Cody

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AND

THE CORKONIANS.

BY

BRYAN A. CODY.

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Encloseth Corke with his divided flood."
Faërie Queene.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON
CHARLES MITCHELL, RED LION COURT, FLEET ST.
DUBLIN. W. B. KELLY, GRAFTON ST.

M.DCCCLIX.

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ERRATA.

In the last line of the first page for "loose" read "lose."

In the note, p. 99, for "*fide*" read "*fida*."

THE RIVER LEE.

CHAPTER I.

Gougaune Barra, the source of the Lee.

Unlike many of our Irish rivers, the Lee is not hallowed by any stirring historical associations. Its verdant banks have seldom trembled beneath the rush of charging squadrons, and the peaceful valleys through which it flows have but rarely echoed the war-cries of contending armies. Destitute of the interest which attaches to places where those great struggles have taken place on which the destiny of nations hinges, it is almost equally devoid of the charm with which storied ruins invest those rivers whose banks they crown, and to whose natural beauties they form such august accessories. The Rhine itself would loose

most of its attraction were it deprived of its ruined towers and monasteries,

"And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells,
From grey but leafy walls where Ruin greenly dwells."

Neither do the waters of the Lee flow broad and deep, like those of the magnificent Shannon, nor with the rapid sweep of the sombre Aunadhuv. Throughout its course, until arrived near Cork, its width does not entitle it to be considered much more than a broad stream, and its current is, for the most part, gentle and unruffled. But, in compensation for the want of those advantages which have made other rivers more famous and more frequented by tourists, nature has lavished on the Lee every charm that could delight the eye of the painter, or kindle the imagination of the poet. Flowing through one of the most beautiful and fertile districts of the "sunny South," its course lies between scenes of sylvan but changeful loveliness; through pleasant vales, shaded by scattered clumps of trees; by green hills and lawny uplands, which laugh back the smiles of Heaven, and on which groups of cattle pasture or ruminate; past stately villas, with spreading lawns, and by fields of rich pasturage and vivid greenness, on whose soft sward many a pattern is held, and, doubtless, many a love-tale told.

This essentially pastoral character of the scenery of the Lee inspired the following lines of Milliken, a poet who was born and reared on its banks :—

"Pale goddess, by thy ray serene,
I fondly tread the level green,
Where Lee serenely rolls
His smooth and ample tide,
'Mid fields in flowers profuse, and woody knolls;
Thy silver lamp my guide."*

Another Cork bard, whose muse was evidently inspired by something stronger than the water of the placid Lee, thus hymns its praise :—

"Much I've heard about the Rhine,
With vineyards gay and castles stately;
But those who think I care for wine
Or lofty towers, mistake me greatly:
A thousand times more dear to me
Is whiskey by the silvery Lee."

Beginning with a description of its source at Gougaune Barra, we purpose to sketch the principal points of interest and beauty along the course of this lovely river; craving the indulgence of our readers for our imperfect portraiture of scenes, to depict whose varied loveliness truthfully and vividly transcends the power of pencil or of pen.

From the village of Ballingeary, in the west of the county Cork, a narrow road, skirting the base

* "Ode to Cynthia."

of a steep hill, leads to the Pass of Keimaneigh. A little beyond the head of the Pass, a bend in the road suddenly discloses a scene more wildly grand and stern than picturesque. Bare and precipitous mountains bound the view on all sides, and enclose a tranquil sheet of water which sleeps within their rugged embrace, "like a woman in a warrior's arms." This is the sacred lake of Gougaune Barra, the source of the River Lee.* The mountains which encircle the cradle of the infant Lee divide the counties of Cork and Kerry, and the lake is formed by the mountain rills that descend their sides. It is oblong in shape, and near its centre arises a small island, connected with the southern shore of the lake by a narrow causeway. This island is overshadowed by venerable ash trees, which a useful superstition has preserved, at least from the hand of man.

On the island are the ruins of the chapel and of the hermit's cell, whence the place derives its sanctity. In this lone retreat St. Finnbar,† who

* The Luvius of Ptolemy—from which, however, it does not derive its name, but from the Irish *Lia*, which means a river.

† "The name Finbar, literally signifies white or grey-headed; his real name was Lachan, being so baptised. He was a native of Connaught, and having *sat* 17 years in this See, died at Cloyne in the midst of his friends. His bones, several years after, were deposited in a silver shrine, and kept in this Cathedral."—*Smith's History of Cork.*

flourished towards the end of the sixth century, lived in seclusion for many years; and from the difficulty of access formerly, the island, as well as the shores of the lake, was a refuge for the victims of religious and political persecution of various periods. Contrasting with the barren rocks and shores around, this island, with its embowering trees and verdant sward, is most refreshing to the eye; and so vividly green is its grassy carpet that it seems like an emerald set in the ring of the lake. This lonely island has been consecrated anew in lines which have the true stamp and ring of genuine poetry, by the gifted J. J. Callanan, whose dawning fame was extinguished by a premature death in a foreign land.* His poem beginning with the line

"There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra

is so well known that it is unnecessary for us to give more than this passing allusion to it.

A large part of the island is covered with the ruins of the chapel before mentioned, adjoining which, and facing the causeway, is a large square enclosure containing eight cells, rudely constructed of brown stone, like all the buildings on the island. The south and east sides of th

* He died of consumption, induced by too close application to study, at Lisbon, in 1829, in his 34th year.

square are bordered by a terrace, from which a few steps lead to the chapel on the north side. A mere remnant of the oratory remains to gratify the curiosity of the antiquary or the eye of the artist. The interior is about thirty-six feet long, by fourteen broad, and the side walls only four feet high, like those of the cloisters adjoining. These cloisters consist of four small chambers, and two cells of such narrow dimensions that they must have been a very inconvenient habitation for the hermits who once dwelt in them. Securely havened from the storms and vicissitudes of the world within these mountain fastnesses, St. Finnbar, the hermit of the hoary head, nourished those holy thoughts and lofty aspirations which he subsequently realised in the foundation of Cork, and of the Cathedral which bears his name.* A long series of hermits succeeded St. Finnbar in his retirement at Gougaunè Barra, seeking a refuge in its rocky bosom—

* A popular legend ascribes the foundation of that building to the following circumstances:—St. Patrick, after banishing the reptiles out of the country, overlooked one hideous monster, a winged dragon, which desolated the adjacent country; and power was conferred on a holy man named Fineen Barr, to drown the monster in Gougaune Lake, on condition of erecting a church where its waters met the tide; and the saint, having exterminated the monster, fulfilled the agreement by founding the present Cathedral of Cork.

——————"'Gainst the taint
Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,"

and often vainly. The last of these was an ascetic named O'Mahony, whose tomb, shamefully neglected, is on the main land. Although he shunned all intercourse with his kind, his memory is held in deep reverence among the peasantry of the district.

Near the causeway on the southern shore of the lake is a burial place

"Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap."

Mr Windele, who gives a faithful and admirable description of Gougaune Barra, in his "South of Ireland"—a book which we recommend to all tourists in the South—thus describes the cemetery of Gougaune:—"At a short distance, on a little green eminence, a few lowly mounds without stone or inscriptions point out the simple burying-place of the district; their number, and the small extent of ground covered, give at a glance the census and the condition of a thinly-peopled mountain country; and yet, this unpretending spot is as effectually the burial place of human hopes, and feelings, and passions, of feverish anxieties, of sorrows and agitations—it affords as saddening a field for contemplation—as if it covered the space, and were decked out with

all the cypresses, the willows, and the marbles of *Père la Chaise.*"

At the entrance of the causeway leading to the sacred island is the holy well, to which there are two great pilgrimages annually of the diseased, the maimed, and the blind, who seek a cure for their ailments in its miraculous waters. There are numbers of these holy wells in Ireland, and their worship, which is supposed to be of Phœnician origin, is an innocent and beautiful superstition which we would be unwilling to see decay. These wells, once desecrated by the bloody rites of the Druidical Baal, are now consecrated to Christian prayers and harmless Christian ceremonies. And here we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following lines on these crystal shrines by J. D. Ffraser :—

" The holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the fresh, the pure—
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts endure,
As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or tyrant trod
The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by God!

And while their stainless chastity and lasting life have birth
Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross material earth,
The scripture of creation holds no fairer type than they—
That an immortal spirit can be linked with human clay!"

The well, which is formed by the waters of the lake, is surrounded by a square enclosure, covered

over with flags, and a cross is deeply sculptured on a stone at the back. In the midst of the walled enclosure on the island, planted on an elevation, is a wooden pole, the remains of a cross, to which innumerable rags, the votive offerings of pilgrims to the sacred fount, are nailed or otherwise fastened. On St. John's Eve a pattern is held at Gougaune Lake, which is attended by the peasantry of all the surrounding baronies.

Of the mountain streams that feed Gougaune Lake, that which descends from the mountain called *Nadan-uiller* (the eagle's nest), at the western extremity of the lake, is the natal stream of the Lee, whose true source, however, is a spring in the mountain, the approach to which is extremely difficult. To the east is the outlet of the lake, not much more than three feet wide. Through this rocky passage the youthful Lee leaps and flashes, and flows with the exuberant joyousness of a sportive child, over rugged stones—

"which seem'd to 'plain
With gentle murmur that his course they did restrain."
Faery Queen.

And hence the name *Gougaune*, which signifies "gurgling head." The mountains of Gougaune possess a savage grandeur, and almost as fine an echo as those of Killarney. Of these *Dereen* (the

little oak-wood)—now treeless—is the highest. The next in size are *Faolite* (the cliff), *Maolagh* (the prospect), *Coom-roe*, *Nadan-uillar*, and *Clara*. Their steep sides are covered with heath, and sprinkled with the gay blossoms of the London pride. From the summit of Dereen, on a clear day, the view is truly magnificent, embracing the purple outlines of the Killarney mountains, Glengariff, Bantry Bay, and, in the far distance, the heaving bosom of the broad Atlantic. Limiting your vision, a line like a black thread, running towards the south-west, marks the gloomy Pass of Keimaneigh; while, towards the east, you perceive the waters of the Lee expanding into the Lakes of Inchegeela, about ten miles from Gougaune. Turning from the extensive and diversified prospect to east and west, towards the lake, you behold its solitary waters, with the island at your feet, and the encircling cliffs torn by mountain streams, and echoing the wild cries of the grouse and the lapwing. The precipitous sides of Faolite and Clara sink sheer down to the waters of the lake, which reflect the frowning cliffs above, thus adding to the impressive grandeur of the scene. It is indeed—

> "A savage place, as holy and enchanted,
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted,
> By woman wailing for her demon lover!"

The aspect of solitude which is impressed on the whole scene is so intense, that we fancy it must be the favourite haunt of the coy nymph, Egeria; and certainly, no better place could be chosen for the retreat of an anchorite. Speaking of similar consecrated shrines in Ireland, to which pilgrims resort with penitential prayers and offerings, Dr. Petrie says:—"Nor is it easy to conceive localities better fitted, in a religious age, to excite feelings of contrition for past sins, and expectations of forgiveness, than these, which had been rendered sacred by the sanctity of those to whom they had owed their origin. Most certain, at all events, it is, that they came to be regarded as sanctuaries the most inviolable, to which, as our annals show, the people were accustomed to fly in the hope of safety—a hope, however, which was not always realised."*

Such, with its features of mingled beauty and sublimity, is the source of the River Lee, over which, like the Grecian Helen, loveliness presides with unvarying splendour from its cradle in Gougaune Barra to the termination of its course at the entrance of Cork Harbour.

* Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland.

CHAPTER II.

The Pass of Keimaneigh—Lough Allua—Inchegeela—Castle of Carrignacurra — The O'Learies — Toon Bridge—Dundarirk Castle—River Sullane—Castle of Carrig-a-Phooka.

Close by the mountains encircling Gougaune Barra is situated the celebrated Pass of Keimaneigh, or the Path of the Deer, through which runs the high road from Macroom to Bantry. Nothing more wild and awe-inspiring can be conceived than the appearance of this ravine at its entrance from Gougaune side. A huge mountain seems to have been riven from summit to base by some mighty convulsion of nature in order to form this romantic pass. Precipitous walls of rock rise here to the height of several hundred feet on either side of the road, shutting out all light, save what is afforded by a narrow strip of sky, which is alone visible overhead. Dark as "the inside of a wolf's throat," the ravine is gloomy on the brightest day:

> ——"At noonday here
> 'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night."

Entering the pass, a scene of savage grandeur,

fit for the pencil of Salvator Rosa, bursts upon the view. In the rocky walls that line the defile numerous chasms have been worn by mountain torrents, which stream down their sides and flood the road in wet weather. These chasms invest the rocks with a still more rugged aspect; while the huge blocks of stone, and rocky crags piled up confusedly around, assume, in the dim light, the most fantastic outlines, reminding us of D. F. M'Carthy's beautiful lines on

——"Awful Ceim-an-eagh,
Where the severed rocks resemble fragments of a frozen sea,
And the wild deer flee!"*

The gorge is tortuous, and as you proceed you seem to be hemmed in, without visible means of egress, by towering barriers of rock.

In the insterstices of the rock, the arbutus, London pride, the foxglove, the purple heath-bell, with innumerable ferns, mosses, and linchens, grow in the wildest luxuriance. So secluded is the gorge and so complete the solitude, that it seems equally adapted for the inspiration of the poet or the lair of an outlaw. It served the latter purpose before that pioneer of order and civilisation, the engineer, carried

* Alice and Una.

the present fine road through the heart of Keimaneigh, and thereby robbed it of much of its security as a retreat for outlaws. It is said that during the Rockite disturbances in 1822, a detachment of yeomanry, under Lord Bantry, while passing through the defile, narrowly escaped being crushed to atoms by an enormous mass of rock, which, hurled on them, Tell fashion, in the name of the Trinity, by the redoubtable Capt. Rock himself, came thundering down the cliff just as the last of the yeomen had passed the spot where it fell—completely blocking up the passage in their rere, and securing them from the pursuit of their enemies.*

About midway in the pass the wild sublimity and grandeur of the scene are almost overwhelming. Huge crags and fragments of rock appear toppling over the brows of the cliffs that frown darkly on either side of the spectator, and seem to threaten his instant destruction; while shattered stones of immense size lie around, as if

* This incident is detailed at much length, in a description of Keimaneigh, which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* for June, 1848. Mr. Windele visited the Pass in 1827, a few years after the occurrence is said to havetaken place; and as so diligent a collector of everything of interest connected with the places about which he has written has not mentioned an incident so romantic, we may well doubt its truthfulness. At all events, *si non è vero, è ben trovato.*

flung there in the sport of Titans. The pass, as it approaches the Bantry side, gradually widens, disclosing a noble view of the Bay. This entrance to the pass is inferior in rugged majesty to that near Gougaune Barra, where the rocky walls are more precipitous and picturesque.

Leaving the Pass of Keimaneigh (which, we may remark, is about two miles in length from north to south), we return to the Lee. After issuing from the lake of Gougaune, the Lee flows in an eastern direction, through rocky banks, with a foaming and rapid current, to Ballingeary, where the Bunshelin, a small stream, falls into it. The country here is wild and barren, dotted at intervals with straggling herbage. The glen through which the Bunshelin flows is beautifully wild and sequestered, extending to the vicinity of the village of Ballyvourney, near which is a circular stone fort, with subterranean galleries. The Lee now expands into the broad sheet of water, called Lough Allua. The lake (or rather chain of lakes) is four miles in length, and about one in breadth It is studded with several islands formed by the windings of the Lee, in its sinuous course through the soft, peaty soil of this extensive flat. At its western extremity rises the gloomy hill of Coolnegreenane, or the "mountain

unknown to the sunbeam." The road to Bantry winds along the northern shore of the lake. A little further down we come to Inchegeela. Here the Lee separates into a succession of tarns, the picturesque appearance of which relieves the wild and uncultivated aspect of the surrounding country. In Dr. Smith's time, the char abounded in the lakes of Inchegeela; but they have been since exterminated by that omnivorous enemy of epicures, the pike. Formerly, some metallic cubes, yellow and shining like gold, were found in this district, and metallic ores have, from time to time, been washed out of the adjacent rocks during floods. Owing to the rocky bed over which the Lee flows, its stream is, for the most part, clear and sparkling as far as Inchegeela. The village of Inchegeela possesses a fine Roman Catholic Church, a constabulary station, &c. The second bridge that crosses the Lee spans the stream at this place. In the distance rise the Sheehy mountains, from whose summit is a splendid view.

About a mile from Inchegeela is the Castle of Carrignacurra, or the Weir Rock, sometimes called Castle Masters, after a modern proprietor. It rises boldly from a cliff over the river, and is still in tolerably good preservation. It is surrounded

by trees, which bring it out in agreeable relief from the bare country around, and consists of a high square tower, without any discernable outworks. It is said to have been built by Sabina O'Carroll, wife of one of the O'Learies, whose principal stronghold it remained for many years. The O'Learies, although subject to the M'Carthies, were once a powerful sept in this country, which has been called *Ibh-Laoghaire*, or Ivleary (the O'Leary's country), from the extensive possessions this family once held in it. In 1588, Dermot O'Leary, then chief of the clan, was attainted for engaging in the Earl of Desmond's rebellion; and in "the troubles" of 1641, Carrignacurra was forfeited, and garrisoned by Cromwell's troops.

