

*Dodder Council  
with this: Hallett's Rept.  
on the Dodder Reservoirs  
(with map), 1874.  
It is a splendid  
report and very  
important as well as  
useful. (Lelan no. 12.  
D.O. no. 1275)*



**THE DODDER;**

*i.e. under Drainage Report's.*

**ITS HISTORY, TRADITIONS, AND ASSOCIATIONS,**

(SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE NEWS.")

BY JNO. CHR. FITZACHARY.



THE scenery in the neighbourhood of Dublin, regarded from an inland or seaward point of view, has frequently elicited the warmest admiration from strangers who have sojourned awhile upon our shores; yet, acting on the adage which tells us that "a prophet is never valued in his own country," we seldom seem to realise the enchanting scenes which Nature has in so many easily-reached districts so lavishly scattered around us. In

this respect our Continental friends manage things very differently. With knapsack on back and staff in hand the young Frenchmen form sketching and snap-shot parties, and explore their own country from Normandy to Mount Jura, along the banks of the Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone, making pictures of the old chateaux of Provence and Brittany and the passes of the Pyrenees. So, too, with the young men of Germany.

It is this love of Nature and of one's native land which refines the fountain springs of life, and awakens those pure and healthy passions that assert the true dignity and nobility of man.

In all ages and climes this love has formed the taste and prompted the efforts of every man of genius or talent who earned the admiration of his contemporaries, or of posterity, by the products of his pencil, chisel, or pen. With us, however, this natural yearning, allied, as it should be, with national pride, is re-

markably absent. Our nobility, gentry, and monied classes, year after year, go a touring on the Continent, ignorant, or apparently so, of the bold sea-cliffs, the wooded glens, the mountain defiles, the ruined castles, and ivied abbeys of "our own Green Isle." Our well-to-tradesmen and shopkeepers follow in their footsteps, and do everything that is performable from one end of the world to the other. Only the other day a letter appeared in a public print, written by a city shopkeeper, from which we learned that, after being up and down the Rhine and across the Alps, the writer had recently been to "the other side of Jordan," and was then, at the date of his letter, wandering along the Nile, and gazing in astonishment at the Pyramids of Ghizeh in Egypt! Surely the dream of Thomas Moore, unlike that of Macauley, has been literally realised, and it now requires no very imaginative faculties to picture—

Some Mrs. Tomkins taking tea  
And toast upon the walls of Ghina!

This indifference, which amounts almost to contempt, for the scenery of our native land—some of which is as surprisingly beautiful as that of the Rhine, and as wild and sublimely grand as that of Switzerland—is accounted for by the fact that the natural attractions in the neighbourhood of Dublin—foremost among which a place must be given to the River Dodder—find more favour in the eyes of strangers visiting our metropolis than in those of the citizens themselves.

It is no small tribute to the scenic attractions of the Dodder that its windings have over and over again arrested the pencils of many of the most celebrated artists, and its varied beauties contributed in a very material degree to call forth the pictorial talent of many a youthful and enthusiastic aspirant for artistic fame. It was on the banks of this stream that the genius of Danby, who painted "The Deluge"; FitzGerald, who painted "In Winter Quarters"; Moynan, who painted "Joe," and Duffy who painted innumerable and well known landscapes; to say nothing of others who, although, perhaps, not as distinguished as these named, possess considerable proficiency, is in no small degree owing to the inspiration drawn from the same source.

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How delightful it is in spring, summer or autumn to stray along the Dodder out to its source in Glenismole, while every spot on which the eye rests gladdens the vision, and every sound finds an echo in the heart, to hasten to the glens and brakes and listen to the song-birds as they pour forth their melodies in this enchanting region.

There, with the Kippure mountain soaring up to a height of 2,400 feet, "far away from the madding crowd" of men and commerce, with the quiet loneliness of the scene unbroken, save by the rippling of the river, we can transport ourselves, in imagination, back to remote times. Memory recalls the ancient legends of this locality, where crumbling and moss-grown monuments are not wanting for tradition to hang its stories on. Here it was, as is duly recounted in song and story, that Ossian, the son of Fin, hunted the enchanted deer, and to this day the peasantry point out "Ossian's Well," where the bard

"Often drew  
Sweet inspiration from the mountain dew."

In the well-known legend of "The Chase of Glenismaile," which was translated by the great Celtic scholar, Eugene O'Curry, and published in Dr. Drummond's "Irish Minstrelsy," we find the description of this lovely spot, which is as truthfully faithful to the surroundings to-day as when Ossian narrated to St. Patrick his account of the Fenians assembling on a rosy morning to raise the deer in Glenismole:—

"Soon passed we with our merry men,  
O'er the green hill that tops the glen,  
Where woods in verdant bloom arrayed,  
Give rich variety of shade;  
Sweet birds their carols soft prolong,  
Far cliffs repeat the cuckoo's song;  
And oft, as down the valley floats  
The music of the thrush's notes,  
The hunter, tho' in full career,  
Stops short in ecstasy to hear."

In these days of ours, "when," as Edmund Burke expressed it, "the age of chivalry is gone," and the age of legend

has gone with it, the writer feels almost afraid to ask the money-making and up-to-date speculating reader to stray with him, even in fancy, through these old bye-paths of Fairyland, which, in our boyhood, we so often traversed—to visit, in thought, the haunted dells where the leprechaun worked for the *good people*—the raths where the fairy kings held court, and the woodlands and mossy banks where the elves danced in rings around "The Fairy Thorn."

The onward progress of education, the rapid increase of population, and, consequently, the rise and progress of new dwellings on all sides of Dublin and its suburbs, are fast displacing the old landmarks and monumental remains, and altering the former features of the country around. Railways and steam and electric tramways usurp the pathways and roads we rambled over in our youth; and their screams, their snorts, and their whistles are the only recompense we have now left us for the loss of the singing of the birds or the murmur of the breeze, waking the stillness of the fine old woods that are now so rapidly disappearing.

The very stream—for our river is small at its hill-girdled cradle—seems to shout as it gambols on, with infantile delight, through flowery dells and dark ravines—"Follow on—follow on!"

On leaving its natal place in the Highlands that divide the Counties of Dublin and Wicklow, it immediately meets with an accession near Heathfield Lodge, by the junction of two tributaries—the Sladebrook and the Cotbrook, and leaving Slievebawn, flows on through Glenismole Valley where, at a cost of over £200,000, the corporate body, until recently known as the Rathmines Commissioners, but now known as the Urban District Council, have constructed an admirable, although badly abused waterworks. To the west are the brakes of Ballynascorney, the "town of the rocky mountain," or, as it is sometimes translated, the "throat of the wind." Which is correct we leave to scholars better versed in the Gaelic language than ourselves.

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This district, shortly after the advent of the English upon our shores, was confiscated from the original owners and bestowed upon the Talbots, Walshes, Dillons, FitzAcharys, and Cruises, and other adventurers and followers of Strongbow, and, afterwards, of Cromwell, who obtained large possessions in and around Dublin. The boldest and the bravest of these foreign settlers were created knights, and stationed on the borders of the Pale, and perhaps in no place did they display more daring than in the famous "Gap of Ballynascorney," which is situate in the immediate vicinity of Belgard Castle, formerly the seat of a branch of the lordly house of Talbot, and history informs us that here and in the neighbourhood of Drimna Castle, which was founded in the reign of King John by De Bernival, an adventurous knight, who came to Ireland in the train of that prince, and received from him a grant of the surrounding lands. From this knight, whose death occurred in 1221, the Irish Barnwells claim descent, and some members of the family held possession of Drimna and Terenure till the time of James I, when, after a protracted lawsuit, they fell into the hands of Sir Adam Loftus. During the great insurrection of 1641 it was garrisoned for the King by the Duke of Ormond, and had the rare and almost exceptional good fortune of escaping the destruction that followed shortly after the arrival of Cromwell and his bands. Those glens and plains witnessed many a hotly contested fight between the clansmen of Imaile, and the troopers and warders of the Pale. But, notwithstanding all the efforts of the mailed men-at-arms, the garrisons of Belgard and Drimna Castles succumbed to the saffron-shirted mountaineers, and on one occasion especially, in 1533, and during the reign of bluff King Harry, the followers of the O'Toole and the O'Byrne beat down all

opposition, and took and sacked the Castle of Dublin, and then made good their retreat to the Wicklow hills. With that natural politeness which has ever been a distinguishing trait in the character of our countrymen, they were unceasing in their attentions to the strangers. They stood on very little ceremony, and they never waited for a formal invitation. What wonder then that the garrison of Belgard, which, by the way, signifies "good watch," was often, by these predatory incursions, falsified. These little evidences of attention on the part of the "mere natives" caused no little alarm among the authorities in Dublin, and we are informed that "the burghers hold mighty greate watch in the citie, fearing that the same should be pylfered, prostrated, and destroyed, whereof they never dreaded so moche."

During the reign of Elizabeth this state of things continued to exist, and met with frequent reprisals from the garrisons of Belgard and Drimna, who, oft and oft, sallied forth and ravaged the glens and valleys of Imaile with re and sword.

