, and continue for a three year period to February 2002, giving Dungarvan property owners and investors the chance to refurbish existing dwellings and develop new residential property.

While commercial development takes backseat for the time being, a substantial part of the town such as Grattan Square, O'Connell Street, Mary Street, Main Street, Church Street, Western Terrace, Mitchel Street and Abbeyside have all been approved of considerable residential incentives which will go a long way towards improving the general standard of buildings in the town.

These designations are based off an integrated Area Plan submitted to the Department of the Environment by Dungarvan UDC and are in line with recommendations made by a special expert advisory panel. This aforementioned panel however did not recommend such areas as the cinema, the former Waterford Foods site at Shandon (with the exception of Bridge House), Carberry's Lane, the disused Mulcahy/Ducey site at Main Street, the Court-house block, Keanes Bottling Yard and Quay Street which were all highlighted in the Council's report.

This latest round of urban renewal designation does not however rule out the possibility of subsequent designations which could well target the former AWG site, among others.

AREAS COVERED IN THE SCHEME

So what parts of the town are included in the new urban renewal scheme? Bridge House opposite the Causeway Bridge has been designated for commercial office incentives, all four sides of Grattan Square have been designated for commercial retail development, residential owner occupier and residential investor refurbishment work. O'Connell Street has been designated for commercial, retail and residential development by owners or occupiers for new building as well as refurbishment. Both sides of Mary Street and part of Mitchel Street opposite the parish to the junction with Western Terrace have also been designated for various residential and commercial tax allowances. The Town Hall which will become vacant when the UDC relocates to the new civic offices on Davitts Quay in April has been designated for commercial office and retail development as well as Western Terrace where tax reliefs will also be allowed on residential refurbishment work carried out by owners or occupiers along the line of terraced houses on the same side as Herlihy's SuperValu.

In Abbeyside, four separate areas have been designated. These comprise a large tract of land off Sexton Street to the rear of Strandside North, two sites at King Street Upper and an area of land between King Street Upper and the railway walk.

Church Street, Moloney's Store and Main Street have also been included in the urban renewal scheme.

FUTURE OF AWG SITE

Member of Dungarvan UDC Cllr, Billy Kyne welcomed the emphasis placed on residential development under the new urban renewal scheme and said the areas selected make sense if further investment is to be kickstarted in parts of the town which need it the most.

Speaking to the Leader Cllr, Kyne said that if the AWG site remains undesignated, it would be a positive development for the retention of an industrial use of the site as opposed to a massive residential development. Incorporating some 47 acres, Cllr. Kyne said the creamery site represents an industrial opportunity for the area and gives the town a chance to attract in some serious industry and create employment.

I'm convinced that some peripheral development can take place on the site but the development of an industrial venture there would serve the town and its people better, he stated.

A former employee of Waterford Foods, Cllr. Kyne said the combined heat and power plant on the Shandon site which was financed by way of significant EU funding and used by the local company to create steam, could well be incorporated into an industrial project.

AWG has invited submissions from prospective developers regarding the future development of the now defunct milk processing plant as a whole. County Manager Donal Connolly confirmed at the February meeting of Dungarvan UDC that several submissions regarding the future development of the site have already been put forward, two of which are housing based. The submissions however broadly follow along the lines of those suggested in the integrated action plan which were not recommended for inclusion in the urban renewal scheme by the expert advisory panel. In the plan the AWG site was earmarked for two car parking spaces, a business park with the potential to create some 300 new jobs, a shopping centre linked by pedestrian access to the Square, new retail development at the old Waterford Foods entrance as well as the development of commercial and hotel development along Davitts Quay.

RESIDENTIAL TAX ALLOWANCES

Reliefs for residential accommodation are as follows; owner/occupier (new construction) -5% of construction costs per annum over 10 years against total income or for refurbishment 10% of construction costs per annum over 10 years against total income; investor/lessor section 23/27 -section 23 relief, i.e. up to 100% of construction cost in year 1 set against Irish rental income. For details on how urban renewal designation affects you or property in your area, contact the Town Hall or your accountant.

A detailed map of the areas covered under the scheme is available for public inspection at the offices of Dungarvan UDC at the Town Hall.

£200,000 Facelift for Dungarvan Quay Area

By unknown author

From Dungarvan Leader, 28.05.1999.

An imaginative scheme costing £200,000 will result in the transformation of the entire Davitt's Quay area in Dungarvan before the end of the year.

Haphazard parking along the water front will be re-placed by a walkway fenced off with bollards and chains and interspersed with trees and seated areas. Car parking will be moved across the road outside the existing buildings and will be on a 'pay and display' basis.

The 4.5 metre walkway will form part of a massive road improvement project stretching from the roundabout at the Park Hotel, past the new civic offices and along the quay to St. John's Castle.

National Building Agency landscape architect Kate McDermott presented detailed drawings of the proposed scheme to members at last weeks meeting of the Urban Council. She said her first impression of the quay area was that parking takes precedence and obliterates the view of the water.

The £200,000 design however aims to give an uncluttered view of the quay from the Causeway, making it look a more inviting area for visitors to explore. As part of the project, traffic flow will be one way only from the corner of the Anchor Bar (Carberry Lane) towards the castle (Quay Street).

Ms. McDermott felt that the benefits of the scheme will be felt by tourists and traders alike through the increased use of the quay and it would improve the overall image of the town.

Pedestrian cross over points with seated areas will be provided as well and breaks in the bollards and chains to allow access for boat users. In addition a small service area will be provided at the pontoon, which will facilitate boat users in delivering supplies and servicing boats.

As already mentioned, one of the principal objectives of the plan is to alleviate traffic congestion on the quay and to facilitate turnover of spaces which will be beneficial to the shops, pubs and restaurants in the area.

The loss of long term car parking spaces is compensated for by the provision of approximately 20 spaces at Castle Street and 70 spaces at Fennell's Yard which are free of charge.

Plans for the project are currently on display at the new civic office building.

Urban Renewal Relief

From Dungarvan Observer, 10.09.1994

URBAN RENEWAL RELIEF

BROAD OUTLINE:-

The main objective to the new Relief is to encourage the restoration of Properties.

INDUSTRIAL & COMMERCIAL PROPERTY:-

Industrial Building

An industrial building is one in use for the purposes of a manufacturing activity. Under normal tax provisions 100% Relief is available over a period of 25 years. The availability of Urban Renewal Relief accelerates this writing down period and the allowances are:-

	Owner/Occupier	Lessor
First Year Allowance	50%	25%
Annual Allowance	4%	4%
Total Allowance	100%	100%

Commercial Property

A Commercial Property is one in use for a trade or profession. Offices are generally excluded unless expenditure on same does not exceed 10% of overall expenditure. The allowances are:-

	Owner/Occupier	Lessor
First Year Allowance	50%	25%
Annual Allowance	2%	2%
Total Allowance	50%	50%

CLAW BACK:-

A balancing charge may arise on the disposal of property within a certain period:-

Industrial Buildings	25 Years
Commercial Property	13 Years

DOUBLE RENT ALLOWANCES:-

Double Rent Relief will be available where a Trader rents a qualifying premises in a designated area.

RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY:-

1) Construction of Rented Residential Accommodation -100%.

The cost is allowable against any Rental Income.

2) Conversion of Buildings into Rented Residential Accommodation -100%.

3) Refurbishment of Buildings for Multiple Residential Accommodation -100%.

4) Expenditure by an individual on the construction or refurbishment of Residential Accommodation which he will use as his sole or main residence will qualify for a Tax deduction in the year to Expenditure and for the following nine years equal to:-

5% per annum in the case of Construction Expenditure.

10% per annum in the case of Refurbishment Expenditure.

SUMMARY ALLOWANCES:-

Industrial Buildings

Lessor:

First Year Allowance	25%
Annual Allowance	4%

Owner/Occupier:

First Year Allowance	50%
Annual Allowance	4%

Commercial Buildings

Lessor:

First Year Allowance	25%
Annual Allowance	2%
Maximum Allowance	50%

Owner/Occupier

First Year Allowance	50%
Maximum Allowance	50%

Residential Property

Construction of Rented Residential Prop.	100%
Conversion into Rented Residential Prop.	100%
Refurbishment of Multiple Rented Prop.	100%

Owner/Occupier

Construction	5% p.a. for 10 years
Refurbishment	10% p.a. for 10 years

For further information contact: Mr. Raymond Moloney, Co-ordinating Officer, Urban Renewal Scheme, Dungarvan

U.D.C. Tel. (058) 41111.

The Irish Unionist's Farewell to Greta Hellstrom in 1922
By unknown author

Golden haired and golden hearted
I would ever have you be,
As you were when last we parted
Smiling slow and sad at me.
Oh ! the fighting down of passion !
Oh ! the century-seeming pain
Parting in this off-hand fashion
In Dungarvan in the rain.

Slanting eyes of blue, unweeping,
Stands my Swedish beauty where
Gusts of Irish rain are sweeping
Round the statue in the square;
Corner boys against the walling
Watch us furtively in vain,
And the Angelus is calling
Through Dungarvan in the rain.

Gales along the Commeragh Mountains,
Beating sleet on creaking signs,
Iron gutters turned to fountains,
And the windscreen laced with lines,
And the evening getting later,
And the ache-increased again,
As the distance grows the greater
From Dungarvan in the rain.

There is no one now to wonder
What eccentric sits in state
While the beech trees rock and thunder
Round his gate-Iodge and his gate.
Gone the ornamental plaster,
Gone-the overgrown demesne
And the car goes fast, and faster,
From Dungarvan in the rain.

Had I kissed and drawn you to me,
Had you yielded warm for cold,
What a power had pounded through me
As I stroked your streaming gold!
You were right to keep us parted:
Bound and parted we remain,
Aching, if unbroken hearted
Oh ! Dungarvan in the rain!

Restoration of Famine Graveyard in the pipeline By unknown author

From *Dungarvan Observer* 10.09.1994



Group pictured at the launch of the Pulla Tourist brochure at the Seanachie. Included with the committee are: Fr. M.I. Kennedy, C.C.; Joe Palmer, Manager S.E. Tourism and Nuala Ryan, Cathaoirleach, Dungarvan Tourism. Photo: (Wyley)

The visionary people of Pulla, Co. Waterford, have established a steering committee, with a view towards restoring the historic, and long abandoned famine Graveyard at Gorta, Dungarvan. A ware that the 150th anniversary of the Great Famine will take place from

1995-1997, the aptly monickered Great Famine Commemoration Committee have initiated an action plan to resurrect the 'Reilig 'a tSlé' site.

Secretary of the Committee John Kiely told the *'Observer'* that "the restoration of this graveyard is urgent in order to make it presentable to visitors, and out of respect for those buried there." The committee, which presently comprises Messrs. Martin Curran, Thomas Morrissey, John Kiely and Fr. Gregory Power P.P., Dungarvan, is soon to be enlarged as the task of re-establishing the Famine Graveyard as a historic attraction gains impetus.

NO OBJECTION

The graveyard site itself, John Kiely explains, suffered for a long time as a result of "not belonging to anyone. We know now that there are no deeds or title to the property, whereas before there was the question of whether it was under the ownership of the Council, or the office of Public Works."

John says that the O.P.W. do have "an interest" in the graveyard, but only from the point of archaeological preservation.

Hence, with progress very much in mind, committee member Fr. Gregory Power P.P. on behalf of St. Mary's Parish Committee, commissioned a report on the site, undertaken by Ms. Delice Osbourne (Archaeologist) from Clonmel.

The large graveyard, roughly triangular in shape, came into existence as a result of the great Famine of 1846, and its specific effects on the environs of Dungarvan and its surrounds. Situated just off the main Cork/Waterford Road (beside the Seanachie Bar and Restaurant) the rural site features a large concrete memorial cross erected in 1950/'51, in part to remember the tragic famine era.

However, as it stands today the area lies completely over-grown with grass, brambles, broom and gorse. In fact vegetation is rampant all over, with only one of the many headstones (many foot/famine stones, some very loose can be felt underfoot) visible, that of a Mr. Jacobs, drowned in 1916. With the O.P.W. harbouring no objection to the restoration of the graveyard, as long as the archaeologists specific recommendations are adhered, to a FÁS scheme is currently "in the pipeline" to exactly that end.

BRIGHT FUTURE

Meanwhile, just last Tuesday, SERTO Regional Manager, Mr. Joe Palmer, visited the Famine Graveyard at Pulla, where he was later afforded a reception at the 'Seanachie.'

Overwhelmed by the hospitality shown to him in the 'hub' of West Waterford, Mr. Palmer said his visit had reinforced his impression that the people of Dungarvan have all the positive elements of Irish Tourism at their disposal. "Good food, friendly atmosphere, traditional song and dance, excellent service, great craic...I've seen it all here today?" the obviously delighted Regional Tourism boss said.

Declaring that from his experience, "Dungarvan is probably the one centre in the South East Region, which is moving ahead, Tourism wise, at & phenomenally fast rate," Mr. Palmer predicted "a very, very bright future for the area," the key to which was in the "degree of co-operation and spirit evidenced within the community."

With regard to the Great Famine Commemoration Committee's designs on enhancing the current state of the Reilig 'a tSlé graveyard, Mr. Palmer enthused that this "special project, in a small but significant way will help the Pulla area to build its tourism base." Adding that its "only right that we should strive to protect and honour that period of our history," Mr. Palmer asserted that monumental sites of this are of tremendous interest to visitors. "Its proper that we should recognise our past and use it as a key towards building for the future," he continued, assuring the committee of SERTO's ongoing support in their "most laudable venture."

Town Living has many advantages By unknown author

From Dungarvan Observer, 10.09.1994



After many years of suburban development, a strong trend towards living in town has emerged. Towns such as Dungarvan are once again sought after as places for residential location. Living in town has many advantages wide choice of accommodation, proximity to work and schools, variety of shopping facilities at close hand, churches, cinema, pubs and clubs, public transport, improved environmental conditions.

The urban renewal scheme offers incentives to owner occupiers and investors in residential projects in Dungarvan

and each of the other designated areas. Particularly attractive tax allowances are available for refurbishment of property for residential purposes.

The general allowances being made available are designed to that specific end, and to promote the development of large units which will accommodate a wide variety of occupants, especially families.

In the case of reliefs for the refurbishment or conversion of property, the maximum floor size for the flats and apartments has been increased from 90 to 125 square metres in the designated areas.

Dungarvan's geographical nature is another element of the new scheme, which offers significant opportunities for developments to fully exploit their water-front potential. The designers of the Urban Renewal Programme recognise that historically, most development in river based urban centres, tended to be built with its back to the river/water. That trend is being reversed nowadays and many fine new inner urban developments are being built with attractive views onto the water-front.

NEW USES FOR OLD BUILDINGS

It is the aim of the Urban Renewal Scheme to retain the character and soul of towns like Dungarvan, by maintaining our physical links with the past.

Buildings with merit, buildings which form an integral part of streetscapes, landmark buildings and buildings which have been handed onto us through the generations deserve to be preserved and restored where possible.



To achieve this aim, old buildings may often be usefully integrated into the mainstream of modern urban life; now uses must be found for old buildings.

The financial incentives available under the 3 year scheme support the reintegration of important buildings into everyday life particularly in the case of refurbishment or conversion for residential purposes.

Under the National Development Plan, grants will be available to assist local authorities in carrying out works to preserve our historic and architectural urban heritage. Recently introduced improvements to the building control system also facilitate the conservation and change of use of existing

buildings.

ENVIRONMENTAL IMPROVEMENTS

The quality of the environment and the appearance of an area have an important role to play in encouraging people and business to move back into urban centres. Through strategic environmental improvement works, the perception of an area can be changed, and its potential for redevelopment enhanced. Local authorities throughout the country including Dungarvan U.D.C. have done such to improve the attractiveness of their towns and cities. These have included pedestrianisation schemes, attractive paving, decorative street lighting and street furniture, development of river/quay-side potential, creation of focal points and walkways, urban landscaping etc.

Under the National Development Plan, funding will be available to local authorities for further environmental improvement works of this kind.

Dungarvan Born Austin Deasy, Minister for Agriculture. **By Ella Shanahan**

From Dungarvan Leader, 14.09.2001.

Ms. Ella Shanahan, prominent staff journalist with the "Irish Times" is a native of Co. Waterford and comes from Portlaw. She trained as a journalist in Waterford City before going on to Dublin and eventually joining the staff of the "Irish Times" for whom she now mainly covers agricultural affairs.

In a recent "Saturday Interview" in the Irish Times, Ella talked to Dungarvan born Austin Deasy, Minister for Agriculture and wrote about it as follows :

"I'd hate to be facing Deasy across the negotiating table. He plays dirty. If he ever played football or hurling, he must have been sent off all the time" a senior diplomat said of the Minister for Agriculture, Austin Deasy, after the milk super levy negotiations.

Indeed, Deasy played dirty and played every card he had, including the wresting of control over the negotiations from the Department of Foreign Affairs to his own department. "My Officials are the best in the civil service," he says often, and he means it.

Coming to a Department as Important as Agriculture and a subject about which he knew little, he had to rely on them a lot, and they did not fail him. His officials say he is one of the hardest working ministers they have had. He spends long hours every day in the office, but sometimes they despair that he will ever learn office discipline. They say he takes a brief well, but hates reading lengthy documents. He wants the bones of everything on two typewritten pages. His concentration span is as short with unnecessary details at it is with bores.

Austin Deasy was a surprise choice for a Ministry as senior as agriculture. He was one of Garret FitzGerald's most trenchant critics, he is dour, not the most eloquent of politicians, stubborn, and maybe too candid. But, his rural common sense and his political judgement were not doubted and, instead of becoming the fall guy in the Government with the super levy looming, he succeeded in securing an exemption for Irish farmers. He involved Garret Fitzgerald directly in the negotiations and ever since has been fulsome in his praise of the Taoiseach's efforts at that time.

Deasy came to the Dail the hard way -17 years on Waterford County Council, followed by a spell in the Senate before he was elected a TD in 1977.

Poll Topper

He has topped the poll in the last three elections. His support comes from across the political divide, from young voters and business people. Mindful of the lard struggle he had to get established, he has been ceaseless in his promotion of new personalities in the party like Senator Katharine Bulbulia and Michael Queally.



"I liked being a teacher for a while, but when I tried to do the two and it was impossible" he recalls. Of his county council days, he says: "It's the worst type of politics. Not only have you the Opposition trying to hop you down, you have your own fellows too. You begin to feel sorry for those fellows in Brussels (the other agriculture ministers) who haven't come up through the Irish county council system.

However his sympathy for them does not extend to giving quarter. Last month, at his first Agriculture Council meeting as President, he railroaded through agreement on monitored payments for olive oil, which had been deadlocked for several presidencies. In spite of stubbornness and gruffness, he has managed to become firm friends with many of his counterparts in the EEC. Michel Rocard, the French Minister, is a favourite.

Many people believe that Austin Deasy should belong more properly to Fianna Fail. His father Michael, a retired

garda sergeant, was in the West Cork flying column and was an assistant of Tom Barry's. But after a science degree in UCC and several years spent working in England -during holidays as a builder's labourer and later as a teacher in Kent -he felt able to ignore the Civil War ethos of the parties. It was the days of the Just Society, and Fine Gael appealed to his liberal social ideas.

But, economically, he is very far to the right. Already this week he, together with Industry Minister John Bruton, called for cuts in public expenditure in the economic plan. He believes the state should devolve from its over-participation in business and commercial life. He believes industry should be given greater incentives and that taxation should be reduced.

Deasy's political machine in County Waterford is kept going by his attractive and frighteningly organised wife, Kathleen, who knows the constituency as well as he does. Two daughters, Sally (20) and Jane (18) are at UCC. John (16) and Jamie (9) are at school in Dungarvan. When not in his office in Agriculture House or at meetings in Brussels, he spends as much time as he can in the constituency, and insists, no matter how busy the ministerial schedule, in holding regular weekly clinics.

For Relaxation

For relaxation, he "plays golf and swears at the same time" because his handicap has gone down from four to nine in the last two years. He is a member of Dungarvan, Lismore and Tramore clubs. As political head of the horse industry, it pays to have an interest in racing. "I'm a punter who specialises in systems, not a gambler," he says. He shows betting slips with complicated combinations which proves to the uninitiated only that he pays his betting taxes.

He pretends to understand no music except rock ("I was young in the '50's") and is a film buff, who specialises in back one-liners from the best and worst movies. He likes television when he sees it. His favourites? Westerns, Top Cat cartoons, Dynasty when Linda Evans appears, and Gerry Daly's gardening programme.

But for the remainder of the year there will be little time for personal pursuits. As president of the Agricultural Council, he will have to cope with the Community's budget crisis, which threatens the agricultural policy after October; the second year of the milk super levy; a glut in beef supplies as 800,000 dairy cows are slaughtered because of the super levy in other EEC countries; the huge wine lake which yet may pose a greater problem than milk; the proposed enlargement of the EEC, and the food surpluses Spain and Portugal will exacerbate, and the resistance of the industrial countries like Britain and Germany to finance of existing surpluses, let alone additional ones.

**Election of Chairman for Dungarvan Union.
By unknown author**

From Waterford News, 26.03.1886.

DUNGARVAN (USSHER)

(Waterford News March 26th 1886)

ELECTION OF CHAIRMAN FOR DUNGARVAN UNION.

Before we again go to press it is very probable the new Board of Guardians will have met in Dungarvan and will have elected men to preside over their deliberations for the coming year. We have more than once pointed out that it is the duty of the Guardians to appoint a gentleman of political worth and business capacity to the position as Chairman and not again be fooled in re-electing the noodle who has held Office for the past few years. Granted that Mr. Ussher is both an amiable and capable Chairman -which he is not - is this the time for a Nationalist Board of Guardians to elect a gentleman of his political to a proclivities to a position of trust and responsibility.

The "Loyalist Party when in a majority never fail to appoint their nominees and now that this very same party have within the last few months shown afresh the old spirit of intolerance, would it not be a strange anomaly to see one of their number elected to guide the deliberations of a popular Board? Now in the case of the Dungarvan Union, there are several reasons why the Guardians should oust the nonentity who acts as Chairman there at present. He is a man of no business capacity and is utterly unable to preserve order and decorum in the Boardroom. We have no doubt the guardian will come and by a determined effort oust this fossil from a position he was never fitted to occupy.

Parliaments of Ireland (1559-1695)

From unknown source

Dungarvan Borough

January 1559.

Henry Stattord, Esq.
John Chollyner (Challoner),
Lambaye, Dublin.

23 April. 1613.

Peter Rowe, Esq.
Thomas Fitz-Harrys (gentle-man)
Maghmain, Wextord.

20 June, 1634.

Sir P. Smithe, knt, Ballynetra.
John Hore (Fitz-Mathew), Esq.,
Dungarvan.

February 1639.

Richard Osborne, Esq. (bart)
Ballyntaylor.
John Hore (Fitz-Mathew), Esq.
Dungarvan

11 April, 1661.

John Fitzgerald, Esq. Dromana.
Sir Allen Brodrick, knt.

5 October, 1692

Charles Bouchier, Esq. vice
Fitzgerald, deceased.
William Bucknor, Esq.

5 August, 1695.

Charles Bouchier, Esq.
William Bucknor, Esq.

Dungarvan Borough and Manor.

1703 - 1713.

James Barry, of Rathcormick. Esq.
Roger Power, of Lismore, Esq. (deceased).
Henry Pyne Esq.

Dungarvan Borough.

1727 - 1760.

Right Hon, Benjamin Parry.
Thomas Carter, Esq.
Robert Dillon. Esq. in place of Thomas Carter who made his election for Hillsborough.
Robert Roberts. Esq. in place of Benjamin Parry deceased.
John Usher. Esq. in place of Robert Dillon deceased.
Richard Boyle Esq. in place of John Usher deceased.
Hon. Robert Boyle Walshingham, in place of Robert Roberts, deceased.

Dungarvan Borough.

1769 - 1776.

Sir William Osborne. bart.

Robert Carew. Esq.

Dungarvan Borough.

1776 - 1783.

Right Hon. Sir William Osborne. bart.

John Bennett. Esq. not duly elected.

Godfrey Greene. Esq. in place of John Bennett.

1783 -1790.

Marcus Beresford. Esq.

Godfrey Greene. Esq.

1790 -1797

Marcus Beresford. Esq.

Chambre B. Ponsonby. Esq.

1798 -1800.

Marcus Beresford. Esq.

John Brabazon Ponsonby. Esq.

Edward Lee, Esq. in place of Mr. Beresford, deceased.

The break-down on Urban Renewal in Dungarvan

By unknown author

From Dungarvan Observer, 10.09.1994

THE PROBLEM

In common with other towns and cities around Ireland, Dungarvan has not escaped the phenomenon of urban decay. The trend towards sub-urbanisation over the last number of decades saw the rapid growth of new residential development on the outskirts of our towns and cities, together with the outward movement of commercial and business activities.

Combined with a range of other factors, such as the decline of traditional industries and improvement of transport and communications facilities, the movement of people and business to the periphery, diminished the perceived importance of the core areas of urban centres such as Dungarvan. This inevitably contributed to gradual decline in the physical fabric and socio-economic conditions of areas like ours over the years.

These areas typically contain derelict sites, obsolete industrial buildings, run-down and boarded up retail and residential premises. High rates of unemployment and welfare dependancy prevail. As the physical environment of inner urban areas decays, so does the potential of areas, not least Dungarvan, to attract private investment and development.

However, there is a solution, that being Urban Renewal. A generous package of financial incentives which has been made available to promote development and redevelopment works in inner urban areas, hence tackling the problems of urban decay. Here's the *'Observer's'* guide to the Urban Renewal Scheme and how it can apply to you, the people of Dungarvan, over the next 3 years. A genuine opportunity to enhance yours and your town's prospects for the future. A way to bring new life to your town of Dungarvan!

THE SOLUTION

On July 21st last amid the plush surrounds of Dublin Castle, Mr. Michael Smith T.D., Minister for the Environment and Mr. Emmet Stagg T.D., Minister for Housing and Urban Renewal, officially launched the new Urban Renewal Scheme.

The business interests of Dungarvan rejoiced, as details of the designated areas for inclusion in the new scheme were unveiled.

The previous Urban Renewal Scheme originally applied only in certain areas of Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Waterford City. It was extended on a number of occasions bringing the total number of participating urban centres to 23. This time around, Dungarvan was determined to impress its case. Thankfully, to the particular delight of the local U.D.C. and Chamber of Commerce and Industry, the designating Minister responded favourably, including Dungarvan amongst the 12 new towns selected for the scheme.

Having followed the designation procedure to the very letter, in accordance with the Department of the Environment's directives, the Urban Council, with Mr. John Reid their Town Planning Consultant, identified their priority 'target' areas (12 acres). In the process the U.D.C. also liaised with the Chamber, local developers and property holders. Bearing in mind that a total of 17 acres was submitted by all the interest parties, the final outcome of an 85% take up (approx. 10.5 acres) of the Council's submission by the Department, says much for the judgement of both sides. As U.D.C. Chairman Billy Kyne has said, surely it wasn't coincidence."

THE TIME SCALE

The scheme which commenced on August 1st last, will operate for a three year period. Minister Michael Smith makes it absolutely clear, "that there will be no extensions of the time limit beyond 31st July, 1997, I don't want people knocking on my door in three years time with sad stories of why they did not get around to carrying out their projects on time."

Minister Stagg admitted that "one of the most difficult tasks we had was choosing the areas." Decisions on the areas followed much investigation, "including inspections by officials of the Department and in many cases by Minister Smith and myself. There were extensive consultations with the local authorities and considerations of development plans together with hundreds of reports and submissions made on behalf of various areas," the Labour Party Deputy said.

THE INCENTIVES

The financial incentives in the form of tax allowances and rate remissions, are available to developers and investors, and owners and occupiers of various types of property in the designated acreage in Dungarvan. The incentives are designed to promote the refurbishment of existing buildings and the construction of new buildings for residential, commercial and industrial purposes. Allowances are available for office development where this is ancillary to other commercial development.

A new element of the scheme, aimed at encouraging the conversion and refurbishment for residential purposes, of property over shops and business premises is being introduced. This scheme will apply in certain streets ("designated streets") appointed by the Minister for the Environment.

Also as part of the new Urban Renewal Scheme, incentives are being made available for the development of industrial buildings/enterprise units, in addition to residential and commercial buildings, in the designated areas. In specified "enterprise areas" (i.e. parts of Dungarvan), allowances for certain industrial/enterprise unit development only, are available.

In general, the incentives available under the new scheme are weighted more in favour of residential development than in the previous Urban Renewal Scheme. The scheme is biased in favour of refurbishment as opposed to "new-build" developments, and it will also encourage the creation of work spaces.

DUNMORE

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The Cave of Dunmore By unknown author

From *The Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol 10 No. 1, 01.09.1832.



To the great and peculiar extent, of calcareous or lime-stone strata of which our island is composed, may chiefly attribute the fertility of our soil, and the salubrity of our climate; and if we dared venture to fathom the intentions of an Almighty and beneficent providence; we would point to this geological peculiarity, as a signal instance of his wisdom and goodness, as, exposed as we are to the exhalations of the Atlantic, and the influence of westerly winds, our soil would otherwise be unproductive; and our climate unhealthy. To the same cause is to be attributed much of the peculiarly romantic beauty,

of which we may justly boast; our waterfalls without number, our subterranean rivers, our natural bridges, our perpendicular sea cliffs, and above all, our fairy caverns; all these- are in almost every instance, the result of this extensive calcareous formation, and are consequently found in no other country of the same extent, in equal variety, beauty, and abundance. Most strange it is; that a land so blessed and ornamented by the hand of providence, should be so little appreciated and too often abandoned by those to whom its fertility gives wealth and to whom its beauty should give delight and happiness.

We have alluded to the great number of calcareous caverns found in Ireland they are to be met with in all the, provinces, and rival each other in romantic beauty; but that best known for its size and extent is the one of which we present our readers with a sketch ill the present number the Cave of Dunmore. This famous cavern, which is situated near the edge of the calcareous district, in the county of Kilkenny, on the estate of the Marquess of Ormond, and about three miles from the beautiful *inland capital* of Ireland, is thus accurately described by the able pen of Mr. Banim-a writer of whom not only Kilkenny, but all Ireland may justly feel proud. It leaves us nothing to add.

"The absolute physiognomy of the place is calculated to excite, Superstitious notions;" In the midst of a level field, .a precipitate inclined plane leads down to a sudden pit across which, like a vast blind arch, the entrance yawns, about eighty (fifty) feet perpendicular; and from thirty to forty wide overhung and festooned with ivy lichen, bramble, and a variety of wild shrubs, and tenanted by the owl, the daw, and the carrion crow, that made rustling and screaming exit into the daylight as soon .as disturbed by an exploring foot; and when all at once, you stand on the verge of the descent, and look from the cheering day into the pitch darkness of this gaping orifice, repelling and chilling the curiosity that it excited,-giving a promise of something to be discovered, and a threat. to the discoverer- suggesting a region to be traversed so different from our own fair familiar world, and yet a nameless danger to be incurred in the progress,-your heart must be either very callous or very bold, and imagination entirely a blank, if at the first glance, you feel no unusual stir within you.

" After you enter the mouth of the cavern, the light or your torches shew you that vast masses of rock protrude, overhead, ready at every step to crush, and held in their place: as if by miracle alone, A short distance on, two separate passages branch to the right and to the left. To explore the one, a barrier of steep rocks, made dangerous by the damp slime that covers them, should be scaled; then you proceed along a way of considerable length, sometimes obliged, from the lowness of the heading, to stoop on hands and knees, still over slippery rocks, and over deep holes, formed by the constant dripping of the roof; till at last you suddenly enter a spacious and lofty apartment, known by the name of the market-cross from its containing a petrified mass that has some likeness to the ancient and curious structure, So called. Indeed, throughout the whole chamber, the awful frolic of nature bears comparison with art:- ranges of fluted columns, that seem the production of the chisel, only much dilapidated by time, rise almost at correct distances to the arching roof, by the way, having necessarily been formed by petrification, drop upon drop, it is astounding to think of the incalculable number of years consumed in the process. And this is the regal fairy hall; and the peasants say, that when the myriad crystallisation that hang about, are, on a gala evening, illuminated, and when the forever falling drops sparkle in the fairy light, the scene becomes too dazzling for mortal vision.

The other passage winds an equal distance, and leads to the subterranean rill that bubbles, as before mentioned, over scraps of human bones; and over some entire ones, too; we having, when led to the cavern for scenic illustration of the facts of this history, adventurously plunged our hand into clear water, and taken therefrom a tibia of unusual length; and indeed, the fact that such human relics are there to be seen, almost a quarter of a mile from the light of the earth, must if we reject the peasants fine superstition,

shew us the misery of some former time of civil conflict, that could compel any wretched fugitive to seek in the recesses and horrors of such a place, just as much pause as might serve him to starve, die and rot. The above description is from the powerful work of fiction "Crohoore of the bill-hook."

Dunmore or Dunmore East
By unknown author

From Parliamentary Gazetteer of Ireland 1845

Dunmore, or Dunmore-East, a post-town and sea-port, in the Parish of Killea, barony of Gaultier, Co. Waterford, Munster. It stands in the bottom of a gently-sloping valley at the head of a sheltered bay, almost immediately within the entrance, of Waterford Harbour, 9 miles south-east of Waterford, and $8\frac{3}{4}$ south by west or Dublin. It was formerly a mere fishing-village; but is now both a fashionable watering-place, and the post-office packet station for connecting the south of Ireland with Wales and England. Its houses all look toward Hook lighthouse on the opposite coast of Waterford Harbour but, in other respects, they present neither regularity of arrangement nor uniformity of appearance and, though chiefly constructed of clay and thatched with straw, they generally let during the bathing-season, for from 1 to 3 guineas a-week each. A regular plan of improvements, however, was projected a few years ago by the Marquis of Waterford, and was commenced by his building a comfortable hotel and, in consequence, the hitherto scattered and inornate village will probably become, in the course of a few years, a regular and handsome town. The road leading to the pier has a handsome church, and a rural but thick sprinkling of white houses; and presents a pleasing view to vessels approaching the coast. "Dunmore," says Mr. Fraser, "is perhaps better calculated for a watering-place than any other locality of the same character on the whole circuit of the Irish coast. The village is in a sheltered bay, divided by various boldly projecting headlands, which are again broken into numerous recesses, coves, impending cliffs, and deep caverns, by the ceaseless action of the heavy-swelling waves against the permeable alternations of conglomerate and sandstone which compose this bold and picturesque coast. These caves, from their nature, are as secluded as anything out of doors can well be; but were a little pains bestowed, they might be rendered perfectly private; and as the strand is good, and but a slight recedure of the tide, bathing can be enjoyed at all times." An artificial harbour, for the shelter of the mail steam-packets, was estimated, in 1814, before commencement, to cost £19,385; but it occasioned an actual expenditure, up to a very incomplete state, in 1824, of £85,000; and it has eventually been completed at the cost, we believe, of upwards of £100,000. It consists of a mole 800 feet in length, and a pier or quay 600 feet in length it borrows important advantages from the natural facilities of the ground; it has a depth at low water of respectively 25 and 18 feet at the point and the head of the pier; and it is sheltered all round by jointly the artificial works, the headlands and inner screen of the small bay, and the opposite peninsula on which stands the Hook lighthouse. Four mail steam-packets of from 189 to 250 tons burden, and each 80 horse-power, ply regularly between this harbour and Milford, usually performing the voyage in 13 hours; and mail-bags brought by them are immediately forwarded by coach to Waterford, and sent thence to Limerick and Cork. Dunmore is a coastguard station, and the head-quarters of a fishing district which numbers about 220 fishermen. Area of the town, 32 acres. Pop, in 1831 631; in 1841, 302. Houses 57.

The Rev. George H. Reade, sent the following paper on Rethwhelan, A seat of o' Faolan, the ancient Lord of the Decies, near Dunmore East, Barony of Gualtier, County of Waterford.

From Vol I 1869 R.S.A.I.

It sometime happen that an unexpected discovery reward the dry details of an antiquarian's researches, and such was my lot last summer when examining the many very interesting relics of antiquity near Dunmore, a locality which will well employ the summer holiday of any member of the Driasdust family, as he will find in a short distance round food for his favourite study, from the earliest Pagan times down to the days of Queen Elizabeth's Pacata Hibernia. The circle of standing stone surrounding the well-preserved stone grave of some Irish chieftain, on the summit of Carrick a Dhirra, already described in our 'Journal' will well reward investigation. The remnant of the very old church of Kilmacomb, just beneath, is interesting, not merely for its very great age and simple style architecture, but also as still retaining within its ruined walls one of those rude unfashioned baptismal fonts known by the Irish by the name Bullawn, and now so rarely seen. The preceptory and church of the Knights of St. John at Crook, of which there are, I believe, but three or four instances in Ireland, will also afford food for solitary musings, as although their house is almost a ruin, and their church, with its three tall lancets in the east window, is nearly smothered up by modern interments; yet the sparkling water of their perennial well still bubbles up beneath its cut stone arch as pellucid as ever, and give its fresh supply to the place of the ancient fush pond, now merely a swamp, and thence passes on towards the traces of the garden. On the ruins of their churches walls he will find in thick profusion that very rare fern ceterach officinalis, so much used as a powerful styptic by the monks of old, and so likely to be of double use to a fraternity who literally represented the Church Militant, which rare plant I have little doubt was specially brought there by the Knights for its most useful medicinal purpose, and which still flourishes as luxuriantly as ever.

'While the Knights are dust,
There good swords rust.

"In the village of Dunmore, overhanging The cove will be found an early structure of the Norman conquerors now degraded into a butcher's slaughter house; It is an enormous round tower, similar to that upon the Waterford quay, called Reginald's and most strongly and ingeniously fortified by an internal porch and double doorway, with a second opening above for pouring down destructive missiles upon those who may have forced the outer door. I know I am virtuous in calling this and the Watertord tower, to which it is so similar, Norman towers, especially as I have read the authoritative inscription upon that at Watertord; but did the Normans borrow this mode of structure from the Danes? These towers are loopholed in the same way, and the apertures of the cloaca maxima are identically the same as in the numerous unquestioned specimens of Norman Architecture; the only difference is, these are round, the other square and I may ask, where is there another specimen of stone work of the Danes, and such proof of their attention to cleanliness, not hitherto considered one of their characteristics? The Dunmore, called 'Sheanoon, which is beside Power's Hotel, is fast passing away. The harbour improvements have caused the obliteration of a great portion of it; part of the great ditch defending the land side still exists, with traces of smaller defences, in the green sward and various inside ramparts, similar in age, I believe, as they are in appearance, to the lines of defence at Bagenbon

Head and at Rathwhelan. I found in it one of the ancient flint knives, a mark of very great antiquity. As my stay at Dunmore was lengthened beyond expectation, I had exhausted these relics, when a friend said, 'you have not seen Rathwhelan old church, which is fully as old Kilmacomb.' I found, however that my friend was wholly mistaken in his estimate of the age of that church; it was simply one of those ugly old barn-like structures of the sixteenth century, the plaster still adhering to the walls; and I was afterwards informed by the 'Oldest inhabitant' of Dunmore, that his father knew those that had attended service in it. Turning away disappointed. My eye caught traces of those well-known low green aggers, rounded on top, and covered with the thick close velvety verdure of the very ancient fortifications, so often met with along the southern shores of Ireland, and about which very little is generally known. The only reply to all queries as to their builders being; the Danes in old times! Upon further examination, I traced the lines of defence of great part of what seemed to have been a fortified camp or residence; the portion towards the sea side had been used up by the farmer, but from what appeared to have been the central residence, to the ravine at the other side, all was tolerably perfect. The place of defence had been erected over the edge of a ravine, which ran inland from the sea, where it was called Rathwhelan Cove, and skirting the front of the camp, turned sharp to the right, close to Rathwhelan church; at this spot, a small but very perfect oval tort or rath was placed, and behind it a square enclosure. In what I believe to have been the centre, were other square enclosures with passages of communication, and some of them with traces of small outworks for

defending the corners. Upon inquiry, I found that the land about was the property of Lord Stuart de Decies, that the tort was called Rathwhelan, and the farm Rathmoylan (the Irish M and W are, I believe interchangeable): that there only remained about 200 acres, the property of the Lord of Decies in the Barony, which is now called Gall-tir, or land of the stranger. I thus found that I had stumbled upon an ancient residence of the princely family of O' Faolan. Lords of Deesi, for so many centuries owners of the country inheritance then passing away and becoming known as 'the land of stranger' -Gill-tir. Traces of similar ditches or fences exist close to the entrance of the cove from the sea, and immediately over that wondrous and beautiful excavation in the soft stratum of the old red sand stone, known as Rathwhelan Cave, and forming one of the many Lions of Dunmore .

"The O' Faolans, Lords of Decies, were amongst the oldest, and not the least celebrated families of Ireland, and can be traced as Lords of Deesi from the seventh century, until the Norman Conquest. In the Book of Rights, the annual subsidy of the King of Decies is stated to be a ship eight men slaves, eight women slaves, eight coats of mail, eight shields, eight swords, and eight horses.' The first three are the gifts of the King of Caiseal to him. The tribute of the Lord of Decies to the King of Caiseal is stated thus,- In time of peace, 2000 chosen hogs, 1000 cows; and in time of war, 1000 oxen, 1000 sheep. 1000 cloaks and 1000 milch cows. The second stipend to the King of Deesi from the King of Caiseal is described in Leabhar -na-Gheart,' p 73 as 8 bond men, 8 brown-haired women, 10 ships, 8 shields, 8 swords, for wounding, and 8 horses brought across the green sea. The Price of Decies also paid to the King of Tara 50 oxen, 50 sows, and 50 young pigs; he received 8 good steeds of high distinction, and 8 green cloaks, besides, with, as we may suppose to fasten them, 8 pins of findroine, or white bronze. 'Book of Rights', p. 257.

"Decies, in Irish Deesi, was an ancient Irish territory comprising the greater part of the county of Waterford it had its name from the Deisigh, a bribe descended from Fiacha Suide, a son of Feilimídh Reachtmar, who was monarch of Ireland in the second century. Fiacha Suide was brother of the celebrated son of the Hundred Battles, monarch of Ireland; hence, the deisians, his descendants, were a branch of the Heremonians; the Desi possessed, in the first instance, a large territory in Meath, and their name is retained in the Barony of Deece in that county; these were called Deeci of Teamracb or Tara, to distinguish them from the Waterford Deesi. In the third century, Aongus, Prince of Decies of Meath, grandson of Fiacha Suide, resenting the exclusion of his own branch from the monarchy, rebelled against King Cormac, and with a large body of forces broke into the palace of Tara, wounded Cormac, and with a large body of forces killed his son Ceallach, A.D. 278. Cormac having quelled this rebellion in seven battles, drove Aongus into Mumha (Munster), where olioll Ollum, King of Munster, granted them the lands extending from the river Suir southwards to the sea, and from Lismore to Cean Creodain(Creden Head), comprising nearly the whole territory, which was afterward. called Waterford; and they gave to that district the name Deesi, or Na-n-Deesi, called also Deesi Munhan to distinguish it from Deesi Meath. This name is still retained in the baronies of Decies. This tribe becoming very powerful and numerous, Aongus, King of Munster, in the fifth century, conferred on them additional lands, extending north of the River-Suir, as far as Corca Eathrach, comprising the country called Machaire Caiseal, or the plain of Cashel. This territory was disguised by the name of Tuaisceart Deise or North Decies; and the old territory was called Deise Deesceart, or South Decies. The principal families were, the O' Faolans. styled Princes of Decies, and the O Brics, chiefs in Decies, both of the same descent; they were thus designated by O Heerin;-

Two mild chiefs, whom I do not conceal,

Rule over the Desies, which I affirm,

O Bric, who enforced all its tributes,

And also the wise and fair O Felan.

The Deesi are very frequently mentioned in the Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters, from the days of St. Patrick. amongst whose ancestors he is named in the poem of Flann of the Monastery.

Patrick Abbot of all Ireland, son of Calphrann, son
of Fotaide,
Son of Deisse, not fit to be mispraised, son of
Cormac Mor .

down to the sixteenth century. In A.D. 666 Bran Finn was their chief. A.D. 700. the Annals of Ulster state Jugulatic Conaill Mic Suibhne regis Ne -n- Deisi; but it appears to have been A.D. 964 that the O Faolans inherited the title and there are very many notices of their battles and quarrels for many generations.

A feud between the two families, O'Bric and O Faolan, took place A.D. 1031 when Murray the son of Bric slew Diarmed, son of Donal O'Faolan, at the battle of Sliabh gua, in the county of Waterford; in revenge the O Faolan branch burned Murray, son of Bric A.D. 1051; And in 1059 they smothered Maelseachlainn, of the O Bric family, in a cave, very probably Rathwhelan cave before mentioned; in 1067 the O Bric blinded O Faolan, he lived until 1085 when the Four Masters made this entry; 'The blind Ua Faelan Lord of the Deesi died.

So the annals continue, the O Brics and O Faolans murdering, and being murdered until the times of Dermot Mc Murough- the O Bric of 1151, being killed by a man who bore an odd name 'the short man of

the Churn-Gearr na gCuenneog.' The annals relate that Connor O'Brien and his conspirators in the murder of Murray, were killed immediately after that murder by Ua Faolan, Lord of the Deesi Mumhan, who did this deed for Ruadrhi Ua Conchobhar (Roderick O'Connor). We find the O Faolan joined with the Danes in the defence of Waterford in 1170, when attacked by the army of Mac Murrough and Fitzstephen, and he seems to have been a faithful ally, as in the attack upon that city by Richard de Clare, Earl Strongbow, with Hervy de Monte Maresco, and Raymond le Gros, Malachy, Prince of Decies, fought by their side for three days, and bravely repulsed the enemy several times, but at last the city was taken, and amongst the prisoners were Reginald the Dane, and Malachy O Faolan; they were at once condemned to death; but Dermot Mac Murrough interceded for the life of O Faolan, because of his daughter Eva, whom he had brought that day to marry Strongbow; 700 are stated to have been killed. For some time after the head of the family retained their title as Lords of Deesi, as the annals mention A.D. 1205, Donald O Faolan, Lord of the Deesi of Munster, died. The contentious spirit of the race, however, was not so easily quelled, as in A.D. 1208, the O Faolan killed David the Briton, Bishop of Waterford, who was kinsman to Meyler Fitzhenry, Lord Justice of Ireland; this unfortunate English Bishop had been appointed by his countrymen against the wishes of the Irish and he entered into a long contest with O Heda, the Irish Bishop of Lismore, whose rights and possessions he had usurped, and, therefore O Faolan killed him. "After this act he seems to have lost all power, and was probably driven from his stronghold at Rathwhelan, as the family henceforwards drops out of history, and some of them are only occasionally noticed as bards and poets thus; A.D. 1378 John O Faolan, poet died; A.D. 1431 Owen O Faolan poet died; A.D. 1451 Gillpatrick Oge O Faolan, a distinguished poet died, The last trace of this great family is noticed under

A.D. 1510 Farrell O Faolan, professor of poetry died.

"Part of the O Faolan territory was granted by Henry II to Robert le Poer, his Marshall, consisting of the whole of Decies and the city of Waterford; the le Poers were, at various periods from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries created Barons of Curraghmore, Viscounts of Decies, and Earl of Tyrone. The Beresford family, by intermarriage with the le Poers were (at various periods, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries created Barons of Curraghmore, Viscounts of Decies) took their titles. Perhaps the 200 acres round Rathwhelan, now the property of Lord Stuart de Decies, was left in the possession of the O Faolans, until the murder of the English Bishop of Waterford, although the great bulk of their property was confiscated after the siege of Waterford, above mentioned; the family bore the title of Lords of Decies until at least A.D. 1208. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a grant was made to Captain Fortescue, of Credan Head, and 2000 acres, a property still enjoyed by his descendants. Thus these lowly mounds and faintly traced lines of defence in the long enduring peat of Rathwhelan, form the only remains of this princely family.

GLENCAIRN

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After Four Centuries. Arrival of Cistercian Nuns at Glencairn Abbey
By unknown author

From the files of the Waterford News, 18.03.1932.

A historic scene in the Church history of Ireland was enacted at Glencairn Abbey, near Lismore, Co. Waterford, on Monday last. The occasion was the ceremonial of "the Canonical enclosure of the new foundation of Cistercian nuns who are the sister Order of the Monks of Mount Melleray and La Trappe, tec., a colony of which nuns have come over from Stapehill Priory, Wimborne, Sorset, where the order has been for over a century.

The community had arrived a few days before, one of them being Sister M. Ignatius, daughter of Councillor Edward Walsh, Waterford, and sister of Rev. Nicholas Walsh, C.C., Ardfinnan. She was cordially welcomed to her native diocese by his Lordship the Bishop and by the Lord Abbot of Melleray. The ceremony was performed by his Lordship most Rev. Dr. Hackett, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. The right Rev. Dom Hickey, Lord Abbot of Mouny Melleray, was also present, as well as a large number of clergy and laity.

It is well nigh 400 years since this contemplative and austere Order of nuns dwelt in Ireland, and the parent house at Stapehill, from which the present members of the Order came, has a most interesting history attached to it.

The home for the new foundation, Glencairn Abbey, was purchased a few years ago for them, and a good deal of time, money and energy has been expended in putting the place into shape for its new use before being occupied picturesquely situated on the banks of the Blackwater, surrounded by an extensive and well-wooded demense, it is an ideal place for the religious Order now installed there.

The interior of the splendid mansion was practically reconstructed and added to, a handsome and commodious church with belfry and spire built, and in every way St. Mary's Abbey. Glencairn, as it will now be known is an ornament to conventional life in Ireland, as its saintly occupants are a most valuable addition in this country to "the kingdom which is not of this world.

KILGOBNET

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The Parish of Kilgobinet By Uberrima Fides

From Dungarvan Observer, date unknown

SITUATION

This large mountainous parish is bounded on the north by those of Seskinane and Kilrossanty, on the east by Kilrossanty and Clonea, on the south by those of Dungarvan and Kilrush, and on the west by those of Seskinane and Colligan. It is in the barony of Desies without Drum.

NAME

"This parish", says Ryland, "derives its name as well as its consequence (if it possesses any) from a Saint called 'Gobnata', who, in the sixth century, was abbes of a nunnery in the County of Cork: the patron day is the 11th of February".

Hist: Waterford, p. 304. The old church of Kilgobinet stands in the north side of a graveyard on the side of a hill about 2 Irish miles to the N.W. of Dungarvan. It is now a mere ruin but it can be ascertained from what remains of it that it consisted of nave and choir, the former being 17 ft. 9 ins. in length and 16 ft. in breadth and the latter 38 ft. in length, but its breadth cannot be ascertained as the west gable and north walls have totally disappeared. The south wall of the nave is perfect and measures on the outside 44 feet. The side walls of the nave are also destroyed to the foundations, but its east and middle (west) gables remain in tolerable preservation.

At the distance of 15 ft. 4 ins. from the west corner the south walls of the nave had on it an ornamented-doorway constructed of cut stone, but it is now destroyed except a part of its west side. It appears to have consisted of concentric arches like the doorway in the old church of Kilcash at the foot of Slievenamon in the Co. of Tipperary, but it is *so* much disfigured at present that its exact characteristics cannot be determined. At the distance of 8 ft. from the S.E. corner of this wall there is a small quadrangular window formed of cut stone, and measuring on the outside 2 ft. 8 ins. in height, and 8 inches in width; it widened towards the inside, but its sides are at present disfigured on that side.

The choir arch was pointed and is 6 ft. 8 ins. in height from the present level of the ground, which is considerably raised, but its N. side is destroyed so that its breadth cannot be easily determined.

The east gable is built of square blocks of hammered stone and contains a small window quadrangular on the inside and pointed on the outside where it is 2 ft. 7 ins. in height, and 5½ inches in width; it is formed of cut stone.

The walls of this church are 2 ft. 11 ins. in thickness and built of hammered stones cemented with lime sand mortar. The building is about five centuries.

There is a well near it which was anciently called Tobergobinet, but now Toberaphoona, the pond well, at which stations were performed on the Festival Day of St. Gobinet, the 11th of February. I think the original name should be given on the ordnance map.

There is a small R.C. chapel close to it, near the door of which is the following inscription on a limestone tablet inserted in the wall;-

"Orate pro animabus R. Jacobi Mc Can P.P.

et omnium fidelium, qui suo sumptu hanc

ecclesiam Deo dedicatam sub patrocinio

S. Gobinetæ fieri fecerunt". "1825". J. Atkins fecit".

On the summit of Coumaraglin mountain in this parish there is a mound of earth called by the natives SUIDHE INN, Seefin, i.e. the seat or sitting place, of Jim Mac Cool; from it the mountain is often called Mullaghseefin. And there is a similar one on the summit of the mountain of Cruachan Deseach in the same parish. This latter mountain is called Cruachan Deiseach as being situated in the barony of Desies, and to be distinguished from the Cruachan living near Kilmacthomas which is called Cruachan Poerach as being in the country of the Powers.

There are sites of graveyards in the townlands of Killadangan and Kilbrien from which these townlands took their names, but no ruins of churches are visible in them at present.

At the west side of the townland of Carrowncashlaun or Castlequarter is a small portion of a castle from which the townland received its name. There is nothing else of antiquarian interest in the mountainous parish of Kilgobinet.

KILLALOAN

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The Parish of Killaloe By Uberrima Fides

From Dungarvan Observer, ???.1985

SITUATION

The part of this parish belonging to the Co. of Waterford, lies on the south side of the Suir, and is bounded on the West and South by the parish of St. Mary's or Clonmel, and on the East by that of Kilsheelan.

The only remains of the olden time in this parish are the old castle of Derrinlaw and Kincoran Castle the former of which is thus described by the Revd. Richard Ryland in his History of Waterford p. 295. This description is not very accurate.

"Nearly opposite the ravine are ruins of the castle of Derrinlaw, thickly clothed with ivy, and exhibiting indubitable proofs of age. This was a regularly, fortified residence commanding, perhaps, a ford across the river, which it immediately adjoins. The tower, which alone remains, was protected by four circular castles, that projected beyond the curtain, and effectually commanded the approach.

"The whole superstructure is raised on arches, probably in consequence of the foundations being defective; several vaults are still in perfect repair, and are a source of constant uneasiness to the superstitious minded.

This castle which is mentioned in the Annals of the Four Masters at the year 1574 as one of the fortresses of the Earl of Ormond, is situated on level ground about 300 yards to the south of the River Suir. It was 48 feet from east to west and 30 feet from north to south, and had a round tower at each corner, three of which are still traceable, but the one at the S.W. corner has totally disappeared. About one half of the N.E. tower remains to the height of about 60 feet, and about 10 feet of the height of the S.E. one; these towers were 18 feet in diameter on the inside and their walls 11 feet in thickness and well grouted. The side walls of the castle were 8ft. 4ins. in thickness and grouted. Tradition describes the erection of this fortress to the Butlers. It was a great work when perfect.

Kincoran Castle (which seems to me to be the Ceann Cuirich of the Dinnseanchus) is rather a dwelling house than a military castle. It is situated on level ground about 70 paces from the bank of the Suir, and is said to have been built by the Osborne family. It measures on the outside 52 feet from north to South and 30 ft. from E. to W. and its walls are 4 ft. 4 ins. in thickness and about 50 ft. in height and had three stories. All its windows are quadrangular and formed of chiselled limestone; they are divided some into four and some into six compartments by stone mullions.

This house has a wing on the east side measuring 18, ft. by 12 on the outside. It is said to have been built by the Osborne family.

KILMACTHOMAS

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Kilmacthomas Union - Formed 1850 Minute Books

1	26 March 1865- 24 March 1866
2	15 Oct 1872- 29 March 1873
3	8 April 1873- 7 Oct 1873
4	13 April 1874- 12 Oct 1875
5	4 April 1887- 19 March 1888
6	1 April 1890- 7 April 1891
7	14 April 1891- 29 March 1892
8	4 April 1893- 26 Sept 1893
9	3 April 1894- 2 Oct 1894
10	8 Oct 1894-2 April 1895
11	7 April 1896- 30 March 1897
12	22 Aug 1899- 20 Feb 1900
13	16 March 1901- 10 Sept 1901
14	17 Sept 1901 -11 March 1902
15	18 March 1902- 9 Sept 1902
16	18 Sept 1902- 10 March 1903
17	29 Sept 1903- 29 March 1904
18	13 April 1904- 4 Oct 1904
19	11 Oct 1904- 4 April 1905
20	11 April 1905- 17 Oct 1905
21	8 May 1906- 25 Sept 1906
22	2 April 1907- 24 Sept 1907
23	1 Oct 1907- 31 March 1908
24	4 April 1908- 29 Sept 1908
25	3 Oct 1908- 30 March 1909
26	6 April 1909- 28 Sept 1909
27	5 Oct 1909- 25 March 1910
28	3 Jan 1911- 26 Sept 1911
29	30 Sept 1911- 1 Oct 1912
30	8 Oct 1912- 19 Aug 1913
31	23 Aug 1913- 18 Aug 1914
32	7 Sept 1915- 22 Aug 1916
33	5 Sept 1916- 26 June 1917
34	3 July 1917- 26 March 1918
35	2 April 1818- 28 March 1919
36	8 April 1919- 30 March 1920

Personal Ledger

1 Account Book 1924

From Minute Book No. 33 of the Guardians of the Kilmacthomas Union

Meeting: 11th February, 1873.

Notice of Motion.

"I will on this day fortnight bring under your notice the advisability at placing your Fever Hospital under the care of Infirmarian Nuns commonly called the Nurses. In other words at appointing one of those ladies to succeed Nurse Finerty"

Wm.. Stafford.: J.P.V.C.

Meeting of 21st. February.1873

Referring to a notice of motion dated 11th February from Mr. Wm Stafford the following resolution was adopted:

"That a salary of £46 per annum with rations and apartments be allowed to secure the services of an Infirmarian Nun to take charge of the Fever Hospital"

"That the nurse at present in charge of the Fever Hospital be allowed a salary of 6/- per week in place of 5/- per week hitherto allowing:

Meeting of 3rd. March, 1873.

Ordered: "That the Clerk be directed to advertise for an Infirmarian Nun to take charge of the Fever Hospital at a Salary of £46 per annum, rations and apartments"

(Signed) Wm. Stafford.

Meeting of 10th.March, 1873,

From Local Government Board stating that they consider the salary of the Infirmarian Nurse too high.

Reply: Clerk to summon a special meeting of the Guardians to attend on next Tuesday to take the subject into consideration.

Meeting of 12th. March, 1873.

Referring to the Letter from the Local Government Board dated 10th.March, 1873 N.0.5372, 1873 a Special Meeting was summoned to attend this day and take the subject into consideration. The following Resolution was adopted:

"The Guardians would respectfully and earnestly inform the Local Government Board that they are unanimous in their wishes, to secure the services of ----- (indecipherable). They report that a smaller salary cannot be fixed to secure those services which both in a moral and sanity (?) point of view is admitted to be --- (indecipherable). But owing to the Workhouse not being in or near a ---(indecipherable). Nor an Infirmarian House in the County and the various -- -- -- in – an Infirmarian Nun, less money cannot be offered and the Guardians would again respectfully ask the Local Government Board to Sanction the Salary proposed.

Meeting of 20th. March 1873. (Correspondence)

(Local Government Board)

From same / expressing sanction to the proposed increase of wages for the Nurse of the Fever Hospital from 5/- to 6/ - per week.

Meeting of 22nd.March 1873 (Correspondence)

From (Local Government Board) requesting to be informed if the Guardians have advertised for a nurse for the Fever Hospital and if so upon what terms - Reply: The Guardians have not advertised for a Nurse.

Meeting of 24th March, 1873.

From (Local Government Board) expressing sanction to the amount of Salary proposed to be paid to a Nurse for the Fever Hospital (an Infirmarian Nun) at £46 per annum and stating that the appointment should be made and the General Regulations in all aspects complied with.

Order Made: Clerk to advertise for a Nurse for the Fever Hospital at a salary of £46 per annum, rations and apartments, appointment to be made on this day month.

Minute Book No. 34

Meeting at 21st.April. 1873. (Correspondence)

16th.April 1873

Convent of St. John of God,

Wexford.

From Sr. M. Aloysius Gray offering her services as nurse of the Fever Hospital on the terms proposed i.e. £46 per annum, rations and apartments.

Order Made.

"That this Lady be appointed as Nurse of the Fever Hospital at a Salary of £46 per annum, rations and apartments – clerk to write to the Superioress of the Convent to know when the duties can be commenced here"

Meeting of 28th.Apr11. 1873, (Correspondence)

From (Local Government Board) –list of - to be - by the person appointed as nurse to the Fever Hospital.

Reply:- The return to be filled up as soon as the person appointed shall come to take up the duties. She is expected here an next Thursday.

Meeting of 6th. May, 1873

Sister M. A. Gray who has been appointed Fever Hospital Nurse came here on Thursday last to take up her duties. Mrs. Towel (?) is still in Charge of the Hospital.

Order Made

Possession to be given by Mrs. Towel to Sr. M. A. Gray today.

Meeting of 8th.May 1873.

Resolved "That as the Guardians have considered it desirable for reasons already stated to appoint an Infirmarian Nun to take charge of the Fever Hospital and as Mrs. Towel who has been in charge has been this day directed to give possession to Sr. M. A. Gray, the Guardians, are unanimous in granting, subject to the sanction of the Local Government Board, a gratuity of £2 to Mrs. Towel

Resolved: "That for the purpose of providing suitable apartments for the Nun that has been appointed Nurse of the Fever Hospital the following alterations be made- after the door into room in Fever Hospital a distance of about four feet, reopen door from the apartment (formerly used by the Matron) into the vestry, leading into the Chapel, replace a door in the Sacristy put up a partition in the vestry so as to make a Hall or passage leading from Matrons Room to the Chapel and that the Master be directed to have the first named alterations carried out immediately."

Meeting of 14th. May 1813
(Correspondence)

From (Local Government Board) sanctioning the appointment of Miss M. A. Gray as Nurse of the Fever Hospital here.

Meeting of 31st. May, 1873 (Correspondence).

From (Local Government Board) sanctioning the alterations for providing suitable accommodation for the Nun who has been appointed Fever Hospital Nurse.

Meeting of 26th. May 1873.

Notice of Motion: "I give notice that on this day fortnight I shall bring under the consideration of the Board the desirability of appointing an assistant paid nurse in the Infirmary"

(Signed) Wm. Stafford.

Meeting of 6th. June, 1873.

In reference to Mr. Stafford's notice of Motion to consider the propriety of appointing a paid nurse to assist in the Infirmary. The following resolution was adopted "That the Clerk be directed to advertise for a nurse at a Salary of £15 per annum, rations and apartments".

Meeting of 16th. June, 1873.

Correspondence from Local Government Board transmitting lists of queries to be answered by the person who may be appointed Assistant Nurse in the Infirmary.

Meeting of 24th. June, 1873

Resolved "That Sister M. Grey be appointed as assistant Nurse at a Salary of £15 per annum, rations and apartments.

Meeting of 28th July, 1873

From (Local Government Board) expressing sanction to the appointment of Sister M.S. Grey as assistant Nurse to the Infirmary at a Salary of £15 per annum and rations.

Tyrone Power's Son
By unknown author

From Waterford News, 28.07.1911

Sir Wm. Tyrone Power who died on Monday was a son of the famous actor, Tyrone Power, who was lost in the Atlantic Ocean 70 years ago. Tyrone Power was born near Kilmacthomas in 1791. Considering the period in which he pursued his stage career, he may be said to be one of the most prosperous of Actors. In his zenith his income averaged £7,000 a year. At one time he owned a large tract of country in Texas some 25,000 acres, but his title was disputed and he set out for America to see what could be done to obtain full possession of his property. On March 11th. 1841 he embarked for home on the "President" and three days later the ill-fated ship was lost with all hands. Sir Wm. Tyrone Power was born in 1819. He served as an Officer in the British Army in China, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada. He was appointed Agent General for New Zealand in 1876. He married a daughter of John Moorhead of Lessborough House. Co. Monaghan and resided in Monaghan for many years.

From Waterford News, 03.05. 1912.

In a comparison with the wreck of the "Titanic" it is stated that experts believe that "The President" wrecked in 1841 also hit an Iceberg. It was the largest vessel of its time carrying 123 souls. It will be noted that Tyrone Power went down in this ship. The article rates him as "a stage Irish-man" Actor who was the cause of much ridicule of the Irish people. Though born in Kilmacthomas he was brought up in Wales and ran away from home to join a strolling group of Players at 17 years.

KILMOLASH

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The Parish of Kilmolash

By Uberrima Fides

From Dungarvan Observer, date unknown

SITUATION

This parish is situated partly in the borony of Desies within Drum-fineen and partly in that of Decies without Drum-Fineen, and is bounded on the north by the parish of Affane, on the E. by that of Whitechurch, and on the S. and W. by the parish of Aglish.

NAME

Is in Irish CILL MOLAISE, which signifies the church of St. Molash, the celebrated saint of Devenish in Lough Erne.