Mr. Windele thus refers to the O'Learies:— "The name is still frequent here amongst the peasantry; but a sod of the fee-simple property belongs not to one of the clan. The governor and company for making hollow sword-blades, in England, long since disposed of that. Fame, however, has been more partial to individuals of this race, and Ireland claims amongst her most eminent worthies the name of the pious, the enlightened, and the facetious Father Arthur O'Leary; and there is a very reasonable chance

hat the writer of '*Whiskey, drink divine*'—the best song hitherto written in praise of our Irish Falernian—may yet add his name to the lengthened roll. The *MacCarthy Reagh* was the Lord Paramount of the O'Learies, but his authority ceased at the Revolution, and he himself became an exile in a foreign land. The late Count de MacCarthy Reagh resided at Toulouse, and left behind him, at his decease, a magnificent library, second only to that of the King of France. No other private collection in Europe possessed so large a number of printed and MS. books on vellum, of which scarce and valuable material it contained not less than 826 volumes. His sons, nevertheless, at his death found themselves under the necessity of parting with it; and thus this splendid literary cabinet, the pride of this unfortunate family, became scattered over England and France. It would seem as if fortune had not yet ceased her persecutions of an ancient and distinguished race."*

From Carrignacurra the Lee winds through a flat uninteresting country until it reaches Dromcaragh Castle, another ancient fortalice of the O'Learies, now in the possession of Mr. Brown.

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* *Bolster's Quarterly Magazine for October*, 1827.

As we are not aware of any historical associations connected with this ruin, and as it possesses no picturesque attractions, we shall pass on to Toon Bridge, which crosses part of the swampy plain through which the Lee flows in this place. A vast marsh, clothed with heather and water plants, spreads away for miles on all sides. Attempts have been made at various times to drain this extensive quagmire; but, either because they were on too small a scale, or unskilfully conducted, they have been hitherto abortive. We need not dwell on the importance of reclaiming this moorland, the benefits that would result from such an improvement being sufficiently obvious.*

Through this morass—

> "Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
> And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,"

the Lee creeps sluggishly along, and forms a number of islets, shaded by groups of trees. Near Toon Bridge the River Toon pours its

* An intelligent American gentleman, who had taken a tour through a great part of Munster, observed to us recently, that he was greatly struck with the large quantity of reclaimable land he observed lying waste; proving, as he remarked, want of enterprise in the proprietors, and a negligent system of cultivation on the part of the farming classes. The latter fact has, however, been ascribed to the want of tenant-right in the South.

waters into the Lee, after a course of about two miles through a romantic valley. On a steep hill above the bridge rises the Castle of Dundadarirk, once a keep of the MacCarthies, but forfeited in the rebellion of 1641. It is a single tower, and from its summit can be had an extensive and beautiful prospect, the cause and origin of its name. Not far from Dundarirk is Raleigh, the seat of the late lamented James Minhear, Esq., who was a leading and highly-esteemed citizen of the southern metropolis. The Minhears, as the name implies, are of Dutch descent.

We now arrive at one of the principal tributaries of the Lee, the Sullane, a river little inferior to the Lee, either in the volume of its waters or the length of its course. It rises in a bog in Ballyvourny, receiving in its course to the Lee the waters of the Bughill, the Foherish, and the Lany. At the junction of the Foherish with the Sullane stands the castle of Carrig-a-Phooka, or the Rock of the Spirit. It is situated on a rock in the vicinity of the Sullane, and its position is one of great strength. It is a single square tower, somewhat dilapidated. Carrig-a-Phooka belonged to the MacCarthies of Drishane, and is chiefly memorable as having

been the retreat of Cormac Teg MacCarthy, after the defeat of the Spaniards at Kinsale, in 1601. It was here MacCarthy wrote his penitent letter to the Lord President of Munster, abjectly craving forgiveness for his defection. The castle is accessible only by a narrow and slippery ledge of rock, on which but one person can pass at a time.

Independently of historic interest, the hoary walls of Carrig-a-Phooka are invested with an additional charm by weird legends of the wild horse and its headless rider; and the peasant who has to pass it after nightfall hastens his pace, crossing himself the while, and muttering a prayer to the Virgin to preserve him from being spirited away by the terrible phantom. Smith mentions the remains of a Druid altar, or cromleach, in its neighbourhood, but without any foundation in fact. Had he said a part of a Druidical circle, he would have been more correct.

From Carrig-a-Phooka the Sullane flows eastward in a tranquil current, through rich and fertile banks, to the town of Macroom.

CHAPTER III.

Macroom—The Castle—Historic Notices—Carrigadrohid Castle—Beautiful Scenery—The River Dripsey—Inniscarra and its Ruined Church.

About three miles above the junction of the Sullane with the Lee is situated the thriving town of Macroom. Its name, which signifies "a crooked oak," is said to have been derived from the plain of *Crom*, a fane of that deity, the Jupiter of the ancient Irish, which occupied the site. The town is surrounded by an extensive and fertile vale, bounded in the distance by a range of rugged hills, which, were they of somewhat greater elevation, would be entitled to the designation of mountains. Seen from the river, the town forms a triangle, at whose base flows the Sullane, and from whose apex the main street extends in a straight line. Markets are held there weekly and annually, and the Quarter Sessions for the west riding of the county. The population is about three thousand; while the number of tan-yards, flour mills, &c., in the town furnishes a gratifying proof of its rising importance and of the extent of its trade. Formerly, it would seem that the manufacture of the Irish

nectar, potheen ,was extensively patronised by the Macrompians. Macroom has a high reputation for its hospitality and the jovial character of its population; and one of them, named Barry, has been handed down to the admiration of posterity in a poem, the opening stanza of which we transcribe:—

"Oh! what is Dan McCarthy, or what is old Jem Nash,
Or all who c'er in punch-drinking by luck have cut a dash,
Compared to that choice hero, whose praise my rhymes perfume—
I mean the boast of Erin's Isle, bold Barry of Macroom?"*

The Roman Catholic Church is a spacious structure, with an embattled belfry, and, from its situation on the slope of a hill, has a very fine appearance at a distance.

Nearly opposite the church, on an elevation

* Owing, probably, to having been once the seat of some of our ancient bards, the muses have smiled on Macroom, which has been prolific in poets; having among others (at least Macroom contends with Connaught on that head), given birth to the "great" O'Kelly, better known by the modest lines in which he introduced himself to Sir Walter Scott, even than by his "Curse of Doneraile." Another local poet, named Connolly, was famous there in his time; but he is now forgotten. A Macroom poet is supposed to have composed the doggrel called "The Storeen of Muskerry," from which we extract the following stanza:—

"In my rambles and frolicksome raking,
Amongst the wide nations while wandering,
Amongst smiling and affable females,
My trifling gains I've been squandering;
I prattled, I gabbled, I prated
With all the fair maids in the country,
And with amorous verses repeated,
Their favour I gained in each company.'

above the southern bank of the Sullane, stands Macroom Castle. Sir R. Cox says it was built by the Carews in the reign of King John, while others absurdly attribute its erection to that monarch himself. There can, however, be scarcely a doubt that it was erected by the sept of the O'Flynns, who once held extensive possessions in Muskerry. The O'Flynns were dispossessed of the castle by Dairmid MeCarthy More, whose clan ruled over Macroom for centuries. The castle is of massy strength, and is flanked by two square bartizans. It is of no particular style of architecture, but an incongruous jumble of several—attributable, doubtless, to the fact of each successive occupier having either made repairs or additions to it in his own taste. Notwithstanding its nondescript character, the castle looks extremely picturesque, with its ivy-mantled walls towering above the placid Sullane.

The castle possesses much historical interest. It was besieged in 1602, by Sir Charles Wilmot, who was on the point of raising the siege, owing to the stubborn resistance of the garrison under Lord Muskerry, when the castle took fire accidentally, and the besieged had to surrender unconditionally. In 1641, it was again burned down, but was rebuilt the same year by Lord

Clancarty, chief of the McCarthies of Muskerry. In 1650, it was garrisoned by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross; but being threatened by an imposing force under Lord Broghill, the Commonwealth General, the Bishop set fire to it, and concentrated his men in the park, where, after a brief but bloody struggle, he was defeated, and made a prisoner. Ireton, when President of Munster, caused both the castle and the tower to be burned; so that the former has had the singular fate of having been burned down no less than four times. The castle was again besieged by the troops of James II.; and Major Kirk, with a body of 300 dragoons, forced the defenders to retreat. "In this castle," says Smith, "is a handsome gallery, with other good apartments; and Sir William Penn, the famous sea admiral, was born in it" Sir William was the father of the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania. A battle was also fought in the neighbourhood of Macroom between Brian Boroihme and the King of Oneachaeh (a part of S Carberry), who was chief of the O'Mahonies. The latter was assisted by a large body of Danes; but he was defeated, notwithstanding, with great loss, nearly all the Danes being slain.

Adjoining the castle, an old stone bridge of

nine arches spans the Sullane. Among the many handsome villas that rise along its banks at this place are conspicuous: Mount Massy on the north bank, Rockborough, the property of the Brown family, Sandy Hill, and Firville, the seat of Mr. Harding, situated in a romantic glen.

Ere quitting Macroom, we may mention that some ancient weapons were found, many years since, in a cavern on the adjoining lands of Codrum.

A little below Macroom, a small stream pours its tribute into the Lee. Near their confluence stands the Castle of Mashanaglass, erewhile a fortalice of the M'Sweeneys. It is a high square tower, rising grimly above the plain like a grey spectre of the past. There is nothing either in its architectural design or situation worthy the special attention of the tourist. It was forfeited in 1641—a year so fatal to the native owners of the soil that it may be called the year of confiscations. It must stand for aye with "a black mark" in the chequered page of Irish history; the sad epoch whence date the misery and expatriation of most of the noblest races of our land, who once ruled proudly over princely possessions, on which many of their lineal descendants are now but humble tillers of the soil.

The road from Mashanaglass passes through a gloomy and romantic glen called "Glencaum," or the Crooked Glen. Rugged masses of rock, in whose interstices grow the ash, the oak, and the birch, rise to a considerable height on each side, screening the river from view, and shrouding the glen in so deep a gloom as to render it suitable for the haunt of a guerilla, or of a bandit. Here the course of the Lee is very sinuous, and the only object of interest on its banks is the church of Aghina, on the south side, which, standing on an elevation, and having a square tower, has an imposing effect when seen at a distance.

We now arrive at the extremely picturesque Castle of Carrigadrohid. Like the celebrated *Mäuse Thurm* on the Rhine, it stands on a steep rock, in the midst of the Lee. A bridge on either side connects it with the banks of the river, whence the castle derives its designation, signifying the Rock of the Bridge. The Lee foams and rushes in a turbulent current around the rock on which it is built; and the spectator is impressed at once with the strength and romantic effect of its position. Its site is said to have been chosen by the lovely Una O'Carroll, to gratify whose caprice, her lover, Diarmid

M'Carthy, raised the castle, in a marvellously brief time, on the cliff she had chosen, where they both lived happily after their nuptials.

During the stormy times that succeeded the year 1641, the possession of Carrigadrohid, from the importance of its position, was fiercely contested by the followers of Cromwell and the adherents of the Stuarts. But the castle is especially associated with as noble an instance of heroic self-sacrifice as is recorded in history. After the defeat of the Bishop of Ross, at Macroom Castle, in May, 1650, which we have mentioned already, Lord Broghill promised full pardon to the captured prelate if he would persuade the garrison of Carrigadrohid Castle to surrender. The bishop consented, and Broghill marched to Carrigadrohid. The bishop having been brought to the castle, under the protection of a flag of truce, bravely exhorted the garrison to hold out to the last, observing that his life should be held as nothing in comparison with the great and sacred cause they had sworn to uphold. The result of this noble harangue was what might be expected. The devoted prelate was instantly hanged in sight of the garrison, who, exasperated by the spectacle, bravely resisted the forces of Broghill, who, unable to

take the castle by main force, at length obtained possession of it by a stratagem, which is thus related by Smith :—"The English got two or three team of oxen, and made them draw some pieces of great timber towards it, which the Irish mistaking for cannon, presently began to parley, and surrendered upon articles."

From Carrigadrohid the Lee runs in a north-easterly direction through a well-cultivated country. A little below Oakgrove, the banks of the river become beautifully wooded. Leafy vistas are seen spreading away into sylvan recesses, through which the sunbeams glimmer mistily on a carpet of vivid green. Here the river Glashagariff swells the tide of the Lee, whose banks are now occasionally studded with elegant villas, the names of whose owners do not immediately occur to us.

Not far from the hamlet of Dripsey, through which the high road passes, the waters of the important tributary of that name commingle with those of the Lee. The Dripsey has its source in the Bogera mountains, on the borders of Muskerry; and, after being joined by the Rylane, flows through the parish of Donoughmore before it pours its tribute into the Lee.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the village of Dripsey is St. Olan's Well, near which stands a noble pillar stone inscribed with mystic Ogham; and in the adjoining churchyard is a stone, said to be his tomb, and which is called St. Olan's Cap. This cap is believed to possess miraculous healing virtues; and Smith says the people of the vicinage are persuaded that if the stone were removed it would return of itself to its present position.

Passing the ruins of the church of Innisluinga, erected by St. Senan, of Scattery, and, lower down, of Castle Inchy, we come to the most charming scenery through which our river flows —the romantic valley of Inniscarra. We shall not attempt to describe a scene which is indescribable; but we must linger a few moments within the crumbling walls of the old church of Inniscarra, which stands on the margin of the river, embowered in venerable trees. It was founded by St. Senan; and its solitary situation in a lone glen on the marge of a murmuring tide, at the confluence of the Lee and Bride, was admirably fitted for the indulgence of prayer and religious meditation. The guardian trees that overshadow the ruins have been religiously spared by the hand of man—a refined feeling

that does honour to our poor countrymen. "Those Annals (the Irish) and the lives of our ancient saints," says Dr. Petrie, in his Essay on the Round Towers, "show that trees were a usual ornament in the immediate vicinity of the ancient Irish churches, and, having been often planted by the hands of the very founders of those buildings, were preserved with most religious veneration, and their accidental destruction deplored as a great calamity." Beneath the mouldering graves that lie thickly around reposes the dust of many generations of the inhabitants of the surrounding districts

The road between Ardrum and Inniscarra passes through some of the most exquisite scenery to be found on the banks of the Lee. Richly wooded demesnes meet the eye on all sides, diversified by extensive tracts of fine grazing land, dotted at intervals with rustic cottages, which impart that peculiar air of life to the scene with which the lowliest habitation of man never fails to invest even the remotest solitudes of nature; while the bright river is seen glancing in the distance between the stately trees that fringe its banks. The chief object of interest at Ardrum is the residence of Sir George Colthurst, Bart., a fine old-fashioned structure, in excellent preservation, and of considerable extent

CHAPTER IV.

The River Bride—The M'Swineys—Kilcrea Abbey and Castle—Arthur O'Leary—Bishop Hurly—Muskerry—The Ovens—Ballincollig—The Barrets—Legend of Poul-an-Iffrin—Carrigrohan Castle—The Approach to Cork.

The River Bride, one of the most considerable tributaries of the Lee, rises in the parish of Kinneigh, and after flowing about fifteen miles in a north-easterly direction, falls into the Lee at Inniscarra. A round tower of peculiar structure exists near its source, having a hexagonal form from the base to a height of fifteen feet, the remaining portion of the pillar being circular. The erection of this tower may be referred to a period many centuries anterior to that which has been erroneously ascribed to it by Dr. Smith, who assigns it to the commencement of the eleventh century of our era.

Proceeding down the Bride, the next object of interest that arrests the eye is the venerable ruin of Clodagh Castle, once a stronghold of the M'Sweeneys, a military clan, who formed the Gallowglasses of the Thane of Muskerry. This family was distinguished for its hospitality, a

remarkable instance of which is mentioned by Dr. Smith. He says that on the high road, near Dunusky, a stone was set up, on which was an inscription in Irish, inviting all passengers to the house of Mr. Edward M'Sweeny for lodging and refreshment. This stone was subsequently removed by a less generous member of the sept, who, it is said, never prospered after. After passing the ruins of Castlemore, formerly a keep of the M'Carthies, the Bride flows through a fertile tract of grazing land, about one hundred and fifty years ago a vast morass. This was the great bog of Kilcrea, which Smith characterises as being, thirty years before his time, a refuge for wolves and "Tories," to the terror and annoyance of the neighbouring country. He also quotes from a work on agriculture by one of the Ryes of Rye Court, some curious particulars regarding the draining and reclamation of these bogs.