These acts of reprisal kept the Wicklow chieftains and their followers ever under arms, one of whom—The O'Toole—is described by the late Sir Samuel Ferguson as unfurling his banner at the head of his band, and thus appealing to them :—

Come ! spoil the spoiler as we may,  
And from the robber rend the prey ;  
Aye, by my soul ! while on yon plain  
The Saxon rears one shock of grain ;  
While of ten thousand herd there strays  
But one along the Dodder's maze,  
The Celt, of plain and river heir,  
Shall with strong hand redoem his share."

(To be continued in our next issue.)



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ITS HISTORY, TRADITIONS, AND ASSOCIATIONS.

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(SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE NEWS.")

By JNO. CHR. FITZACHARY.

Author of "The Bridal of Drimna," "Legends, Lays and Lyrics," etc.

(Continued from our last issue).



TRADITIONS connected with the Talbots of Belgard, and the Barnwells of Drimna are many, and not a few of them interesting. Thomas Davis has familiarised us with one of them by his exquisite lyric: "Emmaline Talbot," and the writer of this paper has endeavoured to popularise another of them by means of his "Bridal of Drimna," which has been for several years out of print, but of which a new, and fourth edition, will shortly be issued.

Every spot in this neighbourhood is interesting to the geologist. From Dalkey to Blackrock, and on to Rathfarnham, and thence to Glenismole, a continuous chain of granite stone extends.

It is not so close and compact as that quarried at Ballynockin or Killiney, and where it is not protected by peat covering, it becomes disintegrated, but, even then, it is turned to useful account, for what is so largely used in the city and suburbs for scouring purposes, as "Freestone" is simply decomposed granite.

Siliceous and felspathic earth with fine white sand, manganese, and fuel in the shape of peat, are here to be found in abundance—in short, everything for the

manufacture of glass as good and beautiful as ever was turned out from Waterford to Venice, but, for want of native enterprise, or rather, perhaps, owing to the little encouragement afforded by the nobility, gentry, and, above all, the people themselves, these natural resources of industrial prosperity are sadly neglected. So far as our own manufactures are concerned, we seem to be an emasculated race, for, from our boots to our hats, from our cinder shovels to our cabinets, from our reaping hooks to our threshing machines, and even the tools our artisans are using are, for the most part, made in England or America. The very pens we write with and the paper we write on are, fifty to one, of foreign manufacture, while as to the thousand-and-one fancy articles that are sold to tourists as "presents" from Dublin, Cork, Killarney, and elsewhere, whether in the shape of brooches, or purses, or bog oak pigs, they are all admittedly (in diamond type) "made in Germany." The consequence is that at every turn we take along the Dodder—as is the case with every other river that intersects and fertilises our country—we see to what fruitless uses our enormous water-power is turned. The once busy Flour, Paper, Cloth and Woollen Mills are silent and still as the grave. The water-courses are neglected and choked with rubbish, whilst the waters themselves that, in any other country, would become a never failing source of wealth, are allowed to empty themselves into the ocean without any attempt being made to render them available for any profitable use save where a few of them, here and there, have been transformed into laundries.

The botanist too, will be interested here, for, in the higher ranges he will find Iceland moss, gentians, bickens, and soap-wort, and along the banks of the river, cottongrass, English scurvey-grass, and fine specimens of broad-leaved ivy. Hazels are here to be found in abundance, and along the river and its tributaries, gooseberries and currants grow in the peat to an abnormally large size. In supplying Rathmines and the surrounding districts with water from the Dodder, History is, to a great extent, repeating it-

self, for, previous to 1775 the citizens of Dublin were for many years dependent upon it for their principal supply. From that date, however, to the introduction of the Vartry water, which was effected chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir John Gray, the two canals—North and South—contributed a large quantity and a corresponding increase in the “pipe water” and the death rates. From a sanitary point of view, this supply was considered a matter of vital importance, and it was the subject of many enactments by the Irish Parliament, who in the session of 1720 passed an Act which recited that—“Whereas the citizens of Dublin hath, for many years, been seized and possessed of a water-course taken out of the river Dodder from the foot of Balrothery Hill, which is the chief supply, not only for the inhabitants of said city, but also for His Majesty’s Castle of Dublin, and which without it would suffer great prejudice”—enacts, “that the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Commons and Citizens of the City of Dublin, and their successors, shall enjoy the aforesaid ancient water-course, with right-of-way through any land through which the same doth run, with power to dig up and repair same, free from all liability in any action for trespass.” And, now, in 180 years after the passing of that enactment, the descendants of these citizens are being supplied throughout this district with the identical water supply which their great-grandparents so largely used, and which was conveyed to the city by a water-course which still exists a few miles nearer Dublin, and within easy walking distance of Glenismole.

Following the course of the river, we reach the romantically situated village of Castlekelly—so-called from its being for many years the residence of a branch of the O’Kelly family, one of whom—Captain O’Kelly—was, as a sportsman, a local celebrity. The fine old house in which he resided, and which is the principal residence in the locality, has since been tenanted by the Grierson family. In front of the village the river rolls on, chafing and plunging away, while behind, as if placed by Nature as a barrier for its shelter, rises a huge and lofty mountain range. Here, in this

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sweet and picturesque spot, a celebrated pugilist—Dan Donnelly—was, if not born, trained for his first fight, and here he laid in that store of brawn and muscle which won for him such widespread celebrity. The great Napoleon and this famous pugilist died about the same time, whereon, it is recorded, an enthusiastic admirer of the champion Irish boxer exclaimed—“What is the world coming to at all—Buonaparte is dead, and they have buried Dan Donnelly?” This master of his art—of fence and defence—was the Jim Corbett of his time, but although a public monument has been erected to his memory on one of his famous battlefields, he never rode an automobile, nor had he ever a chance, like his more fortunate successor, to run through £200,000. He was buried in the churchyard of Bully’s Acre, where the remains of Brian’s son, who was killed at the Battle of Clontarf, and those of Robert Emmett were, in the first instance, interred. His epitaph was composed by the celebrated rhymist and ballad singer, Zosimus, after this fashion:

“Beneath this pile of monumental stones,  
Lie the remains of Dan Donnelly’s bones.”

Leaving Slievebawn to the south, and the Gap of Ballynascorney to the west, we arrive at Kill-na-Saut Ann, *i.e.*, the Church of St. Ann. The ruins of this church which, according to the historian, D’Alton, was one of the churches granted by Archbishop Comyn to the College of St. Patrick, and confirmed by the Bull of Pope Celestine III., in 1191, stand—as a great number of ruins in the County Dublin do—on a high bank; and although they bear traces of very great antiquity, they are not without considerable architectural beauty. Around are scattered tombstones, some grotesquely sculptured, but all of them distinctly mark the spot where

“Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

On the piers at the entrance, which have been for many years covered over with ivy, are a pair of granite stone crosses which, even amidst these wild mountains, proclaim to the passer-by how great was the piety which hallowed this

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spot, although its influence during a later period of our country's history failed to protect these Christian emblems from mutilation.

During the hostilities between the natives of the neighbouring county of Wicklow and the Anglo-Normans this church suffered much, for, although at the coming of the English it was appurtenant to the See of Dublin, yet we find that, from an extract taken before the Sheriff of the county in the year 1326, Kilnesantau is described as lying within the Irishry, and, therefore, waste and unprofitable. It was demised to the Cobbe family by Archbishop Cobbe, who continued in possession for over a century, when it passed into the hands of Mr. Thomas Power, D.D., who leased "Cobbe's Lodge" for the shooting on the mountains which form a portion of the estate.

Turning from these venerable ruins we soon reach what was, until recently, known as the monastery of St. Anne's Hill. This was originally known as an educational establishment, which, when the writer of this paper saw it last, consisted of a range of thatched buildings. It was founded many years ago by Brothers Maurice Collins and John Stewart, men of reputed great piety and zeal, who deplored that the children of this district should be so provided for. They enlisted in their good work about half-a-dozen lay brothers, who cultivated not only the intellects of their pupils, but also the grounds attached to the monastery. They had many and great difficulties to contend against—they had no aid from any National Board of Education—but they were strong in their resolve, and, while in addition to their religious exercises, they discharged a hospitality that could only be equalled by the monks of St. Bernard or Glencree, as a consequence, they succeeded to a great extent in their endeavour, for, as the late Poet Laureate says—

"All obstacles vanish, all enemies quail,  
In the might of those heroes who never say fail."

(To be continued in our next issue).

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THE

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By JNO. CHR. FITZACHARY.  
Author of "The Bridal of Drimna," "Legends,  
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THE Monastery of St. Ann's Hill and the school attached to it have long since ceased to exist as such—thank-to the spreading of the National School system—and the buildings themselves, including the oratory, which were recently burned down, are now in the occupation of a Mrs. Kearns, who farms the lands once cultivated by the good and hospitable Brothers who were so

entertainment of wayfarers that they might well have written over their entrance—

"This gate hangs well, and hinders none  
Who pass and pray and travel on."