The old church called Kilmolash is situated in the Glebe, and its walls are in very good preservation, but not many centuries old. They are scarcely worth description, but as Mr. Curry has taken minute notes of them, I shall transcribe here what he writes:-

"The old church of Kilmolash is divided into Nave and Choir, the nave measuring on the inside 28 ft. 4 ins. in length and 18 ft. 11 ins. in breadth, and the choir 14 ft. 9 ins. by 13 ft. 11 ins. The east window is nearly destroyed on both sides but it can be ascertained that it was 4 ft. 8 ins. in height on the inside and 3 ft. 9 ins. in width. At the distance of 2 ft. 4 ins. from the east gable the south wall contains a window which is rectangular on the inside and round-headed and measuring on the inside 2 ft. 10½ ins. in height and 2 ft. 8½ ins. in width and on the outside (where it is 3 ft. from the present level of the ground) 2 ft. in height and 6½ inches in width. It is formed of cut sand stone in rather a neat style. At the distance of 1 ft. 3 ins. from the same gable the north wall has on it a window of the same form and constructed of the same materials as the one in the south wall, it measures on the inside 4 ft. in height and 3 ft. 4 ins. in width, and on the outside (where it is 4 ft. 10 ins. from the level of the ground) 1 ft. 11 ins. in height and 6½ ins in width. Besides these there were two other windows on the south wall and one on the north wall which are almost entirely destroyed.

The choir arch is of semicircular form and constructed of cut sand stone; it is 11 ft. 3 ins. in height and 9 ft. 1 in. in width, and its sides 6 ft. 9 ins. in height. On the stone next under the capital is the following inscription:-

"Fear God, honer the, Kinge. Anno Domini 1635".

There is on the west gable a doorway near the south side wall, it forms a segment arch on the inside where it measures 7 ft. 10 ins. in height and 4 ft. 5 ins. in width; on the outside it is nearly semicircular at top and measures 6 ft. 4 ins. in height and 3 ft. 9 ins. in width. It is formed of cut sand stone. Near this doorway is a holy water font which had some ornaments now nearly effaced. There is a window on this gable at the height of 8 ft. 7 ins. from the present level of the ground; it is rectangular on the inside where it measures 4 ft. 6 ins. in height and 3 ft. in width, and pointed on the outside where it is 3 ft. in height and 8 inches in width. It is formed of chiselled sandstone.

This gable is surmounted with a small belfry consisting of two pointed arches of cut sandstone. At the distance of 7 ft. 7 ins. from this gable there is on the north wall a doorway which is formed of cut sandstone and quadrangular on both sides. On the inside it is 6 ft. 6 ins. high and 4 ft. 5 ins. wide and covered at top with a lintel which is 5 ft. long 10 ins. high and enters the wall 1 ft. 9 ins. On the outside it is only 5 ft. high, but the ground is considerably raised and 2 ft. 8. inches in width: it is also covered on this side with a lintel, which is 6 ft. 3 ins. long, 11 inches high and enters the wall 11½ inches.

These doorways are certainly older than the date inscribed on the choir arch, as above noticed.

The walls of this church are 3 ft. thick and about 12 ft. high and built of very large sandstones with lime and sand cement. The choir is not built of stones as large as those in the nave, nor is it as old as the nave, indeed it is highly probable that the choir and choir arch were built in the year 1635, and that the nave is some centuries older. The quoin stones are all chiselled.

Stations are still performed here, but on no particular day, St. Molaise's being now forgotten.

In the S. E. angle of the townland of Clogh in this parish there was a large castle said to have been built by King John (MA'S FIOR) but no part of it remains at present but one fragment of an outer wall and about 22 ft. in height and only 27 inches in thickness, which does not argue any great strength. The foundations of the three walls cannot be traced.

In the townland of Bewlev in this parish on the E. bank it of the Finisk River are several parts of the walls and the east gable of what is called an Abbey of Knights Templers, but it does not appear to be so old as the time of that Order. The building was only 20 ft in breadth, its walls are 3 ft in thickness and built of quarried stones cemented with lime and sand mortar. There is no burial ground attached to this ruins nor any thing from which it could be inferred that it was an ecclesiastical building, but a holy water font.

KILRONAN

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The parish of Kilronan
By Uberrima Fides

From Dungarvan Observer, 06.07.1985

SITUATION

Is in the barony of Gleann na h-Uidhre of which it forms the chief part, and is bounded on the N. by the river Suir and the parish of Abbey, in the E. by St. Mary's on the south by Seskenane and on the west by the river Suir, and the parish of Newcastle in the County of Tipperary.

NAME

The name of this parish signifies Cell or church of St Ronan, but it cannot now be determined which of the many saints of that name the original patron of this place was, as his memory is no longer celebrated at the place, his church having been re-erected about the 15th century and dedicated to St Laurence who is the present patron of the parish. The ruins of this church are featureless and not worth description.

In the N.N.W. of the townland of Kilmanahin in this parish is a castle of considerable extent lately repaired by the proprietor Col. Green and near it is the site of an old church formerly dedicated to St. Mainchin (the St. Munchin of Limerick) but no part of the walls remain at present. The townland derived its name from this church and its site should therefore be marked on the ordnance map.

In the N. side of the townland of Castlereasin there is pointed out the site of a castle or fort erected, it is said in the reign of Elizabeth and destroyed by Cromwell. No part of the walls remain at present.

In the west extremity of the townland of Caignagower is pointed out the site of another church called Bennetts church; it is said to have been erected by a gentleman of ease for the more distant parts of the parish.

In the townland of Castlequarter in this parish there is a square castle occupying the summit of a limestone rock on the north bank of the river Nier. It was a building of considerable extent four storied high, but its south side and the greater part of its east side are now destroyed to the very foundations, the north side and the greater part of the west one is in good preservation. The north side is 26 ft in length on the inside and 7ft 6ins in thickness at the base and not less than 50 ft in height. This north side contains three narrow windows formed of cut lime stone, of which the highest is quadrangular in middle one pointed with its head, and remarkable narrow being 4 ft in height and only 3 ins in width. The highest floor rested on a stone arch of which a considerable part still remains, the others were evidently of wood. No tradition exists as to who the original builder of this castle was.

KILRUSH

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The Parish of Kilrush **By Uberrima Fides**

From Dungarvan Observer ,18.05.1985

SITUATION

This parish is in the barony of Desies without Drum Fineen and bounded on the North by the parish of Kilgobinet and is surrounded on every other side by the parish of Dungarvan.

NAME

Is in Irish Cill Ruis meaning the church of the underwood or shrubbery, Ros having been the name of the townland before the church was erected.

The old church of Kilrush is situated in a townland of the same name to the right of the road as you go from Dungarvan to Lismore about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the former. It is certainly a church of the primitive ages but parts of its walls were evidently repaired and plastered not many centuries since. It is of very small dimensions being only 19 feet 6 inches in length on the inside and 12 feet 10 inches in breadth. Its walls are 8 feet 8 inches in height and 2 feet 2 inches in thickness and built of very large stones with small spawls to fill up the spaces between them and well grouted. The doorway was, as usual, in churches of the primitive ages in Ireland, in the west gable, and evidently traversed at top by a lintel, but this was removed and the external part of the doorway was destroyed with the exception of three stones of the south jamo or side which are chiselled sandstone. It can be calculated however from what remains that this doorway was 4 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ ins in the outside and 3 ft 10 inches on the inside.

There is a narrow window on the east gable, but it is so covered with ivy (which grasps its top and sides so firmly that it could not be removed without great trouble) that its dimensions could not be taken or its characteristics observed. It is almost certain however that it is round at the top and formed of cut sandstone. At the distance of 8 feet 2 inches from the east gable there was another window but it is now entirely destroyed.

There is a small stone coffin now standing erect and serving as a headstone to a grave opposite the doorway. It does not appear where it was originally placed. There is no patron saint remembered in connection with this church nor a pattern held as it now but it is said years ago some old fashioned people were won't to flock hither to perform station on Good Friday annually.

In the townland of Gallows Hill in this parish there is a moat about 180 yards in circumference at the base and 25 feet high on which malefactors were formerly executed. On this the Gallows belonging to the town of Dungarvan, from which it is about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant were erected.

LICKORAN

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**The Parish of Lickoran
By Uberrima Fides**

From Dungarvan Observer, 13.07.1985

SITUATION

This parish is situated in the barony of Deise without Drumfineen, and is bounded on the north by the parishes of Sliabh hCua or Seskennane, on the E.S. and W. by that of Modeligo and on the N.W. by the Co. of Tipperary.

NAME

Is now pronounced by the natives Lic Uarain, but they think it means St Deoran's stone. It is my opinion however that the name is derived either from St Odranus of Furaran but nothing can present be gathered from tradition on the subject. The old church which bears the name was situated in a glen in the townland of Farnaun, but it is all destroyed except about 2 or 3 feet of the height of its walls, from which it can be gathered (determined) that it was an exceedingly rude and by no means ancient building measuring 51 ft in length and 20ft 9 ins in breadth, and that the walls were 3 ft thick and built of large mountain grit stones cemented with clay mortar. Its grave yard is tilled and now growing potatoes. It sometimes goes by the name of Teampull Uarain.

LISFINNY

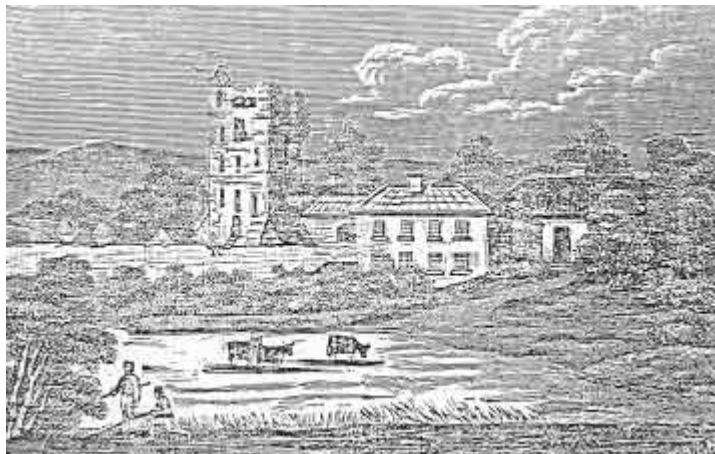
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Lisfinny Castle

By P. Dixon Hardy, M.R.I.A

From The Dublin Penny Journal,

Vol III 22.11.1834 No. 125



Lisfinny Castle

The castle of Lisfinny is situated on the side of a gentle declivity, rising from the margin of the River Bride, which here enters the boundary of the county of Waterford, a little to the west of the town of Tallow. It is supposed to have been originally erected by the earl of Desmond, who had several castles in the same county. It is at present pretty perfect, and does not appear to have undergone any material change for the last fifty years. The surrounding scenery has of late been much improved by Captain E. Croker, whose good taste and

judgement has discerned the necessity of planting, the luxuriance of which will in a few years not only very much relieve the cold appearance of the back ground, but will also prevent the eye from being pained by resting on some tasteless buildings in the immediate vicinity of the ruin.

The castle is a strong square tower, eighty-four feet in height, and was originally divided into three compartments, one arched floor of which at present only remains perfect. A rugged winding stair-case still occupies one angle of the building, and is sufficiently perfect to admit of ascending to the top. A square aperture is also formed in the east side, and is diminished one-third of its width at every floor with which it communicates; this is known as the *murdering hold*, but is nothing more than a conducting passage, intended for the discharge of dirt or other nuisance in case of being besieged. Looking back some ten or twenty years, the writer can well remember when the old building afforded a source of amusement and pleasure to many a thoughtless urchin from the neighbouring town, some of whom might be seen, heedless of danger, climbing the interior of the rugged walls, determined at any hazard to gain the upper of green-room – while others, still more enterprising, would surmount the summit, and stand of their heads on the *Tailor's Bench* a name given to a transverse flag which crowns the utmost height of one angle of the building, and from which may be seen a very varied and extensive tract of country – a continued glen, which for upwards of twenty miles is watered by the delightful river Bride, which passes rapidly at the foot of the castle, and immediately becomes navigable, but whose ever varying course only admits of being seen in the distance like so many silvery lakes, and is bounded on either side by neat, and in many instances elegant villas and well-cultivated hills, immediately in front of the castle is the town of Tallow, which of late years has rather an improving appearance

Window On The Past

By unknown author

Jasper Douglas Pyne was nationalist representative for West Waterford in Parnell's Irish Party. He was the son of a Church of England clergyman and farmed on the Duke of Devonshire's estate. His residence was Lisfinny Castle near Tallow and in 1887 he was one of the M.P's whose speeches came under the disapproving eye of authority.

When he heard that a warrant was out for his arrest he shut himself up in his fortress, having laid in good supplies of tinned meats and other food and some drink and tobacco. From a window ninety feet above the ground he defied the majesty of the law.

On this day in 1887 he received a deputation of admirers from the Youghal branch of the National League. As the picture shows, he was lowered by a rope and pulley from the top of the castle. An address was read to him by the secretary, J.T. Cronin, and Pyne made a speech in reply. Others who spoke were P.F. Walsh of Knockanore, M. Kennedy of Youghal, Dr. Dennehy of Lismore and Fathers Queally and Savage. The bands of Tallow, Ballyduff and Knockanore made it quite a musical occasion.

The first anniversary of this occasion was, however, a sad one. On this same date in 1888 Jasper Douglas Pyne fell overboard from the Dublin-Holyhead boat and was drowned.

Mr. Pyne receiving the morning papers



The State of Ireland; Mr. Douglas Pyne, M.P., lowered from his castle to receive a deputation , at Lisfinny, Waterford

MR. PYNE'S TRIAL IN DUNGARVAN

By unknown author, unknown source

Ye sons of old Erin pay attention awhile,
For these simple verses will cause you to smile,
The clicks of the Castle have lately been trying
To send to the plank bed, our great Douglas Pyne.

Chorus
The 18th of November is next polling day,
It's then we will drive the land grabbers away.
For the landlords of Eire with vengeance are crying
Since they were defeated by great Douglas Pyne.

In ballymacarbry he has been tried,
There were fifty horse soldiers stationed outside
If there was any disturbance
They would pepper the mob.

There was Kelly from Waterford city who came down
To take out the case if he could for the Crown
And Keegan who took down the speech that was said
Couldn't read half the words that Brave Douglas had said.

Three magistrates, then took their seats,
And my word, they tried him for Treason
Under Edward III.

But good Mr. Adams his counsel so brave,
Asked them what made them dig the sack from the grave.
It's 500 years since this young English Prince
Brought this Act into law,
It's law every since.

Tom Clancy from Tallow stood up like a man
And said he would free Douglas Pyne if he can
So his evidence went to show how he would
Lend a hand to old Ireland today if he could.

John Boyle from Dungarvan gave good evidence too,
So the case for the crown did quickly fall through,
Though Kelly and Hagan tried hard to convict
They looked like boiled herrings when Pyne had them tricked.

The people inside got amused at the sport,
When the magistrates soon got retired from the court,
And in five minutes time Mr. Redmond did say
"We find you not guilty you may go away."

When Kelly the Crown Prosecutor, did hear,
Those words sound like thunder in his Royal ears,
He put on his coat, and away he set sail,
You would think that the devil drove wind in his tail.

Long live Fr. Ahearne, and good Fr. Power,
Who stood by Mr. Pyne, in his trial hour;
And every good hero, we thank him as well,
For saving our good Irish man from his cell

Now to conclude and to finish my song,
I'm greatly afraid, I detained you too long,
Old Ireland's green Banner, you'll shortly see
Flying,
If you'll vote for old Ireland and great
Douglas Pyne.

LISMORE

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The Diocese and Cathedral of Lismore **By unknown author, unknown source**

Christianity in Lismore owes its origin to a native of Kerry named Mochuda, who on becoming a Christian adopted the name of his teacher, Carthagh or Carthage. He acquired a great reputation for piety, and soon removed to Rahan, a religious establishment not far from Durrow in King's County. Owing to differences of opinion, possibly regarding the date of keeping the Easter Festival, which at that time was one of the great points of issue between the Celtic and Roman parties in the Church of Ireland, Carthagh left Rahan, and in the year 636 A.D. settled in Lismore. Even before his death, in 637 A.D., Lismore had become the seat of a great religious establishment and of a school soon to be known as one of the most famous in Europe. In the Rev. T. Olden's History of the Church of Ireland the following translation of an old Latin verse shows its renown:-

“Now hasten, Sicambri, from the marshy Rhine,
Bohemians now desert their cold Northland;
Auvergne and Holland, too, add to the tide;
Forth from Geneva's frowning cliffs they throng.
Helvetia's youth by Rhone and by Saone
Are few, the Western Isle is now their home.
All these from many lands by many diverse paths,
Rivals in pious zeal, seek Lismore's famous seat.”

For over two hundred years this famous school remained in existence, but incursions by the Danes, who plundered Lismore itself in 832 A.D., and inter-tribal conflicts discouraged foreign students from coming to the “Western Isle,” and before the middle of the ninth century the great school of Lismore, together with those of Armagh, Cashel and Downpatrick, had ceased to exist.

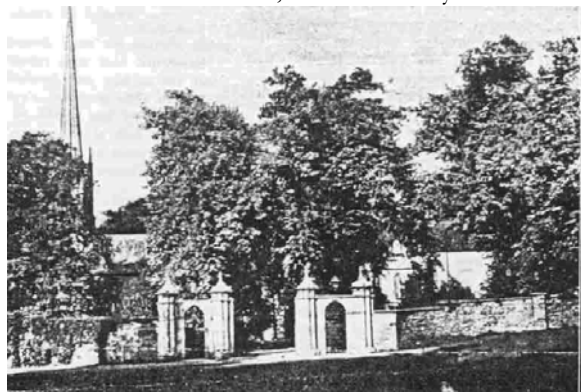
For some centuries there was no Diocese of Lismore as we now know it. The monasteries and great schools, and also many of the various tribes in the land, had their own Bishops, who were subject to the Abbots, but who had reserved to them some particular functions, especially that of ordination. They were frequently married men, which was considered in England very irregular, but which has always been permitted in the Eastern Church. In fact, the monastic, episcopal, and doctrinal system of the Celtic Church was far more in harmony with Eastern than with Western Church ideas; and it was the Danish influence in Ireland which was a great factor in bringing the Celtic Church in Ireland into conformity with the practice of the Church of Rome.

At a Synod held in Rathbreasil, near Cashel, in 1110 A.D. Ireland was divided for the first time into dioceses, and the Diocese of Lismore, as we now know it, came into being. Some years previously the Danes of the Settlement in and around Waterford had a Bishop consecrated for them by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He ruled over what is now the Diocese of Waterford. Just as there was strife between the Danes and Celts, so were there frequent disputes between the two dioceses, but at last this unifying state of things came to an end, when in 1363 A.D., Thomas, Bishop of Lismore, became head of the United Diocese of Waterford and Lismore. This diocese was united with Cashel and Emly in 1832 A.D.

The early ecclesiastical buildings of the Celtic Church were very primitive. When possible the Church itself was made of stone, thatched with reeds or rushes, and around it were grouped the monks' and students' dwellings, beehived shaped huts made of wattle plastered with clay and roofed with the same materials as the church; so from the reputed number of its scholars Lismore must have been of considerable size. Its fame was sufficient to cause the Danes to make the twenty-five mile journey up the Blackwater, when the church was burnt and the community plundered in 832 A.D.

Soon, however, a new cathedral was built, again to be destroyed by a conflagration which occurred in 1207 A.D., when we are told that “Lismore and its churches suffered grievously from an accidental fire.” This is interesting, as it shows that even then there was more than one place of worship in the town. Further restoration took place, one old print showing the cathedral with a central octagonal tower, traces of which may still be seen between the ceiling and roof of the present building. The Norman circular arch and the arches of the north and south transepts have survived since the fire of 1207 and also the destruction caused by the “White Knight” in the Rebellion of Munster in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which left the cathedral in a ruinous state, during which time the remarkable McGrath tomb, erected in 1548, received its present injuries. Robert Boyle, Earl of Cork, had purchased Lismore from Sir Walter Raleigh and lived in the Castle, once the residence of Miler McGrath, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. Acting in representation from the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Lieutenant, he set about to restore the cathedral, and gave orders “to have the ruyns of the boddie and isle of that church cleared, and to have the same built and rectified as fair or fairer than it ever was before.”

In 1726 the avenue to the cathedral was opened, and bordered with the beautiful lime trees which still give their pleasant shade. Just a hundred years afterwards the new tower and spire were added, which caused Thackeray to write: "The graceful spire of Lismore is the prettiest I have seen in or, I think, out of Ireland." After Disestablishment further improvements were made, thanks mainly to the generosity of the then Duke of Devonshire, to whose family the estates of Lismore had come.



The organ was brought into the chancel, and a handsome oak screen was erected, cutting off part of the east end of the building.

In the cathedral itself are some objects of great interest. Six slab stones (either grave stones or coffin lids) have been built into the west walls of the cathedral. Of one of these, the third from the south wall, nothing whatever is known, nor can experts decide in what language the open book is written. The others commemorate Celtic churchmen of Lismore, and their inscriptions are written in the Irish language. Starting from the south wall, they commemorate:-

- 1) Suibne na Roichlich, an anchorite and Abbot of Lismore, died 854 A.D.
- 2) Colgan, an eminent ecclesiastic of Lismore, died 850 A.D.
- 3) Unknown.
- 4) Donnchad, a kinsman of O'Brien, King-elect of the Deisii, who were both assassinated in the cathedral by O'Brien's half-brother in 1034 A.D.
- 5) Martan, Abbot of Lismore, died 878 A.D.
- 6) Cormac, Bishop of Lismore and Lord of the Deisii, who was slain by members of his own family, 918 A.D.

In addition to these, there is the McGrath tomb, previously mentioned. It has been described as follows:-
 "On the slab a fine floral cross extends the whole length. At the foot of the cross in Pope Gregory with triple crown, his name overhead. On a shield opposite are the pieces of silver, bunch of hyssop, ladder scourge and other implements used at the Crucifixion; a shield overhead bears the Sacred Heart. On the right of Pope Gregory is the Saviour ascending from the tomb, beneath a skillet with a crowing cock upon it. On the east end are the figures of St. Carthage, St. Catherine and St. Patrick; on the west end are Our Lord, the Virgin Mary and St. John, and on each side are the figures of six apostles, each having his name inscribed above." There is also in the cathedral a small block of limestone roughly hollowed out, which rumour states is the font of St. Carthage, but it may have been used for the purpose of holding holy water. During the last hundred years several beautiful stained glass windows have been erected, perhaps the most beautiful being the Ussher window over the north door. To Commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, a peal of bells was presented by Mr. W. Paxman and his wife, which, Sunday by Sunday, tunefully summon the worshippers to the House of God.

The Library presented by the Very Rev. Henry Cotton, Dean of Lismore 1834-49 contains a large number of theological works, many of them being of considerable value.

When we look at this venerable building, rising triumphant over its many vicissitudes, our hearts should be stirred with pride in our ancient Church of Ireland, and our devotion deepened towards Him who, during thirteen centuries, has inspired their generosity, their workmanship and their zeal.

C.G.N.S.

The Reliquary
By Rev. Samuel Hayman, B.A.

THE ANNALS OF LISMORE, COUNTY OF WATERFORD.

“Certatim hi properant diverso transitu ad urbem
Lismoriam, juvenis primos ubi transit annos.”

Morinus: *Vita S. Carthagi.*



LISMORE, the estate of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, an ancient city and the seat of a bishopric, is situated on the banks of the river Blackwater, in Munster, not far from the western extremity of the county of Waterford.

The natural advantages of this highly-favoured locality made it, without question, even from remotest ages, the site of human habitation. The aboriginal toparchs, attracted by the scenic loveliness, fixed here their permanent abode; and, in so doing, conferred on it the primitive designation of *Magb-sgiath* i.e., The Chosen Field. Following national usage, they threw up around their dwellings earth-works; and the chief of these was

of such magnitude as to be called *Lios-mor*, i.e., The great fortified Habitation. In importance, these entrenchments ranked second of all in the great shire of Waterford.¹ Their wasted remains yet cover “The Round Hill” (as it is familiarly called), about half-a-mile from the town. If we climb this eminence, we discover traces of the double fosse, by which it was encircled. The eye pursues the swelling earth-mounds, which sweep around the base of the hill, broken only at intervals where the progress of agriculture has interfered with their existence. Here stood the old Pagan *Lis*, or fort; the abode of chieftains, whose names, written in the sand, have been long ago washed out by the rising waters of oblivion.

But on pre-historical times it is not my purpose to dwell. The ancient renown of Lismore was derived from its collegiate and ecclesiastical foundations; and pleasant it is to linger for a season in examining these memorials of Christian zeal, trying the while to catch up the names of the good men, who here thought, and toiled, and at last entered into rest. The first preacher of Christianity in this part of Ireland was Declan, son of Ercus; chief of the Deisi; a noted tribe of the adjacent districts of Waterford. He flourished in the fifth century,² and founded a Christian Church at Ardmore, near the embouchure of the Blackwater. In the time of S. Senanus, circa A.D. 540, John was Abbot of Lismore.³ Lughaidh, the next abbot, died in the year 588; as we find recorded in the *Annals of the Four Masters*. Tighernach fixes the decease of this Lughaidh, to whom he gives the *alias* name of Moluoc, in 591. To him succeeded Abbot Neman, who died A.D. 610;⁴ and another abbot, whose era is not sufficiently ascertained, was called Maidoc.⁵ “But all these,” writes Archdall, in the *Monasticon Hibernicum*, “were of no repute, compared with

¹ Dr. Smith, the historian of Waterford, tells us (page 353) that the chief earthen fortifications of that shire were those of Waterford City, Lismore, Ardmore and Dungarvan. Chains of smaller forts connected these, and were extended from them in all directions. “These lesser kind,” he proceeds “branch out very regularly from the head-stations. Thus, from Lismore, on both sides of the high road leading from that place to Dungarvan, these circular intrenchments are within call of each other. They also branch out, exceedingly regular from the same head-station towards the mountains, and are also within call...Not only this flat country and the most remarkable hills and eminences are filled with them, but they are also to be found in the most uncultivated mountains; all branching out, in a most regular manner, from the head-stations, which, in this county, were Waterford, Lismore, Ardmore, and Dungarvan.

²In *Hibernia Dominicana* page 732, Bishop Bourke says of Declan “floruit quinto socculo” Although here I adopt this statement, I am well aware that the assigning of this very early period to Declan’s labours is open to controversy. But, as I hope at some future time to supplt a paper on the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Ardmore, I withhold my remarks for the present.

³Acta SS, p.539

⁴Four Masters, vol.i page 237; Abbe MacGeoghegan; and Acta SS, page 568.

⁵Acta SS., page 221.

Saint Carthagh, with whom some accounts of Lismore altogether commence, and from whom the place was called 'Lismore Mochudi.'"⁶

This eminent man had been Abbot of Rahen, or Rathenin, in the county of Westmeath, whence he was driven by the jealousy of the inmates of a neighbouring monastery. He fled to Lismore, where he founded a church and a celebrated school. To commemorate his taking sanctuary here, the place was, for centuries after, called by the name of *Dun-sginne*, i.e., the Fort of the Flight. This expulsion of S. Carthagh, and his settlement at Lismore, took place in the year 630; and minute particulars, extracted from old Irish chronicles, are supplied by the historian Keating:-

"About the same time [*i.e.* A.D. 635] Carthagh Mochuda was banished from Rathan to Lismore... Carthagh Mochuda, before mentioned, was a descendant from the noble family of Ciar, son of Feargus MacRoigh; and, undertaking a pilgrimage from Kerry to Rathan, when he arrived there he erected an abbey in that place, and settled some monks in it to the number, as an old record asserts, of 710. These religious people were distinguished by their piety and holy lives; and their reputation was so great among the people, that it was given out that an angel usually conversed with every third person in a familiar manner. The great renown of these Monks of Rathan raised a jealousy about the religious men, who lived in the convent of Iobh Neill, and who had lost ground considerably in the affections of the people. To recover their character, they sent messengers to Mochuda, desiring him to leave Rathan, and repair to his own country, which was the province of Munster. The holy man refused, replying resolutely, that he would never forsake his pious monks of Rathan, until compelled by violence, either from a king or a bishop invested with proper authority."

Very curious details of Carthagh's persecution by his enemies are introduced; but I must refer the reader to Keating for them. Suffice it, that the rival monks were successful; and from his abbey, the saint, "in a very rude and disrespectful manner," was driven forth. The Irish historian proceeds:-

"Mochuda, after this expulsion, was uncertain whither to retire and conduct his followers; but, at length, he resolved that he would lead them towards the county of Deisies, in the province of Munster; and while the holy man was on his journey, as the chronicle asserts, he performed many miracles, and worked wonders among the people. When he arrived in that country with his monks, he applied to the King of Deisies, who gave him a courteous and honorable reception, and made provision for the Saint and his followers; and, in a short time, Mochuda was so sincerely respected by the king, that he committed himself and the affairs of his government to his care and administration, and took him with him to Dun-sginne, which place has changed its name, and is the same with Lismore at this day. This is the account, extracted faithfully from the Irish chronicles, concerning the expulsion of Mochuda and his monks from the Abbey of Rathan – of their arrival in the county of Deisies – and of the entertainment they received from the king, who made provision for them and settled them in Lismore."

The name of this pious prince was Moelochtride. In a short time, under the auspices of Carthagh, Lismore acquired an extraordinary celebrity; and its school was attended by students from every part of the British Isles. I quote the contemporaneous account of Lismore, from the old life of Carthagh, as printed in Archbishop Ussher's *Primordia*, page 943:-

"Egregia et sancta civitas Less-mor: cuius dimidium est asyllum, in quo nulla mulier audet intrare, sed plenum est cellis et monasteriis sanctis, et multitudo virorum sanctorum semper illic manet. Viri enim religiosi ex omni parte Hiberniae, et non solum sed ex Anglia et Britannia confluunt ad eam, volentes ibi migrare ad Christum. Et est ipsa civitas posita super ripam fluminis quondam dicti *Nem*,⁷ modo autem *Aban-mor*,⁸ id est, amnis magnus, in plaga regionis Nandesit."

Of this I find a literal translation, in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," sub nomine S. Carthag:-

"Lessmor is a famous and holy city, into the half of which (there being an asyllum) no woman dare enter. It is filled with cells and holy monasteries; and a number of holy men are always in it. The religious flow to it from every part of Ireland, England, and Britain, anxious to remove thence to Christ. And the city itself is situated on the bank of the river formerly called *Nem*, but now *Aban-mor*, that is, the great river, on the border of the district of Nan-desi."

Saint Carthagh's life was soon brought to a close. He died, May 14, A.D. 637, and was buried in his cathedral. He wrote, in the Irish language, a "Rule for Monks;" a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library. His festival is entered in the *Feilire-Aenguis* and O'Clery's Irish Calendar, at 14th May.

⁶ "Mo" is a prefix, signifying "my." It was often added by the ancient Irish from regard or respect, "*observantioe causa*," to the names of holy men, whom they held in greatest veneration. "Mo-chudi," "my dear Carthagh."

⁷ "Nem," i.e., *niamb*, in Irish signifying "brightness."

⁸ *Aban-mor*. Of this river Old Necham, Abbot of Cirencester, writes:- "Vrbem Lissimor pertransit flumen Auenmore. Ardmor cernit vbi concitus aequor adit." – a distich, thus rendered by the county historian of Waterford, Dr. Smith:- "By Lismore town the Avenmore doth flow, and Ardmore sees it to the water go." The author of the *Fairie Queene*, who often lingered by the margin of this lovely stream, in the eleventh canto of his fourth book, describes:- "Swift Awinduff, which of the English man is cal'de Blackewater."

634. Eochaidh, Abbot of Lismore, died on the 17th of April. His festival is entered by O'Clery, as occurring on this day.

640. About this year the school of Lismore was presided over by S. Cathal, or Cataldus; who "afterwards travelled to Italy, where he became bishop, and after death, patron Saint of Tarentum. His festival is kept at Taranto on the 8th of March; at which day Colgan has collected his Acts. [*Acta SS.* pp. 544-562.] May 10th is the festival of his Invention and Translation, at which day his name appears in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints. S. Donnatus, his brother, was Bishop of Lupice, now Lecce, in the [late] kingdom of Naples. The brothers lived together for some time at San Cataldo." [See Ussher, Brit. Ecc. Antiq. C.16; *Works*, vol. vi. pp. 300-306; Lanigan, Ec. Hist. Vol. iii. pp. 121-128.]⁹

The history of the life of S. Cataldus was written in prose, according to the ancient record of the Church of Tarentum, by Bartholomew Moron, a native of that city; and in verse by his brother Bonaventura, under the title of "Cathaldiados libri sex," addressed to his fellow citizens. Both these works were printed at Rome in 1604.¹⁰

650. Died Cuanan, maternal brother of Carthagh, and (according to Dr. Lanigan¹¹) his successor in the see. He had been Abbot of Kilchuana, in the Co. Galway, and thence he removed to Lismore. His festival is held on the 4th of February.¹²

685. Prince Aldfrid, son of Oswy, King of the Northumbrian Saxons, was, on his father's death, violently persecuted by his brother Egfrid; and "he retired into Ireland. There, safe from any unkindness on the part of his brother, and immersed in literary pursuits, for which he had an abundant leisure, he stored his mind with philosophy in all its branches."¹³ It is believed, traditionally, that he repaired to Lismore, where, in the words of Bede, he devoted himself to literature, "lectioni operam dobat."¹⁴ Of his literary abilities, we have an interesting specimen yet extant – a poem in Irish, descriptive of the state of the country, as during his itinerancy it passed beneath his eye. The original verses are given in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol.ii. page 372; but are not there translated. We have two excellent versions – a literal translation by the late Dr. O'Donovan, in *Dublin Penny Journal*, vol.i.pp. 94, 95; and a metrical version by the late James Clarence Mangan, in Dr. Montgomery's "Specimens of the Early Native Poetry of Ireland," pp. 61-65.

690. "Quies Cuandai Lismoir." [Innisfallen Annals.]

696. Conodur Lismoir quievit. [Ibid.]

698. January 26. Iarnla, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Four Masters, vol.i. page 301.] He is called "Iarnlaith," in the *Acta SS.* page 155; and, for his love of the Scriptures, was denominated *Hierologus*. The Ulster Annals give his obit one year later, viz., 699.

702. January 22. Colman, son of Finnbar, Abbot of Lismore, died. He had succeeded Iarnla *Hierologus*, as well in the abbey as in the episcopal see; and in his time the school of Lismore was in the zenith of its reputation. [*Acta SS.* page 154.] Three thousand students were computed to have been in attendance. "How could so many find accommodation? In what way were they lodged, and where did they pursue their studies?" I shall answer these queries from some interesting manuscript notes of a friend's unpublished lecture, entitled "Ireland in the Past":-

"When we speak of a primitive school or college in Ireland, the idea which will probably at first suggest itself to the hearer, is that of a vast building with numerous courts, lofty walls, and well-secured gates. But this is far from the reality. The early Christian missionary, having obtained a grant of land from the ruler of a territory, set to work with his followers and the people of his neighbourhood, and erected his Church, with perhaps his Round Tower. Around these he and his friends constructed houses, in what was called 'the Irish manner,' of which Bede has left us a description. They cut down trees, split them and built their houses with the divided timbers, roofing the structure with straw. Or, sometimes, they drove upright posts into the ground, and wove branches between them, plastering the surface afterwards with clay. Everywhere they went, whether in England or on the continent of Europe, they built in this way; and, even now, give one of the country people a few trees, clay, and a little straw, and he will construct for you a kind of wigwam in an incredibly short space of time. In the ages we speak of, the country was densely wooded. The natives were clever in constructing these tabernacles; and no difficulty could arise from the number of students flocking to any of the old missionary colleges. There was literally room for all. If the renown of any particular Teacher spread, these cabins became more and more numerous. They might be seen, stretching away on every side from the central buildings, the Church and Round Tower. Thus lodged, in the peaceful solitude of woods, under the guidance and advice of the Founder of the Seminary, did the men

⁹ Ulster Journal of Archaeology, vol. vii. Page 232, note z.

¹⁰ MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland, page 183.

¹¹ Ecclesiastical History, vol. iii. page 357.

¹² *Acta Sanctorum*, page 338.

¹³ Gul. Malmes. De gestis Reg. Angl. lib.i.

¹⁴ Church History, lib. 3.cap.i.et seq. *Vita S. Cuthberti*.

of old pursue their investigation of the Scriptures; and in this simple manner, all the celebrated foreigners who studied in Ireland were entertained.”

The “foreigners” who are so continually mentioned in olden records as repairing to Lismore for study, no doubt landed at Youghal, the seaport of the Blackwater; and from this very ancient town, a highway, called in the “Annals of the four Masters,” the *Bealach-Eochaille*, or Youghal Road,¹⁵ proceeded to Lismore. Another thoroughfare, of remotest antiquity, called *Rian-bo-Padriuc*, or the trench of Saint Patrick’s cow, connected Lismore with the interior of the country. It commenced at the royal city of Cashel, and proceeded by Lismore to the cradle of local Christianity at Ardmore. A ridiculous legend, veiling perhaps in allegory some now-forgotten history, is connected with this latter highway¹⁶- the name of which sufficiently indicates its ecclesiastical design and construction.

716. Cronan Ua Eoan, Abbot¹⁷ of Lismore, died on the 1st of June. [Four Masters.]

719 Colman O’Liathain, bishop of Lismore, a doctor high in estimation died. [Innisfallen Annals] The Four Masters give 725, as the year of his decease.

741. Finghal, Abbot of Lismore died. [Four Masters]

746. Mac hUige, Abbot of Lismore died. [Ibid.]

747 ‘Thrichmech, Abbas Lismoir, quievit’ [Innisfallen Annals]

748. Macoigeth, Abbot of Lismore died, on the 3rd December [Four Masters] The Annals of Ulster give the year as 752. The true year appears to have been 753.

752. Sinchu, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Four Masters]

755. Condatb, Abbot of Lismore, died [Ibid]

756. Fincon, Abbot of Lismore died [Annals of Ulster]

761. Aedhan, Abbot of Lismore died [Four Masters]

763 Ronan, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Ware, page 549]

769 Soairleach Ua Concuarain, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Four Masters]

771. Eoghan, son of Roinchenn, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Ibid.]

776. Orach, Abbot of Lismore, died [Ibid] MacGeoghegan calls him ‘Oragh’ and gives 778 as the year of his decease.

778. Suairleach, a celebrated anchorite of Lismore¹⁸ died. [Four Masters]

780. The wasting of the kingdom of Lismore, in the reign of Oedan, the Red. [Innisfallen Annals]

787. Sedulius of Lismore. Son of Theada, flourished about this year. [Acta SS. page 315]

799. Carabran, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Four Masters]

801. “Quies Aedain m-hui Raichlich, abbatis Lismoir. Abbatia Lismorensis data Flanno filio Forchellachi.” [Innisfallen Annals.]

803. “Violenta expugnatio et direptio Scrinii S. Mochtoei per Flannum filium Forchellachi.” [Ibid.]

805. Scrinium Mochtoei Lugdanensis recuperatum ab Aedo filio Nialli [et ductum] cum triumpho Lismoriam. [Ibid.]

812. The town of Lismore was plundered. [Trias Thaum, page 633.]

819-821. It was again pillaged and spoiled. [Ibid.]

823. Flann, son of Forchellach, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Four Masters.]

¹⁵ Of this ancient highway, by which native potentates and eminent ecclesiastics, a thousand years ago, travelled from the interior to the sea, and *vice versa*, further mention will be presently made. The late Dr. O’Donovan, in his great edition of the “*Four Masters*,” Vol.I. page 518, thus annotates the name:- “*Bealach-Eochaille: i.e.,* the Road of Eochail, now Youghal. This was an ancient road extending from Lismore to Youghal, close to the western boundary of the country of Deisi.”

¹⁶ This legend, which is not worthy of introduction here, is given in Dr. Smith’s *History of Waterford*, page 355. The writer, while treating it with deserved contempt, has some sensible remarks on the *Rian-bo-Padriuc*:- “It is a double-dyke, still to be seen in the mountainous parts of this barony [Coshmore and Coshbride], beginning in this county [Waterford] to the eastward of Knockmeledown, and running on in a direct line towards Ardmore, crossing the country through the deer-park of Lismore, and taking in a course of sixteen or eighteen miles. The country people affirm that anciently it might be traced from its entrance into this county as far as Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. But the lands being cultivated in most parts of its course through that county, it is not to be traced at present...[*Here comes the legend.*]...My opinion of this matter is, that these ridges were no other than the remains of an ancient highway drawn from Cashel to ardmore, between which two places there was probably, in the time of St. Patrick and his contemporary St. Declan, a frequent communication....In the early times of Christianity, the above-mentioned Saints might very readily find a sufficient number of hands for this work, the people being always ready to pay obedience to their commands; and this highway coming in time to be disused, after the bishopric of Ardmore became united to Lismore, and no more being remembered of it than that it was made in the time of St. Patrick, it gave occasion to the spreading of the above legend among the people.”

¹⁷ The designation “Abbot” in this and succeeding entries of the Annalists, is evidently synonymous with that of Bishop.

¹⁸ A cell for an anchorite belonged to the Church at Lismore. It was endowed with the lands of Ballyhausy, or Abchorites-town, and a burgage in Lismore, with six stangs of land, a field called Gortrimenyerty, and two small gardens in Lismore. The whole was of the annual value of £10. [Smith’s *Waterford*, page 25.]

831-833. In the reign of Nial Calne, the successor of Conchobair, the Danes sailed up the Blackwater to Lismore. They burned the churches and other ecclesiastical establishments, and depopulated the city. The famous University seems to have sunk under this visitation. [Four Masters, and Ulster Annals.]

849. Tibraide Ua Baeitheanaigh, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Four Masters.]

849. Daniel, Abbot of Lismore, died in the city of Cork. [Innisfallen Annals.]



850. Colgan, an eminent ecclesiastic, died at Lismore. His tombstone yet exists; and (after a photograph, kindly presented by F.E. Currey, Esq., of Lismore Castle) I subjoin an engraving:-

The inscription, in the old Irish character, runs thus:-

“Bendacht for anmain Colgen” “A blessing on the soul of Colgan.”

853. In this century, instead of wild irregular attacks, the incursions of the Northmen became stated and periodical. The galleys of the sea-rovers were seen again in the Blackwater at this time; and the *Annals of Innisfallen* record, in this year:-

“The treacherous assault on Lismore by Amlavus, and martyrs were carried thence by violence.”

854. Suibne ua Roichlich,¹⁹ anchorite and Abbot of Lismore, died. [Four Masters and Ulster Annals.] His gravestone is represented beneath. Like the former, it has been engraved after Mr. Currey’s photograph:-



“Suibne Mac Conhuidir.” Sweeney, son of Cu-odhir.”

- with the circled cross, as on the stone just represented.

861. Daniel Ua Liaithidhe, Abbot of Cork and Lismore, was mortally wounded. [Four Masters.]

869. The burning of Lismore by the sons of Imar. [Innisfallen Annals.]

872. The wasting of the Decies by Cearbhall, as far as the *Bealach Eochaille*, i.e., Youghal Road. [Four Masters.]



878. Martin Ua Roichligh, Abbot of Lismore, died [Four Masters.] We have still his humble memorial in excellent preservation:-

“Bendacht for Anmain Martan.”²⁰ “A blessing upon the soul of Martin.”

And our wood-cut is made, as before, after a photograph presented by Mr. Currey.

880. “Quies Flaind mac Forbasaich, Abbatis Lismoir.” [Innisfallen Annals.]

898. “Quies Mailbrihte mac Maeldomnaich, Abbatis Lissmoir.” [Ibid.] The *Annals of the Four Masters* give his obit in 907.

903. Cormac MacCuillenan, King of Munster, who was slain in this year, bequeathed to the Abbey of Lismore a chalice of gold, another of silver, and a vestment of silk. [Four Masters.]

913. The plundering of Cork, Lismore, and Achadh-bo, by strangers. [Ibid.]

915. The Danes renewed their depredations. [Lanigan, vol.iii. page 366.]

918. Cormac, son of Cuillenan, Bishop of Lismore and Lord of Deisi Mumhan, was slain by his own family. [Annals of Munster.] He is to be distinguished from his namesake, the King of Munster, who was killed several years previously at the battle of Ballymoon, Co. Kildare. His memorial-cross is the smallest specimen of so very ancient date, known to exist. It yet remains at Lismore. The material is a compact sand-stone, now much mutilated, so that we have only a portion of the inscription:-



“Oroit Do Cormac P...” “A prayer for Cormac P...”

¹⁹ “Ua Roichlich,” i.e., grandson of Roichlich. His epitaph supplies the name of his father, *Cu-odhir*, the white hound. Many Irish names were borrowed from the chase, and were compounds of “cu,” or *canis*.

²⁰ “Martan.” This is the present form of the name Martin in West Munster. According to Irish tradition this name was common among the old Irish, because it was the name of St. Patrick’s uncle, i.e., St. Martin of Tours. It is strange that they wrote it *Martan*, not *Martin*, as if they intended to represent phonetice the present French pronunciation.” [Kilkenny Society’s Transactions, Vol.III. page 201, note.]

The reverse, of which we also present a cut, is uninscribed.

936. Ciaran, son of Ciarman, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Four Masters.]
951. Diarmaid, son of Torpthach, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Ibid.]
957. Maenach, son of Cormac, Abbot of Lismore, died. [Ibid.]
958. Cathmog, Abbot of Lismore and Bishop of Cork, died. [Ibid.]
960. Lismore was plundered. [Ibid.]
963. Cinaedh, son of Maelchiarain, Abbot of Lismore Mochuda, died [Four Masters.]
969. An army was led by Brian, son of Cenneth, against the country of Desmond, and he took hostages of the cities of Lismore, Cork and Emly the town of Ibar; and he drove out their learned men. [Innisfallen Annals.]
978. The city and abbey of Lismore were plundered by the men of Ossory. [Annals of Munster.]
1025. O mael-Sluaig, Bishop of Lismroe, died. [Cotton's *Fasti Eccles. Hib.*]
1034. Moriortach O'Selbach, Bishop of Lismore, died. [Ibid.]
1034. The *Annals of Innisfallen* record, in this year, the assassination in the Cathedral of Lismore of O'Brice, monarch-elect of the Desii, 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 tombstone bears a stepped cross, with the words:- "Oroit do Donnchad."
"A prayer for Donnchad."

1039. "Kal. Jan. die lunae et x lunae, Cetfaid anchora Lissmoir quievit in Domino." [Innisfallen Annals.]
1040. Corcran Cleireach, anchorite, who was the head of the west of Europe for piety and wisdom, died at Lismore.²¹ [Four Masters.]
1051. Faelan, son of Bradan, son of Bredae, was killed in the Damb-ling [cathedral] of Lismore Mochuda by Maelseachlainn, son of Muircheartach, son of Breac. [Ibid.]
1056. Cetfaidh, head of the piety of Munster, a wise and learned saint, died in his pilgrimage at Lismore. [Ibid.] [Was he the individual, whose obit has been already given, anno 1039, from the *Annals of Innisfallen* ?]
1058. Celsus, son of Corcran, entered into rest at Lismore. [Innisfallen Annals.]
1063. Cinaedh, son of Aicher, *aircheannach* [bishop] of Lismore, Mochuda, died. [Four Masters.] Perhaps, to be identified with-
1064. Mac-Airthir, Bishop of Lismore, died. [Cotton's *Fasti.*]
1090. Maelduin O'Rebhacan, vicar of S. Mochuda, died. [Ibid.]
1095. Scanlan ua Cnaimhsighe, anchorite of Lismore, died of the great plague. [Four Masters.]
1095. Lismore was burned. [Ibid.]
1109. "Sadb,²² filia O Conchobari Ciarragiae, quievit apud Lissmoriam, moerore perigrinationis et peccatorum." [Innisfallen Annals.]
1110. "Kal. Jan. die Sabbati, xvta lunae. Cormac, filius filii Carthagi, rex Desmoniae, expulsus e regno per Eochios suos, et ivit Lissmoriam, et facta sunt vastationes ingentes postea." [Ibid.]
1112. "Gilla Mocuta ua Rebacain, comarba [vicarius] Mocuti mortuus-est." [Ibid.]
1112. "Maelbrigte ua Flannani, venerabilis sacerdos, apud Lissmoriam Moctei quievit." [Ibid.]
1112. "Mathgaman O'Brian quievit, et sepultus est apud Lismore Mocuti." [Ibid.]
1113. In this year died Nial Mac Meic Aeducan (*bodie*, Macgettigan), Bishop of Lismore. His episcopal crozier has been already noticed and illustrated in the "Reliquary;"²³ and will form the subject of a future paper by the editor.²⁴
1116. A great portion of Lismore Mochuda was burned, in the beginning of Lent of this year. [Four Masters.]

²¹ An anchorite of those ages did not much resemble a modern hermit. Corcran Cleireach "was the colleague of Cuan O Lochain in the provisional government of Ireland, after the death of Maelsechlainn II., in 1022." [Dr. O'Donovan's *note.*]

²² "Sadb," or "Sadbh," pronounced "Soyv," is an ancient Irish name for a female. It is now almost invariably Anglicised "Sally," to which it bears no analogy. [See Dr. O'Donovan's valuable paper on the "Origin and meaning of Irish family names," in the *Irish Penny Journal*, 1841, page 414.]

²³ Vol.III. pp. 243-245. April, 1863.

²⁴ In the proposed paper, here referred to, the Editor of the "Reliquary" is desirous of illustrating other croziers besides the splendid one belonging to Nial Mac Meic Aeducan, and thus of making his article one on "Ancient Irish Croziers" in general. He will feel grateful for notices of such as may be known, from any of his archaeological friends in the sister kingdom, and hopes, by the assistance thus asked, to make the paper acceptable on "both sides of the water."

1120. Muirchiortach, or Moriortach O'Brien, King of Ireland, died at Lismore. "This pious prince," writes the Abbe MacGeoghegan, "convinced that human grandeur is but transient, withdrew to Lismore, where he took minor orders, and employed the remainder of his life in preparing for eternity. He died on the sixth of the ides of March, 1120."

1121. A plundering excursion was made by Toirdhealbhach ua Conchobair [Turlough O'Connor], and he arrived at the Termon of Lismore, and he obtained countless cattle spoils. [Four Masters.]

1123. A great army was led by Toirdhealbhach, son of Roderick O'Connor, as far as the Youghal Road, by which he took all the hostages of Desmond. [Ibid.]

1123. Aenghus ua Gormain, successor to Comhghall, died on his pilgrimage at Lismore Mochuda. [Ibid.]

1127. An army was led by Toirdhealbhach ua Conchobair, by sea and land, until he reached Corcach-mor, in Munster; and he drove Cormac M'Carthy to Lismore, and divided Munster into three parts, and he carried off thirty hostages from Munster. [Ibid.] At Lismore, the deposed Cormac received the Crozier; whence he has been usually called by Irish writers, "the king-bishop." [See Petrie's *Round Towers of Ireland*, pp. 302-308, where is treated the question of the identity of Cormac, King of Cashel, with Cormac, Bishop of Lismore.]

1128. MacMara ua Reabhachain, successor [*i.e.*, as Bishop of Lismore] of Mochuda, died. [Four Masters.]

1129. Maelbrighde ua Flannain, anchorite of Lismore, died. [Ibid.]

1129. In an old translation of the *Annals of Ulster* is the following notice of the interment at Lismore of Celsus, Archbishop of Armagh:-

"Kellagh, coarb of Patrick, chief and Archbishop of the West of Europe and the only pleasing [to] Irish and English, lay and clergy, after grading [*i.e.* ordaining] bishop, priests, and all degrees, and after consecrating of churches and churchyardes many, and bestowing of jewells and goods, and geving good rules and manners to all spirituall and termorall, endinge a life of fastinge and prayer, ointment and penance, he gave up his spirit into the bosom of angells and archangells, at Ardpaticke, in Mounster, in the kal. of Aprill, and in the 24th year of his abbotship, and in the 50th year of his age. His body was carried the 3rd of Aprill to Lismore, according to his will, and was served with Salmes, hymnes and canticles, and buried in the bishop's buriall [-place], in *Prid, Non. April.* the fifth daie."

1130. Lismore was at this time a place of great importance. It is called by Bernard (*Vita Malachi*, cap. Iv.) "a city," and "a capital of the kingdom of Munster." Youghal was considered the port of Lismore. The *Four Masters* relate that a certain Dane of Limerick, named Gillacomhgain, who in the previous year had robbed the great altar of Clonmacnoise of jewells and other rich offerings,²⁵ was executed at Clonbrian by the king of Munster. "This Gillacomhgain sought Cork, Lismore, and Waterford, to proceed over sea; but no ship into which he entered found a wind to sail, while all the other ships did. This was no wonder, indeed, for Ciaran used to stop every ship in which he attempted to escape; and he said in his confession at his death, that he used to see Ciaran with his crozier stopping every ship into which he went. The name of God and Ciaran was magnified by this."

1130. Lismore cathedral was repaired by Muriertach, King of Munster. [Smith's *Waterford*, page 28, *note*.]

1134. Malchus was Bishop of Lismore. An Irishman by birth, he had been educated in England, and was a monk of Winchester. Bernard (*Vita Malachi*, cap. iv.) tells us, that at his consecration – "he was a man advanced in years, eminent in virtue, and possessed of great wisdom. God had endowed him with such abundant grace, that he was celebrated, not only for his life and doctrine, but for his miracles."

Malchus is called by the *Four Masters* "Maelmaire ua Loingsigh." He died in 1159.

1135. Eachmarcach ua hAinmire, learned Senior of the Irish, fountain of wisdom and charity, died at Lismore. [Four Masters.]

1135. In this year, as a professed monk in the Abbey of Lismore, died Domhnal O'Brien, called *Gearlambach*, or short-handed. He had been King of the Danes and of Leinster; but, in 1118, he resigned his crown and assumed the clerical habit at Lismore.

1138. Lismore was burned. [Four Masters.]

1142. Ua Rebachain, Abbot of Lismore Mochuda, was slain by Tadhg ua Ceinneidigh. [Ibid.]

²⁵ In the Annals of Clonmacnoise, as well in those of the Four Masters, is a descriptive account of these treasures. I subjoin it, as a curious inventory of the possessions of a Religious House in the twelfth century:-

1. The model of Solomon's Temple, which had been presented by Maelseachlainn, son of Domhnaill.
2. The standing-cup of Donnchadh, son of Flann.
3. A silver goblet
4. A silver cup, with a golden cross on it
5. And a golden drinking horn, presented by Turlogh O'Connor.
6. The drinking-horn of Ua Riada, King of Aradh.
7. A silver gilt-chalice, engraved by the daughter of Rory O'Connor.
8. A silver cup, bestowed on the church of Clonmacnoise by Celsus, the primate of Armagh.

1154. Tieve Gile, a man held in general esteem for purity of manners, died at Lismore. He had been proclaimed king of Thomond, but was defeated in battle by Turlough, King of Ireland, who cruelly put out his eyes. [O'Halloran, vol.ii. page 315.]

1157. Lismore, with its churches was burned. [Four Masters.]

1159. Christian O'Conarchy was Bishop of Lismore. He was born at Taughonrchie, a village between Lismore and Dungarvan, and had been Archdeacon to Malachy O'Morgair, either in the diocese of Armagh or in that of Down. By him he was sent to Clairmont, to be instructed by St. Bernard in the rules of the Cistercian Order. On his return to Ireland, Christian O'Conarchy was made Abbot of Mellifont; and, in 1150, he was advanced to the bishopric of Lismore. He was, at the same time, appointed the Papal Legate for Ireland; in which capacity, in 1152, he presided at the Synod of Kells, when the pall was first given to the four Archbishops of Ireland. He resigned his bishopric in 1175, and died in 1186 at O'Dorney, in the county of Kerry. [Cotton's *Fasti*.]

1168. Bishop O'Carroll rested in Christ, at Lismore. [Innisfallen Annals.]

1172. Nov. King Henry II., who had landed at Waterford, on the 18th of October previously, sojourned at Lismore, *en route* to Dublin; and received there as well as the homage of his own subjects as the allegiance of the chief ecclesiastics and toparchs of Munster. We learn from Matthew Paris that the latter personages covenanted to be governed thenceforth by English laws. The old chronicler writes:-

"At a council held at Lismore the laws of England were thankfully received by all, and were consented to by a given form of oath which was administered."

1173. Raymond le Gros and Strongbow wasted the Decies district. Lismore suffered considerably; and the bishop was compelled to pay a heavy *black-mail*, to prevent the destruction of his cathedral by fire. The invaders sent their spoils by sea to Waterford, under the convoy of Adam de Hereford. The ships were pursued and brought to action by Gilbert, son of Turgesius, King of the Danes of Cork, with a fleet of 35 sail. The Danish vessels met with a complete repulse, and their leader Gilbert was slain.

1174. The son of Earl Strongbow plundered Lismore. [Annals of Leinster.]

1175. Felix O'Hedan, Bishop of Lismore, gave the church of St. John at Lismore to the Abbey of Thomas-Court, near Dublin; as appears by the registry of that house. This prelate, in 1179, assisted at the council of the Lateran. [Smith's *Waterford*, page 29, *note*.]

1177. Henry II granted to Robert Fitz Stephen and Milo de Cogan the greater part of the kingdom of Cork, "by an exact division towards the cape of Saint Brendan on the sea-coast, and towards Limerick and other parts, and so far as the water near Lismore, which runs between Lismore and Cork into the sea...so that from the aforesaid river that runs between Lismore and Cork, the whole land as far as Waterford, together with the city of Lismore, shall remain in my hands for the government of Waterford." [Sir James Ware.]

1178. Lismore was again plundered and set on fire by the English forces. [Archdall.]

1182. Milo de Cogan and the younger Fitz Stephen, with five attendants, were murdered near Lismore by an Irish chieftain, named MacTyre.

1185. The castle of Lismore was erected by Prince John.

1189. Cuilen O'Cuilen and O'Fealain, King of Deisi, marched to Lismore, took the newly erected castle, which they raised to the ground, and slew Robert de Barry the governor, with the whole garrison, consisting of from sixty to eighty men. [Annals of Leinster.]

1205. Laurence O'Sullivan, Bishop of Cloyne, died at Lismore.

1207. Lismore, with its churches, suffered grievously from an accidental fire. [Annals of Munster.]

1210. A scandalous contention was about this time carried on between the Bishops of Waterford and Lismore, relative to certain lands alleged by each to be the property of his see. The matter was referred to commissioners appointed by the Pope; and their decision was in favour of the Bishop of Lismore's claim. Whereupon, the Bishop of Waterford, enraged at their verdict, surrounded with armed men the cathedral of Lismore, while its bishop was engaged at divine service; robbed the church of its property; and hurried the bishop from place to place, until he cast him, loaded with irons, into a dungeon of Dungarvan Castle. Some weeks after, the Bishop of Lismore, who had suffered dreadful things from hunger and thirst, effected his escape from the prison. He was again surprised, and was seized by the Bishop of Waterford's clerk, who drew a sword and attempted to cut off his head. The Bishop of Waterford and his abettors were, for these outrages, punished by a sentence of excommunication. [Ware's *Bishops*, pp. 528-529.]

1218. 12th December. Robert of Bedford, an Englishman, was elected by the canons of Lismore to be their bishop. The king's license was obtained; and he was confirmed, consecrated, and had his temporalities restored. Robert, Bishop of Waterford, entered into a painful litigation with him – the particulars of which, from the epistles of Pope Innocent III., are given in Ware's *Bishops*. His design was to deprive the Bishop of Lismore of his see, and unite it with that of Waterford. [Ibid.]

1223. Griffin Christopher, Chancellor of Lismore, was elected bishop, and received confirmation from the king in the November of this year. He was not however consecrated for four years afterwards. This bishop, in 1230 instituted and endowed vicars choral in his cathedral. He died in 1246. [Ibid.]

1248. Alan O'Sullivan, a Dominican Friar, was translated from the see of Cloyne to Lismore. He died in 1252, or 1253. [Ibid.]

1253. Thomas, Treasurer of Lismore, succeeded as bishop. He died in 1270, and was buried in the cathedral. [Ibid.]

1270. John Roche, or de Rupe, of a noble family, succeeded to the vacant bishopric. He died about Whitsuntide, in 1279. [Ibid.]

1279. Richard Corr, Chancellor of Lismore, was the next bishop. He recovered some lands which had been improperly alienated from his see. He died in October 1308, and was buried in his cathedral. A drawing of his episcopal seal is in the archives of Christ Church, Dublin. [Cotton's *Fasti*.]

1309. William le Fleming, Archdeacon of Lismore, succeeded Richard Corr. He died about November, 1321. [Ibid.]

1323. John Leynagh, or Launaght, a secular priest, was consecrated Bishop of Lismore at Waterford, on Palm Sunday of this year. He was "a prelate," writes Sir James Ware, "who merited greatly of his successors for recovering the possessions of the see." He died a little before Christmas, 1354. [Ibid.]

1358. Thomas le Reve, Canon of Lismore, was the next Bishop of Lismore. In his episcopate, Waterford became vacant, and the two bishoprics were united in him by the Pope, which union was confirmed by King Edward III., October 2nd, 1363.

1486. A registry of the spiritualities of Lismore was in this year compiled by John Russell, economist of the cathedral. An interesting abstract is given in Smith's *Waterford*, pp. 24, 25. The original MS. was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1617; but a copy, from Bishop Sterne's collection, is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

1548. A highly ornamented table-tomb, to the memory of John MacGragh, who died in this year, stands in the nave of Lismore Cathedral. The four sides of this splendid monument are filled with spirited representations of the twelve apostles in the niches; and various devices, of a suitable character, appear on the covering slab. I am inclined to ask, Was the person thus commemorated father of Meyler MacGragh, the notorious Archbishop of Cashel, who held the sees of Waterford and Lismore in *commendam* and who (whatever were his manifold shortcomings) may not have been deficient in filial affection, as exhibited in the erection of this elaborate memorial?

1587. Abp. Meyler MacGragh, with the consent of the Dean and Chapter of Lismore, demised to Sir Walter Raleigh the castle and Manor of Lismore, with other lands, at the annual rent of £13 6s. 8d.

1589. 28 December. Sir Walter Raleigh, writing to Sir George Carew, mentions Lismore. He appears to have become involved in law-suits about his property. He mentions his "builders," who were doubtless employed at the castle. From the original, in the Public Record Office, I give an extract –

"For the sutes at Lesmore, I will shortly send over order from the Queen for a dismis of their cavelacions, & so I pray deale as the matter may be respeted for a tyme; & commd mee to Mr. Solliciter with many thanks for his frindly deling therein, and I assure you on myne honor I have deserved it att his hande in place wher it may most steed hyme. For Hardinge I will send unto you mony by exchange with all possible speed az well to pay hyme (if he suffer the recoverye) as all others, & till then, I pray, if my builders want supply them."

1602. 7th December. Mr. Richard Boyle (afterwards, Earl of Cork, purchased of Sir Walter Raleigh all his Irish estates, inclusive of Lismore. This great and good man, who left traces of his piety and benevolence wherever he possessed property, straightway effected many improvements in Lismore. He laid out considerable sums of money on the cathedral. He founded an alms-house for six bedesmen, granting each annually a coat, and fuel, with an allowance of £5. He endowed a free grammar school. He rebuilt and beautified the castle; placing over the entrance gateway his arms and motto "God's providence is our inheritance" I subjoin his autograph, which I have traced from the original, as inscribed in Liber A of the corporate proceedings of Youghal.

1621. 25th April. Roger Boyle, fifth son of the Earl of Cork, was born in the castle. He is noted in the period of the Commonwealth as Baron Broghill, and at the restoration as Earl Orrery. His memoirs and state letters were published by his chaplain, Mr. Morris.

1626-27. 25th January. Robert Boyle, seventh and youngest son of the Earl of Cork, was born in Lismore Castle. As a philosopher he was "not for an age, but for all time".

1641-42. 11th January. In the Irish Civil War, the defence of Lismore devolved on Lord Broghill, who gallantly maintained himself here against five thousand rebels, commanded by 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 stripp’d, 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 quarter’d him at Cappoquin last night, and advised him to return to Youghall of this side of the water, for fear of an ambush, which he then resolved to do, but since his resolution alter’d; 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 have been informed, by those that were in the action, 5000 well armed, and that they intend to take Lismore. When I have received certain intelligence, if I am a third part of the 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 ordinances made at the forge, and it held 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 himself²⁶

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 Earl of
Corke, Youghall.”*

After the perusal of this heroic epistle, the reader will be prepared to hear that the defence of Lismore Castle was successful, and that the insurgent Irish were compelled to raise the siege. Several interesting details of the attack on the castle, and of the brave resistance of its defenders, are supplied by Ryland, in his *History of Waterford*, pp. 339-341; but I cannot introduce them here. They purport to be “extracts from the voluminous manuscripts preserved at Lismore Castle,” and seem to be chiefly taken from the Earl of Cork’s Diary, “in which,” remarks the topographer, “he kept a regular journal of almost every occurrence in which he was concerned.”²⁷ I have given already the autograph of this remarkable man, when as “Richard Boyle,” in the prime of life and in the rich flush of prosperity, he had newly entered into possession of Sir Walter Raleigh’s estates; and I now subjoin his signature, traced from the original MS., dated November 27, 1642, when full of years, and no less full of sorrows, he was (in his own pathetic words) “*mortem indies imminentem expectans.*” He died at Youghal in his seventy-eighth year, September, 1643.