Kilcrea Abbey, or, more correctly speaking, Friary, is situated on a gently rising slope above the Bride, about eleven miles west of Cork. Its name is derived from the Irish *Killa Crea*, which signifies the cemetery of St. Cera. An antiquated bridge crosses the river close to the Abbey, the entrance to which is shaded by a fine avenue of

trees. The Friary was founded in A.D., 1465, by Cormac M'Carthy Laider, Lord of Muskerry, for Franciscans, and was dedicated to St. Bridget. The ruins are extensive, and the walls still remaining almost entire, the Abbey has an imposing appearance when viewed from the bridge. On entering the ruins the effect is still further enhanced, and a feeling of religious awe inspired by the spreading aisles and transept, now unroofed and dismantled, where once sacred hymns were intoned and fragrant incense rose to the fretted roof. Until lately, the entrance was lined on both sides by a grisly wall constructed of human bones and skulls. The nave is separated from the choir by a square belfry, eighty feet high, through which a round-headed archway communicates with the choir. The columns supporting the arches are round, low, and formed of solid masonry. From one of these columns four ribbed arches spring—an architectural peculiarity which distinguishes this building from all other structures of the kind. The mullions of the windows were destroyed by the sacriligious hands of Cromwell's troopers. A side aisle communicates with the nave by three pointed archways; and at the right side of the nave a passage leads into a chantry. Two, massive pointed

arches divide the aisle at the west end of the transept, which is about seventy feet in length. The Abbey (if so we may term it) belongs at present to Mr. Rye, of Rye Court; and the old woman who acted as our cicerone informed us that one of his ancestors, while attempting to remove some stones from the ruins for building purposes, was prevented by ghostly interposition from carrying out the desecration.

The entire space within the walls is thickly peopled with the dead: the peasantry of the surrounding districts eagerly coveting the privilege of having the bones of their relatives repose, when "life's feverish dream is o'er," within its hallowed precints. In Kilcrea are buried many members of the house of the M'Carthies of Muskerry, from Cormac, its founder, to the last descendant of the race, who died in Cork, and was buried here in 1832, after which the ancestral tomb was walled up, never to be opened again, save to the trumpet-summons of the Judgment Day. Among the remarkable personages interred here was Roger O'Connor, whose tomb stands in the nave. He was an ardent republican and free-thinker, and, with his brother Arthur, took a leading part in the rebellion of 1798. He fortunately escaped the

perils of that stormy time, and was subsequently known as a writer of several works of no particular merit. In the south-east angle of the nave is the tomb of Arthur O'Leary, commonly called "the outlaw." It bears the following inscription:—

"Lo! Arthur Leary, generous, handsome, brave,
Slain in his bloom, lies in this humble grave."

His fate, as illustrating the iniquity of the penal laws, deserves a special mention here. Though possessed of considerable property, O'Leary spent the early part of his life in foreign military service. On returning to his native land, his great popularity among the peasantry excited the jealousy of a neighbouring landed proprietor named Morris. This feeling was intensified into a deadly hatred towards O'Leary, from the fact of a horse belonging to the latter having beaten one of Morris's in a race. Availing himself of that article of the penal laws which disqualified a Catholic from keeping a horse above the value of five pounds, Mr. Morris publicly tendered him that sum, in the most insulting manner, for the winning horse. O'Leary replied that "he would surrender him only with his life." Whereupon, Morris and his friends closed around him, a

struggle ensued, but O'Leary escaped, being indebted for his safety to the fleetness of his steed. His resistance was represented to the government in such a light that he was proclaimed an outlaw, a large reward offered for his apprehension, and troops despatched to arrest him. The peasantry were so attached to him that for four years his popularity secured him from the most active exertions of his pursuers. At length he was surprised by an ambush near Millstreet, and was shot through the heart, at the early age of twenty-six. The brother of the deceased watched an opportunity for revenge; and two months after the event, on the 7th of July, 1773, he rode up Peter's Church Lane, in Cork, in broad daylight, and deliberately fired three shots in succession at Morris, who was standing near the window of his lodgings in Peter-street. Mr. Morris was wounded in the side by one of the shots, from the effects of which he died. The avenger of his brother escaped to America, where he died no many years since.

Within Kilcrea are also interred the remains of one with whom are connected some interesting historical reminiscences. In the southern transept is a broken tomb, of which the inscription

is defaced, but on which a cross fleury is still visible. This is generally believed to indicate the resting place of Bishop Herlihy, or Hurly, erst titular Bishop of Ross, one of the three Irish Prelates who attended the Council of Trent. His life was an eventful one. He was a native of Carbery and of humble origin. On returning to Ireland, after assisting at the Council of Trent, he was declared a rebel, and retired to Carbery, from which he was shortly afterwards driven. Betrayed by a renegade named O'Sullivan (the first, we believe, who has ever sullied that fine old Celtic name), he was imprisoned in Dublin Castle, whence he was transferred to the Tower of London, where he was confined inone of its gloomiest dungeons for three years and a-half. After some attempts to liberate him had failed, he was at length set at liberty, and was about to visit Belgium, when he was seized with illness. He had himself immediately conveyed to Ireland, that he might die in the "Island of Saints." On landing, he was made prisoner and confined in the Castle, until an order came from the Lieutenant of the Tower for his release. He then repaired to Macroom Castle, the residence of his friend M'Carthy More, whose hospitality he enjoyed for a brief period. Bishop Hurly

now took a small farm near Macroom, where he led a life of sanctity and retirement, revered by the inhabitants of the district, who believed that he effected miraculous cures of diseases. He died in 1579, and was buried, as we have said, at Kilcrea.

Although considerable space has been devoted to the interesting ruins of Kilcrea Friary, we cannot quit it without quoting the following lines from the celebrated ballad, entitled "The Monks of Kilcrea," as showing the genial hospitality which once prevailed among the holy brotherhood who inhabited it:—

"Three monks sat by a bogwood fire!
Bare were their crowns, and their garments grey.
Close sat they to that bogwood fire,
Watching the wicket till break of day;
Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea.
For whoever past, be he Baron or Squire,
Was free to call at that abbey and stay,
Nor guerdon or hire for his lodgings pay,
Tho' he tarried a week with its holy choir!"

And now a bare inhospitable ruin meets the eye of the wayfarer; while in place of friendly welcomings, he hears the wind moaning drearily through its crumbling cloisters, as chaunting a dirge for the past, and wailing for the happy time that shall return no more. Life and Thought have departed from it, giving place to Ruin and Death—grim tenants who have taken a lease of it for ever.

The Friary was plundered by the soldiers of the Catholic Tyrone, in 1601, shortly after which it was repaired. In 1614, the Lord Deputy Chichester entrusted the care of the Monastery to Charles M'Dermod M'Carthy, Lord Muskerry, a Protestant, on condition that he should not allow Friars to dwell in it, and that the land should be let to none but English Protestants These conditions he seems not to have fulfilled, since the Friars were not expelled until after the war of 1641, when Cromwell granted the lands to Lord Broghill. They again reverted to the Clancarty family; but, on the attainder of Donagh, the third Earl, they came into the possession of Captain Hedges, by purchase from the Hollow Sword Blade Company. They ultimately came into the possession of the Ryes, of Rye Court, to one of whose descendents they now belong.

A little to the west of the Friary, higher up the stream, stands the Castle of Kilcrea. It was once a keep of the Clancarty sept, and the date of its erection is coeval with that of the Friary, by whose founder it was built. It is a square tower, seventy feet high, and still in a good state of preservation. The bawn and moat still exist; but the barbicans and outworks are

a mass of ruins. The interior of the building is bare and gloomy; but the view from the summit —the ascent to which is by a flight of marble steps—is varied and extensive. The eye ranges over a large part of that beautiful district, known by the name of Muskerry, or the Pleasant Country; a district renowned for it comely maidens and stalwart men, and no less celebrated for feats of equestrianism as daring and slap-dash as any of those so graphically described by Lever. In the distance are seen the spreading woods of Castlemore, in the midst of which is Rye Court, on whose noble lawn hurdle races and athletic sports are frequently held. Crowning an eminence beyond Rye Court are visible the shattered remains of Castlemore, already mentioned.

About two miles west of Ballincollig, and seven to the west of Cork, is situate the hamlet of the Ovens, on the banks of the Bride. This place is chiefly remarkable for its limestone caverns, said to extend many miles underground. There are two entrances to them, but some of the caves are so low as to oblige the explorer to creep on hands and knees.

A mile to the west of Ballincollig, the Bride

joins the Lee. Near their junction, rising behind the church of Inniscarra, is a partly wooded and partly uncultivated hill called Carvagh, or the barren ground, once the property of a thirsty soul named Dowe, a toper of the "good old times," who drank it acre by acre.

The Lee, now increased by the junction with the Bride, winds at the base of Carvagh, in an easterly course, in view of the village of Ballincollig. Here are extensive military barracks for artillery and cavalry, and also a constabulary barrack. Here also are manufactured large quantities of gunpowder, in the powder-mills belonging to Sir Thomas Tobin, who thus affords considerable employment to the people of the vicinage.

About a mile from the town is Ballincollig Castle, once a fortress of the Barretts.* It was garrisoned by Cromwell and James II. It is of considerable antiquity, being generally supposed to date from the reign of Edward III. The

* In reference to the Barretts, the following characteristic anecdote is related of the Earl of Tyrone. As he was marching past Castlemore, a residence of the Barretts near Mallow, he asked who lived there? And being told that it was inhabited by one Barrett, a good Catholic, whose ancestors had been settled in Ireland over 400 years —"No matter," he replied, "I hate the English churl as much as if he landed but yesterday!"

castle is of quadrangular form, and was formerly flanked by towers at each angle. It is built on an isolated rock, of moderate elevation, in the midst of a plain. The Barretts were an influential and predatory clan; hence the bawn in which they kept the cattle captured in their forays or raids was well fortified by two towers. The thickness of its walls and the strength of its defences attest the purpose for which it was built, and prove it to have been erected in those feudal times when men were guided solely by the simple rule—

> "That they should take, who have the power,
> And they should keep, who can."

Fine lawless days, no doubt, when robber knights washed down with stoups of potent ale or w the meat they had plundered from their weaker neighbours, and scorned every man of low degree as a scurvy knave. Such were the Barretts of Ballincollig; and Dr. Smith relates that, in 1381, the citizens of Cork, harrassed by the repeated forays of these freebooters, despatched a large force against them, capturing the chie of the Barretts and several of the clan, who were detained as hostages.

As we approach the church of Killogrohan, on turning a bend in the river we come upon a

deep gloomy linn or pool, aptly designated *Poul-an-Iffrin*, or Hell-hole. A hideous snake or dragon of immense size is said to inhabit this pool. He watches vigilantly over untold treasures that lie buried beneath the waters, which he never quits except for an evening promenade on the banks of the river, where the marks of his paws have been sometimes discerned. Crofton Croker has celebrated this pool as the chief haunt of that ubiquitous sprite, "Teigue of the Lee." On the south side of the river, crossing a steep rock which rises perpendicularly above the road that winds at its base, stands the picturesque Castle of Carrigrohan. A few years ago it was a mouldering ruin, but has since been completely restored by Mr. M'Swiney, who now inhabits it. It was formerly a pile of considerable extent and massy strength. In 1462, it is mentioned as having been the boundary of the liberties of the city of Cork. Carrigrohan was founded by the MacCarthies, and came subsequently into the possession of those bold acquisitive Barretts, of whom we have already made mention. Their estates were forfeited at the Revolution, and in 1641 Carrigrohan was dismantled. It afterwards became the residence of Captain Cope, a daring Rapparee, who, at the head of a gang of brigands,

plundered travellers, and laid the neighbouring country under contribution.

Opposite Carrigrohan the Awbeg commingles with the Lee, about four miles from Cork, after passing through the famous village of Blarney. So much has been written on this renowned spot, that we shall content ourselves with this passing notice of it.

A little beyond the bridge, near Carrigrohan Castle, rises a steep hill, from whose brow, looking eastward down the valley of the Lee, the prospect is truly splendid. Beneath, the river is seen flowing through the plain in those tortuous snake-like windings so well expressed by the French word *replis*, through verdant banks of such velvet softness that they seem to mould themselves to the sinuosities of the stream rather than the latter to yield to theirs. On either side softly swelling hills spread away to the horizon, dotted at intervals with groups of trees and browsing cattle. Over all plays that ever-varying light and shade which constitutes the most exquisite charm of Irish scenery, and the absence of which imparts so much monotony to some of the loveliest scenes of continental Europe; while far to the east the view is bounded by the dark cloud which marks the position of the fair City of Cork.

CHAPTER V.

The City of Cork.

After passing Carrigrohan Castle, the eye is attracted by the District Lunatic Asylum, pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill above the river. The style of architecture is original and rather peculiar. The prevailing character is the Gothic, rendered still more unique by broken lines and projections, some with high-pitched turrets, ascending in diminishing stages, and others with extinguisher-shaped terminations, the impression produced by which is anything but pleasing. The Asylum is divided into three main compartments, of which the central is appropriated to the harmless and convalescent patients, the eastern to the violent, and the western to those in the lowest state of insanity. The ground enclosed consists of fifty-seven acres, the greater part of which is cultivated by the inmates. The building, which is capable of containing 500 inmates, is the largest of the kind in Ireland. This, however, is merely accidental; and it should not be thence inferred that the people of Cork are more liable to insanity than those of any other town in the kingdom.

A little below the Lunatic Asylum (which, as a very equivocal compliment to Lord Eglinton, was, until lately, named after him) the Lee is divided into two branches, the principal of which rushes foaming through the salmon weirs that obstruct its course—

> "Like sheet lightning
> Ever brightening,
> With a low melodious thunder."

After embracing a large portion of Cork, between the North and South channels, the severed streams re-unite at the eastern extremity of the town; thus verifying the topographical accuracy of Spencer's description:—

> "The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
> Encloseth Corke with his divided flood."

Above the weirs, on an eminence at the northern side of the river, is seen Shanakiel House, the seat of Francis R. Leahy, Esq., J.P. It is beautifully situated in a well-wooded demesne, and commands a noble prospect up and down the stream.

The approach to Cork by the western suburbs is strikingly beautiful. To the left appear the wooded heights of Sunday's Well (so called from its ancient sacred fountain) with its garden-covered slopes thickly studded with pretty villas.

On the other side of the river, and parallel with the great western entrance to the city, is the Mardyke—a charming avenue, nearly a mile in length, and bordered by two rows of elm trees. It was lit throughout by lamps; but many of these have been removed by an over-economic corporation. This agreeable walk was formed across a swamp in 1719, by a Mr. Webber, who built at its western termination a red brick house (whence it was designated "The Red House Walk"), and enclosed a tea-garden much frequented by the citizens of that day. Some of the trees have been barbarously hacked in pruning, and now present a mis-shapen and grotesque appearance.

For the enlightenment and comfort of etymologists, we may mention that the name of this once favourite promenade—now abandoned for the most part to invalids and nursery maids, with their toddling charges—is derived from a walk in Amsterdam, called the *Meer Dyke*, or sea-dyke, an embankment raised to arrest the encroachment of the sea.

Proceeding along the Western Road, the Queen's College is seen to the right, on an elevation above the southern arm of the Lee. It is

very handsome building, of grey lime-stone, in the florid Gothic style of the Tudor era; and no higher testimony could be given to the beauty of its design than the emphatic declaration of Lord Macaulay, that it is "worthy to stand in the High-street of Oxford."* The beauty of the building is enhanced by the cluster of trees in which it is embosomed; but its general effect is somewhat impaired by the too close proximity of that gloomy-looking structure, the County Gaol —its classic and effective porticoed entrance, notwithstanding.

Standing, as it does, near the site of the ancient Gill Abbey, once a seat of holiness and learning, founded by St. Finnbar, in the seventh century, the situation of the College has been happily chosen. The building occupies three sides of a quadrangle. In the west side are the lecture rooms; in the east the residences of the president and vice-president; while the north side, or front, which is 200 feet in extent, consists of the Examination Hall, Library, and Tower entrance.

* The passage from which these words are quoted occurs in his "History of England," V. III., P. 171, where, with his usual splendour of diction, he thus describes Cork:— "The town is adorned by broad and well-built streets, by fair gardens, by a Corinthian portico, which would do honour to Palladio, and by a Gothic College, worthy to stand in the High Street of Oxford."

The south side is still unoccupied; but the space is likely to be covered ere long by buildings for the residence of professors and students, without which the College can never be anything better than a high school.

The Examination Hall is remarkable for its noble proportions, being 90 feet by 36, and 56 feet high to the apex of an open-timbered roof, whose stained and varnished trusses rest on stone corbels. At the western end is a dais lighted by a recessed oriel window. Adjoining the Examination Hall is the Library, a very fine room with a gallery running midway around the sides. It contains about 10,000 volumes of the best editions in every department of literature and science. In 1854, an annual grant of £1,600 was made to the College; £500 of which is appropriated to the Library, and since that period a large number of volumes has been added to it.

Opposite the entrance to the gallery of the Library are the Museums, which occupy the northern side of the quadrangle. They contain well-arranged collections of specimens of fossils, minerals, &c., and some beautiful stuffed humming birds, presented to the College by a Corkman, General O'Leary. The visitor cannot quit the College without being impressed with its

harmonious unity of design and perfect adaptation to the purpose for which it was erected. This unity and congruity prevail in every detail, even in the furniture and fittings; and altogether the building is an enduring monument of the skill and taste of the architects, Sir Thomas and Kearns Deane.