In this wild district of Ballynascorney are to be seen to this day distinct traces of moraines, somewhat similar to those that are so numerous in Switzerland, which scientists assert were produced by the action of the ice in the formation of the glaciers, and, possibly, the same cause reproduced them here.

Following the stream, with the hills of Tallaght looming before us, we ramble on into Friarstown, with its waving woods and verdant lawns, which, we believe, is so called from its occupying the site of an ancient Carmelite friary.

Nearly a century ago, when Friars town was owned and occupied by Ponsonby Shaw—an ancestor of the Shaws of Bushy Park—a murder of a daring character was perpetrated which led to the execution of almost an entire family. It was said that Mr. Shaw's ploughman had incurred the enmity of a farmer, a resident in this district, named Kearney, who, with his four sons, had, it was stated, been overheard using threatening language against the ploughman, and, on the Sunday previous to the disappearance of the ploughman, "declared they would have his life." In a few nights afterwards the ploughman visited the house of a man named Richardson—a gamekeeper in the employment of Mr. Shaw, and, when about leaving, Richardson remonstrated with him upon the danger of going home so late. The ploughman laughed at the idea of the Kearneys putting their threat into execution, and he, indignantly, resented the idea of the young Richardsons, who had armed themselves, escorting him home. The night was clear, and he set off alone, and might, perhaps, have gone a quarter of a mile, when the silence of the night was broken by the report of a shot. The Richardsons rushed towards the spot from which the sound had come. There was much dust here upon the road as if a desperate struggle had taken place, but not a human being could be seen. It was given in evidence at the trial that part of a suspender—which was identified as having been worn by the ploughman—was picked up, and that is all of him that was ever seen since. Kearney's house was searched, and, unfortunately for him and his family, a hammer, clotted with blood and hair, which the medical witnesses pronounced to be human, fastened suspicion upon them, while their declarations as to the taking of his life confirmed rightly or wrongly—the certainty of their guilt. The Kearneys could not be tried for murder, as the body was not found; and Lord Hale, a great

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Wedding, Christening, and Birthday Cakes to order.

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sary steps for the promotion of such Bill.  
Dated this 11th day of November, 1901.  
16.  
Not Voting ..... None.  
Voting against ..... None.  
Carried unanimously.  
E. M. HODGSON, Knight, Chairman.  
FREDERICK F. FAWCETT, Clerk to the  
Council, Town Hall, Rathmines, County  
of Dublin.  
D. and P. FITZGERALD, 20 St. Andrew  
street, Dublin, Solicitors.

authority on criminal law, has laid it down that in no case should the prisoner be convicted where the dead body has not been discovered, when it happens that the presumption of a murder arises simply from the fact of disappearance.

They were, therefore, tried for *conspiring to murder*, and although defended by Leonard MacNally, who acted as counsel for the brothers Sheares at their historic trial, they were convicted, and hanged on the banks of the Dodder, at a place known as "Billy O'Neill's," near Oldbawn, and about a mile above Fir House. The youngest son, in consideration of his youth, was not executed.

Here, in or about 1836, at a place called "Fernvale," now occupied by William Hooper, Esq., and close by Fort Bridge, a great encounter took place between two once-famous pugilists named Laugan and Dalton.

From Friarstown very numerous and fine views can be had of the neighbouring mountains, and the eye gazes upon a delightful panorama of scenes of varied beauty. The bridge spanning the river is very picturesque, and, as we stand upon its centre, we can watch the windings of the stream as it glides onward through the steep sides of a beautiful and fertile valley to Old Bawn. The size of the stream, especially in summer time, when it is nothing more than a silvery rivulet, seems quite out of all proportion to the stony bed of the river, and from this we may imagine how formidable an appearance it presents when the rains of winter flow down from its many mountain tributaries.

Near the bridge rises a steep hill, bounded on one side by the Friarstown demesne, and on the other by the left bank of the river, from which a very extensive and charming view can be obtained. This leads us on to the village of Bohernabreena, or, as variously interpreted, "The road of the O'Byrnes," "The bloody laues" and, lastly, "The road to the house of hospitality." Where

all is now quietness and repose resounded, in olden days, the clash and din of arms, and the fierce battle-cries of contending hordes of Palesmen and clansmen under their respective leaders—De Bernival and O'Byrne. Of the former we read that here—

"A fitting field full soon he found  
Wherein his prowess to display,  
And many a tale has since gone round  
Of Bernival and bloody fray.  
From north to south, from east to west,  
His banner fluttered in the breeze,  
And treaties, with his sign impressed,  
Were sacred held as Romo's decrees,  
For out of all that venturous crew  
Of Strongbow's motley cavalcade,  
No soldier, save a Desmond, drew  
A more unsullied battle-blade!"

And the latter is described as—

"Beloved alike by kith and kern  
The young and gallant chief—O'Byrne,  
Whose sires of old held princely sway  
From Inaile's vales to Wicklow's bay,  
Now ruled those storied hunting grounds  
O'er which great Finn, with horns and hounds,  
Once chased the doe that found its goal  
Amid the woods of Glenismole!"

The Roman Catholic chapel of Bohernabreena is externally a very small and plain structure, and internally it is almost utterly devoid of any ornamentation whatever. All along here the course of the river is tortuous, and, on the south side especially, the banks are very steep and shelving, while the northern side is almost as level as a billiard table.

Nature here is now, as we saunter along, in undisturbed repose, and the river as it flows onward seems to murmur in soft and soothing tones the beautiful and melodious refrain of Tennyson—

"Men may come, and men may go,  
But I go on for ever!"

(On the way from Fort Bridge to Oldbawn we pass several residences of more or less interest, including Fox Hall, Allenton, and Ellenborough. Allenton, which was at one time a priory with extensive buildings and grounds attached, is now occupied by Mr Timothy Muldoon, and is situated within about 170 perches

James Penny, Providence Square, Sidemore, near Bromsgrove, was at King's Heath, Birmingham, summoned for cruelty to a horse by working it with mill, on the 2nd ult., in the Bristol Road, Selly Oak, and his employer, John William Halfpenny, market gardener, of Stourbridge Road, Bromsgrove, for sending the animal to be

"PENNY" AND "HALFPENNY" IN COURT.

A good remedy for the following NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. It is best to leave them off entirely for a time. Those who find it difficult to digest vegetables should not attempt more than one kind at a given meal until the digestion is improved, and often to another. Persons who find it difficult to digest vegetables should not attempt more than one kind at a given meal; they can make the changes from one meal to another. Persons with feeble digestion should, as a rule, confine themselves to a single kind of fruit as a meal; in cold weather rather than warm.

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from Oldbawn Bridge. This bridge is a structure of three arches, and here, as, indeed, all through the Dodder's course, the breadth of the stony-bedded channel—compared, especially in summer time, to the slender stream rippling over the narrow water course—is indicative of the sudden inundations to which the river is subject; and the lofty arches show that our county engineers considered it necessary to give ample vent to the large volume of water that, in the winter months, rolls down in torrents from its mountain tributaries. Here were the well-known paper mills of the late Mr James M'Donnell, and, adjoining his pleasantly-situated cottage, there still exists a very ancient and interesting mansion, which has recently been in the possession of Mr Andrew Tynan, County Councillor, and father of the well-known poetess and novelist, Mrs Hinkson, better known in literary circles as Miss Katherine Tynan, but now in the possession of Mr Thomas Case, of Rathgar.

Here in the vicinity of the old mill stands this ruined but still interesting structure, whose tall chimneys, peaked roof, pointed gables, and stone mullions proclaim it to have an indescribable attractiveness for those antiquarians who can find a mine of unexplored wealth amongst such architectural remains. It possesses little, if anything, in common with the up-to-date dwellings of our period, and, standing far away from the public road, as if to shun the prying eyes of passers-by, it seems to entrench itself in its own pride and dignity. Some forty years ago the writer of this paper—who regrets to have to make the admission as to the number of years—visited this old mansion for the first time. We were led through long and darksome passages until we arrived in the ancient, wainscotted, and elaborately decorated hall, where there was a fine stone chimney-piece, over which there was a well-executed coat of arms, executed in stone, and in high relief, and on the shield, a chevron between three bucks' heads. A fine old billiard table on which, in all probability, many a big wager in those days of the Hell-fire Club, the meetings of which were held on the top of the neighbouring mountain of Killakee, was staked, and when fair dames and maidens and gay and gallant

cavaliers succeeded the most revered prelate to whom this old dwelling owes its existence. The fine old hallway, with the twilight of antiquity shrouding every object, and the dusky gloom that followed the rich red and golden hue of the setting sun, gave us a glimpse into the past. The twilight barely revealed the deep recesses and the darksome doorways. One of the apartments was a good specimen of the style of architecture which, more or less, prevailed during the Tudor period. This room is about twenty-eight feet long by twenty-six feet wide, and the walls were handsomely wainscotted in Irish oak. The ceiling of this apartment was supported by transverse beams, which were very richly carved; but the grand old chimney piece was, and, possibly, is still the most remarkable ornament of the house. Unfortunately for the vandals of to day this chimney piece is not removable, for it is in plaster—probably executed by one or other of those Italian artists who did such magnificent work in Rutland, Fitzwilliam, Merrion, and Mountjoy squares, and in such houses as that owned by the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland, on Stephen's green.