1645. Lismore Castle was besieged by the Irish forces, under Lord Castlehaven. It was garrisoned by Major Power, with one hundred of Lord Cork’s tenants; and the defence was so obstinate that 500 of the besiegers were slain. The place capitulated when the ammunition of the garrison was expended; and it was immediately burned to the ground by the Irish. In the conflagration, an immense number of state papers and other historical documents were consumed.

1656. The castle was rebuilt, on the restoration of tranquillity.

²⁶ I supply Lord Broghill’s autograph, now for the first time engraved; and I have carefully traced it from the original Ms. in the possession of a friend.

²⁷ May I express the hope that the Earl of Cork’s Letters and Journals will be at last, under loving hands, edited and given to the world? Apart from their historical value, as state documents, they would form, I am persuaded, their writer’s best vindication. Aspersions, cruel and unjust, have been in our own day cast upon the great Earl of Cork, and, it appears to me, that his descendants and representatives should no longer “keep silence” from the “good words” due to his illustrious memory. His own writings would be his imperishable monument.

1686. The Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in his progress through Munster, sojourned at Lismore.

1689. The discrowned James II, in his hurried flight from the Boyne, passed a night in the castle. An anecdote is told that, when brought to the bay-window of the great room, this unfortunate prince was so struck, by perceiving the height at which he stood, and the rapidity of the river running beneath, as to start back with evident dismay. Hence, the window is yet called by his name.

1753. On the death of Richard, fourth Earl of Cork and third of Burlington, Lismore and many other estates of that nobleman passed to his daughter, the Lady Charlotte-Elizabeth Boyle, who had married, in 1748, William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

1771. In this year were published "*Letters from Lismore*," an ingenious philosophical work by a resident gentleman, named Henry Eccles. The writer claims for himself the discovery of the identity of lightning with electricity. He died ten years after. In Walker's *Hibernian Magazine*, December, 1781, page 672, appeared the following brief obituary :-

"Death: At Lismore, in the 82nd year of his age, Henry Eccles, Esq.; a gentleman eminently distinguished in the philosophical world for his ingenious letters to the Royal Society."

Mr. Eccles directed that his body should be buried on the summit of Knockmeledown mountain, which, at the height of "about 2700 feet above the level of the sea, overhangs the town of Lismore. In the solitude of that vast mountain-peak, with his favourite dog and gun, his remains are laid.

1775. Lismore bridge was erected, at the sole expense of the Duke of Devonshire. The principal arch is one hundred feet in span. [Ryland]

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.

1814. The late Duke of Devonshire greatly beautified Lismore.²⁸ He erected here a commodious inn and offices; a sessions-house and prison; and laid out large sums in the general improvement of the place. Yet later in his life, and but a short while before his lamented decease, he 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.

²⁸ During repairs made at the castle in this year, the Crozier of Bishop Nial Mac Meic AEduncan was discovered. Along with it was a vellum MS., written in the fourteenth 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."

St Carthage's Cathedral
By unknown author

LISMORE

SAINT CARTHAGH'S CATHEDRAL

Christian tradition has associated particular places with individual saints, and nowhere has this association been stronger than in Ireland. The site of a small church founded by a holy man or woman has been held in particular reverence, and in many places successive church buildings have been erected to give a continuity of well over a thousand years. Lismore Cathedral is an example of this, and there can be little doubt that St. Carthagh built his first church on this ground in the seventh century. An old document calls it 'Moccody's Hill.'

Carthagh, or Mochuda, came to Lismore towards the end of his life. He was a Kerry man by birth, but spent many years in Rahan in Westmeath where he founded a monastery. He was driven away from there and came to Lismore in 635. Only two years later he died, on 14th May 637. Within a century of his death Lismore became one of the great Irish monastic schools, attracting students from many parts of Ireland, and even from abroad.

By the standards of the time, Lismore was an important centre of culture and learning. It was in active communication with continental Europe. The Bollandist Pere Grosjean has shown that a treatise "De Mirabilibus" which has been attributed to St. Augustine, was in reality written by a monk of Lismore in the seventh century.

"The Litany of the Pilgrim Saints" is also attributed to Lismore. The author knew his atlas, for he includes saints in Armenia and Egypt, Britain, Saxony and Gaul, as well as Irish saints.

Lismore reached the height of its fame early in the ninth century. But by 831 the Norsemen had begun their incursions and they raided Lismore that year. The high tide would have carried their long ships up the Blackwater to within half a mile of the town.

Irish Texts Society Vol. XVI (1914 Life of St. Mochuda of Lismore. Intro. PXXVIII, XXIX.)
The Age of Saints in the Early Celtic Church. N.K. Chadwick OUP 1961. Pp.53,54, 112,113
Ib. p.113-115

Repeated raids and burnings followed, and the school and monastery declined in importance. A few relics of ninth century Lismore survive in the inscribed stones built into the west wall of the nave of the cathedral. Some of these were found when the foundations of the tower were being dug in 1827, and the Ven. Henry Cotton had them placed where they are now for preservation. The stone on the left is a memorial of Suibne, an anchorite and abbot of Lismore who died in 854. Colgen, an 'eminent ecclesiastic' died in 850. Donnchad in 1034. Cormac, Bishop of Lismore, died in 918. His memorial is a small cross now set on a swivel. Martan was abbot of Lismore and died in 878. There is also a primitive figure of a cleric, seated and with an open book, and two Romanesque fragments.

When the Norse raids came to an end and peace returned after the Battle of Clontarf there was a revival of church life. The fine Lismore Crozier was made at the beginning of the 12th century. It is now to be seen in the National Museum in Dublin. The Annals of Innisfallen record that Lismore and its churches suffered from an accidental fire in 1207, and it would appear that the earliest parts of the present cathedral were built soon after that time. The capitals on the east side of the south transept arch have a Romanesque character, and the two fragments built into the west wall appear to be of the same period. The west wall of the nave, and the dressed stone base and shafts on the outside of the south wall of the choir are also thirteenth century work. It would appear that this was part of a major work consisting of a comparatively narrow nave with north and south aisles and transepts. The present choir walls are on these old foundations, otherwise the south transept arch and west wall are all that survive. The interesting and important 16th century M'Cragh tomb was the last addition to the medieval cathedral. The decorations on the top are copied from early woodcuts, and include the popular medieval story of the vision of St. Gregory.

By the beginning of the 17th century the cathedral was in ruins, burned down by Edmund Fitzgibbon. Richard Boyle wrote in his diary on January 10th 1633 "God bless my good intendements and endeavours in this work. This day I resolved, with the assistance of my good God, to re-edifie the ancient Cathedral Church of Lismore which was demolished by Edmund Fitzgibbon – called the White Knight – and other

traitors in the late rebellion of Munster. The chancel of which church I did at my own charges of £CCXVI. 13 & 9p rebuyld, and put on a new roof, covered with slatt, and plastered & glazed: then furnishing it with seated pews & pulpit; and now have given order to have the ruyns of the body and ile of that church cleared, & to have the same new built & re-edified as fair, or fairer than ever it was before.” Nothing more was done for five years, and on April 9th 1638 he wrote: “God bless my good intencions. I this day began to enter on the pulling down of the ruyns of the old defaced chapels of Lismore...with a godly resolucion to rebuyld the demolished Cath. Ch. of Lismore.” But before anything more was done a new crisis arose with the coming of Cromwell, and in those troubled times Boyle died. All the Church of Ireland bishops and clergy were evicted, and no doubt the choir of the cathedral fell into decay. One of the first things the Dean and Chapter did when they began to function again in 1663 was to ask ‘John Nettles of Towreen’ to repair the “Quier of the Cathedrall church”. He did this at his own expense, and erected fourteen stalls for the Dean, Dignataries and Prebendaries as well as a seat for himself and his family. In return for this the Dean and Chapter gave him possession of his seat, 8 feet by 4 ½ feet, on the south side, and gave him the right to bury in it! This information, and most of what follows, is taken from the manuscript minutebook of the Dean and Chapter of Lismore.

Edward Jones became dean in 1678 and at once set about restoring the cathedral. A ceiling was put in the church, for which Theo. Ward was paid £71, and at a meeting of the Cathedral Chapter on 4th November 1679 William Robinson, Surveyor General of Ireland, was appointed to restore and build the cathedral to its former structure and form. The Earl of Cork and the Bishop of the Diocese each contributed £200, and work began on 2nd May 1681. The detailed accounts appear in the Chapter minute books and make fascinating reading. Three yoke of oxen and 3 waggons were bought to draw lime from Affane, water from the river, and stone from the quarry. This lot cost £26. Oak trees were bought in the wood of Kilbeg near Tallow, 204 tons of timber at a cost of £110. Cornelius Shanahan was paid £102 for drawing it to Lismore. It cost 10 to saw it into planks, and the carpenters were paid £80 to ‘set up ye roofe’. Mr Robinson, the architect, was paid £11:10:0 for his work, and Mr William Greatracks got £20:18:9 ‘for workmen employed in digging syones and cutting faggots for ye lime kiln’. The final accounts passed by the Chapter on 2nd December 1686 include amounts for the stalls and pulpit and seats, glazing the windows and colouring the walls. The whole work of re-building the nave and transepts, putting on the roof and windows and doors cost £1,600.

It seems that Boyle’s and Nettles’ work on the choir did not last well, for in 1692 the woodwork of the choir had to be moved into the body of the church to keep it from perishing, and the archway into the choir from the nave was walled up. The following year the Dean and Chapter addressed the ‘Earle of Cork to implore his assistance for the rebuilding of the demolished Quier’. This was apparently forthcoming, but repairs were a recurring problem, and again in 1703 a slator and glazier had to be got to ‘put in repair the Cathedrall church, choir, and chapiter house’. A new pulpit and Bishop’s Throne in 1735 cost £64.6.6. The pulpit was removed in 1868 when the present stone one was put in, but it still survives. It was badly ‘mauled’ when it was installed in St Catherine’s Church in Tallow, but it is now being restored by Mr Ambrose Congreve, and it is to be put in Kilmeaden Church in Lismore Diocese. It is a matter of great satisfaction that this fine piece of 18th century work is being preserved.

Further repairs were put in hand in 1756. John Ryal, a stone cutter, got the contract for flagging the floor at the price of 16 pence a foot. A ceiling ‘of plain plaster stuck and cornish’ was put up, and wainscot panelling the height of the base of the windows was put in, the windows were repaired and the walls whitewashed. A pipe organ was installed in 1775. One of the members of the Chapter, William Jessop the Precentor, gave a donation of £110, and the Dean and Chapter added £200. At that time there was a gallery at the west end of the choir, and the Boyle family had a pew on it. This pew was moved to make way for the organ.

At a meeting of the Dean and Chapter on 22nd April 1807 it was stated that the cathedral appeared “to be in a most ruinour state” and it was resolved to put it “into the most beautiful and perfect repair”. “Mr Morrison’s plan for beautifying and repairing the same and erecting a steeple being laid before the Chapter the same was highly approved of”. This was Richard (later Sir Richard) Morrison (1767-1849). The windows and ceiling of the choir and the south window in the south transept were done at this time. The Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, the Rt. Revd. Joseph Stock, visited Lismore on 21st May 1811, and his diary reads; “Proceeded to Lismore. Cathedral rebuilding at great expense, with a probable lapse of years before it can be completed. Chancel finished with elegance but not large enough to hold the congregation. Disposition of the altar, desk and pulpit utterly unsuitable to the dignity requisite for the celebration of the Lord’s Supper, especially in a Cathedral church.” The altar was of plain oak and was placed in a small semi-circular sanctuary against the east wall. These railings have been preserved and are now at the baptism font. The expense of this restoration put a strain on the funds of the cathedral, for the work had to be stopped later that year when it was found there was a debt of £1,300.

The building of the tower and spire was finally begun in 1827 to a design by George Richard and James Pain, the Cork architects. It was to cost £3,500. The Dean of Lismore died while the work was going on, and a memorial to him was erected against the west wall. Its style indicates that it was probably designed by

the Pain brothers. It appears that the weight of the tower and spire, with one side resting on the west wall, was crushing in the old west doorway, and it became necessary to strengthen it. The Dean Scott memorial was incorporated into this re-inforcing. At the same time the six windows in the nave were altered to conform to the Gothic style of the tower. This too was done by the Pains at a cost of £92.6.3.

The stairway to the Duke of Devonshire's pew on the gallery on the south side of the choir was removed, with the gallery, in 1868, and the wall opened out to make a place for the organ which was re-built and enlarged at this time. The old choir furniture was also taken away and replaced by the present oak stalls. The oak screen now at the entrance to the north transept, was then across the choir at the place where the wall panelling now ends. The area to the east of it was disused. The Duke of Devonshire's agents Mr Francis Currey took much interest in all this work, and he presented the present stone pulpit. Mr Currey died in 1896, and his friends commissioned Edward Burne Jones to design a stained glass window as a memorial. This window is on the west side of the south transept. It is documented in the City Museum and Art Gallery in Birmingham with other Burne-Jones material, and it is illustrated in "The Stained Glass of William Morris and his Circle" by A.C. Sewter published in 1974 by the Yale University Press. Another 19th century memorial worth noting is that to Jonathan Henry Lovett. This is also in the south transept, and it was designed by Thomas Rickman in 1831.

The encaustic tiling in the choir was laid down in 1913 under the supervision of the architect R. Langrishe. More recently the north transept was furnished at St Columba's Chapel in 1963 with panelling, altar and altar rails from the disused Villierstown Chapel. The old Villierstown pulpit and sounding board was also placed in the choir to serve as a seat for the bishop. This Villierstown furniture dates from the mid-eighteenth century. The oak screen separating the north transept from the crossing was moved here at this time and the east end of the cathedral opened up again. In 1973 the altar rails, sanctuary floor and altar with its fine stone mensa were moved here from St Olaf's Church in Waterford. The choir screen was adapted from the front of the west gallery of St Olaf's. St Olaf's was built by Bishop Thomas Milles in 1733 and these were its original furnishings.

So Lismore Cathedral can show craftsmanship stretching from 850 to 1973, a time span of 1123 years. Few buildings in this country cover such a range of style and yet blend into a harmonious whole.

Lismore Cathedral

By unknown author, unknown source

The history of the church in Lismore dates back to the year 635 when the holy man we know as Saint Carthage fled from Rahan in Westmeath. He was driven from the monastery he founded there, and found refuge here. His church here was a small one, probably made of wood, and only two years after he founded it he died, in 637. But from such small beginnings grew one of the greatest of all the Irish monasteries and schools. It reached its heyday in the eighth and ninth centuries. But we are not to think of great churches and large classrooms and dormitories when we think of the great school of Lismore. We must think of many holy and learned men, living in small huts, each with his pupils gathered round him, some with a dozen students and some with more, living in a cluster of huts around his master's dwelling. The continent of Europe had been over-run by barbarian hordes, and civilization had been all but destroyed. Those times were the 'Dark Ages', in Europe, and all who wanted education had to travel to Ireland which had escaped the invasion.

But Ireland's turn was to come. The Norsemen came and burned and looted the country, and the great school of Lismore and its churches fell into decay. That was in the ninth century. Some of the stones you see built into the west wall of this cathedral go back to this time. They are burial slabs, and the oldest of them dates back to 840. They were found when the foundations of the west tower were being dug in 1826, and they are the oldest things we have. When Brian Boru defeated the Norsemen at the Battle of Clontarf in 1014 there was a period of peace, and a revival of life. This meant the building of new churches, and the oldest parts of the present Cathedral date from the century which followed. The Lismore Crozier also dates from this period, and it was found in the castle which was originally the bishop's house.

But the Norsemen did not leave Ireland after Clontarf. They settled down in cities like Dublin and Waterford, and eventually became Christians. But they would have nothing to do with the Irish Christians; they owed allegiance to England and the See of Canterbury rather than to the Irish bishops, so they set up their own dioceses. The 'Danish' Diocese of Waterford was carved out of the Irish Diocese of Lismore, and they were not reconciled until the 14th century. Until that time Lismore had its resident bishop. There was another enlarging of the Cathedral in the thirteenth century, and the south transept arch and the walls of the choir probably date from that time.

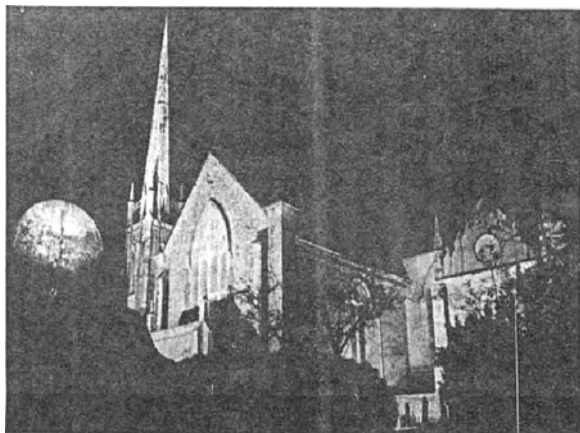
The next three centuries were uneventful, but Ireland was in for fresh troubles, and the church suffered again. The Geraldines attacked Lismore, and in the early 1600's the Cathedral was in ruins, only the walls of the chancel and part of the west wall remained standing. The Earl of Cork roofed the choir and that served as the church for some years. When Cromwell came all the Church of Ireland bishops and priests were driven out, and the persecution lasted for twenty years. But dictators have their day, and after the death of Cromwell peace came again. Our records began again in 1663, our chalice and paten which are still in use are made of Cork silver and date from 1663. The Dean and Chapter appointed Robinson, the foremost architect of the time, to plan the re-building of the Cathedral in 1679, and the outside walls, apart from such parts of the medieval walls which survived, date from that time. All the windows in the nave had round arched tops like the ones in the transepts, and there was a gallery in the choir.

When the last century came in, a lot of new work was undertaken. The fine entrance gates and pillars were erected in 1811. the choir was celled and decorated by the architect Nash in 1815. The Cork architects, the brothers Payne, who were Nash's pupils, built the beautiful tower and spire in 1827. Henry Cotton built the library in 1840, and in 1868 the interior was re-modelled and the present organ and organ chamber erected. The latest work was done in 1963 when the north transept was made into St Columba's Chapel, using some of the fine med-eighteenth century furnishings from the Chapel at Villierstown.

This is the end of my lecture, but it is not the end of the story. The ups and downs of history teach us that the church can survive the hazards of history. Each generation has the responsibility of maintaining and even of improving its heritage, cherishing what it has received from the past, and building for the future with a lively faith in God. One of the lessons we learn from Lismore's past is that things went to the bad in times of communal strife and trouble, and that only in time of peace, when all worked together, did the affairs of the church prosper. We pray that we may all look forward to such a time of peace, and of concerted effort for the Glory of God and the common good.

St Carthage's Cathedral. By Tom Keith

From Dungarvan Observer, 28.11.1992



SOMETHING we do not readily appreciate in regard, to historic old churches whether Notre Dame, Christchurch or St. Carthage's Cathedral in Lismore, is that they are all places of worship and demand the kind of respect we should accord any church used for every day worship.

Such is the case in Lismore, but one could hardly be unaware of the sense of history, the sense of sanctity, the sense of sacredness which permeates the ancient edifice which is so rich in history and stands on ground hallowed since the days of Saint Carthage when Lismore was a great centre of learning in Europe in the seventh century.

There is none more conscious of that history or that sacredness than the present Rector and Dean of Lismore, Very Rev. Cecil W. Weekes, and he pauses once again in our tour of the ancient Cathedral to absorb the tranquillity of the ancient Cathedral. "If you are quiet," he says, "and listen for a while you will notice the peace of the place here. Not every Cathedral or Church has that."

He welcomes us to this very lovely and holy old place which belongs to the people of Waterford and more particularly the people of Lismore for fourteen hundred years.

Carthage came to Lismore in 635 and established a settlement in the beautiful valley there by the Blackwater and from then to the twelfth century Viking period stone building there was probably a series of wooden churches on the site.

Some of the remains of the church of the Viking era from the West wall of the Cathedral today and outside of some individual stones is the oldest part of the building.

Having been destroyed again, the Normans rebuilt it on their arrival here. Three years ago when opening a new door into the sacristy some old hand painted stones of that period were discovered and on examination by the National Museum it is thought they may be some of the oldest painted stones in Ireland.

Later again it was destroyed by the White Knight but the remains of the Norman arches have been preserved in later restoration. Amongst the remaining sections were the walls of the choir and to these was added a roof by Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, in 1633.

Again Dean Weekes pauses to reflect on the solemnity and serenity of the beautiful old building particularly St. Columba's Chapel dedicated to St. Columcille which was restored in recent years. "To all tourists who come here," he says, "I try to emphasise that this is not a museum but a house of prayer. The Eucharist is celebrated here every Sunday, Holy Day and Saint's Day and each day starts with Holy Office or Matins at 9 a.m. St. Columba's is an ecumenical chapel where Christians of all denominations – and sometimes none – come in and say a prayer."

The visitors book bears testimony to that and there are names from virtually every country in the globe inscribed there. People who came to just look and learn history but also found that most elusive of gifts, peace.

Lismore, despite its history – or perhaps because of it – was not spared the ravages of the Cromwellian campaign and the man who was against all Clergy, the use of prayerbooks, liturgy and colour of any sort, who was against the very Eucharist, laid waste the beautiful Cathedral again.

It was rebuilt in 1663 in its present form though the tower and spire were not added until 1827. In 1811 well known architect Sir Richard Morrison, who also designed Fota House, rebuilt the South and East walls and provided the present choir with its fine walls, ceiling, arcade and window.

In the Cathedral also is the oldest surviving Chalice of the Anglican Church in the Drouse dating from 1617 and three seals dating from 1200, 1630 and 1663. There are Church records dating from 1630 and records of births, marriages and deaths from about the same period and unbroken from the eighteenth century.

It is hoped to restore the library soon and in the meantime it is not open to the public. The work of examination and cataloguing goes on and so far the oldest book discovered dates from 1534.

Henry Grattan's sister is buried in the Cathedral in the Burke vault and also buried in the grounds is Temple Lane, daughter of a previous Dean of Lismore, Reverend Leslie, author, patriot and very close friend of Countess Markievicz. She is most famous as the writer of the song "The Fairy Tree" immortalised by John Count McCormack.

The six stones prominently built into the West wall of the Cathedral are memorials of men who were leaders in Lismore's golden age," says the short guide to St. Carthage's Cathedral produced by a previous Dean, The Very Rev. Gilbert Mayes and later added to by Dean Weekes. "Five of these stones were unearthed when the foundation of the tower and spire were dug out in 1826. Stone number six was found when the foundations of the library were being dug in the last century."

The Cathedral also boasts what is probably the finest altar-tomb in England or Ireland in the Magrath tomb and a beautiful pulpit with sounding board (canopy) dating from about 1700 which was made for St. Olaf's in Waterford. It is beautifully hand carved and the sounding board is most effective, helping the voice to carry to all corners of the Cathedral.

The roof of the choir is beautifully decorated with violins, trumpets and music and the face of the Green Man of Celtic Mythology. An innovation – simple yet most effective – for seeing the ceiling quite easily is the use of a horizontal mirror which reflects the designs and allows for lengthy examination with no strain to the neck. This is an idea Dean Weekes got from a visit to historical Winchester.

The organ too with its 17th century pipes is most attractive and is played by Nellie Cliffe from Cappoquin who in her fifty years service to the Cathedral has never missed a Sunday. A record of which everyone at the Cathedral is very proud.

Also worthy of note are the Bishop's Seat which came from Villierstown and the 16th century Dean's Chair.

Such a cursory account is merely scratching the surface and a visit to the Cathedral should allow for several hours there. The sense of history is palpable and one can only guess at the huge numbers who over fourteen hundred years passed through its doors, attended its celebrations or came for private worship. Successive Bishops and Clergy, the famous like Raleigh and the Boyles and successive Dukes and Earls who all came to pray.

All await you in Lismore and the moment you step through its famous gates you are part of what is now described as the Lismore Experience.

Visitation of the right Reverend Joseph Stock, Lord Bishop of Waterford and Lismore 1810-1813

From unknown source

MAY 18th. 1811

Left Waterford at noon. Killotteran 3pm. New church in good order but damp in the angles. Same form of reading desk as at Tramore. Charter school has now 67 children, under a good master & mistress, Kearney, curate Mr. Fraser, under Deam Lee.

Stradbally 12pm. Rev John Devereux L.L.D. curate Rev. John Foley. Union of three parishes contains but nine protestant families. New church adjoining an old one of larger dimensions:

form as at Killotteran. Belfry made since 1806, with one bell, a square building. Children catechised, about 14. Incumbent often obliged to leave the parish, requires a curate. Glebe 1¼ acre. No accession to be obtained till the landlord Mr. Uniack comes to age, four years hence. Rector & curate live in contiguous houses, leased for a short term from Mrs Uniack. Dr. D-x a widower, without family, easy in circumstances, the living being worth £700 or £800 p.an, & very hospitable. All well here.

May 18 at Stradbally.

MAY 20th.

Cappoquin, a large town in the parish of Lismore, greatly in want of a church, for which Bp. Trench obtained from the First fruits £600, not yet called for, because Sir J. Keene, the landlord, & other protestants in the neighbourhood wish to have a church of greater cost. Sir J. Keene offers a subscription of £50 for a steeple and belfry; Mr. Chearnley will give twenty guineas & the Bp. the same. The protestants resort to the neighbouring church of Affane; but the congregation diminishes from the inconvenient distance of their place of worship. Rest of the day at Cappoquin, a tolerable inn.

MAY 21st.

Breakfast at Mr. Chearnley's, Saltbridge. Proceeded to Lismore. Cathedral -rebuilding at a great expense, with a probable lapse of years before it can be completed. Chancel finished with elegance but not large enough to hold the congregation. Disposition of the altar, desk & pulpit as at Stradbally & Killotteran, utterly unsuitable to the dignity requisite for the celebration of the Lord's supper, especially in a cathedral church. Bp protested against this irregularity in a letter to Dean Scott, whom the recent loss of his brother in law in Portugal, Major Bushe, kept him from seeing the Bp. Divine service performed in the Town house, on Sundays only, till the Cathedral shall be fit for use.

Diocesan school famous for number of scholars in Mr. Jessop's time, has declined greatly under Mr. Crawford, old & deaf. Bp visited Mr. Jessop, aged near 90.

Went on to Tallow. Rector in England, Hon & Rev. Mr. Moore, but expected daily. Curate Mr. Edgworth, too negligent of dress & decorous appearance, but well spoken of. No glebe house, Mr. Moore living in the parish in a house of his own about a mile from the town. Church in good order; churchyard large, ill-walled, slovenly. A considerable town for size, with a good number of protestants. Returned through Lismore, dined and slept at Saltbridge.

MAY 22nd.

Deterred by preparations everywhere in this country for celebrating the attainment to age of the Marquis of Hartington, future landlord here, resolved to make the best of our way to Stradbally, passing by Dungarvan & Drumana, to be visited another time.

Called on Rev. John Sandiford, near Cappoquin, went with him and his young wife to the house of his curate, Rev. Mr. Power, married to Mr. Sandiford's niece. With them went to Affane Church, which we found in some danger of ruin by the bad building of the side wall, though propt on the south by two buttresses. Tenderness for the feelings of the incumbent, old Mr. Jessop, in whose time the church was new built about 28 years since, was said to prevent an application from the parishioners to have a new church: but the present may stand many years, with a little care & expense.

Proceeded with Mr. Sandiford to his church, called Whitechurch.

Found it very decent & in good condition, only the west side rendered damp by a vestibule, invented by the incumbent, with no great shew of genius. Disposition of the church good & superior to the new fashioned ones.

Arrived at Stradbally late in the evening, after visiting six churches, to which we were sorry to find not one parsonage house annexed -Returned next day to Waterford, May 22.

MONDAY MAY 27th.

Carrick on Suir 12m. Rev. Standish O'Grady. Inquired for a passage to the town-glebe through Mrs. Ryan's house and garden, who asks for her interest 200 guineas & £6 p an, rent for garden; about half an acre. Dined & slept at Clonmel, 13m. Church there in very good repair, and all things in good order. curate Mr. Stephenson, vicar of Tullohorton.

MAY 28

Breakfast H.P. Cahir. Detained till next morn by rain. Church at Cahir easily repairable, if the restless desire of some principal parishioners to have the site altered be resisted, as it ought to be. Mr. Wallace absent on business: duty discharged by Mr. Hillas, curate & Latin schoolmaster.

MAY 29.

Met Rev. Mr. Stokes by appointment at his church of Ardfinnan, which is in good order. But a school house of considerable size, built lately by subscription & a charity sermon or sermons by the last incumbent, Rev. Arch. Douglas, is deserted, the roof having been stript by storms and no fund existing for its repair.

Promised Mr. Stokes to be answerable for the expence of 20 guineas, to keep up the building for 20 years, according to estimate by a slator. Lancaster's plan had been tried here for some time, with tolerable success; but the project seems likely to fail by the disposition of the parish to resist improvement of every kind.

Glebe wanted here for a parsonage house: a very good site, adjoining to the beautiful ruin of Ardfinnan castle, Bp's property, should be obtained from Mr. Duckett, the tenant of the see. This situation would be preferable to that on which Mr. Stokes is preparing to build.

Same day. Breakfast with Dr. Tuckey, at his house ill the parish of Tullaghorton, a charming residence, adjoining to his parish of Shannahan. Lord Lismore willing to grant a glebe for parsonage house, when occasion offers. But the age and comfortable situation of the present incumbent forbid building. Church of Shanrahan, distant from Dr. Tuckey's about two miles, in very good order. Churchyard contains a handsome vault for the O'Callaghans.

Dinner at the Groat Globe, Clonmel, & poor inn, under a new landlord. Evening with Mr. Stephenson & a party there. Slept at the same inn. Parsonage house under care of servants since the death of last incumbent, Mr. May. The present owner Mr. Wall expected shortly from England.

MAY 30

Breakfast at Carrick with incumbent, Mr. O'Grady, who is too pleasantly lodged near the town, to be anxious for building on his glebe in town, of near two acres, but declares his readiness to build, as soon as a convenient passage can be obtained. None appears so likely to be had as one from the common, belonging to Lord Dunsany, who is willing to grant it to the parson; and by removing a cabin or two on the glebe, & taking off a corner of the churchyard, which can be spared, a good passage may be opened to the glebe. Returned same day to Waterford.

Sent an express from Cahir to Cashel, who returned same day with his Grace's answer, that he would hold his triennial visitation at Waterford the last week in June, & at Clonmel the week following.

Bishops of Lismore

From unknown source

St. Carthage.....founder of Lismore, died 14th May 637 or 638. Wrote rule for monks in Irish. Copy in Bodleian (Ms. Laud.f.92)

Jarlath.....Died Jan 16th 698

Colman.....Died Jan 22nd 702.

Cronan.....the wise. Died Feb. 9th 717

Colman O'Liathlan.....a learned doctor. Died about 725.

Mac-Oge.....Died 746.

Ronan.....Died 763.

Cormac Mac Culenan.....Died in 908 or 918.

O Mael Sluaig.....Died 1025

Moriertach O Selbach.....Died 1034

Mac Airthir.....Died 1064

Mael Duin O Rebacain.....Died 1091

Mac Mic Aeducan.....Died 1113

Gilla Mocuda O Rebacain.....Died 1129

Malchus.....Died 1134 (had been tutor of Malachy of Armagh)

Christian O'Conarchy? A pupil of Malachy, and first Abbot of Mellifont, consecrated Bishop of Lismore 1150. As Papal legate presided over the synod of Kells in 1152. Resigned his see in 1175.....Died 1186

Felix.....Present at Latern Council in 1179

Name Unknown.....Held see from 1206 to 1218

Robert of Bedford, elected by Canons of Lismore 12th Dec 1218..... Died 1222

Griffin Christopher, Chancellor of Lismore. Elected 1223, consecrated 1227. Founded the Vicars Choral in Lismore..... Died 1246

Alan O'Sullivan, Translated from Cloyne 1248....Died 1253

Thomas, Treasurer of Lismore, elected by the Dean and Chapter 27th April 1253....Died 1270 and buried in his own cathedral.

John De Rupe, Presenter of Lismore, elected 1270..... Died 1279

Richard Corr, Chancellor of Lismore, elected 1279. Died in October 1308 and buried in his own cathedral

William Le Fleming, Archdeacon of Lismore, succeeded in 1309..... Died 1321

John Laynagh, Consecrated Bishop of Lismore on Palm Sunday 1323 in Waterford. Died before Christmas 1354

Thomas Le Reve, a Canon of Lismore, appointed 1358. He was Chancellor of Ireland in 1367 Lismore united to Waterford in 1363.

Deans of Lismore

1260.....	Thomas de Wodeforde	1670.....	Richard Wingard
1281.....	Philip McBaghely	1678.....	Edward Jones
1307.....	Nicholas	1682.....	Barzillai Jones
1320-1326.....	Walter Le Fleming	1690.....	William Jephson
1402.....	William Walshe	1720.....	William Crosse
1421.....	Philip Wyett	1723.....	John Francis
15--.....	John Butler	1725.....	Alexander Alcock
1549.....	Edward Power	1747.....	Washington Cotes
1551.....	Denis Morris	1762.....	John Ryder
1559.....	Peter Lewis	1791.....	John Whetham
1564.....	Gerald FitzJames FitzGerald	1796.....	John Scott
1583.....	John Prendergast	1828.....	John Bayly
1610.....	Thomas Welson	1831.....	Sir George William
1614.....	Michael Boyle	1834.....	Henry Cotton
1621.....	Edward Brouncker	1849.....	Thomas Stewart Townsend
1621.....	Robert Daborne	1850.....	Honorable Henry Montague Browne
1628.....	John Greg		Henry Brougham
1629.....	Robert Naylor	1913.....	George Samuel Mayers
1640.....	Edward Parry		George William Greene
1647.....	Robert Parry	1934.....	Charles Geoffrey Mason Stanley
1661.....	Richard Underwood	1961.....	Gilbert (Mayers)?
1662.....	Hugh Gore		Dean Bowder
1666.....	Richard Lingard		Dean Weekes.

Lismore Crozier Replica Goes On Public Display From Waterford News & Star, 11.09.1992

A superb replica of the 12th century Lismore Crozier will be displayed in the Lismore Heritage Centre in Lismore, Co. Waterford on Sunday next, 13th September.

National Heritage Day.

The magnificently worked crozier, which is recognised as one of Ireland's great national treasures, was discovered hidden in a built-in recess in the wall of Lismore Castle in 1814 when William Spencer, 6th Duke of Devonshire, was carrying out restoration works at the castle.

Measuring almost 3 1/2 feet, the crozier is made of bronze and oak, covered in rich gill ornament and animal heads set in enamel. The remarkable staff head is of golden coloured bronze with two serpents looking towards each other, their eyes being "counter charged" in red enamel and other precious stones.

INSCRIPTION

The crozier bears an inscription in Irish, translated as "A prayer for Nial Mac Meic Educaln for whom was made *this* precious work. A prayer for Natchtan, the artist who made this precious work." This inscription has enabled the age of the crozier *to* be determined, for according to the Annals of Innisfallen, there was a Bishop of Lismore named Mac Educain (or in modern form, MacGettigan) who died in 1113.

Also discovered at the same time was the Book of Lismore, written about 994 by a monk who gave his whole life to the work to hand on to posterity historical sketches, biographical and topographical writing of priceless value. It contains lives of Munster Saints. Ossianic poetry, Leabhar na Gceart, a life of Charlemagne, travels of Morco Polo and the topography of Fermoy. A replica of the Book of Lismore is on permanent display in the Heritage Centre.

ON LOAN

The Lismore Crozier is housed in the National Museum in Dublin and a fine replica had been lent to the Heritage Centre by the Cork Public Museum. The book of Lismore resides in Chatsworth House in England, the home of the present Duke of Devonshire.

The replica of Lismore Crozier will be on display from 12.30 to 6.30 on Sunday, 13th September in the Lismore Heritage Centre, during West Waterford Heritage week which this year celebrates the literary heritage of Waterford.

Lismore Courthouse destroyed by fire
By unknown author

From The Munster Express, 12.06.1920

LISMORE COURTHOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE

(From our Correspondent):-

Lismore (Co. Waterford) Courthouse, a magnificent structure was burned last night. The offices of Mr. E.A. Ryan, solr., and Mr. Higgins, rate collector, underneath, were gutted. The dispensary and office of the Clerk of Petty Sessions were partially destroyed. All concerts, entertainments, and dances were held here; in fact it was the only hall in town. The turret wherein the town clock stood was the last to collapse. The inhabitants were aroused at 2.30 a.m. by loud explosions, followed by breaking of glass. Rockets and Verey lights were sent up by the Constabulary, and a large crowd were shortly on the scene, many of whom remained there until the flames were extinguished at 6 a.m. The courthouse was the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

The Town Clerk (Mr. Ormond) was called on at 1.30 a.m. by three masked men. They demanded the town hose, which Mr. Ormond denied was in his possession. They brushed him aside and went into the yard and carried it off. Our correspondent was early on the scene and it was obvious that plenty of petrol had been used. There must have been also high explosives, as the noise made was deafening and terrorised the inhabitants. A ladder about 30 feet long was placed against the upper windows in Chapel Street, and it was by this means that access was effected to the building. The caretaker's house on the western side and the Methodist Church and dwelling houses in Chapel Street narrowly escaped the flames, on which the castle hose was freely used. Motor cars were held in the streets about 1 a.m. The Constabulary, fully armed, were first on the scene and did useful work. Fortunately the night was perfectly calm, otherwise the damage done to house property would be serious.

The inhabitants in close proximity to the building had an anxious time – the windows and doors of their houses were quite warm. The few who manipulated the hose did their work well, and are deserving of all praise. This building, admired by so many visitors is now gutted.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE

Loud explosions at about 2.30 a.m. aroused the inhabitants of Lismore on Monday night. Residents of Chapel Street and Main Street had the thoroughfares illuminated by the conflagration at the upper storeys of Lismore courthouse, as the fire had then a firm hold. A ladder about 30 feet in length was placed against an upper window in Chapel St. The lower portion of this window was broken, and it is apparent that it was by this means that access was obtained to the building. Several empty petrol tins were found among the smouldering ruins. The town hose was captured prior to the fire by three masked men who woke the Town Clerk. The castle hose was brought into action and proved useful in saving a portion of the buildings underneath from destruction.

Constable Creed and Messrs. Barnes, O'Brien, Fitzgerald and others whose names we could not ascertain, rendered yeoman service, as also Sergeant Kelleher, who was one of the first on the scene. Mr. Lennon, the Duke's agent, was early present directing operations. The town water supply was shut off that night. The ladder in use is stated to be the property of the Lismore Board of Guardians.

Visitors always admired this beautiful structure, which was an ornament to the town. The last entertainment held there was in aid of the organ fund for St. Carthage's Cathedral. The scenery of the Lismore Amateur Dramatic class was burned. A postcard received since from an Opera Company for booking for one week has been consigned to the W.P.B.

The dispensary and office of the Clerk of Petty Sessions, western wing, was only partially destroyed. The lower portion of the courthouse was used as a bridewell years ago, and the doorways are arched with stone. Residents state it was the biggest fire seen here since that which took place at Poole's about 30 years ago. The doors of houses on the opposite side of Chapel Street were warm and stood in immediate danger.

It was providential that the night was perfectly calm, otherwise loss of life may be recorded, and the greater portion of Lower Chapel Street destroyed. The town clock struck three for its last time and the hands remained at 2 minutes past 3 until the turret was about to topple over, when the hands moved and indicated 3.30.

It was rather pitiable in the small hours to see infants only a few weeks old, in one case, being removed to safety, these children were in the house next to the burning building. The fire smouldered until Wednesday night. We have no public hall now for entertainments, dances, meetings, etc. Saturday was Petty Sessions day, and Mr. Murray, solicitor, appeared in the only case for disposal, where a family dispute was adjourned.

When will we get a fire brigade for Lismore? The few who assisted in checking the flames did effective work. A bucket, which apparently contained gelignite, was found among the debris.

Adult Literacy Headquarters at Lismore By unknown author

From *Dungarvan Observer*, 21.09.1991.



The following is a statement made by D. O Ceilleachair, at the opening of the Adult Literacy Headquarters at Lismore on Friday, 13th September, 1991, at 4.00 p.m. **Picture: Group photograph taken at the opening of the Adult Literacy Headquarters at Lismore on Friday 13th September.**

Jim is a Co. Waterford man in his early thirties. Last Saturday was International Literacy Day. Jim read a citation composed and written by

himself for the President of Ireland in the presence of five hundred people. You may say there was nothing extraordinary about this were it not for the fact that four years ago Jim was unable to read or write. "I came to the Adult Learning Centre in Dungarvan to get help with reading and writing as I was embarrassed when my children asked me to help with home-work," Jim states. Last Saturday he showed no signs of embarrassment even though he was reading to a distinguished audience.

Jim's success story began when he joined the Literacy Scheme organised by Co. Waterford Vocational Education Committee and serviced by a band of professional educationalists and voluntary co-workers. Jim is just one of several people who has participated in and benefited from this scheme which has been based in Dungarvan for the past fourteen years.

The Scheme has been an exercise in co-operation. The Vocational Education Committee through its officers have put the scheme in place and provides the infrastructure. Voluntary Tutors provide most of the tuition and a Committee of local volunteers provide a service and resource back-up.

The essence of its success rests in partnership and co-operation. Today we have pleasure in welcoming West Waterford Development Partners Ltd. into this co-operative effort in promoting Literacy and Numeracy Education in West Waterford. I welcome the representatives of the Board, I.R.D. Ltd., Lismore Town Commissioners, County Council, Library Committee, School Authorities, Churches, Voluntary Organisations and individuals.

The V.E.C. has acquired these premises as Headquarters for this development here again thanks to the Co-operative of Waterford County Council and to Lismore Town Commissioners. This office and resource centre will be organised and supervised locally. It will be open to the public on two days a week as follows: Tuesday nights: 7.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Friday afternoons: 2.00 to 4.00 p.m.

We know that growth will be slow and tedious. We also know that with the reception the Scheme has received in Lismore that it will be successful. I look forward to many successful years here in Lismore.

If I were asked what was the single most important factor in the success of the Dungarvan based scheme, I would say the anonymous nature of the work. The service is free and anyone who wishes to avail of this service can rest assured that their participation will be strictly confidential and nobody and I say nobody outside the organiser and tutor will know that an individual participated.

Perhaps the following poem composed and written by a participant in the Dungarvan Scheme expresses the joy of one who has mastered the skills of reading and writing.

LITTLE BOY BY THE SEA

Little boy by the sea,
That's well known to you and me,
Watching ships come to and fro,
Longing for to on them go.
Watching waves that rise and fall,
Listening to the seagulls call,
Watching fish that swim around,
And never make a sound.
A woman swims by and raises her hand,
Glad to be rid of the prison land.

St. Carthage's House Ltd, Lismore
By unknown author

From Dungarvan Leader, 12.11.1993

Another historic milestone in the history of St. Carthage's House was reached on Friday, October 29th on the occasion of the turning of the sod for the new purpose built complex by Mr. John Browne, Minister of State at the Dept. of the Environment.

The complex which will provide the highest standards of residential care for senior citizens has been approved grants totalling £429,892 under the Department of the Environment's Voluntary Housing Capital Assistance Scheme.

Speaking at the ceremony Minister Brown said he was thankful to St. Carthage's House and Mary Fenton - Morrissey, (Chairperson of Lismore Town Commissioners) for the kind invitation to come and see, at first hand, the good work being done by the voluntary efforts of the people of Lismore.



Photograph shows Minister Browne turning the sod watched by members of the Board of Management and Mr. Austin Deasy T.D., and Mr. Brendan Kenneally, T.D.

Lismore Aero Club, Co. Waterford
By unknown author

From unknown Newspaper Article 1885.

A year ago the Lismore Aero Club came into being and last weekend they celebrated their first anniversary by formally opening their own superb grass airstrip and hosting an executive meeting of the Irish branch of the Aircraft Owner and Pilots Association.

The day started when a Cessna 182 touched down on the two and a half thousand foot grass runway at Glendiesh, carrying Dublin-based AOPA Ireland executives Seamus Ryle (pilot), Tony Leonard (co-pilot) and Larry Flood (navigator). The trio were welcomed by Lismore club member Michael O'Gorman. Other planes flew in, including a Rallye 150 piloted by AOPA Ireland president, Pat Nolan of Kilkenny.

The airstrip was formally opened by Mr. Maurice McHugh, development officer for Co. Waterford. Also present was Fr. O'Gorman, P.P., who blessed the airfield, Fr. Joseph Stapleton and the Very Reverend Dean Gilbert Mayes. Mr. Nolan praised the efforts of the Lismore Aero Club and remarked that a particularly fine runway had been built by its members.

The Lismore Aero Club, under its chairman Bernard Leddy, secretary Arthur Hogan and treasurer Ray Sheane, have worked hard in the first year of their existence. The airstrip, praised by all the pilots using it over the weekend, presents a some-what unexpected site on high mountain land populated mainly by sheep and with a superb backdrop of the Knockmealdown Mountains. Club members at present have the use of a Reims/Cessna F152I1 air-craft and receive instruction from Stan McCarthy of Farranfore.



Pictured right: Just arrived at the Lismore Aero Club's airstrip in his Rallye 150 airplane, Pat Nolan, President of AOPA, Ireland.

**Their majesties King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra,
By unknown author**

Location of Original: Dublin Castle April 1904



**VISIT TO IRELAND
OF
THEIR MAJESTIES KING EDWARD VII & QUEEN ALEXANDRA
APRIL 1904**

WATERFORD

Monday 2nd May.

The King and Queen will leave Kilkenny Castle, escorted by a Travelling Escort of the XIth Hussars, under the command of Lieutenant A. E. Paget, for Kilkenny Station, and depart by Special Train for Waterford at 12 noon, arriving at 12.50 p.m.

A Guard of Honour of the 2nd Royal Irish Regiment, under the command of Captain C. E. Galwey, with Band and Colour, will be mounted at Kilkenny Station.

Rear-Admiral Angus MacLeod will be present at Waterford, and will fly his flag in H.M.S.

"Æolus," Commander Albert S. Lafone.

The following Ships will also be stationed in the river:-H.M.S. "Melampus," Commander Edgar G. H. Gamble; H.M.S. "Curlew" Lieut and Commander Harold G. Grenfell; and H.M.S.

"Skipjack," Lieut and Commander Llewellyn Griffiths; and will fire a Royal Salute on Their Majesties' arrival.

Their Majesties will be received on arrival at Waterford Station by the Mayor and Corporation of Waterford.

His Majesty's Lieutenant of the County and City (The Duke of Devonshire, K.G.) and the High Sheriff of the County (Mr. Alexander J. P. Wise) will be in attendance at the Station.

Major-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, K.C.B., C.V.O., will also be present at the Station.

The Mayor (Councillor James A. Power) and Corporation will present an Address, which will be read by the Town Clerk (Mr. James J. Feely), to which His Majesty will graciously reply. Other Addresses will also be presented.

The streets will be lined with Bluejackets from His Majesty's Ships, Royal Naval Reserve, and boys from H.M. Training Ship "Emerald", under the command of Captain Peyton Hoskyns, C.M.G., M.V.O., and

with Troops of the VIIIth Division, IIIrd Army Corps, commanded by Major-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, K.C.B., C.V.O., Commanding VIIIth Division, IIIrd Army Corps, and Cork District. A Guard of Honour of the 1st Leinster Regiment, with Band and Colour, under the command of Major A. Canning, will be mounted at the station.

The King and Queen, escorted by an Escort of the South of Ireland Imperial Yeomanry, commanded by Lieutenant L. L. Hewson, will proceed at 1.10 o'clock by way of the Quays, and the Mall to the City Hall.

The Royal Procession, headed by the Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary (Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B.), will move in the following order:-

I.

H.E. The Lord Lieutenant.
H.R.H. The Princess Victoria.

THE QUEEN.
THE KING.

II.

The Duchess of Devonshire.
The Countess of Antrim (Lady of the Bedchamber).
The Duke of Devonshire, K.G.
The Lord Kenyon (Lord-in-Waiting).

III.

The Honourable Charlotte Knollys (Woman of the Bedchamber).
The Earl Howe, G.C.V.O. (Lord Chamberlain to the Queen).
The Lord Knollys, G.C.V.O. (Private Secretary).
The Honble. Sidney Greville, C.V.O., C.B. (Groom in Waiting).

Field-Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G., K.T., K.P., Commanding the Forces in Ireland and IIIrd Army Corps, attended by Brigadier-General Sir John Maxwell, K.C.B., C.V.O., Chief Staff Officer, Colonel Congreve, M.V.O., V.C., Assistant Military Secretary, and Major Murray, A.D.C., will ride on the right of Their Majesties' carriage. Captain The Honourable Seymour Fortescue, C.V.O. C.M.G., R.N., and Captain Frederick E. G. Ponsonby, C.V.O. (Equerries in Waiting) will be in attendance on horseback.

The City Hall will be reached at 1.20 p.m., where the Mayor will entertain Their Majesties to luncheon at 1.30 o'clock.

Guards of Honour of the Royal Navy, under the command of lieutenant and Commander Harold G. Grenfell, and of the 2nd King's (Liverpool) Regiment, under the command of Captain C.S. Elridge, will be mounted at the City Hall.

After luncheon Their Majesties will proceed at 2.30 o'clock by Lombard-street, William-street, and Newtown to the Grounds of the Waterford Agricultural Society in St. Patrick's Park, arriving there at 2.45 o'clock, and attend the Spring Show of that Society. Their Majesties will be received by the President (The Marquis of Waterford, K.P.) and the Stewards of the Society.

Their Majesties will leave the Show Ground at 3.45 o'clock and return to the City by Newtown, William-street, Lombard-street, and Quays to the Station, and leave Waterford (Dungarvan and Lismore Station) at 4.5 p.m. for Lismore, which will be reached at 5.15 o'clock.

The King and Queen will be received at Lismore Station by The Duke of Devonshire, K.G., Lieutenant of the County.

An Address will be presented by the Chairman (Mr. John Crotty) and Town Commissioners of Lismore, to which His Majesty will graciously reply. Other Addresses will also be presented.

A Guard of Honour of the 1st Leinster Regiment, under the command of Major A. Canning, will be mounted at the Station.

Their Majesties will then drive to Lismore Castle, escorted By a Travelling Escort of the XVIth Lancers, under the command of Captain G. Hutton Riddell, and be the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Officials taking part in the Ceremonial and Reception of Their Majesties at Waterford will wear Levee Dress, Uniform or Official Robes.

Wednesday, 4th May.

The King and Queen will leave Lismore Castle at 2.35 o'clock for Lismore Station, escorted by a Travelling Escort of the XVIth Lancers, under the command of Captain G. Hutton Riddell, and proceed at 2.45 o'clock by Special Train to Kingstown.

A Guard of Honour of the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, under the command of Captain A. E. Mainwaring, will be mounted at Lismore Station.

The Royal Train will proceed over the systems of the Great Southern and Western and the Dublin Wicklow and Wexford Railways, and arrive at Kingstown at 7 o'clock, where Their Majesties will embark on the Royal Yacht.

A Guard of Honour of the Royal Navy, with Band, will be stationed at Victoria Wharf, under the command of Lieutenant James O. Hatcher, R.N.
ULSTER'S OFFICE,
DUBLIN CASTLE, *April*, 1904.

MOTHEL

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The Parish of Mothel **By Uberrima Fides**

From Dungarvan Observer, 01.06.1985

SITUATION

This large parish is situated in the Barony of Upperrthird and is bounded on the North by the parishes of Kilmoleran and Dysart, on the East by those of Guilco, Clonagam, Fenlough and Kilmoleran, on the South by those of Fewes and Rosmire, and on the West by the parish of Rathgormack.

NAME

This parish is called in Irish Maothail, pronounced Maehil, which is also the name of a town in the county of Leitrim anglicised Mohill. Nothing has yet been discovered to prove the meaning of the word.

The ruins of the Abbey of Maothail, said to have been originally founded in the 6th century by St. Brogan, covered a great extent of ground, but it is all destroyed at present except the south wall and a part of the middle gable of the abbey church in the south wall there is a beautiful semi-circular arch about 12 feet in height leaning into a small square chamber 18 ft. by 13ft. Part of this arch has been built up with modern mason work leaving a narrow entrance, and several sculptured stones exhibiting figures of the apostles &c, some years since dug up out of the ground have been inserted in this modern work, and more of a similar character have been inserted in the south gable of the small chamber. In the small chamber there is a tomb stone laid in a horizontal position exhibiting the following inscription in large Roman capitals. "Hic jacet Gwalterus Power Generosus oriund, ex antiqua familia. Johannis Guliolmi et uxor ejus Cateruna Phelan qui suis sumptibus constuxerunt hunc monumentum. 16 Junii 1628. Quoru aiabus propitiatur Deus."

From the site of the east gable is 90 feet and the part of the church wall remaining is about 20 ft. in height. On the north side of this wall and near the round arch above mentioned there is an ancient tomb stone narrowing to the foot around the edges of which there is an inscription in the black letter, but so effaced that I could not read it with any satisfaction. It begins: Hic jacet Mauritius O'Minain, and I could recognise the date MCCCCXXX near the end. To the north of this is the burial place of the Powers of Gorteen enclosed by and iron railing. Within the enclosure is a very ancient tombstone ornamented with a cross and exhibiting an inscription in the black Gothic letter. I could observe the name Richardus Power and the date, M.CCCCLXXX, upon it, but the entire of the inscription could not be read as many letters are injured.

In the east side of the town-land of Ballynevin in this parish is a holy well, a large and beautiful spring dedicated to St. Cuan, who is said to have been the second abbot of Mohill. Near it are traces of the ruins of a small oratory called St. Cuan's Church, and an aged ash tree, the trunk of which is hollow, and the upper branches decayed, though in the middle it is still blooming.

In the townland of Clonee Cluain Fhiadh in this parish a little more than a mile from Mothel is a very fine castle said to have been erected by the family of Wall. The keep is quadrangular and more than 60 ft. in height, and outside it is a strong wall with circular towers at the angles, and beyond it were a moat and ditch, but the outer are now much injured.

Near the centre of the townland of Feddans in this parish are the ruins of another square castle, said to have belonged to an order of priests or friars, about 20 feet of its height remains. Near it is a moat in good preservation.

It would appear from the names of several localities in this parish that it contained several ancient churches as Kilmurray in the East of the townland of Joanstown also Kilcanavy V Killerguile, but even their grave yards are now effaced

MOUNT MELLERAY

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History of the Foundation of Mount Melleray

By Dom Vincent de Paul Ryan

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Chapter II.

He is joined by some of the brethren from Rathmore: they construct a temporary Chapel of wood: their manner of life: the foundation of the preparatory house on Mount Melleray.

The Prior, on entering Bethlehem, was labouring under a painful affection of the chest, in consequence of a severe cold, which he had taken during some of his recent journeys, and his lodging in the cottage was cold and damp, which certainly were qualifications not very favourable to such an indisposition: still he became insensibly better. The brethren whom he ordered from Kerry, arrived successively; their number at length increased to 20, and this lodging was consequently inconvenient. Some were compelled to form beds on a sort of loft made in the stable, the covering of which being insufficient to defend them from the heavy rains, they were frequently obliged to change places during the night, in order to seek some part where they might be more protected. The Prior established regularity as far as the circumstances allowed him to do so. The community rose at two in the morning. There were only three choir religious. These assembled in the wooden Chapel, through the slender roof of which the rains had free access. During the seven months that the brethren resided in Bethlehem, they were frequently inundated, and could scarcely find a spot free of water either to sit, kneel or stand. The room, wherein the Prior slept, allowed a passage to the water through the lower parts of the walls, in such a manner, that it remained on the earthen floor in pools, and he found it necessary to use precaution in order to keep his feet from being immersed therein.

By the air of a small bell the hours of the Divine Office were announced by night and day: the lecture before Compline and the meals had their appointed time. Their food consisted of potatoes, bread (when they could procure it), and sour milk which they purchased at the distance of two miles. From time to time some charitable neighbours brought them a few eggs, butter, a little sweet milk, potatoes and turf, for here they had nothing. And yet all were content, no one fell sick, all appeared cheerful and animated to endure the severity of their present condition, and grateful to God for possessing the treasure of their holy state.

During two months the prior and the brethren, who were with him, went frequently up to the higher grounds: all yet remained without a fence: nothing could be done. At length they resolved to erect a small house, but the want of funds rendered the Prior timid: yet the extreme inconvenience of their situation compelled him to make an effort. They had passed a part of one winter in a state of suffering that exceeds description: the idea of being exposed to endure the same another winter was more than sufficient to induce the Prior to vanquish his fears, & attempt some sort of edifice. It was now near the end of June: in a few months more winter would commence his reign of terror: the small house was resolved upon. The fame of this extraordinary enterprise began to be diffused through all the country, in every part, the new establishment of the Trappists on the barren mountain became the leading topic. Some persons considered the undertaking as the result of folly; others thought that these men were not really determined to continue an enterprise, that would have discouraged even a Hercules: but all prevention yielded to the perseverance of these penitent solitaries, and the people soon formed the resolution to assist them, at least by their labour.

The foundation of the Preparatory building was not yet laid, when the Rev. Mr Qualy, curate of the parish of Modeligo, inflamed with the desire to assist those poor servants of Christ, raised his voice in the midst of his flock, and spoke so emphatically on the merit of assisting them, that many of his hearers formed the resolution to go over to the mountains, and work a day for them. Rev. Mr. Qualy declared he would accompany them. In consequence of this resolution 400 men assembled on the morning of the 17th of July (1832) and with heir generous curate at their head, marched from the parish for Mount Melleray. They entered the town of Cappelouin at about 7 am, preceded by a band of music, and roused the inhabitants by the novelty of the sight. They arrived at the cottage, where the community resided: the prior received Mr. Qualy with all the feeling of the most sincere gratitude: the latter celebrated the Holy Mysteries in he timber chapel, and, after breakfast, joined his people, who were already employed in raising the first fence on the lands of Mount Melleray. He continued with them, exhorting, encouraging, and animating them, until five pm. when the musical band of Cappelouin appeared on he ground playing the National tune "St. Patrick's Day", which the workmen hearing gave hearty cheers for "old Ireland", shouldered their spades, as soldiers do muskets, and marched off in ranks four deep, he Curate and band preceding.

The men thus advancing were saluted by the peasantry, whose cottages stand on or near the road side leading to Cappoquin: a farmer's wife came out of one holding a spade ornamented with flowers, and walked before the men in a sort of triumph. Advancing a little further, they came up to a poor woman, bearing a load of heath, who enquiring what all this meant, was answered that the men of Modeligo parish were returning home after giving a day's labour to the poor monks on the mountain. Hearing this she cast down her load, and running into a cabin near at hand, brought some fire, and with sign of enthusiastic joy, set the whole fruits of her day's labour in a flame, to honour the generous labourers. Not far distant they were met by Sir Richard Keane and his amiable Lady, and their presence called forth the most animated cheers from the whole multitude. The honourable Baronet and his equally gratified Consort saluted them most kindly, and expressed their mutual satisfaction at the generous act performed by these men, and the good order in which they returned home. Advancing towards the town, they entered Sir Richard's lawn, and going round the house, gave repeated cheers for the family, whilst the inhabitants of Cappoquin had lighted up fires at their approach, to honour their generous conduct. They now entered the town amidst the animated cheers of the joyful inhabitants, the band playing one of our favourite national tunes. They marched throughout the principal street, and after going round the chapel three times, were conducted by the inhabitants out on the high road, where, after mutual cheering, they departed, highly gratified with the events of the day.

Thus did the good people of Modeligo honour the commencement of the foundation of Mount Melleray Abbey, and exhibit an example which was imitated during the ensuing months by many other parishes. Their pious Curate, Rev. Mr. Qualy, first sounded the trumpet of charitable zeal, and roused the people on every side. The people of the parish of Cappoquin, unwilling to be thus vanquished in generous acts, arose, and on the 24th of the same month, sent 800 men, who in one day raised the fence of the side next to the public road. Rev. Mr. Qualy, being determined to give the public energy new impulse, appeared again in Cappoquin on his way to Mount Melleray, at the head of 800 men on the 31st of the same month. But Cappoquin was resolved to most nobly generous, as being the immediate neighbour of the new colony, and therefore, animated with universal zeal, this people at the invitation of their pastor came to a determination to unite in one great body, and hold forth an example that no other parish could excel. Whilst preparations were being made, the Rev. Mr. Walsh, Curate of Knockanore, arrived at the head of 250 men, who with extraordinary zeal raised the first hedge on the avenue.

The parish of Cappoquin, being now prepared the 31st of July (1832) was the day appointed for the grand display of their charitable zeal. At an early hour they began to assemble in the town: their parish priest, the Rev. John Walsh, and his curate the Rev. Mr. Spratt (1) appeared and encouraged them to proceed. A great Cross had been previously made for the occasion by order of Mr. Leopold Keane, the second of Sir Richard's sons (2), and adorned with flowers by Lady Keane. All being ready the assembly began to move: the Priests, mounted on horses, led the way after the Cross, the band of music followed, and then the people, numbering about 1500, came in regular order, each bearing a spade or some other instrument of labour. There were also in addition about 200 women: the procession closed with many carts, carrying provisions for the people. The Community abode at that time in Bethlehem, and the sound of the music announced to them the near approach of this grand procession: when looking from the door towards the hill of the road they beheld the ornamented Cross borne in triumph, and the priests riding immediately after it: then the musicians, workmen with their implements of labour, women, boys, girls, horses and carts, came in full view. Words are insufficient to express the tender emotions which this grand scene produces in the breasts of the brethren. Here they beheld a public homage done to the religious state - a manifestation of sympathy and interest offered by a generous people, as a balm to heal the wounds so recently inflicted by the hands of infidelity in a foreign land. How did the Prior exclaim "Oh happy Ireland! Whose faith, encouraged by ages of persecution, shines brilliantly on this memorable day! . Spirit of our Sainly Fathers! thou livest in their sons. That faith which rendered Ireland illustrious, though assailed & tortured during centuries, is still vigorous and prepared to exert its beneficent influence, when virtue and religion require assistance. Unhappy France! Behold the contrast, equally degrading to thee, and honourable to this island. Those religious men, whom you so lately

(1) He died as Parish Priest of Cappoquin.

(2) Master Leopold Keane is now Colonel Keane. He lives with his nephew, Sir Richard near Cappoquin. treated with contempt and refined cruelty , whom you cast forth as a nuisance and expelled as criminals because they were faithful to their God and his Religion, are now cherished and revered by distressed but faithful & compassionate Ireland. The religious state, at once the precious fruit of Christianity and the honour of human nature, which you calumniated, persecuted and rejected, is here duly appreciated, aided and consoled. Strangers to, or rather apostates from, the faith of your fathers, you despised and endeavoured to destroy that light, which, during fifteen years, exposed your deformity, and, attempting to

pluck up the tree, you merely lopped off one of its vigorous branches, foolishly imagining that now the trunk should perish, but you thus became blind agents for its propagation and increase: the branch, which your malice removed and cast from your soil, will, under the fostering care of Divine providence, become a tree, whilst the mutilated trunk shall bud forth anew, and both stand invincible witnesses to your impotent efforts against the power of God"

The Priests and People passed on by Bethlehem up to the north bounds of the Abbey lands, the band playing "Patrick's Day", and commenced the fences of that extensive range. Nothing could exceed the ardour they displayed: men, women and even children vie with each other on the occasion. They were not yet arrived at the place of labour, when another company appeared from the western point of the parish, preceded by a band of music. The two companies, mutually cheering, commenced operations, while the zealous Pastors moved along the lines, animating and encouraging them to the work. Sir Richard, having sent all his labourers both male and female, came about the hour of noon, accompanied by his lady and almost every member of his family, to honour the scene. Sir Richard Musgrave sent sixty operatives and refreshments: the whole number exceeded on that day 2000 persons. There might be seen delicate females carrying stones or large sods of earth to the men, young boys and girls busily employed in procuring materials for the fences: even the blind and lame concurred. One blind man, having procured a boy to lead him, carried materials, and a poor sick man, unable to work, gave the hire of a day to compensate for his incapacity.

In the meantime, about 200 women were employed in preparing dinner: fires blazed on various parts of the mountain, and at about 2 P.M., the whole multitude, ranged in companies, sat down on the heathy surface to a frugal repast, while merry Pipers employed their instruments to cheer the rural scene. All was joy, spirit, and zeal. Many of the surrounding gentry were present, and the most delightful concord universally prevailed. The day being concluded, the Musicians stood ready with their instruments, the people were ranged in files, and then all moved off as they came in the morning to the tune of "Patrick's Day". Advancing to the town, fires blazed in many places to honour the generous acts the people who had remained at home, met them at their return with enthusiastic cheering: the town appeared animated as if celebrating some public feat, whilst, the sound of the music mingled with the cheers of the gladdened multitudes, was re-echoed from the adjacent hills. To honour religion yet more they made a triple circuitous route around the chapel, as did the people of Modeligo, and then those who resided in the country parts, being led out on the road, all separated with mutual cheers, wishing prosperity to the new establishment.