The College has been now nine years in existence, having been opened in Nov., 1849, on which occasion the President delivered an inaugural address, which subsequently obtained considerable notoriety by a blundering Italian translation, whence originated the case of "Angeli *v.* Galbraith," arising out of the dismissal of the former from his professorship in Trinity College.* Since that time the College has not made much progress, as regards the number of students, although many of them have highly distinguished themselves. Two of its *élèves*, Messrs. C. Daly and R. Wall, obtained appointments in

* The President desired to have the address translated into Italian, in order to disabuse the heads of the Church in Italy of the unfavourable notions they had formed of the Queen's Colleges. It was, therefore, entrusted to Signor Angeli, the Italian Professor of Trinity College, who was presumed to be a perfect master of that language. How he executed the task may be inferred from the evidence of Mr. Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, one of the most eminent Italian scholars of the day, who swore, in the case referred to above, that the translation was not Italian at all. The following apposite lines (slightly mo-

the Indian Civil Service, for which they had to compete not only with the *alumni* of the Irish Colleges, but with the elite of some of the English Universities. It is right also to add that another student of the Queen's College, Mr. John Pope Hennessy, obtained an appointment in the office of the Committee of Council on Education, after having passed a searching examination, with marked distinction, and also read some able papers at the late meeting of the British Association at Leeds, where he achieved a brilliant success. At the Woolwich examinations, students of the Cork College have been equally successful. In some recent examinations for degrees at the Queen's University, however, the reputation of the College was not sustained, and it must be confessed that it has been retrograding of late. This comparatively backward position is clearly traceable, in the

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dified), from one of Boileau's Satires, were handed round the court during the trial, and caused much amusement:—

"*Un savant au collège fut jadis à la mode,*
Mais des fous aujourd' hui c'est le plus incommode :
Et l'esprit le plus beau, l'auteur le plus poli,
N'y parviendra jamais au sort de l'Angeli."

The happy application of those lines will be rendered still more obvious when we mention that Signor Angeli was appointed over a man of superior merit by easte-jobbing and backstairs influence. Mr. Whiteside characterised the translation as "a fine specimen of rigmarole." Having seen it, we can fully endorse the opinion of the learned Attorney-General.

first instance, to the discountenance of the Roman Catholic Church, which cannot fail to exert an appreciable influence on a community so essentially Catholic as that of Cork; secondly, to internal mismanagement arising from dissensions among the professors, and between many of them and the President, which have caused so many visitations to be held in the College, and which have rendered it impossible to effect that harmonious co-operation so essential to the success of an educational institution; and, lastly, to the unsatisfactory mode of appointment to the professorships, which, in many instances, have been obtained by men comparatively unknown, while candidates of acknowledged ability and high reputation have been totally overlooked. Undoubtedly, including the President, a few able and eminent men occupy chairs in the Cork College; but without questioning the competency of any of the Professors, we repeat that many of them were appointed over the heads of better men. Advertising for candidates for a vacant chair in the Queen's Colleges is of late years a mere farce; and, in looking for it, an able Irishman, with the highest testimonials, will have little or no chance against a mediocre Englishman or Scotchman who had never been previously heard of.

The almost constant absence of Sir Robert Kane from the College has been also considered as a principal cause of its present state; but we do not think this has any material influence in its production—the causes already enumerated being fully sufficient to account for it. It is, therefore, in no wise surprising that the Cork College, despite a curriculum expressly arranged to meet the requirements of our "practical" age, and although amply provided with all the appliances requisite to impart superior instruction, has not been hitherto successful; and, were it not for the number of scholarships and prizes, as well as the government patronage at its disposal, it is indubitable that the Munster branch of the Queen's University would be an absolute failure. As it is, the annual grant of £8,600, is expended for the education of a few students.

Ere quitting the subject, we may remark that, although a chair of Celtic literature has been established in the College, it would seem to be a mere pretence of nationality, no provision whatever having been made for its working. Practically, it is the veriest sham; and hence the learned professor who fills the chair finds his situation a sinecure—having had no class, because no encouragement has been given for its

formation. This is the more to be regretted at a time when some of the ablest philologers of the age, and especially those of Germany, recognise the value of the Irish language for the purpose of ethnological research. By the study and comparison of the Irish with cognate tongues, new and valuable results could not fail to be brought to light concerning the migrations of the Celtic race, and the fusion of other races with it.

After passing the Queen's College, the handsome church of St. Vincent (as yet without its tower and spire) is seen on the northern side of the river, and rising at a commanding elevation above it, appear the ivied walls of Blair's Castle, the residence of Mr. Windele, the well-known antiquary. Mr. Windele possesses a fine antiquarian collection, particularly rich in Irish archæology, containing a megalithic library, consisting of Ogham inscriptions, in which department of our national antiquities he has been the principal discoverer. There are also at Blair's Castle several portions of primæval mills, and remains of local mediæval sculpture.

Blair, the founder of the castle, was a Scotch surgeon, who, in the middle of the last century, obtained a reputation by an accidental cure, for

which he was attacked by a *quartette* of local physicians, who proved, to the satisfaction of all men, that, treated *secundum artem*, the patient ought to have died, and that the Scotch surgeon had cured him unprofessionally. After this lucky "hit," Blair made a fortune by his practice, built his Scottish castle, and wrote a book full of pestilent doctrine, or rather rank infidelity, which was triumphantly refuted by the learned and facetious Father Arthur O'Leary.

Arrived at the County Court House (whose faultless portico he will pause to admire), the traveller finds himself at once in one of the principal thoroughfares of Cork. The favourable impression it is calculated to produce in the mind of a stranger will scarcely be diminished by a more extended inspection of the city, the irregularity of whose streets, like those of the quaint old burghs of Flanders, invests them with a picturesqeness denied to towns where greater uniformity prevails in the houses. A diminutive tenement side by side with one five or six stories high; some projecting boldly several feet beyond their neighbours, others modestly receding from the view; a crooked house leaning with a touching confidence against a straight, with here and there a collapsed one shored up; bay windows

and flat mixed confusedly together; red-brick alternating with queer-looking weather-slated houses—Quakers among edifices; quaint Elizabethan gables rising beside glaring modern fronts; one building robed in cement, with its neighbour shrouded in yellow wash; flat roofs and pointed jumbled together; and, crowning all, a mass of indescribable, mischief-meaning chimneys of every conceivable shape—such, with a too prevalent air of uncleanliness and dinginess pervading the thoroughfares, are the prominent features of the streets of "the beautiful city." It would be uncandid, however, were we not to state that many of the thoroughfares are really handsome and spacious, and that the city generally bears the unmistakable stamp of an opulent and prosperous community.

Unlike Dublin, Cork has but few streets with any significative name, and fewer still called after patriotic Irishmen. These are easily enumerated; Grafton's Alley, so called after the young Duke of Grafton, natural son of Charles II., who was killed there during the siege of the city in 1690. It was then an open marsh. Mulgrave-street, so named to commemorate the visit of Lord Mulgrave so popular during his viceroyalty. O'Connell-street preserves the memory of the

great Irish tribune, while Grattan-street struggles to maintain its glorious name against the English patronymic of Admiral Duncan. George's-street is so styled after the enlightened Second George, who complacently exclaimed, on being asked to accept a dedication from a hapless cultivator of the muses—"*Ach, Gott!* I hates boets and boetry;" and finally, "Ireland Rising Liberty Street," so designated in commemoration of the Volunteers of 1782, whose first Associations were formed in Cork.

But how amazed would be the deluded traveller were he shown the squares of Cork, of which there are nominally plenty—but such squares! It would puzzle Sir Isaac Newton to make that geometrical figure out of them; and yet the Corkonians unconsciously mention their squares with as much complacency as if they had a real existence and were no myth; thereby conveying to strangers the idea of a city of vast extent and magnificence. Their "park" is a similar imposition, being nothing more than a reclaimed marsh, on which there is not the shadow of a tree or even of a shrub. The good Cork folks have a firm faith that all these shams are realities, and it would be cruelty to disabuse them of a deception from which they seem to derive so much

harmless gratification. To do so, would be to render existence miserable—creation a blank to them. By all means, let them have their hobby; for what would life be without illusions?

In the next chapter we shall briefly trace the origin and rise of the city.

CHAPTER VI.

The City of Cork Continued—Historic Notice.

The history and antiquities of Cork having been minutely explored by Smith, Croker, Windele, and others, we shall content ourselves with briefly adverting to the foundation and rise of the city, and to a few of the historic events of which it has been the theatre.

Cork is of ecclesiastical origin, having been founded at the commencement of the seventh century by St. Finnbar, who established the Cathedral on the south-western part of the insulated morass, from which the city derives its name—the Irish word *corcach* signifying a marsh. Beneath the fostering protection of his religious foundation, huts sprang up gradually, forming the nucleus of the future city. It was, in sooth, an unpromising site for a town; a lonely valley, several miles from the sea, enclosed by steep hills clothed with primæval forests, and with an oozy, desolate fen spreading around, through which crept the sluggish waters of the Lee, forming in its windings a number of reed-covered islets, the

haunts of wild fowl and reptiles. The little town had spread over two or three of these islands when, in the beginning of the ninth century, a number of those piratical and sanguinary Sea Kings of the North, came up the river in their vulture-beaked galleys, gazed wonderingly on the even then venerable Cathedral,* with its cluster of houses in the midst of that wild swamp —then startling its quiet seclusion with their savage war cries, attacked, pillaged, and burned the town, after their fashion, bearing away the plunder in their ships, and chanting their warlike *runes* as they steered triumphantly down the stream.† In the tenth century these grim rovers attacked the city again and yet again; but many

* Dr. Molyneux mentions a round tower as having been discovered by the Danes, in Cork, in the ninth century. In making this assertion—for which, we presume, he had reliable authority—the doctor unwittingly contradicts himself, being, in common with Dr. Ledwich, John Lynch, and Peter Walshe, an advocate of the Danish origin of the round towers. The one referred to stood close to the Cathedral of St. Finnbar. It was injured during the siege of 1690, and existed until about the middle of the last century. Dr. Petrie *conjectures* the date of its erection to have been coeval with that of the Cathedral. His arguments in favour of the Christian origin of these mysterious structures are very plausible, but by no means so conclusive on the question as persons but superficially acquainted with it would have us believe. See his "Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland."

† Vide Thierry's graphic description of the expeditions of the Vikings in his *Conquete de l'Angleterre*, vol. 1, p. 126 *et seq.* The "Heimskringla" of Snorro Sturleson also affords us a vivid conception of the Norsemen.

of them, weary of blood and plunder, or smit, mayhap, with the wild beauty of the place, settled down there, and diverting their skill and energies into more peaceful channels, engaged in trade, and laid the foundation of the future commercial prosperity of the city. At the present day the names of many of its inhabitants attest their descent from these Danish pirates. From the period of their settlement the city grew apace, and the Scandinavian adventurers were converted into peaceful chapmen when it was surrendered to the Anglo-Normans in 1172, by Dermod McCarthy, Prince of Desmond. By a grant of Henry II., the city of the Ostmen, which covered the greater part of the space between the present north and south bridges, was exempted from the ideal possessions bestowed upon Robert Fitzstephen and Milo de Cogan as their portion of the quasi-conquered kingdom of Cork.*

In the 13th century several religious establishments were erected and endowed in Cork. In 1214, a Grey or Franciscan Friary was founded by Dermod McCarthy Rea, at Shandon, on the north side of the city. In 1229, a Dominican Friary arose on the present site of the convent of

* The original *Danish* city occupied only about half the pace which was subsequently encompassed by walls.

St. Marie's of the Isle, near the Cathedral. About the middle of the 12th century, the Monastery of Gill-Eda was founded near the site of the present Queen's College. The steeple church of the abbey fell down in 1738. There was also an abbey of Canons Regular, founded so far back as the seventh century, which, like all the foundations of that class in Ireland, adopted the rule of St. Augustine, in 1420. This house, afterwards called the Red Abbey, is the only foundation of which any remains now exist. There were besides several priories and nunneries; and at the period of the Reformation the city abounded in religious confraternities.

In 1491, the Pretender, Perkin Warbeck, visited Cork, where his cause was warmly espoused by the Mayor, John Walters, who proclaimed him heir to the crown. For this mistake, or indiscretion, Henry VII. deprived Cork of its charter, and had Walters executed with the luckless Warbeck.

About this period, the city was surrounded by fortifications which enclosed that portion of it situated between the north and south branches of the Lee. The walls were defended by several strong towers, one of which stood at the extremity of Christ Church-lane, and another where

the City Club now stands. The north and south gates were strongly fortified, and the western wall was protected by St. Peter's belfry and two strong towers. These defences were needed by the industrious citizens against the hostile clans who held possession of the country around it, and by whom the city was reduced to a chronic state of siege. No citizen would venture outside the walls without arms and a strong escort. Writing in the reign of Elizabeth, Camden says that Cork was "so beset with rebel enemies on all sides that they (the citizens) are obliged to keep constant watch, as if the town was continually besieged."*

With regard to the trade of Cork at that time the reader will be enabled to form some idea of it by the following passage from Crofton Croker:— "The ancient trade of Cork was very limited, and entirely confined to England and the ports in the Bay of Biscay; the principal import was wine from France and Spain, and in return it

* The following curious extract from the charter granted by Queen Elizabeth to the city of Cork shows how little it was anticipated in the sixteenth century that a communication so safe and rapid as that afforded by the Great Southern and Western Railway would exist between Cork and Dublin in the nineteenth:—"Because that the city of Cork is far distant from the city of Dublin, so that by the violent insurrection and route of the Irish people, 'there has not been at any time, a safe access from the said city of Dublin to Cork, *nor will there be for the future.*'"

exported staves, hides, fish, skins, and wool. All the traffic was carried on in foreign bottoms; for Cork, in the reign of Elizabeth, only possessed a few fishing barques; nor were there warehouses established for the reception of merchandise, and every trader, therefore, brought his goods at his own risk, and disposed of them in the best manner he could from on board his vessel."* Foreign vessels were received in a canal near Castle-street, and were enclosed by a portcullis, between the King's Castle, on the site of the old Police Office in Market-street, and the Queen's Old Castle, which occupied the site of the monster establishment still retaining its name. Hence originated the city arms; a ship between two castles, with the Virgilian motto (a little altered): *statio bene fida carinis.*

The names of Roche, Skiddy, Gould, Terry, Galway, Sarsfield, Meade, Morrogh, and Coppinger, were common among the inhabitants of Cork for centuries, and their descendants rank among its leading citizens at present. They were, withal, a sturdy and independent race of men. A message having been sent them by the Lord Deputy desiring them to proclaim James I., they treated the messenger with great indig-

* *Researches in the South of Ireland*, p. 20.

nity, refusing to obey the mandate, whereupon Sir Charles Wilmot was despatched with troops to the city; but the citizens refused to admit him with more than six soldiers, and forbade him to lodge in the suburbs.*

Intimidated by the approach of Cromwell, the city declared for the Parliament in 1649, about which time William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pensylvania, became a convert to Quakerism, in Cork, after having accidentally heard a sermon from a member of that sect. In 1688, General M'Carthy took possession of the city for James II., who made a public entry into Cork the following year, after having landed at Kinsale.

The siege of Cork, by Marlborough, and the Duke of Wirtemburgh, in September, 1690, is the most important historical event connected with the city. Nature has precluded Cork by its position from ever becoming a place of military strength. Surrounded by steep hills, it must inevitably be at the mercy of an enemy who obtains possession of them; and so, despite its embattled walls at the period of the siege, it held out but five days against an army much inferior in numerical strength to that which had unsuccessfully attacked Limerick a few weeks before.

* *Tuckey's Cork Remembrancer*, pp., 71-75.

As our limits will not allow us to dwell even briefly on this siege, we refer such of our readers as may be desirous to know the particulars of it to Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. iii., p. 679,* the Journal of the Very Rev. Rowland Davies, Dean of Ross, recently published by the Camden Society, and edited, with considerable erudition, by Mr. Richard Caulfield, of Cork, who has enriched the work with valuable notes,† and to a rare book, "The Life of Joseph Pike," a Quaker, who resided in Cork during the siege. From the last mentioned work we cannot forbear quoting the following interesting passage:—"The siege (of Cork) presently came on; for the governor would not surrender upon summons; the pavement of the streets was pulled up to deaden the bombs, of which there were, I

* The noble historian erroneously states that the siege lasted but forty-eight hours; whereas it continued for five entire days. Although a very graphic, his lordship is by no means a trustworthy historian.

† The Dean was a jovial, yet bellicose Churchman, equally ready to drain a bottle as wield a sword or point a cannon. He also loved to prescribe for the ailments of old ladies; and so strong were his prescriptions, it seems marvellous how any of his patients could have ever recovered from their effects. The most amusing feature in his journal is the minuteness with which he notes down the price of everything he buys, as well as what he spends in the inns he was so fond of visiting, where his expenses seldom exceeded sixpence. As illustrative of the relative value of money then, and now, we may mention that for this sum the Dean got a good dinner and a couple of bottles of ale.

think, twelve or thirteen thrown into the town while the siege lasted. The cannons from without roared, and they made a breach in the east side towards South Gate; the then Duke of Grafton commanded the marines, and approached to Dunscombe's Marsh over the river, intending to storm at the breach; and in all human probability had carried the town, but that he was mortally wounded from the walls, and so carried off, and died in about a week." The shot which killed the Duke was fired by a blacksmith from a forge in Old Post Office-lane. After the surrender of Cork, the extensive Clancarty estates in the county were forfeited to the Crown.