The two figures, who are attired in the quaint and picturesque costume of the sixteenth century, bear, each of them, arms—one a spear, the other a sword—and support the mantelpiece slab. Over the centre of the fireplace rises a castle, with round flanking towers, and in front of these towers there are figures well executed in *bas-relief*. Some are represented on the walls, others at the base, and one appears to be issuing from the gate. There is not, so far as we are aware, any inscription to be found to inform us as to what this very curious piece of sculpture represents, or as to who was the artist who executed it—nothing is left us save the date: 1635.

D'Alton, in his "History of the Archbishops of Dublin," states that "this house was erected by Lancelot Bulkeley, who succeeded to the Archbishopric of Dublin on the death of Archbishop Jones in 1619. He was the youngest son of Sir Richard Bulkeley, of Beaumaris, by Agnes, daughter of Thomas Needham, a member of the ennobled family of Killmorey, and we have the Bulkeley arms blazoned on the shield over the fireplace

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in the hall." Then, again, we have the regal visitation of 1615, which defines, amongst other lands of the See, "also all that one field or small park on the lands of Tallaght, on the north side of a grove on the lands of Old Bawn." In 1635, the very year in which this house was built, Archbishop Bulkeley had a confirmation from the King to him and his successors of all former grants, liberties, and privileges belonging to the See; and in 1640 a private Act secured to "William Bulkeley, priest," several and respective estates in the counties of Dublin, Wicklow, and Kildare. This William Bulkeley was, perhaps, a son of the Archbishop. We are informed that Dr Bulkeley left several children by his wife Alice, the only daughter of Roland Bulkeley, of

Conway. His life, as related by D'Alton, abounds in passages of great interest. "Spent with grief for the calamities of the times, the Archbishop died at *Tullagh* in 1650, at the fine old age of 82 years, and his remains were interred within the walls of St. Patrick's Cathedral." The only literary effort of his which is known to us had a patriotic tendency, and was decidedly directed against the evils of absenteeism. It was a "Proposal for Sending Back the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland;" but, unfortunately, like many similar works, it produced no practical effect.

*(To be continued in our next issue).*



# THE DODDER; ITS HISTORY, TRADITIONS, AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE NEWS.")

BY JNO. CHR. FITZGIBARY.

Author of "The Bridal of Drimna," "Legends,  
Lays and Lyrics," etc.

(Continued from our last issue.)



AS we left the remains of Dr. Bulkeley's fine old mansion at Oldbawn, we cast our eyes upon the pannelled walls, against which, even then, some family portraits still hung, and observed the heavy staircase with its finely carved oak balustrades, that seemed so old and quaint as only fit to be trodden by ghosts. "And, talking of ghosts," said our host, "there is a legend, as weird as any related by the German poets,

connected with this house. Once a year it is said to be visited by the ghost of the Archbishop, and an old nurse of mine firmly believes that on the anniversary of his death he drives up in a stately old coach, drawn by six black and headless horses, driven by a headless coachman; who, with two black liveried footmen, also without heads, wait beside the coach door while the Archbishop gets out. A loud knock is heard at the hall door, which is instantly thrown open, and the prelate passes into the house. She does not vouch for his delaying further than while visiting the different rooms; but his stately step is heard in each part of the mansion until, on his return, he sweeps through the hall, when, having completed his annual survey, he re-enters his coach, his headless servants resume their places, the horses move on, and the cortege vanishes." As we parted from our host we could not help repeating ourselves—

"Deserted!" answer ired walls,  
Dismantled roofs and crumbling arches;  
And ye once gay and dazzling halls,  
Where now your music, mirth and torches?  
Ah, me! how sad to contemplate  
This relic of departed glory,  
Whose graven shields o'er door and gate  
Are those of heroes famed in story!  
Where now the host, with aspect bland,  
His honoured guests urbanely greeting  
With beaming smile and proffered hand,  
'That told how welcome was the meeting?  
And where those dames and maidens fair,  
Who here displayed their matchless charms  
That made full many a gallant stare,  
And crimsoned many a rival's arms?  
And where the children blithe who played  
On this smooth sward, once decked with  
flowers,  
Or, hand-in-hand together strayed,  
'Mong aloves green and sylvan bowers?  
Alas! in yonder graveyard lone  
Where willows sad are ever weeping,  
Neath many a grey and crumbling stone,  
All in their graves have long been sleeping!

From Old Bawn to Tallaght is but a short distance. The word "Tallaght" signifies "a place of burial," and history informs us that it derived this name from the fact that the whole race of Partholon, who formed a settlement in Ireland on "the plain of the flocks of Eadar," which extended from Tallaght to Howth, along the coast, about 1,956 years before the Christian era, was destroyed by a plague, and some 10,000 of them, it is recorded, died within a week, and were buried here. The mounds that are popularly known as the "Hills of Tallaght" are their graves, and, from time to time, many of these have been opened and found to contain human remains in earthenware urns, several of which can be seen in our National Museum in Kildare-street.

The Dominican Priory of St. Mary, with its beautiful Memorial Church, which through the generosity of his many admirers, has been recently erected to perpetuate the memory of a celebrated pulpit orator—popularly known as Father Tom Burke—is picturesquely situated within the shadow of the ancient remains of what was once the Archiepiscopal Palace of the Sec of Dublin.

This mansion, which was, and not so long ago, the residence of the late Sir John Lentaigno, father of the well-known surgeon of that name, derives considerable

London, Mr Edgar Flinn, Inspector of the local Government Board, held a meeting at the South Dublin Union on Tuesday, James' street, with reference to the South Dublin... who appeared to... In reply to Mr George Green, B.T., who considered that the total rate... He considered that the total rate... district at large... A... District... Town... consid...

interest from the fact that, since a very remote age, it has been with very little interruption, in the occupation of ecclesiastics. A brief glance at its history shows that so far back as the year 788 an abbey was built here, whither a celebrated Bishop, St. Angus—to avoid the fame his virtues had won him—came and sought admission as a lay brother. The Abbot—St. Maclrune (or, as now pronounced, Ryan) having no suspicion of the high rank, or great sanctity of the applicant, yielded to his entreaty, and for some years he was employed in the most servile and humble duties of the monastery. By some accident, however, his secret transpired, and he was obliged to abandon his lowly station, and become the head of the Priory as Abbot, in succession to St. Maclrune, which position he held until his death, which occurred in 824. On the violation of the Terman lands, which were exempted from all tribute, a bold and daring deed was done by the monks of Tallaght. Holding the King (a direct descendant of Nial of the Nine Hostages) responsible for the act of his tribute gatherers, they seized his chariot horses on the eve of the Tailtean games. This, it seems, had the desired effect, for, immediately, ample reparation was made to the monastery, and rich presents, by way of atonement, expiated the offence.

Tallaght town—for with its 300 and odd inhabitants, occupying some 50 or 60 houses, it ranks as such—is situated on the high road to Blessington, and, as a parish, it extends from Templeogue to Crumlin, and from Balrothery to the "Green Hills." The southern portion of the Tallaght hills command magnificent views of the vale and bay of Dublin. The Protestant church—which is under the charge of the Rev. E. H. O'Meara—which is a little above the town, is a modern building in the pointed style, dedicated to St. Maclrune, but the churchyard attached to it is very old and interesting.

The tramway cars from Dublin to Blessington pass through the town, which is a station on the line now running to Poulaphuca, or "the enchanted horse's pool," a most interesting and charming line that has recently opened up to ourselves and our visitors—provincial or foreign—some delightful glimpses of scenic beauty.

At Firhouse, which is in the immediate neighbourhood, there is a convent of dis-calced Carmelites, and at Bolbrook, which is close by us, are the well-known paper mills of Mr Robert Boardman, J.P., a most energetic and popular employer of home labour.

The monastery at Tallaght was the cradle of the Culdees, *i.e.*, the Servants of God, who were secular priests attached to the cathedrals and collegiate churches of Dublin, and, in fact, all Ireland.

Situated on the borders of the Pale, and being deemed a good position, the English built a town here, and in 1310 enclosed it with a wall. A year or two later on, the Archbishop—De Bicknor—erected Tallaght Castle by means of money he received from the Treasury. Watch and ward were, however, much needed in the vicinity of the Wicklow chiefs. The mortar was not dry upon the walls of the castle when it was stormed, all of a sudden, by the O'Tooles of Imaile, who, a short time before, in 1331, sacked the Archbishop's palace, made prey of 300 sheep, slaughtered his servants, and encountered in a pitched battle Sir Philip Brett, who, at the head of a large body of men from Dublin, had come to the rescue. The *rescue*, however, like matters in more modern history, turned out a *roué*, for the mountaineers had the best of it. The Lord Deputy thereupon entered into a contract with one of the O'Tooles, who undertook, for a very handsome consideration in these times, to provide forty horsemen and fifty armed foot to *protect* the boundaries of the Pale, from Tallaght to Windgates, against the forays of the native Irish. Tallaght was for many years the principal residence of Archbishop Browne, who had for his neighbour a predecessor of the late Lord Chancellor Brady, whose country seat, Hazlebrook, is situated near Roundtown, or as it is now known, Terenure.