Thus ended the most celebrated day, on which the parish of Cappoquin gave a public testimony of its zeal, and by assisting in this noble work, raised to itself a monument of imperishable glory. The fame of this proceeding soon roused the people of Lismore, who dwelling so contiguous to Cappoquin, would also take part in the good work. Wherefore a short notice was given, and on the 20th of August 200 men with many women, appeared in Cappoquin and advanced with their curate the Rev. Mr. Power at their head to Mount Melleray. Eight days after this, the Rev. Mr. Walsh of Knockanore arrived early in the morning at the head of 270. This was his second visit. On the third of September, the parish of Newcastle sent 300 men, under the direction of Mr. William Mulcahy, and on the following day 500 men came from the parish of Aghlish. In the meantime the Rev. Mr. Qualy, who had given the impulse, was reanimating his generous flock, and on the 13th. of September appeared the third time on the Mountain, leading 1000 operatives. Rev. Mr. Walsh of Knockanore being resolved to imitate this example, arrived two days after, name the 15th at the head of 1000 men, all most zealously animated. On the 18th., three days after, Newcastle deputed 430 men the second time, with two companies of musicians, and on the following day arrived the Rev. Mr. Power of Lismore, also a second time, with 420 men and women, among whom were respectable Mothers and Mistresses of families, who did not disdain to employ themselves in carrying stones and earth to form the fences. One of the most remarkable instances of zeal givers at this time was that of the men of Clashmore, distant about 12 miles. These, in number about 200, leaving their homes without leader or guide, traveled that distance, and arrived at Melleray about the hour of six in the morning, where, having worked to the hour of five in the afternoon, returned home in the most perfect order. But a yet greater zeal was manifested by some of the parish of Ballynoe, in the County of Cork, in number about 150, who set out at midnight, travelled 15 miles, and arrived at the little house at Bethlehem at four in the morning, in time sufficient to assist at the first Mass. They spent the entire day at work, departed at five in the afternoon, and arrived home at their homes between eleven and twelve at night, thus they were twenty four hours without rest. In fine the parish of Tallow, unwilling to remain idle spectators of these proceedings, assembled 1000, who, having walked, some seven others ten or more miles, arrived at Melleray between the hours of eight and nine, about the end of September, and

worked during the day with animated zeal. A very remarkable circumstance occurred on this day which fixed the attention of many persons. A certain Mason, being urged by his neighbours to join them in their visit to Melleray for the purpose of giving his day's work at building the Preparatory house then in progress, consented at length reluctantly, and set out with the company. The men, having stopped on the road to take someone refreshment, the Mason, who was an unwilling companion, seizing the occasion turned aside, and by private ways went home, but was almost immediately attacked by cholera, and died the day.

This event, which may have happened in the natural order of things, was nevertheless considered by many of the people as a punishment, and served much to add new force to the spirit that animated them, and the work performed by them clearly proved the sincerity of their dispositions. To gratify the reader, and to set on record the generous acts of these different parishes, we will here set down in successive order their names and the number of operators sent by them to assist the new colony of Mount Melleray.

			Total
Parish of Modeligo	Rev. Mr. Qualy.	in 3 visits	2200
Parish of Cappoquin	Rev. Mr. Walsh	in 2 visits	2800
Parish of Knockanoe	Rev. Mr. Walsh	in 3 visits	1520
Parish of Lismore	Rev. Mr. Power	in 2 visits	620
Parish of Newcastle		in 2 visits	750
Parish of Aglish	Rev. Mr. O Connor	in 1 visit	500
Parish of Tallow	Rev. Mr. Condon *	in 1 visit	1000
Parish of Clashmore		in 3 visits	200
Parish of Ballynoe, Co. Cork		in 2 visits	<u>200</u>
			9790

There were at different periods other small companies, who came to assist, and these, if added to the above would swell the total of the operatives to 10000. By their united efforts the greater part of the hitherto fenceless plain was enclosed, and some other fences thrown up. Also, twenty masons came from Cappoquin and Lismore, to assist in building the preparatory house, of which we will say something before we arrive at the period of laying the first stone of the great abbey.

Extraordinary exertion to complete the interior of the Church: exterior works continued: heroic Charity of the Community during the prevalence of a distressing season, in the summer of the year 1840.

The reader will bear in mind the fact that the community of Mount Melleray were from the period of the Commencement of this establishment, unprovided of funds or pecuniary resources. Their condition in that important point, did not improve as years increased. They were now in the seventh year, equally as destitute as they were in the first year. The Abbey was indeed in a forward state, it afforded them a habitation, but yet imperfectly provided with objects of indispensable necessity. Their beds were supported by loose pieces of broken timber, roughly and incoherently put together. Rains and winds found free admission through the numerous unprotected doors: exteriorly no enclosing walls of defense were yet raised. The Church was indeed finished with its stalls, desks and temporary altars, but the timber works having nothing but their natural shade, were exposed to the deteriorating influence of a moist atmosphere, and much fear was entertained, that, if allowed to remain in that exposed condition during the winter, damage to a very great extent would be the inevitable consequence. Still, what could be done? The painting and decorating could not be effected without great expense: the community was wholly unprovided of funds or resources: firm confidence in Divine Providence decided the question: the Abbot resolved to proceed: a painter was engaged, and the work commenced early in the spring.

During considerable part of the time, while the painter advanced carelessly in his noisome paths, the community were compelled to assemble in the great Chapter-room, where they attended with their accustomed regularity, to the various offices: a temporary altar was hastily raised" and all matters, relative to the Divine Service, obtained the same attention as when the ceremonies were performed in the Church. The many serious inconveniences, arising from this contractor substitute, were cheerfully endured in the hope, that the painter would, in a few months, complete the work, which he had commenced with apparent energy and determination. But he had secured to himself the entire affair, and either by want of principle, or under the influence of avaricious views, he embraced the offer of every

* He died as Parish Priest of Lismore.

transient employment; reserving for the Church of Mount Melleray Abbey a small portion of his time and attention, that was merely sufficient to prove that he had not totally abandoned it. Thus weeks, months, nearly an entire year, passed: until at length the original painter finally left the work to be completed by others, with additional expense and inconvenience to the community.

Divine Providence, whose protection had been so invariably manifested in favour of this establishment from the commencement, did not disappoint the firm confidence of the Abbot and his Brethren, on occasions of the work now under consideration. Though no resources were open, yet, by various channels, assistance arrived sufficient to enable them to continue the operations in progress, but not of a character to remove from them their usual state of distressing penury. In addition to the completion of the church, which held the first place in their estimation, various operations were necessary to provide exterior offices (I), regular enclosing walls, stables etc., for cattle. Unprovided as the community was of funds, it required much strength of mind to form the determined resolution necessary to commence these works. The want of these offices and conveniences was so pressing that the Abbot felt compelled to give every direction for their general execution, previous to his departure to the new monastery of Mount St. Bernard in England. Another and very urgent motive for undertaking these works, arose at this time, namely, early in the spring of 1840: the partial failure of the crops in various parts of the Kingdom during the last year, produced such a dearth of provisions, that food could be obtained only at an extraordinary price. Labourers could obtain no sort of employment, not, even in various instances, for no other remuneration than food sufficient to support life. Many poor families, who resided in the vicinity of the Abbey, feeling the weight of the awful visitations, and sharing in the general calamity, were reduced to conditions of the most lamentable distress, unprovided of food, unable to obtain employment; no alternative remained for them but to sell anything or everything they possessed, and then go forth through the country, swelling the already too great numbers of distressed poor, who were compelled to seek, by mendicancy, means to support life.

The Abbot of Mount Melleray, feeling the most tender compassion for these poor people, and anxious to relieve their wants, though his community subsisted only by public charity prudently considered that to employ as many as possible of these his distressed neighbours, would be the best mode of securing them from the pernicious effects of a wandering mendicant life. By giving them employment, he would at once provide for their wants at home, and effect some of the numerous improvements indispensibly necessary for the well being of the establishment, over which he presided. The difficulty was how money could be found to pay these labourers. Full of confidence in Divine Providence, he commenced the work, and that sacred fountain which never dried since the commencement of the foundation supplied on this occasion, those streams which passing through him were conveyed to the humble dwelling of the suffering peasant, and cheerfully partitioned among the numerous mendicants, who daily applied for relief at the gate of the Abbey.

Having arranged everything with a view to effect these important objects, the Abbot took his departure on the Tuesday after Easter Sunday. He had little cash to leave with the prior, but trusted in the Almighty. The number of poor persons who presented themselves at the gate each day for food, was at that early period of spring comparatively small, but they increased as the summer advanced. Impelled by the force of hunger and want, they came from the most distant parts of the country, unconscious of the distressed condition of the house, before the gate of which crowds of men, women and children confidently sat each day, expecting alms in the shape of food, and not infrequently of clothing. The prior, who governed the community in the Abbot's absence, seeing the multitude congregated had compassion on them, and being mindful that the Christian who possesses only a little, is bound to give of even that little, and that Religious are in very special manner the refuge of the poor, gave orders that the scanty provisions, necessary for the subsistence of the community, should be divided amongst all who sought relief at the gate. The order was strictly attended to: the number of applicants gradually increased; all were supplied; none were dismissed unsatisfied. Heaven approved of the heroic Charity of the community, and manifested its concurrence by a fact, which produced feeling of the most lively gratitude in every member of the house.

The Abbot, on his return from England, landed in Dublin, where, feeling the most intense solicitude for the distressed condition in which his community existed, and unable to discover by what effectual means he could possibly obtain assistance, took advantage of the lively interest manifested by some kind friends, and frequently communicated with them on the measures most advisable under existing circumstances. They unanimously concurred in recommending him to appeal to the people: he entered into their views, and, however, reluctant to his feelings, ascended the pulpit in the Church of St. Audeon's parish, on 21 June, and in a long pathetic discourse (1) feelingly depicted the distressed state of his community. The appeal was generously responded to by the benevolent inhabitants of that and many

other parishes, who had assembled on the occasion. The assistance obtained by that effort, though it exceeded the Abbot's expectations, was yet as nothing compared with the numerous claims which were to be satisfied on his return to the Abbey. Unwilling to protract his absence, and anxious to rejoin his brethren, he departed from the city; and on his journey, revolved in his mind the more than probable necessity of renewing the provisions, which he had, with some difficulty, procured before he left the Abbey. On his return home this was one of the first objects of his enquiry. But here the wonders of Divine Providence appeared forcibly displayed. The quantity of meal in the house, at his departure, was scarcely sufficient to supply the wants of the Community alone during three months, and no idea could be formed at that period, that the number of poor persons, who were to share it, would be so great. The Abbot was convinced that little (if any) remained at his return, and that the first object of his care should be to procure another supply. What then was his astonishment, when, having enquired of the steward, he was informed that though the Community and the poor were daily supplied the stock of meal appeared nothing diminished. It was now the month of July. The general distress of the poor was at its maximum. Crowds of them appeared each day at the gate. The Abbot, animated with the most lively feelings of compassion for their sufferings, renewed the order that all should be supplied with food. The stock of meal and potatoes was continually and heavily taxed, but yet no diminution was apparent. It is a fact, deserving the attention of the Reader, that this continued the same during more than three months, the number of poor persons, averaging each day more than seventy, a number of itself independently of the eighty members of which the community was composed, quite sufficient to consume all the provisions of the Abbey in less than one month.

Who will not here admire and praise the wonderful dispensations of Divine Providence? A poor, numerous, community of religious men, located on the side of a barren mountain, unprovided of funds, resources or human means necessary to support existence, labouring incessantly in the arduous and painful enterprise of reclaiming its stubborn and neglected soil, depending on the casual charity of humane friends, are thus enabled, I will presume to say, miraculously, not only to maintain their own existence, but to feed and preserve the lives of nearly five thousand of their fellow creatures, during a period of no ordinary calamity and distress! To insist on this subject by prolonged reflections would be offering an injury to the piety of the reader. (1)

The Abbot and his Brethren had been taught by the Royal Prophet from the commencement, to trust in the Lord with their whole hearts. They frequently heard, in their sacred offices, His Holy Spirit admonishing them to "Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee". Firmly established in the solidity of the Divine promises they committed themselves and their efforts to the care of the Amiable Providence which disposes all things sweetly, and raised their eyes to Heaven from whence they knew help would come to them. Practically convinced that the whole sum of Christian duties in comprised in the faithful observance of Divine Charity, in its two branches, the love of God and of our neighbour, their system, their lives, their everyday acts were one uninterrupted chain of exercises, regulated by the principles of that Heaven, born virtue, leading them by silent and secure gradations to its sublime perfection. For the love of God they had renounced the world, abandoned all is hopes, devoted their time to the practice of the severe morality of the Gospel. They neglected no occasion, compatible with the duties of their secluded state, to fulfill in the most generous way the precept of fraternal charity. Though many instances appear in which this Divine Charity or fraternal love, shed a brilliant lustre on the character of Mount Melleray Abbey, we will content ourselves here with recording one which occurred during the summer of the year 1840, and while the public distress, spoken of in this chapter, so extensively prevailed.

On a certain morning in the month of August, a poor young man appeared amongst the crowd of poor persons at the gate. His manner indicated more bashfulness than was generally manifested by those who came to solicit food, suffering under the pressure of hunger. During the preceding day he did not press forward, but waited patiently until the brother, who was charged with the care of relieving the poor, could attend to his wants. Having received an abundant supply of food, and expressed deep gratitude for the charity which had exercised in his favour, he departed, offering up fervent prayers for the community. Before he reached the gate of the avenue, the poor young man was suddenly attacked with violent spasms in his stomach, and fell senseless near a hedge, where he lay during some time, until he was accidentally discovered by one of the labourers employed at the abbey. who having raised the sufferer, supported him in his arms till he found means to dispatch a messenger to the house. The Abbot, having been informed of the sad occurrence, hastened to the relief of the apparently dying man. No time could be lost. The Abbot ordered that he be conveyed on men's shoulders to the Abbey, where he administered to him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and finding that he yet lived, ordered certain medicines, which he gave him with his own hand, and with such happy results, that the dying man

revived, the spasms ceased, and after three hours or unremitting exertion on the part of the Abbot and a few of his Brethren, was perfectly restored The Abbot then gave orders that he be supplied with food suited to his weak condition. a warm bed to be prepared, his filthy torn garments to be removed, and his body washed, and due attention paid to him during the night. In fine the poor creature was furnished next morning with a clean shirt, good clothing, a warm blanket, and, having taken sufficient breakfast, departed, invoking the blessings of Heaven on the charitable Abbot and Monks of Mount Melleray Abbey.

We will not indulge in superfluous commentaries on this example of true Christian Charity. The reader will not fail to observe, how clearly it demonstrated that the same spirit, which in ages long past away, animated the members of numerous religious orders, when they were the well supplied and ever flowing fountains of comfort to the poor, has been transmitted unimpaired to the destitute fraction of those illustrious orders, which despite the general ruin and long continued desolation of ages had been wonderfully preserved, and presented by the hand of Providence to the age in which we live...

Mount Melleray

By unknown author, unknown source

An establishment of monks of La Trappe, in the Parish of Lismore and Maccollop, barony of Coshmore and Coshbride. Co. Waterford.

It is situated on high ground, among the southern delivities of the Knockmealdown mountains, three miles north of Cappoquin, a little west of the mountain road from that town to Cahir. In 1831, when the monks of La Trappe were dispersed by the French government, about 50 of them, all of Irish or English birth, came to Ireland, and obtained from Sir Richard Keane, in the parish of Lismore and Mocollop, at a nominal rent, and for a period of 99 years, a tract of 575 acres of brown, healthy, stony, waste-mountain ground; and soon after their arrival, the issued printed hand-bills, promising prayers to the virgin for contributions to their necessities, and speedily found themselves aided with £100 from the Duke of Devonshire, subscriptions of Various amounts from the neighbouring gentry, and the gratuitous use of horses and cars, as well as large contributions of personal labour, from the surrounding peasantry. Their land was emphatically a useless and barren waste; and, besides been poor and excessively churlish in soil, it was so exceedingly stony that, in breaking $\frac{1}{2}$ it up, a dozen men required to go before each plough to pick up the stones. Two summits immediately on its east and north sides have altitudes above sea - level of respectively 1,003 and 1,096 feet; and the bed of a stream about a mile below the centre of the establishment has an elevation above sea level of 325 feet.

Their buildings comprise a chapel, a dormitory, a refectory and numerous farm offices; they are constructed of the stones which were picked off the land; and they were built, in three years, by the personal labor of the monks. The chapel is 160 feet long, with a steeple about 170 feet high; and has a large painted east window, and a profusion of florid carvings and glidings about the altar. The dormitory, in common with all the other domestic buildings, is very plainly constructed; and it is fitted up with ranges of wooden boxes, each of barely sufficient capacity for a bed and for space to dress and undress. The monks are now about 70 in number {1843}; they make their own butter and bread, and subsist wholly on these and on vegetables; they rise every morning at 2 O' clock; eat only two meals in the day, and maintain constant silence in each other's presence; and they wear a white cloth robe, and over this a black cape, with long ends reaching nearly to the feet, and a pointed hood of the same dark hue.

Mount Melleray Seminary **By unknown author, unknown source**

Ireland in the early 1830's was anything but "The Celtic Tiger", with extreme poverty and an almost total lack of education. What learning was available could be picked up from the wandering hedge-schoolmasters and occasionally from the local priest. The parish of Cappoquin was no exception to this rule and even more so the district known as Scrahan. The Cistercian monks arrived on the slopes of the Knockmealdown mountains in May 1832 and shortly afterwards a Mr. Peter Kenny and his wife, arrived from Co. Kilkenny. Seeing the dreadful conditions under which the children grew up they decided to open a small school. This establishment, the forerunner of Mount Melleray Seminary, commenced in a little building which was later to become the garage of the Ladies Guest House, it still stands.

The idea behind the venture was to provide a basic education for the children of the neighbourhood, and as neither he nor his wife appear to have been trained teachers, the learning imparted remained very basic. A few years later he obtained permission from Abbot Vincent Ryan to build, at his own expense, a small house. This was constructed just inside the entrance gate, it still stands, and to a room in this house Peter Kenny transferred his pupils. He was assisted in his work by his wife and, following her death, he retired to live as a guest within the monastery.

The school room was then transferred to the monastery farm-yard, to what later was called the Brazier's Shop, and later still the Coach House. This is not a very spacious place, approx. twenty feet by fifteen. Boys came to the school from all over the area and indeed some from a distance, there being no schools in the vicinity. Soon it proved to be too small for the number of mountain boys who came for classes, not to speak of those who wished to study the classics with a view to going on for the priesthood. It may be remarked, that while the Seminary lay under Fr. Clement's direction Classics and only the classics were taught there, even though Fr. Clement was a graduate of Trinity College and had degrees in Ancient Classics and Mathematics. On the 19 June 1845 the foundation stone of a new school building was laid by Abbot Vincent, his last public act. This was a one storey structure, roughly 100 feet long and thirty feet wide. The new edifice was divided by a stone wall, the eastern end being reserved for the mountain boys who were mainly taught English, Irish being then the only language of the district. A monk sometimes took charge of the class but generally the boys were in the care of a lay teacher.

The classical students, on the other side of the dividing wall, were taught by Fr. Clement Smyth, first President in what was to become Mount Melleray Seminary. Fr. Clement, a native of Finlea, Killaloe, Co. Clare, was born in 1810 and spent a number of years in the teaching order of the Presentation brothers until 1838 when he joined the community of Mount Melleray. His experience as a teacher made him eminently suitable for the task in the new college. He was responsible for the classics and seems to have been a great success as a teacher. In February 1846 Fr. Clement was appointed Prior of the monastery, second in command to the abbot, while still remaining attached to the school. In January 1847 he was sent to America to look for a suitable location for a proposed new foundation. He eventually became Prior of the monastery founded at New Melleray, in the State of Iowa, and was nominated Coadjutor bishop of the diocese of Dubuque in 1857. He acted as Apostolic Administrator of the diocese of Chicago before returning in 1868 to assume charge of the diocese of Dubuque following the death of Bishop Loras.

Br. Xavier Melville, born 1810, a native of Askeaton Co. Limerick, hitherto assistant to Fr. Clement, was appointed President of the school in 1847, a position in which he remained until 1863. He had worked in a bank for a time and before entering the monastery he too was a Presentation Brother just as Frs. Clement and Fr. James were. One of his assistants for a time was Fr. James O Gorman, born in Cranna, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary. He taught, part-time, in the classical school and was sent to America 8 May 1849, where he served as Prior of New Melleray before being chosen as Vicar Apostolic, with the dignity of a bishop, in 1859. He died a victim of cholera while attending the sick at Cincinnati 1874.

Br. Xavier, though by no means a good teacher, was held in very high regard by all who met him and in local folk-lore was referred as "King of the Mountain". He had a great interest in drama and at the end of each school year staged what he called "An Exhibition". It was not long before he found that the space available in the classical school was not large enough for all those who wished to attend this annual event as the reputation of the new college in Mount Melleray had spread and pupils began to flock to the monastery school. In 1853 he had the stone wall removed, it being replaced later by a wooden partition. This again proved to be insufficient and so in 1853 he got the masons of the community with some outside help to build the class rooms to the east of the existing building. These were three in number and the one at the eastern end of the building was reserved for the mountain boys. This arrangement continued until 1865 when the monastery had the National School, usually called the "Poor School", built just at the east side of what became known as "the play-road". Toilets were built to the north of this building at a later stage. The local boys henceforth attended class in the new school, the old and extended one storey building being reserved for the classical students. It should be pointed out here that all of these students paid little or nothing towards their education, in fact many of them were fed by the monks, the

boys' families being too poor to do so. Many priests began their course of studies in this "Poor School" among them at least one bishop, Dr. John Coleman of Armidale, Australia. The latter always attributed his vocation to Fr. Augustine who for many years supervised the running of the institution. One day as the boys were at play in front of the school Fr Augustine called over John Coleman. "Would you like to be a priest," he asked. "I'd love to" Was the reply. The bishop often related this to the neighbours in later years. In passing it may be mentioned that the building now used as a parish hall by the local community was originally the school built for the girls of the district by Fr. Walsh, parish priest of Cappoquin The adjoining house was for the use of the teacher provided by the school.

Fr. Ignatius Foley, appointed President in 1863 following the resignation of Brother Xavier, set up a class of Logic In 1863 and placed it in the care of Mr. Conroy, an ex-Maynooth student. Mr. Conroy remained teaching for a year before moving to Newfoundland where he became an advocate, and eventually a judge, in the legal system there. This appointment was made by Fr. Ignatius shortly after his taking up duty as President, a post in which he remained for the next 44 years, though he seems to have continued as teacher of the Classics for some time. His favourite authors, as a teacher of these subjects, were Horace, Virgil, Tacitus and Cicero. Following the departure of Mr. Conroy the Philosophy class was always taught by a monk and this practice continued until the closure of the college. The best known of these monk-professors was Fr. Stanislaus Hickey, later the author of the three volume standard text book called wryly (Brief Summary of Scholastic Philosophy) "Summula Philosophiae Scholasticae", a compendium that came to be used world - wide in English speaking colleges, and which remained in use right up until the time of the Vatican Council. He was elected Abbot of Mount Melleray in 1931 following the death of Dom Maurus Phelan. Abbot Maurus had a span of over thirty years of association with the college and never lost his love of the place. Another who had long years of service there was Fr. Finbar Cashrnan, later Abbot of Mount Melleray, who never forgot the students who passed through his hands during his years as dean of studies. He was a strict disciplinarian, but dealings with the students was always tempered with kindness and charity, his past pupils held him in the highest regard.

It is not certain in what year facilities were made available for late vocations, but it certainly goes back to the last century and was highly regarded by many bishops throughout the English speaking world. The system was that those too old for the normal curriculum of the secondary classical educational system were given a special grinding in the Latin language, while at the same time availing themselves of the opportunity of improving their knowledge of English literature and other disciplines. On the completion of two, or occasionally just one year of study, the students graduated to the Philosophy class, where a working knowledge of Latin was necessary, the text being in that language. There were only two institutes in the country where this facility for late vocations was then available, Mount Melleray and Mungret College. Many excellent priests passed through the system though both colleges have now gone out of existence

There was no sleeping accommodation available in Mount Melleray in the early days of the Seminary, so those who came from a distance were boarded-out with the neighbours. A list of those houses survives from the early days of the school and they are as follows: Miss Walsh's (probably in the grounds of what later became the guest house for ladies. Miss Walsh was the teacher appointed to educate the girls of the area), The Lodge (Peter Kenny's house just inside the entrance to the monastery grounds), The Hotel (this building with its little shop, lay on the eastern side of the Newcastle Road very near the Kenny place), P White's (one hundred yards on the northern side of the Clogheen road) , J Shea (Knockaunacuit, one mile on the southern side of the afore-mentioned road) , Mrs, Hayden (the nearest neighbour immediately to the east of the monastery) , Roger Whelan (to the west of the house occupied until very recently by Ned O Donnell), Tom Hurtin (on B6thar Bui Re approx. 800 yards on the southern side of the Clogheen road) , John Downing (at the lower end of the abbey farm), Mrs. Donoghue (possibly the dwelling presently occupied by the Mangan at the bottom of Melleray Hill), Michael Brien, Jack Brien (possibly what is now known as "Katie's"), Widow Neelan (this was in Scrahan West near the Downing home), Bidy Millea (very close to the glen at the bottom of the farm and close to the Downings) , Jessy Malloy (probably Millea as there is no tradition of the Malloy name in the district), Jack Donnell (possibly the dwelling-now owned by the O Donoghue family, adjoining the Ryans on Crow-Hill), Bill Donnell, Mac Carthy (on the Clogheen road, northern side). The above list is taken from a note book dated 1861 but it is very well known that Fr. Basil Foley, a native of Old Parish, while a student at the college stayed with the Ryans of Crow Hill (to the north east of the monastery) and that the Flynns (very close to the Boarding houses) also kept boarders, so it is probable that the above list is not exhaustive. Fr. Aloysius O Keefe, later the historian and annalist of the monastery, stayed with the Downings about half a mile south of the monastery, and the future Abbot Maurus Phelan, with our near neighbours the Haydens.

Fr. Ignatius, appointed President following the resignation of Br. Xavier, was always concerned with the problem of accommodation for the students. Boarding out was acceptable in good weather but in the depth of winter it placed a great hardship on the boys. In 1867 with the approval and financial help of the abbot, he began the construction of suitable accommodation, later called the Boarding Houses, near the

entrance gate. Aid was solicited from many quarters including the Holy See. One of his main benefactors was a Mr. Richard Devereux of Wexford. The new edifice was built as three houses, work beginning with the lower house adjoining the dwelling erected by Peter Kenny. The foundation stone of this structure was laid 31 July 1867 and was ready for occupation 14 September 1868. The whole complex was completed in six years and from then on all those from afar ate, slept and studied there while classes continued to be taught in the upper school. Fr. Ignatius continued to supervise the college until his 85th year and then the decision to retire was taken after he had been felled by a strong wind.

In the years 1901-02 the roof of the old classical building was taken off and an upper storey added to accommodate extra classes. Abbot Carthage then proceeded, in 1903, to add another building to the complex, at right angles northwards of the existing building, for use as a science block. Design etc. was in the hands of Mr. Beary, town engineer Dungarvan, and the actual construction was entrusted to Mr. Creedon of Fermoy. From this date onwards lay teachers were employed on a regular basis as assistants to the monks. Abbot Stanislaus Hickey (1931-33) undertook the provision of a chapel for the college, the last building to be erected during the lifetime of the seminary. Mass had, until then, been celebrated in the large study hall in the Boarding House.

In the beginning the college was opened to provide education for the poor boys of the area but as soon as the fame of the place spread attendance grew and many of the students wished to go on for the priesthood. Thus the classics were taken up, and as seen above the teaching of philosophy. The majority of the young men passing through the college were destined for the priesthood, and this tendency continued until the 1940's. Many bishops began their ecclesiastical education there, and Fr. Nivard Flood-one time President of the Seminary- used to say that at one time the entire hierarchy of Australia were past pupils of Mount Melleray. Some of the better known past pupils in the ecclesiastical field were Bishop Tom Ryan, secretary to Pope John XXIII, Bishop Mullins of Menevia, Mgr. Michael Olden President of Maynooth. The great emphasis on the classics and philosophy did not preclude other activities and interests. Br. Xavier Melville began the musical tradition and the student could, without much trouble, provide a musical session of classical music on the occasion of the "Exhibition", known to the boys as 'Glee' day. A qualified teacher of instrumental music was employed and for many years Mr. John Power of Clonmel filled this position. Among the lay staff may be mentioned Sean O Cuirrin, noted Gaelic scholar, Mr. T. Olden a fine scholar in the field of English literature and Mr. J. McCarthy who excelled in English and History, all three of whom are buried in the public cemetery of Mount Melleray.

Early in this century The Royal University of Ireland extended to suitably equipped educational centres the facility of conferring degrees. External or Correspondence courses are a commonplace in this day and age but in the early 1900's it was a coveted award. Mount Melleray Seminary applied for approval and after due deliberation the board of the university granted the request. The courses, with Mr. T. Ebrill a member of the staff as tutor, and the examinations were pursued in the Seminary but at all times under the inspection of the Board, external examiners being used to monitor examinations. The students of the Mount proved very successful in this field and An Sleibhteanach (The Mountaineer- the school magazine) 1912 features seven graduates. Among those who won a B.A degree, while attending Mount Melleray Seminary, may be numbered Daniel O Connell, later Abbot Celsus, who graduated in Mathematics and John Luddy, Fr. Ailbe, who read the classics with distinction. It may be pointed out that Denis Luddy, a brother of the former, also left the seminary with a B.A degree. The suppression of the Royal University brought this very useful scheme to an end.

Mr. Kenny and his wife opened their school to provide a basic education for the boys of the neighbourhood, but under the control of the monks the establishment quickly assumed the character of a minor seminary, where the students were prepared for the study of theology in a major seminary. This remained the policy until late in the stewardship of Br. Xavier when provision was made for a higher education for those who so desired but who did not intend to go on for the priesthood. By the turn of the century a large group of these latter students mainly from a farming background, were present and it was felt that some provision should be made for them in the science of agriculture. Nothing came of these ideas but they were never far below the surface of the President's mind. In 1916 it was decided to approach the Department of Agriculture for assistance and advice in setting up an agricultural division in the seminary, the idea being to incorporate the new venture in the 1917 prospectus. The officials in Dublin ignored the request and so it was decided to go it alone. Some ground, behind the "Poor School" was acquired from the monastery and this was laid out in plots. The designation "The Plots" survived long after the demise of the agricultural division. Further ground was handed over to the students and some thousands of young trees, Larch, Spruce, Beech, Chestnut, Black Fir and Corsican Pine, were planted by way of a shelter belt in the 1917-1918 season. Poultry were already being reared near the "Boarding Houses" and now the new farmyard in the "Homestead", was stocked with milch cows. These first cows were of the shorthorn variety and among them one pure bred cow. It was intended to gradually rear a pure bred herd of this variety. In 1918 the first College Cooperative Society in Ireland was established and ever afterwards the "Homestead" was more familiarly known as the "Co-op". Some pigs were also procured

and the students experimented with various kinds of feeding mixtures during the winter months. Records of these experiments were written down but unfortunately have not survived. The venture thrived for many years but in the late 20's problems arose, resulting in the sudden closure of the entire project in 1931. The ground used by the students reverted to the abbey farm, as did the buildings, some of which still survive and are still called the "Co-op".

The aftermath of the French Revolution saw the total suppression of the Cistercian Order in Europe, though many monks remained loyal to their celibate vocation while labouring for a paltry existence as parish priests in various places. Fr. Augustine de Lestrange had been novice master of the Abbey of La Trappe in Normandy prior to its suppression, and with the full approval of his Superiors set up a house of refuge in Switzerland at a former Carthusian monastery called La Val Sainte to which monks from all over France gravitated. Government approval for this venture was for a maximum of 25 monks, so Dom Augustine was soon forced to establish colonies elsewhere. The monks moved out over Europe in groups and in time set up new, or reopened old, monasteries. The local authorities, particularly in Eastern Europe would allow these to remain only on condition that they provided an education for the young. Thus it was that many monasteries eventually thrived precisely because they ran colleges. Teaching, as such, was never in accordance with Cistercian ideals, but necessity brought about its general acceptance in the immediate post-Revolutionary era. Another form of the college idea was the provision of a juniorate within the monastery, as was the case up to recent times in the Abbey of Viaceli, Spain. The Cistercian Order gradually re-established itself in western Europe but in the form of independent congregations. In France those of La Trappe, Sept-Fons, together with Westmalle in Belgium, and that of Casamari in Italy were very close in outlook and came to be regarded as "strict" congregations. Mount Melleray belonged to that of La Trappe. Some monasteries within these groupings still retained colleges but gradually the influence of central authority, particularly following the union in 1892 of the congregations of France and Belgium, ended with the closure of most of the institutes of education. The tide of opinion, in Mount Melleray, was slowly changing and by 1971, when Dom Pol O hAonusa was elected Abbot following the resignation of Dom Finbar, the majority favoured closure. A delegation of the teaching staff went to the new Abbot asking him to undertake a program of renovation/rebuilding of the college fabric. He undertook to study the question and following consultations with architects and builders presented his findings to the community. A series of discussions followed, and following these a vote was taken which resulted in the decision to close. All the staff members were placed in other colleges and provision was made also for students for whom the seminary authorities felt a responsibility. Mount Melleray Seminary finally closed its doors in June 1974. Fr. Francis Carton, the last President, was responsible for much of the details regarding the smooth running down of the Seminary.

The buildings remained idle for some years, except for their occasional use by Youth Clubs in the Dublin area. This ceased when neighbours objected because of damage to property, which damage was laid at the door of the youth groups. In 1977 the Catholic Boy Scouts of Ireland (C.B.S.I.) celebrated the Golden Jubilee, (Jamborora), of its foundation on the monastic property, the Boarding Houses being used as headquarters for the event. The location proved very attractive to the scouting movement and had been taken on a five year lease in the names of four senior scouts. On 1 April 1982 a 21 year lease was agreed at a nominal rent. The C.B.S.I. is responsible for its maintenance.

Meanwhile the class room block remained unoccupied and generally unused, and the lack of heating resulted in a general deterioration in the fabric. The community took the decision in late 1996 to demolish the lot, including the section used as a souvenir shop.

The contract was signed in late December 1996 but a few legal difficulties prevented the contractor from beginning on time. Work commenced in January but bad weather caused delays in the actual work of demolition. It is to be noted that much of the furnishings e.g. wainscoting, window sills, slates, tiles, floor blocks were salvaged and sold by the contractor. It was because of this possibility that he was enabled to quote a rather low price for the work. The Poor School walls were pulled down on March 12/13th. and demolition of the main building began on 13 March. The last section came down on 27 March 1997.

At the moment of writing the buildings, dating from the 1840s, behind the former class room block are being renovated for use as a heritage room, audio visual centre and souvenir shop. It is to be noted that these structures were erected as cow houses and feed storage places. The space in front of them is being landscaped and it is hoped to place the statue of Our Lady, which formerly stood on top of the class-room building, in a place of prominence as a memorial to the now defunct Mount Melleray Seminary/College.

History of the Foundation of Mount Melleray

By Dom Vincent de Paul Ryan

VinHis.doc
Chapter II.

He is joined by some of the brethren from Rathmore: they construct a temporary Chapel of wood: their manner of life: the foundation of the preparatory house on Mount Melleray.

The Prior, on entering Bethlehem, was labouring under a painful affection of the chest, in consequence of a severe cold, which he had taken during some of his recent journeys, and his lodging in the cottage was cold and damp, which certainly were qualifications not very favourable to such an indisposition: still he became insensibly better. The brethren whom he ordered from Kerry, arrived successively; their number at length increased to 20, and this lodging was consequently inconvenient. Some were compelled to form beds on a sort of loft made in the stable, the covering of which being insufficient to defend them from the heavy rains, they were frequently obliged to change places during the night, in order to seek some part where they might be more protected. The Prior established regularity as far as the circumstances allowed him to do so. The community rose at two in the morning. There were only three choir religious. These assembled in the wooden Chapel, through the slender roof of which the rains had free access. During the seven months that the brethren resided in Bethlehem, they were frequently inundated, and could scarcely find a spot free of water either to sit, kneel or stand. The room, wherein the Prior slept, allowed a passage to the water through the lower parts of the walls, in such a manner, that it remained on the earthen floor in pools, and he found it necessary to use precaution in order to keep his feet from being immersed therein. By the air of a small bell the hours of the Divine Office were announced by night and day: the lecture before Compline and the meals had their appointed time. Their food consisted of potatoes, bread (when they could procure it), and sour milk which they purchased at the distance of two miles. From time to time some charitable neighbours brought them a few eggs, butter, a little sweet milk, potatoes and turf, for here they had nothing. And yet all were content, no one fell sick, all appeared cheerful and animated to endure the severity of their present condition, and grateful to God for possessing the treasure of their holy state. During two months the prior and the brethren, who were with him, went frequently up to the higher grounds: all yet remained without a fence: nothing could be done. At length they resolved to erect a small house, but the want of funds rendered the Prior timid: yet the extreme inconvenience of their situation compelled him to make an effort. They had passed a part of one winter in a state of suffering that exceeds description: the idea of being exposed to endure the same another winter was more than sufficient to induce the Prior to vanquish his fears, & attempt some sort of edifice. It was now near the end of June: in a few months more winter would commence his reign of terror: the small house was resolved upon. The fame of this extraordinary enterprise began to be diffused through all the country, in every part, the new establishment of the Trappists on the barren mountain became the leading topic. Some persons considered the undertaking as the result of folly; others thought that these men were not really determined to continue an enterprise, that would have discouraged even a Hercules: but all prevention yielded to the perseverance of these penitent solitaries, and the people soon formed the resolution to assist them, at least by their labour.

The foundation of the Preparatory building was not yet laid, when the Rev. Mr Qualy, curate of the parish of Modeligo, inflamed with the desire to assist those poor servants of Christ, raised his voice in the midst of his flock, and spoke so emphatically on the merit of assisting them, that many of his hearers formed the resolution to go over to the mountains, and work a day for them. Rev. Mr. Qualy declared he would accompany them. In consequence of this resolution 400 men assembled on the morning of the 17th of July (1832) and with heir generous curate at their head, marched from the parish for Mount Melleray. They entered the town of Cappelquin at about 7 am, preceded by a band of music, and roused the inhabitants by the novelty of the sight. They arrived at the cottage, where the community resided: the prior received Mr. Qualy with all the feeling of the most sincere gratitude: the latter celebrated the Holy Mysteries in he timber chapel, and, after breakfast, joined his people, who were already employed in raising the first fence on the lands of Mount Melleray. He continued with them, exhorting, encouraging, and animating them, until five pm. when the musical band of Cappelquin appeared on he ground playing the National tune "St. Patrick's Day", which the workmen hearing gave hearty cheers for "old Ireland", shouldered their spades, as soldiers do muskets, and marched off in ranks four deep, he Curate and band preceding.

The men thus advancing were saluted by the peasantry, whose cottages stand on or near the road side leading to Cappelquin: a farmer's wife came out of one holding a spade ornamented with flowers, and walked before the men in a sort of triumph. Advancing a little further, they came up to a poor woman,

bearing a load of heath, who enquiring what all this meant, was answered that the men of Modeligo parish were returning home after giving a day's labour to the poor monks on the mountain. Hearing this she cast down her load, and running into a cabin near at hand, brought some fire, and with sign of enthusiastic joy, set the whole fruits of her day's labour in a flame, to honour the generous labourers. Not far distant they were met by Sir Richard Keane and his amiable Lady, and their presence called forth the most animated cheers from the whole multitude. The honourable Baronet and his equally gratified Consort saluted them most kindly, and expressed their mutual satisfaction at the generous act performed by these men, and the good order in which they returned home. Advancing towards the town, they entered Sir Richard's lawn, and going round the house, gave repeated cheers for the family, whilst the inhabitants of Cappoquin had lighted up fires at their approach, to honour their generous conduct. They now entered the town amidst the animated cheers of the joyful inhabitants, the band playing one of our favourite national tunes. They marched throughout the principal street, and after going round the chapel three times, were conducted by the inhabitants out on the high road, where, after mutual cheering, they departed, highly gratified with the events of the day.

Thus did the good people of Modeligo honour the commencement of the foundation of Mount Melleray Abbey, and exhibit an example which was imitated during the ensuing months by many other parishes. Their pious Curate, Rev. Mr. Qualy, first sounded the trumpet of charitable zeal, and roused the people on every side. The people of the parish of Cappoquin, unwilling to be thus vanquished in generous acts, arose, and on the 24th of the same month, sent 800 men, who in one day raised the fence of the side next to the public road. Rev. Mr. Qualy, being determined to give the public energy new impulse, appeared again in Cappoquin on his way to Mount Melleray, at the head of 800 men on the 31st of the same month. But Cappoquin was resolved to most nobly generous, as being the immediate neighbour of the new colony, and therefore, animated with universal zeal, this people at the invitation of their pastor came to a determination to unite in one great body, and hold forth an example that no other parish could excel. Whilst preparations were being made, the Rev. Mr. Walsh, Curate of Knockanore, arrived at the head of 250 men, who with extraordinary zeal raised the first hedge on the avenue.

The parish of Cappoquin, being now prepared the 31st of July (1832) was the day appointed for the grand display of their charitable zeal. At an early hour they began to assemble in the town: their parish priest, the Rev. John Walsh, and his curate the Rev. Mr. Spratt (1) appeared and encouraged them to proceed. A great Cross had been previously made for the occasion by order of Mr. Leopold Keane, the second of Sir Richard's sons (2), and adorned with flowers by Lady Keane. All being ready the assembly began to move: the Priests, mounted on horses, led the way after the Cross, the band of music followed, and then the people, numbering about 1500, came in regular order, each bearing a spade or some other instrument of labour. There were also in addition about 200 women: the procession closed with many carts, carrying provisions for the people. The Community abode at that time in Bethlehem, and the sound of the music announced to them the near approach of this grand procession: when looking from the door towards the hill of the road they beheld the ornamented Cross borne in triumph, and the priests riding immediately after it: then the musicians, workmen with their implements of labour, women, boys, girls, horses and carts, came in full view. Words are insufficient to express the tender emotions which this grand scene produces in the breasts of the brethren. Here they beheld a public homage done to the religious state - a manifestation of sympathy and interest offered by a generous people, as a balm to heal the wounds so recently inflicted by the hands of infidelity in a foreign land. How did the Prior exclaim "Oh happy Ireland! Whose faith, encouraged by ages of persecution, shines brilliantly on this memorable day! . Spirit of our Sainly Fathers! Thou livest in their sons. That faith which rendered Ireland illustrious, though assailed & tortured during centuries, is still vigorous and prepared to exert its beneficent influence, when virtue and religion require assistance. Unhappy France! Behold the contrast, equally degrading to thee, and honourable to this island. Those religious men, whom you so lately treated with contempt and refined cruelty , whom you cast forth as a nuisance and expelled as criminals because they were faithful to their God and his Religion, are now cherished and revered by distressed but faithful & compassionate Ireland. The religious state, at once the precious fruit of Christianity and the honour of human nature, which you calumniated, persecuted and rejected, is here duly appreciated, aided and consoled. Strangers to, or rather apostates from, the faith of your fathers, you despised and endeavoured to destroy that light, which, during fifteen years, exposed your deformity, and, attempting to pluck up the tree, you merely lopped off one of its vigorous branches, foolishly imagining that now the trunk should perish, but you thus became blind

(1) He died as Parish Priest of Cappoquin.

(2) Master Leopold Keane is now Colonel Keane. He lives with his nephew, Sir Richard near Cappoquin.

agents for its propagation and increase: the branch, which your malice removed and cast from your soil, will, under the fostering care of Divine providence, become a tree, whilst the mutilated trunk shall bud forth anew, and both stand invincible witnesses to your impotent efforts against the power of God"

The Priests and People passed on by Bethlehem up to the north bounds of the Abbey lands, the band playing "Patrick's Day", and commenced the fences of that extensive range. Nothing could exceed the ardour they displayed: men, women and even children vie with each other on the occasion. They were not yet arrived at the place of labour, when another company appeared from the western point of the parish, preceded by a band of music. The two companies, mutually cheering, commenced operations, while the zealous Pastors moved along the lines, animating and encouraging them to the work. Sir Richard, having sent all his labourers both male and female, came about the hour of noon, accompanied by his lady and almost every member of his family, to honour the scene. Sir Richard Musgrave sent sixty operatives and refreshments: the whole number exceeded on that day 2000 persons. There might be seen delicate females carrying stones or large sods of earth to the men, young boys and girls busily employed in procuring materials for the fences: even the blind and lame concurred. One blind man, having procured a boy to lead him, carried materials, and a poor sick man, unable to work, gave the hire of a day to compensate for his incapacity.

In the meantime, about 200 women were employed in preparing dinner: fires blazed on various parts of the mountain, and at about 2 P.M., the whole multitude, ranged in companies, sat down on the heathy surface to a frugal repast, while merry Pipers employed their instruments to cheer the rural scene. All was joy, spirit, and zeal. Many of the surrounding gentry were present, and the most delightful concord universally prevailed. The day being concluded, the Musicians stood ready with their instruments, the people were ranged in files, and then all moved off as they came in the morning to the tune of "Patrick's Day". Advancing to the town, fires blazed in many places to honour the generous acts the people who had remained at home, met them at their return with enthusiastic cheering: the town appeared animated as if celebrating some public feat, whilst, the sound of the music mingled with the cheers of the gladdened multitudes, was re-echoed from the adjacent hills. To honour religion yet more they made a triple circuitous route around the chapel, as did the people of Modeligo, and then those who resided in the country parts, being led out on the road, all separated with mutual cheers, wishing prosperity to the new establishment.

Thus ended the most celebrated day, on which the parish of Cappoquin gave a public testimony of its zeal, and by assisting in this noble work, raised to itself a monument of imperishable glory. The fame of this proceeding soon roused the people of Lismore, who dwelling so contiguous to Cappoquin, would also take part in the good work. Wherefore a short notice was given, and on the 20th of August 200 men with many women, appeared in Cappoquin and advanced with their curate the Rev. Mr. Power at their head to Mount Melleray. Eight days after this, the Rev. Mr. Walsh of Knockanore arrived early in the morning at the head of 270. This was his second visit. On the third of September, the parish of Newcastle sent 300 men, under the direction of Mr. William Mulcahy, and on the following

day 500 men came from the parish of Aglish. In the meantime the Rev. Mr. Qualy, who had given the impulse, was reanimating his generous flock, and on the 13th. of September appeared the third time on the Mountain, leading 1000 operatives. Rev. Mr. Walsh of Knockanore being resolved to imitate this example, arrived two days after, name the 15th at the head of 1000 men, all most zealously animated. On the 18th., three days after, Newcastle deputed 430 men the second time, with two companies of musicians, and on the following day arrived the Rev. Mr. Power of Lismore, also a second time, with 420 men and women, among whom were respectable Mothers and Mistresses of families, who did not disdain to employ themselves in carrying stones and earth to form the fences. One of the most remarkable instances of zeal givers at this time was that of the men of Clashmore, distant about 12 miles. These, in number about 200, leaving their homes without leader or guide, traveled that distance, and arrived at Melleray about the hour of six in the morning, where, having worked to the hour of five in the afternoon, returned home in the most perfect order. But a yet greater zeal was manifested by some of the parish of Ballynoe, in the County of Cork, in number about 150, who set out at midnight, travelled 15 miles, and arrived at the little house at Bethlehem at four in the morning, in time sufficient to assist at the first Mass. They spent the entire day at work, departed at five in the afternoon, and arrived home at their homes between eleven and twelve at night, thus they were twenty four hours without rest. In fine the parish of Tallow, unwilling to remain idle spectators of these proceedings, assembled 1000, who, having walked, some seven others ten or more miles, arrived at Melleray between the hours of eight and nine, about the end of September, and worked during the day with animated zeal. A very remarkable circumstance occurred on this day which fixed the attention of many persons. A certain Mason, being urged by his neighbours to join them in their visit to Melleray for the purpose of giving his day's work at building the Preparatory house then in progress, consented at length reluctantly, and set out with the company. The men, having stopped on the road to take someone refreshment, the Mason, who was an unwilling companion, seizing the occasion turned aside, and by private ways went home, but was almost immediately attacked by cholera, and died the day.

This event, which may have happened in the natural order of things, was nevertheless considered by many of the people as a punishment, and served much to add new force to the spirit that animated them, and the work performed by them clearly proved the sincerity of their dispositions. To gratify the reader, and to set on record the generous acts of these different parishes, we will here set down in successive order their names and the number of operators sent by them to assist the new colony of Mount Melleray.

			Total
Parish of Modeligo	Rev. Mr. Qualy.	in 3 visits	2200
Parish of Cappoquin	Rev. Mr. Walsh	in 2 visits	2800
Parish of Knockanoe	Rev. Mr. Walsh	in 3 visits	1520
Parish of Lismore	Rev. Mr. Power	in 2 visits	620
Parish of Newcastle		in 2 visits	750
Parish of Aglish	Rev. Mr. O Connor	in 1 visit	500
Parish of Tallow	Rev. Mr. Condon *	in 1 visit	1000
Parish of Clashmore		in 3 visits	200
Parish of Ballynoe, Co. Cork		in 2 visits	<u>200</u>
			9790

There were at different periods other small companies, who came to assist, and these, if added to the above would swell the total of the operatives to 10000. By their united efforts the greater part of the hitherto fenceless plain was enclosed, and some other fences thrown up. Also, twenty masons came from Cappoquin and Lismore, to assist in building the preparatory house, of which we will say something before we arrive at the period of laying the first stone of the great abbey.

Extraordinary exertion to complete the interior of the Church: exterior works continued: heroic Charity of the Community during the prevalence of a distressing season, in the summer of the year 1840.

The reader will bear in mind the fact that the community of Mount Melleray were from the period of the Commencement of this establishment, unprovided of funds or pecuniary resources. Their condition in that important point, did not improve as years increased. They were now in the seventh year, equally as destitute as they were in the first year. The Abbey was indeed in a forward state, it afforded them a habitation, but yet imperfectly provided with objects of indispensable necessity. Their beds were supported by loose pieces of broken timber, roughly and incoherently put together. Rains and winds found free admission through the numerous unprotected doors: exteriorly no enclosing walls of defense were yet raised. The Church was indeed finished with its stalls, desks and temporary altars, but the timber works having nothing but their natural shade, were exposed to the deteriorating influence of a moist atmosphere, and much fear was entertained, that, if allowed to remain in that exposed condition during the winter, damage to a very great extent would be the inevitable consequence. Still, what could be done? The painting and decorating could not be effected without great expense: the community was wholly unprovided of funds or resources: firm confidence in Divine Providence decided the question: the Abbot resolved to proceed: a painter was engaged, and the work commenced early in the spring.

During considerable part of the time, while the painter advanced carelessly in his noisome paths, the community were compelled to assemble in the great Chapter-room, where they attended with their accustomed regularity, to the various offices: a temporary altar was hastily raised" and all matters, relative to the Divine Service, obtained the same attention as when the ceremonies were performed in the Church. The many serious inconveniences, arising from this contractor substitute, were cheerfully endured in the hope, that the painter would, in a few months, complete the work, which he had commenced with apparent energy and determination. But he had secured to himself the entire affair, and either by want of principle, or under the influence of avaricious views, he embraced the offer of every transient employment; reserving for the Church of Mount Melleray Abbey a small portion of his time and attention, that was merely sufficient to prove that he had not totally abandoned it. Thus weeks, months, nearly an entire year, passed: until at length the original painter finally left the work to be completed by others, with additional expense and inconvenience to the community.

Divine Providence, whose protection had been so invariably manifested in favour of this establishment from the commencement, did not disappoint the firm confidence of the Abbot and his Brethren, on occasions of the work now under consideration. Though no resources were open, yet, by various channels, assistance arrived sufficient to enable them to continue the operations in progress, but not of a character to remove from them their usual state of distressing penury. In addition to the completion of the church, which held the first place in their estimation, various operations were necessary to provide exterior offices (I), regular enclosing walls, stables etc., for cattle. Unprovided as the community was of funds, it required much strength of mind to form the determined resolution necessary to commence these works. The want of these offices and conveniences was so pressing that the Abbot felt compelled to give every direction for their general execution, previous to his departure to the new monastery of Mount St. Bernard in England.

* He died as Parish Priest of Lismore.

Another and very urgent motive for undertaking these works, arose at this time, namely, early in the spring of 1840: the partial failure of the crops in various parts of the Kingdom during the last year, produced such a dearth of provisions, that food could be obtained only at an extraordinary price. Labourers could obtain no sort of employment, not, even in various instances, for no other remuneration than food sufficient to support life. Many poor families, who resided in the vicinity of the Abbey, feeling the weight of the awful visitations, and sharing in the general calamity, were reduced to conditions of the most lamentable distress, unprovided of food, unable to obtain employment; no alternative remained for them but to sell anything or everything they possessed, and then go forth through the country, swelling the already too great numbers of distressed poor, who were compelled to seek, by mendicancy, means to support life.

The Abbot of Mount Melleray, feeling the most tender compassion for these poor people, and anxious to relieve their wants, though his community subsisted only by public charity prudently considered that to employ as many as possible of these his distressed neighbours, would be the best mode of securing them from the pernicious effects of a wandering mendicant life. By giving them employment, he would at once provide for their wants at home, and effect some of the numerous improvements indispensably necessary for the well being of the establishment, over which he presided. The difficulty was how money could be found to pay these labourers. Full of confidence in Divine Providence, he commenced the work, and that sacred fountain which never dried since the commencement of the foundation supplied on this occasion, those streams which passing through him were conveyed to the humble dwelling of the suffering peasant, and cheerfully partitioned among the numerous mendicants, who daily applied for relief at the gate of the Abbey.

Having arranged everything with a view to effect these important objects, the Abbot took his departure on the Tuesday after Easter Sunday. He had little cash to leave with the prior, but trusted in the Almighty. The number of poor persons who presented themselves at the gate each day for food, was at that early period of spring comparatively small, but they increased as the summer advanced. Impelled by the force of hunger and want, they came from the most distant parts of the country, unconscious of the distressed condition of the house, before the gate of which crowds of men, women and children confidently sat each day, expecting alms in the shape of food, and not infrequently of clothing. The prior, who governed the community in the Abbot's absence, seeing the multitude congregated had compassion on them, and being mindful that the Christian who possesses only a little, is bound to give of even that little, and that Religious are in very special manner the refuge of the poor, gave orders that the scanty provisions, necessary for the subsistence of the community, should be divided amongst all who sought relief at the gate. The order was strictly attended to: the number of applicants gradually increased; all were supplied; none were dismissed unsatisfied. Heaven approved of the heroic Charity of the community, and manifested its concurrence by a fact, which produced feeling of the most lively gratitude in every member of the house.

The Abbot, on his return from England, landed in Dublin, where, feeling the most intense solicitude for the distressed condition in which his community existed, and unable to discover by what effectual means he could possibly obtain assistance, took advantage of the lively interest manifested by some kind friends, and frequently communicated with them on the measures most advisable under existing circumstances. They unanimously concurred in recommending him to appeal to the people: he entered into their views, and, however, reluctant to his feelings, ascended the pulpit in the Church of St. Audeon's parish, on 21 June, and in a long pathetic discourse (1) feelingly depicted the distressed state of his community. The appeal was generously responded to by the benevolent inhabitants of that and many other parishes, who had assembled on the occasion. The assistance obtained by that effort, though it exceeded the Abbot's expectations, was yet as nothing compared with the numerous claims which were to be satisfied on his return to the Abbey. Unwilling to protract his absence, and anxious to rejoin his brethren, he departed from the city; and on his journey, revolved in his mind the more than probable necessity of renewing the provisions, which he had, with some difficulty, procured before he left the Abbey. On his return home this was one of the first objects of his enquiry. But here the wonders of Divine Providence appeared forcibly displayed. The quantity of meal in the house, at his departure, was scarcely sufficient to supply the wants of the Community alone during three months, and no idea could be formed at that period, that the number of poor persons, who were to share it, would be so great. The Abbot was convinced that little (if any) remained at his return, and that the first object of his care should be to procure another supply. What then was his astonishment, when, having enquired of the steward, he was informed that though the Community and the poor were daily supplied the stock of meal appeared nothing diminished. It was now the month of July. The general distress of the poor was at its maximum. Crowds of them appeared each day at the gate. The Abbot, animated with the most lively feelings of compassion for their sufferings, renewed the order that all should be supplied with food. The stock of meal and potatoes was continually and heavily taxed, but yet no diminution was apparent. It is a fact, deserving the attention of the Reader, that this continued the same during more than three months, the number of poor persons, averaging each

day more than seventy, a number of itself independently of the eighty members of which the community was composed, quite sufficient to consume all the provisions of the Abbey in less than one month.

Who will not here admire and praise the wonderful dispensations of Divine Providence? A poor, numerous, community of religious men, located on the side of a barren mountain, unprovided of funds, resources or human means necessary to support existence, labouring incessantly in the arduous and painful enterprise of reclaiming its stubborn and neglected soil, depending on the casual charity of humane friends, are thus enabled, I will presume to say, miraculously, not only to maintain their own existence, but to feed and preserve the lives of nearly five thousand of their fellow creatures, during a period of no ordinary calamity and distress! To insist on this subject by prolonged reflections would be offering an injury to the piety of the reader. (1)

The Abbot and his Brethren had been taught by the Royal Prophet from the commencement, to trust in the Lord with their whole hearts. They frequently heard, in their sacred offices, His Holy Spirit admonishing them to "Cast thy care upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee". Firmly established in the solidity of the Divine promises they committed themselves and their efforts to the care of the Amiable Providence which disposes all things sweetly, and raised their eyes to Heaven from whence they knew help would come to them. Practically convinced that the whole sum of Christian duties is comprised in the faithful observance of Divine Charity, in its two branches, the love of God and of our neighbour, their system, their lives, their everyday acts were one uninterrupted chain of exercises, regulated by the principles of that Heaven, born virtue, leading them by silent and secure gradations to its sublime perfection. For the love of God they had renounced the world, abandoned all its hopes, devoted their time to the practice of the severe morality of the Gospel. They neglected no occasion, compatible with the duties of their secluded state, to fulfill in the most generous way the precept of fraternal charity. Though many instances appear in which this Divine Charity or fraternal love, shed a brilliant lustre on the character of Mount Melleray Abbey, we will content ourselves here with recording one which occurred during the summer of the year 1840, and while the public distress, spoken of in this chapter, so extensively prevailed.

On a certain morning in the month of August, a poor young man appeared amongst the crowd of poor persons at the gate. His manner indicated more bashfulness than was generally manifested by those who came to solicit food, suffering under the pressure of hunger. During the preceding day he did not press forward, but waited patiently until the brother, who was charged with the care of relieving the poor, could attend to his wants. Having received an abundant supply of food, and expressed deep gratitude for the charity which had exercised in his favour, he departed, offering up fervent prayers for the community. Before he reached the gate of the avenue, the poor young man was suddenly attacked with violent spasms in his stomach, and fell senseless near a hedge, where he lay during some time, until he was accidentally discovered by one of the labourers employed at the abbey who having raised the sufferer, supported him in his arms till he found means to dispatch a messenger to the house. The Abbot, having been informed of the sad occurrence, hastened to the relief of the apparently dying man. No time could be lost. The Abbot ordered that he be conveyed on men's shoulders to the Abbey, where he administered to him the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and finding that he yet lived, ordered certain medicines, which he gave him with his own hand, and with such happy results, that the dying man revived, the spasms ceased, and after three hours or unremitting exertion on the part of the Abbot and a few of his Brethren, was perfectly restored. The Abbot then gave orders that he be supplied with food suited to his weak condition. a warm bed to be prepared, his filthy torn garments to be removed, and his body washed, and due attention paid to him during the night. In fine the poor creature was furnished next morning with a clean shirt, good clothing, a warm blanket, and, having taken sufficient breakfast, departed, invoking the blessings of Heaven on the charitable Abbot and Monks of Mount Melleray Abbey.

We will not indulge in superfluous commentaries on this example of true Christian Charity. The reader will not fail to observe, how clearly it demonstrated that the same spirit, which in ages long past away, animated the members of numerous religious orders, when they were the well supplied and ever flowing fountains of comfort to the poor, has been transmitted unimpaired to the destitute fraction of those illustrious orders, which despite the general ruin and long continued desolation of ages had been wonderfully preserved, and presented by the hand of Providence to the age in which we live...

PORTLAW

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Portlaw

By unknown author, source unknown

A small manufacturing and post town in the parish of Clonegam, barony of Uppertthird, Co. Waterford, Munster. It stands on the rivulet Cloddagh, $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile west of the river Suir, $3\frac{1}{2}$ north of the Waterford and Cork mail-road, $6\frac{1}{4}$ north-east of Kilmacthomas, 7 south-east of Carrick-on-Suir, 8 west by north of Waterford, and $83\frac{3}{4}$ south-south-west of Dublin. Immediately west of it is the Marquis of Waterford's extensive and splendid demesne of Curraghmore; and in the near vicinity are Springfield-house, Mayfield-cottage, Millford-house, Guilcagh-house, and Mayfield-house, the last the seat of the Rev. John Medlicott. Portlaw was not long ago a poor and insignificant village, but is now a clean, pleasant, and very prosperous town; and it owes its happy change of condition wholly to its having been made the scene of Messrs. Malcomson's great and noble experiment as to whether cotton-factories will flourish in Ireland. Messrs. Malcomson are members of the Society of Friends, and were resident in Clonmel; they commenced the erection of their cotton-factory at Portlaw in 1818, by taking down a small flour-mill which then stood upon the Cloddagh, and building upon its site the first portion of their present extensive pile of edifices; and they have already, during a number of years, had the luxury of knowing their works to be the largest and the best regulated of their class in either Munster, Connaught, or Leinster. "The experiment," say Mr. and Mrs. Hall, "has been eminently successful; there is now no doubt, that energy and industry, applied to the natural resources of Ireland, may enable the Irish manufacturer to enter the market and compete with the manufacturer of England. The establishment gives employment, during the year to about 1,200 men, women, and children; the proprietors are enabled to buy the raw material and to vend the wrought articles on terms as beneficial as those enjoyed by the manufacturer of Manchester; in all respects the spinners of both countries are on a par; while in Ireland the advantage of labour at a cheaper rate is to be taken into account. The difference of wages, however, although a serious item in the aggregate, is small; the Irishman, who can do nothing but dig is indeed miserably paid, but the moment he acquires a trade he demands and will receive very nearly as much as an Englishman of the same grade will be able to earn in England. The Messrs. Malcomson have made deservedly and most honourably made large fortunes by this concern; and they have set an example which we confidently expect to see very extensively followed and that ere long. But the result, it should be remembered, is not the work of a day; for a considerable period Messrs. Malcomson had to contend against difficulty under which ordinary minds would have sunk; suspicion and prejudices were both eager to stay their progress; it was found almost impossible to convince the people that the looms were designed to render them comfortable and independent; and even when hostility had comparatively vanished, there was a general dislike to use the article they had manufactured- even the women employed upon the work obtaining their clothes from the English market rather than assisting to establish their own. But the obstacles against which these enterprising gentlemen had to contend, and which in the end they have completely overcome, do not now stand in the way of other capitalists; the greater number of them at least have disappeared; while the capabilities for producing wealth have in no degree diminished. The town and neighbourhood of Portlaw have, of course, shared the prosperity of the Malcomsons. The houses are cleanly and comfortable; the people are all decently dressed; and there is an air of improvement in everything that appertains to them.

The good that may be done by the establishment of such manufactories in various parts of Ireland is incalculable; the benefits they would confer are sufficiently obvious; and if it can be shown, as it may be by reference to this at Portlaw, that the profit is certain if the factories be properly conducted, there will be no lack of enterprising individuals ready to embark capital in similar undertakings. It has, indeed, been for a long time obvious that Ireland, with its immense water-power, and its superabundant population living cheaply, and therefore able to work cheaply, was peculiarly calculated to manufacturing articles in cotton; but, until within a comparatively brief period, there was so entire a want of confidence in the steadiness and sobriety of the people, that few were found willing to risk a property that might be destroyed by the evil passions or caprice of a single individual, influencing other individuals. A court of petty-sessions is held in the town on the second Wednesday of every month. Fairs are held on May 28, Aug. 26, and Easter Monday. A Roman Catholic parish, in the dio. of Waterford and Lismore, takes name from Portlaw, and has chapels here and at Ballyduff. Area of town, 100 acres. pop. in 1831, 1,618; in 1841, 3,647. Houses 458. Families employed chiefly in agriculture, 323; in manufacturing and trade, 276; in other pursuits, 78. Families dependent chiefly on property and professions, 8; on the directing of labour, 240, on their own manual labour, 388; on means not specified, 41. Males at and above 5 years of age who could read and write 417; who could read but not write, 317; who could not read or write, 698. Females at and above 5 who could read and write, 206; who could read but not write, 414; who could neither read nor write, 1,172.