At the period of the siege the city occupied about a tenth of the space it now covers. Shortly after that event, the marshes of the city began to be reclaimed, and some improvements to be introduced, as will be seen by the following extract from the Council Book of the Corporation of Cork:—"30th of July, 1697. Ordered that Mr. Edward Richardson, according to proposalls by him given in this day to the Councill, for bringing in fresh water in pipes to every house in the City, who shall agree with him, have liberty according to his proposall, of breaking up the

pavement, in mending the same, and all other matters in said proposall contained, provided he performe the said worke in three yeares tyme." The town gradually extended from island to island, and the various channels that flowed through it having been bridged over, it arose like another Venice above the flood. Until the close of the last century, the principal streets were tideways, bordered by quays, at which vessels took in and discharged cargoes. Patrick-street was arched over in 1783, previously to which a channel flowed through it. It is now the principal thoroughfare of Cork, and is adorned with handsome shops. The Grand Parade, its most spacious street, was arched over in a similar manner in 1780. At the south side of the Parade was the fashionable promenade, shaded by trees, called the "Mall." It was then much frequented by brave gallants in cocked hats, powdered wigs, frills, ruffles, and steel-handled swords, escorting young ladies in hoops as voluminous as the crinoline of our day, who tripped daintily along in gold-clocked stockings and red-heeled shoes, over a rough irregular pavement—flagged *trottoirs* being then unknown. The Assembly Rooms, in George's-street, were then a gay resort, wherein were held

weekly dancing reunions, called "drums," referred to by Dr. Smith, in his quaint amusing way. Within the last thirty years the city has extended rapidly, covering the sides of the surrounding hills with stately terraces and villas. But, though blessed, like Damascus, with many flowing streams, its streets are even more filthy than those of the Pearl of Islam. In many of the thoroughfares are to be found heaps of offal, over which at times hungry curs growl and fight undisturbed, or pestilent sinks, wherein half nude brats dabble ecstatically. Nor is uncleanliness a new feature in Cork; it seems to have been always inseparable from and indigenous to it. Fynes Morrison, who wrote about Ireland in the year 1600, says:—"Even in the best city, as at Cork, I have observed that my own, as well as other Englishmen's chambers, hired of the citizens, were scarce swept once in a week, and the dust, then laid in a corner, was, perhaps, cast out once in a month or two." This statement should, however, be received with some limitation, as, in point of veracity, the writer might be termed the Cambrensis of the 17th century. Samuel Derrick, writing to Lord Cork, in 1760, says:—"I scarcely need inform your lordship that this city is nine or ten miles from the sea that the

streets are very dirty, the place lying low, therefore subject to much rain." Du Solle, an American, bears similar testimony to the untidiness of Cork. A writer in the *University Magazine* for June, 1848, thus refers to the city:—"Cork is a pretty slattern, slipshod and draggle-tailed." Continuing the figure—how fascinating would she not be did the slovenly beauty but wash her face, bind up her unkempt tresses, and keep herself neat.

The limits of this work preclude us from doing more than giving a rapid glance at the commercial career of the city. Its development was rapidly promoted by the American war of independence, which made the harbour a rendezvous for vessels of war and fleets of merchantmen, chiefly bound for the West Indies. At the period of the Union, numbers were employed in Cork in the various branches of cotton manufacture, cloth-weaving, wool-combing, paper-making, glass-blowing, and tanning, all of which became extinct within ten years after the passing of the act. Her commerce again revived towards the close of the great French war, Cork having obtained contracts for victualling the navy, which gave a great impulse to her mercantile prosperity. One of her merchants, Daniel Callaghan, senior,

realised an immense fortune by the navy contract, which he secured by his superior ability. He was one of the most remarkable men that Cork ever produced, having risen from comparative poverty and obscurity to the very foremost position among the merchants, not alone of his native city, but of the whole kingdom.

The thriving condition of the city received a severe blow from combinations among the coopers of Cork, which resulted in the withdrawal of the contract. Of late years, however, the city has progressed steadily in trade and commercial enterprise, in which it excels any other provincial town in Ireland, save Belfast alone.* It is true, there are but few manufactures, and the visitors will miss those tall chimneys which characterise manufacturing towns; but there are several monster shops and extensive establishments for curing beef, pork, &c. The principal manufactures of Cork are tanning, distilling, brewing, wool-combing, glue-making, &c., which are chiefly carried on in Blackpool, a suburb of the city. There are four distilleries, and five breweries, including one recently established by

* Dean Swift, referring to the trade of Cork, in 1706, observes:—"Cork, indeed was a place of trade, but for some years past is gone to decay, and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are pedlars and cheats."

the Messrs. Murphy. The chief tanners are, D. Murphy and Sons, Sir William Hackett, and the Messrs. Hegarty. The leather trade was almost extinguished in Ireland by the potato blight of 1845-6, but has since quite recovered While on this subject, we may remark that tanning and currying are carried on very extensively in the city, while the sole-leather manufactured in Cork has been long considered the best in Ireland. Within the past ten years, the Messrs. Hegarty have produced finished calfskin and upper leather which will bear comparison with the best manufactured in Bordeaux.

Of the monster drapery establishments, that of Fitzgibbon and Co. (the Queen's Old Castle) is the most extensive. Among these are also the fine concerns of Messrs. Carmichael and Co., who have recently enlarged their establishment; Thomas Lyons and Co., Ogilvie and Co., and Messrs. Arnott and Co., who afford considerable employment in the city by the making of knitted polka jackets, silk nets, and caps, crotchet work, gloves, and several other articles which they ship to various countries.

The butter trade is the staple one of Cork, and the principal source of its wealth. As some

statistics,s howing the increase of this important trade cannot be uninteresting, we may mention that in 1633 butter was first shipped in firkins from Cork. In 1806, the export of butter amounted to 160,000 cwts. In 1835, 279,000 firkins were exported; in 1850, 340,826 firkins, and in the year ending August, 1853, 345,253 firkins, exclusive of kegs Besides supplying the English markets, the Cork exporters ship to Australia, the West Indies, and Lisbon. To show how considerably the trade has increased, we may mention that a few years since the average yearly receipt of butter at the Cork Market did not exceed 280,000 firkins; while the quantity received for the last two years amounted to over 400,000 firkins each year, representing an amount of capital equal to about £1,500,000.

The export trade of Cork is now chiefly carried on, and its mercantile repute sustained by the eminent firms of John Gould and Co., Burke Brothers, Honan, Hardy, Adams, Hodder, Sugrue, Clare, and P Murphy and Son. Mr. Pike and Messrs. Lecky and Beale have extensive dock-yards on the river, in which they have constructed several first-class iron ships. The statistics of the trade of Cork, however, being

easily accessible, we shall merely mention in this place that, in 1854, the tonnage of foreign vessels entered at Cork harbour was 175,155 tons, and of British and coasting trade, 470,765 tons, and that the population of the city, according to the census of 1851, is 85,745, showing an increase over the previous census of 1841, of 5,025 inhabitants.

A very satisfactory instance of local enterprise is furnished in the success of the Cork Gas Consumers' Company, incorporated recently under the Limited Liabilities Act. It possesses a capital of £40,000, and numbers about one thousand of the gas consumers of the city. When we consider that this company had to contend with a rich and influential one long in possession, and the punctuality with which they fulfilled their contract to light the city when they had but a very limited time to carry it out, it must be admitted that the Cork Gas Consumers' Company is a very gratifying evidence of the energy and business capacity of its directors.

Being wholly unessential to our purpose to give more than this imperfect outline of the history of Cork, we refer our readers for more minute information to the local historians, and

especially to Mr. Windele's invaluable "Notices of the City of Cork," and to a scholarly essay on Cork, by John Geo. MacCarthy, Esq., the esteemed President of the local Catholic Young Men's Society.

In the next chapter we shall treat of the institutions and public buildings of Cork.

CHAPTER VII.

The City of Cork Continued.

In noticing the public establishments of Cork, the Royal Cork Institution is first entitled to claim our attention from its local prestige.

The building is an antiquated fabric of dingy red brick, and is situated in an unfrequented part of the city. Its interior comprises a lecture room, a small and neglected museum, a library containing about 13,000 books, chiefly scientific, and a hall embellished with several mutilated Ogham inscriptions, some rib-bones of whales, old stones, and other interesting objects. A few years since this hall was also adorned with a venerable shark, from whose abdomen protruded a bundle of musty straw—a spectacle at once novel and imposing.

The Institution was founded in 1802, by a number of noblemen and gentlemen with a view to the diffusion of science among the community generally. A charter of incorporation was afterwards obtained, as also a Parliamentary grant of £2,000 per annum, subsequently increased to £2,500.

The encouragement of agriculture being one of the primary objects of the Institution, farming societies were accordingly organised in different parts of the county, premiums adjudged, and a botanic garden taken in 1810. A large house was hired, in which lectures on various branches of science were delivered, including some on anatomy as connected with art.

We have now to record an act of the committee of the Royal Cork Institution which entitles them to the gratitude of the people of Cork. A splendid collection of casts, taken under the special superintendence of Canova from the finest specimens of Grecian and Roman art, preserved in the Vatican and the sculpture galleries of Italy, were sent by Pope Pius the VII. as a present to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., who gave them to Lord Ennismore for presentation to the Cork Society of Arts.* That society immediately engaged a house, and went to considerable expense in constructing a hall suitable for their reception. Some years after the society became bankrupt;

* In justice to the memory of a gifted citizen of Cork, it is right to mention that it was at the instance of the late Mr. Willes, Head Master of the School of Design, first established in Cork, that Lord Ennismore procured the casts for the city.

but the casts were retained by the architect in compensation for a debt incurred by him in fitting up the hall. Hearing that they were about to be advertised for sale, the proprietors of the Cork Institution immediately redeemed them for a sum of £300, and had them transferred to the Old Custom House, a grant of which they had previously obtained in 1831.

Owing, however, to religious and political sectarianism—that perpetual bane of our country, instilling its virus into every phase of Irish society—the noble objects for which the Cork Institution was established, and which were carried out at first with vigour and success, were almost wholly neutralised. The government, finding that no commensurate benefit accrued to the public, gradually reduced the annual grant until 1830, when it was entirely withdrawn.* Since then the institution has had a languishing existence, and is at present chiefly supported by the medical faculty of Cork.

As a literary association, the Cork Library Society ranks next in importance to the Royal Cork Institution. It was founded in 1790, by

* Sir Walter Scott's forcible comparison in reference to our party strife is only too true:—"They (Irishmen) are like people fighting with daggers in a hogshead."—*Lockharte's Life of Scott*, v. 6.

a number of Cork merchants for the circulation of standard works. The library is situated in one of the most central parts of the city. It contains about 20,000 volumes, principally in the department of Belles Lettres, together with some valuable books of reference. About forty periodicals and newspapers are also taken in.

The reading room is spacious and well kept, with a gallery extending around three of the sides. Here some of the Cork quidnuncs may be seen any day, as well as a few quiet old gentlemen who seem to be fixtures there, and to whom the library affords a soothing retreat from the noise and turmoil of the world without. Here some local literateur may also be occasionally seen consulting a book, but rarely seated at the tables or fires with book in hand; for your genuine literary men seldom read in public libraries.

When we consider the advantages that are afforded by the Cork Library, we are surprised that they are not more generally availed of than they have hitherto been, especially as the subscription is so moderate as one guinea per annum. Among its other advantages it possesses that of having a very attentive and courteous librarian.

The only other library worthy of notice is that of the Cathedral of St. Finnbar. It comprises a valuable collection of theological and historical works; but it is hermetically sealed to the reading public of Cork, to whom its existence is scarcely known.

The apartments appropriated to the School of Design form a portion of the premises of the Cork Institution. In 1848, the upper part of that building having undergone alterations and improvements, the school was accordingly opened and several pupils received. A few years since the collection of casts already mentioned were removed from the cheerless and mouldy room in which they had been entombed for years, to the more airy apartments in which they are placed at present, where, freed from the dust and mould contracted in their former quarters, they now appear in somewhat of their pristine beauty. The people of Cork do not sufficiently appreciate the value of the truly splendid art-treasures they possess in these casts. Gazing upon these god-like forms as they shine out in the softened light upon the enraptured vision, we feel the full meaning and beauty of that fine metaphorical expression so felicitously applied to the peerless

edifices of Greece—"frozen music." Among other figures in the sculpture gallery is that of the celebrated Apollo Belvidere. This faultless specimen of Grecian art entrances by its matchless beauty even the eye of the unartistic visitor. Enveloped as with a perfume of eternal youth, with a wondrous blending of vigour, grace, and symmetry, a triumphant disdain seated on the brow and quivering in the lip—there stands that glorious form, instinct with the god, and lustrous as with a radiance from on high.* Near the Apollo stands the group of Laocoon—the inspiration of Lessing's great work—a production still more celebrated for the influence it exerted over the master mind of Germany.† The group presents a marked contrast to the beaming presence of the imperial sun-god. The latter becomes the more fascinating the longer you gaze upon it; while the expression of intense agony on the face of his doomed priest fills the soul with mingled emotions of terror and awe. As we gaze on the group, Virgil's noble lines are intinctively recalled—and how vividly does it

* Winckelmann's critique on the Apollo Belvidere is one of the most beautiful and just in the whole range of Art Criticism.

† See the first volume of *Lewes's Life of Goethe*—a work that should be in every public and private library.

embody the poet's thought:—

Illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt; et primum parva duorum
Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
Implicat, et miseros morsu depascitur artus.
Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem, ac tela ferentem,
Corripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus; et jam
Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.
Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos,
Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno;
Clamores simul horrendos et sidera tollit.
Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
Taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim.*

Our space will not permit us to dwell on the other casts in the gallery; but we would fain linger a moment to give a wistful glance at that perfect impersonation of womanly loveliness, the Venus de Medici; at the Venus of Canova, whose charming attitude is so expressive of startled modesty; at the exquisite face of the Clytie, with its expression of ineffable and dove-like gentleness; at the chaste Diana, more graceful than the fawn beside her, and with step so elastic that she seems about to spring from earth to her celestial home; at that noble piece of sculpture, Germanicus, a finished type of manly beauty; at Adonis, on whom Venus seems to gaze with a look of unutterable love; at Antinous, whose hyacinthine curls shadow a beautiful but an effeminate countenance; at the Lycian Apollo, whose attitude is the ideal of

* Æn. lib. II. v. 212 *et seq.*

graceful repose; and, finally, at the splendid torso of Hercules, which fitly closes our rapid survey of these noble specimens of sculpture. In the school are also a fine collection of busts, relievi, masks, &c., one of which, a mask of Minerva, is a gem of art.

The late accomplished Head Master, Mr. Raimbach, has been succeeded in the office by a gentleman who is filled with a genuine enthusiasm for his art. We have seen some of Mr. Sheil's paintings, one illustrative of Longfellow's "Excelsior," one entitled "Jacob's Dream," and another representing the "Assumption." Judging from the true artistic verve and skill exhibited in these productions, we venture to augur for Mr. Sheil a distinguished position among the artists of the day.

Under his zealous superintendence, the school has attained a high degree of efficiency, and numbers at present about two hundred students. Several of the pupils have received certificates of merit, and also obtained appointments in the London Central Training School of Art.

With so admirable a means of æsthetic culture as that afforded by this fine collection of Art-Treasures, it is no marvel that Cork should be

prolific in distinguished artists—especially susceptible to their influence as are the denizens of the southern metropolis, whose lively imaginations and warm feelings are easily wrought to that elevation of sentiment and refinement of thought usually engendered by the contemplation of such masterpieces. Gazing spell-bound on these divine creations of human genius, Barry, Grogan, Forde, Maclise, Hogan, Heffernan, Fisher, and other eminent Cork artists, drank in that inspiration which enabled them to soar so high, and to reflect such lustre on their native city.

Under the present excellent system of instruction, the Cork School of Art is gradually forming a permanent and valuable museum, admirably adapted for training both the artist and the artisan in the most elevated departments of high and mechanical art. At the annual competition for national medals in London, four medals have been obtained by Cork within the last two years; and a gift of ten pounds being attached to each medal, to be given in works of art to the school in which the student who obtains it is educated, the school has been presented with works to the value of £40. These works consist of copies of Perugino's frescoes, with tracings from the ori-

ginal pictures, examples of the best Italian art, frescoes, mosaics, stained glass, wood carving, electrotypes of Cellini's *chefs-d'œuvre*, and photographs of crystal cups and enamel in the Louvre, and of armour in possession of the Queen. As a reward for a medal obtained by the school, it will be presented next year with photographs (nearly four feet by three) of Raphael's Cartoons in Hampton Court. As a work of scientific sun-painting, these photographs are the most wonderful of the age; and thus, owing to the efficient training in the local school, the citizens of Cork can experience the rare enjoyment of gazing on a perfect representation of one of the most glorious productions of the divine painter of the Transfiguration. The school has been also recently enriched with a noble head of Achilles and a cast of the charming Venus of Milo.

These additions, in conjunction with the gallery of casts, render the Cork School of Art the very best in the country for the artist and the mechanic; and there can be no doubt that any intelligent student, availing himself of the advantages that this institution presents, would soon be capable of decorating the public buildings of the city, in a style similar to that in which the

beautiful Roman Catholic Cathedral has been lately embellished, and in a spirit akin to that by which artists were inspired in the age of Leo X. We earnestly hope that, fired by the example of the many illustrious artists to whom Cork has given birth, they will strive, with generous emulation, to equal their renown; and we as earnestly trust that the committee of this institution will cordially co-operate with the Department of Science and Art to carry out a system of art-education which appears to us the best adapted to serve the public that has ever been instituted by any government.