It was in this neighbourhood, and during the government of Ireland by Lord Deputy Gray, that an act of treachery took place which was well calculated to perpetuate the enmity with which the Irish Chieftains regarded the English of the Pale. From our reading of the history of that period it would

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appear that a parley was appointed between the Lord Deputy Gray and Turlough O'Toole, to which the King's Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, the chief judges, and many of the nobility were invited. The place of meeting was on the north side of the Dodder, and we give what occurred from the public records—the State papers of the time of Henry VIII.—“His Lordship coming hither spoke to the said Turlough very gently, and bade him fear nothing, for he would kill him with his own hands that would offer him hurt. Nevertheless, Turlough, perceiving my Lord's men to draw down fast in plumps, did find default at it, saying ‘he was in fear.’ My Lord Gray answered: ‘Fear nothing, Gossip. I will go myself and put them back,’ leaving the Council meanwhile communing with Turlough. And as soon as his Lordship came to his men he caused the trumpet to sound, and ran in chase after the said Turlough, till *daylight* took the sight of him from them, which was the greatest shame and rebuke to him and all the Council that ever was heard in Ireland.” This offence against good faith, and in violation of pledges, very properly formed one of the numerous charges that, during his government of Ireland, was preferred against Lord Gray. We do not care to take up the cudgels on either side, but we can easily imagine the discredit cast by such an outrage upon the English rule, which made the Irish prefer open hostility to a deceitful peace. Tallaght, for several centuries, and, indeed, until 1803, continued to be the country residence of the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. In 1821, however, the buildings and offices on the demesne having become unfit for habitation, an Act of Parliament was passed which declared that “a country residence for the Archbishop of Dublin was unnecessary, and the revenue of the See was inadequate to support two establishments,” and it wound up by “empowering the Archbishop to demise same,” which he accordingly did. Major Palmer, having become the tenant, was succeeded in occupation by the late Sir John Lentaigne, who, for a handsome consideration, sold his beautiful house, gardens, grounds, and orchards to the Friars of St. Dominick. The remains of

the ancient episcopal palace, so long the summer dwelling of the Metropolitans of Ireland, are still preserved by the Dominican Fathers. These ancient walls, mossy and grey, are only a fragment of the magnificent edifice erected by Alexander De Bicknor, and, judging from the portion that still remains, must have been of vast size. A portion of the long corridor was, until recently, fitted up as a chapel, and beside it stood a very lofty tower, from the summit of which we beheld the country around for many miles, spread out before us like a map. The distant sea sparkled in the sunlight, and the bold headland of Howth rose like a vast monster from the deep. Dublin, with its spires, and pillars, and roofs in squares, and parks, and streets in countless numbers, Tenion's Castle, the hills of Castleknock, the valley of the Liffey, the wide demesne of Rathfarnham, the “Three Rock Mountain,” and the extensive district watered by the Dodder, with all the mansions, factories, churches, and green fields, afforded a glorious prospect.

*(To be continued in our next issue).*

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# THE DODDER;

## ITS HISTORY, TRADITIONS, AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE NEWS")

BY JNO. CUR. FITZACHARY.

Author of "The Bridal of Drimma," "Le ends, Lays and Lyrics," etc.

(Continued from our last issue)



**B**EFORE Leaving Tallaght, the visitor should see, in the grounds of the Priory, the giant walnut tree which covers fully a rood of ground and bears fruit to this day, although tradition would fain have us believe that it was planted upwards of eleven hundred years ago by the saintly Abbot Maelruan. He should also visit the "Friar's walk" to see the old and time-worn stone, with a cavity in its centre, which is said

to have been the base of the cross of the Archbishops of Dublin, which was we learn on the authority of D'Alton, long held in veneration by the native peasantry, who were accustomed at their funerals to rest the corpse at its foot. The student of our modern history will, of course, recollect that it was here, on the night of the 5th of March, 1767, amidst a storm of wind, sleet, and snow, the Fenian rising was begun by an attack upon the Constabulary barracks, during which one of the rebels, named Stephen O'Donoghue, was killed. His compatriots accorded him a large funeral, and erected an imposing Celtic carved cross over his grave in Glasnevin Cemetery.

At Olabawn Bridge we resume our ramble by the river side, and follow on its serpentine course, towards Templeogue. Some rural and well-kept resi-

dences adorn the banks on both sides, including "Mountain View," "Kilminny House," and "Tyron Lodge," and further on "Delaford House," now occupied by T. G. Bryan, Esq.; "Cherryfield," by John Harrington, Esq., J.P.; and "Cypress Grove," by Charles Strong King, Esq., J.P.—an energetic magistrate and a popular company director. On our right, as we saunter on, we pass Knocklyon Castle, the residence of Mr James H. McGrane. Close by the river and not far from McDonnell's paper mills, the antiquarian will find a high mound resembling one of those earthworks—of which so many are to be found in Ireland—called Danish raths.

The once busy mills at Harlem are now idle, as are those we meet still further up—Flower's, Gibson's, Garvey's, and Madden's, at Whitechurch, Silvercree, and Willbrook, which, some fifty years ago, turned out large quantities of paper, pins, flour, calicoes, tweeds, and woollens.

The river here displays no aspect of indolence, but, apparently, flows on in a merry mood, and seems ready, at any moment when called upon, to do a good turn to a wheel, or subserve itself to any other useful or ornamental purpose, but, unfortunately, although "The never failing brook" is still with us, "the busy mill" has almost, if not altogether, disappeared, and all that remains is—here and there—"the decent church that tops the neighbouring hill."

Near by at Firrhouse, is situated the ancient city weir, the water course from which intersects the lands of Templeogue and Kimmage, and thence on to Dublin. A strange, but historically authenticated story—the particulars of which do not appear to be generally known even to the inhabitants of the districts that figure in it, is told most graphically by D'Alton in his "History of the County of Dublin," and by the late Ulster-King-at-arms, Sir Bernard Burke. It is truly a tragic tale as by them recorded in connection with this water-course through the lauds of Templeogue, which shows, and very naturally, the extreme and vital importance that was attached to this supply of water to the city. At this period—the early part of the eighteenth century—the morals of the bucks and beaux—who formed the upper crust of the upper

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Good Government of the district. [Mention of the Hill was] [Mention of the Hill was] [Mention of the Hill was] [Mention of the Hill was] [Mention of the Hill was]

classes in Ireland — were not quite what they ought to be. Habits of refinement, which humanise the mind, as windows lighten up a house, were neglected for the hunting-field or the debauch. These were the days of the so-called coffee-houses, the "hell-fire clubs," the "Monks of the Screw," and other convivial institutions which were the stepping-stones to the mania for duelling, to which, although some distinguished Irishmen were attached, would not be tolerated in our day. Save a "Racing Calender," or a "Guide to Farriery," their houses contained but few books; while, as to their songs and conversations, they were replete with obscenity or blasphemy. Yet, it was of these, and such as these, that the Duke of Rutland then of course, an enthusiastic and very youthful poet, wrote:—

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning  
die,  
"Bu leave us still our old nobility!"

Lord Santry—the last member of the Domville family who held the title—maddened by whiskey or wine, stabbed a man, who afterwards died. The true version of this remarkable murder, as it appears in the reported evidence, is that Loughlin Murphy, the victim, was employed as a messenger to an inn, or, as we would now call it, a publichouse, at Palmerstown. As it was a fair day, very many persons went in and out. Many of the guests who had been drinking with Lord Santry had gone home or elsewhere, and the peer began quarrelling, in the first instance, with a man named Humphreys, on whom he twice attempted to draw his sword. He was then in a towering passion, and, despite all efforts to detain him, he wrested himself from his companions, and managed to get out of the room. In a long and narrow passage that, in the basement story, led into the kitchen, his Lordship met Murphy, and gave him a push, whereupon Murphy retreated before him. The then wild and drunken nobleman was close upon his heels, and swore "he would kill anyone

that would dare to speak a word." Unfortunately for Murphy, he said some thing that, it appears, enraged Lord Santry, for, in an instant, too faithful to his oath, he ran his sword through Murphy's body. The wounded man rushed into a room adjoining the kitchen, where his blood gushed forth in torrents, and falling heavily on the flagged floorway, he exclaimed, "I am killed!" and immediately became unconscious. Without waiting to make any inquiries as to the poor fellow's injuries, Lord Santry called for, and mounted, his horse, and as he rode away, flung the owner of the inn a purse containing coins to the value of four pounds.