Malcolmsons of Portlaw

By Matthew Butler

From unknown source

Lewis tells us that some 10 or 12 years before 1835 there was scarcely a cabin to be seen where in that year there was a handsome and flourishing town and that Portlaw was indebted to the Malcolmsons for its growth and prosperity.

From the fact that he states that there was scarcely a cabin to be found there about 1824 we can infer that the town of Portlaw is about 158 years old (1982) and that it is in reality a creation of the Malcolmsons. The total number of houses in Portlaw in 1835 was 465 and the factory itself is described as a very spacious and lofty building with a fine roof on which was situated a reservoir, the building was 260 ft. in length and 40ft wide, but we are not told its height. It was operated by 3 large water wheels and three steam engines which unitedly could develop 300 h.p. Lewis also tells us that more than 1000 people were employed in the factory and that their weekly wage bill was not less than £600, an average weekly wage of 12p for men, women and children. Even though the wages were not high, the health and social well-being of the workers were looked after by the proprietors of the factory. A resident medical attendant and dispensary, a temperance society which numbered 500 workers and a school were in existence for the benefit of the workers in 1835. In that year Rev. J.T. Meddlycott lived at Rocket's Castle, Joseph Malcolmson lived in Matfield and Milford was inhabited by A Labertouche Esq. The Meddlycott's still live in Rocket's Castle (1935), while Milford afterwards became a Malcolmson possession.

In 1846 there were 3646 people living in Portlaw with the Cotton factory employing 1300.

Woodlock Mansion, Portlaw
By unknown author

Woodlock Mansion, Portlaw was built in 1847.

(Note: It is now Woodlock Convent and is an old folks home and residence for elderly disabled people and is run by nuns. It was given as a gift to them by the Malcolmson Family, who owned it and also Portlaw Cotton Factory in the last century. M.G

Sherlocks & Bosanquets – Mid Waterford Families
By unknown author

From Waterford News 05.09.1934

Recorded the death of Mr. John Bernard Alexander Bosanquet of Kilmagemogue, Portlaw and gave a Genealogy.

John Sherlock of Kilmagemogue was born 4th April 1781 (3rd Son of Thomas Sherlock of Butlerstown and Jane Mansfield) married Esther Harvard (who died 9th December. 1870) and died 16th June 1841 leaving 2 daughters then minors. In 1857 his daughters were of age and his widow still surviving. Amerleo Sherlock married 6th May 1861 William Henry Francis Bosanquet of Knockenna Lodge Portlaw, (called to Bar inner temple 1836). J.P. County Waterford 1870. Died 30th September 1878 in 76th year – buried Lisnakill – had 3 sons one of them was John Bernard Alexander Bosanquet, born 6/8/1853 married Helen, daughter of Capt. W.C. Coughlan of Dromina. Had one son – William and 2 daughters Pauline – went to Rhodesia and Amelia (known as Amy).

Mr. Bosanquet had a large farm at Kilmagemogue and Lahardan – Willie – his son lived at Lakeview, East Waterford. Amy died sometime in the 1930s.

***Note: My father Tom Gough was Steward for Mr. Bosanquet for 38 years. When the latter died my father bought some of the land, which adjoined our own farm (W.V. Gough)

Portlaw will recall strange story of Little Nellie

By Tom Tobin

From Dungarvan Observer, 08.12.1984

In a sheltered corner of St. Patrick's Church grounds in the heart of picturesque Portlaw, Co. Waterford, a newly erected memorial stands out in the watery sunlight of Winter.

It is Portlaw's tribute to Little Nellie of Holy God who was born there in 1903 and who died in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cork, in 1908. It will be unveiled and blessed by the Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Most Rev. Michael Russell, D.D., in a simple, but significant ceremony after 11 o'clock. Mass on the morning of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception - December 8th.

Only a few people know that this memorial will be a humble, but sincere acknowledgement of the many graces and favours granted by God through the intercession of Little Nellie - "Little Violet of the Holy Eucharist". And among those who will offer a silent prayer of thanksgiving will be Rev. Sean Nugent, Portlaw's own curate who led the campaign to honour Little Nellie.

He overcame a very serious illness and he will be quick to say that the attributes this to the intercession of Little Nellie. Fr. Sean, a native Of Newcastle at the foot Of the Knockmealdown Mountains, told me that Little Nellie might well have faded into the mists of the past but for 89 years old Davey Foran -one of the last of the fine old characters of Portlaw.

"He often told me that there was a time in Portlaw when most people turned to Little Nellie in their prayers but she had become forgotten by many in modern times", said Fr. Sean.

He recalled when he visited Cork, to call on Davey Foran who was ill in hospital. Directly as a result of this visit he went to the grave of Little Nellie of Holy God in the grounds of the Convent of the Good Shepherd and promised to do whatever he could to win devotion to her.

Fr. Sean made what he calls a "miraculous recovery" which seemed to come about gradually and as a result he set about making Little Nellie better known in his own parish in Portlaw where she was born. Today, the children of Portlaw, and many grown-ups too, make a pilgrimage to Cork to pay homage at the grave of Little Nellie.

She was the youngest of four children born to William Organ, a soldier in the Royal Irish Regiment and his wife who was formerly Mary Ahern of Portlaw. He was a native of Dungarvan. The family moved to Spike Island in 1905 and about two years later the mother died and Nellie was put in the charge of St. Finbarr's School, Cork, with her sister, Mary.

Little Nellie was very frail and spent a lot of time in hospital where it was discovered that she had serious spinal trouble causing her great pain.

Despite the, she had a remarkable understanding of everything that was happening. She was only five years old yet she had an overwhelming desire to receive Holy Communion and day after day she expressed this desire to the nuns who were looking after her.

Finally, it was agreed to petition Pope Pius X as it was unheard of at the time for a child under ten years of age to receive the Holy Eucharist.

When he received the letter, Pope Pius is reported to have said that this was a sign he had been waiting for and he gladly gave his permission.

Little Nellie received Holy Communion which she always referred to as Holy God. Today, that letter of permission can be seen in the oratory of the Good Shepherd Convent in Cork.

The cold winds of January were sweeping in over the river Lee when it became all too clear that Little Nellie would soon die. She told one of the nuns: "I will go to God on His own day -Sunday".

And she did. On the following Sunday, February 2nd, 1908, she slipped away. But her memory has lived on and in Counties Cork and Waterford, in particular, it is venerated by young and old.

Her shrine in the grounds of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cork, is visited by many and in the Convent nearby is the room where Little Nellie spent so much time "talking to God" and playing with the few little games she treasured.

I remember her father very well. Indeed, we were good friends for many years. I can still see him in memory standing at the door of St. Mary's Parish Church in Dungarvan, where he collected out money as we went to Mass.

As well as being collector, he also worked in the church grounds. Almost everybody in Dungarvan knew Bill Organ. He was a quiet easy-going man always neat and tidy and with a smile for everyone. He was also caretaker of the C.Y.M.S. Clubrooms in Mary Street for sometime and was a member of Dungarvan Brass

and Reed Band whose members turned out to play the Dead March when he was brought to his resting place on the hill above Mary Street.

He died on Christmas Day at the age of 72 and Dungarvan people turned out in force to pay their last respects to the grand old character. In the British Army, he had been batman to Major Redmond of Waterford who was killed in action.

Following the death of his first wife, Bill married again in his hometown and lived in Davis Street. There were two children of this marriage, Stephen and Kitty.

Kitty, who married Patrick Tobin (no relation of the writer), once showed me one of Little Nellie's shoes still in perfect condition. It is on official record that the child offered her shoes to Holy God in exchange for the ball He held in His hand.

She showed me the little games that the child played, with the type that you manipulated in your hand in an effort to get three or four little balls into the holes cut out in the funny faces of the glass-covered dials.

Little Nellie had two brothers and a sister, Mary, who is now too old to make the trip to Portlaw on December 8th.

I have been unable to trace her brothers, but I understand that some of the relatives will be at the Portlaw ceremonies. And as far as I can ascertain there will be another Nellie Organ present that day. She is the daughter of Little Nellie's stepbrother, Stephen, whose wife and family live in Cappagh near the old railway station on the road to Cappoquin.

The memorial in Portlaw tells of Little Nellie in a few words: "Suffer Little Children To Come Unto Me And Forbid Them Not For Such Is The Kingdom Of God. Erected by the people of Portlaw in memory of Little Nellie of Holy God -The Little Violet of the Holy Eucharist. 1903- 1908. Interred at the Good Shepherd Convent, Cork Nellie's mother, Mary Aherne, from Portlaw married William Organ in this Church on the 4th July, 1896. St. Pope Pius X "May God enrich with every blessing all those who recommend frequent Communion to little boys and little girls proposing Little Nellie as their model". This memorial was blessed by Bishop Michael Russell, D.D., December 8th, 1984".

It will be a day of joy for Portlaw when Bishop Russell performs the actual ceremony.

But it will be a day of thanksgiving for Fr. Sean Nugent, who has taken the first step towards honouring a promise he made sometime ago at the simple grave of Little Nellie on the banks of the River Lee in Cork.

RING

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Ring and its Fishermen

By Tom O'Donoghue, B.A. M.Ed

From Dungarvan Observer 02.03.1985

The Parish of Ring, County Waterford, is, as Donal Foley has so aptly described it in his *Three Villages*, "a little tiny peninsula stretching out on the west side of Dungarvan Bay into usually turbulent seas." However it is also an area that has become well-known throughout the length and breadth of Ireland ever since the Irish revival movement led to hundreds of Scholars going amongst the people there, studying the peculiarities of Waterford or Deise Irish, and sampling the delightful sean-nos renderings to the likes of Nioclás Toibín and Labhras Draper. The Irish College, Colaiste na Rinne, is the primary school which was attended by more than one Dail Minister.

A wonderful collection of folklore, mostly in the Irish language, was also collected from the people of this Parish and is deposited in the archives of the Department of Irish Folklore, University College, Dublin. However, for all of this, very little is known about the people themselves, how they lived, what trades they practised, what type of clothes they wore, what type of food they ate, and so on. This work is an attempt to answer some of these questions. The concentration is on the community in Ring which is best known and most celebrated, in song and story, the fishermen. To be more specific, it deals with fishing and the fishing community in Ring from the 1830s to the 1920s.

The Parish itself is a small civil Parish with soil consisting of a type classified as being of a wide range class with no serious limitations. It is part of the ancient Deise Kingdom of East Munster and tradition has it that it was one of the first parts of Ireland to be converted to Christianity. Early in the 5th century Saint Declan had a Monastery at nearby Ardmore. Local folk-tales tell of the Norsemen frequenting the area and of Ultan, one of Saint Declan's successors, re-pulsing them by raising his left hand against them causing their ships to sink like lead at the mouth of Ardmore Bay, And so, in times of anger, 'Lamh chle Ultan id' aghaidh' (the left hand of Ultan against you), was a saying that supposedly had marvellous power of averting disaster.

The O Faoleains became Lords of the Deisi and Donal O Faoleain "quit rented" Dungarvan to King John in 1204. In the late Middle Ages, the Geraldines of Dromana were the lords of this part of the Decies and they held it In the Cromwellian Confiscations in the mid 17th century. A census taken at that time put the population of the Parish at 200

At the end of the 17th century an English gentleman called Villiers, married the Heiress, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, thus becoming owner of the Fitzgerald estates which included most of the Parish of Ring. The Villiers held the title, Earls of Grandison in the 18th century. By the end of the century they in turn were left without a male heir. In 1802 Lady Gertrude Villiers married Lord Henry Stuart of Bute, and from then on the family were known as Villiers Stuart.

For most of the period under consideration the Villiers Stuarts were the Landlords, owning by far the greatest portion of the Parish of Ring. During the mid 1700s Ring was described as being an agricultural rather than a fishing district. Smith, in his "History of Waterford", speaks of it as a well cultivated area, especially the part contiguous to the harbour of Dungarvan, and he states that the hills were tilled to the very top. However, by the early years of the 19th century a major portion of the population of the Parish was concentrated along the shore. This can be attributed both to the steep north-south incline of the Parish and to the fact that, with the rising population, and subsequent pressure on land, more and more people turned to the rich fishing grounds nearby known as the Nymph Banks. However, in order to get a general background to the development of the industry it is first of all necessary to consider the state of fishing in the Dungarvan area.

The Background

In 1745 Smith, in his "History of Waterford", described Dungarvan as being a very remarkable fishing town, with very expert fishermen and fish curers. The boats were considered suitable both for fishing and coasting trade, and they usually carried a crew of five or six men.

As far back as Tudor Times the south-east of Ireland, and particularly Waterford City, had connections with France, Portugal, Spain and the fishing lands of Newfoundland. It was also there that Donnacadh Rua Mac Connmara wrote one of his most celebrated poems, "As I was walking one evening fair". Tradition has it that he was drinking in a Tavern in St. John's, Newfoundland, with some of his fellow countrymen when a group of English soldiers joined the party. He was requested to compose a poem extempore for the occasion, which he did, singing it in alternate lines of Irish and English. In the latter language he flattered the soldiers and sang the praises of their nation, but in Irish he damned them and wished them and their work to perdition :-

As I was walking one evening fair
 Agus me go dteanach I mBaile Sheain,
 I met a gang of English blades
 Agus iad da dtrachtadh ag neart a namhad.
 I ate and drank both late and early
 With those courageous men of war
 'S gur bhuíne liom na Sasanaigh ag rith ar eigin
 'S gan de Gael ann ach fíor bheagan
 Newfoundland is a fine plantation
 It will be my station until I die
 Is mo chra 'gam bhfeair liom a bheith in Éirinn
 Ag díol gairteir no ag dul fan gcoill.

It was very normal for Waterford fishermen to travel to Newfoundland at this time, to fish and they christened that land Talamh an Eisc – the land of fish.

In 1837 Lewis described Dungarvan as the town which dominated the fishing industry in West Waterford, and stated:

"The fishing on the Nymph Bank has always afforded employment to a considerable number of the inhabitants and the grant of the tonnage bounty tended greatly to its increase. In 1823, 163 boats and about 1,100 men were employed in the fishery and more than 1,000 tons of excellent fish were procured for the supply of the surrounding- country; the sum granted in bounties (since withdrawn) was £2,647; and as the wives and children of the fishermen were engaged in cleaning and salting the fish, the total number of persons that derived employment was not less than 3,000".

He goes on to say that there were 80 hookers of an aggregate burden of 1,600 tons, exclusively employed in the trade. There were also 93 four-oared row boats engaged in fishing and cutting seaweed and 34 coasting vessels belonging to the port, of an aggregate burden of 2,800 tons.

At this time Lewis described Ring as being a district of good quality land and in a high state of cultivation. The principle manure was sand and seaweed. The latter was found in abundance off the rocks, and during the greater part of May and June from fifty to one hundred boats were employed in collecting and conveying the weed to Dungarvan for sale. Thus, a revenue of £50 a day was frequently derived by the Parish. Lewis goes on to state that herring fishing was carried on to a considerable extent, with forty to fifty boats taking the fish. They were then cured in the area. He points out that near Helvick Head about a dozen houses were built in 1828 for the accommodation of the fishermen: and a pier at the same time erected to form a harbour for the boats by Lord Stuart de Decies. A coast guard station had also been established, being one of five in the Youghal fishing district.

Previous to this the Villiers-Stuarts had plans for the development of the fishing village of Ballinagoul, in Ring. In 1816, they commissioned the Scotch Engineer, Alexandro Nimmo, to draw up plans for a village and pier. He produced a cruciform street plan with smaller lanes intersecting, one arm going down to the market- house which was to be at the extremity of the arm with the quay beyond. It was envisaged that there would be around 75 dwellings and ample stores. However, these plans never came to fruition. It was not until 1847 that the pier at Ballinagoul was eventually built. Nevertheless, the fishing industry continued to develop, while the fishing industry at Dungarvan began to decline.

It was during the 1830s that the Dungarvan fishery began to decline. In 1837 the Commissioners of Fisheries reported as follows:-

"From Waterford, round the entire south coast, a recent decline' in the productiveness of the water, and a scarcity of fish are matters of continual local complaint. But this scarcity seems to be confined only to the bays and in-shore fisheries, to which the operations of the fishermen, owing to their poverty and insufficient gear, are chiefly confined".

Another factor was the lifting of what was known as the bounties. According to an Act of 1819 any owner or person chartering or hiring any vessel in Ireland of 15 tons or upwards for fishing or fish curing was granted a bounty of £2.10.0 per ton up to sixty tons.

The following were also paid :

1. Three pounds per ton for oil from whales and other fish;
2. Four pounds per cwt. for whalebone;
3. Three shillings per barrel for herrings, pilchard and mackerel, cured by persons residing in Ireland (not payable with the tonnage bounty);
4. Four shillings per cwt. to persons in Ireland for dried hake, codling, haddock, glassen and conger.

In 1830, when these bounties were lifted there were 64,771 fishermen and 13,119 fishing boats around the coast of Ireland, but six years later in 1836 the number of fishermen was down to 54,119 and the number of boats to 10,761. In summing up the situation the Commissioners of Fisheries for 1837 stated:-

"On a careful review of the whole subject ", wherever agriculture is pursued with ordinary industry and success, it is a more profitable occupation than fishing, -the fishermen of Ireland usually depend more on the land than on the sea; and their condition is mainly determined by the local circumstances in agriculture".

The condition of the Dungarvan fishery had by now declined to the extent that there were only about 70 half decked vessels fishing from the port and about 60 were reported to be getting into bad repair.

It is interesting to note that while the neighbouring fishermen at Abbeyside possessed some land and thus



were able to weather the early years, the Dungarvan men were fishermen solely and suffered accordingly. Since we know that the Ring men also combined fishing and farming it is most likely that their experience was similar to that at Abbeyside, although the actual numbers involved cannot be stated accurately since the census reports of the time did not register fishermen. However, what is known is that the greatest density of population in the Parish in 1838 was centred around the harbours of Helvick and Ballinagoul. These townlands comprise only

about 14 per cent of the land of the Parish, but they contained 60 per cent of the total population of occupiers of land, and the average size of each holding in these townlands was only four acres. It seems reasonable to assume that most of these small holders living close by the harbours combined fishing with farming, and that this became more and more the case as the size of the holdings continued to increase.

The 1837 report of the Commissioners of Fisheries also points out that few places on the coast between Youghal and Dungarvan presented favourable sites for piers. It states that the pier in Grandison Cove, within Helvick Head, erected by Mr. H. Villiers at his own expense, had been most useful to fishermen in sheltering their boats and enabling them to land in stormy weather. The Ballinagoul harbour was dry at low water but at high water there was a depth of eight feet to ten feet. It was pointed out that a pier or landing place there would be of the greatest advantage because while the Villiers-Stuarts had expended a large sum in excavating a harbour there, it was unsafe in bad weather. There was no room for the Ring fishermen at Dungarvan Quay. Here they were obliged to bring up the fish in small boats and land on the beach; an activity which was expensive and injurious to the boats. It was also pointed out that there was a need for a quay at Abbeyside. There was a quay at Ballinacourty, directly opposite Ring at the other side of Dungarvan Bay, but the Dungarvan, Abbeyside and Ballinagoul men did not use it. There was no fishing at Ballinacourty; only the conveying of limestone from there along the coast.

The 1837 report goes on to describe what it calls the two little communities at Ballinagoul and Grandison harbour in Hevick Head. The harbour at Ballinagoul is described as having been very exposed. Here the people had erected a rude pier or breakwater and renewed it each time it was destroyed by the weather. Andrew Carbery, salt manufacturer and fishing gear dealer from Dungarvan, stated that the late Fishery Board had offered three-quarters of the expense for a pier and the people offered their labour, but the proprietor would not come forward with the balance. The fishermen here all had a little land.

At Grandison harbour the proprietor, at considerable expense, had excavated an artificial harbour. Nicholas Whelan, a fisherman and part owner of the boat "Welcome" gave evidence stating that he had to have his boat hauled up for repair. He had purchased timber to repair her, but was going to sell them again for want of other materials and money to pay tradesmen. He stated that there were other boats in similar circumstances, each having several owners in partnership, some of whom were rich. The rich partner would not contribute when the poor partner would not do likewise, so that between them the boats went to ruin and the poor partner to paupery. John Curran, described as being a respectable boat owner, stated that he desired for the sake of the poor to see a repairing and building loan re-introduced. These had been removed with the removal of bounties. The Ring fishery lay within the Youghal Fishery District. -This district stretched from Ballyvoile Head to the east side of Ballywilliam Cove about three miles west of Ballycotton Island in County Cork. It was a district, that suffered greatly during the famine years. Because of the fact that fishing was carried on at Ring one might be inclined to assume that this in itself was a guarantee against the distress of the Famine. However, the course of events proved differently.

Ring and its Fishermen By Tom O'Donoghue

From Dungarvan Observer 09.03.1985

On the southern limits of the parish of Ring is Kiely's Cross, half way between Dungarvan and Youghal. This is where Reilig an tSleibhe, the mountain graveyard is situated. Maire Ni Dhroma, the Ring poetess, wrote Na Pratai Dubha describing the atrocious conditions which led to a communal grave being opened here during the famine years:

Na pratai dubha a dhein ar gcomharsana a scaipeadh orainn,
A chuir sa phoorhouse iad is anonn thar farraige.
I Reilig an tSleibhe ta na ceadta acu treascartha,
Is uaisle na bhFlaitheas go ngabha a bpairt.

In Dungarvan poorhouse alone there was an average of 20 deaths per week between the last week of November 1846 and 1st May 1847. On 7th December, 1848 Messrs. John Hannagan and Edward Kennefick giving evidence to the Poor Law Inspectors of the district wrote that in the Dungarvan area "the small cottiers and the struggling farmers, with artisans and other trades are greatly diminished by deaths innumerable". The famine was followed by cholera and when it came to the town it claimed over 340 lives between 29th April, 1849 and 11th September, 1849.

In attempting to ascertain the effects of the famine on the people of the parish of Ring one is faced with the usual difficulty that most of the evidence relates to the Poor Law Union, an area covering more than one parish. There are some accounts like those of a Lieutenant Downman who witnessed what he called:

".....a horrible case of an unfortunate creature who died near Ring from want, not actual starvation, as there was a very small quantity of meal in the cabin. One old sheet was her only covering for the family, five in number. The father (whose death I witnessed a few moments after) had been employed in the Public Works about three weeks previous, but was unable to work in consequence of ill health".

However such accounts do not give any indication of the overall level of distress in Ring. The population figures for the period show that while there was an in-crease in the population of the parish prior to the famine, it fell from 2,591 in 1841 to 1,921 in 1851. This major decrease can hardly be accounted for by reasons other than the effects of the famine.

It has already been noted that because the Ring men fished one might be inclined to assume that the early effects of the famine were minimal. This, however, was not the case since the famine was accompanied by bad weather and the fishermen were not able to put to sea. At one stage in 1846 the number of seaworthy boats was down to eight and impurities in the village of Ballinagoul were beginning to promote fever and dysentery. Many of the fishermen had to pawn their gear to purchase food and there are even reports of some fishermen burning their oars for fuel. It was then that the local Church of Ireland vicar, the Reverend Alcock, sought and gained the aid of the Society of Friends; the religious group which had done trojan work for other communities around the country in order to try to alleviate the distress of the famine.

The first task of the Society of Friends was to relieve the hunger of the people in Ring. This they did by supplying them with meal. Then they initiated a scheme for the revival and development of the local fisheries. Initially, 15 men were picked on character and each got from ten shillings to three pounds for the repair of boats and the purchase of gear. After one month had elapsed they began repayments on a weekly basis. So successful were the repayments that 178 loans were then made. In October 1847 a deputation of the Waterford Auxiliary Relief Committee of the Society of Friends visited the Ring district and noted "the happy countenance, the independent bearing and consciousness of self-respect apparent among the fishermen". By October 1847 the crews of 48 boats were able to support their families, and there were 77 parties or about 230 heads of families on loans of ten shillings each for the purchase of gear and the repair of boats. The fishermen themselves seem to have taken well to this type of aid and in April 1848 it was reported that there was no destitution in the area and that the fishermen were "provided by sufficient supply of fishing gear for their immediate wants and therefore are constantly employed whenever fishing permits". In contrast to this situation, the Dungarvan fishermen appear to have been very badly affected by the famine and from then on their fortune seems to have declined while that of their neighbours at Ring improved.

The reports of the Reverend Alcock to the Society of Friends also refer to the great need at Ring (or a facility for the landing and disposing of fish. It was pointed out that the Ring fishermen often had to sail to

Dungarvan for that purpose. The Society then applied to the Commissioners of Public Works for a grant to erect a pier and landing facility at Bailinagoul. A grant of £1,350 was granted to J. W. Strangeman for this purpose, and on 28th July, 1848 the Reverend Alcock reported that the construction work was in progress. This was a great advantage since there were twelve hookers and ninety yawls at Ballinagoul, and during the winter they had to be taken ashore above the high water mark. Great hardship was experienced at night pushing the boats against the steep slope.

On 13th April, 1848 the Rev. Alcock was able to report that there was no destitution in Ring and that the fishermen were supplied with sufficient gear for their immediate wants and were therefore constantly employed. He went on to say that they were taking fish even in very bad weather, particularly haddock, cod, and ling, indeed an engineer preparing a report and survey on the harbour of Ballinagoul saw fishermen cast ashore two furlongs out at low tide on a day of sleet and snow, and wade ashore with fish in baskets on their backs.

At this time a fish curing station was erected by Lord Stuart De Decies and it was rented by two men from Scotland. It was near the fishing grounds so that boats could approach at any period of tide, land the catch and return to sea. It was surrounded by an eleven foot high wall within which was a smoking house twenty feet high. This building had three apartments within which up to 100 barrels of herring could be smoked at a time. The apartments could be used together or separately. They contained beams from the floor to the roof and the fish hung from them at intervals of 14 inches. The wood used for smoking the fish was oak, ash bark or elm. Outside was a large store house for cured fish and salt, a salting house, an office, a cooper's work shop, and a lumber room for empty barrels. On the northern side of the house was a wooden stage which was constructed so that it reached down to the low water mark for convenience in unloading boats.

Before the herrings were smoked they were opened and cleaned, and the head was removed. They were then washed in fresh water to remove blood and impurities. Then they were split through from end to end and the back bone was removed. The fish were then washed again and placed in a pickle tub for half an hour, after which they were smoked for fourteen days.

Cod and ling were also opened and cleaned and the head was removed along with the blood. The fish were then placed on a table, split down to the tail, and the blood vessels which run to the tail were carefully removed to avoid giving a red appearance on curing. The fish were then washed and immersed in strong pickle for thirty days. Subsequent to this they were barrels of salt. After six days they were put on frame against a wall, allowed to drain, turned occasionally, exposed to the sun and air when dry, and then stored in a house. Hake, pollock, mackerel, sprats, bream and scad were also cured at Helvick in a similar manner. Women and children along with men were employed at the curing station. Regrettably this station did not function for very long but it equipped the Ring fishermen with skill which contributed to the development of the industry in the parish over the next twenty years.

1846- 1865

From the famine years until 1864 the reports of the Commissioners of Fisheries refer to the decline and bad state of the Dungarvan fisheries, on the other hand, there are accounts like that which states:

There has grown up on the opposite shore of the bay at Ring, a prosperous little fishing village community which promises to rival Dungarvan at its best days.

The Commissioner's report for 1856 contrasts the situation in Dungarvan with that at Ring as follows:

"Here in Dungarvan there are not more than twenty occasionally sea-going boats, very badly found. The fishermen are all old and badly clad, and the boats scarcely sea-worthy. The famine years destroyed the boats, the owners, the fishermen, and the consumers of the fish. There are, in Abbeyside eleven boats, sea-going but not well found. Those men are old, but do not resort to the work house, though they can only go to sea in fine weather. Out of Ring and Ballinagoul there are eleven sea-going boats. The men are young and able, and better off than either the Dungarvan or Abbeyside men."

In 1861 the Commissioners again noted such a contrast. They stated that the Ring fishermen were industrious and prudent while the Dungarvan fishermen were old. The Ring men had better boats and gear, were regular depositors in the bank, and one man sold over £200 worth of fish in Cork the previous year. Much of their well being was attributed to the fact that they held small farms under Lord Stuart De Decies. It was felt that the pier at Ballinagoul would, if improved, afford great additional shelter. The situation was that when the wind changed to the south east the boats had to run for Dungarvan.

The Ring men also engaged in the seaweed trade with sometimes up to sixty boats carrying 1½ tons each selling to at 9/- to 12/- per boat. This was in great demand by farmers who came to Dungarvan to buy it. In 1864 the Commissioners received a letter from a Captain Barry, R.M. at Dungarvan, from which they concluded:

"It would be rare to find upon any part of our coast a more prosperous body of fishermen. Though they unite the two objects of farming and fishing, they are, indeed, a great contrast in habits and general circumstances to the fishermen of Dungarvan, on the opposite shore, who have no other resource than the work-house when unemployed and of whose depressed condition Captain Barry gives a melancholy picture."

In 1864 a Ring fisherman, P. Whelan, giving evidence on the state of the fisheries remarked that the boats were better than twenty years previous and that the biggest boat in 1855 would have been the smallest in 1864. In the latter year there were fourteen hookers in Ring. The crews in the boats were also larger than they used to be and a great number of nets were used. In contrast to this the number of boats in Dungarvan and the size of the average crew there decreased. In 1843 there was an average crew of six to eight members on each Dungarvan boat but by 1864 this was reduced to five members. The annual reports of the Commissioners of Fisheries also noted that this decrease was accompanied by a change in the average age of the Dungarvan fishermen. They are described as being mainly young boys and old men while the Ring fishermen are described as being young, able bodied men.

It has already been noted that the Ring men continued to pursue the practice of fishing and farming. There are a number of references to this practice in official reports, and at least one witness stated that he owned 3 acres in Ring, fished all the year round and paid labourers to work his land. However, he was probably more the exception than the rule and the great number of landowners who lived in the townlands around the harbours of Ballinagoul and Helvick and who possessed the smallest holdings in the parish continued to practice both farming and fishing. The major significance of this is that it must have allowed the Ring men more money than their Dungarvan neighbours for investment in fishing gear. Along with this, the fact that they fished all the year round must have meant that a sizeable quantity of fish was caught every year in the parish relative to the catch in Dungarvan. It is not possible to put an accurate figure on this quantity since no official records were kept for individual areas. However, the accounts given by the fishermen themselves and published in official reports, do give a general picture at least of the number of hake the most lucrative fish caught at the time - caught in the area. In 1864 the average catch of hake per trammel net in Ring was given as being twenty. Due to the increase in the number of boats along with, the increase in the number of nets per boat and the increase in the actual size of the nets, this was regarded as a major increase on the average catch of 1834. However, the sources of these statistics and the changing pattern of behaviour of fish make it difficult to establish with any degree of certainty what any average catch was.

We know a little more about the marketing of fish during this period. For a long time the Ring men brought their fish to the market in Dungarvan but around 1854 they were introduced to the market in Cork, probably due to the great demand which came about during the Crimean war. Here they found the prices to be so much better that for the next ten years or so they sent most of their fish there. The price at which fish were sold had also improved by 1864. Prior to the famine ling and cod were sold for 12/- to 18/- a score but by 1864 they were fetching from 22/- to 25/- a score. In all about £10,000 worth of fish per year was caught by the Ring men in the 1860s. Since the number of fishermen is not registered it is so difficult to estimate the average yearly wage per person from fishing but if it is assumed that the 34 small-holders in the townlands centred around the two piers were also fishermen and if one considers the estimated parish annual expense of £1,080 for the construction and repairs of nets, each person had a profit of about £28 per annum.

An estimation of what these profits mean in real terms present certain difficulty when one considers that these men also possessed small patches of land and when one compares £28 a year with the annual national average agricultural wage of £17, it represents a sizeable sum.

Furthermore, it was a significant improvement on the average agricultural wage of workers in this district in 1836 when they were only getting £8 plus food. Indeed, the situation in Ring in 1864 was so favourable that the Reverend Alcock was able to write to the Commissioners of Fisheries, stating:

I am happy to say that the Ring fishery is progressing very favourably. The boats are improving yearly in number and size, large yawls with sails, which can put to sea even in bad weather being substituted for the four-oared boats formerly in use. The pier and landing slip have proved a great boon and security. The fishermen here are most indefatigable in their exertions, peaceable and well conducted.

However, the Commissioners Report for 1866 shows that the curing house which had been established at Helvick had gone out of existence. Here there were 14 vessels of 13 tons each trawling in 14 fathoms of water using a five inch mesh. Along with this there were 29 boats of 5 tons each using seine nets, trammel nets, and lines.

In 1865 it was also noted that there was a deficiency in the quality of fish appearing on the coast and where as the boats and gear at Ring were reported to be in good condition, it was also stated that:

For the first time a spirit of emigration was springing up amongst the fishermen here, occasioned by the scarcity of fish.

This new generation of Ring men, influenced by their knowledge of the changing moods of fish and by the memory of famine, were beginning to accept a course which was to become one of the characteristic patterns of behaviour of Irish society the next hundred years. The fishing industry in the parish suffered accordingly.

Ring and its Fishermen By Tom O'Donoghue

From **Dungarvan Observer 23.03.1985**

The improvement in the fishing Industry in Ring from the famine years until the mid 1860s was in sharp contrast to the general decline in the industry. In the south-east of Ireland, The Commissioners of Fisheries reported in 1868 that they felt the latter decline was due to the effects of the famine and emigration on the population of the remote areas on the southern and western coasts and the consequent decrease in the demand for fish for local and home consumption. They also attributed it to the distance from the markets, the difficulty in getting to them, the want of remunerative prices, the precarious nature of the pursuit itself, and the more general means now afforded to the remaining population of obtaining agricultural employment and their disposition towards giving a preference to it. Along with this, great quantities of fish stopped visiting some areas and one or two species had almost entirely disappeared.

From the mid 1860s a decline also set in at Ring. Indeed, it was such that it reflected the general decline in the fisheries of the south-east at the time. This generalisation can be deduced from four major factors, namely, emigration patterns in the area, associated population decline, changing marriage patterns, and the general decline of the fisheries in the Youghal fishing district (which included the Ring fishery).

The numbers emigrating from Co. Waterford increased steadily after the Famine. Between 1851 and 1861 there was an average of 3,500 people leaving the county each year, but by 1881-1891 this number had increased to 8,200. As the following figures indicate this seems to have led to a significant decline in the percentage of the 20 to 40 year age group in the Ring district:

% of males in 20-40

Year	age group in Ring
31%	
26%	
26%	
1891	23%

Given the fact that more men than women were leaving the county this pattern must have had a significant effect on the fishing industry here since this is an age group most particularly suited to the heavy strenuous work involved in the industry. Of course, such a reduction in population also meant a decrease in the demand for land. This probably made holidays more viable and so the reduced labour force would have found it possible and indeed more profitable to give up fishing and concentrate on farming. This at least was the experience in similar societies throughout the county.

Prior to the Famine a very sizeable proportion of the population of Ring lived in the town-lands centred around the harbours of Ballinagoul and Helvick. The people of these town-lands combined farming with fishery, and whereas there was an average decrease of 25 per cent in the population of the parish during the famine years, the decline in the major town-lands of Ballinagoul and Helvick was significantly less:

Year	Parish of	Harbour
Ring	Town-lands	
Population	Population	
1851	1,691	911
1861	1,351	943

The figures represented below show that from 1871 on however the town-lands referred to above also began to share in the general decline in the parish:

Year	Parish of	Harbour
Ring	Town-lands	
Population	Population	
1871	1,365	763
1881	1,276	731
1891	1,053	515

This situation would seem to indicate that the fishing industry in Ring was slipping into the mainstream of the national decline.

It is likely that changing marriage trends also affected the fishing Industry in the parish. Two very general trends can be noted. First of all, it appears as if males became less anxious to marry. In 1871, for example,

the percentage of unmarried males in the area was 40 per cent. By 1881 this was up to 49 per cent. The following figures also indicate that those who did marry tended to do so at a later age:

Percentage of unmarried men in the Ring district according to age:

Year	15-24	25-34	35-44	45-54	55-
1871	23%	12%	3%	2%	2%
1881	27%	10%	4%	2%	2%
1891	28%	11%	5%	3%	8%

In order to understand the significance of this one needs to realise the importance of the women in a fishing community like that at Ring. It was the woman who looked after the farm while the husband was out fishing. She milked the cows, attended to the potatoes, and cleaned and cured the fish. She would often repair the nets as well, and quite regularly she brought the fish to the market. A part-time fisherman without a wife must certainly have experienced great difficulties and, no doubt, the industry suffered accordingly.



The fish also appeared to have stopped frequenting the area in such great numbers. This is understandable as fish are unpredictable and a run of lucrative seasons can often be followed by years of depression. In West Donegal, for instance, the herring fishing had a period of relative prosperity in the late 18th century, and the Coyngnam family considered it worthwhile to construct a harbour dockyard, curing station, store house and even a village on Rutland Island. But the fishing failed entirely after 1793 when the herring shoals abruptly left the coasts and the buildings became abandoned.

Hake were the species which were less inclined to frequent the Ring area. In their place shoals of mackerel were reported to be frequenting Dungarvan Bay and Ardmore Bay in the late 1870s and early 1880s, but while the Ring men were well equipped to catch them there are no accounts of them doing so. While the reduction in the numbers involved partly explain this, mackerel, by its very nature presented other difficulties. It only retains its freshness for a short period and the only suitable way of preserving it was either by smoking it or putting it on ice. The Villiers-Stuart smoking house at Helvick had long since closed down and it was not until the late 1880s that such houses opened in Dungarvan and Youghal. There was also a great lack of ice-houses in the area.

It appears that from the 1890s hake, the fish which the Ring men were traditionally most equipped to catch was beginning to disappear from the coast. The reason for this is difficult to establish but it is interesting to note that the fishermen of the area attributed it to the large herring fleets which were fishing off the coast and which they believed were destroying many young fish. Yet, despite this decline, there are a number of reports of hake being caught, salted and air-dried by the Ring men. In 1890, for example, 10 tons of hake were caught between July and September, salted and air-dried at Ballinagoul and Helvick, and then sold in Cork, Bandon and Dungarvan for seven pence each.

The activity of salting and air-drying fish seems to have been confined in Ireland to places on the coast from Waterford to Kerry. This was not enough to meet the demands of the country.

In 1891, for example, £100,000, worth of such fish was imported. Yet, despite the presence of a large demand it appears that the hake catch was declining in the Ring area. Indeed; in 1919, Keohan in his Illustrated Guide to Dungarvan stated:

To see a hake in Dungarvan now would be a rarity but thirty years ago the boats would come in laden with fish and a splendid hake could be purchased for less than 1s.

During the 1890s great shoals of mackerel and herring began to frequent the coast of Helvick, Dungarvan and Ardmore, and this time the Ring fishermen caught them, along with lobsters and crabs. In 1891 over 3,500 lobsters and 1,100 crabs were caught between Ballinagoul and Mine Head. These were brought by cart along with the other fish to Dungarvan and occasionally to Youghal to be sold. In 1896 it was reported that lobsters from the area were sold in Cork, Dungarvan and Youghal, and many were conveyed across the channel by large schooners every fortnight.

The Fishermen & their Techniques By Tom O'Donoghue

From Dungarvan Observer 16.03.1985

In 1808 a survey of the estates in England and Ireland belonging to Lord Henry and Lady Gertrude Stuart was carried out by a Michael Cuddehy. This survey points out that the lands at Helvick in Ring were occupied by David Power, Pat Kearny, Mat Power, Edmond Troy, Sylvester Murray, Martin Kane, Philip Burke, Paul Burke, Michael Burke and James Kelly. The lands at Ballynagaulmore were occupied by David Kane, Pat Terry, Mary Maher, Pat Murray, Thomas Costin, David Tobin, and Will Tobin. The lands at Rathnameenagh were occupied by William Power, Michael Noonan, Michael Costin, Deglan Burke and William Morrissey. Most of these surnames appear again in the list of principal parties in boats seeking loans from the Society of Friends in 1846. *Some text from newspaper is missing* waters and lobster pots. The committee also sent jackets, trousers, flannel vests, shirts, shoes, hats and oiled coats. However it also seems as if the Ring men continually contravened the fishing by-laws which were passed for Dungarvan Bay in 1849. The first four sections of the by laws read as follows :-

1 The use of the trammel and every other fixed or moored net (except bag or the nets for the taking of salmon) is hereby prohibited at any time or season in the entrance of Dungarvan Bay.

2 The setting up of any such trammel or moored net athwart or within 200 yards of any setting such a net shall be moored, and the crew thereof engaged in line-fishing is hereby prohibited. *Some text from newspaper is missing* being a pole-trawl as distinct from a beam trawl. Henry Anthony Fitzgerald from Ring stated that in a pole-trawl a rope went along with the trawl and it had iron parts like hammers attached to it, whereas the beam-trawl was a kind of scraper. The Ring men made these pole-trawls themselves.

The fishing season of the Ring men and the type of gear which they used can be represented as follows:
January/March - Long ling for cod and ling.

March/September - Trawling for fluke, plaice and turbot

June/December - Trammels for hake, gurnard and whiting; hand-lines for hake, cod and pollock; Seine nets for mackerel and sprats.

A notable absentee from this is herring. On this matter the Reverend Alcock had the following to say in 1866:

It is much to be regretted that the herring fishing is not attended to here; they are only looked for in the channel near Ballinacourty whereas it was stated by the fishermen that the sea between Helvick and Mine Head was for weeks teeming with them a months back, while we had no means of taking them in deep water. If the attention of some enterprising could be directed to the subject, might not be boats used by Dungarvan fishermen for hand lines be employed in taking herrings in deep water in Autumn, a mode of fishing found so profitable on coasts of England and Scotland.

Ring fishermen who received loans from the Society of Friends in 1846:

Name	Name of Boat	Name	Name of Boat
Edmund Walsh	Mary Anne	Mathew Keane	Peggy
Michael Connell	Shamrock	Michael Murray	Repeal
Maurice Harty	Ant	Nicholas Power	Mary
John Morrissey	Thomas	James Whelan	Peggy
Pat Walsh	St Nicholas	Thomas Whelan	Johanna
Pat Sullivan	Mary	Pat Murray	Ellen
Daniel Burn	Ruddoch	John Hayes	The Lady
Augustus Draper	Victory	William Tarey	Mary
Nicholas Draper	St Martin	John Harty	Mary
Maurice Connel	The Unknown	John Morrissey	The Best Boat
John Keane	Wave	Maurice Brien	-----
James Mahony	Nancy	Michael Walsh	-----
Michael Costin	Mary	Nicholas Power	Mary
John De Coursey	Patrick	James Carey	Schooner
John Murray	St Patrick	Philip Barnett	-----
Michael Carey	Mary Carey	Pat Glasse	Gannet
Pat Keane	Grandison	Pat Tobin	Nicholas
James Walsh	Mary	James Carthy	-----
William Murray	Whip	Thomas Power	Thomas Power
James Graves	Helvick	Daniel Mahony	Spankway
John Dromy	Nancy	Michael Harty	-----
Thomas Kelly	Anne	John Maher	Ringdove
Pat Murray	Elizabeth	James Mahony	Donald

Ring and its Fishermen 1891-1926

By Tom O'Donoghue

From Dungarvan Observer 06.04.1985

The population of the parish of Ring fell from 1,053 in 1891 to 866 in 1901 and 777 in 1911. This means that the percentage decrease in population from 1901 to 1911 was 10.27 percent. However, the percentage decrease for the harbour townlands was 19 per cent. Thus, it is not surprising that the overall percentage decrease in the number of fishermen in the parish was 22.22 per cent. In 1901 there were 108 fishermen in Ring but ten years later there were only 84.



The number of fishermen in the townlands around Ballinagoul harbour formed the greater population of the fishermen of the parish in 1901 and again in 1911. However, in the intervening ten years their number fell from 72 to 56. On the other hand the number of fishermen living in Helvick only fell from 29 to 27. As well as this the Ballinagoul fishermen were, on average, older than those of Helvick. This prompts one to suggest that while the industry was in rapid decline at Ballinagoul it was stabilising at Helvick.

Picture: Boats at Helvick 1948

The Helvick fishermen also had particular reason for optimism. In 1908 the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction reported that the question of financial aid for the repair and improvement of the boat dock at Helvick Head for the benefit of the local fishermen was under construction. In 1910 a scheme of construction embracing a non-tidal harbour was outlined. This scheme was begun in 1912 and despite the occasional setback due to unfavourable weather and an inadequate supply of labour, it was stated in 1919:

"Work at the new harbour is well advanced and the under-taking generally is nearing completion".

No similar development took place at Ballinagoul. In 1879 the Board of Works received an application for a grant to fill up the gap between the breakwater and the pier at Ballinagoul, and in the report for 1885-'86 it was stated that the work had been completed with a grant of £1,312,10.0; and a loan of £172.0.0.

However, no significant development took place since then. In 1884 an application was received by the Board of Works for the building of a bridge and road along the Cunnigar and Western Bay in Dungarvan. This was not passed.

The Cunnigar is a sandspit extending across Dungarvan Bay from the townland of Ballinacourty in Ring. It is about one mile long, 200 metres at its widest point, and separated from Dungarvan by a 200 metre stretch of water. Since it is never covered by the sea it would have been a logical step to build a road on it and to link up with Dungarvan by means of a causeway and a bridge. This would have cut down a roundabout journey of five miles to one mile.

A number of schemes for the building of such an "Embankment" as it was called were considered by the Board of Works, and in 1912 an application from Waterford Co. Council and Mr. P. J. Powell, M.P., for grants in favour of the "Cunnigar Bridge and Road" was submitted. However, although the money required for this project became available in 1913 the scheme was not considered suitable for a grant.

Mackerel and herring were the major fish pursued by them during this period. The general manner in which the catching of the different species overlapped at different times of the year can be represented as follows -

Middle of April to end of June -Spring Mackerel.

1st of May to middle of August -Summer Herring.

Middle of July to end of August -Autumn Mackerel.

Middle of August to 1st of December -Autumn Herring.

It seems as if the largest catches between 1900 and 1910 were from Autumn Herrings while the most lucrative catch per cwt. on average were the Summer Herrings. However, it should not be assumed that December to April was spent idle. The annual reports make it very clear that the Ring men fished all the year round and used their boats for trawling, long lining, trammel and seine nets fishing. While some of the fish caught must have been salted and dried for home use there appears to have been no attempt at processing on a commercial scale, Rather, most of the fish were transported to Dungarvan if not landed there, and sold fresh for local consumption and occasionally for distant Markets, including Germany and Russia.

No official reports were published during the war years and when they were eventually republished in 1918 we learn very little except that there were 15 boats and 70 fishermen in the parish. This is some indication that the decline which had begun in the 1860s, if not still continuing, was definitely on the up-swing. By 1926 the Ring men appear to have really been despairing. Liam O Miodhchain of Ballinagoul, giving evidence to Commisioun na Gaeltachta, stated that nobody in Ring was dependant solely on fishing as many had small holdings often in separate pieces and usual amounting to about two acres. However, he also stated that there was a need for a herring curing station at Ring, for new motor boats and new nets. What he was particularly worried about was the activity of other trawlers in the area. As he put it:

"Se tuairim alan gurb lad na tralaeri mora iasachta ata ag deanamh na tubaiste ar an iascaireacht. Is minio a bhionn suas le dha cheann deag diobh seo i bhfeisgeachi mile no dho den talamh".

This point is also borne out by Keohan in his Illustrated Guide to Dungarvan when he states:

The only boats now engaged in the Dungarvan fishery are stationed at Ballinagoul and Helvick. They have much to contend against for the English and Scotch boats come along and scour all the ground, leaving but poor provision for the local men.

Ring and its Fishermen 1891-1926 By Tom O'Donoghue

From Dungarvan Observer 13 April 1985

However, despite this state of affairs the Ring men took upon themselves the additional task of providing a lifeboat service. During the mid 1890s the lifeboat which had been stationed across the bay at Ballinacourty was transferred to Helvick. From then on the Ring men showed great bravery as they set out year after year and in all kinds of weather, to rescue fellow sea-men. One rescue attempt in particular is still vividly recalled in the parish. It was St. Patrick's Day, Friday 17th March 1911, and the wind was blowing a full gale. Later, it was reported to be the worst gale off the Waterford coast for sixteen years, "The Teaser", a schooner registered at Montrose of about 80 tons register, and owned by Mr. Ferguson of Connahs Bay, North Wales, left Wales (Swansea) on Tuesday 14th March, 1911. She was bound for Dingle Bay with approximately 160 tons of coal.



Picture: Drift Nets being repaired by fishermen at Baile Na nGall.

"The Teaser" got into difficulties, was unable to shorten sail, and was soon ashore on the Black Rocks at Curragh, Ardmore, Coo Waterford. A message was sent by telegraph from the Coastguard Station at Ardmore, requesting the assistance of the Helvick Head lifeboat. In the meantime, Fr. John O'Shea, the Ardmore curate, who was on the shore, organised the locals and,

with seven others, went out in a small boat. For his bravery, Fr. O'Shea was awarded the Gold Medal of the Committee of Management of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. However, the Ring men in the Helvick Head lifeboat also risked their lives. The lifeboat stood off The Teaser throughout most of the morning but the conditions were so bad that they could not approach the wreck owing to the fact that it was on a shore and there was not enough water alongside for the lifeboat to stay afloat safely.

Less than two years later, on 12th December 1912, they again demonstrated their bravery when the French vessel, "Marechal de Noailles" of Nantes, left Glasgow bound for New Caledonia. She carried a cargo of coal, coke, lime-stone, and railway materials. At 1800 hours the ship lay 3 miles from Ballycotton and could go no further as Ballycotton Island could not be weathered. It appears that when the captain realised this he went about. Shortly afterwards the wind strengthened and the seas increased and some of the sails were carried away. The captain then fixed distress signals as the ship was being blown ashore. She grounded on the rocks 300 yards west of Mine Head and broke her back. When the distress signals were seen ashore, Helvick Head lifeboat under Coxwain John Terry, was launched. The rest of the crew were M. Walsh, M. Rally, J. Manahan, T. Meagher, M. Hayes, N. Walsh, T. Hally, J. Walsh, E. Troy, W. Terry, T. Carey, J. Costello, P. Cuddy, J. Drummy. After a long struggle through the night they reached Mine Head, but the ship was ashore when they got to her as she was on a shore with rocks all around. Nevertheless, they stood by while a rocket crew from Ardmore rescued the crew from the mainland. The lifeboat then returned to its station at 10.00 hours on Wednesday morning, having been at sea for 15 hours. The following lines are local poet Tomas de Bhial's description of the crews bravery:

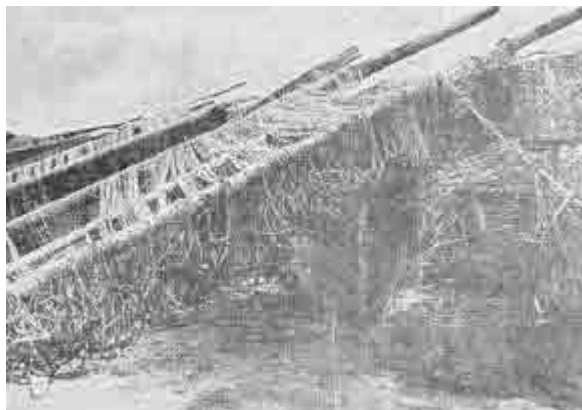
I mbad beag do shuiodar gan mhairg ina gcroi suid,
Na teada do scaolleadh 's as leo go brath;
Ag treabhadh na taoide bhi na slibhte le haoirde,
Gan ordlach da ndionughadh ar lionta an bhais.
Ce gur chuardaoidar milte den fharraige choimhthioch,
Ar an loing na a daoine ni raibh tuairisc le fail.
Thainig osna sa chroi aca nuair a chai theadar striocadh,
An anam do ghuiodar ag rosa go hard.

CONCLUSION

During the 1920s the fishing industry in Ireland reached its low water mark and the experience at Ring was no exception. The popularity and superiority of the new quay which had been built at Helvick in and the introduction of motor power and larger boats in the late 1920s and early 1930s also resulted in Helvick

taking over from Ballinagoul as the main centre of fishing in the parish. The war years and the early fifties were reasonably successful years for the Helvick fishermen as fish were plentiful and prices were good.

Picture: Drift nets hanging out to dry in Baile Na nGall, Ring.



However, the national situation was far from good and it could be argued that French fishermen knew more about the Irish fishing grounds than the Irish and exploited that knowledge to the full. In the 1970s Eastern Bloc nations sent their fishing boats to reap rich harvests.

It was also during the 1970s that Irish fishermen got better boats and gear, and catches improved. The era of three or four men and a boy in a rowing boat practically vanished, and in their place came well equipped boats up to 133 feet long and costing up to £2 million. It was also during the 1970s that a revolution began in the

fishing industry in the Ring Gaeltacht. The pier at Helvick serving the Ring men became busy with young men, many who had given up some of the best jobs in the country as glass workers in Dungarvan to go back fishing. In 1979 there were about 150 working in and around the 12 boats operating out of Helvick. Not that the area hasn't got its own special problems. Chief among them is marauding Dutch trawlers - taking as much herring as a by-catch of mackerel in a one week as would keep the Helvick boats in work for a whole season. Yet, the seeds of a new, proud, prosperous and progressive lifestyle are now firmly rooted and the determination to hold on to it is likely to result in the findings of solutions to such matters.

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THE END

Language of the Ancient Irish

By unknown author, unknown source

Some learned men are of opinion that the British was the ancient language of the Irish; and they labour to demonstrate this assertion from the abundance of British words which the Irish, even at this day, use, either entire or but little corrupted. I confess I am of the same opinion but as I think that their most ancient language was British, introduced among them by their first colonies, who were from Britain, so I cannot but be of opinion that their proper language was partly refined and polished by the intermixture of other colonies, and that it was partly changed by the revolutions of time. According to Horace-

“Such words which now the present age decries
Shall in the next with approbation rise;
Others grown old in fame and high request,
In the succeeding age shall be suppress.
So much doth custom o’er our speech prevail,
The sole unquestioned judge and law of all”

The Greeks and Italians may serve us for examples of this assertion, (which is not to be forgotten in this place) it is evident that, in some years after the arrival of the Saxons, the British language was in Britain itself, as it were, banished and thrust down into Cornwall and Wales, in so much that in the other parts of the island scarce the least or footstep of the ancient language remain to this day.

Besides, as the Irish of old spoke, the ancient British language, so also they borrowed their alphabet or letters from the ancient Britains, as it is possible the Saxons afterwards might have done from the Irish, when they flocked to their schools for the sake of education. Further, as among other arguments, the first inhabitants of Ireland are thought to be colonies of Britains, from the affinity between their languages so the Albanian Scots. Especially those of the north, are for the same reason thought to be colonies of the Irish. "It is from many arguments plain (says Johannes Major) that we derive our origin from the Irish: This we are taught by Bede, an Englishman, who would not be fond of lessening the offspring of his own country; this is evident from the language, for almost half Scotland speaks Irish at this day, and more did so some time past.”

Besides the vulgar characters the ancient Irish made use of various occult forms and artificial rules in writing called *ogum*, to which they committed their secret affairs. I have in my custody an ancient parchment book filled with such characters.

* From *The Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland* translated by Walter Harris and published in Dublin, in 1764.

Fishing off our coast

By Fintan Power

From Dungarvan Leader Autumn Supplement 09.1984

A little over a century ago fishing was confined to local waters with small boats going out on day trips and staying within sight of land. Since then its horizons have expanded considerably. Fishing boats of various sizes ply the seas and trips lasting days or weeks are commonplace. A wide range of nets for different kinds of fishing is used.

Complex equipment is used to chart the sea floor, to locate shoals of fish to identify wrecks and other obstacles on the sea bed which call damage netting; to identify and communicate with other vessels and shore stations and to help identify harbours and other coastal outlines. Long and short range weather forecasts are provided by governments and these are taken into account when decisions are made on when and where to fish.



Numerous communities around the coast have come to depend to a large extent for the living on fishing, which has become a major industry in Ireland in the past 50 years or so. Two such communities on the South coast are Helvick and Dunmore East, which have made contributions to the success and expansion of the industry.

Helvick has a small tidal harbour: It has a fleet of about 20 boats. They range from punts of a few metres which work close inshore to trawlers of about 20 metres, capable of facing a variety of weathers and remaining at sea for several days or even weeks at a time.

The different types of vessels in the fleet mainly seek different types of fish throughout the year though there is some overlapping. Vessels between 10 and 12 metres long have a year of three seasons. From September to December they catch herring by drift net fishing. In January and February they go gill netting for cod and pollack. From March to August they seek salmon and lobster. They work inshore rarely moving more than 10 kilometres from the coast.

The largest vessels in the fleet between 16 and 20 metres in length fish 16 kilometres and more off Dunmore East, Minehead and Ballycotton. From September to February they seek white fish e.g. whiting, cod, squid, ray and all flat fish.

During the same period up to Christmas they will also fish for herrings. Things are quiet in March so major maintenance is usually undertaken then. From April to August the vessels trawl for prawns about 80 to 100 kilometres offshore sometimes going to a lucrative area known as the smalls off the south west coast of Wales.

Another category is the 13 metre trawler which it has been predicted may well become the main class of trawler in the fleet. It trawls between 8 and 20 kilometres off the coast. From September to February it seeks whiting, prawns and flatfish. From March to August it seeks salmon. The punts, the smallest class, go for lobster and salmon when in season.

In 1982, fish (excluding salmon) weighing 1.088 tonnes and valued at £397,000 were landed at Helvick, compared with 58.775 tonnes, valued at £8,571,000 landed at Killybegs, the main fishing port in the country.

Buyers from Clonmel, Waterford, Cork and occasionally Dublin attend the fish auctions which take place 5 nights a week in Helvick and purchase either for selling in their own areas or for processing for clients abroad.

Dunmore East is considered to be one of the five main fishing ports in the country. Numbers in the fleet fluctuate but there are about 50 boats at present. They can come and go at all tides. Like Helvick the boats range from punts to trawlers of 20 metres, with a few longer ones as well. The fishing seasons are much the same though some of the larger vessels trawl for prawns in the inhospitable waters South-West of the Porcupine Basin.

In 1982 the value of fish landed (excluding salmon) at Dunmore East was £1,863,000 for a total of 6,021 tonnes.

An Bord Iascaigh Mhara is the semi-state body concerned with the development of the fishing industry. It was set up in 1952 and re-structured in 1962. It has 3 main divisions: investment development, fisheries development and marketing development.

A new and modern 20 metre trawler may cost between £200,000 and £300,000, the kind of figure that few, if any, owner/skippers can come up with. In the case of a new Vessel Bord Iascaigh Mhara offers advice on its construction and arranges financial backing for the purchase of the vessel. A typical break-down of the cost would be this the buyer pays a deposit of between 5 and 10%. He gets a grant of 25% and a loan of the remainder which he is expected to pay back over 10 years. Fishermen buying second-hand vessels may also avail of advice and financing. Most, if not all, of the fishing vessels in Helvick and Dunmore East have been purchased in one or other of these ways. Similar financial arrangements can be made when purchasing new items of equipment for fishing vessels. The Dunmore East Fishermens' Co-Operative was one of the local fishing businesses which got financial and technical aid from Bord Iascaigh Mhara when it was set up a few years ago.

In recent years ice has, taken over as the main method of preserving fish from the time it is caught until it reaches the shore and from there to various selling outlets. In 1957 Bord Iascaigh Mhara set up an Ice plant in Dunmore East. The plant, which could produce 6 tons of Ice a day, was a little ahead of its time. At first the facilities for storing ice on board boats was poor and it melted quickly, but as the idea of using it grew, storing facilities were improved giving it a much longer life. A mobile unit was added last July so the plant can now produce 9 tons a day. The plant's compressor is due for renewal later this year and its replacement should bring it up to 10 tons a day.

Helvick now has the only Ice plant between Dunmore East and Castletownbere. It was built 10 years ago. Like Dunmore East it copes with vessels from other ports when the fishing season concentrates along the Waterford and Cork coastlines.



Few fishermen are in the position to take the time off to attend courses in seamanship at the Bord Iascaigh Mhara's school in Co. Donegal, so when groups of them have wanted courses they are instead held in port at the end of a day's fishing. Fishermen in both Helvick and Dunmore East have availed of this opportunity, especially those whose boats go far beyond the horizon. The courses deal with electronics, marine engineering

and skippers certificates of competency. They vary in length, sometimes up to 14 weeks. Because the cost of running a boat today is so very high (fuel alone may cost £1,000 per week) a skipper needs to find the fishing grounds with pin-point accuracy, avoiding unnecessary searching. He has therefore to thoroughly understand the boat's electronic aids to navigation, shoal and obstacle location, radar and radio equipment and their limitations.

If they fail he has to be able to make landfall using dead reckoning. There are more ships at sea today than ever and certain sea areas, such as Land's End, are the focus of very heavy traffic, much like a major road junction where all the roads are of equal importance. A skipper approaching such areas must know the rules for traffic at sea and be able to clearly identify and avoid other ships and dangerous obstacles in different weathers and lights. He must know how to navigate different channels and estuaries, each with its own distinct recognition marks such as buoys and lighthouses. The kind of training Bord Iascaigh Mhara offers has therefore become essential for today's skipper and skippers at Helvick and Dunmore East consider the training of immense value.

A flume tank is a large graduated glass tank used to recreate the surface and below surface sea conditions in which a trawler and its nets operate. Unable to provide the extremely expensive equipment involved in setting up one of these Bord Iascaigh Mhara has financed trips to one such tank in Hull, North Eastern England. Dunmore East fishermen have availed of the opportunity and have benefited a great deal from it. Scaled down models of a variety of trawling boats and nets are used. Fishermen can see for themselves how for example one type of net set in different ways behaves in a variety of sea conditions. They can see with ease what they are unable to see from their own boats, namely how the nets operate under water. The lessons learned applied at home, can considerably improve catches.

The precise location of a wreck on the seabed is important for several reasons. On the one hand a trawler needs to avoid obstacles which will entangle and damage its nets, sometimes meaning their loss. On the other hand wrecks attract a whole variety of marine life. A skilful trawler skipper will be able to draw his nets over or along the wreck.

He could also drop a weighted net which would stand on the sea floor about the wreck. The net is recovered a few days later, the catch having been trapped by their gills in the netting. Magnetometers, the

instruments used to locate wrecks, have been loaned to fishermen in the two ports by Bord Iascaigh Mhara. Once located the wrecks can be readily distinguished by echo sounders which are fitted to most modern trawlers.

Equipment for specialised fishing is also available from Bord Iascaigh Mhara. For the past three years the scallop beds off Mine Head have proved very productive. Boats in Helvick have been able to obtain scallop dredges from B.I.M. for the shellfish, which can be harvested for most months in the year. Nets are made available to Helvick fishermen for the fishing of spratts, which are a good substitute for sardines in the Winter months. Recent years have seen the development of a highly profitable shellfish industry. B.I.M. were involved in the development of the Atlantic Shellfish Company, which is based in Wexford and runs the most successful oyster firm in the country. Like Wexford Harbour. Waterford Harbour also provides great potential for the development of the shellfish industry. For years large mussels have been obtained in the area. B.I.M. recently introduced cultivation techniques in the area and hope to see the Wexford success repeated in Waterford.

Essential to the development of the fishing industry is the discovery of new fishing grounds. Fishermen in Dunmore East have been helping B.I.M. in this work for a number of years. In addition to charting, the seabed samples are taken from the seabed to discover where certain fish spawn their young. In this way new breeding grounds can be uncovered.

B.I.M. are at pains to point out that no new projects will be considered for investment in the next few months due to its adverse financial circumstances. Meanwhile fishermen in both ports are calling for a substantial injection of cash so that the industry can sustain its development plans.

Farming and fishing in Corbally and Rathmoylan c.1650-1900

By Thomas Gregory Fewer

From Waterford Today 21.12.1993.

As we approach the 21st century, it is easy to forget the hardship faced by people in the past whose livelihood derived from the land or from the sea. Before the advent of tractors, combine harvesters, artificial fertilisers, pesticides and high-tech trawlers, both agriculture and fishing required much more physical labour from each individual farmer and fisher in order for him/her to earn a living.

People were then more subject to the variability of the weather and to differential soil quality. Yet with hard work and ingenuity, people prevailed on poor land or rough seas. By utilising a range of records dating from the mid 17th to the late 19th centuries, it is usually possible to examine the state of agriculture and fishing for any given area over this period. The contiguous civil parishes of Corbally and Rathmoylan, located on Waterford's southeastern coast, form one such area.

Corbally and Rathmoylan are dominated by two rock types - Old Red Sandstone along the coast and shale further inland. Because the soil overlying the Old Red Sandstone is more acid, the shale-dominated areas are better for agricultural purposes. The coastline here is also exposed to the prevailing southwesterly winds. Consequently documentary sources from the 17th century onwards tend to reflect either the differential soil quality or the area's exposure to sea winds.

The Civil Survey of 1654-6 recorded that in the parish of Kilmacleague (which then included Corbally), "The soyle (howbeit bleake seated) is good for grazeing and but bad for Come being a moist yellow clay Rathmoylan soil, however, was generally "light and dry, indifferent for corne or pasture." The Down Survey (1655-7) which is the cartographic version of the Civil Survey, more euphemistically describes the land of both parishes as " All Arable and pasture, "but added that a "few parcells of Bogg" existed in Kilmacleague.