In evidence of the success of the present system of instruction, we may mention that the number of local medals obtained in 1857, with two masters, was fourteen; while in 1858, with one master, no less than twenty-one medals were awarded to the school. This fact is a conclusive proof of Mr. Sheil's ability and zeal; and the students of the school should sedulously avail themselves of both while that gentleman is yet connected with it, since they cannot always enjoy the advantage of having a Head Master, at once so able and and zealous.

In the immediate vicinity of the School of Design is the Athenæum, erected a few years

since, and chiefly constructed of the materials of the building used for the National Exhibition at Cork in 1851. Being in an unfinished state, the exterior has rather an unsightly appearance; but when the contemplated semi-circular Doric portico shall have been added, it will be a very handsome edifice. The interior, however, is truly grand both as regards design and vastness of proportion. The Rotundo is lofty and spacious and is separated from the great hall—above which it is elevated several feet—by a screen of Corinthian columns. The hall is one of the noblest in the United Kingdom, being 113 feet in length, and 53 in width. It is lighted by a glazed roof, itself supported by a double row of fluted Corinthian columns. At the western end is a semi-circular recess containing a fine organ and seats capable of accommodating a large orchestra. Extending along the cornice of the hall and of the dome are innumerable small jets of gas which diffuse an equable and mellow light. The building reflects the highest credit on the architect, Sir John Benson, and the builder, Mr. W. Brash.

The Athenæum was intended to be—what its name implies—a temple for the promotion of science, literature, and the Fine Arts. These

objects have been defeated in a great degree by the difficulty of hearing distinctly in it; a very serious drawback to its utility. It has been, therefore, abandoned for the most part to the votaries of Terspichore, and numerous balls have taken place there, which are remarkable for having been almost invariably the occasion of some "row."

We must now glance rapidly at some of the remaining public buildings. The steeple of Shandon Church, being a perfectly unique specimen of architecture, first claims our notice. It has been wittily designated "the pepper-box steeple." It is faced with two red-stone sides, and two of limestone, which invest it with somewhat of a harlequin aspect. If we may use a bull, its weather-cock is a fish (query—a shark?) which stubbornly resists the persuasions of your Zephyrs, and "soft souths;" so that its office appears to be merely to indicate the direction of the last gale. The steeple is also provided with a monster clock, which exhibits a perverse and vicious propensity for going wrong.

The Court House, referred to in a former chapter, has been the object of special praise for its external beauty, and of unmeasured censure, on account of its internal construction, to every

going judge of Assize, as well as to builders, who have of course no interest in alterations. Its happy lot has been that the changes suggested by one judge have been condemned, as a matter of course, by the next. Its temperature, and internal arrangements, have ever been the subject of complaint and querelous remonstrances, especially from lawyers and attornies whose lives are so precious to the public. We doubt whether a Ruskin would be able to convert the courts of this unfortunate building into comfortable and satisfactory halls of justice. It was built in 1835 at a cost of £20,000.

The Mansion House is a plain, substantial edifice, erected in 1767. As an instance of the changes wrought by time, this building, so many years the scene of corporate festivities, has been converted into an hospital under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy. *Apropos* of the Mansion House, it is worthy of mention that the Mayors of Cork were entitled by virtue of the office to dispose of the city refuse, and that the city seavengers were appointed by the Corporation; an office, strange to say, generally held by respectable citizens about the middle of the last century.* A clause in the charter of Queen

* Council Book, vol. 5.

Elizabeth empowers the Mayors of Cork to have "borne and carried" before them "one decent sword sheathed, and," it continues, "our will is that the sword-bearer be adorned with a remarkable cap." This latter injunction has been carried out to the letter. The cap *is* remarkable.

On Grenville-place, in the vicinity of the Mansion House, a Turkish Bath has been erected by Dr. Barter. It has a handsome front, is furnished with private dressing-rooms, and is capable of accommodating about fifty bathers at a time.

The Butter Exchange is a handsome building, with a fine portico. In 1849, it was considerably enlarged, chiefly at the instance of the Weigh Master, John Besnard, jun., Esq., J.P., and of the late James Minhear, Esq., J.P., in whose death the butter trade has sustained the loss of one of its most valuable and estimable members.

The new Police Office (designed by Sir John Benson) is a tasteful structure, although its effect is considerably marred by a block of dilapidated tenements immediately in front. The former Police Office was a confined and unhealthy court, and the new one is a considerable improvement on it.

Owing to the unwearied exertions of the Rev. Mr. Foley, a handsome Gothic tower has been recently added to the Roman Catholic Cathedral. From its elevated position, the tower has a fine effect, and is an ornament to the city.

The Commercial Buildings, Savings' Bank, National Bank, and Bank of Ireland, situated on the South Mall (one of the finest streets in the city), are handsome buildings.

The bridges have no pretension to architectural design. Patrick's Bridge, which was destroyed by the disastrous flood of November, 1853, was a well-proportioned and effective structure. A temporary wooden bridge has been erected near it, to be removed as soon as a new one shall have been constructed. The contemplated bridge is to be a stone one, of three arches, the cost of which is estimated at about £18,000. Professor Hennessy, late of the Queen's College, having proved the bridges on the North channel to be the principal cause of floods in the flat of the city, it was resolved to remove that known as North Gate Bridge, and to replace it by a one-arched bridge. The quays of Cork are solid and well-built. They are formed of cut limestone and cost, including the expense of their construction in 1825,

over £100,000. The increasing commerce of the city rendering the improvement of the channel a matter of necessity, dredging machines have been employed many years in deepening the bed of the river. This operation having rendered the foundation of the quays insecure, they have been recently sheet piled under the superintendence of Sir John Benson.

Ere we conclude, we must briefly notice the public statues of Cork. The most conspicuous of these is the equestrian statue of George II. (popularly known as George-a-horseback), in the Parade. It was cast in lead by Van Oss, a Dutch artist. This statue is perfectly unique; since both horse and rider being inclined forward considerably out of the perpendicular, a crutch was placed under his Majesty's right arm, and another beneath the belly of the charger, to prevent them from toppling over. As may be imagined, the effect is most ludicrous.

A marble statue of the Earl of Chatham, and one of William III. adorned the Mansion House. The former underwent some vicissitudes, having been mutilated, and subsequently painted in all the colours of a harlequin. Its removal from the Mansion House by one of the chief magistrates

gave rise to a shower of witticisms from the Cork wags, who are ever prone to "fun."

In the Savings' Bank there is also a fine statue by Hogan, of the late William Crawford, one of the best and most accomplished citizens that Cork has ever produced.

The next chapter shall be devoted exclusively to the Corkonians.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Corkonians.

"Oh! long life to you, Cork, with your pepper-box steeple,
Your girls, your whiskey, your curds and sweet whey;
Your hill of Glanmire, and the shops where the people
Get decent new clothes down beyond the Coal-quay.
Long life to sweet Fair-lane, its pipers and jigs,
And to sweet Sunday's-well, and the banks of the Lee;
Likewise our Court-house, where judges in wigs
Sing Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me!"

Cork Ballad.

So much has been written on the Corkonians by persons thoroughly qualified to do them justice, that we should have regretted our rashness in undertaking to tread so beaten a path were we not encouraged by the hope that what we have to say about their peculiarities may possess something of the charm of novelty for the majority of our readers. In sketching their characteristics, however, we give the result of our own observation, without reference to the opinions of any previous writer on the denizens of "the beautiful city."

Passing through the leading thoroughfares of the city during the busiest hours of the day, the stranger will be struck with the many cheerful, good-humoured faces he shall meet with in his walk. Among all classes he will see counte-

nances rosy with health and beaming with intelligence. This cheerfulness of aspect is conspicuous even among the working classes, who present a marked contrast to the sallow, care-worn visages of the mechanics of most manufacturing towns; while even the humblest are, in general, more comfortably clad than the corresponding class in other commercial cities.

As we are now treating of the externals of Cork life, the reader will please put on his hat and accompany us in a stroll through Patrick-street and the Parade—the fashionable promenades—between the hours of three and five o'clock, p.m. By what a motly and lively crowd are we not surrounded! Ill-dressed dandies, sporting bad hats, soiled kid gloves, and flashy ties; lovely girls, rather over-dressed, rattling away in the most musical of brogues, and with fun-flashing eyes, that make you feel very queer about the region of the heart, setting it "all of a twitter,"* chubby-faced youths of

* Let the most hopeless hypochondriac only encounter the glance of the Cork girls, and we warrant it he will be forthwith converted into the liveliest of men. There is a kind of mesmeric or galvanic influence in it beyond any medicament we know of. It pierces, it electrifies, it thrills, it burns, it tickles, it quickens, it flabbergasts, it bothers, it—whew!—we're fairly nonplused for words to describe its magical effects.

tender age, but preternaturally precocious, making futile efforts to enact the man, and looking distressingly imbecile as they leer at the girls with would-be amorous glances; raw, sun-burnt country "gents," hirsute in beard and moustache, and arrayed in sporting trim; seedy half-pay officers, and swaggering full-pay ones; and, finally, fat citizens with roseate gills and protuberant paunch, who roll cheerily along with the never-failing umbrella tucked under their arms.

Your progress through the thoroughfares will be frequently impeded by an admiring group assembled stolidly around a ballad-singer, howling out some rude love ditty, or dismal lamentation, or by a knot of politicians, constituting a "gutter club," so absorbed in the discussion of state affairs and national politics, as to be wholly oblivious of the inconvenience they cause to pedestrians. Or, haply, you may be thrust into the kennel by women with baskets projecting far on either side—but then it is done with so much good-humour, that the most irascible of mortals could scarcely fall out with them. Indeed, unrestricted license reigns in the streets of Cork. Boys play ball across the pathways, or at hide-and-seek around you, or drive a hoop or

top between your legs with the greatest coolness, and thieves will grope in your pockets with perfect impunity; while, at rare intervals, a policeman may be seen sauntering coolly along with the air of a man who has no duty and a clear conscience.

Nowhere does there seem to be a more idle or inquisitive class than are the lower orders of the population of Cork. Look up intently at the sky, or downward at the ground, or stare fixedly before you for a few minutes, and you will be straightway encompassed by an eager group anxiously inquiring "What's the matter?"

Having glanced at a few of the exterior features of Cork life, we shall now turn to the characteristics of the inhabitants. The first that a stranger will detect is the general propensity (if we may use an expressive vulgarism) to humbugging. The Corkonian will humbug you with the gravest face imaginable. Every little weakness or eccentricity in another is fair game to him; and so perfect an adept is he in the art, that, although the victim may have an uneasy consciousness of being made sport of, he, nevertheless, does not know what he would be at, or where to have his tormentor. When

he has fully "drawn out" his man, the successful operator withdraws, chuckling in stealthy enjoyment at the exhibition he has made of his victimized gobemouche. Should he, however, meet his match, or catch what is familiarly called "a Tartar," no whit abashed by his failure, he incontinently cracks a joke even at his own expense, and fraternises with his adversary. Hence, a thin-skinned man mixing among them will find himself in a perpetual state of ferment. He who would be proof against the Cork humbuggers must encase him in the hide of a rhinoceros.

Joking is also an essential characteristic of the Corkonians. He will have his laugh at everything, short of what is most sacred. Under all circumstances, he is a *jocosus puer*, and is ever ready with *le mot pour rire*.* He is nearly always either eating or elaborating good things; operations between which there exists an intimate connection; for your empty stomach is but ill calculated to prompt a merry thought. In reference to this habit an old writer remarks that

* As an instance of this pun-loving propensity, we may mention that a few years ago it was intended to erect a handsome front on the Grand Parade to the Meat and Fish Market, and a wag at once suggested that the city motto might be advantageously changed for that site into "*statio bene fide carnis*."

their "risibility" proceeds "rather from a full belly than the provocation of a joke." This love of good cheer seems to have long been a ruling propensity of the citizens, if we are to credit the well vituperated "Bob Twiss," who, in his amusing "Tour through Ireland," in 1775, thus libels them:—"But the forte of the citizens does not lie in the sciences of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, or such trifles, but in the more essential arts relative to eating and drinking, such as the slaughter of hogs, oxen, and sheep, in order to exchange the superfluous pork, beef, and mutton, for wine, &c. And, indeed, they are much in the right; for the sciences are only cultivated to enable their professors to acquire wherewith to purchase those necessaries." Coming from such a reckless vilifier, this statement must be received *cum grano;* but it cannot be denied that Cork wit shines brightest at the dinner table, and that a *quantum suf.* of rosey wine, or its great rival, "whiskey, drink divine," is the oil that feeds the flame. Undoubtedly, the Corkonian waxes most brilliant when the viands have been washed down by the third tumbler of Wise's or Hewett's "pot," or "patent" whiskey punch. Then, indeed, his humour corruscates in a flood of

lively sallies, comic songs, and pungent witticisms—verifying in his own person the truth of Maginn's portrait of—

> "A randy, bandy, brandy, no dandy,
> Rollicking jig of an Irishman."

So chockful of this spirit of fun are the Corkonians that it exuberates even in their business transactions. Bargains are concluded with a joke, and shop assistants engage in merry chat across the counters with their customers. This pococurantism pervades all ranks, and forms a really pleasant and peculiar feature in Cork society, as contrasted with the serious work-o'-day life of other mercantile communities.

Among this glib-tongued, but quick witted race, conversational power is the test of intellectual culture; and for their proficiency in that gift they are doubtless indebted to their propinquity to Blarney. Hence, they don't care a "*thrawneen*" (Anglice, a jackstraw) for a taciturn man, even were he a Tully or a Cicero, as one of themselves would say; but if you have a ready tongue, plenty of money, and especially *brass*, you will be courted and caressed to your heart's content in "the beautiful city."

The genus man is gregarious by instinct; the species Corkonian by temperament. Mercurial

and fun-loving, the excitement of society is absolutely essential to him. Owing to that inexhaustible vivacity arising from his intellectual or physical organisation, our Southern Celt is a good talker; and his conversation is usually seasoned with spicy anecdotes and pleasant bits of scandal. Yet is he graced with all the social amenities, and is remarkably non-opinionative. He is no pig-headed dogmatist, who will thrust his opinion perforce down your throat. He is, on the contrary, the most plastic and impressible of mortals. Whether it be from sheer indolence or politeness, we cannot undertake to say, but, at all events, he yields his opinion with the utmost suavity to any one who chooses to question it. Argument is a serious thing, and he laughs it aside. His principle of existence is to take things easy.

The Corkonians are very demonstrative—a characteristic noticeable even in the street conversations, conducted as they usually are with the emphatic warmth and lively gesticulation of the natives of a southern clime. This peculiarity enables strangers to become intimate with them very soon. And, by the way, another trait in their multiform and many-hued character is the marked partiality they seem to evince for

strangers. Speak with an English, Scotch, or foreign accent, wear a sleek moustache—in a word, be a stranger of presentable appearance, and you will immediately have the *entrée* to the best society in Cork.

Unquestionably social as are the inhabitants of the southern metropolis, yet nowhere does class exclusiveness exist with greater intensity than in Cork society, where the *esprit de caste* is maintained with a Brahminical rigour. Should anybody moving within one circle or *coterie* venture to associate with a person in an humbler sphere, he will be immediately tabooed—"cut dead" by his own "set."

In a figure borrowed from the staple trade of the city, it has been well said that all Cork is one vast weigh-house, where everyone must have his social rank duly scratched upon him. This exclusiveness exists as generally among the middle classes as among those above them. The cloth merchant looks down on the grocer, the latter on the chandler, who snubs the publican, who, in turn, looks down on somebody else. This would be sufficiently amusing, did it not tend to estrange men whose genial qualities render them so well calculated to combine in promoting the

pleasures and cultivating the amenities of social intercourse.

Finally, the *entrée* to the higher "sets" is not vouchsafed even to transcendent merit, when associated with limited means or lowly birth;—their portals resembling those doors that Tennyson says—

"Open but to golden keys."

While, as impartial chroniclers, we have noted some of the faults of the Corkonians, we feel sincere pleasure in giving them all honour and praise for their large-handed charity. The exclusiveness we have noticed is but the ice encrusting the surface of their character—the living stream of goodness flowing deep and warm beneath. To every appeal to their benevolence they respond with a princely munificence. The local charities are all well supported; and it has been truly said that you have but to open your hand in the cause of charity in Cork, to have it filled with hundreds. The almost unbounded charities of the late Jeremiah Murphy, the late Thomas Lyons, and of the late Mr. Beamish, are splendid instances of the worth of the citizens of Cork.

Cork has produced many distinguished sons and daughters. She has, however, given a more

brilliant and numerous roll of names to art than to literature or science.

When we consider the favourable circumstances by which her citizens are surrounded, we are surprised that she is not even more rife in artists and poets than she is. Inhabiting a picturesque old city, girdled with a cincture of beauty, like Venus with her cest—breathing an atmosphere of balmy softness, through which the stars shine down with a mysterious and mellowed lustre—canopied by a sky of alternate sunshine and showers, imparting to the landscape a changeful loveliness that ever invests it with a new charm—a noble collection of casts by which the mind is trained and elevated to the conception of the Ideal: all these are conditions peculiarly calculated to awaken the poetic and artistic faculties of the mind. These influences have been long leavening its educated classes, and, combined with the training afforded by the School of Design, cannot fail to develop the natural genius of the people, and bring it to a high degree of perfection. Indeed, one of the most peculiar and remarkable characteristics of the Corkonians generally is a blending of an ardent love of the beautiful with a vein of genuine humour.