A very full and interesting account of his trial is given by the late Sir John Gilbert in his "History of the City of Dublin." Dr. Thomas Rendle, the Protestant Bishop of Derry, at that period, was, by virtue of his office, present at the trial, and he thus describes it:—

"Poor Lord Santry was tied on Friday last by his peers. I never beheld a sight so awfully majestic, and so awfully beautiful in my life, and nothing was ever performed with so much solemnity, silence, and dignity in any country. The finest room in Europe was filled with the nobility and gentry of the whole Kingdom and both sexes; the Lord High Steward, the judges, the peers, and the noble prisoner, young and handsome, most decent in his behaviour, and with a becoming fortitude in his speaking, could not but compose the most affecting scene I ever witnessed. The King's Counsel did admirably, but Bowes (the Solicitor-General, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland) had an opportunity to show himself to the highest advantage. I never heard, I never read so perfect a piece of eloquence." After praising this speech of Bowes (who, by the way, was interred with great honours in St. Patrick's Cathedral, wherein there has since been erected an expensive and rather imposing monument to his memory) "for its candour, fairness, and beauty, and his not

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WHEN the Irish got possession of the district around Kilsantan they erected the Church of Templeogue, "within the marshes near the Doher"—which was the ancient name of our river. The ruins are situate in the midst of tombstones, and are not remarkable for either size or architectural beauty, but, so far from being "within a marsh" now, a large plot of over seven acres, and adjoining this identical burial place, has

been, within the last few days, recommended by a committee of the South Dublin Rural District Council as a suitable site for a new county cemetery, on the grounds of its being "well drained, level, and convenient of access."

Templeogue was formerly held by the Talbot family, and remained in their possession until 1586, when the village and surrounding lands were mortgaged to the then Sir Compton Domville. For over a century, or, to be exact, until 1688, when the head of the Talbots was outlawed, the property became more and more in debt, and then the forfeited equity of redemption was granted to the Domvilles, who had their title confirmed to them by a special Act of Parliament. The village itself is but a very small one, consisting of a few

houses and cottages. Not far distant, and forming a landmark for several miles around, is Tymon or Timothan Castle, an ancient keep of the Segraves. When we gazed upon the old tower—the only existing remains of this baronial castle—standing in solitary pride, its companions—like those of "The last rose of summe," "all fallen and gone"—we could trace neither fosse, moat, or rampart. The lower story, seen from the dimly-lighted and arched entrance, is, as is usual in most of the castles of that period, vaulted and paved. This old fortilage is approached by a rough and hilly road leading from the village of Green Hills, and, as the eye rests on the crumbling walls of this sentinel-like and far seen dwelling of former years, imagination sets to work and weaves its history.

As we saunter along the almost unused road, and mark the changing sky, now darkening the neighbouring mountains with shadows, and, again, brightening them with sunbeams, we picture to ourselves how, in these rude days of Edward VI., when their fiat was granted by the King to James Segrave, and the Irish chieftains constantly harried the neighbouring Palace and Castle of Tallaght, the anxious eyes of wives, sisters, and mothers grew dim with weary watching at these narrow casements for the return of the loved ones from the foray and the fray.

The channel of the river as it runs towards Rathfarnham is, more or less, on the whole, straight; the banks display fine reaches of pasturage land, sloping up towards Terenure, or, as it was known to our older readers, Roundtown. One after another, a succession of country seats stud the margin of the river, and, on approaching Butterfield-lane, or, as we believe it is now called, "Butterfield-place," the visitor looks out for the house that was once occupied by—next to Wolfe Tone—the most celebrated of our Irish rebels. In a few minutes we approach that part of Butterfield-lane, in which, according to the interesting Life of Robert Emmett, which is included in the late Dr. Richard K. Madden's "United Irishmen," the house is situated wherein the unfortunate, highly-gifted, ill-fated enthusiast passed much of his time before, as it must be ad-

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mitted now, his wild and irrational, although, according to his lights, well intended projects brought ruin upon his head. Here met in conclave the leaders of the revolutionary party of 1803, Emmett, Dowdall, Allan, Dwyer, Russell, and Hamilton; and here, in this house with its gabled walls, high-pitched roofs, and small-paned windows, were concocted those plans which, if carried out, would have severed, at least for some time, the tie that forms the union between Ireland and Great Britain. But it is not the political character of Emmett—for the writer of this paper disclaims all political partisanship—which gives this place such an absorbing interest; it is not his early death, or his uninscribed, and, as a matter of fact, unknown tomb, which cast a halo of romance around this old and unpretending mansion. A more beautiful, pensive, and pathetic light than any that breaks through the ensanguined hues of revolution and blood illuminates this landscape. This is one of the two well-known shrines—the other being in Mount Drummond avenue, Harold's Cross—consecrated by Emmett's love, and returned with a devoted passion. Here he dwelt upon and nourished his love for Sarah, the elder daughter of one of our greatest lawyers and most gifted orators, John Philpot Curran. "It was not," he himself writes in a letter to her brother, Richard Curran, "a wild or unfounded passion, but it was an attachment increasing every hour, from an admiration of the purity of her mind and respect for her talents." It is this trait in his eventful, although brief, life which ennobles and exalts him in our eyes. In some minds ambition—especially political ambition—treads upon or uproots all other passions, and love and affection, like a fragile flower under a rude gale, cowers and perishes in its grasp. Not so with Emmett; his love for Sarah Curran had its spring in the depth of his heart, and like a fountain ever welling up, reflected on its surface the happiness he would confer on her if his political plans had succeeded. "I did hope that success, while it afforded the opportunity of our union, might be the means of confirming an attachment which misfortune had called forth. I did not

look to honours for myself—praise I would have asked from the lips of no man; but I would have wished to read in the glow of Sarah's countenance that her husband was respected." Thus and thus, his love for her added impetus by its absorbing energy, and entwined with his political pursuits, gave them additional strength. And did not Sarah deserve all this? Accustomed to meet her lover at her father's house, which was only a short distance from Butterfield lane, and being united in aspirations, in feelings, and in sympathies, and appreciating each other's talents, their hearts were stirred with the same pulsations and throbbed with the same passionate vibration of first love. Then, when the storm broke, and the law seized its victim, and a jury set the seal of death upon his brow, the true heart of Sarah Curran showed itself in its full development. The more the world cast him off, the closer, "like the faithful ivy that in vain is sundered from its favourite tree," she clung to him—the more he needed her solace, the more ready was she to be his "ministering angel" and do all that affection could prompt to sustain him in these last and dread hours of his existence; and when the scaffold, in Thomas street, had done its work, and the cold remains of her gallant lover were consigned to an unknown and, consequently, unhonoured tomb, there her heart—the heart of a true woman—was buried.

Passing from this scene of sad memories, the river leaves Butterfield lane on the south bank and winds on to Rathfarnham, and, as it glides along, forms the boundary of the beautiful demesnes of Sir Robert Shaw, Bart., and John Dennis Tottenham, Esq., J.P., a descendant of the celebrated anti-Unionist, "Tottenham in his boots," who, after returning from the hunting field, rode down to College green, jumped off his horse, and, entering the Irish House of Commons, gave his vote against the Union, and then, flinging up his cap cried out—"Ireland for ever!"

Rathfarnham village consists of one very irregularly-built street. The Protestant church, which is on the right hand side as we go from Dublin, is a very plain building with nothing to relieve it save a tower and spire. The Roman Catholic church, which, by the way, is a new one, is situated at the upper end of the village,

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and, considering the restricted extent of the parish, is a very large and handsome structure. The Loretto Convent, to which the late Queen paid a visit on the 20th of April, 1900, is in the vicinity. Except the portion erected as a private residence by the late Mr Dawson, after whom Dawson-street is called, and who originally owned the house now known as the "Mansion House," which is the official residence of the Lord Mayors of Dublin, the buildings, for there are many of them, are modern, and attached to them is a very handsome chapel, a female free school, and a ladies' boarding and day school. The Noviate College of the St. Augustinian Fathers and St Columba's Protestant College are close by. The fairs, of which there are three held during the year, were, next to Donnybrook, and until about thirty years ago, the most notorious held in the city of Dublin, and, like Donnybrook, Rathfarnham had also its "Walking Sunday." The bridge of Rathfarnham, which spans the Dodder, is several hundred yards away from the village, the approach to which is thickly shaded in summer-time by the trees of the demesnes on both sides. Many pretty seats and villas, commanding beautiful views of the Dublin Mountains and the Bay of Dublin, including Dalkey, Kingstown, and Bray on the one side, and Howth and Malahide on the other, are to be met with as we travel on. At Grange is situated the "Priory," once the residence of Curran, and in its grounds there is a monument to his second eldest daughter, which has been mistaken by many as that of Sarah, the betrothed of Robert Emmet, and, in consequence of this error, we understand that all the bronze tablets which were inserted in the stone have been, from time to time, abstracted and carried away, chiefly, we believe, by our American cousins.