According to Charles Smith's *The antient and present state of the county and city of Waterford (1746)*, agricultural improvements in Summerville, then the seat of Thomas Wyse, were "inconsiderable", while the "bleakness of the sea winds" was "too sharp" for trees to grow well on the demesne. Despite such difficulties, a modest sized wood stands there today. In 1814, William Shaw Mason reported in the first volume of *a statistical account or parochial survey of Ireland* that the people in the ecclesiastical union of Drummannon (which included Corbally as part of Kilmacleague) were "remarkably healthy, except in Kilmacleague, which is both low (in altitude) and wet." At this time "ore-weed" was collected on the shores of the Back Strand and adjacent coves in May and June of every year to be used as a fertiliser for potatoes and apparently produced "an excellent crop". Sea sand was also used to fertilise crops, especially corn. However, in Kilmacleague parish, there were only "6 or 7 comfortable farmers: the rest are rather poor." The more fortunate of the poor at this time were able to grow half an acre to an acre of oats which went towards paying the rent and providing a staple diet of oatmeal for the family. Those who could only afford to rent a cottage and a small plot of ground grew potatoes as the mainstay of a subsistence diet. However people living in the district around the Back Strand were also able to supplement their main course with cockles gathered from the sea-shore. The scarcity of milk in the union of Drummannon suggests that few dairy cattle were being raised in the area and consequently arable farming was more important there in the early 19th century.

Ten years later R.H. Hyland recorded in his *The History topography and antiquities of the county and city of Waterford* that the villages of Portally, Rathmoylan, Ballymacaw and Summerville were mainly inhabited by fishermen whom he described as "a poor and unemployed peasantry, vacillating between agriculture and fishing, and consequently unsuccessful in both." Hyland blamed the area's exposure to the prevailing winds and the need for "convenient" harbours for the farmers/fishers' lack of success in their endeavours. Samuel Lewis in his *A Topographical Dictionary of Ireland (1837)* also found the rocky coastline to be dangerous for the mainly fishing community of Rathmoylan, but he noted that vessels could seek shelter during bad weather in Rinnashark Harbour between the Tramore sand hills and the east shore of the Back Strand near which there was a "small fishing village at Somerville." The Ordnance Survey Name Books compiled prior to the publication of the first edition Ordnance Survey maps in the 1830's and 1840's agreed with Lewis on the dangerous nature of the coast.

With regard to the land, Lewis states that Corbally was "chiefly arable," but he unfortunately does not comment on the state of agriculture in Rathmoylan. The O.S. Name Books are a much better source in this regard, generally describing Corbally and Rathmoylan as "undulating and bare" except for Gortahilly and Rathmoylan townlands, which were "flat and bare". The parish of Rathmoylan was favourably thought

to have soil which "is a rich loam yielding hay, wheat, oats, peas, beans and potatoes in abundance." This was probably the case on the shale-dominated landscape away from the coast as the soil in the predominantly Old Red Sandstone areas of Brownstown, Coolum and Gortahilly was stated to be "poor" and generally given over to pasture. Corballybeg which largely overlies shale was the only townland in Corbally parish to receive any positive comments. Its description reads as slightly undulated, and wooded, the soil is good and yields wheat, oats, (and) small (?) potatoes in plenty." By 1891 when N. Harvey published his Handbook for Waterford and vicinity (1891) Brownstown Head was still found to be "a wild and rugged promontory." Harvey indicated that tourists from Tramore could take a ferryboat from the sand hills across Rinnashark Harbour (which was still in use by fishing boats at Lisselty in order to visit the headland.

The consideration of the landscape is important in trying to ascertain past lifestyles because of the impact it would have had on them. As we have seen, contemporary accounts from the mid-17th to the 19th centuries present a generally poor picture of the Corbally/Rathmoylan area. The day to day life of the farming and fishing communities here was made difficult by the undulating terrain, variable soil quality, and the exposed, largely unwooded, aspect of the land, as well as the rocky coastline and the absence of a good harbour. Yet, as Corbally's 1889 population of 285 shows, many people were once able to make some kind of a living in the parish. The increasing mechanisation of agriculture and a movement towards larger consolidated, and therefore more cost efficient farms would together have contributed to the decline in Corbally's population which, forty years later, had dropped to under a third of the number in 1889.

Daonscoil Na Mumhan **By unknown author**

From Dungarvan Leader Christmas Supplement 1991

If one were to ask the people of Dungarvan and West Waterford if there were any Summer School available here chances are nine out of ten would reply in the negative.

Partly because of their low profile and partly because we do not recognise it for what it is, we do not realise that we have the oldest, one of the best attended and one of the most unique Summer Schools of all in Daonscoil na Mumhan, which for the last thirty-eight years has been held in Colaiste na Rinne every August.

Last August was no exception and between the 17th, and 24th of that month 223, adults, teenagers and toddlers converged on the Coilaiste for a most informative, enjoyable and educational week.

The name of Pádraig Ó hÍceadha from Mallow in Co. Cork is synonymous with An Daonscoil, which is not surprising really considering it was on his proposal that the school was founded,

At a meeting of Dail na Mumhan the umbrella body of the various Connradh na Gaeilge organisations in Munster back in 1953, Pádraig Ó hÍceadha expressed the view that it would be right and fitting to have a Summer School, an Adult education project which would promote the use of Irish particularly among adults.

The President of Dail na Mumhan at the time a Franciscan Called Fr. Athanasius asked Pádraig straight out if he would be prepared to organise it. Having talked himself into the job, Pádraig took it, and had very definite ideas of how it should develop.

Firstly, it should be in the Gaeltacht and secondly it should represent every walk of life. Thirty eight years on Pádraig has no doubt but that both aims were achieved having seen farmers and doctors, solicitors, carpenters and quite literally the butcher and baker, though candlestick makers have been a little thin on the ground.

"People come to the Daonscoil, to learn, to discuss, to share views and to meet friends year after year. At first we were a bit defensive in our outlook, seeking to prove that Irish is important but over the years we have grown to the point where we now discuss the problems of the day through Irish."

From humble beginnings, the event has grown and can boast such luminaries as Tomás Ó Fiaich and Cearbhall Ó Dálaigh -who went on to become Cardinal and President Frank Aiken and Kevin Boland and this year grandson of Eamon de Valera, Eamon Ó Cuív who all opened and addressed the scoláirí of An Daonscoil.

But it is a source of some disappointment to Pádraig, who has nurtured the idea over all those years, who has seen the numbers attending grow five fold, who has monitored all the good work of the Daonscoil for almost four decades, that the event is largely ignored by the national media.

Despite sending regular reports of its activities, prepared scripts of the major contributors and a constant flow of information, it has attracted few column inches in the newspapers of the nation.

If their deliberations have failed to make the national press, they have also kept a fairly low profile on the local scene as most of their activities are "on campus" or in the more localised area of Ring, where they are intimately known to the local population who often join them in their evening entertainment.

Pádraig Ó Dálaigh if they used such titles - would be described as the Administrator of the Daonscoil. Hailing from Solohead outside Tipperary Town his youthful appearance belies the forty-nine years he spent with the Department of Posts and Telegraphs and An Post.

A relative newcomer to Daonscoil, he first attended about 1958, he took on the administrative duties "not because I wanted to, but because no one else would do it."

He "first came to Colaiste na Rinne as a student in 1940 and loved the area, the people and life in the college. He came on holidays once more before he commenced his association with An Daonscoil and of course has never missed a year for the last thirty-four or so.

Many of his memories are Ring inspired, in the early days staying with Mairead Breathnach and his eldest son first went to Mass during the Daonscoil.

With the many happy memories he also has humorous reminiscences like the night he was asleep in the dormitory when a father and son arrived from Dublin for the lecture the following morning.

At the best of times he found it difficult to sleep and to settle down had rigged an old reel to reel tape recorder under the bed which would play for about seven hours to lull him to sleep and keep him there. The following morning as he was dressing he overheard his dorm-partner complaining to his son about the inconsiderate people at the school and some "amadan ag seinnt ceoil all night."

Another night, a regular at the school in the fifties and sixties, an ex captain in the I.R.A., Proinnsias O Duinn arrived back in the dormitory to find his pyjamas totally knotted and a French bed waiting for him. Once Proinnsias started talking nothing would stop him and he muttered and grumbled as he strove to unknot the pyjamas, and later abandon his wrecked bed for another in the dormitory.

Sensing that at least one of the culprits was in bed and pretending to be asleep, he muttered to himself "Bioitn an ciuin cionntach", or the silent are guilty. He wasn't far wrong.

Padraig O Dalaigh is proud of the rise and rise of An Daonscoil, never dreaming that their particular formula for enjoying the national language would grow in popularity.

With the extra numbers has come extra responsibility for filling the time of the teens and toddlers who come each year. There is a full range of sports and activities with An puc fada, kick fada, pitch and putt, Ras na Rinne and much much more.

Recently they added a video making competition which proved hugely popular and attracted many entries of high quality. This year it was judged by Gabriel Rosenstock who was very impressed by the standard of the entries. The natural historian of the event is Mainchín Seoighe from Kilmallock who has only twenty two attendances to this credit but who has a fund of lore and stories and funny incidents which could take you late into the night.

He speaks with genuine love and affection for all the people he meets on his annual sojourn in the Gaeltacht and of the great rapport between the college authorities and the Daonscoil over the years.

Starting with the late Fear Mor Seamus O hEocha continuing through the administration of Micheal O Domhnaill and now under the new Bainisteoir, Liam O Suipeal the help, co-operation and understanding has been exceptional and has in no small way been responsible for the success and longevity of the event. Mainchin speaks of the people who develop the concept over the years and put their individual stamp on An Daonscoil.

People like Padraig O Meara from Nenagh, Micheal Mac Carthaigh from Dundrum, Micheal O Murchu better known as An Gabh Gaelach, Padraig O Cearbhall from West Limerick and Micheal O Ceallachain who contributed so much musically over the years and who died last April.

Micheal had composed a number of Masses and this year one of these was sung at An Daonscoil in the presence of his wife Maeve and daughter Eibhlin.

This year An Daonscoil attracted people from all over Munster and also from Donegal, Leitrim, Galway, Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford and Belfast.

From the Northern city came two Presbyterian brothers Barry and Clive O Cionnain who are very accomplished musicians and are steeped in Irish culture and the broader Celtic music and who will return again to An Daonscoil at An Rinn.

A typical day starts with Mass at 8.30 a.m., breakfast at 9 and the first serious work "Cleachtadh Gaeilge" at 9.30. This was conducted by Maire Ni Iarlaithe and concentrated on sean-chainnt na nDeise giving examples of the Deise dialect and interesting points of idiom and grammar.

While it is styled Cleachtadh Gaeilge or literally "Irish practice" it was attended by even the most accomplished Irish speakers there, drawn by the interest which Maire generated in her topic,

At 10.30 the daily lecture started and if ever there were disasters or confusion it was more often about this time as a lecturer failed to turn up dispatching a telegram to convey the bad news. Oh some occasions even this courtesy was not extended and "plan B" had to be put into action.

Many of the finest speakers in Ireland have addressed Daonscoil na Mumhan over the years and the quality of the debate has been excellent. Controversy was no stranger either like the occasion when the eminent theologian from Cork chose An Daonscoil to voice his doubts and fears on the Papal Encyclical dealing with contraception - *Humanae Vitae*.

This year An Seanadóir Eamonn O Cuiv, Alan Dukes, Tomás O Canainn, Lecturer in Music at U.C.C., Dr. Tadgh O Dubhshláine, Maynooth College, An t-Athair O Conchúir from Co. Kerry were some of the contributors.

But life is not all learning, debate and serious faces, far from it. The afternoons are free to enjoy the splendid scenery and hospitality of the area unless you decide to take the organised trip which this year took in Lismore and West Waterford. Dean Weekes of Lismore gave them an excellent tour of the Church of Ireland Cathedral there and played the magnificent organ.

Some continued on to meet old friends in Mt. Melleray, traditionally very close to Colaiste na Rinne.

But most fun is at night when the Ceili gets going and afterwards Moya Bean Ni Dhomhnaill will act as efficient bean a' tí the informal music session.

Mainchin has his own out-standing memories of his days with An Daonscoil. He remembers Bean Ní Bré from near Cappoquin who had acquired all her Irish from her grandmother but by virtue of the school system of the time could not read or write the language but had great fluency in the spoken tongue.

She had a great gift of poetry and could recite a poem about almost any subject from Holy cross Abbey to the disappearance of farms.

One day Mainchin asked her to compose a poem about Bruree in Co. Limerick and two weeks later it duly arrived in the post. It was difficult to interpret being written phonetically and he put it aside to discuss with her the following year.

When they met eleven months later, he thanked her and said he would love to go through the poem with her if there was any of it she remembered. Despite never having written it down, she could recite the poem in full by heart proving that what was claimed about the bards of old was indeed true.

A brother of Bean Ní Bre, a man called a Caoimh gathered much of the material for a book An Sleibhteanach - The Mountainy Man of Deise Irish which was published by a daughter of a man named Sargent at An Daonscoil some years ago.

An t-Athair Piaras de Hindeberg who was chaplain to Daonscoil na Mumhan for many years collected an immense amount of material on Deise Irish encompassing much of the material of Bean Ní Bre. This too was published.

So where stands the language today? Mainchin feels that the quality of schools Irish has declined but the growth of Gaelscoileanna is a hopeful sign. The number of people with competency in Irish is growing but it would be impossible to promote Irish as a spoken language without the Gaeltacht. We have the third oldest literature in Europe - behind only the classic Greek and Latin - and we should be proud of it.

Language is a badge of nationality and in practical terms, the training we receive at primary level gives people practice at acquiring a new language.

Many people consider the Irish language elitist at the moment, the preserve of a few. Perhaps some project that image but the language is there for all who wish to reach out.

There is nothing elitist about Daonscoil na Mumhan, and certainly they do not trumpet their interest in or dedication to the Irish language. They go about their business quietly, gaining satisfaction in what they do, no demands are made, no impositions on anyone.

The Irish language is safe in their hands, caretakers for the next generation and like true environmentalists they will use the resource and pass it on not just unharmed but enhanced.

Willy Carey ag Cainnt.....

By unknown author

From Dungarvan Leader, 15.11.1985



For the photo in our Remembering Other Days series this week we have the above which comes from the Lawrence Collection which is housed in the National Library. It shows the harbour at Ballingoul, Ring, Co. Waterford in the early days of the present century when the late Willy Carey whose death occurred recently was replaced with houses of the most modern design and facilities.

The death of Willy Carey, Helvick, which occurred at the age of 94 years at the home of his grand-daughter at Murphy Place, Abbeyside on Thursday, October 31 recalls an interview with him which was published in the [Old Waterford Society Journal "Decies"](#) of September 1982. It is a fitting appreciation of a man who lived a long and eventful life and who fished in Dungarvan harbour until he was 90 years old.

The preamble to the interview, dated 1981, goes as follows:

The ebbtide in the channel has revealed the bar and the sand banks as the blackheaded gulls and terns swoop and dip for sandeels - it is now late evening; the summer sun is already sinking in haze on the Knockmealdowns and a light westerly breeze comes from the Direction of Drom Fhinin. A lone boatman edges his way into the channel rowing from a standing position as he pushes craft forward. Against the fading light we can see the nets packed high on the stern. Momentarily the rhythmical beat of the oars stops - the boatman nods in greeting to us on our way up channel. Willy Carey is out to work the night tide as he has done so often in the past mar ni inniu na inne thosnaigh, an fear ceanna ag goilt do lionta and do bhaid.

The interview proper, dated 1982 -ar an gce i nDungarbhan - is then recorded in the following question and answer form:-

Fear on Rinn tu Willy?

Sea ar ndoigh! rugadh in Heilvic me sa bhliain 1891 agus chuaigh me ar scoil dti Micheal O Foghlu i gcuinne pairc Mheachair, sa Rinn.

D'airigh me tracht ar t'athair Tomas Thom -bhi bad aige?

Bhi agus bad ag m'uncal Jamsie Thom sa seana-dhoca in Heilvic.

When did you first go to sea? I went lobster fishing in 1907 with my father and Larry O Laochda (Carey) with lobster pots in Ardmore Bay. We sold lobsters to Freddie Keane in Ardmore for 7/6 a dozen. We had a seine net for mackerel and trammels for codling, pollock and mullet. Fish were as thick as grass in those days boy, only there was very little to be got for it - prices were bad - you know.

That was before the new pier was built in Helvick?

Tnat's right we kept the boats in the small dock, (an seanadhoca). There used to be a gate on the dock before my time-It was still there when I was young but it was left opened against the south wall.

What kind of boats had the fishermen at that time?

Small boats -18-20 feet, 6 foot beam with a lugsail - they were rowing boats -Seamasin Kelly, Antaine Whealan, Jim Graves, Jim Manahan, my father and his brother Jamsie all had boats. A man called Cronin from Knocklagoon made them.

The bigger boats were kept in Ballinagoul?

Yes! those were hookers up to 35 feet, gaff-rigged and half-decked with stones as ballast good boats to sail. "The John (Whelans), "Maurice and Mary" (Sean Terry), "Victory" (Tom Walsh) "Finin" (Bat Lonain) are some of the hookers I remember; They used to fish for hake, herring and flatfish-they had poles instead of otter boards to keep the trawl open. The herrings were very plentiful and the shoals usually came into the harbour in the month of November and December. I remember up to 20 boats fishing herring in the harbour after World War I. In the twenties Scotsmen came to buy the herring and salted and packed them

on the pier. The local fishermen dried the hake and the ling and kept it for the Winter – I remember the walls and fences in Ballinagoul white with fish out drying.

Where did ye usually sell the fish?

On Dungarvan Quay to a man called Clancy and to Jimmy Curran-those merchants shipped the fish to Billingsgate on the railway to Rosslare. They paid up right away, - no weekly accounts like today. Fishing was hard work in those days - I often saw the Ringmen rowing those heavy boats with two oars in calm weather from four or five miles off Helvick to the Quay in Dungarvan -you wouldn't get a man to do it today.

Bhiodar ag maireachtaint ar an ngoath -mar aduirt an bhean I mBaile na nGall fado - "la de goath and la gan goath beirim do diabhal sibh."

Did you work on the building of Helvick Pier?

I did, I was working on the pier before World War I, cutting foundations for 15/- a week, shortly after that a schooner full of coal struck the Runnaer near the lighthouse and my father, Bat Whelan and Jim Manahan took some of the cargo off - the attraction of the sea was too much so I joined the others in the salvage work. That was my last day working on the pier.

SHIP'S PILOT

When did you go to live in Abbeyside?

I went to Abbeyside when I married in 1927.

You have been a pilot all your life?

I have and my father before me was a pilot. We got 7/6 for pilotage and for that sometimes in calm weather or when the wind was straight down the channel, we had to kedge the schooners up from the pool in Ballinacourty. Freight was 1/6 a ton for coal from Cardiff and maize from Liverpool before 1914.

What kind of ships were the schooners?

Two masted and some three masted ships of about 200 ton - they traded mostly to the Bristol Channel and along the south coast as far west at Kinsale - they had three men as a crew.

Do you remember the names of the schooners?

I do Indeed! Currans had the "Village Girl," "Sarah Bridget," "Richard Cobden" and "Denoric." The "Denoric" was a three masted ship which drew 12 feet, of water. Moloneys, had the "Harvey," Catherlne Ellen," "Sarah Mary," "Moray McMillan," "Fieri," "Margaret West" and "Aicorn." The "Harvey" was a "fore and after" - a very good ship to sail. She was built in the U.S.A. and came to Dungarvan with a cargo of timber from St. John's, Newfoundland -the Moloney's bought her and she went back afterwards for another cargo. Capt Whealan from Abbeyside was her master, Sheehan Ryans had the "Fartan" and Dunleas had the "Nanny Wignall" and Williams had the "Twin Brothers." Most of these schooners were sold when the steamships began to carry freight along the south coast in the twenties. Some of the sailors went deep sea and some got berths on coasters.

Did you ever pilot the "Lady Bell" or the "Carrigan"?

No! Tommy Murray (an Bdear) from Abbeyside was the pilot for both these, vessels. They were steamships. Moloneys had the "Lady Bell" and Capt. Donahue was the master. They often went around lands End and sometimes went to France with oats. They also traded with Cork, Waterford, and Wexford. In later years up to World War II, and after motor schooners from Arklow traded into Dungarvan the De Waden and the Elizabeth Ellen Fisher both owned by Tyrells of Arklow and many others from the Bristol Channel and from Aberystwyth came also.

When did the Dutch coasters first come?

After World War II -they came with fertiIsers and maize from Antwerp and Rotterdam and coal from English ports in Lancashire and South Wales. I piloted most of the Dutch coasters which came to the Co-Op. One Dutchman the "Saturnus" was on contract to the Co-op. on a regular run every week, he never took a pilot - he was called "bad na gcaintini" by the Ringmen because he carried cans of powered milk to England.

You were an A.B. on ocean going ships?

That's right with, Holder Brothers Line to Buenos Aires and on the "Anglo-Australia" to Capetown. After that I was on ore-carriers from Northern Spain to England. We got £9 a month deep-sea and you were often away four months at a time calling to other ports on the way-that was In the early thirties. I came home one time and went out to Helvick -the salmon fishing was, very good - It was in the month of February and I made more money in one week with my brother John that I would in three months at sea, so I stayed at home.

TIMES CHANGED

Things have changed a lot since you first went fishing?

They sure have for one thing the fish is not as plentiful but prices are much better of course. We often could not sell our fish. I remember rowing all the way to New Ross with a boat-load of mackerel -three of us left at dinner time and arrived in New Ross next morning. We sold the fish on the quay and rowed down river to Dunmore that evening and back to Helvick next day. Now it's all engine power - some of the young fellows of today couldn't use an oar.

Bhi tu ag iascaireacht an- uraidh?

Bhi me! sin cuig bliana deag is tri fichid o chuaigh me amach leis na seana-buachailli in Helvic fado agus fos bim a deanamh lionta agus a deisiu baid.

You made your own nets?

Yes bass and mullet nets - I'm making a few nets at the moment.

Has the channel and the quay changed much in your time?

Very little except at the outer end of the bar -the bar goes much further east now but the Pool in Ballinacourty, where the old sailing ships anchored is still the same. The banks inside the Cunnigar, however, have grown and have spread out more especially in the last twenty years.

An dteann tu dtin Rinn a choigint anois?

Teim na fuil mo mhuinntir ann fos - ta inion liom posta sa tigh ina rabhamar.

To what do you owe your long life?

To hard work and plenty exercise -I often went nights without sleep out fishing.

Nior mharaigh obair chruaidh aoinne riamh - is measa go mor do dhuine gan aon rud a bheith le deanamh aige - Some of the youth of today have life too soft.

Sin sceal Willy Carey, iascaire, piolota, mairnealach - fear a bhfuil a shaol caite aige ar an bhfarraige, As he walked away with lively step towards Abbeyside I tried to visualise all the Summer breezes and Winter gales he has lived through and the many ships he has seen come and go and I began to realise more clearly that for all of those who go to sea he forms a link between the present and the past.

Ring and the Nire Valley

By unknown author, unknown source

Two areas of contrasting and yet similar natural attractions and ways of life. Contrasting in that one has endured and continues to endure, the rigours of the Atlantic Ocean, while the other is nestled within the ruggedness of the Comeragh Mountains. Similar in that they are both areas of splendid scenic beauty, breeding folk of strong, independent character and preserving strong traditions of Ancient Irish Culture.

RING

Along with its sister township of Old Parish, the peninsularity of An Rinn has created for this area a position unique in Irish life. It is the only Gaeltacht, or native Irish-speaking area in Ireland, other than those of the western seaboard.

Its independence and its ability to remain immune from external cultural influences have ensured that, though physically but a few hundred yards from the bustling commercial centre of Dungarvan, it remains a bed of Gaelic traditions, culture and language. Such tradition is now the basis of a thriving tourist trade, with the local pubs the central foci.

Central to this tradition is Ring Irish College, founded in 1906. Home during the school term to primary school residential students from all over the country, in summertime it provides courses for secondary school and other holidaying students. The father of Colm Ó hEochá, President of University College Galway, who was known universally as An Fear Mor, was one of the chief founders and mentors of the now thriving college.

Sea fishing has always been the commercial mainstay of, the community and the Fishing harbour at Helvick, along with that at Dunmore East are the main fishing ports of the county. The area has always had strong nationalistic tendencies exemplified by the landing in 1867 of the "Erin's Hope", with a cargo of Irish-Americans to aid the Fenian cause, an event commemorated by a monument in Helvick, and more recently by the ill-fated "Claudia" gun-running attempt.

In recent years, the area has given succour to a spate of small local industries, many of whom are worth a visit, most notably perhaps, Criostal na Rinne, maintaining the ancient Waterford tradition of craftsmanship in glass production and cutting. Another tourist attraction is the Cunnigar, a narrow sand spit jutting out into Dungarvan Bay and which at low tide; reaches to within a mere hundred yards of the town of Dungarvan. This once was the home of a golf course -a links in its truest sense.

Other interesting links with the area are the Mayor Daleys (father and son) of Chicago whose forbears came from nearby Old Parish and the late Donal Foley, the Irish Times journalist of 'Man bites Dog' fame, who was an adopted son of the parish.

The road from Dungarvan to Clonmel and towards the Nire Valley bears an outstanding testament to Irish people's love of sport and to horses and dogs in particular. Commemorated in stone is Master McGrath, thrice winner of coursing's most famed prize, the Waterloo Cup in 1868, 1869 and 1871

"Though thrice victorious on Altcar's plain,
McGrath's fleet limbs shall ne'er speed again,
Stay, Gentlemen, the dog's memorial view,
Then run your course as honest and as true."

On our way to the Nire Valley, we pass through the ancient territory of Sliabh gCua, birthplace of a plethora of people important in Gaelic Literature, most especially poetry, the most important being Padraig Denn. More recently the place has gained fame as a major centre of the upsurge in Irish traditional music and dance, especially in the area of set dancing.

THE NIRE VALLEY

Turning right in Ballymacarbry off the Dungarvan-Clonmel Road, we enter the Nire Valley. Here the wooded slopes of the Comeraghs, the heather-covered uplands and the rippling, sometimes surging streams combine to provide a haven of peace and beauty. Not surprisingly, pony trekking is a major tourist attraction. The area is generally spiced with picnic areas and forestry walks.

Glaciation took a major toll on the Comeraghs but in its wake it left behind it cums and corries, glaciated lakes, splendid waterfalls and sheer cliff edges, making it an absolute haven for the hiker, the camper, the fisherman, the mountaineer and the naturalist. Most noteworthy of the Comeragh lakes are Cumshingaun, with its cliff edges over 1,000 feet high, the Nire Lakes and Crotty's Lake. The latter takes its name from the infamous outlaw William Crotty, a Robin Hood of sorts, who used the lake and a cave therein as a safe haven. Folklore has it that he was a daring and bold highwayman who dwelt in a secret cave behind a waterfall, where still lies waiting to be found, his cache of ill-received gold. Fact has it that he was betrayed, hanged in Waterford in 1742 and his head thrown into a pool.

Seamus Mor O Braonain
By Nioclas Mac Craith

From Dungarvan Observer 12.05.1984

Aitheasc Na hUaighe (Graveside Oration)

25/4/1984

“Dom is dleacht a leacht a Ionadh,
Dom is cora a sceol a scaoileadh.
Dom is dual a ruaig a riomhadh,
Oir dom is eolcha a ghloir 's a ghniomhartha”.

A Uaisle taimid cruinnighthe annso indiu fe bhron chun an slán deanach ar an dtaobh so d'fagaint ag cara gradhmhar duinn go leir. Ach níl an bron san gan a chothrom de'n athas; athas gur sheol Dia a leithead de uasal-fhear fa'n ar mbraghaid agus go raibh se de rath orainne gur airmhuigheadh imeasc a charad sinn. Thangamar chun a chorp do leagaint fe ghradam agus fe omos in uir na h-oighe-chille so, chun ar mbeannacht do ghuidhe le'n a anam ar bhothar na Siorraiochta dho, agus chun trocaire De d'agairt do agus radharc na Tríonoide Gile Glormhaire i gcuideachta ollamh Eireann go brath brath.



Is creach le gach cara leat, a Sheamuis, do bhas; ach is creach thar chreacha an domhain le muinntir Scoile San Nioclas e agus le do chairde i gCumann Luith-,Chleas Gael

iad sud da m'aithnid, thar cach do threithe is do mhaithe. Ba thu ba thaca is ba mhaise

duinn araon le cian d'aimsir. Is fann-lag indiu id eagmais sinn.

Chaith tu seal fada blian-cuig bliana agus fiche chun an fhoghuir seo chughuinn -do re uilig muinteoireachta -ag dheanamh saothair in Mean-Scoil San Nioclas i Rinn Og gCuanach annso thoir - mar a rabhamar araon - tusa agus mise inar gcomh-ollmhain o thrath tionnscanta na sgoile gus indiu, fe charudas agus fe bhaidh. Níor thaighigh tu riamh ach an focal cneasta agus ba thu nar cheil orainn do dhithcheall agus do bhuaidh gach trath. Do tharraing tu meas agus gradam ort fein, ar an Sgoil, ar An Rinn agus ar do cheanntar duthais fein, Sean-Phobal Cholmain, frith cheile.

Bhronn Dia cead moladh mor leis, ioliomad buaidh ort - buaidh meabhrach, buaidh uaisleachta agus buliidh thar buaidh na mbuadha, bhuaidh fíor-charthannachta Gael. Fear na Gaedhealuinne, Fear na Greigise, Feir na Laidne, Fear an Bhearla, Fear na Matamaitice, Fear na h-Eacnomaiochta, ceol agat, suil chun na h-aluinneachta agut agus nor doimhin-chreidheamh. Ní bharrfadh aoinne tu le do linn fein agus níl do chomh-mhaithe de sgoilaire le teacht in oidhreacht indiu ort. Aboch taimid agus beimid uaigneach, a Sheamuis, id dheidh agus creachta.

"Carbh iongadh liom sa da muchfai an talamh
Le srutha deora o shuilibh Bhanbhan
A h-Ughdar leigheannta, a Saoi neamh eaglach
Curtha gcomhrainn is gno sa mbaile de".

They told me, Seamus Braonain, they told me you were dead
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun when talking and sent him down the sky.

Now that we are parted, a while at Heaven's behest,
Thy body to earth's bosom, thy soul to God's own rest,
Still remain thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake

We are congregated here family, colleagues, pupils, friends, to do obsequious sorrow. Leave taking is always sad but the sadness that we now experience cannot but be tinged with joy and pride in the life and the achievements of this friend departing. Gone, he will forever remain, for all of us who knew him, the living example of a Christian Gentleman.

"Christ's lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he followed it himself".

We are all drawn to this graveside by the impelling claims made on our friendships, by the high motivation, the admirable loyalty, and above all the boundless charity for he knew not how to refuse anything that was his to give - of this good and exemplary man. Who, of the hundreds whom he taught, did not love him? Who, of the thousands for whom he wrote, did not admire him? To be the most beloved of teachers and the most admired of writers, what a title that is for a man!

To be all things to all men is reserved to God alone. To be many things to many men is a privilege accorded only to the few. Seamus O Braonain was of that few. He trained the football teams of An Sean-Phohal, An Aird Mhor, An Rinn and of course of Portlairge; he organised, he encouraged, he taught, he wrote; he touched upon various facets of literature and art and touched upon nothing that he did not adorn.

In bidding him an all too early adieu many of us are aware that in our lives:-

“Confusion now bath made his masterpiece”.

Sadly bereft of his presence we console ourselves with the certainty that his humour will continue to delight us, that his fresh ideas will continue to enlighten us, and that his benevolent spirit will continue to smile upon us. A dhaoine muinnteartha, Your presence here, is a token of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has already begun to pay back the love he gave it.

"Though parted by the hand of Death
In love we are united still
Unknown to the world you'll stand by our side
And whisper dear loved ones Death cannot divide".

Hamlet was his favourite play; the prince was his favourite character. At the end of that poignant tragedy the great bard made Fortinbras exclaim:

"Let four captains
Bear Hamlet to the stage.
For he was likely had he been put on
To have proved most Royally"

This morning, we saw that scene, here enacted in real life. Four young players, all at some time captains of teams in the respective clubs, all of them products of his enthusiasm and of his guiding educational and footballing influence, bore our Prince to the STAGE, He had, in fact, been PUT ON; he had been enthroned in the Realms of Education, Literature and journalism and in each of those several kingdoms had proved most royally. Now in the name of all here present, and in the name of innumerable other friends, I say -Oh Prince of Teachers, Prince of Writers, Prince of Courtesy, fare thee well.

Mar bharr ar gach maise, do bbronn Dia ort mar chaoine-cheile, oig-bhean a raibh a sinnsear fe mbeas sa duthaigh sea -Eibhlin de Nobla. Carbh iongadb fein agus bhur seisear clainne, Eileanor, Caitlin, Maire, Aine, Lucas agus Seamus Og dod chaoine indiu le buile broin. Is oth linn a mbuadhairt agus agraimid Dia grasta na foighne do thal orthu as ucht A thruagba. Is mor an misneach doibh a tbuighsint nar thainigh in Eirinn le fada d'aimsir leithead a n-athar; beidh se a fhad eile sara n-imeochaidh a leitheid aisti. Trocaire go ndeinidh Ri na d'Tri muinntear air.

Innso indiu ta do threan-chorp a adhlacadh ins an bhfod as ar eascair. Ta do uasal anam i Radharc Na - Trionoide ar Fhathche na hImeartha Siorrai. D'fag tu le h-oidhreacht againn uilig cuimhne do ghaile is do ghaisce.

Go mba mhaith an mhaise dhuit do oirchiseacht.

Ta an Buainteoir Mor sa tarlom ta tu bagartha chun siubhail aige. Se deir gach cara leat A Sheamus at do imeacht uainn:

"Seo mo lamb duit a sharfhir
Agus slan leat go deo".

Surnames Of the Ancient Irish

By unknown author, unknown source

Surnames have been added to the proper names of the ancient Irish either from some remarkable action, or from the quality of the mind, or from a colour, or mark, or defect in the body, or from some accident, and sometimes ironically. Thus Neill, king of Ireland, was called Nigialac,* because he had exacted nine hostages from the petty kings, and held them for some time bound in fetters, King Bryen was called Boruma, because he had recovered from the provincialists of Leinster an annual tribute called by that name. Caenfela was called the wise; St. Barr, Finn Barr, or Barr the white ; St. Cornin, Fada, i.e. long Cornin: and Ed Clericus Barbosus, the bearded clerk, from an overgrown beard he affected to wear. The same practice prevailed among the Grecians. Selencus the third king of Syria, was called Ceraunus, the thunderbolt, from his violent temper. Ptolemy, the seventh king of Egypt, was known by the name of Physcon, from the grossness of his paunch; and, to pass by other instances, the last Ptolemy save one was called Auletes, or the piper, from his excessive fondness of his pipe. So among the Romans, Marcus Valerius was called Corvus, and his posterity Oorvini because in a single combat he slew a Gaul, who had challenged him, by the help of a raven. One of the Scipios got the name of Africanus, the other of Asiaticus, from victories obtained by them in these two different quarters of the world. So a man born in the absence of his father was called Proclus, if after his father's death, Posthumus, and it lame Claudius. It is to be observed that the old Irish besides surnames took other names, by ancient custom from their paternal names, as Dermot MacCormac, or the son of Cormac ; Cormac MacDonald, or the son of Donald; Donald MacTirdel vach, or the son of Tirlagh.

At length, in the reign of King Brien, the surnames of the Irish, or family names, began to be fixed, and handed down to posterity with the aspirate *b* or the monosyllable *va* prefixed, which was afterwards changed into the vowel *o*, and signifies one descended from some Chieftain, or head of a principal family, as O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill. Yet it must be confessed that some centuries after King Brien's reign numbers of families took no fixed or certain surnames, It has been observed by writers that about the year 1,000, in Brien's reign, surnames also began to be ascertained in France, England, and Scotland, first among people of distinction, and afterwards by degrees among the inferior sort. Finally, after surnames were settled in Ireland, some particular children of Irish Families had additional sobriquets or nicknames given them, as Bane- White, Boy-Yellow, Bacca-Lame, Moil-Bald, and the like; and the same custom also gradually crept in among some families of English birth;- *From the Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland.*

*Nigi signifies nine, and geall a pledge or host

SESKINANE

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The Parish of Seskinane

By Uberrima Fides

From Dungarvan Observer, 02.02.1985

The old church of St. Sescnan is situated in the townland of Knockboy, eight Irish miles N.W. of the town of Dungarvan, and three miles S. and by E. of the Halfway House. It is an oblong house of considerable extent not divided into nave and choir, and its walls are still in good preservation. It measures on the inside 73 ft. 10 ins. in length and 25 ft. in breadth, and its walls are 3 ft. in thickness and about 9 ft. in height, and built of round stone evidently collected from the surface of the fields (not quarried) cemented with lime and sand and mortar.

The west gable is surmounted with a belfry consisting of two pointed arches formed of cut stone in rather a neat style, and contains two narrow pointed windows placed one over the other, the lower, at the height of 6 ft. 7 ins. from the present level of the ground

On the outside measuring 3 ft. 7 ins. in height and 7½ inches in width, and the other about two feet over it. At the distance of 25 ft. 6 ins. from the west gable the south wall has on it a pointed doorway constructed on the external side of cut sandstone but the inside is covered with a lintel at the top and formed of hammered stones; it measures on the outside 6 ft. 3 ins. in height and 3 ft. 8 ins. in width, and on the inside 7 ft. by 4ft 5ins. There is a holy water font near it on the south or right side as you enter. It is said that there was a stone in this doorway which exhibited in Arabic figures according to some the date 471, but according to others 1171 supposed to be the date of the erection of the building, but no part of the church is as old as either date, and we come to the conclusion that if such a stone ever existed, the date on Arabic figures, must have been cut on it like that on the doorway of the old church of Banagher in the county of LondonDerry, by some modern stone cutter, who was an amateur antiquarian.

At the distance of 8 ft. 9 ins. from the east gable there is on the south wall a small window formed of cut stone but its top is destroyed: so that its height could not be ascertained; it was however, evidently of the same dimensions with a similar window placed directly opposite it in the N. wall, which will presently be described. The east window is formed of cut stone and pointed on the out-side; but on the inside it is formed of hammered stones and forms a segment arch at the top; its outer part is 5 ft. 8 ins. in height and 11¾ins. in width, widening to 8 ft. 3 ins by 6 ft. 4 ins; on the inside. It is placed at the height of 6ft 9 in from the present level of ground on the outside. At the distance of 8ft 9 ins from the E. gable there is on the N. wall a narrow round headed window formed of cut stone on the outside, where it is 4 ft 1in. in height and 6 inches in width; on the inside it is covered at top with a lintel and formed of hammered stone and measures 5 ft. 6 ins. in height and 4 ft. 4 ins. in width. Directly opposite the doorway already described there is another on the N. wall of the same form and nearly of the same dimensions. The church stands in a large graveyard which is full of modern head- stones. The present walls are not more than four centuries old, but it is almost certain that there was an older church here erected by St. Sescnen himself; no part of it, however, has been preserved in the present structure.

There was another old church in the townland of Ballinagulkee, called CILL L BHAILE NA H-AILLE, i.e. the church of Clifftown, but no part of its walls remains at present. Its site (whereabouts) is pointed out by a stone cross.

In the townland of Kilcooney -Cill Chuana -there was an old church from which the town land received its name, but its graveyard only remains. There was another graveyard in the townland of Kilkeany but it has been removed.

In the townland of Reanadampaun there are five large stones three of which are standing, and are supposed to be a monument to mark the spot where some person or persons were killed. These stones are called Teampauns and the townland received its appellation of REIDH NA D-TEAMPAIN from them.

In the south extremity of the townland of Tooreen west there is a Cromlech, but not so remarkable as to merit minute description, like those already described in other parishes.

STRADBALLY

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Stradbally

Stradbally, a parish, containing a village of the same name, on the coast of the barony of Decies without Drum, Co. Waterford, Munster. Length, south by westward 5 miles; extreme breadth, $3\frac{1}{2}$; area, 10,917 acres, 1 rood, 2 perches. Pop., in the Ecclesiastical Authorities, 3,642; in 1841, 4,419. Houses 626. Pop. of the rural districts, in 1831, 2,654; in 1841, 3,605. Houses 508. The number of townlands is 35. About 2 per cent of the whole surface is meadow; about 38 per cent. is arable land; and all the remainder is pasture and bog. One height in the north has an altitude above sealevel of 379 feet; one a little north of the centre has an altitude of 390 feet; and two summit-cliffs on the coast have altitudes of 243 and 254 feet. The Tay and the Dalligan streams run through the Interior to the ocean. The coast or sea-board abounds with copper and lead ores; and it is indented by the three coves of Stradbally, Ballyvish, and Ballyvoney. The natural manures in use are sand and seaweed. The seats are Sarahville, in the northern district; Carrickbarrahane-house and Carrickanna-house, in the central district; and Woodhouse, on the coast, and in the south-western vicinity of the village. The last is the residence of Robert Uniacke, Esq.; and is charmingly situated amid a beautifully wooded demesne, in the sheltered glen of the Tay. "On the sea-coast, at the distance of 6 miles from Kilmacthomas," says the Rev. R. H. Ryland, in an occasional notice of the parish, "is the village of Stradbally, consisting of one long and irregularly built street. The church, which is a modern building, stands on the site of the old church; near it are the ruins of an abbey of Augustinian friars, the last of whom called the White Friar, is still the hero of many legendary tales.

At Ballyvoney, the traces of an extensive building are still discernible; the length was an hundred and fifty feet, the breadth ninety feet. An open well in front of the building communicated by a subterraneous passage of two hundred feet, with another well within the walls. The water, which supplied these wells was brought through an aqueduct, extending nearly half-a-Mile. This building was supposed to have been one of the Knights Templar's houses, of which establishments this county only contained four, the sites of which are all known. Adjoining the village of Stradbally, and immediately contiguous to the sea, is Woodhouse, the seat of Robert Uniacke, Esq. It is mentioned in Smith's History of Waterford, that in the year 1742, an ancestor of the present proprietor obtained a premium for having planted 152,640 trees; and it is added, 'were they properly taken care of, they would in time make a noble plantation.' Notwithstanding their proximity to the sea, these trees have flourished in a remarkable manner, and now demonstrate the practicability of growing timber in almost any situation, provided the requisite care and expense be afforded. Woodhouse was anciently called Torc-Raith; and it was the residence of part of the sept of the Geraldines, and the scene of much valorous contention. The ruins of

many castles are still discernible in this and the neighbouring parishes. Temple-Bric, a vast rock in the sea, distant about forty yards from the shore, there are traces of an ancient building supposed to have been the residence of O'Bric, the chief of the southern Decies. A species of hawk, remarkable for great strength and courage, frequented this rock, and is occasionally seen there at the present time. About two miles to the south-west of Stradbally, are the ruins of a castle, called in Irish 'the house of fortification;' it is situated on a very steep cliff which overhangs the sea, and was defended on the land side by a deep trench, over which was a drawbridge. This castle was built by the Fitzgeralds, and was inhabited at no very remote period. A little beyond this near the river Dallygan, there stood for many years a representation of a human figure, rudely cut out of a rock; it was considered by the country people as the image of a saint, and was presented by travellers with a green branch, a leaf, a flower, and a heap of these always lay before it. It was afterwards removed, and cast into the sea. There are in this parish the relics of

Druidical works, if we may judge from their appearance. At Drumlohan is an enclosure of in oval form, 182 feet in length and 133 feet in its greatest breadth; in the centre is a large stone, around which some of smaller size are raised. A subterranean circular chamber, thirty feet in diameter, and roofed with flags which met in a point at top, was discovered a few years ago near Woodhouse, and is also supposed to be of Druidic origin. Whilst enumerating the wonders of this neighbourhood, Clough-lowrish, or 'the speaking stone' must not be omitted. This is an enormous rock or mountain mass, which seems to have rolled down from the adjoining hill, and now firmly fixed in the centre of a stream near the road from Waterford to Dungarvan. The stone is split in a remarkable manner, the fissure dividing the mass into two nearly equal parts. There is a tradition that some person, as he passed this rock, expressed a wish that it might speak and divide into two parts, if the declaration which he was making were not true; the story goes, that the stone did split and also speak, and the appellant was also convicted of falsehood. The rock is a very coarse pudding-stone, and might have been induced to convict the perjurer, by the influence of frost upon water, which can easily percolate the mass: whether the sound emitted on the occasion was an articulate one, it is not easy to determine." The village of Stradbally stands on the road from Bonmahon to Dungarvan. $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles west by south of Bonmahon and 7 east-north-east of Dungarvan. A court of petty-sessions is held on the second Friday of every month; and fairs are held on June 1, and

Sept. 14. Area of the village, 42 acres. Pop., in 1831, 752; in 1841, 814. Houses 118. Families employed chiefly in agriculture 82; in manufactures and trade, 42; in other pursuits, 21. Families dependent chiefly on property and professions, 8; on the directing of labour, 64; on their own manual labour, 78; on means not specified, 13. Stradbally parish is avicarage, in the do. of Lismore. The vicarial tithes are compounded for £295 4s. 4d., and the rectorial for £500; and the latter are impropriate in the Duke of Devonshire. The vicarages of Stradbally, Clonea, and Ballylaneen, constitute the benefice of Stradbally, Length south-westward, 7 miles; extreme breadth, 4½. Pop., in 1831, 7,900 Gross income, £665. 3s. 8d.; nett, £588. 13s. 8p. Patron, the Duke of Devonshire. A curate receives a salary of £75. The church was built in 1802, by means of a gift of £461 10s 9¼ d. from the late Board of First Fruits; and received the addition of a gallery in 1830, at the cost of £60. Sittings 150; attendance 85. The Stradbally, Faha, and Ballylaneen Roman Catholic chapels have an attendance of respectively 1500, 800 and 1200 and, in the Roman Catholic parochial arrangement, are mutually united. There is a Roman Catholic chapel also in Clonea. In 1834, the Protestants of the parish amounted to 112, and the Roman Catholics to 3,676; the Protestants of the union 242, and the Roman Catholics to 8,114; 4 daily schools in the parish had on their books 152 boys and 106 girls; and 10 daily schools in the Union had on their books 447 boys and 209 girls. One of the schools in the parish was in connection with the London Hibernian Society; and each of two was salaried with £15 Irish-a-year from a bequest by the late Pierce Barron Esq. In 1843, the National Board Pierce Baron had a boy's school and girls' school at Stradbally.

The Parish of Stradbally By Uberrima Fides

From *Dungarvan Observer*, 15.12.1984

SITUATION

This parish is situated partly in the Barony of Desies with-out Drum and partly in that of Upperthird, and is bounded on the north by the parish of Kilrossanty, on the E. by that of Ballylaneen, on the S. by the sea, and on the West by the parishes of Clonea and Kilrossanty.

NAME

The name of this parish is in the original language SRAID BHAILLE, which signifies Street- town, which is the name of several villages in Ireland. The Irish had the Walled town (CATHAIR) the Castle town, and the Street-town, the last meaning hamlet or unfortified Village.

The site of the ancient church of this parish is occupied by the modern protestant one and no remains of antiquity is visible at it. Near it are the ruins of an abbey of Augustinian friars not mentioned by Archdal it consists of nave and choir with a lateral house attached to the north side at the junction of the nave and choir. Its walls are in good preservation except the middle gable, which is nearly destroyed. The nave is 58 ft. in length and 25 ft. 8 inches in breadth (on the inside) and the choir 37 ft. 5 ins. by 20 ft. 6 ins. The east window is round-headed and measures on the inside where it is constructed of thin stones 7 ft. 3 ins. in height and 4 ft. 5½ ins. in width. On the outside it is constructed of cut stone placed 5 ft. from the present level of the ground, and measures 3 ft. 3½ ins. in height and in width 10 inches at top and 10½ inches at the bottom. At the distance of 2 ft. 9 ins. from the east gable the south wall of the choir contains a window measuring 6 ft. 7 ins. in height and 3 ft. 5½ ins. in width on the inside where it forms a semi-circular arch at the top; on the outside it is pointed and formed of cut stone, and measures 3 ft. 4 ins. in height and 8 inches in width; the lower part of it is 3 ft. from the present level of the ground. At the distance of 16 ft. from this window there is another of the same shape and dimensions. The north wall of the choir contains another window which does not look as old as the others; it is placed at the distance of 1 ft. 1 in. from the east gable and measures 6 ft. 4 ins. in height on the inside and 3 ft. 8 ins. in width and on the outside 4 ft. 8 ins. in height and 7½ inches in width; it is rectangular at the *top* on the inside and round on the outside. There is a breach of 9 ft. on the north wall at the distance of two feet from this window where there was probably another window. The choir arch was 13 ft. 10 ins. in width, but its height cannot be easily determined as only 4 ft. 8 ins. of its sides now remain. No cut stone was used in its construction.

At the distance of 2 ft. 6 ins. from the middle gable the south wall contained a window which is now entirely destroyed on the outside, but on the inside it is in good preservation and measures 6 ft. 7 ins. in height and 4 ft. 1 in. in width; it is rectangular at the top. A doorway is placed on this wall at the distance of 21 ft. from the west gable. It is disfigured on the outside but in good preservation on the inside where it forms a flat arch at the top constructed of thin hammered flag stones and measures 7 ft. in height and 4 ft. 7 ins. in width. The west gable has a window in its middle and a belfry at *top*, but they are both almost entirely veiled in ivy.

There is another doorway on the north wall nearly opposite the one already described, but not exactly opposite as it is only 19 ft. 7 ins. from the west gable. It is pointed on the outside and forms a flag arch on the inside and formed of thin flags in a rude style. It measures on the inside 7 ft. 2 ins. in height and 5 ft. 6½ ins. in width, and on the outside 5ft. 8 ins. by 3 ft. 10½ ins. At the distance of 5 ft. from the middle gable there is a window On the north wall of the nave measuring on the inside 5 ft. 6 ins. in height and 4 ft. 10 ins. in width, but it is totally disfigured on the outside.

The lateral building above mentioned was obviously the tower of the abbey; it was 14 ft. by 13 ft. Its west and north sides and 3 ft. of its east side remain to the height of about 24 feet.

The walls of the nave of this abbey are 3 ft. 6 ins. in thickness and about 12 ft. in height and built of grit and slate stones cemented with lime and sand mortar. The side walls of the choir are 2 ft. 10 ins. thick and about 10 ft. high, and built of the same kind of stones. The nave, however, looks much older than the choir.

There is a large graveyard attached, now much used as a cemetery.

In this parish is situated the celebrated rock called Cloch Labhrais, which means as it is supposed, "the speaking stone". Ryland describes it as an enormous rock or mountain mass which seems to have rolled down from the adjoining hill, and is now firmly fixed in the centre of a stream near the road (the old road) from Waterford to Dungarvan. The stone is split in a remarkable manner, the fissure dividing the mass into two nearly equal parts. There is a tradition that some person as he passed this rock expressed a wish that it might speak and divide into two parts, if the declaration which he was making were not true: the story goes, that the stone did split and also speak, and the appellant was consequently convicted of falsehood. The rock is a very coarse pudding stone and might have been induced to convict the perjurer by the

influence of frost upon water, which can easily percolate the mass: whether the sound emitted on the occasion was an articulate one, it is not easy to determine. p.304.

Mr. Ryland describes this stone very well, but he does not preserve the legend connected with it in anything like a correct form. This rock is situated on the west side of the Deehan River, the waters of which was one side of it. There is a split 5 feet in width extending north and south nearly in the middle and dividing the rock into two nearly equal parts. The east division of this rock is 33 ft. in length from north to south and 19 ft. 6 ins. from east to west, i.e. from the east side to the split, and is 18 ft. in height on the east side, 11ft. at the south side, 12 ft. at the split and 17 ft. on the north side. The other division is 27 ft. from N. to S. along the split and 14 ft. across, and of the same depth at the split with the other division. It is 15 ft. high at the south side, 11ft. at the west and 13 ft. at the north side. At the north end of the split there is a huge spalla about 4 tons weight which broke off the west part, and which nearly closes the split at the north end. The legend in connection with this stone runs as follows:-

"Cloch Labhrais during the times of Paganism in Ireland was not gifted with the power of forming articulate sounds like a human being, but was acquainted with the truth or falsehood of every point disputed throughout the whole country, and when ever it was consulted on any disputed point it would invariably tell the truth. This was at a period when men were honest and free from equivocation. At length a certain man, who had some suspicions of the fidelity of his wife defied her to appear before Cloch Labhrais to attest her innocence, and the wife went along with him before the tribunal. The wife contrived to have her gallant placed on the mountain within sight of the place where they stood before the stone and kneeling before the tribunal of truth and justice she declared that she had no more to do with the man suspected by her husband than she had with the man who was standing on the summit of the opposite mountain! Is this statement true, Cloch Labhrais?, asked the husband.

It is the truth replied (responded) the stone, but truth itself is often bitter, Bidhean an Fhirine Fein Searbh: and this being the first instance of equivocation it had ever witnessed among mankind, it was so horrified at the wickedness of it, that it split asunder.

This legend which if it ha been a Roman one, would have received the impress of Ovid's master mind, is known not only throughout the county of Waterford, but also in Kilkenny and Cork. It is very difficult to determine how it first started into existence; but it is probable that the name of the stone suggested it originally. My opinion is that Cloc Labhrais does not mean speaking stone, but that it is the original geological name for this kind of stone. It looks like a black pudding well stuffed with large bits of fat meat, and the People believe that it was built up of different stone and that it is not natural.

Could they have had an oracle concealed in this stone in times of Paganism?

At the distance of 21 paces of the N.W. of this Rock there is another of the same kind measuring 97 ft. in circumference and 10 ft. in height.

In the town land of Foxcastle on the South west side of a high rock are to be see fragments of the ruins of a strong castle, but so shattered that the dimensions of the building could not be determined. It occupied a very commanding position strongly fortified by nature.

There was also another castle on the townland of Carrickahilla, but the ruins are at present, so indistinct the dimensions of the building could not be ascertained.

In the south west corner of Ballyvooney townland is shown the site of a building supposed to have been an abbey, but I do not believe that it ever was one. Smith in his history of the county of Waterford, p 95, describes it as "remains of a large building one hundred and fifty feet in length and ninety in breadth and says that it was thought to have been a house belonging to the Knights Hospitallers.

Stradbally Church

By unknown author, unknown source

STRADBALLY:- Neither Ware, Harris nor Allemande, in their lists of religious houses, make mention of the Abbey of Stradbally; nor can any allusion to it be found in Archdall or De Burgo.

Neither does Smith mention it. Yet Ryland, Lewis and, strange to say, O'Donovan state that there was an Augustinian establishment here. Ryland and his uncritical followers are probably all in error; the church may have been held for a time, or at intervals, during the operation of the Penal Laws by a member of some regular order; but that it was an Augustinian foundation originally the writer cannot find any satisfactory evidence in proof. O'Donovan (Ordinance Survey MSS.), curiously enough, states that no remains of the ancient church survive, its site being occupied by the present Protestant Church, and immediately afterwards he goes on to describe the existing ruins as comprising nave, chancel-arch, and choir, etc. The ruins at Stradbally prove the Church to have been a large one, with a particularly commodious choir. Although there is not much evidence of style or ornament, the old church is very interesting, as its walls with their doors and windows are, on the whole, in a good state of preservation. The church has been referred to as large; the exact measurements are -choir, 37 feet 5 inches long by 20 feet 6 inches wide; nave, 58 feet long by 25 feet 8 inches wide. In the south side wall are three windows and a doorway. The latter is placed about 21 feet from the ivy-clad west gable, and measures 7 feet in height by about 4 feet 7 inches wide. It is much disfigured externally, but well preserved, flat-arched and dressed with thin hammered flagstones within. Close by the choir arch, at the distance of about 26 feet from this doorway, and therefore lighting the nave, is a window now completely destroyed and stripped of its cut stone dressings on the outside, but in a good state of preservation internally. This window splays widely, is rectangular in shape on the inside, and measures 6 feet 7 inches by 4 feet 1 inch. The two remaining south wall windows are in the choir; one is perfect, with a semi-circular heading carved out of a single stone, and measures 6 feet 7 inches by 3 feet 5 inches on the inside, and 3 feet 4 inches by 8 inches without. The second window, which is much broken on the outside but nearly perfect within, was similar in size and character. The east window, in the choir gable, resembles in many details the windows just described. It is round-headed and of cut stone on the outside and of thin flag stones internally, and measures internally and externally 7 feet 3 inches by 4 feet 5½ inches and 3 feet 3½ inches by about 10 inches respectively. A feature worth notice is the difference of a little less than half an inch between the top and bottom outside width of this window. Coming next to the north side wall, we find in it one window of the same general character as those described. It is of cut stone chamfered, is situated close by the east gable, and measures 6 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 8 inches internally, and 4 feet 3 inches by 7½ inches externally. On the inside it is rectangular in shape, but externally it is round-headed. Close by the window last described is a wide breach which in all likelihood, marks the site of a doorway. Immediately over the breach, O'Donovan says, was a narrow opening, four feet or thereabout in height by about a foot in width. A doorway in the north wall, a window in the west gable, another in the nave (north side) and a broken choir arch are the only remaining features of interest. The doorway corresponds in position and character, but not in dimensions, to the doorway in the opposite wall already described. At the distance of five feet from the middle gable or choir arch is the only window lighting the nave from the north. This is totally disfigured on the outside, while internally, where it might be expected to agree in measurements with the corresponding south window, it measures 5 feet 6 inches in height by 4 feet 10 inches in width. To preserve irregularity of measurements and design seems to have been a studied design with Irish ecclesiastical builders of olden days. The external dressings of all the windows, that is where they remain, are of sandstone. A lateral structure, obviously a tower, 14 feet 8 inches by 13 feet at the basement, was attached to the north side of the choir. Of this tower only a stump, 24 feet in height remains; it consists of south, west, and north walls, and of about three feet of the east wall. In the interior, portion of the original stone stairway survives.

The choir, which, by the way, looks more modern than the nave, is attached to the latter in rather irregular fashion. Though wider by 5 feet 2 inches than the choir, the nave has its south side wall standing back only 11 feet 11 inches from the centre of the choir arch, while the north side wall stands back fully 14 feet. As a consequence, the choir is rather on one side, than springing from the centre, of the nave. A corresponding irregularity is, of course, noticeable in the size of the piers which support the choir arch. Measured from the choir side, the respective projections of the piers are 2 feet 10 inches and 3 feet 1 inch.

On the outside the north wall of the nave stands back 4 feet 4 inches from the corresponding choir wall. The choir arch is 13 feet 10 inches wide, but as only about four feet of the piers survive, its original height cannot be ascertained. A window in the west gable has been alluded to. This, however, is disfigured and

completely veiled in ivy, so that its size cannot with accuracy be determined. The west gable, which is much broken, was surmounted by a small belfry now destroyed. On the whole, the ancient church of Stradbally was a rather pretentious edifice arguing for the town and district no small importance at the date of its erection. Grit and slate stones, cemented throughout with lime and sand mortar, constitute the building material. Compared with the masonry of some of the other, and less ambitious, ancient churches in the vicinity, the masonry of the church under notice cannot be described as excellent. The walls are 3 feet 6 inches thick by 12 feet high in the nave, and 2 feet 10 inches by 10 feet in the choir. Allusion has been made to the evident difference of age between choir and nave; indeed it is not at all unlikely that the choir, at a second subsequent date, was itself enlarged by an addition to its length.

Set in the wall, four feet or so to the right of the south doorway, is a quadrangular holy water stoup of freestone, which measures about 10 inches by 13 inches, and has a depression or basin three inches deep surrounded by a margin two and a-half inches or thereabout in height. A tombstone in the interior bears the date 1739, and seems to indicate that at the date in question the church was a ruin. Within the old church are many other inscribed and interesting and ancient tombs of Keatings, Galvins, Kennedys, etc.

An exceedingly remarkable -in fact, unique -inscribed stone lies on the ground in the centre of the nave. A detailed description of this singular monument is given in the Report for the current year of the Society for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead, from the courteous editor of which publication permission to use the accompanying plate has been obtained. The stone in question is six feet long and two feet five inches, narrowing two feet three inches in width. It was formerly in a standing position till a zealous student of the past, Mr. Richard O'Flynn, of Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., had it dug up and, for greater convenience, placed in its present position. The only portions of the strange inscription now legible are on the end of the stone which was buried in the earth. A bevelled surface running right round the outer edge of the stone furnishes the ground for the inscription; the latter consists of eleven letters on the top portion of the bevelled surface, and of nine additional characters on one of the sides. The letters, which are of a very peculiar -almost nondescript -character, are about two inches in height. They have been variously described as Romanesque, Hiberno-Saxon and Lombardic. With the assistance of Lord Southesk, Professor Rhys, and Mr. Romilly Allen, Colonel Vigors has arrived at the following reading of the inscription:-

YSABELLA GAL JACET PLNI

Colonel Vigors suggests that the surname of "Ysabella" may be Galwey but the present writer would make a counter suggestion in favour of Galvin. Both family names are found in the vicinity, and there are ancient tombs of the Galvins close by, within the ruins. The Rev. S.G. Cochrane's interpretation of the symbols on the stone is both ingenious and interesting. The symbols, argues the reverend correspondent, are all Christian, the Atonement, Resurrection and watchful Providence of God being all set forth therein.

"Beginning at the bottom of the left side we see a stuffed cross with nails and wounds within the four arms, and at the top of the same row another cross, the fish between two arms on one side and a sprouting seed between two other arms, the fish being the sacred monogram and also an emblem of the faithful church, the seedling conveying the idea of growth (k). In the second row from the bottom, reading crossways, are two sprouting plants of the lily kind -the Resurrection.

Between the second and third is a wheel containing twice 'the all-seeing eye' looking down towards the fish, and looking upwards towards an inverted lily which is turned towards the eye. In the third, and also in the fifth row, there are three wheels -the providences of the Almighty (see Ezekiel 1). In the fourth row there is again the all-seeing eye, in the midst of the wheels and between the lilies to signify that Providence is not blind, but He watches over the plants that are ready to start into life. In the bottom row, next the writing, is a cross all dark, surrounded with a square of tears and immersed in wounds. On the same row, at the right side, is a bright cross with a crown of glory, and between the arms, birds in flight towards the cross, meaning its attraction to the four quarters of the world. In the fourth row from the bottom are two crooks, representing the shepherd's care -two, means complete and constant. There is only one emblem I cannot make out, that is the one like a capital A.

It is, to say the least of it, curious to contrast with the foregoing reading and explanation the opinion of a high authority on early Christian monuments -a distinguished professor in a leading American university. Our professor, whose name is withheld as the writer is but quoting the substance of a private letter, maintains that the sculptured ornament has no symbolical meaning, and is a mere emanation of the artist's fancy. The characters of the inscription he holds are Celtic, while the inscription itself is partly Latin and partly Greek, and, with its obliterated context restored, would read -"Beneath this altar lie the remains of Blessed Paulinus." The reconciliation of two so conflicting interpretations as Lord Southesk's and the

.American professor's is an utter impossibility. If his presumption be pardonable, where two such specialists disagree, the present writer would venture to suggest that Lord Southesk is correct as to the absence from the sculptured figures of any symbolic meaning such as Rev. Mr. Cochrane details.

We can only guess in the most uncertain way at the date of this cryptic inscription. From internal evidence some authorities have referred it to as early a period as the 8th century, while others make it as late as the 16th. Mr. Romilly Allen remarks that some of the spirals are old enough to be pre-historic.

Having devoted so much space to this important inscription, there is room for a brief reference only to a couple of other inscribed stones that are worthy of at least a passing notice. Of these the first -situated within the choir -marks the burial place of the Powers of Ballyvoile. This monument, which is almost brand new, has been put up by Thomas Lalor, Esq., J.P. D.L., of Cregg, to commemorate William Power, descendant of the Barons of Glennahira, who died in 1727; also, his wife, daughter of Baron Keating; and William, the last male of the Powers of Ballinadesert, and Kilmeaden.

The full inscription reads:-

"THE NAMES OF THE POWERS OF BALLYVOILE
WHOSE REMAINS ARE BURIED HERE ARE INSCRIBED
ON THIS MEMORIAL WHICH WAS ERECTED BY
THEIR KINSMAN THOMAS LALOR, OF
CREGG, ESQ, D.L., J.P. Wm POWER
OF BALLYVOILE ESQr WHO WAS A DESCENDANT OF THE BARONS
(OF)

GLENAHIRA AND WHO DIED IN 1727
HIS WIFE WAS A DAUGHTER OF
BARON KEATING AND THEIR SONS
NICHOLAS AND PIERCE; ANNE ROE
NIECE OF SIR NICHOLAS OSBORNE
AND WIFE OF NICHOLAS AND THEIR SONS
WILLIAM RICHARD PIERCE AND
ANDREW; ANNE LONGAN OF
BALLYNACOURTY WIFE OF WILLIAM AND
THEIR SON ROBERT; HONORIA MARIA DAUGHTER OF EDMOND
(SHANAHAN)

BARON OF WOODHOUSE AND WIFE OF ROBERT AND THEIR
CHILDREN WHO DIED IN INFANCY; MARY POWER SISTER OF
ROBERT AND WIFE OF EDMOND SECOND
SON OF LORENZO POWER
OF BALLINDESART AND THEIR SONS AND,
DAUGHTERS LORENZO, ELIZABETH, WILLIAM, RICHARD
AND ANNE; WILLIAM THE
LAST OF THE POWERS OF BALLYVOILE AND THE
LAST MALE OF THE POWERS OF BALLINDESART
AND KILMEADEN DIED ON 27TH MARCH 1877
IN THE 93.. YEAR OF HIS AGE"

The writer has serious doubts of the accuracy of the pedigrees referred to in the foregoing inscription. Standing to the south of the ruin, in the large graveyard, is a small moss-covered headstone, bearing the legend: -"Here lies the Body of the Revd. Father Pierce Byrn, who Died July the 2nd 1777, aged 34 years.