The literary reputation of Cork is also of a high order. Certainly, the Corkonians are an eminently book-loving community; and even such tall fellows as Thackery and Lever have borne high testimony to their literary taste and ability. A genial love of reading pervades all classes, and is not restricted to the middle and upper, as in most other cities. It is this taste for literature, stimulated and nourished by the Cork Library and the Cork Institution, the diocesan and many private libraries, that has given the City such literary repute, and enabled her to produce a host of crack writers. Among her literary and scientific celebrities, we may mention Dr. Maginn, "Father Prout," Sheridan Knowles, D. O. Madden, Arthur O'Leary, Haynes Baily, Cavanagh Murphy, E. Kehealy, F. S Murphy, James Roche, Callanan, Millikin, M. J. Barry, Henry Hennessy, F.R.S.; Mrs. Jas. Gray, Mrs. Hoare, Dr. Robert D. Lyons, William Thompson, R. Dowden, J. F. Maguire, M.P., William K. Sullivan, F. Woodly, W. Lander, D. Casey, &c. In history and antiquities also the following writers have distinguished themselves:—T. Crofton Croker, J. Windele, Roger O'Connor, John O'Driscoll, Thomas Wood, Colonel Beamish, O'Neill Daunt, John Lindsey, Richard Caulfield,

R. Sainthill, Rev. J. England, W. Fagan, M.P., and Messrs. Hodder and Westropp.

Notwithstanding their unquestionable love of letters, strange to say, periodical literature has never succeeded in Cork. Magazines have been started there at various periods, but all have become speedily defunct. Among the earliest of these were the "Monthly Miscellany," which flourished about 1795, and the "Casket, or Hesperian Magazine," published by Millikin, in 1797, and which expired after having existed but one year. "Bolster's Quarterly Magazine," a more ambitious attempt, was subsequently started. It was supported by a staff of able contributors; but went down, owing to the unwise illiberality of the publisher. Many highly talented men contributed to it, including Callanan, J. A. Shea, M. F. M'Carthy, P. J. Meagher (now the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*), Ven. Archdeacon O'Shea, and J. Windele. So superior were the contributions to "Bolster's Quarterly," that many of them have since taken a place among our standard literature.

The last periodical attempted in Cork was the "Cork Magazine," commenced in November, 1847. Although its literary matter was characterised by considerable ability, it survived little

more than twelve months. It would not be just to ascribe all these instances of failure to an apathy on the part of the Cork people for enterprises of the kind. They are clearly attributable to the inability or disinclination of their editors or publishers to adequately remunerate the contributors. This is the great error of publishers of periodicals in this country. They surely cannot expect that men of ability will undergo the severe intellectual drain required by literary labour, and the consequent loss of time that it entails, without receiving adequate compensation for both. Hence it is that our literary men, like our artists, flit across the Channel, where they receive ample remuneration, and have a far wider sphere than in their own country, in which they find but scant patronage, and a very limited range.

As we are on literary matters, we may mention that there are two societies in Cork for the intellectual excitation of some of its inhabitants. The principal of these is the Cuverian Society, founded in 1835. Its objects have a wide range, embracing every branch of literature and science; owing to which, perhaps, it has never been a flourishing institution. Save in connection with archæology, it is scarcely heard

of; and even the cultivators of this department find themselves in antagonism with their confreres, whose tastes incline them to other intellectual pursuits. The investigators of one section look down on the department of other members with the same degree of sovereign contempt with which the squabbling professors in Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentlehommé* regarded each other.

The Cork Scientific and Literary Society holds weekly debates, and is a revival of the old "Lyceum." A fee of ten pence was charged for admission to the latter; and as a specimen of the subjects discussed there, we extract the following from an old Cork newspaper:—Question for Tuesday evening, March 21, 1811—"Which has the love of liberty or the love of women the greater influence on the noble mind?" Question for Saturday, April 6, 1811—"Did Pope libel the fair sex when he stated that 'every woman is at heart a rake?'" Question for Saturday, March 30, 1811—"Which is the condition of men or women in these countries the happier?" From the nature of these questions it is evident that women ran very much in the heads of a former generation of the Corkonians.

We reserve for the next chapter some other noticeable traits of the natives of the city of fun, frolic, pigs, puns, butter and blarney, brogue and brass, charming girls, and "odd fishes.

D.

CHAPTER IX.

The Corkonians—Continued.

"They may rail at the city where first I was born,
But it's there they've the whiskey, and butter, and pork;
And a neat little spot for to walk in each morn—
They call it Daunt's Square, and the city is Cork.
The square has two sides—why one east and one west,
And convenient's the region of frolic and spree,
Where salmon, drisheens, and beef-steaks are cooked best;
Och! Fishamble's the Eden for you, love, and me!"

Cork Ballad.

Resuming our sketch of the idiosyncracies of the Corkonians, a prominent one which cannot fail to attract the notice of a sojourner amongst them, is the warm personalities that characterise the debates of the Town Council, in which respect they are scarcely surpassed by the spicy ebullitions of Yankee senators. In the discussion even of the most trifling matters, flat contradictions are usually interchanged between speakers, and when any exciting question arises—such as a bridge or a gas one—several members start up and speak together, in utter contempt of the authority of the chairman. Indeed, "scenes" occur so frequently in the Cork Council that they are regarded as a matter of course. These little escapades, however, are but another form of "the fun of Cork." Hard knocks are given

and received in the best spirit, and those who have abused each other in the course of discussion, will, as soon as it is over, be as loving as if nothing calculated to disturb their friendship had occurred. Like true Irishmen, they knock each other down from pure love.

The unrestrained license of the attornies who practise in the local police-office is another characteristic of the place. Not only do they apply very warm epithets to each other, but they often set at nought the decision of the bench, and even lecture the presiding magistrates on their duty. Noticing these peculiarities, a writer on Cork, in 1736, says —"Attorneys have, in this city, one other confounded humour, which should be peremptorily checked by the bench, which is an attempt to worry their worships into an ill-judgement by prattling them out of their apprehensions. Impertinent babblers often continue to wrangle after the case is decided, like some fellows who hold by a bond when the debt has been paid." This description applies in every point to some of the local practitioners of the present day. And, *apropos*, the Munster capital is blessed with a superabundance of young solicitors and medical men—a fact which may be accounted for by another—namely, that, lacking

a sufficiency of money, a profession is a requisite for admission to some of the select "sets" to which we have referred. Hence, parents in Cork strive, at all hazards, to give their sons professions, preferring that they should starve genteelly, rather than engage in pursuits that would place them under a kind of social ban.

It has been remarked that people live beyond their means at Cork. This, however, is rather a national than a local failing. There is, undoubtedly, much extravagance in the style of living, and nowhere are greater sacrifices made to "appearances" than in Cork. Hence it would be a mistake to estimate the wealth of the city by the show upon the surface of society. Generally speaking, the capital accumulated by the parent is squandered by the son. Thus, there is much glitter and flourish without any solid substratum. This unthrifty mode of living is chiefly caused by the tyranny of custom, and by the class rivalry of which we have already spoken. Unless you live "fast" in Cork, you will be nobody. One should reside there to feel the terrible force and meaning of that awful question—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

Of late years the drama—of which the citizens were once such lovers and fastidious connoisseurs

—has been at a discount in Cork. The city was once famous for its amateur histrionics. Of these the Apollo Society was the most conspicuous. Milliken actively assisted in its formation, and the society comprised most of the choice spirits of Cork. Their performances were held in the King's Theatre in Tuckey-street, now no more. The late well-known Frank Seymour (peace be with thee, "Chouse!") was one of the principal performers, and convulsed his audience both by his ranting and amusing blunders.* Among the lady performers was Miss Smithson, a very beautiful girl, who subsequently won the hearts of the Parisians at the Odeon, by the grace of her acting and the loveliness of her person.

The Corkonians are passionately fond of music; and while even dramatic stars will fail "to draw," a third-rate opera company will attract large audiences. In almost every house you will hear the notes of a piano; while at night the air is resonant with those of the accordian, played by the honest 'prentice boys of Cork, for

* Poor Frank was one of the "characters" of Cork, and was connected with the local theatres until his death. Notwithstanding his efforts to cater for the public, he was always in difficulties. We feel bound to say that his representation of "Doctor O'Toole" was really capital. Another "Apollo," named Rogers, was a very clever actor.

the delectation of its music-loving public. The very urchins in the street (and clever-faced little fellows they are) will surprise you by whistling an air from a new opera with perfect taste and accuracy. This love of music would seem to be hereditary in the Corkonians. Adverting to this taste, nearly a century ago, Dr. Smith says:—"Besides the public concerts, there are several private ones, where the performers are gentlemen and ladies, of such good skill, that one would imagine the god of music had taken a large stride from the Continent over England to this island." Private musical reunions, such as these existed in Cork until within some few years past; but, we believe, none is in being at present.

Cork has produced some eminent musicians and composers. Among the latter is A. D. Roche, and among the former the late W. Forde (who was an exquisite performer on the flute), Mr. Bowden, the late Dr. Willes, the late Recorder Waggett, and W. Gillespie. The music and singing in the churches of Cork are very superior.

And now a few words anent the ladies of Cork. We unhesitatingly affirm—and we do

so in all sincerity—that in no city of equal population on the face of the globe are to be seen so many lovely women as within the compass of the fair Munster capital. Nowhere will you find women with such an exquisite bloom on the face, such statuesque regularity of feature, combined with ever-varying play of expression, such lithe forms and fawnlike grace of movement, such a blending of dark glancing eyes and orbs of brightest blue, of the voluptuous langour of Italy with the sprightly vivacity of France. But far better, and beyond all these charms, are their genuine goodness of heart, and graceful refinement of mind—the former lending an irresistable witchery to their smile, and the latter imparting to their conversation an indefinable grace and sparkle.*

Beauty prevails in an equal degree among the women of the lower classes as in those of the middle and upper ranks; but its effect is marred in the former by their untidiness, Did they but braid their magnificent tresses, which are generally uncombed or dishevelled, the women of the humbler ranks would be extremely attractive.

* A malicious poet (evidently a crusty old bachelor) thus libels the ladies of Cork:—

"They don't care two potatoes for Solons or Platos,
But for raw strapping boobies that stand six feet high"

Even as it is, there are few sights more pleasing or picturesque than a group of Cork girls assembled around a fountain, or ascending from the river-side with pitchers gracefully poised on their heads

In noting the peculiarities of Corkonians, we should not omit their brogue. It has been mercilessly attacked by strangers. One writer compares it to "a railway whistle raised to hurricane power, trying to scream down a saw-mill at full work." It is broad enough, Heaven knows; but this is characterising it with a vengeance! Now, so far from being such as this prejudiced scribbler describes it, the Cork accent is soft and mellifluous—in the mouth of a woman, it is truly music-breathing. Unctuous and mellow, it issues from the lips with a peculiar richness of intonation far more agreeable to our *unprejudiced* ear than the harsh grating of the Northern or the shrill tones of the Dublin accent. We may add that it is strongly suggestive of blarney.

Another peculiarity of the Corkonians is the spirit of tuft-hunting and toadyism that prevails amongst them. There was some excuse for their frantic fit of loyalty during the Queen's visit, when almost every man in Cork was

insane;* but what can we say of a people who prostrated themselves in the mud before a Lord Lieutenant, and baptised a lunatic asylum with his name! Their love of titles has, however been gratified of late years; for the honour of knighthood has been so plentifully scattered among its citizens, that, as one of its "jokers" would say, Cork is as distinguished for its knights as Algiers was for its Deys.

A writer on Cork observes that its gentlemen are remarkable for wearing bad hats. Another notable characteristic of the Corkonians is a contempt for street-crossings, and a tendency to make short cuts by a kind of triangulation.

We must now give a glance at two quaint districts of the city, which are worthy of notice —the North Main-street, and that known as Ballythomas The former was once, and is to a

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* In reference to this loyal *furore*, Thackeray wrote the following lines in *Punch*:—

"Like erathers mad run, tho Cork boys glad run,
To see the squadhron sthame up the Lee!
And I'm bound to mintion the condescinsion
And great attintion of her Majesty."

Although not quite in point, we cannot forbear quoting the following additional verse:—

"Cork's illigant sthructures and manufacthurs
Wid satisfaction the Queen survey'd,
And the height of curiosity and ginerosity
Widout hanimosity to all display'd."

great extent still, the Alsatia of the city. The narrow closes that branch off from it teem with disreputable and disorderly characters of all kinds. Here, in fine weather, groups of women squat on the pathways, and gossip away, utterly regardless of the inconvenience caused thereby in a narrow and crowded thoroughfare. One of these lanes is celebrated as having been formerly the region of Cork fun and frolic. In Fishamble-lane, some of the choicest spirits of the city, as well as its merriest roisterers, held jovial suppers, seasoned by the most brilliant wit and rare scholarship. Here Millikin, Maginn, Tolekin, Boyle, and the other members of the Deipnosophists, enjoyed "the flow of soul," and pushed their revels far into the night. Tolekin has celebrated the spot in a song full of racy humour, entitled "Judy M'Carthy, of Fishamble-lane." It was famous also for its oysters, beefsteaks and drisheens.* To this day the soul of the hungry visitor is ravished by the divine afflatus which, distilled from its cellars and shops, burthens the surrounding atmosphere with a fragrance more

* A delicious edible, peculiar to Cork. It is composed of sheep's puddings, and is manufactured in Ballythomas, which region is entitled to the gratitude and reverence of epicures for this delectable production. Charles Lamb has immortalised the delights of roast pig—would that we had another "Ellia" to celebrate those of drisheen!

delightful than all the gums and spices of "Araby the blest."

The population of Ballythomas (which is posited on the heights at the northern side of the city) is altogether peculiar and original. In this district you will see "nature undisguised by art." They are a merry-in-the-midst-of-poverty race, and of belligerent and excitable natures, withal. What a picture do two of its beldames, engaged in a scolding match, present! Now they advance with arms "a-kimbo," pouring forth a torrent of abuse the while, until their noses almost touch; they then recede to give two or three frenzied prances; anon they smack their palms defiantly till they ring again. What passion-fraught gestures!—what ire-rousing words!—and what a strange vocabulary they use! But we must let Mr Windele describe it. "It is a jargon," he says, "whose principal characteristics appear in the pronounciation of *th*, as exemplified in *dis*, *dat*, *den*, *de:* this, that, then, they; and in the dovetailing of words, as *kum our ish*, for "come out of this."* Bally-

* As illustrative of this peculiar dialect, and of the simple character of those who use it, we will instance a conversation a friend happened to overhear between two crones of the locality. Talking of some person recently deceased, one asked the other—"Eh, den, Judy, allanah, iv what did he die, now?" "Ayeh, den," replied Judy, "he died *iv a Tuesday*, I'm tould."

thomas was once characterised by distinctive customs and usages; but the march of innovation has swept many of them away. They are, in sooth, a right hearty race, true as steel, and game to the backbone.

Another primitive district in this quarter of the city is Blackpool, which is well described in the following verse of a genuine Cork ballad:—

"Blackpool is another sweet place in that city,
Where pigs, twigs, and weavers, they all grow together,
With its smart little tan-yards—och, more is the pity,
To strip the poor beasts to convert them to leather!"

This spot was the inspiration of that famous song, "De groves o' de Pool," composed by Millikin, from which we subjoin two verses, that will give some idea of its raciness:—

"Oh, sure dere's no nation in Munster
Wid de Groves of de Pool can compare,
Where dose heroes were all educated.
And de nymphs are so comely and fair.
Wid de gardens around enthertaining.
Wid sweet purty posies so full,
Dat is worn by dose comely young cratura
Dat walks in de Groves of de Pool.
Ri fol, &c.

"Oh! many's de time, late and early,
Dat I wished I was landed again,
Where I'd see de sweet Watercourse flowing,
Where de skinners deir glory maintain.
Likewise dat divine habitation,*
Where dose babbies are all sent to school,
Dat never had fader nor moder,
But were found in de Groves of de Pool.
Ri fol, &c."

* A Foundling Hospital.

Another peculiarity of Cork cannot fail to excite the astonishment of strangers—namely, the wholly unprotected state of the streets at night. The safety of the city is then entrusted to a few decrepit old men, armed with poles surmounted by rusty bayonets. In leaving their lives and property thus exposed, the people of Cork evince a beautiful reliance on Providence, most affecting to contemplate in a distrustful and sophisticated age like ours.

The nightly "guardians" of the city, when they do not happen to be drunk or asleep in doorways, cry the hour in a manner which renders it impossible to understand them. They make use of a peculiar howl which baffles all description. The following attempt to analyse it may convey some faint notion of the song used by one of these

"Hoarse unfeathered nightingales of time."

Commencing in a key between a whine and an ullagone, his voice gradually swells into the following outlandish cry:—"Aw pa-haast alieavan a koolohawk, a fay-hay-hay-hay-hay hair noight, haw-haw-haw-haw-hawl's weigh-haw,"—terminating the whole with a vicious yell, extremely startling, and even terrifying to nervous people who may happen to be awake, or be awakened by it.