The Castle of Rathfarnham, now the property of Edward Blackburne, Esq., K.C., J.P., is well worth noticing. In 1269 Rathfarnham was granted by Walter de Brett to Richard de Tathconey, whose son conveyed it to John de Hatchel. It subsequently passed, by the marriage of the heiress of the Bretts, into the family

of the Barrys, Lord Buttevant, and by them was sold, in 1593, to Archbishop Loftus, who built this castle. It afterwards passed into the possession of the Marquis of Ely, and remained the property of the Ely family until some fifty years ago, when it was purchased by the father of the present owner. A lofty Gothic gateway admits the visitor to a well-kept avenue, which in a few minutes leads us to the castle, a solid structure, with a portico of Doric pillars. The entrance hall is a spacious apartment, lighted by three stained glass windows, one of which shows the armorial bearings of the Loftus family. The grounds, once kept in beautiful order, are now for the most part let off to dairymen and cattle dealers, who, with the various religious communities, own three-fourths of the finest old mansions and demesnes in the county of Dublin. D'Alton, on visiting this castle, about 1840, thus laments the state of these grounds:—"They are all eloquently waste, the undulating hills covered with rank herbage, the rivulet stagnant and sedgy, the walks scarcely traceable, the icehouse open to the prying sun, and the fishpond clogged with weeds." The principal entrance to the demesne fronts the Dodder, and is in the style of one of the triumphal arches of Imperial Rome, which, in conjunction with the surrounding scenery, increases the attraction of the neighbourhood. Convenient to this classic gateway, and built upon a lofty eminence, is the newly erected Convalescent Home in connection with the Adelaide Hospital Near Rathfarnham stood an old mill, where, about 250 years ago, paper was first made in Ireland. It was on the produce of this mill, we are informed, that Usher's "Primordia" was printed, and also, what must be more interesting to every lover of Irish literature, it was on the paper produced here, that the "Annals of the Four Masters" were written. As the art of printing was invented by a Dutchman, to a Dutchman we owe the establishment of the first paper mill in Ireland, and the Dodder was the stream that first enabled the writers of Ireland to promulgate their works on paper of native fabrication.

(To be continued in our next issue).

DECEMBER 7, 1901.

## THE DODDER; ITS HISTORY, TRADITIONS, AND ASSOCIATIONS.

(SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE NEWS")

BY JNO. CHR. FITZACHARY.

Author of "The Bridal of Drimna," "Legends,  
Lays and Lyrics," etc.

(Continued from our last issue).



THE water of the river in the vicinity of Rathfarnham, which, in Irish, means "the foot of the elder tree," is described by Dr. Rutty "as possessing petrifying properties consisting, in the result, of curious sparry formations called stalagmites corraloides." "This water," he adds, "is replete with calcareous particles which it deposits, and, as they collect, form incrustations on the moss and grass. In the process of time, from accumulation, these become of large size, and indurated, grow into vast rocks, strongly fermented with spirit of vitriol." The bridge of Rathfarnham seems out of all proportion to the river, but it is necessarily wide and lofty, for, in 1754, its predecessor, although having a span of 100 feet, was swept away by a flood that for miles inundated the farmsteads along the banks of the river, and, like the moving bogs of which we have read so much of late, carried destruction to almost everything that impeded its headlong career. A well-kept road runs here along the river-side, as it winds by the demesne wall of Rathfarnham Castle. The opposite bank is very high and shelving, and rural residences, with their lawns and gardens, along the margin of the stream, are many, among

which may be mentioned Meadow Bank, the residence of F. J. Usher, Esq., with its castellated out-offices, which, with Eastbourne, Riversdale, The Willows, and Wyvern, adds very considerably to the picturesque appearance of the scenery around us. Near the wide sweep in front of the Triumphal Arch, where so many Gypsy and Salvation Army encampments, and amateur athletic sports, have been held, for many years past, and just opposite the weir that, in former times, supplied the water course that worked the Rathgar calico-printing factory, more recently known as Carvell's, and, later still, as Wood and Locke's Saw Mills, where the river shows its silvery bed, and the gleaming waters reflect the hues of the trees springing from the umbrageous banks on the northern side, the quiet of Nature was broken by a foul deed—the murder of a poor Italian organist. His name was Dominichius Gallibardi, a youthful and most gentle and unoffending creature, whose manners and disposition won for him, wherever he went, the affection of those he regaled with his music. These organ-grinders are, like the Jews who so largely congregate in Ireland now, supposed to be exceedingly thrifty, and it is believed that this lad was murdered for the money, it was thought, he had amassed, and carried about on his person. A well-known travelling tinker named Bryan Cooney was, for some reason or another, suspected of having committed the crime, and a wretch named Delahunt, who, at the time, resided in Lower Camden street, was the witness upon whose evidence the Crown chiefly relied, but, as Longfellow says —

"The mills of God grind slowly,  
But they grind exceedingly small;"

and the jury, after a most exhaustive trial, acquitted Cooney. In a short time afterwards, Delahunt was arrested, tried, convicted, and executed for the barbarous murder of a child in a laneway off Upper Baginbun street. In connection with the murder of the Italian boy—the site of which is to this day marked by a cross and other religious emblems—it has been stated, and, we believe, truly, that in some years afterwards, an Italian, having been sentenced to death for a murder in his native land, confessed himself the murderer of Gallibardi, and that he found £11 sewed up in his girdle.

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From thence until we reach Orwell, or, as it has been recently re-christened, Rialto, Bridge the river is extremely picturesque. In spring and early summer the banks are clothed in the richest verdure, and myriads of flowers—the ivy crowfoot, the golden saxifrage, swine's cress, pearl-wort, and the "wee modest floweret" of Robert Burns—the meek, but bright-eyed daisy—cover the adjoining fields with a delightful variety of tints. Here we meet the road from Dundrum, or "the foot of the ridge," to Rathgar, or "the low fort," and crossing the bridge which, by the way, was, until within the last forty years, an old and time-worn wooden structure, and, leaving behind us the Orwell and Dodder roads, on both of which there are some elegant and modern residences, including: Rockdale, which is at present occupied by one of the most famous telescope makers in the world, Sir Howard Grubb; Ashmole, by William Hamilton Drummond, Esq., poet, novelist, and, if we do not mistake, J.P.; Stradford, by Jonathan Hogg, Esq., D.L., and Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Bank of Ireland; Glengyle, which has, to all intents and purposes, been practically rebuilt, by the Rev. Hugh Browne, the well-known and popular pastor of the Harcourt street Baptist Church; and Dunfillan, by David Drummond, Esq., J.P., who is, perhaps, the only possessor of an aloe that has bloomed in the County of Dublin, outside of the Botanic Gardens, during the present generation. We continue our ramble by the narrow footpath which runs close to the riverside. There is here a rather good waterfall formed by the weir, which almost surrounds the cottage of the mill-race lock-keeper. A row of elms, from which in most cases the barks have been stripped, and the heads severed, divides the pathway by the mill-race from the river. Here—with the grounds of Sterling Park, the residence of Mr. Edward O'Keefe, and Thorncliffe, formerly the residence of the Lord Chief Baron Pallas, and, afterwards, of Archbishop Walsh; and Ardavon, the romantically-situated residence of Mrs. Devine and Thorncliffe, the residence of Frederick W. Woods, Esq., on the south side; and on

the other the handsome grounds and fine house known as Dartsy, the residence of the extensive contractor and ex-M.P., William Murphy, Esq., and J.P.—the younger generation, who now form the belles and beaux of this and the neighbouring districts, spend their leisure hours, especially from early spring to late autumn, "sighing and wooing, billing and cooing," as Byron puts it; and, no doubt, it was of this portion of our river that a local poet—Nicholas J. Tommins—had in his mind's eye when he sung of:

"The beautiful Dodder  
Where often I wander (and where is the harm?)  
Along its green banks from Rathmines to Rathfarnham,  
With a nate little colleen tucked under my arm."

This portion of the river is such a popular promenade that the Urban District Council of Rathmines and Rathgar is about to apply for Parliamentary powers to transform it into a "People's Park."

Rathmines, or "the smooth fort," a little to the north, is a place of considerable historical importance. A great battle was fought here in 1649, when the Royalists, under the Marquis of Ormond, were defeated by the soldiers of Cromwell, under the command of General Jones, in an action that, in "The Ormond Papers," is called "the rout of Baggotrath." Shortly after this defeat the Marquis wrote to the victorious Cromwellian General desiring he would send a list of the prisoners, and, in reply, received the following short, but pithy, message: "My Lord—Since I routed your army I have not the happiness to learn where you are, that I may wait upon you.—Michael Jones." Rathmines was, according to Ludlow, formerly encompassed by a wall some sixteen feet high, and enclosed an area of some ten acres of ground; but although the names of Rathmines, Rathgar, Rathfarnham, and Baggotrath, imply the existence of forts in these places in ancient days, not a trace of them is now to be met with.

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The Dodder winds in rather a circuitous course towards Classon's Bridge, and flows thence towards Milltown. On the way we pass, as we proceed on from the old mill at Dartry, which has been in turn a woolen mill, an ale brewery, and now a dye works, which, under the management of Mr. Thomas Edmondson, although "dyeing" daily is, in all probability, destined to live for a long time yet.