The "White Vicar," around whose memory so many legends hover locally, was shot in 1700 by McThomas of Woodhouse, and the exact spot where the bloody deed was performed is still traditionally pointed out just within the south door of the ancient church.(1) Who the "White Vicar" was the writer confesses his inability to discover. He was shot, it is held, under the provisions of the Penal Laws. Local historians generally make him out an Augustinian, because they regard Stradbally as the site of an Augustinian foundation. The habit, however, of the Augustinians is black, and, moreover, as has been already more than hinted, it is very improbable, indeed, that the Augustinians ever had a house at Stradbally. It is touch more likely that the "White Vicar" was a secular parish priest of Stradbally.

Petr. Whyte, cleric, is returned in the oft quoted Visitation, dated 1588, as vicar, in possession of the Church of Stradbally (m), and in the Visitation List immediately preceding "Dmns. Patricius Whit" is given as vicar. (n)

Note:- Within the past few weeks, and since the foregoing remarks on the Stradbally inscribed stone were set in type, the stone itself has been turned over on its face so as to preserve the figuring from further injury. The future explorer of the church ruin, therefore, who wishes to examine the inscription, will be obliged to lift the slab back again, a task, it is to be opined, to which, single handed at any rate, he will find himself unequal, unless indeed he be a modern Hercules.

TALLOW

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Business short of brisk at Tallow

By unknown author

From Waterford News & Star, 11.09.1992.

They came, they saw, but very few invested at last Thursday's famous annual Tallow Horse Fair. These recessionary times on both sides of the Irish sea took their almost inevitable toll, and while a few decent "deals" were reported during the course of the day, the overall verdict is that business was, markedly down on other years.

Well known English National Hunt trainer, John Edwards from Ross-On-Wye, who was one of the judges for the two main classes at the fair, described the quality of the horses on offer as "a mixed bag".

"There are some very nice animals here, some moderate ones too, but for me it's a thoroughly enjoyable fun day", said Edwards, who has enjoyed his fair share of success with his stable at the March Cheltenham festival meeting over the years.

THE EXCEPTION.

One of the better deals concluded was the sale of a three year old unbroken gelding to a Northern Ireland buyer for £4,250. But in truth these type of deals were definitely more the exception than the rule on a day when business generally was far short of brisk.

The two main awards, sponsored as in past years by Guinness Group Sales, went to Co. Cork owners, Jimmy Mangan of Curahreen, Conna, won the award for the best led horse with his very impressive three-year old chestnut gelding by Blue Laser out of Foxy Lady, while the "best ridden horse" was a six year old mare by Matching Pair out of Troublesome Brief, owned by David Fitzgerald of Lisnabrin, Curraghglass, Mallow, and ridden by Becky Coles of Tallow.

The judges Bill Ronayne, Templevalley, Tallow, Bill O' Donoghue, Hospital, Co. Limerick, and John Edwards praised the high standard of entry in both classes.

INNOVATION.

A new innovation this year was the Gain Lunging Competition organised by the Tallow Gymkhana Committee and sponsored to the tune of £525 by Waterford Foods plc. Giving it an international flavour was the presence of well known English horsewoman Ann Verdon-Jones from Devon as the judge.

Held on the lands of Bobby McCarthy at Tallow Bridge, the £250 first prize went to John Kirwan of Dungarvan whose 16.2 three year old filly was handled for him by well known horse trainer Maurice Keane of Dungarvan.

Second place (£175) went to another Dungarvan horseman Michael Condon, with his three-year old gelding while the third (£75) and fourth (£50) prizes were won by Denis Hassett, Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford, and Michael Kelleher, Carrigaline, Co. Cork respectively.

The prizemoney was presented by Waterford Foods Castlelyons area manager Mr. Stephen Randles.

"It was a hugely, successful inaugural competition", Mr. Moss Geary of the organising committee said, and he rejected criticisms voiced by a number of people that it had divided the fair into two separate categories. "If it did anything it brought an even better quality of horse to the fair", said Mr. Geary.

TRAPPINGS

Away from the serious business of buying and selling - little though there was of both - all the traditional trapping of the annual fair were in evidence.

The stalls that lined both sides of the sprawling Main Street seemed to be endless with literally everything from a needle to an anchor for sale. But here too there were no obvious signs that customers were falling over themselves to make purchases.

Probably the quietest day of all was experienced by 'Madame Gray', a palmistry and crystal reader, and her next door neighbour. "Mystic Antonette who promised that all will be revealed by the original lady of mystery and the daughter of the seventh son.

Every time I passed their caravans there wasn't a customer in sight. Either the punters didn't believe their claim to having mystique power or they simply gave no credence to them.

TROUBLE FREE

One final word on the day, Although there was a large garda presence in the town under Supt. Ray McAndrew, Dungarvan, It was an entirely trouble-free day.

"We haven't had an untoward incident of any kind", a garda spokesman told the *News and Star* at a time of day when the fair was in its final furlong.

THE SCANLANS OF TALLOW

By unknown author

In the January/June edition of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society's Journal there was an interesting account of this family who were so well known in the farming and commercial life of the Parish for many years. Twelve headstones in one graveyard to commemorate the different branches of one family must surely lie close to being a record for a Co. Cork burial ground. And when one realises that the Scanlans of Gearah, Midleton also had monuments in Lisgoold and Midleton one gets an even more indelible impression of the regard these Scanlans have always shown for their places of internment.

It is not quite clear from which townland, or even parish the family branched out, but since there is no record of them listed in Clonmult in 1766, support for a Younggrove Dungourney origin is likely. In 1853 we find a John Scanlan holding 53 acres in that townland and parish, and a Richard Scanlan sharing with Richard Foulk and John Forrest the occupation of 162 acres.

By 1850 we find the Scanlans have left the Younggrove holdings. No doubt Richard was dead at this date, and it could be also that the Foulke ambition to convert most of the townland into a demense had been triumphant in affecting a complete dislodgement of the remaining Scanlan entrenchment. There was however a Richard Scanlan in Ballyriorty Dungourney, where he held 40 acres from Viscount Midleton about 1850, but since his family burial ground is in Mogeely it is unclear if his and the Clonmult Scanlans are kith and kin.

The family seem also to have had a lien on Gearah, Midleton from about 1800 onwards. In 1850 the farm there was a mere 25 acres, with Richard Scanlan being the occupier, But that the size of a holding is not always a true indication of the virility and resilience of a particular set of tenants, is evident from the fact that the family are in Gearah to this day.

The Scanlan association with Rathcanning possibly owes its origin to the marriage between John Scanlan and Johanna Walsh. There was no Scanlan in the townland in 1823 but an Andrew and William Walsh rented 48 acres in 1850.

The inevitable pursuit of wider horizons not only beheld the Scanlans moving northwards to occupy larger farms in the valley of the Bride, and also acquired new plots in the Clonmult burial ground.

In Barrafohona in 1823 we find no mention of the family but by 1850 we discover that Martin Scanlan had 102 acres, Denis and Matthew together 170 acres, Matthew alone 37 acres and Frances Scanlan a house and a garden from the latter. In Ballyarra Richard held 96 acres, while in Ardra, Britway, Grace Scanlan held 75 acres and Martin Scanlan the same number.

Well particulars disclose that individual members prospered fairly well. Martin of Ardra who died on February 2nd 1871, and no doubt buried under the stone erected in Clonmult, left £700. The will was proved in Cork by oath of Thomas Scanlan, Kippane, and Richard Scanlan of Ballynoe, the executors. Thomas Scanlan of Kippane was later one of the two executors of the will of John Barry, a corn merchant who died on the 22nd of February 1871 leaving a personal estate of £8000. It can be assumed that he must have benefitted from the estate. One of the Barrafohona Scanlans, Michael, left £391 at his death on May 10th 1886. He never married.

Richard's family was the best remembered branch of the family. He had five sons and although they came from an agricultural background they had ambitions which were not altogether circumscribed by their farming background, so we find them in pursuit of other ways of making a livelihood. Their first venture was to buy a Ballamore steam engine and thresher which was very new to this locality at that time. This proved such a success that they purchased more threshing sets; they had four in all. They threshed corn far and wide.

The story is told of Mikey that he paid £300 for his threshing set, and when he had threshed in the last haggard, which was outside Cahir in Co. Tipperary (the day was Xmas Eve) he had earned the £300. They travelled far and wide with those old steamers, and consequently became very well known. This led them to branch out again. Their next venture was into the Creamery business. John and his cousin Matt of Aghern set up a milk separating station in Aghern and later opened another one in Ballynoe. This enterprise died a natural death due to competition and also the markets were not suitable, when there was

no butter making involved. The other brothers gradually became involved in the corn trade. It was said that they often accepted grain in lieu of money in payment for threshings and were able to sell this at a profit. They next bought the Mill in Tallow which was idle, and stored grain there.

The business then grew by leaps and bounds, to such an extent, that they became one of the biggest grain merchant firms in East Cork, and West Waterford, with chartered boats taking the grain from Janeville, down the Bride, and Blackwater, to the port of Bristol. Out of the grain trade grew another business. Instead of sailing the boats back to Janeville quay in ballast they were loaded with coal, for which there was a steady sale. They used the steam engines to haul the grain to the boats, and haul the coal back to the stores. This was a lucrative trade and no doubt, often helped to balance the books for them, when they met a bad year in the grain trade. The old Mill had been powered by water and the brothers saw the potential in this.

They set up a Saw Mill to cut timber for the farmers and tradesmen, and a grinding mill to grind grain for the farmers for stock feeding. This was a useful and busy sideline and was the only one of its kind available at the time. Furthermore, when water power was low, they were able to use the steam engines to power these units.

Then they bought the Mill they had to change their residence to Tallow and lived in Barrack Street. John had died before World War I leaving a wife and two in family behind. Neither of these ever entered the business. Of the brothers Martin, Tom and Mikey married but only Tom had a family, one son Tom Joe. By the standards of those times up to the Fifties they had a very big business. They had customers from far and near, and although transport was limited early in the century, yet people sold their grain to the Scanlans, got their threshing done by them, and bought their coal from them. But despite the confidence people had in them, the business began to decline from the beginning of the thirties. England no longer wanted our grain, and wheat began to replace oats as a crop, which was carried straight into the Mill to be made into flour.

But the principle reason why the business went down was that they grew old and had not the necessary energy to carry on. They could not compete against Co-operatives when these entered into the grain trade. They worked hard during their lifetimes, and were all over eighty years when they were carried to their last resting place in the old graveyard in Clonmult. Tom Joe carried on the business in a small way after the uncles had died, but he did not survive them long. He died at the early age of 42 and is also buried in Clonmult.

After Four Centuries, Arrival of Cistercian Nuns at Glencairn Abbey **By unknown author**

From the Waterford News, 18.03.1932.

A historic scene in the Church history of Ireland was enacted at Glencairn Abbey, near Lismore, Co. Waterford, on Monday last. The occasion was the ceremonial of "the Canonical enclosure of the new foundation of Cistercian nuns who are the sister Order of the Monks of Mount Melleray and La Trappe, etc., a colony of which nuns have come over from Staplehill Priory, Wimborne, Dorset, where the order has been for over a century.

The community had arrived a few days before, one of them being Sister M. Ignatius, daughter of Councillor Edward Walsh, Waterford, and sister of Rev. Nicholas Walsh, C.C., Ardfinnan. She was cordially welcomed to her native diocese by his Lordship the Bishop and by the Lord Abbot of Melleray.

The ceremony was performed by his Lordship most Rev. Dr. Hackett, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore. The right Rev. Dom Hickey, Lord Abbot of Mouny Melleray, was also present, as well as a large number of clergy and laity.

It is well nigh 400 years since this contemplative and austere Order of nuns dwelt in Ireland, and the parent house at Staplehill, from which the present members of the Order came, has a most interesting history attached to it.

The home for the new foundation, Glencairn Abbey, was purchased a few years ago for them, and a good deal of time, money and energy has been expended in putting the place into shape for its new use before being occupied picturesquely situated on the banks of the Blackwater, surrounded by an extensive and well-wooded demense, it is an ideal place for the religious Order now installed there.

The interior of the splendid mansion was practically reconstructed and added to, a handsome and commodious church with belfry and spire built, and in every way St. Mary's Abbey, Glencairn, as it will now be known is an ornament to conventual life in Ireland, as its saintly occupants are a most valuable addition in this country to "the kingdom which is not of this world.

TRAMORE

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Cromleach at Knockeen, Co. Waterford By unknown author

From Dublin Penny Journal, date unknown

The annexed cut is a faithful representation of a CROMLEACH at a place called Knockeen, about five miles north of the celebrated watering-place, Tramore in the County of Waterford. I should more properly have written that my drawing correctly represents what that Druidical monument was in the year 1825, because I cannot say what damage it may have since received, as I have not seen it for the last seven years.



The word, Cromleach is from the Irish, *Cromleac*, a pagan altar, which is a compound of, *Crom*, God, and *leac*, a flat stone. The one now about to be described is situated on the gentle declivity of a small hill, as the name of the place. *Knockeen*, i.e. "the little hill" indicates and was constructed of eight huge rocks, six of which stood upright and the remaining two were laid flat upon some of the erect one. One of the latter stones, which is about sixteen feet in length, and of proportionate breadth and thickness, weighing five or six tons, appears to have been balanced on the top of one of the upright rocks, as on a pivot. At the time I saw it one end of this stupendous block seemed to be suspended in the air but the other end, was overgrown with ivy, which connected it with the stones beneath, and gave the whole group a very fantastic and grotesque effect. It is to be remarked that this structure lay due east and west, in conformity with the ancient custom, which assigned amongst the cardinal points a religious pre-eminence to the east. This superiority of the east over the other points of the compass in religious worship at the first glance strikes one as strange, nay, almost as pagan and ridiculous, but many important reasons for its continuance are to be found in an anonymous work entitled *The Picture of Parsonstown*, published by subscription 1826. The author of that work in describing the new Roman Catholic Chapel of Parsonstown animadverts on the position in which that edifice - placed and quotes from scripture, the primitive fathers, and profane writers, a great number of curious and interesting authorities on the subject.

In proof that the early preachers of christianity were unwilling to divert their converts from those place of worship which they had while pagans been accustomed to resort to, in order thereby the more readily to win their attendance at their new devotions, we find mouldering in decay, within twenty yards of this Cromleach, the more modern yet venerable ruins of a Christian Church and there also is to be seen burial ground adjoining. A countryman I happened to meet on the spot informed me that hard-by was one of those subterranean all dwellings, which were inhabited by the ancient Druids, and which are so often to be read of in Irish history. However, at the time of my visit the entrance to this cave unfortunately for me, was closed up.

There cannot be a doubt but that the huge stones now being written of served formerly an altar for sacrifice The kind of altars which Wormius informs us, were used by the northern nations and Cimbri, is similar to that just described. This amazing pile of ponderous granite presents a specimen of the *Rocking-stones* or *Baetylia*, (i e. *moving or animated stones*) which the late learned Dr. Lanigan finds fault with Bochart for calling *animated* stones; although perhaps either epithet is equally appropriate. It is worthy of note that Dr. Smith, notwithstanding his acknowledged research, industry, and learning, has omitted to notice this Cromleach at Knockeen in his able and laborious work on the County of Waterford.

An Epic of Tramore Bay By Tom Dunne Dunphy,

From Waterford News & Star, Christmas Supplement 1965.

"On a summer day after the war I was sitting under Carballymore, when I noticed a man marching out across the sands with a pitchfork "shoulder arms." What was his game ? " I queried to those with me; but there seemed no explanation until at last I observed him entering a sheet of water, when he commenced prodding it. I walked towards him, and got chatting, and discovered my unknown friend was " fishing " or, rather prodding for fish! Though this was long before my " journalistic days," I always had the flair for local knowledge and an interest in the careers of people I met in even a casual way. Well this is how I first met Tom Dunne and for all the years afterwards usually made a call at his cottage one of the events when I tripped down his way . He very kindly has sent me this thrilling story of the sea. I have not altered one line or changed a comma, and it will be obvious to readers that Tom's journalistic ability is of no mean order. Might I add that he is a naval veteran -one of those gallants who stood between us and the German tyrant in 1914, his last ship being, if I remember rightly, the battleship " Barham," the flagship of the Battle Squadron, at Jutland in 1916.

THE STORY

You have asked me to tell you a story. Yes, I will tell you a story of Rhinashark -a story of the sea. On the 25th January, 1858, occurred one of the most heroic and notable rescues of the sea by the men of Rhinashark.



When the French brig. La Capracuse, was wrecked in Tramore Bay 25/1/1858.

Rhinashark at that time was a flourishing and prosperous fishing port, and for years afterwards, up to the late 80's, when the fishing grounds began to fail and the entrance to our harbour became blocked up by the shifting and treacherous sands of the Bay. A great number of our men, found a living in Newfoundland, and commanded fishing vessels on the Banks and others commanded trading vessels. In the year 1858, when the La Capracuse (French vessel) was wrecked on the Browntownside of Tramore Bay, a fierce gale of southerly wind, was raging, sending home a tremendous sea a sea that churns the Bay to a fury as one sea smashes on the top of the other. As the people on shore watched that doomed ship being driven to destruction on the dreaded bar *I* that bar which has taken so much toll of men and ships - a cry of despair broke from them that the ship was doomed. But another call, went forth from those gallant and heroic men of the sea-for volunteers to man the yawl -an open pulling boat. Every man offered to go, though it looked like a forlorn hope and risk of their own lives. The crew was picked out to man the yawl. The names of those brave men were: Edmond Kelly, Michael Downey, Michael Fitzgerald, Tom Crotty and John Dunne. I am proud to think that that in that crew was my grandfather and father. No worldly honours was visualised in the mind of those gallant men as they went forth on that desperate chance of saving life. No. But the vision of that battered wreck with her lives on board. Alas two of that brave crew never returned Tom Crotty and Michael Fitzgerald. Tom Crotty left a widowed mother to mourn his loss, and Michael Fitzgerald a wife, and large young family.

Nothing seemed to daunt those, gallant men, as time after time their boat seemed to be doomed; but with superb seamanship and navigation of that treacherous shoal,

weary and battered they drew at last alongside that vessel they had dared so much to seek. At that time she was gradually being battered to pieces. All her masts, spars and cordage was one tangled mass alongside, which made the work of rescue more difficult. At last they managed to take the crew from her. As the boat was about to put off from the vessel, the Frenchman was making signs that someone else was left on board. My father then jumped from the boat to her main rigging. As he got on board he could then hear cries from the cabin and going below he found one of the crew with a broken leg. His leg was broken by the falling spars, and he was put below to save him from being washed overboard. By the time my father got him on deck, the boat on the meantime was driven astern of the vessel by the heavy seas. The only alternative left him was to plunge overboard, grasping the wounded man. It was his only chance, and being a powerful swimmer, the boat was able to rescue them. The boat being now overloaded, and sea smashing aboard her- but those brave hearts never lost courage. As they drew nearer the dreaded bar at the mouth of the Channel - if they could manage that in safety their task was accomplished. But. alas! It wasn't to be.

The spectators on shore held their breath as they watched those mighty seas smash down on those gallant men. Nothing could live in a fury of water like that. A cry of despair broke from them; they are

capsized; the boat is bottom up, and they are clinging to her. Nothing daunted. Another boat was launched to go to the assistance of their comrades and try to save them. As every possibility held good, they would be washed over the bar to the comparative safety of the Channel, where they could be rescued. As it was flood tide at the time the only hope was, will they be able to hold on until then? When the boat capsized poor Michael Fitzgerald was never seen again. It is though he got stuck and stunned by the boat.

Tom Crotty and my father both being powerful swimmers and seeing the others had hardly room to cling to the boat, at my father's wish, Tom - his companion from childhood days - struck out for the mouth of the Channel, knowing that if they managed to survive the dreaded bar they were saved. As the seas smashed upon them, they got separated, until at last my father was washed over the bar into the Channel and picked up by his comrades in the other boat that was coming to their assistance. His first thought was of Tom. But poor Tom, after a heroic fight, had gone to his Heavenly reward. What nobler honour could anyone have than to give his own life that others may be saved.

The boat with the other survivors was washed over the bar and picked up by their fellow comrades. They were brought ashore, after such a terrible ordeal, more dead than alive. They were taken in hand at once by the Hon. Dudley Francis Fortescue, at that time Lord of the Manor at Corballymore, and conveyed to his residence, where they received all the care and attention it was possible to give them. Wonderful to relate, the French sailor with the broken leg managed to save his life by holding on to a part of the boat mooring rope. Both British and French Governments awarded to each member of the crew their silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea.

Those gallant men have now gone to their long reward. I would ask you, my friends, when you think on my story, to remember them in your prayers. That is all the honour they now want. In all my wanderings and vicissitudes of life, I always kept before my mind their noble and unselfish action, and when it came to my turn to contribute my share to the saving of life at sea, it spurred me on. I feel now I am amply rewarded. I am satisfied. Friends, that is my story - a story of the sea. TOM DUNNE

(Rhinashark).

Sea Bathing 1900 Style By unknown author

From News & Star supplement, 1985



The following prescription for 'Sea Bathing' appeared in Naughton's Penny Guide to Tramore in 1900:

Seabathing is very good and quite safe so long as ordinary care is taken. There are three recognised bathing places for gentlemen

(1) The Strand where boxes are kept and the bather is provided with every requisite for a trifling sun. If the visitor is staying in Tramore for any considerable length of time, he can make arrangements with the bathing men to accommodate him

for a lump sum. **Picture: A view of Tramore at the turn of the century.**

(2) The Ladies Cove, which is only used very early in the morning, as the place becomes too public after ten o'clock, and no bathing boxes are available.

(3) The Gillameen, a splendid bathing place for good swimmers. There are never less than twenty feet of water here and at full tide there are often forty. The place is thoroughly well looked after by a committee. No charge is made, but persons bathing here are expected to contribute something towards; defrayal of expenses incurred in keeping the place in order.



There is yet another place slightly resorted to, viz, Newtown Cove; but as the shore goes down very suddenly, thereby rendering bathing dangerous to weak swimmers, and fatal accidents have occurred more than once, it is hardly a place to be recommended.

The Ladies Bathing Places on the Cliff Road, between the Ladies Cove and the Gillameen. There is also, of course, a bathing place for ladies on the strand. It lies to the right of the gentlemen's quarters. Bathing boxes are provided, for the use of which a moderate charge is made. **Pictured above is The Old Lifeboat**

at Tramore, Tramore showing the Atlantic Dance Hall, Railway Square, Tramore.

The same publication announced that "Bathing Tickets" were available every morning on the 7.45 a.m. train, returning by the 9.10 a.m. train from Tramore. Fares -1st Class 8d, 3rd Class 6d.

Weekly bathing tickets cost -1st Class, 4 shillings; 3rd class, two shillings and sixpence.

VILLIERSTOWN

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<http://www.waterfordcountylibrary.ie/index.html>

**Memories of Villierstown
By C.S.J. 1872.**

LONDON

Henry S. King & Co., 65 Cornhill

To the memory of Rev. Philip Homan, M.A.

Who departed this life on the 20th of Nov. 1846 aged 47 years.

For a quarter of a century the officiating Minister of Villierstown Chapel.

In point of human learning an accomplished scholar
In all spiritual teaching a bright luminary of the Church
A sure refuge to the poor in the time of trouble
Looked up to as an example to the rich.
Revered by both classes
Meek gentle, patient, single-minded
A Catholic Christian indeed without guile

This tablet has been erected by one of his most attached friends belonging to the flock which is now, by the inscrutable decree of an all-wise God, left to mourn over the loss of their beloved Pastor

14th chapter of Revelation, part of the 13th verse

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labours: and their works do follow them.

INTRODUCTION

MEMOIRS OF VILLIERSTOWN

One morning in September two travellers, warmly muffled up, were seen standing on the pier at Villierstown, waiting for the arrival of the steamer which plies between Cappoquin and Youghal. The mountains and hills were all wrapt in a thick morning mist; but the rich woods and trees on each side of the flowing river, in spite of the clouds and mists, seemed to, wish to clap their hands with joy. That pale lady, leaning on her husband's arm, had spent many years beneath an eastern sky, and knew that scene well. Her face was veiled; but her eyes, filled with tears, gazed earnestly through clusters of trees to the roof of that home which heard her earliest cry. Eagerly she looked at the fields, tho' old paternal fields, which never can be forgotten, There she used to gather primroses, and weave daisy necklaces with loved brothers and sisters in the roseate sunshine hours of childhood; then her gaze wandered to the grey towers of the church in which she was baptised, where she received her first Communion, and, where the ashes of her beloved father rest till the resurrection morn. The old grey tower was unchanged, the lime trees yellowing in the autumn breeze, with the rooks slowly wheeling around them wore the same appearance as when she had last seen them. But her thoughts were suddenly checked by a group of peasants gathering around them, and soon well-known voices exclaimed, "Sure then 'tis Miss Charlotte, our own Miss Charlotte herself, and no mistake." Yes, they remembered well their beloved pastor's eldest child, who had grown up amongst them, and who for years had seemed as one long dead. In her they saw again the pastor who had laboured faithfully amongst them for nearly a quarter of a century, who was ever a sure refuge to them in trial and sorrow, who had baptised most of them, and fed them with the bread of life. Oh: what a meeting it was that morning as old men and women wrung the hand of her whom they had nursed as a baby, how they cried again for joy! Middle-aged parents called their little ones around them, to see the child of one whose memory was treasured deep in their hearts, and whose holy teachings had shed a hallowed radiance over their lives of toil and privation. Now on every side before the cottage doors small bonfires were kindled by the children in the simple joy of their hearts, others joined them from far and wide, and a jubilee, a regular jubilee, was in sweet Villierstown that day to welcome back their pastor's daughter. However, time and tide wait for no man; so the paddles of the steamer being heard, the travellers reluctantly had to hurry on board and soon were borne over the glassy bosom of the Blackwater. As the steamer speeded on the mists slowly rose from the hills, and Charlotte pointed out to her husband the lovely range of the Knockmeiledown mountains; beautiful Dromana peeping out from its ancestral groves; Straneally Castle, the old mill of Koneen, and other spots once so familiar, but now looking like some half-forgotten dream of faded loveliness. On they sailed till they reached Youghal, a place once famous in history, and which was that day the abode of dear and revered friends - friends in the fullest acceptance of the word, for they were trusted, trusting, and true. That sweet autumn day they were a happy family group, but since then, the father of the family, who gave them such a hearty welcome, has been laid to rest. Other old and dear friends also met them, and as evening came on Youghal receded from their sight. As they steamed back to Villierstown, they felt that it was a day ever to be remembered. On reaching the pier they found quite a crowd, ready and, waiting to welcome them, and as in a long procession they walked up to the village everything was well remembered by the pastor's daughter. There was the old school-house - with its casement windows fringed with the Crimson blossoms of the fuchsia and scented clematis, there was the clerk's tidy house nestling under the church-yard wall, the village green with the olea-tree in its centre; the avenue of beech trees and - now the travellers reach the ancient gate of the much-loved church, and with bowed heads enter the hallowed spot. Oh - how solemn it looked in the dim twilight of the autumn evening! Once those grey walls echoed with the voice of praise and thanksgiving from a happy congregation but all is still and silent now. From the pulpit once were uttered such teachings, such exhortation, and words of love and power as are seldom heard in this world.

At that altar, now veiled in darkness, there used to be so much light and glory that it seemed the very gate of heaven, and there, at the right side of the altar, the remains of that beloved pastor and teacher rest still. The longed-for trump shall awake the chorus from desert and field of the blessed dead. And life, joy and immortality shall come to light.

*'Beneath the chancel's hollow'd stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few save humble mourners known,*

*My father, is thy lowly bed,
Few words upon thy 'white stone graven,
Thy name, thy worth, thy death declare,
Thy life on earth and hopes of heaven,
In simple plain recordance there,
No scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my father's grave.'*

The two travellers left the church that evening with many tears of passing sadness mingled with holy anticipations of joy. Passing on as the shades of night were just closing in, they bade adieu to sweet Villierstown and their humble but much-loved friends, and entering a car were soon speeding on their way. Again and again they looked back, and, as a line of yellow light gilded the tops of the woods and trees, they were reminded of

'The Glory to be revealed.'

Years have now passed since that solemn autumn evening, and as Villierstown, sweet Villierstown, will ever be graven on the heart of the writer, she will go back some five-and-twenty long years, and, though with a feeble pen, try and recall her recollections of her father and the happy years when the now scattered family lived there and

'Call'd the Parsonage-house their home.'

The reminiscences are partly written by a dear sister who has also gone before, and that our united 'Memorial' to our much-loved father may be acceptable to his grand-children is my chief object and earnest wish. The time is short, and it may not be long now till we shall meet, an unbroken family, before the throne; and in the light of immortality acknowledge that, although weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.

CHAPTER I

CHARACTER OF THE REV. PHILIP HOMAN, HIS EARLY LIFE AND ADVENTURES - FIRST MINISTRY AT VILLIERSTOWN - BETTY MARKS.

How wondrous is the transforming power of the love of Christ: It can change a poor sinful creature of clay from glory to glory, until he is able to reflect, as my loved father did, his Saviour's image in his walk and conversation my father passed through life from childhood to youth, developing in that meekness which is strength, until he shone forth a bright luminary in the Church of Christ: To everyone it was apparent that the divine life was dwelling in him, and that the Holy Spirit was in his every word, look, and action. Suddenly was he called to join the company of the spirits of just men made perfect. We who continue in the flesh have lost in him a rare guide and teacher; now no more can we see his beaming countenance as he delivered to us his heavenly messages in tones as of rich music. He has been taken, perhaps in judgment, perhaps in love -on earth we can see him no more. I may well compare my father's character to that of the apostle St. John; for, like him, he seemed ever to dwell as if in his Saviour's presence, and to drink ever at the ineffable fount of life, love and purity; for he was a man of a tender spirit and singularly pure heart. He knew that the blessing pronounced upon the pure in heart is, 'That they shall see God' (a blessing in the enjoyment of which I am confident he now rejoices), Ever ready to discern the presence of the Lord, and quick to perceive any tokens of His power he looked beyond the outward thing, and beheld within the Lord and Master who alone orders and directs all change. He was ever ready to discern the Lord's hand in all the affairs of life. In trouble and sorrow he knew that it was the chastening of a kind and loving Father. Every blessing he enjoyed with an increased delight, feeling that all was the gift of his God.

In those events which worldly men regard as only ordinary chance occurrences, this highly-favoured disciple discerned the signs of his Lord's approach, and rejoiced in the sound of chariot-wheels. The blessed hope of seeing Him whom his soul loved was the chief hope of my father's life.

Whilst he dwelt here with us it seems now as if we knew not his value. Once we were able to gaze on his countenance radiant with love and purity, to confide all our joys and griefs to his ready ear, and to hold sweet converse with him; but he walked with God, and God took him, perhaps because we were not worthy of him.

Although years long years have rolled by since that sad November morning when, his loved remains were laid in the vault of Villierstown Church, his name has left an everlasting memorial deeply graven on our hearts. His guileless character, as portrayed in the following imperfect sketch of his short, but well-spent life, is but a poor tribute to his memory.

My father was the only child of Isaac Homan, a barrister in Dublin. His mother, Anne Cramer, was the eldest daughter of Dr. Cramer of Sally Mount House, in the County Kildare, and Chancellor of Christ Church, Dublin, celebrated for deep piety and learning. Isaac Homan left his profession when about forty years of age, and, on account of heavy and unforeseen pecuniary difficulties, quitted the country and went to live in North America. I remember well when we were little children, and used to gather round the fire in the winter evenings, how our dear father used to amuse us by recounting his recollections of his early home in the strange pine forests in the wilds of Georgia. Oh! how we used to delight in hearing of the garden where the castor-oil tree, the cotton-tree, and the sugar-cane used to grow, where the maize and Indian corn waved as it were in seas; where the Red Indians used to come laden with the spoils of the chase, and also of the curious log-house which sheltered them for many years, if not in luxury, yet in happiness and peace.

Brighter days seemed about to dawn for my grandfather, for he was summoned from this deep solitude to attend a council at Philadelphia, where an excellent appointment was to be conferred on him. Whilst at the council, however, he was exposed to a draught from an open window, came home, complaining of headache and shivering. Low fever set in, and in a few days he died, leaving his poor wife and his little son Philip strangers in a still stranger land. Although my father's recollections of this loved parent were but distant and dim they were still very sweet, his character being one of the greatest simplicity, gentleness, and love.

My grandmother had been early instructed in the way of truth by her good father Dr. Cramer. Amid all the chances and changes of life, with un-deviating faith she looked up to God as a loving Father, and one able to sympathise in all her griefs and trials.

In this dark hour of loneliness and widowhood, he meekly bowed her head, and secure in her trust, she bade adieu to the pine-forest, where she had spent to many peaceful days; and with her only son made her way to the nearest seaport town, and there set sail for old England.

Travelling was very different in those days to what it is now. Steamers were not even thought of, railways were unknown; so it was a formidable undertaking in the depth of winter for a lady, tenderly and delicately brought up, to venture across the wild Atlantic in a rough sailing ship and with a helpless child. The only recollection my father had of their departure from America was seeing his mother sewing a quantity of gold coins inside her dress. This precaution was not taken in vain, for they were not long at sea before they were overtaken by a violent storm, and shipwreck came upon them in all its horrors. Many of the people on board perished, but the widow and child, doubtless guarded by angel hands, escaped on a raft with a few sailors, and reaching a lonely rocky island, were welcomed by an old hermit of the name of Jerry Leeds.

I remember well when we were children how we used to climb on our father's knee as he sat by the blazing winter fire, and how we used to delight in making him describe this wild island to us and Jerry Leeds. Jerry was a man of great stature, and although a European by birth was almost a savage in many of his habits; he was, however, kind and hospitable, and tried in his own rough way to make them comfortable. He made up some beds of wild beasts' skins, and fed them with fish and birds, which latter he daily shot for them and brought home in a huge kind of barrow.

Even in this desolate spot my grandmother ever realised that God was her father and her friend, and in this simple trust her courage never failed. She continued bright as a sunbeam, although the snow lay deep around their rude dwelling, and the wild spray from the ocean dashed over the humble roof, and the bitterly cold wind howled through their lonely dwelling. Yes, in the midst of it all she never felt forsaken; the true believer can never feel alone. Wherever placed, whatever may be our outward circumstances, we must feel a joy which cannot pass away in thinking of a Saviour's love. My grandmother felt that the Holy Spirit's peace and joy were with her, and God's unfailing arm was her sure though unseen support. She experienced the truth of the words -

*'Who hath the Father and the Son
May be left, but not alone,'*

However, the time of trial came to an end. Winter passed away, and the balmy breath of spring came to cheer even this desolate island; tiny wild flowers peeped from among the crevices of the rocks, the singing of birds was heard in the land, and sunshine streamed even into Jerry Leeds' rough dwelling. One spring day, as they all sat watching the bright rays of sunshine dancing on the dark blue waves, to their intense joy they descried a sail - a white sail. With shouts of joy and welcome they made haste and hoisted signals; and as it drew nearer to them, to their unbounded rapture it proved to be a ship bound for England. At length release had come for the poor captives in this desolate spot, and bidding adieu to old Jerry Leeds, who proved himself a true, thorough friend in need, they all joyfully went on board, and after a successful voyage, to the delight of their family and friends, landed safe once more in old Ireland.

My grandmother took a house in Dublin, and her widowed mother Mrs Cramer and her grandmother Mrs. Taylor both came to live with her. After a little time, her dear son Philip, the object of this memoir, was sent to a public school at Drogheda. At this school he was very unhappy. Not being accustomed to the society of boys, he often described to us how in play-hours he used to sit on his little box thinking of his dear mother and of home.

At the age of sixteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was much distinguished by his talent and delight in study. Before taking priest's orders he made a pleasant tour on the Continent, where his elegant tastes found a field for expansion and development in the free study of nature and art. Sir

William Homan, a cousin of his father's, acted the part of kinsman; so when he had taken priest's orders, he presented him with the chaplaincy of Villierstown. In those days it was a very lonely spot; the patron and lord of the soil - Lord Stuart de Decies - was a minor, and at school in England, so the stately halls of beautiful Dromana were shut up; no steamer plied on the picturesque Blackwater, and no traveller came near the sweet secluded valley.

Surrounded by mountains and hills in the centre of this valley, sweet Villierstown lay actually cradled in loveliness; never was there a spot more favoured by nature, for in the winter even the laurustinas, laurels, and evergreen oaks grew in rich luxuriance. In the month of May on the blossoms on the hawthorns and fruit-trees, were as white as snow, the tender green of the old beech-trees in the lanes seemed to dance with youthful joy, the ground was carpeted with such primroses, cowslips, and violets as I have never seen anywhere else, and at sunset the air resounded with: the soft notes of the cuckoo and the sweet songs of birds. But, alas! though lovely, most lovely as was Villierstown in exteriors, though every prospect pleased the eye, the inhabitants of this village, when my father came there, were like the land of Zabulon beyond Jordan, a people dwelling in darkness and in the shadow of death. They knew not God, His commandments were violated and His ways set at naught. This lovely spot was indeed full of the impurities of evil- speaking, lying, and slandering.

Hopeless, or almost hopeless, seemed the task before the young minister, but being taught of God and aided by His Spirit, he, like the apostle, ceased not to warn them with tears night and day. Patiently he went on seeking after the most profligate, trying to show that even to such as they were, a fountain was opened in which they might wash away their stains; he tried with difficulty to have the shops closed on the Lord's day, to make children obedient, wives keepers at home, and to introduce peace and love where only hatred, lying, and variance were chiefly heard. It was, indeed, weary work. He was, however, much upheld. Cheered, and strengthened in the midst of it all by the society of two dear and valued friends, the Rev. William Power, of Affane, and his wife. They were well read in the Scriptures, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable in the finished work of Christ their Saviour; so in all the unbelief, coldness, and deadness around, a day at Affane always sent the young minister back to his work refreshed and comforted. On he laboured, though, alas! too often bowed to earth with thankless toil and light esteem.

After some time, however, a few bright rays began to illumine the darkness, and here I shall just mention one instance of conversation, as it may illustrate the difficulty of my father's task, and how it was accomplished.

In Villierstown there lived an unhappy woman of the name of 'Betty Marks,' but she was so sunk in vice that even her own family refused to hold any intercourse with her, and she was so depraved that her conscience seemed seared as by a hot iron.

The poor creature in despair left her native villages and after awhile was entirely forgotten; but although thought no more of by relation or friend she was remembered by a loving Father whose heart yearns after His erring children - yes, even when they are a long way off - and in all her guilt and misery the Lord loved this poor sinner. In a vision - a dream of the night - an arrow pierced her hard heart. She dreamt, and lo! she was once again in her native village. Once again she heard the almost forgotten sound of the church-bells of her home, and as in bygone days she went up to the house of God in company; again she knelt in her accustomed place, which now, alas! knew her no more. When looking up, she saw a minister clothed in white, standing at the communion rails and beckoning to her. As she rose and approached him, he offered her some bread; she touched it, and it became gold in her hands. She ate it, and her poor, weary, fainting, hungry soul was satisfied. The mysterious food instead of diminishing as she ate, increased, so that it filled both her hands. She held out her apron, and it too was filled with the rich treasure.

Then the poor, weary, heavy-laden one, yearning for sweet Villierstown, crept back there; but no welcome awaited her, all her relations loathed the very sight of her poor, pale, exhausted face and wasted form; so she was obliged to take up her abode in a miserable cottage, little better than a hovel, for the floor was covered with pools of water, and the rain and wind beat in through the miserably thatched roof; and in this wretched shelter, she felt that she had only come to die.

A sure but slow disease of the lungs had taken fast hold on her. Sunday after Sunday she found her way to the old church, where her dream was verified by hearing from her pastor's lips 'glad tidings of great joy.' There she was fed with the bread of life which came down from heaven, and which became to her weary soul more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold. There the tidings of a Saviour's dying love subdued and melted her hard heart by its all-constraining power. She knew the hatefulness of sin, and looking to the cross as the children of Israel did to the brazen serpent in the wilderness she was saved. Like Mary Magdalene she loved much, and feeling like her that much was forgiven, she longed to pour her life and soul and all at her precious Saviour's feet.

Soon her whole conduct changed. Old things passed away, and all became new. She bore the insults of her friends and relations with such meekness and patience that even they were constrained to acknowledge that she had been with Jesus. Her naturally violent temper became lamblike, gentle and forgiving; and instead of impure conversation, she was frequently heard singing psalms and hymns. Her miserable abode resounded, with songs of joy; but as her spiritual life quickened, her poor frail tenement of clay slowly but as surely crumbled away. A bad cough accompanied with violent spitting of blood obliged her to discontinue her attendance at the house of God, but her pastor daily visited her, and never did he return from her poor abode without saying, '*It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*'

The time of poor Betty's dissolution drew on but instead of fear she hailed with joy the signs of her earthly house being broken up. While her pastor used to sit by her dying bed, her face often lit up, as she used to say, "Dear, dear pastor, although I am going before you to glory, I will not forget you there. No! I shall long for the day when I shall see you coming through the gates to the city; and then if I'll not run out and welcome you! Oh, what a welcome I will have for him who brought me to Jesus!"

One evening very late, a messenger came to the parsonage to say that poor Betty was dying, and wished much to see her much-loved pastor ere she embarked on her long voyage. As usual he hastened to her bed, and true enough Death was fast setting his seal on her worn features. All were weeping; but Betty's eye was clear and bright, and not a trace of fear was on her countenance. When she saw my father, she said that she wanted to pray; so they propped her up with pillows, and in a clear yet thrilling voice she uttered, as well as I can remember the following prayer:-

"O almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I come to praise and bless Thee for all Thy great mercy and love to me, a poor, sinful, wretched worm of the dust. I was in darkness and the shadow of death, and Thou didst seek me and find me. Jesus, the good Shepherd, sought me, and found me, and brought me on His shoulders rejoicing! He washed away all my sins in His own most precious blood. He clothed me in the best robe. He embraced me in the arms of His love, and He fed me with the hidden manna, and gave me the white stone, with the new name written thereon, which no man knew save me and my God. And now the time of my departure is at hand, and O my God! I come to Thee, and it is without fear, for Thy name is Love. Without fear I am about to plunge into the dark river; for I shall soon, soon enter in through the gates into the City, where the shining ones are ready to welcome me! Oh! the song of the harpers harping on their harps. 'Glory to Thee', O blessed Jesus, sweet Saviour, for Thy mighty love, Thy wondrous love: I know it now. Halleluia! Glory! Praise! Halleluia! to God and the Lamb!"

Shortly after she quietly fell asleep, leaving all around astonished at the work of Him who brought back this poor erring one to His fold; raising her from the depths of misery, and leading her back to cool shades and the refreshing waters of His love.

CHAPTER II

THE CAMERON FAMILY -LISMORE -FIRST SUNDAY AT VILLIERSTOWN - MARRIAGE -BIRTH OF THE FIRSTBORN -CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY.

My father's marriage took place in 1828, and well suited in every way for the duties of the pastor's wife was the partner who fell to his lot. My mother was the eldest daughter of Colonel Cameron of the 9th Regiment of Foot, who served under the Duke of Wellington, and was present in the battles of the Peninsular War, Vittoria, St. Sebastian, etc. At the storming of Badajos my grandfather was severely wounded in the head, but he missed Waterloo, being in America when that crowning victory was won. Colonel Cameron married early in life Eliza, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lovett, descended from a very ancient family in Buckinghamshire.

He had three sons, who all died early, and three daughters, Eliza, Frances, and Melisina, who survived him. His eldest son Jonathan was sent to India when quite a lad, and after gaining distinction at the college in Calcutta when the Marquis Wellesley was Governor General, he was appointed ambassador to Persia. While serving at the Persian Court he was seized with rheumatic fever, and obtaining leave to return home he set out round the Cape of Good Hope, but died at sea, leaving all his property to his sister Eliza, my grandmother. In 1824, Colonel Cameron, my grandfather, retired from His Majesty's service, and went to live with his wife in Lismore, an ancient cathedral town about five or six miles distant from Villierstown. Their house, in old family mansion, was built close to the cathedral by Dean Gervaise, Mrs Lovett's father, when he fled from France on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

This old house can no more be seen, having been pulled down many years ago; but I remember it well:-

*'Somewhat back from the village street
Stood the old-fashion'd country seat.
Across its ancient portico
Tall elm trees their shadow throw.'*

I remember long winding passages, long, low, old-fashioned rooms with quaint furniture and ancient family portraits; but more distinctly than all I remember the lovely garden which we entered by a glass door. There were terraces above terraces of the softest green grass, curious old summer-houses and alcoves, and oh! such a rich profusion of lilies, larkspur, and geraniums, and there flourished as I have never seen since, the lovely rose of Provence, which, like the Gervaise family, had been transplanted from France to the old cathedral town in Ireland. Colonel Cameron's family consisted of four sons and two daughters; the eldest son, Jonathan Lovett, is now the revered and much-beloved rector of Sevenoaks in Kent; two others - Henry and Charles, died early in Australia; and William Lochiel, after serving for twenty-four years in India as a surgeon, died at the age of forty-eight, deeply and, deservedly regretted by all who knew him. Colonel Cameron's eldest daughter, Maria, was our dear mother; and the other, Helena, married Mr. Lace of Liverpool.

Colonel Cameron was much distinguished for his amiable character, and also for his personal appearance, and I have often heard that he was considered one of the handsomest men in the British army! Living quietly in the old house at Lismore, one sweet autumn Sunday morning, as they were all seated at breakfast, one of the happy party proposed that instead of going to service as usual at the cathedral that morning, they should drive over to Villierstown Church, and hear young Mr. Homan preach. The rumours of his teaching had begun even then to spread over the country. The proposal was received with joy, and soon the family's Irish jaunting car, and the Colonel's gig and favourite horse, drove up to the door. My mother has often indeed described that day to me as one of the red-letter days of her life; for it was one of those days which never die. She said as she sat beside her dear father in the gig, and they drove through the exquisitely lovely scenery between Lismore and Villierstown, that she felt as if she could hug the world to her heart. It was a fresh beautiful morning, and the woods of Dromana, through which they passed were still clad in the livery of summer, with just a yellow leaf here and there; the heather was in all its beauty, and the silver mists slowly dispersed from the purple Knockmeiledown mountains as they drove along.

In the cathedral at Lismore they had been used to hearing the service chanted carelessly with no attempt at devotion; the sermons were cold, formal, and heartless, and as they were delivered, the congregation either nodded in their pews or criticised their neighbours; so it was a great change coming into the simple, quiet country church at Villierstown, where the calm, solemn voice of the young clergyman expressed that he felt that he was indeed in the presence of the unseen Jehovah, and that the church was *'none other but the house of God and the gate of heaven.'*

The text that morning was *'And they did all eat of the same spiritual meat, I and did all drink of the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that Rock which followed them, and that Rock, was Christ.'* The words were simple, but they were earnest words, sincere words, and accompanied by the unction of the Holy One they brought the hearers under the shadow of the Rock of Ages, and the Cameron family returned to Lismore solemnized and blest. Soon after this Sunday, my parents were introduced to each other by a mutual friend, and ere many months were passed by they were engaged, and on November 16, 1828, they were married in the cathedral at Lismore. Then followed many years of the greatest happiness to the young couple, for their happiness consisted in labouring hand in hand in their Master's vineyard, and in studying the Scriptures together for hours every day.

Time passed on, and my mother often described her happiness when the hope of welcoming a little baby brightened up the parsonage house; and oh! what hours of intense happiness she had in preparing the little wardrobe! hour quickly followed hour as she sat in the little study with her husband reading out to her whilst her clever fingers made the tiny frocks, the cobweb-looking caps, and the gay-coloured boots. That study will ever be remembered by us all. Even now in fancy I see its large windows opening on the grass plot surrounded by cool shady trees, then the well-filled bookshelves, the telescope, microscope, electrifying machine, and other curiosities, and almost at all seasons of the year a bright fire sparkled in the grate, adding to the cheerfulness of the room. Never was a child born into a sweeter or happier home than was the eldest daughter into Villierstown parsonage, and the rapture of embracing the first child and hearing its first cry is a joy which parents only know, and which surely has less of earth than heaven in its intensesness.

Years rolled on, and one by one other little rosy faces appeared at the parsonage, little feet were heard pattering about, and merry voices and sweet laughter re-echoed in the rooms. Six bright healthy children gladdened the quiet place; Charlotte, Annie, Philip, Eliza, Fanny, and Cramer; two of them have gone before and joined their father, but those who are left will preserve as long as they live a most grateful remembrance of their sweet, happy, sheltered childhood, and those days of unbroken sunshine which are now mingled with the past. Now, one by one. I will go over some of those days, those happy days, and 'summon from the shadowy past the forms which once have been.'

Birthdays were always affectionately remembered and joyously kept at the parsonage, and even now the scattered family try to remember them, for sweet is the memory of 'banished hours.' The following sketch is by a dear sister of the birthday of the eldest child.

CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY

It was the 25th of January, and a bright, wintry day, the happy valley was clothed in a mantle of snow on which the sun shone cheerily, the sky was unclouded, and the chill north wind was still, as winter in its brightest garb appeared. At the parsonage house, at an early hour in the morning, the little household had arisen with various joyful exclamations and expectations, for the day was a festive one! In the study, with its well-lined bookshelves and blazing fire, we might see the father and faithful pastor at his morning prayers to his Maker; and as he earnestly prays, his prayers are doubtless ascending for his child, who on this day was born. Her holy father does not pray for earthly honours or earthly prosperity for his child, but he prays that, on entering the new year of her life, she may be kept from the world, and that to her may yet be given the crown of life. Dearly beloved is this child whose birthday was on the 25th of January, St. Paul's day. At nine o'clock the prayer-bell rings, and into the study troop the children and servants. Prayers over, Charlotte is embraced and blessed by her happy parents, for it is her birthday, the birthday of their firstborn. That dear, kind father is smiling pleasantly, as he knows that there is a present waiting for his pet on the breakfast table; it is some valuable, well-selected book; he has had it locked and laid by for some time, and rejoices in the thought of the pleasure it will give his child, and pleasure it truly does give, as her bright, happy face bears witness. Then each little brother and sister present their little gifts; though

trifling in value they are given with love, and received with joy and intense happiness. It is a festive occasion in the parsonage house; the lessons are all put aside for the day, and the children are literally wild, with delight because it is Charlotte's birthday. Though a princess might have her birthday kept with more pomp, she could not have it kept with more gladness. At twelve o'clock there is service in the old church, and the beautiful service for St. Paul's day is read, and, leaving the church gates, the poor people gather round Miss Charlotte and Irish her 'many happy returns of the day', for she has grown up among them, and they feel as if she were their own child. After the humble friends go home to their cottages, other friends arrive from different country houses and bring their children to have a play at Villierstown.

The drawing-room is soon filled with happy, merry little boys and girls; they dance round the table and admire all the pretty things laid out for the birthday. All the little gifts the children have ever received are spread out to make the room look 'grand'; so mama's useful work-basket and books are stowed away, and the children's treasures are all displayed for admiration. There is Charlotte's rosewood work-box: opened out, displaying its yellow satin lining, there is Annie's London doll with its wonderful waxen legs and arms and green muslin dress, there is Fanny's brown mouse, and Daisy's cups and saucers, and a very delightful glass box, with painted figures on it. Ah me! I see them all with my mind's eye, but where are the treasures now? and how far separated and far away is the little sisterhood that joined to arrange all that innocent grandeur! After a feast of a dinner the young friends drive home, and the family group assemble in the dining-room. What a warm comfortable room that old parlour was, with its crimson curtains closely drawn, its wavy red paper on the walls, its shiny mahogany sideboard and tables, then its glazing fire and the bright brass fender and bars, whilst over the black marble chimney-piece was a plaster cast of 'The Last Supper', done by a village tradesman of promising talent, but who years ago entered his rest though 'his sun was yet at noon'!

The hissing urn is brought in, and the children are sitting round with their bread and butter, and talking, laughter, and merriment of all kinds go on. I think I see them all now, even to the little sea-weedy pattern of the china cups and big pile of loaves, and the freshly made prints of yellow butter.

Now Sowther, the man-servant, has taken away the things, and dear papa gets into his accustomed chair between the fire and the little cherry-wood table where is placed his own candle. At the other side of the little table is dear mother in her own arm-chair, called 'Sleepy Hollow' it is so snug. She is plying her needle in her own clever way, and with unequalled industry is showing the beauty of that talent which shines brightest when common things are being executed in a masterly manner.

Then round the large table are grouped the children of the house; there is the happy Charlotte, the pleasant child, 'the pet'. She is seated as happy as a queen before her large desk, and is busy copying 'Jullienne's heads;' near her is the 'Hebe,' as dear father calls his second daughter, for every evening at nine o'clock she has the exclusive privilege of bringing her beloved father a glass of water. Then there are the young children, one whose pet name is 'Mutton Chops', another 'Lady Daisy;' they are trying to be very clever, and to make some wonderful patchwork quilts.

Sitting opposite the fire is 'Duke,' the eldest son, the noble Philip; he is called 'Duke' as a pet name, and is indeed noble in talent and mind. Look at his broad, open forehead, bright, sparkling eyes, and expressive countenance, who could look at him and not see the brightest promise of a brilliant career and distinguished path through life? But no earthly greatness was he destined to see, or worldly honours to receive; God called him as a youth from a world that might have been too ensnaring for a creature of such brilliant promise.

The youngest of the family is Cramer. the 'Little Tim,' a dear, good child; he is upstairs in his little crib, and doubtless his guardian angel is smiling as it watches the innocent slumbers of the little one. Now papa tells everyone to have their talk and their 'say out.' for when once he commences to read aloud no interruptions are allowed. Then that melodious, kind voice reads out from Charlotte's new birthday book, and all listen to that delightful history or interesting book of travel. At ten o'clock the evening prayers are read and soon after the family have all gone up 'to roost' and the happy joyous birthday has gone by for another year.

CHAPTER III

DESCRIPTION OF DROMANA – TALES AND TRADITIONS - A DAY AT DRUMROO - A MAY DAY IN THE CAMPHIRE WOODS.

It is a great comfort during the long pilgrimage of life to be able to look back upon the sweet days of childhood and youth with feelings of unmixed pleasure. Sadly, but exquisitely, the poet sings

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

However, I do not agree with his pensive song, for I always think that the days we once spent at Villierstown are really like

*A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.*

In sickness, loneliness, and banishment, those days always come back to us with a light and glory which nothing can destroy. In the dreary deserts of Lind, on the black burnt-cinder-like rocks of Aden, the very name of Villierstown makes the desert blossom as the rose, and in fancy one can see again the shady trees, the brimming river, the blue mountains, and all the sunny places where

In days long past we strayed together.

Villierstown is a singularly picturesque village, and was originally built by one of the Lords Grandison for a settlement of linen weavers who came from the north of Ireland; but we will not linger there this bright summer day, my readers, for I want you to wander with me past the old green lane shadowed over by beech trees, and then through sunny fields commonly known by the name of the 'spring well fields', till we approach the ancient and beautiful house of Dromana. Most romantically is it situated on a steep rock overhanging the Blackwater, like one of the far-famed castles of the Rhine, and its balconied windows shaded by fine stately trees. On one side of the house is a curious hanging garden built as a kind of miniature of the hanging gardens of Babylon; there are terraces above terraces of the softest green grass, which terminate in a bastion and old boat-house.

Then among the rocks and ferns close to the river is a curious well called 'The Lady's Well', and said to be haunted. Indeed the villagers often declare that unearthly beings are seen about these lonely spots after dark. I cannot vouch for the truth of their stories, but on every side there are places rife with traditions and tales of mystery and blood.

The entrance hall of Dromana is worthy of royal abode from its great dimensions, massive pillars, and wide branching staircase. I have gazed for hours at the old family portraits which line the walls, and listened with childish eagerness to the story attached to each picture.

The wicked but handsome Brigadier Villiers in his coat of armour, with his little blue-eyed page by his side, who was bled to death by his cruel hands; good old Earl John, who built and endowed the church at Villierstown; Earl George, who gambled away much of the family property and estates; the lovely Lady Gertrude Villiers, painted by Angelica Kaufmann, looking the beau ideal of beauty and happiness, but who died of a broken heart for the husband of her youth. Then, Lord Hunsdon in his grand dress in which he used to figure at the court of good Queen Bess, ruff, sword, and all complete; and close by Lord Hunsdon hangs the portrait of a fair young girl whose name is forgotten, who was starved to death, but is now smiling from the wall in her rose-coloured brocade dress, lace cap and apron.

There is a story or tradition connected with almost every room in Dromana House, from the days of the old Earls of Desmond; there is one room in particular in which there is a mysterious passage leading down to the river, and about which sad tales are whispered. But there is nothing gloomy about the beautiful drawing-room which we always called 'The Golden Drawing room,' on account of its gilt paper and magnificent chandelier, and where there was always the kindest of welcome from its noble owners for us all.

We loved every nook and corner of beautiful Dromana, and never can any place on earth seem to rival the 'Cowslip field near the 'Bounds Gate', where we used to spend many a long, bright day trying to

make cowslip balls under the shade of the chestnut trees; then the pretty garden called the pheasantry on account of a valuable collection of these beautiful birds, who were there enclosed in an aviary, and used to delight us with their gold and silver wings. There was a cottage in this pheasantry inhabited by an old woman of the name of 'Cauliflower,' who was our especial friend, when we used to take refuge from a shower of rain by her snug wood fire and listen with delight and wonder to her tales of other days. In addition to our kind friends of Dromana we had many others in the neighbourhood with whom we used to spend many happy days, and so I will try and recall some of them, for they were indeed days of sunshine.

A DAY AT DRUMROO

It was a day in early spring, and Sir William Homan sent his 'break' or wagonette to convey the whole of the family of the parsonage to the house of Drumroo. Long, long ago saw that merry family party seated in the roomy vehicle this pleasant spring day. There were the joyful happy father and mother with their rosy daughters, and the merriest of merry boys.

As they drove along over the grassy downs of lovely Dromana, and saw the sheep and lambs and also the budding trees and fresh green grass all starred with primroses, everything seemed not only the springtide of the year, but also the springtide of youth, hope and joy to these happy children. No fervid summer sun had as yet scorched a single leaf or withered the slenderest blade of grass in the forests or on the plains, for the year was yet in its infancy. Yes! 'twas all joy then. No sorrow had dimmed their sky, no storms, no grief, no wintry winds had come to chill their happy hearts, and they laughed and drove on; they laughed and chatted, never imagining but that all of life was spring for ever.

They arrive at the strange house of Drumroo, but it is yet in an unfinished state they are welcomed by the old Baronet, who seems that day as pleased as the happy children themselves; then off they all go to the Swiss Cottage which Sir William Homan had built on his grounds in exact imitation of an Alpine chalet. Oh, how enchanting it looked to the children! no ducal drawing-room could have been half so enchanting to their eyes. How they raced from one room to another, expressing their admiration at the pine-wood furniture, the delightful cabinet of curious china, the charming kitchen with its great projecting chimney-piece, and gallery all round reached only by a ladder, and which they children quickly mounted!

They all declared that they would go and live in a Swiss cottage, and never have any other kind of house. So bright Charlotte said that she must have one, also gentle Annie, dear joyous Philip, Daisy, and Fanny. Sir William, delighted with their enthusiasm, promised the children that he would give them all a pigeon pie in the Swiss Cottage for dinner, and also a gooseberry tart, if they would come to his garden and gather the young green gooseberries. The party were soon seen in the bushes gathering away, talking and laughing whilst the spring air fanned them with the scent of the sweet violets and primroses, and feathery larches tossing their green tassels wafted their gum-like perfume. The birds sang merrily from tree to tree, but the group that gathered the gooseberries that day, were gayer and blither far than any songster of the woods.

Long years, long years have passed away, and many springs have visited that spot, opening the primrose buds, and exhaling the gum from the larch trees, and making the birds sing from every bush; but never again can that merry party meet in that garden, and never as long as earth remains can they all reassemble there. Some of the group are still travelling in the pilgrimage of life; far, far apart their different routes all laid; but oh! what matter! so all meet in the same Land of Promise. More than half of their number have crossed the flood and entered into rest. The kind old Baronet, the loved, revered father, and also two of the fairest and most promising of the little ones. That was a happy day, and a gala day at old Drumroo, and in after years the children never wearied of talking of its delights. When the dinner was over in the delightful Swiss Cottage, Sir William said that he had a treat for the children, as they had been so good all day, and the treat was that they were to accompany him to his farm-yard, and see all his dogs, cows, horses, sheep, pigs and fowl. The little ones screamed and jumped for joy, and thought that nothing could possibly be more enchanting than such a sight; so soon they were in the farm-yard, where they saw the most extraordinary Chinese cows and tumbling pigeons, Russian rabbits, black pigs, grand cocks and hens; in short, wonderful birds and beasts of all kinds.

'Well, Children!' said Sir William, 'do you like all these creatures?' 'Yes indeed we do', a merry chorus of voices replied 'Well' he answered 'every one of you may each choose whatever beast or bird you like best, and take it home with you to Villierstown'.

Great was the joy created by this offer. Charlotte as eldest had first choice; so she chose a white lamb. Very well (said Sir William to his faithful servant Peter,) put up that lamb in a cart and send it to Villierstown for Miss Charlotte. Then gentle Annie chose a beautiful speckled black and white hen. 'That is a very thrifty little girl,' remarked Sir William, and Annie's pet too was carried off. Then bright, beautiful Philip's face lighted up as he declared that a Russian rabbit with long black hair was the wish of his heart; so that dear child's pet was also packed in a box and put into the cart to his unbounded joy. Daisy's turn came next, and to the amusement of all she chose a grand showy-looking cock, which she thought was much the handsomest of all the pets. Fanny's turn came last, and she said that nearly everything was chosen by her sisters and brothers, but there were some very nice black pigs still left, and that she would dearly like to have one of them. There was a great laugh against poor dear 'Fan the fair' for her choice, but Sir William said, 'Never mind, 'Mutton Chops' (which was a pet name he had for the rosy little Fanny), you will be the best housekeeper of them all, and you have chosen the most useful and profitable animal, thereby showing your good sense. Then taking leave of their kind host they were all soon seated in the wagonette, and after a delicious drive, as the dews of spring were falling, reached the Parsonage House at Villierstown, all declaring that the day at Drumroo was indeed a red-letter day in their young lives!

Many were the beautiful country places on the banks of the Blackwater, and many were the true, hospitable friends living in them who ever had a loving welcome for us all.

Oh! the homes of long ago!
The warm true friends of long ago,
The undoubting eyes, the kindling hopes, of long ago,
The liberal friends of long ago!

I could fill volumes in describing our walks over the breezy hill of Ballingown to the hospitable house of Woodstock, and all the curiosities which used to delight us there; then sweet, peaceful Rockfield, with its shady trees, exquisite gardens, and river walk, and the true, loving friends there who were ever unchanging and unchanged. Affane, Belleville Park, the sweet Archdeaconry at Lismore, etc. Years have changed all these loved spots, and other inhabitants are now dwelling there; so that if we now should exclaim with the Eastern poet, 'Friends of my youth, where are ye?' the lone echo would answer 'Where' - all have gone - all is changed. However, I will now describe a day in the month of May in the Camphire woods, spent with some of the dearest of our childhood's friends.

A MAY DAY IN THE CAMPHIRE WOODS

It was a glorious morning in May, the very bridal of earth and sky; all nature rejoicing in the bright sun and genial atmosphere. Never did the sun shine brighter than at Villierstown, and in no part of the earth did spring appear in a fairer robe.

Look into the Parsonage House this pleasant morning. See! the happy family are seated at breakfast, the wide sash window is open, letting in the perfumed breeze. From this window you see the little grass garden, and it is brilliant and gay with thick clumps of polyanthus, hepaticas, and jonquils. The anemones all one by one have opened their cups, and are now adorning the earth with their various colours of red, white, and ultra-marine blue, the ground seems like a piece of mosaic from this wealth of colour; the tall shrubs in the background are clothed with blossoms of the lovely lilac, whilst the laburnum boughs are bending down to the fresh springing grass, and their long bunches of yellow flowers look like golden hair from a mermaid's head, and floating on a bright green sea beneath.