And now we have done with the city. With all their faults (and they have many, but not *grave* ones), we say from our heart—all honour to the fine race who inhabit it! For no more generous, hospitable, and kindly, can be found anywhere else. Proudly does he who traces these lines own himself to be a son of the Queen of the South—of the City of Genius, a designation to which she is clearly entitled from the many brilliant names she has given to almost every walk of human genius. And still among her children numerous glowing spirits and stout hearts are at work, bravely bent on winning, either within or without her walls, additional chaplets of fame wherewith to deck the fair brow of the dear old city.

CHAPTER X.

From Cork to the Harbour—Conclusion.

Issuing from the city, by its eastern termination, on board one of the well-appointed river steamers, the handsome office of the St. George's Steam Packet Company is seen to the left, and, immediately adjoining, appear the terminus and extensive buildings of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company. A large portion of their ground here has been appropriated for docks, whose basin occupies an area of five acres, and will be capable of holding several vessels. A bridge of a peculiar construction, connecting the Glanmire Road with Penrose's-Quay, has been just completed by the Company. The framework is composed of iron, and the bridge itself moves on a central pivot, constructed on the same principle as the turning table of a locomotive. The pivot is supported by a solid mass of masonry, rising midway between the grooves, in which the extremities of the bridge fit when in its proper position. The bridge is light, elegant, and simple, and can be moved with ease by two men.

On the opposite side, the river is skirted by the New Wall, a delightful and much frequented promenade, recently planted with a double row of elms, by Professor Murphy, of the Queen's College. The New Wall, which will be soon connected with Blackrock, borders the treeless "Park," the latter containing about 240 acres, on which crops are grown by the Professor.

A little below the Cork and Passage Railway terminus, a scene of panoramic beauty opens on the view. To the left arises the richly wooded hill overhanging the Glanmire Road, dotted with handsome detached villas, beautified by thick shrubberies, trim gardens,

> "And many a shadow-chequered lawn
> Full of the city's stilly sound."

or snug cottages, the very ideal of suburban comfort, cosily nestled in embowering trees. On the right, the banks spread away in gentle undulations, covered by sombre groves, through which peer occasionally the pointed gables of antiquated residences and the broad-eaved roofs of modern villas.

Of the residences on the north side of the river, Woodhill, the seat of Mr. C. Penrose, is invested with a peculiar interest, owing to the circumstance of poor Emmet's bethrothed, Miss Curran,

having been married there to Captain Sturgeon. But time has robbed it of this romantic charm, and it is no longer regarded as "a sainted shrine." Below Woodhill are Tivoli, the residence of J. Morgan, Esq., Lota, Lota-more, and other elegant villas, whose appearance attests the affluence of their inhabitants. On the south side appear Sans Souci, Feltrim (the seat of Mr. Fagan, one of the representatives of the city), Clifton, Maryville, and Dundanion, the seat of Sir Thomas Deane.

About midway between the villages of Ballintemple and Blackrock is situated the pretty church of St. Michael. This church is adorned with one of the most beautiful productions of Hogan's chisel. It is a monument in *alto relievo* to the memory of W. Beamish, Esq., of Beaumont, representing the Resurrection. Above is an angel, with outspread wings, blowing the dread summons—the right hand grasping the trumpet, and the left gracefully extended. Over the whole figure is flung such an air of motion that it appears to fly; while the eyes are half-closed, as if to veil the celestial resplendence with which they seem to beam. Beneath the angel is a cherub with clasped hands and up-turned face. Below, and

occupying the base of the slab, are the two principal figures of the group. One represents the body rising from the tomb. The cerements still cling to the limbs, which, while yet retaining somewhat of the rigidity of death, are thrilling with the glow and vigour of a new existence. The body is half-raised, and the face veiled by the shroud, which, with one hand, it strives to remove, as eager to behold the glory about to be revealed to it. The muscles are wrought out with an anatomical truth, such as a true artist alone can achieve; while the drapery is arranged with such artistic skill around the limbs as to bring out in relief the soft and rounded contour of the flesh; an effect to which the angular fragments of the shattered tomb also contribute Immediately above this figure is an angel, whose right hand points towards Heaven, and whose countenance—"breathing Paradise"—is illumined with a mingled expression of encouragement and consolation. Every detail of this beautiful group is most elaborately finished, and its slightest accessaries pregnant with meaning. All that is painful and repulsive in death disappears, and there is present alone—elevating but awe-inspiring—the sublime triumph of immortality over the perishable clay, of Eternity over Time.

The great artist who carved this monument has just passed from amongst us; but his spirit is present in the marble, whence it shall speak with silent, but eloquent utterance, to generations yet to come. O divine and wondrous spell of genius! that can lift our drooping spirits from out the petty cares and contracted views of our daily existence, aloft into the starry realms of the Ideal, where the mental vision meets with naught but lovely forms, and the soul is filled with pure and noble thoughts.*

Pursuing our course down the Lee, the eye is gladdened with a rapid succession of charming views. The most prominent object in the scene is Blackrock Castle, built on the spur of a wooded promontary, at the south side of the river. From its admirable position, as well as the beauty of its design, the castle has a highly picturesque effect. It consists of a large circular tower, with crenelated battlements, and of a smaller cylindrical turret, rising behind, in which a light is burned for the guidance of shipping—

* The fame of the illustrious sculptor belongs to his country, to which it has lent an additional renown. To the pride and gratitude of that country he has bequeathed his family, and it is the sacred duty of Irishmen to place them beyond the reach of want. His native city should honour its greatest artist by erecting a public monument to his memory.

the whole surmounted by a flag-staff. The former castle was burned down in 1727, some time after which the present structure was erected. Courts of Admiralty were formerly held there to preserve the rights of the corporation; a custom which has been long superseded by the far more imposing ceremony of shooting a silver arrow outside the harbour.

On the opposite bank, at a commanding elevation, rise the tall and slender turrets of the Mathew Tower, erected by Mr. Connor, in memory of the Apostle of Temperance. Nearer the margin of the river extend the sylvan glades of Dunkettle, adjoining which appear the castellated walls of North-Esk, the seat of James Carnegie, Esq. Between the verdure-robed hills in front of Blackrock Castle flows the lovely Glanmire river, through a romantic district of hill and dale, glen and dingle, pasture and woodland. A little below the mouth of the Glanmire river, the shores sweep away on either side, enclosing a noble expanse of water, called Lough Mahon, from an old fortress of the Mahonies in the vicinity. On fine summer evenings the surface of the lough, studded with the white sails of pleasure-boats, and gleaming with the flash of oars, presents a gay and animated aspect.

Jutting far into the waters of Lough Mahon, on the northern shores, is seen the Little Island, so called to distinguish it from the great island, sometime known as Cove. Below the Little Island, the shores trend away on either side, between which the Lee expands into a broad and noble stream. The banks are fringed with trees, through which gleam verdant lawns and uplands of tenderest green now alight with sunshine, and glimmering anon in softest shadow. Rembrandt would have loved to study the broad lights and shades that are ever flitting over the scenery of the Lee, whose waters appear frequently tinted with various dyes. Here a dull leaden colour, there black as a thunder-cloud—in this place violet, in that a pale, golden hue, while another part of its surface flashes with a dazzling effulgence. The scene is frequently enlivened by the rush of the Cork and Passage Railway train, and the plash of the river steamers speeding up and down the stream.

Rounding the promontory of Horse Head, we come in sight of the town of Passage on the southern bank. It is well situated, and derives considerable advantages from the railway that connects it with Cork. The shallowness of the channel precludes vessels of large tonnage from

ascending higher than the roadstead in front of the town. The most important establishment connected with Passage is the Victoria Dock, the property of Mr. William Brown, which was built at the cost of about £100,000. It is worked by floating gates, and is capable of holding four vessels of the largest size.

Passage has been celebrated in a witty song, of which a version, by "Father Prout," has been recently published in Lover's "Irish Lyrics." The opening verse is as follows:—

"The town of Passage is both large and spacious,
And situated upon the *say*;
'Tis *nate* and *decent*, and quite adjacent,
To come from Cork on a summer's day.
There you may slip in and take a dipping,
Forenint the shipping that at anchor ride;
Or in a wherry cross o'er the ferry,
To Carrigaloe on the other side."*

The town is chiefly remarkable for its dirt and offensive odours; but it is to be hoped that the inhabitants will submit ere long to the purging and sanitary provisions of the Towns' Improve-

* A love song, entitled "The Maid of Passage," is scarcely less celebrated than the above. We quote a verse as a specimen:—

"Oh! fair maid of Passage,
As plump as a sausage,
And as mild as a kitten,
Those eyes in your face—
Yerrah! pity my case,
For poor Dermuid is smitten!"

ment Act, and thereby considerably promote the welfare of this otherwise agreeable watering place.

A little below Passage are the Victoria Baths, a very handsome and effective building, with tapering minarets in the Moresque style. The proprietor has erected a Turkish Bath, which will be an additional inducement to the citizens of Cork to visit this charming locality. Behind the Victoria Baths is visible Carrigmahon, Dr. Curtin's hydropathic establishment (which also possesses a Turkish Bath) charmingly posited on the crest of a wooded and verdant height. The road beneath winds beside the river, through a mass of steep rocks that rise, in a series of distinct ledges, to a considerable height above the water. A legend affirms that these rocks were piled up by an Irish giant, named Mahony, whence their designation, "The Giant's Stairs."

Monkstown is one of the most picturesque localities on the river. It occupies the gorge of a romantic glen, and the pretty detached cottages and handsome terraces of which it is composed are spread along the slope of a gently rising acclivity. About midway on the ascent tapers the graceful spire of the church; and a

little to the east of it, embosomed in a girdle of verdure, arise the walls of the old castle,

"Grey with the frost of hoar antiquity."

It is a quadrangular building, flanked by square towers, and was built in 1636, at the cost of a groat! So saith tradition which gives this solution of the problem. Mrs. Anastatia Archdekan, while her husband was absent in a foreign land, determined to afford him "an agreeable surprise," by presenting him on his return with a castle of her own erection. Having engaged workmen, she made an agreement with them that they should purchase food and clothing solely from herself. The thrifty lady then laid in a good store of these necessaries, charging the workmen a commission on the sales. When the edifice was completed, on balancing her amount of receipts and expenditure, she found that the latter exceeded the former by the sum of four pence. The Castle, however, was not long in the possession of the Archdekans, since, being adherents of the Stuarts, they forfeited in 1688.

Doubling the angle of Reenmeen, on the opposite shore, we enter the splendid estuary of Cork Harbour. Passing the naval depot of Haulbow-

line, with its ranges of spacious stores, and the islet of Rocky, Queenstown breaks on the view, occupying a large portion of the southern shore of the harbour, and ascending in terraces along the side of the hill. The noble façade of the Queen's Hotel—one of the finest in the kingdom —and the handsome range of stately houses that extends from the Market-square to the foot of Spy-hill, have a truly imposing effect, when seen from the water.

Of late years Queenstown has been considerably improved. It was only within the last twelve months that the Towns' Improvement Act has been introduced with very beneficial effects. The greater part of the town is now illumined by gas, and a Water Company provide the inhabitants with an abundant supply of that necessary liquor. These improvements render the place far more attractive to pleasure-seekers and invalids than it had hitherto been, and thus its denizens will reap additional benefits from these reforms.

In 1848, Lord Middleton erected a splendid limestone quay, which extends over a mile from the town, as far as Whitepoint This is now a favourite promenade. From any of the surrounding heights beautiful views can be obtained

of the noble basin, with its verdant shores sweeping away in the distance—the emerald frame of a sapphire mirror; while far outside the harbour gleams the white tower of the lighthouse, whose base is lashed by the foam of the broad Atlantic.

It is needless for us to loiter over attractions so well known as those possessed by Queenstown. Its regattas are famed—so is its Yacht Club; its advantages, as a sojourn for invalids, are known all over Europe. For the history of the town and the island we refer our readers to the local chronielers.* Hastening onwards to our gaol, we shall merely remark, that in the ancient churchyard of Clonmel, in the interior of the island, sleeps the dust of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, the author of the immortal lines on the death of Sir John Moore, and of Tobin, scarcely less celebrated by his comedy of "The Honeymoon." The former died there of consumption in 1823.

Directly in front of Queenstown is Spike Island, which, from its position, forms a natural

* It will suffice to mention here that the Great Island belonged formerly to the family of the Hodnetts, and passed into the possession of the Barrys, in the fourteenth century, whence it was styled Barrymore. The latter sept built the strong castles of Barry's-Court and Belvelly, whose remains, in tolerable preservation, are still visible on the island. It is seven miles in length, and nearly four in breadth, containing in all about 13,000 acres.

and admirable breakwater. It is used as a convict depot, and holds at present about 800 malefactors, who are chiefly employed on the fortifications which are now in a very effective and formidable condition. Near the south-eastern extremity of the harbour is the embouchure of a stream which leads through beautiful scenery to the East Ferry, Ballinacurra, and Midleton. At the opposite side are the rich plantations of Aghada, containing Rostellan, lately the seat of the Marquess of Thomond. The O'Briens of Thomond were among the first of the native princes who espoused the English interests, and their estates were gifts made by the crown of the lands of the more patriotic chieftains who refused to yield, and were driven into exile. By a strange revolution in the wheel of fate, these estates, after the lapse of three centuries, have come once more into the ownership of some of the lineal descendants of the original proprietors in the County of Clare. The fine estate of Rostellan was recently sold in the Encumbered Estates Court, and was within an ace of being purchased by John Arnott, Esq., a benevolent and highly esteemed citizen of Cork.*

* The Encumbered Estates Court has effected a complete social revolution in Ireland, the effects of which are already beginning to be felt. To give an idea of the extent of its

A legend records that the proprietor who erected the mansion of Rostellan, having built it on the site of a graveyard, from which the bones were removed for the purpose, was so terrified on taking possession of the house by the unearthly noises made by the spirits of those whose mortal remains he had disturbed, that he fled from it, and never inhabited it after. There is also a stone in the demesne, said to possess the magical property, when removed, of returning to its original position.

A short distance from Aghada appears the neat village of Whitegate, on the marge of a bay formed by the semi-circular sweep of the shore. Opposite is the wood-robed headland of Curraghbinny, at the mouth of the Carrigaline river, the final tributary of the Lee At its entrance is the fishing hamlet of Crosshaven, and further in,

operations we transcribe the following interesting particulars from the *North American Review* for last January:—"From the statistics of the new court, recently published, we learn that from the 25th of October, 1849, to the 25th of May, 1857, 4,109 petitions for the sale, partition, and exchange of land had been presented to the Commissioners. Of these, 1,195 originated with the embarrassed owners, and 2,914 with the creditors. On the whole, 3,145 orders for sale were given, and the property was promptly sold in 11,123 lots to 7,216 purchasers, of whom 6,962 were Irish, the remainder English, Scotch and foreigners. The estates already sold have brough £20,194,201, of which amount—immense when we consider the poverty of the country—£18,000,000 has been distributed to the parties interested."

Drake's Pool, so called to perpetuate the escape of Sir Francis Drake from the Spanish fleet, which sought for him in the harbour outside, while he was safely hidden in the pool that bears his name. Ascending the river, a region of enchantment is unfolded to the view. The estuary is enclosed by hills clothed from summit to base with magnificent trees, and, winding in its course, forms a number of apparently land-locked lakes presenting the appearance of a miniature Rhine. Situated on its banks are the fine demesnes of Coolmore and Hoddersfield, the favourite resorts of pic-nic parties from "the beautiful city." The once impregnable Castle of Carrigaline rose on an elevation near the village; but not a vestige of it remains The ruins of Aghamarta Castle, formerly a keep of the Desmonds, are still visible on the banks of the river.

Emerging from the Awnabuoy, we arrive in a few moments at the mouth of the harbour. The bold headlands on either side of it are crowned by the forts of Camden and Carlisle, the former to the right, the latter to the left, as you issue from the port. Standing on one of these heights, let us give one parting glance at the scene outspread before us. On one side extends the magnificent basin of the harbour, glassing its

many islands, and the numberless shipping, gay with the bunting of various lands, on its sheeny bosom. Numerous fine yachts glide gracefully over the water, enlivening the scene with their swan-like sails; while, in the distance, the terraced slopes of Queenstown glitter in the sunshine. Thence spreads away the eastern shore, rich with verdure, and studded with gentlemen's seats; and on the western side of the harbour are seen the verdant borders of the Barony of Kerrikurriby, on which is situated the beautiful demesne of Ballybricken. Turning oceanwards, we see the rocky shores spreading away as far as Trabolgan, the seat of Lord Fermoy, on the one side, and to Ringabella Bay on the other. At some distance the lighthouse rises boldly on a projecting rock, and beyond it heaves the glittering bosom of the mighty Atlantic.

Our pleasant task is done. The tranquil river whose course we have so imperfectly traced, flows past us as we write, flushed with the roseate hues of the westering sun. A thousand memories throng upon us of happy hours—never more to return—spent upon its banks. From out the darkling mists of the past loving eyes, now quenched for ever, seem to beam upon us

once more, and warm hands, long crumbled into dust, to grasp our own with responsive pressure. But away with dreams—the time has come, dear reader, when we must shake *your* hand at parting. We would fain defer the moment, but we are forced, at length, to utter, for a time, that painful word—farewell!

FINIS.

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