As the happy group of children are seated at their morning meal, each little one in turn is repeating what verse in the Psalm that has been read at family prayers has struck them most that morning, and the coffee is poured out by dear mother, and the huge loaf is willingly cut up by the loving father's hand, and spread with the fresh yellow butter. As the meal proceeds a ring is heard at the hall door. 'Who can that be at this hour of the morning?' all exclaim; 'surely all the beggars have been relieved, and the tickets for the dispensary have been given out, but who comes to breakfast?' The children spring up from the table, run out, and rush in as speedily, dancing with joy and saying, 'A note from Lady Musgrave.' Yes, a note from that kind friend always and invariably brought with it joy and delight, for she was deservedly called '*The Children's Friend*'. Mamma reads out a loving invitation that all of her little ones may go and

spend the day at Tourin Castle; and to their delight tells them that the boat will be waiting on the river under the old garden wall of Dromana. Consent was cheerfully given, and the children were to go. Never were children happier, for to go to such a delightful place as Tourin Castle was a rare treat. See! what a lovely walk they all have before they reach the river! They ramble through a nobleman's splendid demesne, they pass through his lordly woods, and as they go along every sight is pleasant to the eye, every sound is joy to the ear, and every scent is sweet; nature animate and inanimate is rejoicing in the beauteous advent of May. It seems as if all the earth was robed with flowers to greet the glad bridal of 'Merrie May', the grass, the wood, the trees, are strewn and covered with garlands, wreaths, and bunches of blossom.

Look down that old lane and see the sour crab apples have flung the loveliest pink and white mantle over their rugged boughs; the hawthorns, or May-blossom trees, are like spirit in white; even the grass beneath is strewn so lavishly with such profusion of sweet spring flowers, no royal bride could have had a more lavish profusion to strew along her path; but then is not May the Queen of the months, and earth all her kingdom? Now as the happy children run on they come to the mossy walls of the old Dromana garden over which the grand old chestnuts are spreading their branches, shading the grass beneath, whilst their white cones of flowers are shining in the morning sun and beautifying these great high trees.

On and on the children run, they stop here and there to gather the sweet purple violets, which scent the air with their delicious fragrance. Down, down, the pathway leads to the little rushy, reedy spot where the tide is now high and where the welcome boat is moored and ready to take them across the bright waters to the castle home of the Musgraves. As they quickly row across the Blackwater they pass under the shadow of the great rock of Dromana, whose lofty sides are clothed with the sweet yellow wall-flower, whose genial scent is wafted by the passing breeze.

How happy are the children as they spring from their seats, while the boat touches the Tourin side of the river, and then off they quickly run until the old castle comes in sight! It is an ancient embattled castle; in old times a deep moat ran round its stout walls, and enabled it to stand many a siege. In the days when our ancestors were men of war, Tourin Castle was a famous fortress, and is often mentioned in Irish history; but now a modern dwelling-house has been built at its side, adding convenience and comfort to the lofty, turreted castle of Tourin. On the steps the children are welcomed by the Lady of the Castle, whose countenance is beaming with love and kindness; tenderly she brings all the little ones into her large nursery, and there are her boys assembled to add a loving welcome to that of their mother. The merry group being assembled in that Sunny nursery, what laughing, what eager talking and joyful little faces are gathered round.

The Lady of the Castle tells them all that they are to choose what drive they would prefer to talk, and also what vehicle they would prefer to go in. Then such discussions arise: one says that he will go in the donkey chair, another that she will go on the rumble of the great German carriage; whilst others say that they will ride the favourite donkeys, 'Patty', 'Gipsey' and 'Micky,' kept solely for the children's use. Now the choice of the drive is to go by votes, and these are in favour of the Camphire Woods. Soon the party are all off, and oh, what a happy, noisy party they are. Some galloping on the donkeys at full speed, others driving the donkey chair, and more of the party in the favourite rumble of the carriage, telling stories to each other whilst the younger ones of the party are safely stowed inside the carriage by the Lady's mother. None of them are afraid of one so gentle and so good, and a seat next her is always eagerly sought for by the favoured little ones.

Oh! what a pleasant day in 'Merrie May!' Merry then indeed! the glowing landscape, the distant mountains and woods all bathed in the glad may sun, the river flowing by in its ancient pride. The lark invisible, in flecked sky pouring down his revelry. Yes! everything was beautiful. Soon the place of destination is reached, and the old rustic door leading into the Camphire Woods is open, and the delighted children are allowed for hours to run and play, explore, and wander up and down this lovely place; up such rugged paths, where between the opening of the trees are such lovely glimpses of the Blackwater and views of Dromana opposite. Then there are dashing waterfalls which the children hear before they came up to them. Oh! what waterfalls they were! falling and dashing all the long summer day over the fern-clad rocks and mossy stones, and bedewing the tall fox-gloves and sweet woodbine on either side with their silvery spray.

After admiring the three waterfalls, the little ones climb up long, winding pathways until they reach the 'Robbers' Cave', which is said to be inhabited by a fierce gang of robbers in olden times, but is now a large, empty, gloomy cavern, overgrown with briar and brushwood, and where the children delight to act a play called 'Robbers.' After this wild and romantic spot they pass on to another lonely place called 'The Echo's Rock,' on account of the clear and beautiful echo there; the little group stand entranced, and loud and long the merry voices shout. Ah! if echo had now their voices to answer to, how strange it would be! but not on earth can echo ever give back their calls again. Call on, laugh on, dear children, enjoy a happy childhood, you little know what is before you in the chequered path of life.

In these woods were summer houses, all lined with moss, and paved with smooth, round pebbles; they had curious oval tables of the fir tree, and quaint arm chairs to correspond; these summer houses had rustic balconies overhanging the lovely Blackwater, and there you could see the boats gliding by. Now the white sail of a larger boat is seen, then the stroke of oars is heard and a little row boat has passed, then away in the far distance you hear the shout for the ferry at the Villierstown side of the river. Intermingled with these distant sounds the cuckoo's welcome note is heard clear above all the feathered choir of the woods, then the cuckoo flies off, but you can hear its sound far away, as the children say that it has flown off to the garden at Villierstown for papa and mamma to listen to. Oh, happy days they were in the Camphire Wood!

When the party have returned to the castle at Tourin, they are all called to dinner in the old, dark, handsome dining-room; it is hung with huge crimson curtains, its walls are covered with great dimly seen pictures of ladies and gentlemen in stiff costumes of a by-gone day, the furniture is of dark polished mahogany, and a splendid black marble chimney-piece overhangs the wide grate; but notwithstanding the solemn look of the great room, never did pleasanter, happier children gather than at that board, where the lady Bountiful had such a feast spread as one seldom sees now-a-days - such salmon from the Blackwater, such fowl asparagus green gooseberries, and rich cream.

However, this sweet May day, like all days on earth, is drawing to a close; the children of the parsonage are to return home; but before leaving, they are allowed to go to the beautiful garden of the castle and gather as many flowers as they like. Never can I forget our rapture as the dews of evening began to fall, when running to the great beds of the lily of the valley and rifling the dark green leaves of these sweet, white flowers and thinking that they were all our own; then gathering rich bunches of the lovely rose of May which loves to grow in ancient places. Then in addition to the flowers, the children were also permitted to pay a visit to the book-case in the nursery and carry away as many books as they wished Miss Edgeworth's and Mrs. Sherwood's delightful tales, fairy stories, and books of poetry. Yes! they have seen all the toys, gathered all the flowers, and swung in the great swing, and in short they have had as much pleasure as it was possible to have condensed in one short day.

Now the lady and her boys walk down with them to the ferry, where the boat is waiting for them, and as they walk along the kind and dearly loved lady says, 'Now, dear children, you are on your way home to the half way house to heaven' for she always said Villierstown House, was so happy, peaceful, and quiet, it was just nothing but halfway to heaven. 'And' she added, 'whenever' you have to leave Sweet Villierstown, be your lives long, or be they short, and wherever they are spent, you will always recall the days once enjoyed there as days spent in a paradise. Such were some of the happy days of our sweet sheltered childhood and youth in Villierstown; but joyous and bright though they were, they constituted but a small part of the happiness of that place; for what made its real happiness, life, and joy was that religion was its mainspring and the very pulse of its being. Flowers, trees, mountains, and rills, though beautiful in themselves, are as nothing without the glorious sun to shed light and radiance on them. And so it was patient Confidence, joyful Hope, and fervent Charity that illumined the place. Our dear father lived ever as in God's presence, and under the shadow of His wings, finding His faithfulness and truth to be his shield and buckler. Each day brought round its duties and tasks, which were faithfully and most conscientiously performed; and each night as he retired to rest, it was with the hope that he might hear the voice of the archangel and the trump of God before the morning. And then as to the Sundays at Villierstown; there were never days like them anywhere else. A Sunday in that place was a kind of Transfiguration day - a day in which heaven's full roof seemed to bend very near the earth - a day in which, like the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, we could gain glimpses of the Celestial City with its golden streets and walls of pearl, and hear borne on the breeze distant notes of the harpers harping on their harps.

CHAPTER IV

SUNDAY AT VILLIERSTOWN – QUOTATIONS FROM SERMONS – SUNDAY EVENING

It was not like a Sunday anywhere else, and still it was not a day isolated from the week days -not that it was lowered to the latter so as to make no great difference in our thoughts and occupations. No; but it seemed as if the week days were raised to the higher level of the Lord's day, and each day had, as it were, a preparation going on for the first day of the week. Sunday was a day we looked forward to and longed for. Our dear father used to say, quoting Keble's Easter Hymn. Let us look upon each Lord's day as,

*An Easter day in every week,
And week days following in their train.
Some fulness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.*

These poetic words were not merely beautiful similes to his mind, they were true descriptions of how he lived, making each day one of joy and peace in believing.

Every day and every hour his real and true pleasure was in the Lord. His conversation, his occupations and thoughts were all in His service; in Him he lived and moved and had his being. When any of us were privileged to take a walk or drive with our dear father, his conversation was chiefly on spiritual things. Frequently during those happy drives the text for the Sunday's sermon was fixed upon, and the entire way beguiled by conversation on the sublimest themes that man can think upon or archangels rejoice in. His thoughts and heart were so filled with meditation on God's promises and the hope of the coming kingdom, that whenever he happened to walk alone he used to repeat aloud verses from his favourite chapters, and was often overheard by the bare-footed peasants uttering what they called 'Blessed words ' as they noiselessly walked behind the man of God. At the same time he always tried to impress upon us that religion was not to consist in mere theory, but that it should be carried into the commonest actions of daily life; that every action, even the most trifling, should be done to the Lord; that a ploughman should try to make the most even furrows, a child to write the best copy, or a servant to sweep a room to the best of her ability.

When Sunday drew near, we all felt that a festival was approaching - a day of gladness and rejoicing, and delight. On Saturday the preparations commenced, so that no cloud of earthly care might come over its calm brightness. The dear mother gave an additional hour to her store-room in dispensing her stores in a double supply for the Sunday; the garden was locked up, the children's drawing books, and lesson books, and atlases, were stowed away, the linen was received from the laundress Nelly Brunfield, and put into the various presses and drawers, the large fruit pie and cake were baked and put away in the larder, and servants as well as the family at Villierstown felt on Saturday night that a11 the work was completed, and a day of rest was drawing near. How gladly we used a11 to hail the light of the Sunday morning. The sun used to seem brighter than ever on that day, and the flowers to look gayer, and the birds to sing a sweeter melody and to join in chorus to our thoughts: *'This is the day which the Lord hat made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.'*

Before breakfast, all the children commenced the day by learning portions of Scripture, and oh! how happily we assembled round the breakfast table all arrayed in our Sunday's best - Like spring flowers in their best array, All silence and all smiles.

At eleven o'clock the young men of the village collected in the reading - desk pew, and were instructed by their beloved pastor in the Scriptures. The class consisted of shoemakers, sawyers, carpenters and slaters and Sunday after Sunday, as they met there, they were taught in the mysteries of the Epistles. The last book our dear father ever explained to them was the Revelations. The Word of God was just finished to them as their Sabbath instruction drew to a close; but we may hope and pray that the preparation for a better world will never cease until the real Lord's day shall dawn, the never-ending Sabbath begin.

When the bell sounded for divine service from the old grey tower the congregation assembled; old, young, and middle aged, feeling as they thronged the aisle, that indeed they were coming up to the house of the Lord; each having been instructed to repeat to themselves in a reverent spirit, "This is none other but the house of God" and this is the gate of heaven. In no place of worship has there ever been more surely felt the presence of the living God than in Villierstown Church. Although we could not with our visible eye see the pillar of smoke by day or the pillar of fire by night, we could feel that they were there, and no less real because they were spiritual. Even the most careless and worldly visitor who worshipped there exclaimed on leaving the place, I never was in such a solemn church before; there is something in it I cannot understand. All felt the awe like Jacob at Bethel, and some felt with the awe deep joy and an earnest of that time when the kingdom will come, and God will dwell with His people and be their God.

The Sunday service having commenced with prayer and supplication, with bowed knees we confessed our sins, and felt that our High Priest was very near to speak words of pardon and peace to our souls, and so to shed His love abroad upon our hearts as to make us long for the time to come when we should worship Him without a cloud in His glory - Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end. When the 'Te Deum' was chanted, however, dear father entered into the spirit of that glorious hymn. In the Sanctus he humbly and reverently bent his head, not from any formal observance, but really because he felt himself in his King's presence as truly as is said when the bright-winged Seraphim uttered thrice Holy with twain they covered their face, feeling unworthy to look upon Him, whose throne is high and liften up, and whose train fills His temple.

At the verse in that song of praise, 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ,' and the choir burst into a louder strain, our dear father used almost to shout aloud, 'Thou art the King of Glory, in some measure then anticipating the joy of the kingdom when Christ's praises shall be sung aloud by every created thing; then once more we shall hear that now silent voice acknowledging his King and praising Him in a far louder and sweeter strain. Our dear father 's favourite anthem was, ' Oh! sent out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, let them bring me to Thy holy hill and to Thy Tabernacles.'

Even now I can vividly recall the look of holy rapture which overspread his features as those words were sung, and he walked up the aisle with glistening eyes in his white surplice, and his prayer-book in his hands. When the congregation heard the sermon commence, few were there but knew that such instruction was to be given as seldom fell to their lot to hear. Not only did the earnest fervour of the preacher strike home to each one's heart, but also the loving truths seemed to awaken new life, coming home as they did with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

The real reason of the force of his teaching was, that hours before entering into the pulpit, the preacher had been alone in His closet, with the Lord Jesus; he had close personal dealing with Him, he had come into His presence, looked Him in the face, and heard Him speak; without this preparatory work he might have preached in vain, with it his words were words of fire, and they often made our hearts burn within us. Yes, every part of his teaching bore witness to the Lord Jesus Christ, His character, His office, and His works.

It has been beautifully said, that hereafter every chord in the new song will be Jesus. So Jesus and Jesus only, was the theme of those never-to-be-forgotten sermons. Sometimes it was showing Him as the Sacrifice or the Priest, the Prophet, or the Shepherd, the Brother or the King; but especially he loved to show Him as the Bridegroom of the Church, and to dilate on the rich blessings with which He has endowed, and the high state of holy confidence and spiritual communion to which it is His purpose to raise her. He used to direct us to see the Lord by the eye of faith, as the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, as our Beloved and our Friend; then he used to show if we really loved our Saviour we would desire His presence amongst us, for wherever true love exists. there must be enjoyment in the society of the Beloved, and a desire for His presence, and so should we long and yearn for His appearing, coming, and glory.

Between forty and fifty years ago he said that we were approaching the close of this dispensation, and that the time was drawing near when our absent Lord would return in glory, take to Himself His Kingdom, and reign on the earth. He explained the mysteries of the ancient prophets on this glorious theme, and also solemnly warned his listeners on the necessity of being made ready to abide the day of His

coming, and to stand when He appeareth., for he warned them that though the glory was great, he could also tell them that at the same time days of mourning, woe and desolation, were coming on the Church and the world!

Outwardly all was peace in those days. The Bourbons were reigning in security on the throne of France; the Pope was undisturbed on his seven-hilled throne; the blue valley of the Moselle echoed with the glad sound of the vintage, every man sat under his own vine and fig-tree, and the sound of war seemed well nigh forgotten in the world. But the faithful preacher warned them of the sad days which have dawned on us all only too surely; wars, and rumours of wars, distress of nations with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear; and he used to say that the time would come when they should feel that a prophet had been among them.

I remember well a very solemn sermon on 'Take no thought for the morrow', which he closed by saying, 'God would have His people without carefulness, but in what manner? Not by closing our eyes and refusing to be convinced of the danger, and trying to delude ourselves into a false security. This is not God's way of giving peace; on the contrary, His word expressly warns us that there will be perilous times in the last days, and that before God fills His house with His glory, He will shake the heavens, the earth, the sea, and the dry land. But while the Christian studying the word of prophecy and attending to the signs of the times, must be deeply and awfully impressed as to the solemnity of the days on which we are entering, at the same time it is his duty to take no thought for the morrow, and to drive away all anxiety from his mind, from knowing that all things are over-ruled by his Heavenly Father, and that the wrath of man is under the control of Him who says to the waves of the sea: *'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.'*; 'Just as the Lord did not conceal from His disciples the approaching desolations of Jerusalem in all their horrors. He warned them of all the calamities which were impending over the guilty city, but at the same time He told them that not a hair of their head should perish, that a refuge was provided for them. In the same way, whilst the Lord warns us of the desolating judgments of the last days, He shows us that there will be a deliverance for His people, for when He will show wonders in the heaven and the earth blood, fire, and pillars of smoke in Mount Zion, in Jerusalem there shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord will call. And that before the seals of judgment are poured out and the winds of desolation, let loose from the four corners of the earth, the servants of our God must be sealed in their foreheads, sealed in order that they may be delivered.' Therefore on the strength of these and such-like promises, it becomes the Christian to be free from anxiety and alarm, to take no thought for the morrow, but like the early disciples, as they saw the signs that gave notice of the destruction of Jerusalem, in patience to possess their souls. Therefore endeavour, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, to enter into the privileges which belong to you as members of Christ. Live without carefulness, endeavour to live each day as it were the last, and each day strive to improve to the uttermost whatever opportunities it may bring with it. Learn ever to look to God, to wait upon Him, to abide under the shadow of His wings, to cast every burden upon Him, and when ye hear the notice of the approaching tempest and see the clouds gather as the days of vengeance are coming on, ye will in patience possess your souls, knowing that while ye are walking with God and abiding in Christ, "the eternal God is your refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Oh! how often in that church did we feel the presence of the Lord to be very near when the preacher appealed to our souls, asking us if we did not feel our hearts to burn within us did the hearts of the disciples when the Saviour walked with them to Emmaus, a solemn silence ensued, a breathless pause - and in our innermost souls we acknowledged that Christ was really in our very midst. These were blessed hours, and highly honoured were we to be led so far on Tabor's sunbright steep.

On Sacrament Sundays I can in words give no adequate idea of the blessed service so heartily entered into and so rejoicingly felt. The sermon on those Sundays always was on the Sacred Feast, so as to rouse our souls with love to Him who gave Himself for us, and with joy and gratitude to draw near to His table and pay our vows in the presence of His people. Surely these Feasts celebrated twice a month in Villierstown Church were real though faint types of the joy prepared for the Redeemed at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

In the 'Sanctus.' when the choir chanted the solemn words, it seemed indeed and in truth that the heavenly host joined in the song, saying. 'Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.' Again, in the 'Gloria in Excelsis, how fervently our

father joined in that sublime song of praise! and so great was his joy that while the triumphant words were sung, his eyes used to fill with tears and his countenance became illumined with holy joy and gladness of soul, for then indeed he felt that such praise and thanksgiving were a faint foreshadowing of the New Song which will yet be sung on Mount Zion by those who have followed the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.

The service being over we left the solemn house of prayer, and returning to our happy, rose-covered home strolled off to the shrubbery of the parsonage, to enjoy a walk with our parents for an hour before the simple Sunday dinner was ready. In my mind's eye now I can vividly see the family party slowly pacing up and down the gravel walk. Dear father with his silvery hair, bright eyes, and sunny smile; dear little mother in her plain almost quakerish dress, becoming the minister's wife; the four sisters in their white muslin Sunday frocks and straw bonnets; the bright beautiful Philip, the flower of the flock; and then little Cramer, who was just beginning to toddle, bringing up the rear: yes there I see them passing the Beech hedge, and the clump of trees on to where they have their favourite view of the lovely Blackvrater flowing on in Sabbath silence, and beyond the Dromana woods old Knockmeiledown raising her peaked top in the still air, while all above and below seems wrapt as in one universal garb of love, and in the stillness of the Millennium.

*Season of rest, the tranquil soul
Feels thy aweet calm and melts in love,
And while the heavenly moments roll,
Faith sees brighter heaven above.*

The plain Sunday dinner was always at three o' clock, and as soon as it was over our dear father in his little study prepared for the evening service, whilst each child tried to learn off by heart some chapter from the Bible, or a hymn from the 'Christian Year'. Oh what a comfort those chapters and hymns have been to us in after life! on the beds of sickness, and in solitude, loneliness and sorrow, none can tell what they have been to us all. Little did we know in those sunshine hours that we were laying up a sweet store for many a long and dreary day.

At five o'clock the evening service commenced, and again the congregation assembled in the House of the Lord. What happy groups used to pass along under the beech trees, and enter the iron gates of the old church-yard; the long evening shadows of the lime trees resting on the grass. How solemn the Church used to look as we entered it in the dim twilight, and how calm and soothing was the evening service always! The beautiful prayers of the Church, the Psalms and Lessons, then the ancient hymns, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, and then how joyous and triumphant were the modern hymns which all used to enter into with all their heart, 'Lo He comes with clouds descending, or 'Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea! Yes! as they pealed along through the solemn aisles, in our hearts did we believe that the great Sabbath of the Millennium was even at the doors. The prayers and praises being ended, our dear father used to wind up the evening worship by an extempore lecture from the Old Testament. Oh! How he used to open to us all the types from the beginning of the world, and unravel to us the wonderful purpose of God since time began! and every heart could not fail to be filled with faith and hope in listening to those rousing words, so that when the service was ended and the congregation dispersed to their homes, they might have said, like the multitude to whom the power of our blessed Saviour was manifested, 'We have seen strange things to-day. Happy and sweet was the evening of the Lord's day in the parlour of the Parsonage House. A tranquil joy rested on each face as we gathered round the tea table to enjoy the quiet meal. Then afterwards round the fire in winter or the large open window in summer, each child repeated, as well as it could remember, fragments from the sermon or lecture, and the tender parents used to remark with interest how clearly one dear child could remember the plan of the sermon; how another delighted in the openings of Scripture; another on the character of God, His tenderness and love; and the tiny little ones could show by some well-remembered and carefully-treasured word or passage that the good seed had not fallen on their baby hearts in vain; each then used to repeat the chapter or hymn which they had conned over during the day.

And oh! how proud they felt at the kind words of praise and encouragement which their parents bestowed on them for their pains! The faithful servants were then summoned, and a chapter from the Revelations and an earnest prayer concluded the day's worship; and as we all retired to rest, we felt that a Sunday in Villierstown was no faint foretaste of the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

CHAPTER V

FAITH AND HOPE –THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH –THE FAMILY EXPEDITION TO ARDMORE -FIRST SORROW IN THE PARSONAGE – THE SUMMER CHILD

The five-and-twenty years of our dear father's ministry at Villierstown, were very remarkable years in the church of Christ, for during that time the long-forgotten hope of the Lord 's second advent and appearing in glory, was revived among His people. Our father was not personally acquainted with Irving, Drummond, Frere, and others, who after deep and earnest study of prophecy in conjunction with the state of the world! were led to see that the latter days were drawing near, and that the time was at hand for the establishment on this earth of that glorious kingdom which cannot be destroyed: these great and wondrous truths were indeed the joy of his soul. And in his quiet, secluded parsonage he joined in spirit in the prayers of these holy men and shared their hope, firmly believing that the night of this world was far spent, and the time our Lord's millennial reign on this earth was very near.

It was our father's most cherished hope that he would with his mortal eyes see his Lord descend to the visible millennial throne, and extend over the world His kingdom of righteousness and peace. And so fully did he enter into this hope, that by degrees, like others, he was led to see the necessity of a preparation in the Church, so that she might be ready to abide the day of the Lord's coming in power and glory. As he watched and waited, hoped and prayed in stillness and seclusion in quiet Villierstown, a dawn of light appeared on the spiritual horizon to those who looked for it; so it was with feelings of the most unbounded rapture and awe that our father and a few chosen friends heard the good news from afar, that after the lapse of more than eighteen hundred years the long silent voice of the Holy Ghost was again heard in the Church. That was a glorious time for those who had ears to hear, for they really felt that the lord had visited his people, and as with Israel of old at the report of His goodness by Moses and Aaron, The people believed and they bowed the head and worshipped.

It is not the present intention of these brief and imperfect memories to enter into these themes, so sacred and solemn, but it would not be true or sincere to describe our father's outward life, without giving some insight also into the main-spring of that life, and of his teaching; for the hope of seeing his Lord and Saviour purified him, and ripened him for heaven.

Now I will proceed in my narrative to the summer of 1845, when, for the first time, sorrow entered into the happy parsonage of Villierstown. Our mother has often told us that for nineteen years grief was a thing quite unknown in that peaceful home. No serious illness had ever attacked either parents or children; and although they were not rich, they certainly had none of the cankering cares and perplexities of poverty. Yes! disappointment, care, and trial came to others, but they passed by us as if we were endowed with a charmed life. So one year followed another with its golden suns, and fruits, and flowers, joy and gladness; but sorrow, the common lot of man, seemed not to have existed for one of us: nevertheless, though at first it only loomed in the distance like a cloud of mist, it surely did not pass us by, in the summer of 1845, as I will proceed to relate.

It was the custom of the Homan family every year, about the first week of August, to repair to the seaside for two months, so that the children might enjoy the benefit of bathing, and that the holiday might recruit the dear parents for their work and labour of love.

For many years these summer holidays, were spent at a lovely, lonely place called Helvick; our kind friend Lord Stuart de Decies having allowed us the use of a romantic cottage on a wild cliff there. Our parents' chief pleasure there was in wandering over the beautiful head of Helvick, or in sitting on the rocks and making acquaintance with the 'Christian Year', which was a new book in those days; whilst the children looked for shells and played hide-and-seek in the curious caves in the little cove. A kind old lady used to take us to drive with her in a donkey-cart, and oh! How we amazed we used to be when, instead of a whip, she always made the donkey trot along by poking him with a lobster's claw! But everything brings happiness to children, and I never think of the Helvick days but as days of unmixed happiness and perfect enjoyment, from our morning dip in the sea till we retired to rest in the curious hammocks in the gallery of the Helvick cottage. As we grew older this retired spot was exchanged for a village called Ardmore, and a very pretty and picturesque place it is. On a hill in the background rises one of those curious round towers

peculiar to Ireland; no one has ever been able to find out their origin, but they seem to tell a wondrous tale as they raise their old gray heads in the still air, and for long centuries watch decay and change in all around them. Close to the round tower is a very curious and beautiful ruined church which contains many ancient monuments, and some tombs of the Crusaders, and there is an arch there leading into the ruined chancel covered with quaint carvings of poppies to represent the sleep of death; the churchyard contains the tomb of 'St. Declan' the patron saint of Ardmore and is a shrine for pilgrims from all parts of Ireland, as they believe that a small portion of earth from his grave preserves the possessor from any ill or peril by land or by sea. There are many beautiful and romantic walks on the cliffs adjoining Ardmore, and every spot is rife with interest, from the holy well to the old house of Ardoe, once, many years ago, the birthplace of the lovely Duchess de Castries, an ancestress of the now famous Field Marshal MacMahon. How glad we always were as July drew to an end, and we made our little preparations for the Ardmore holidays!

We generally started on a Monday morning; and oh! how eagerly on the Sunday evening our young footsteps flew down the shrubby paths, to see if old Knockmeildown looked clear for the coming morning! How gladly we went to sleep, and how gladly we opened our eyes and hastened to dress whilst the carts were packed with luggage, and the old gray horse got an additional feed for the journey! How we enjoyed helping to pack away the crocks of yellow butter from the dairy, the baskets of gooseberries and currants, or early peaches from the garden, and all Tommy Bransfield's delicious vegetables; how we danced round the cook as she added to the supplies by producing from the larder fresh loaves of bread, cakes and pies! Yes, all was animation, hope, and joy.

Ere we started all our humble friend from the village came to say good-bye, and to offer their sincere wishes that we might have nothing but happiness till we returned to them. Then two jaunting cars were filled with merry, joyous beings, and away we started in the early summer morning everything seeming to sing to us of joy and hope alone.

What a pleasant drive it used to be from Villierstown to Ardmore as we chatted away or told stories to beguile the road, and how we used to shout out 'The sea, the sea,' as we gained the first glimpse of the dancing waves from the top of the high hill near Clashmore! And, how we laughed as we compared ourselves to the Greeks of old, Even now I can vividly recall the delight we had in seeing the fresh green seaweed strewn the road and the healthy perfume which it exhaled. Generally we rested on our way to Ardmore for several hours with our kind friends at Whiting Bay, and what a merry party used to assemble round the well-spread breakfast table there, the boys in their carter's frocks, and the girls in their new seaside dresses! Oh, how we used to enjoy watching the white sails on the blue sea, and hearing the waves dashing on the gravelly shore! for though Villierstown was pleasant, its trees shady, and its flowers sweet, we thought that there was nothing like a change, and nothing like the sea, the wild free sea, and so

*Unthinking, idle wild, and young,
We laugh'd, and talk'd, and danced, and sung;
And proud of health and freedom vain,
Dream's not of sorrow, care or pain.*

Yes, we felt as if the world was made for us alone, and with the gay freedom of youth and health we ran about the cliffs blither than any of the sea gulls which wheeled over our heads. True, we were told that this world was a world of care and trial, but we heeded it not, care and trial, were not for us. We heard of sickness and death wasting other happy homes, but surely we thought they would pass ours by. Such were our undisciplined and inexperienced feelings; and though we knew it not, as we started on our happy little journey early in the August of 1845, a shadow was on our path, a cloud, though no bigger than a man's hand, was on our sky; but we saw it not, for we intended that summer holiday to be even happier than any of the preceding ones, for our dear kind Grandmother Cameron and Uncle Lovett had settled to join us at old Ardmore, and to live in the pretty Elizabethan cottage near the new church, whilst we were in Mr. Jackson's cottage on the cliff: and, oh! what happy drives, picnics and expeditions of all kinds we eagerly planned. Thinking that we were the most highly-favoured of earth's children. A few days passed on, and they were just as we expected, days of cloudless sunshine and unbroken happiness; but on the Sunday afternoon, to our surprise and grief, the first sorrow came to the happy family by hearing the eldest boy, the noble Duke, the promising Philip, complaining of a sore eye. At once the most skillful doctor in the place was summoned, and he pronounced it to be ophthalmia, and at once prescribed the most stringent remedies.

Day followed day, and our bright joyous brother lay on a on a sick bed in a dark room; but though we felt anxious, we thought that soon he would be all right again. Philip was a boy of great promise, so his parents were justly proud of him; he was their "summer child" for he was born in the lovely month of June, when the glad earth was offering all her best, and being the first son he was more welcome than all the wealth of roses and summer fruit, and the plentiful showers of the early rain, which descended as though to make the parched ground glad after a long drought, on the day of his birth. He promises to have all the noble, manly beauty of his grandfather, Colonel Cameron, as well as talents beyond the average, for when he was only three years old he could read fluently, and soon after six mastered the Latin grammar; study was his delight, but with all this he had such high animal spirits and bright fearless disposition, that as he embarked on the voyage of life his parents could confidently anticipate a brilliant career - but it was not to be. 'God's ways are not our ways, or His thoughts our thoughts. The summer child was never to see the autumn of life; his career was cut short on earth; but there is another life and a happier world, in which he may be doing higher work than any here below.

Days of waiting hoping and watching succeeded each other in long and dreary length in the cottage at Ardmore; but alas! no recovery came to the patient sufferer; with tears and prayers the agonized parents bent over the couch on which their darling lay, and never can I forget with what anguish night and day they sobbed out the words of our beautiful Litany; but though they wept with agony, the courage of the 'Summer Child' never gave way; he used to say, with a sweet smile, 'Well! doubtless there is a purpose in it all; and surely it is better to enter life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire.' Sometimes he would even jest about the coming calamity, and say, 'After all I shall be only like Hannibal and other great people.'

It was a sad day when our dear grandmother and uncle left Ardmore, as he was obliged to return to his parochial duties. Though so many years have passed since then, and so many and varied changes have come, I remember as if it were yesterday how blue the sea looked that sweet September morning, and how brightly the sun shone, and how sad we felt in thinking that our eagerly expected holiday had come and gone, but no happiness had come to us. I can recall the car driving up to the door for the travellers, and as we all wept, our dear father saying, as he took leave of them, 'It may be that our next meeting will be before the throne.' They never met on earth again. In little more than a year after Uncle Lovett, was called to rest, and our dear grandmother did not long survive him.

Hope there was none now that Philip's eye could ever be restored; and oh! the anguish and distress which his parents went through baffles description. Among those dreary days and that sad time, however, I can never forget one sweet evening walk which I took alone with my dear father. We left the little cottage just before sunset, and passing the old Martello Tower we strolled on to our once favourite walk along the cliffs. Everything in nature looked as beautiful as when the 'Summer Child' bounded by our side, and his silvery laughter echoed in the air. We reached at length a place called 'The Tea Rock', a kind of flat table rock which can only be gained by a very rugged pathway down a steep side of the cliff, but when there you are well repaid for the trouble in reaching it; overhead are the grand rugged cliffs covered with lichens and wild flowers, and the sea perpendicularly beneath looks so vast and solemn. The Irish name of the place is the "Rock of Ray" and on this flat table of nature's own carving is inscribed- what used to be the delight of our childish days- the name of King William the Fourth, chiselled by his own royal hands in the days when he was midshipman, and paid a visit to the Tea Rock.

That evening we climbed down to this sequestered place, and as one by one we watched the sunbeams fading from the sea, my father talked to me on, what seemed a new theme, and that was suffering: he showed me how man's portion here below must include trial, disappointment and sorrow, but how they are messengers sent by a heavenly Father for the purification and perfecting of his dear children; he pointed out to me that the Christian should not even wish to be exempt from what the King of Saints and all his train have experienced; but after all how sorrow is only to last for a little while, a 'brief portion' but the glory to be revealed is to be eternal, everlasting. Returning to our cottage home, and the dark room of the loved sufferer, we repeated together the beautiful hymn in the 'Christian Year' for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, so sweetly and mournfully in accordance with our thoughts.

Long years have passed and gone since then, but the mellowed influence of that evening walk has never passed away from me. Often when tempted to repine in hours of sickness, trial and disappointment,

I just recall the scene, with its deepening twilight, the evening star rising over the rippling sea, and the calm, gentle voice by my side repeating

*So wanderers ever fond and true
Look homeward thro' the evening sky,
Without a streak of heaven's soft blue
To aid Affection's dreaming eye.*

*The wanderer seeks his native bower,
And we will look and long for Thee,
And thank Thee for each trying hour,
Wishing not struggling to be free.*

Sorrowfully and sadly we left Ardmore, and returned to Villierstown; there was no merriment in the packing up, the carts were laden in silence, imbedded tears stole down the servants cheeks even the dogs Tasso and Sinbad were subdued and sad. There was no hope that Philip's eye could be cured, for though eminent physicians came from Cork and other places their remedies were applied in vain. We know now that our turn had come; the first sorrow had entered the family; but alas for us; we knew not what also coming. It was a trial, a bitter trial, but a far greater and more crushing calamity, was speeding its way to the once secure and sheltered nest.

CHAPTER VI

SUMMER AT VILLIERSTOWN – LAST BIRTHDAY THERE – THE POTATO BLIGHT

How little any of us can tell on a New-Year's day what the new born year has in store for us: well it is for us that God in mercy veils coming sorrows from his people's sight, till with its advent he also sends strength to enable us to bear it. So 1846 came in much as other years. We had a trial the preceding year as I have related, but with the buoyancy of youth we hoped that the happiness of 1846 would atone for it, and Philip was more sanguine than any of us; but all our hopes could not prevent that year from being a very sorrowful one, not only to us, but to poor Ireland, for it ushered in the potato blight, and the fearful famine and pestilence which desolated and de-populated the island, making it ever since "a year to be remembered."

In the spring of 1846 our dear father took Philip to Dublin, to have a final consultation with "Wilde", the most celebrated oculist of the day; and was cheered and comforted by making acquaintance with M. Langford Symes, and other good men, whose steadfast faith and bright hopes afterwards in like manner sustained his sorrowing family. As spring deepened into summer the eldest daughter of the family also went to the capital with a dear and valued friend to be present at a wedding; and these little departures were great events in the quiet home. That year Villierstown, if possible, looked more lovely than ever in the warm sunshine of May and June; and to give some idea of what summer was in that sweet place, I will here transcribe my dear sister's vivid description of her last birthday there.

MY LAST BIRTHDAY AT VILLIERSTOWN

On June 16, 1846, when we awoke in the morning, I remember the scent and the sound of everything as it entered my room and my heart. The window of my room faced the west, so in the early morning it was in deep cool shade; beyond the garden immediately beneath my window lay the rich meadows. In the midst of the high grass the mowers were busy at their work, and the sharpening of their scythes had a peculiar summer sound in the fresh morning air. Beyond these meadows flowed the Blackwater, mirroring on its glassy surface the leafy woods of June, whilst every sail-boat as it glided along flung long, bright reflections of light across the brimming tide. At seven o'clock we were always awakened by our dear father's calling us to get up by singing in a playful, merry voice –

*Get up, little Missy, arise! Arise!
The flowers are blowing,
The birds are singing,
The lambs are bleating,
Get up, little Missy, arise! Arise!*

And that pleasant voice made us always open our eyes with sweet and happy anticipations for the day. Oh! How well I can recall the look of his study that morning when I duly entered it. I can again in fancy see its window facing the north, and the ivied wall beyond, where the birds were madly singing for joy as if beside themselves with delight at the lovely day in the summer tide. I can see the open desk on the square table, and beside it the small Greek Testament, the Hebrew Bible, and the well worn Polyglott. On this desk were written week after week his beautiful sermons. I think that the angels must have loved to linger there and watch the words flowing from his pen, telling of the Saviour's love, his glory and his kingdom. Not only were written here these stirring themes, but were penned letters of instruction and consolation to many a pilgrim on earth's road. The good and blessing which came from that desk no one could reckon or sum up, nor can it all be known until that day when the good and faithful servant shall be made ruler over many things, and enter into the joy of his Lord.

I can never forget on that bright morning how pleased my dear father looked, as he said he had a little treat in store for me, and lifting a thermometer from a little red box on the chimney-piece he gave me a small sealed packet containing a tiny silver pencil case, and a birthday letter from my dear absent sister; then he gave me a box of self-lighting matches, saying, "This is not your present but take it for a token that your real birthday gift is coming in a box of books from Kerslake this evening" then he said we must hasten to breakfast, so as to be duly ready for the nine o'clock service.

As I sat down to the table I received a number of other presents; my mother gave me a beautiful album, handsomely bound; Annie, a Limerick lace collar, and lilac silk handkerchief; Fan the Fair, a pair of tea-green kid gloves, on which she lavished all her little hoard; Philip, a pretty book, called "Canon Schmid's Tales;" even the youngest child, little Cramer, had his tiny offering, dear wee Tim (as we used to call him), how well I can recall him to my mind's eye, sitting by his dearly-loved mother on his high chair, with his large blue eyes and earnest thoughtful expression. When Cramer was an infant, he was so delicate that old nurses used to predict often that he could not live, but infant as he was he used to resent the idea, and indignantly exclaim, "Tim won't die," showing what a brave little heart he possessed. As we were all seated at the breakfast-table, we could enjoy the scents and sights of the lovely place. Before the open window lay the little grass garden, which though small was at all seasons of the year bright with the sweetest and earliest flowers, from the first pale snowdrop to the last rose of summer. But June was its crowning month of flowers; for her roses were out, and the roses at Villierstown were such as were seldom seen elsewhere; so freely and abundantly did they blow, that strangers used to talk and write about "The thickets of moss roses at Villierstown", and this June, if possible, they were in greater beauty than ever, as, added to our thickets of moss roses, our dear mother had rows of standard roses, all new, and so lovely, our dear father used to say, that one in particular was so exquisite that it ought to be called "The Rose of Sharon."

How well I can see them all as they looked that morning, and the trees so cool and shady; the walnut tree with the rustic seat beneath it, the tall poplar with its quivering shadow, playing over the high meadow grass, and my own favourite evergreen oak. How well it is that mortals cannot see beyond a day, or know beforehand what the future has in store, for how sad we should have been if we had known that this was the last June for us in our land of Goshen.

At nine o'clock our dear father had daily service in the old church, so we had a pleasant short walk across a grassy common to the house of prayer; it was lined on one side by great beech trees, and on the other by apple orchards. How still and cool was the church as we entered it, morning after morning; its windows wide open, admitting the fresh air and the sweet perfume from the yellow blossom of the lime trees which surrounded it.

Day after day the faithful pastor read and prayed there, and the still summer air resounded with the sounds of praise and thanksgiving as the "Te Deum", "Venite," and "Jubilate" were chanted. Day after day did these sweet songs of Zion ascend like incense through the deep blue sky; and though ever since the sounds of the morning have been for us the city's hum or the noise of martial life, still the memory of those hallowed sounds in the morning air will ever re-echo in our hearts and remain engraven on our memory with reverence and love.

When the service was ended, and the congregation slowly dispersed down the village street, how little could we then have realised that the sixteenth of June would indeed come round again in its annual course; but alas! that Villierstown Church should know us no more, and that when those fragrant shady limes were to shed their faded leaves. Ah! Then over whom should earth close? And that for us we should only feel an aching void that time could never fill. Yes! It will remain until time shall be no more, and till God shall wipe the tears from off all faces.

On that pleasant birthday we were allowed to spend our time just as we liked; so we three younger children agreed to be off for the woods, and enjoy reading "Canon Schmid's Tales," under the forest trees. Our way to the woods lay through the green lane, and up the copse, and passed the old quarry; and all these pathways were shaded by beech trees, oaks, and elms, all of them unfurling their green foliage to the summer sky, and making for us beneath such cool shadows that it was a delight to walk abroad even beneath the noonday sun; and so we walked and ran till we reached our favourite resting-place, which we had named "The Row of Trees", as this same noble row of trees bounded the skirts of the woods, and from them a wide view of the Blackwater was obtained.

Oh! how happily flew the summer hours as we sat under these trees! How fresh the breeze rustled through the woods, making the shadow of the beech-trees hover on our mossy bank, and what a view we had to admire! Before us shone the Blackwater as it wound its course through rich pastures, fair green woods, hills and dales, joined in the distance by its little tributary the river Bride, which looked from afar like a thread of shining silver as its waters sparkled in the sunshine; whilst away in the far west the blue hills bounded the view, ever reminding us of the Delectable Mountains in the 'Pilgrim's Progress'. As we

remained feasting our eyes on all this beauty, our ears could catch the calls for the ferryboat at the opposite shore, but o mellowed was the sound by distance that we were obliged to hold our breath to hear; and even now, if ever we hear a distant call in the open air, it brings back this scene. We were called home to dinner by the sound of Lowther, our man-servant blowing a horn, and when we entered the bedrooms, how pleasant they looked with open windows and bright roses peeping in; everything seeming to say, "Summer is here! Summer is here!" After dinner we all seated ourselves on the steps of the hall facing the east. That side of the parsonage house was literally covered with roses from the foundation to the roof. On one side of the hall door was the delicate wax-like monthly rose, and on the other the beauteous Bengal rose, which was in its prime in June. We sat there among the roses enjoying ourselves until Jane Burke brought the post-bag, and also the good news that the box of books from Bristol was at the post-office. So our dear, kind father was delighted, because he said that after all my present would come on my birthday; and instantly he ordered off Paddy Daniel with the cart and pony to bring home in triumph the longed-for box. The evening shadows now growing long, away to the garden we all went, all of us delighting in the pleasant occupation of watching the sweet flowers, the geraniums, the fragrant sweet pea, and and mignonette; then all the roses, Provence, moss, princess's and Lady Peel's. Each treasured flower having received its evening refreshment from our little watering-pot, we went to gather fruit for our tea. Oh! How happy we were plucking the nots from the cherry-trees, and filling our baskets, lined with leaves, with the ripe crimson and purple cherries on the south wall, and then running off to the strawberry-beds to gather the delicious strawberries! Ah! How plain I can see that garden now: the rustic arch with the Bengal rose climbing over it, the sheltered arbour with its rustic seat, Charlotte's row of bee-hives, Daisy's blue lavender, and Annie's curious espalier tree, all rejoicing in the dew of evening and her soft downy shadows. When our visit to the garden was over, we paid our respects to the farm-yard, and saw the cows led out to their dewy fields again after having filled the cans with their frothy milk. So the business of the day was over; the workmen left their scythes and hay-forks, the gardener locked his gates, and the fowl were collected for their roost, and the songs of the birds were hushed as they slept on dewy branches, or found their nests among thick ivy or in between the rose branches that covered, the walls.

After our happy, merry tea and feast of fruit, we all said that we must just take a walk through the woods and and meet the cart coming back with the box of books. Then all of us, accompanied by our dear parents and the dogs "Tasso" and "Sinbad", walked up the road that lay through the Dromana woods. That summer evening the sweet twilight seemed to linger over hill, wood, and river; so even when night came it was not dark. As we walked along we disturbed the rabbits at their evening meal, for we saw them nibbling on the dewy grass and then frisking off to the woods to escape our intrusion. So calm and still was the summer night, our dear father called us to stand quiet and "Listen to silence" for not a sound disturbed the scene as the noiseless dew descended, and not a leaf moved on the forest trees, their heavy foliage looking like velvet tapestries in the mellow, calm night .

Beneath our pathway down in the valley the river flowed along, and we could hear the sound of oars as they struck the water, and a little boat sped on over the glassy tide. Everything in hill, valley, river, and field seemed teeming with beauty, peace, and joy; the very hedges festooned with trailing roses and delicate grasses, the murmuring streams hidden beneath branches and brambles, the stones even covered with moss, and everything great and small made so very beautiful it was hard to realize that summer night that we were not in Eden. In after years, when I lived in the sandy deserted of Lind, it was a very different landscape that me the eye; there, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was seen but never-ending wastes of yellow sand that never yielded one blade of grass, or reflected a shadow from a single tree; and it was then difficult to imagine that we were under the same sun and sky that we once knew in happy Villierstown.

Arriving at our quiet home after our walk, the delightful business of unpacking the box of books commenced, and to my great joy a new book by the authoress of "Amy Herbert" was given to me called "Laneton Parsonage". It was selected and ordered months before by our beloved father, who was always thinking of some innocent pleasure or surprise for us; then other books were unpacked, books all to be read aloud to us, some to be kept especially for the winter reading round the fire. The pleasant winter evenings we all looked forward to with so much delight, but which anticipations were never realised, for those books which we then unpacked with so much glee were never read; for long ere the Christmas fire had been kindled, the sweet melodious voice which should have read them out to us was silent in the grave, and in vain we sighed for

*The touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice which was still.*

This happy summer day was wound up as usual by family worship headed by our dear father and joined in by our mother, the children, and all the servants of the house, and we all dispersed after spending a day so pleasantly it has always remained engraved on our memory as one of the happiest days in our lives. The summer months passed by, and unusually bright and happy they were. Soon after the June birthday described I returned from Dublin and my short visit to the crowded city and its hot, dusty streets, only gave me a keener relish than ever for our quiet shady home. We had several visitors that summer, so we did not as usual adjourn to the seaside, and indeed our dear father was so much engrossed with the daily service, the choir and relieving the wants of the poor, that he did not wish to leave his home for even a short time; but no idea crossed the minds of any of us, that the night was just closing in when his work on earth should be ended.

His sermons were more beautiful and spiritual than ever, as those can testify who listened to his sermon on "Father, glorify thy Name..." or the sermon "When the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore..." which made us feel as if our risen Lord was as near to us as he was in the grey twilight of morning to his disciples when toiling on the waves of the Galilean sea, and that it was only the burden of the flesh which kept us from rejoicing in his presence, and exclaiming. "It is the Lord" many who sat in the old church of Villierstown as he preached say strange things. Even those who were not able to follow into the depths of his holy doctrines, as he unfolded the meaning of God's word from the pulpit, and descanted on the glory of his kingdom, averred that they saw a halo of glory round the preacher's head.

We little knew, however, what was coming, and like other years the summer of 1846 glided into autumn; but this year instead of the usual joy of harvest a dreadful panic spread over Ireland, for a disease had blighted the potatoes, the staple food of the country. Blackness gathered over the peasant's face as he saw the green plants withering on their stalks, plainly telling him that nothing but misery and starvation was in store for his helpless family. But so it was. The never-to-be-forgotten year of the famine in Ireland had come.

CHAPTER VII

THE FAMINE FEVER – ALL SAINTS' DAY – OUR MOTHER'S ILLNESS- OUR FATHER'S LAST SERMON – CLOSING SCENE – END.

Our dear father always led an active as well as a contemplative life; hours were every day spent among the sick and suffering as well as in the schools, Relief Committees and clothing clubs; but in the sad famine spread not only in Villierstown, but also over Ballynegown, Carragh Roach, and neighbouring districts, his labours were indeed sadly multiplied.

Ere long to the dearth of food a kind of low fever came with the fall of the leaf, so the distress daily increased. The poor people were very patient, for we never heard of hunger or distress reducing the peasant to an act of theft or violence. Our father's kind, loving heart was sorely tried by the sad scenes with which he came hourly in contact; he did his best from morning till evening, but still more seemed needed to be done, so his strength was overtaxed. His calm face and bright eyes looked to casual observers the same as ever, but still a strange expression often stole over his face, which was never seen there before. One evening as we were all sitting round the fire roasting chestnuts, talking and laughing, although he looked as happy as any of us, we heard him murmuring to himself in a whisper -

*I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away.*

Another afternoon when sitting with a poor sick woman, Mrs. Holmes, he spoke much to her of that mysterious passage in the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle of Corinthians, about the baptism for the dead, and when he left the cottage as he walked down the path of the little garden he turned back and said to her, "It is possible, Mrs. Holmes, that I may be baptised for the dead. It was the last visit he ever paid Mrs. Holmes. The call had come, the summons had been given, but we heeded it not. Oh how earnestly he laboured and toiled, and his work is not forgotten. Even now, how those who remember his labours, as the 'Te Deum' is repeated in Villierstown Church, turn reverently with tearful eyes to his tablet as they say, "The glorious army of martyrs praise thee". The first of November fell in 1846 on a Sunday; it has been a day set apart by the Church ever since the earliest ages for remembering those who have fallen asleep in Jesus; the holy apostles and prophets who once watered the Church with their blood, the martyrs and confessors who were faithful unto death.

The service that Sunday was very beautiful, including the chapter from Apocrypha on how the righteous only seem to die whilst their hope is full of immortality. Then the Epistle from seventh chapter of Revelations describing the great multitude standing before the throne clothed in white robes and with palms in their hands; and the Gospel telling of the inward character of that same multitude, the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, and the pure in heart. Never did my father enter into his Maker's service, with more devotion than he did that All Saints' Day; many who saw his face beheld as though it had been the face of an angel. His text was from the eleventh of Hebrews: "These all died in faith, not having received the promises... God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." It was a very comforting sermon, showing how there is no such thing as death to the believer; what we call death is to him only a transition, a falling asleep in Jesus. Many who now see that preacher's face no more can well remember the thrilling tones of his voice in the old church as he repeated again and again, they do not Die, they sleep in Jesus; has he not said, He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die? Yes, to those who keep his words it is fulfilled that they shall never taste of death.

The sermon being ended, how little did any of us think that we were going to receive for the very last time the bread of life from his hands; But never did the Communion Service seem more solemn than on that November morning, all feeling that not only was our blessed Lord present at his table, but that we were surrounded by the great loud of witnesses, that a shadowy band of unseen worshippers joined us in the blessed communion of saints.

*The eye of faith that waxes bright,
Each moment by thine altar's light,*

*Sees them e'en now; they still abide
In mystery kneeling by our side.*

After having partaken of the heavenly food and joined in the Post-Communion prayer, we all stood up and chanted "Glory be to God on high: My father had no natural voice or ear for music, but that day he seemed inspired, for his voice was heard above the organ or any of the choir singing in the sweetest melody. The sun shone brightly on his white surplice, and his face looked transfigured with joy. It was strangely changed that day. As he gave the blessing with outstretched hands, how little we knew that we beheld him standing at that altar for the last time, and that a few short days would see him buried low beneath its stone! The week that followed All Saints' Day was a very sad one; our dear mother was struck with the same low fever which raged around us, and for days she lay almost insensible on her sick bed. How changed everything was now in the happy parsonage, for the useful, active mother, wife, and mistress was laid low. There was no more pleasant reading out in the evening, the work basket was laid aside, the portfolio was shut up, laughter was forgotten, all was sad.

Our dear father hoped and prayed by the sick bed, for dearly he loved the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, coming to request that her sons might sit one on the right hand, and the other on the left of the kingdom, and the saviour answering, "Ye know not what ye ask" Then, solemnly, our father showed in his sermon how many there were who had all Salome's desires and aspirations, and longed to be very near the lord in his kingdom, but, like her, they knew not what they asked: nor were they content to be

*The first in shame and agony
The lowest in the meanest task.*

He spoke of the cup of suffering and the baptism of blood, which all must undergo who would taste of glory.

*This can ye be; but can ye drink
The cup that I in tears must steep,
Nor from the waters shrink
That o'er me roll so dark and deep?.*

Earnestly he looked round on his congregation, repeating again and again, "Ye know not what ye ask". Are ye able to bear the agony, the shame; the loss of all your earthly hopes? Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye indeed able to be baptised with your Saviour's baptism, and to drunk of His cup? Those words fell sadly on our hearts, but we did not know how near was the calamity which they were sent to herald. Our dear father came home very tired and exhausted, so after trying in vain to share our Sunday dinner, he lay down on the bed in the "Bees Room" over the hall door and slept like a weary child; however, a little before five o'clock the sound of the church bell made him start up, dress, and go off to evening service. It was a solemn service, but towards its close everything seemed to triumph in the church; the hymn that night was

*Yes. We hope the day is nigh,
When many nations long enslaved
Shall break forth and sing with joy,
Hosannah to the son of David!*

Never can any of us forget how the hymn went out that evening. Not only did every one in the church, but angel voices seemed to cry out, "Hosannah! Hosannah! Hossannah to the son of David" The sermon or lecture which followed the hymn was on the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea on dry land, whilst Pharaoh and his chariots and captains were drowned in its waves; and ere one short fortnight passed since we heard the words, the faithful preacher had safely crossed the dark sea of death, and was standing triumphantly on the shore beyond, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. The next day, Monday, we went to the morning service for the last time and ere evening closed in he was laid low on his bed with fever. Sad and dreary was now everything in the house; the loved, active, useful mother, so ill that she was almost unconscious in one room and the kind father in another, and the children of the house too young and inexperienced to comprehend the extent of the coming woe.

The doctor came daily from Cappoquin, assuring us that there was not the slightest cause for apprehension, that all was going on well, and just to trust him, for in a few days the fever would go down, but it must run its course. Our spirits were cheered by our dear mother taking a favourable turn, and by our dear father being as cheerful and playful as when he was in health; so we thought that the doctor was right. Every day he enjoyed hearing the Psalms and Lessons for the day a hymn from “ The Christian Year”, and a favourite book being read to him. Our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Hely of Rockfield, sent, almost daily, baskets of the choicest fruits from their well stored garden and hot-house, which were always gratefully received and keenly enjoyed; however, one evening as he seemed heavier than usual, to our surprise and amazement the doctor said that he must call in further advice. Immediately the swiftest horse was mounted, and sent galloping off to Lismore for Dr. Nugent, and another to Carrick, for another very famous and clever physician; they both came with all possible speed; but alas: what horror and surprise filled our young hearts to see their grave faces as they bent over the sick. Then they all retired for a consultation; we all waited in breathless silence, but we were little prepared for the fearful sentence, which came like a thunderbolt, crushing us to the very earth, that there alas no hope.

Our dear mother was roused from her sick bed, wrapt up in a dressing gown and carried to her beloved husband’s side but he knew her no more; his glazing eye was fixed fixed on vacancy; he saw not the features he loved so well, he heard not her gentle voice calling to him by every endearing epithet . About ten o’clock at night the stupor seemed fast increasing, but towards midnight he started up and said to the nurse who was by his side, “Mrs Norris! We are at the close of this dispensation, Yes! (he repeated, raising his voice) we are at the close of this dispensation. I see it written upon the windows, on the walls, and on the doors, that we are at the close of this dispensation.”

Yes: the sands of time were running low, and as the light of immortality began to dawn, we realized, as I trust we shall all realise some day, how true is the Saviour’s promise, “A little while, and ye shall see me” then he asked Mrs Norris to read to him, and opening the Bible she read the thirty-first verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of St Matthew: “It is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.” Oh: How sadly prophetic were those words: for shortly after the shepherd was taken, and the once sheltered little flock of Villierstown has been scattered all over the world: North and South America, India, and the Colonies, can all attest this fact. He spoke but little more, but as we all partook of the Holy Communion together by his bedside, he seemed conscious, for his face lighted up several times during the blessed service, and at seven o’clock the following morning, without a struggle, without a sigh, he fell asleep in Jesus. Truly it was not death to him, it was only a transition from the storms and waves of this troublesome world to the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Our feelings were not to be described when we saw his remains laid out on the bed in the chamber of death; for we felt that though the last enemy had done his worst, there was nothing but victory for this faithful servant of Christ; an angelic smile rested on the marble features, a holy calm rested like a diadem on the pale forehead; all was peace; the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

*Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round the autumnal sun,
But there sight fails; so none may know
The bliss when life is won.*

The beloved form was arrayed exactly as when we last saw him standing at the altar, for he was dressed in his own surplice, clean and white, the robe of the Redeemed ones, who are seen standing before the throne of God and the Lamb; his hands were folded calmly on his breast, and though our hearts were nigh breaking as we gazed on that dearly-loved face and form, we felt that if we could we would not bring him back again, for he was gone to be with Christ, which is far better.

*Home, home, once more the exulting voice arose,
Thou art gone home, from that divine repose
Never to roam.*

*Never to any farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change in eyes beloved again.*

Thou art gone Home.

*By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,
Joy for thee, happy one. thy bark has pass'd
The rough sea's foam.*

*How the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd
Home, home! Thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd
Thou art gone Home.*

Five days after the beloved remains were taken from our sight, and carried to their long resting-place. There was no pompous funeral, no hearse, carriages, or waving plumes; the coffin, covered with its sable pall, was borne by twelve young men of the choir, and it was followed on foot by a great multitude; many noble and rich were there, but countless seemed the number of poor from far and near east and west, of every persuasion, and of every denomination, all anxious to pay their last sad tribute of respect to one whose name was never mentioned without love and reverence. So esteemed was he by even Roman Catholics, that they had no feelings of bigotry for one so good, and the monks of the Convent of La Trappe on the mountain had a mass for his recovery and when the news of his death reached Cappelouin, there was but one exclamation, 'Is that saint gone? '.

His dear and much revered friend Lord Stuart de Decies, with loving care, had a new vault built for his remains just underneath the altar where he loved to minister, and in the church which was so dear to him; and there they calmly rest till the morning of the resurrection, when the voice of Jesus, the redeemed and the life, shall be heard in the deep caverns of the grave, and the sleeping saints shall come forth incorruptible. It was with bitter sobs that the solemn funeral service was read and with sore weeping that the coffin was lowered into its narrow darksome home with the solemn words, "Earth to earth ashes to ashes, dust to dust" but then that weeping throng earnestly knelt and prayed that the Lord "would soon accomplish the number of his elect, and hasten his kingdom."

As the band of mourners left the Church heavy rain descended, and as the yellow November leaves were whirled about in the chill blast, a feeling of utter desolation filled all hearts. "The shepherd was indeed smitten," and very shortly the sheep of the flock were scattered abroad. We see here below but dimly; at times all seems "in a riddle" but we must trust our Father and our God, even where we cannot trace Him. The clouds and mists of this world are rapidly passing away, and although for a little while such a severe dispensation as this may seem hard-

*Take it on trust, a little while, soon shalt thou know the mystery right,
In the full sunshine of His smile*

YOUGHAL

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Ballinatray

By William Fraher

From unknown source

Description

The present house is late 18th century in appearance. The front facade is eleven bays and two storeys over a basement. The centre three bays are recessed and linked to the outer bays by a single storey ionic porch on each side of the porch are niches containing statues. There is a balustraded roof parapet with urns. The walls are rendered with yellow Roman cement. The side elevations are of five bays. The rear facade facing the river is of eleven bays including a three bay pedimented breakfront. The pediment and coigns are of limestone on this side. The house was rebuilt between 1795-97 by Grice Smith who refaced the house in Roman cement and re-decorated the main rooms in the 1840s. Earlier alterations had been carried out by Alexander Deane c.1806.

The hall has a frieze of bulls heads and an elegant cantilevered limestone stairs. Many of the original door cases have been widened into arches. The billiard room has a frieze of billiard balls and cues.

There are some remains of the interior of c.1790 but most of the plasterwork is mid 19th century. The stair-hall has delicate classical decoration.

In the cellar there are traces of two earlier buildings. The first, a tower house, was to the east of the hall, the second (17th.century?) house covered about two thirds of the present site.

The entrance to the yard has good late 18th c. gate piers. There is an early 19th century carriage-house with six arches. In the yard is a small single storey building with 16th or 17th century window openings.

History

Sir Walter Raleigh was granted lands by an order of February 28th 1587, which included the 'Castle & lands of Ballinatray'. Raleigh returned to England in December 1589, when he sublet his lands at Ballinatray to Robert Maule. Raleigh subsequently sold the estate to Sir Richard Boyle in 1603. In 1611 Captain Richard Smith came into possession of Ballinatray. In the Civil Survey 1654 the house is noted as the residence of 'Sir Peter Smyth Kt' he was leasing it from the Earl of Cork. 'Upon this land is a stone house, a weare and mill'.

The Gardens

Thomas Crofton Croker wrote in 1812 that 'from the water, the gardens appear conspicuous, and seem laid out in the taste of the last century'. Not far from the house is an island which contains the ruins of Molana Abbey. The island was joined to the mainland by a causeway built by Grice Smyth in 1806, he also erected a coade-stone urn to the memory of Raymond Le Gros who was said to have been buried there.

His widow Mary Broderick Smyth put up a coade-stone statue of St. Mola in 1820. Grice Smyths second daughter, Penelope caused an international scandal in 1836 when she eloped with the Prince of Capua.

The 'Tourists Illustrated Handbook for Ireland 1853 noted that 'Ballinatray is the birthplace of Miss Penelope Smyth, now Princess of Capua, and whose family feuds with her Royal relatives are matters of much Neapolitan, not to say European notoriety.

The Hon. Charles William Moore Smyth was living at Ballinatray in 1870s. He was a son of the Earl of Mountcashel and was Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace. He married Charlotte Mary Smyth, only child and heiress of Richard Smyth.

On the death of Mr. Horace Holroyd Smyth in 1969 the house passed to his cousins, the Ponsonbys of Kilcooley Abbey Co. Tipperary.

Brian De Breffney states that around the Abbey there was an eighteenth century garden with statuary , extending beyond the parterres of the gardens surrounding the house'.

Bence Jones says that 'The Smyths formerly kept a state barge. The last one was the captain's barge from a Napoleonic man-of-war that was wrecked off the coast. The barge carried musicians, trumpet and horn echoing across the water from hill to hill'.

O'Flanagan wrote the following description of Ballinatray in 1844:

'The splendid mansion exposed to view as we glide onwards is Ballinatray, the seat of Richard Smith, Esq., who has a large property in this country. The house is a large commodious mansion, the grounds extensive and well laid out, and many men are daily employed in keeping the grounds and gardens in perfect order. The present proprietor married the Hon Harriet St. Leger, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Viscount Doneraile. His brother, John Rowland, Captain of the 6th Dragoon Guards, married the Hon. Catherine Alice, daughter of the late eminent Chief Justice Abbot, Baron Tenterden, sister to the Lord His brother Henry married the only daughter and heiress of Charles Widenham, Esq., Castle Widenham. His sister Penelope married His Royal Highness the Prince of Capua, brother to the King of Naples. His sister Gertrude married Lord Dinorben, of Kimmel Park, County of Denbigh,

In 1795 Grice Blakeney Smyth married Mary Broderick Mitchell daughter and co-heir of Henry Mitchell of Mitchell's Fort Co. Cork.

Alexander Deane was employed by him 1800s, Deane died in 1806 when work was incomplete but it may have been completed under his wife Elizabeth.

In 1836 Penelope, the youngest of Grice's three daughters eloped with Carlo Ferdinando, Prince of Capua, 2nd son of Francis 1st, the Bourbon King of the Two Sicilies. In 1839 Penelope's sister Gertrude married William Lewis Hughes, Baron Dinorben of Kinmel Park. After his death in 1853, Gertrude went to live at Dulas Anglesey and employed the Deanes to rebuild the house.

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