Classon's Bridge, which is a disgrace to the County and Urban Councillors, is, from an artist's point of view, a very interesting old structure, but sooner or later it will have to be renovated or replaced to meet the requirements of the present day. Here, in an old inn, formerly known as "The Dripping Well," which was kept by a Mr. Brownrigg, an uncle, we believe, of the present Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory, the writer of this paper met the celebrated Irish novelist, William Carleton, author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "Valentine M'Clutchy," "Willy Reilly," "Paddy-Go-Easy," "Rody the Rover," and other well-known tales, who, at that time, resided in Ivy Lodge, which is almost opposite the house in Frankfort Terrace, Rathgar Avenue, in which another distinguished Irish writer, Samuel Lover, the author of "Handy Andy," and numerous other well-known stories and songs of the last century, resided.

At Dartry the southern tramway system, if carried out, would end, but, possibly, the Directors of the Company contemplate the erection of a bridge at this spot, across the Dodder, which is the only level line that can be found for miles around, and, by this route, run onward to Dundrum, and, perhaps, thence on through Sandyford and Stepside, to the Scalp or Ennis-kerry.

In the immediate vicinity is Woodpark, formerly the residence of the notorious '98 informer, Reynolds, a silk mercer, whose business establishment was in College-green, but now occupied by Messrs Lambert and Ireton Jones, and, a little further on, in Rathgar Mansion, now occupied by the Rev. Samuel H. Harris, the popular incumbent of Trinity Church, resided for many years the once-famous preacher who was known to our fathers as "Johnny M'Ray," and whose controversial sermons brought large congregations to the Tabernacle that he erected at the corner of D'Olier and Hawkins' streets, which is now, we believe, used as a tobacco store by Messrs. Gallaher and Co.

Here, too, is St. Kevin's, the residence of Sir E. M. Hodgson, J.P., the re-elected Chairman of the Rathmines and Rathgar Commissioners, and the first of the Urban Council of the same district. On our way to Milltown, we pass South-hill, the residence of James F. Lombard, Esq., J.P., one of our most enterprising citizens, and a most active railway director; and, close by, Nullamore, the residence of the late Mr. Edmund Johnson, who did more than any man during the past century for the revival of Celtic ornamentation in the precious metals. A little higher up we perceive the old and tottering bridge of three arches—venerable with the marks of time upon its wave-worn and mouldering buttresses and battlements. And, as we rested with our glance fixed upon this relic of the past, we thought of the multitudes who traversed that causeway on their pilgrimage of life; how the young and heedless hurried past, and the old and weary plodded on, neither leaving behind them a trace of their passage, but the bridge is still standing over the flood, and the Dodder flows beneath its arches, rippling as brightly as when primeval man wandered pure and innocent in Eden's bowers.

(To be continued in our next issue.)

## THE DODDER;

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FROM Milltown—old, dilapidated, and depopulated as it is now—the first Earl of that name, who, like the father of the Lords Ardilaun and Iveagh, was a successful Dublin brewer, who was interred in the old graveyard of St. Kevin's, in Camden row, and to whose memory there is still existing, a time-worn monument, close by the south side of this now disused Church, took his title in 1763. It may be noted, in passing, that in this same graveyard rest the remains of the father, mother, and sister of Thomas Moore, who, on the stone which he erected there to their memory a few years before his death, describes himself as "the Bard of his beloved country—Ireland." The Earl's name was Leeson, and he owned a great deal of property in the neighbourhood of the park and streets that still bear his name. Since the death of the last Earl, who was a man

of very eccentric habits—so much so that he gave orders, when near his end, that his remains should be interred with those of a favourite horse in the grounds of Russborough House, near Blessington—the title has been dormant, but, independent of the fact that there are two claimants at present contending for it, it is not likely to die out of memory, for, at this writing, a spacious and splendid building is being erected, as an adjunct to our National Gallery, for the reception of the magnificent collection of paintings that so long adorned the halls and staircases of Russborough House.

The Protestant Church of Milltown is fully half a mile distant from the village, and has been recently erected on the Temple road near the beautifully laid-out grounds of Palmerston Park. It was in this church, of which the Rev. Dr. J. E. Moffett, who, by-the-way, is also an M.D., is the Incumbent, that the notorious clerical imposter known as the "Rev. Dr." Keating, who posed, for some time, as an ex-Roman Catholic priest and officiated as if in holy orders until his true character was discovered, whereupon he was at once arrested, prosecuted, and imprisoned. The Roman Catholic Church, which is a chapel-of-ease to that of Rathgar, is dedicated to St. Gall, and is a small and unpretending building in the main street.

The village is well supplied with schools, for in addition to those of the National Board that are under the able charge of Mr Michael O'Sullivan, B.A., there are the newly erected Convent Schools, recently opened by the Sisters of Charity at St Anne's, or, as it was until recently known, Milltown House, a noble-looking mansion, formerly occupied by the distinguished advocate and judge, Barry Yelverton, Lord Avonmore, whose degenerate descendant—"The Major"—played such a sorry part, some forty years ago, in the remarkable trial of Thelwell v. Yelverton, during which the afterwards Lord Chief Justice—Whiteside—made one of the most thrilling speeches that was

ever delivered at the Irish Bar. Milltown Castle, when we last saw it, was in thorough repair, and the arched guard room had been transformed into a very spacious and excellent kitchen, and an improved close-range occupied the space where, in olden times, the former occupants were delighted with the big wooden logs that blazed upon the hearth. A fine old stone staircase led us to the upper apartments. When it was deemed expedient to raise the ceilings of the upper rooms, it was, of course, necessary to remove the ancient roof, and it was found to be a work of great labour. The walls turned out to be about five feet thick, and so well was the masonry work done that, like in the old fortalices that we have met with in the "Kingdom of Kerry," the mortar proved almost harder than the stone. The hill on which the castle is built presents all the appearance of an entrenchment. Many weapons of richly-ornamented bronze were found in the time of the former owner, and more recently a discovery was made which, if turned to account, might have proved advantageous to somebody. While they were digging a deep sewer to drain off the surplus waters of the Dodder, one of the workmen came upon a quantity of what were apparently rusty old rings. He showed them to the proprietress, but in her estimation they seemed so utterly worthless that she desired them to be thrown back into the sewer again. In a day or two afterwards she went down to where the workmen were excavating the sewer, when in her presence another ring, and of a similar design, was dug up, and on being handed her, she desired the labourer to hit it with his pickaxe. The blow broke the ring, and the metal of which it was composed appearing of that rich and almost copper-coloured yellow, which is to be found now only in old brooches and miniature frame-mountings of the end of the eighteenth or early part of the nineteenth century, she took it into Dublin,

and showed it to her jeweller, who pronounced it to be pure gold. An immediate search was then made for the rings that, at her suggestion, had been thrown away—some sixty or seventy—but not a trace of them was ever afterwards found. We could not leave this old and castellated mansion without noting its picturesque aspect, standing, as it does, upon an elevated platform, with the hill, planted all round with sheltering and shady evergreens, and baring its green bosom to the sun as though inviting its warmth. The once-busy mills, which gave it its name, are now all silent and deserted—Palmer's, Burke's, Hartnett's, O'Callaghan's, Moore's, Clayton and Lee's—most of which were used as corn, starch, woollen, cloth, pin, and stone saw-mills. The Dartry Dye Works were, in those days, known as the "Hook-hill Mills," while the Laundry, which is close by the railway bridge, known as the "Nine Arches," and which was patronised by Royalty in the person of the late Queen, during her last visit to Ireland, was before its transformation, known as Gibney's flour mill.

In the village, and on the right of the slope of the hill, as we go towards Dublin, is an old and interesting dwelling known as Geraldine House, which was in our recollection the property of a Miss Fitzgerald, who was, we understand, a member of the Duke of Leinster's family. When we last saw it it was in a very dilapidated condition, but, possibly, for certain associations that in the course of time may become historical, the house and gardens have been recently renovated. There, in his more youthful and Bohemian days, lived Mr Thomas Sexton, then a writer on the staff of the *Nation* newspaper, but shortly afterwards elected M.P., and then, for two years successively, Lord Mayor of Dublin. He has since then proved himself to be a good writer, a most eloquent orator, and a calm and clear-headed politician, and, so far as the

management of a leading Dublin newspaper is concerned, he has proved himself to be no amateur in financial business. He has also had the exceptional honour and, we dare say, pleasure, of seeing his own presentment in the form of a very beautifully executed marble bust placed in the City Hall, wherein, also, are to be found statues of Grattan, O'Connell, Lucas, Drummond, and Denis Florence M'Carthy—the last and sweetest of the “Young Ireland” school of native poets. In the immediate vicinity, and at the rear of Geraldine House, stood Foxe's celebrated silk-weaving manufactory. There are quite a number of public and private parks, including Milltown Park, now occupied by the Jesuit Fathers, under the directorship of the Rev. W. S. Sutton, S.I., and Palmerston Park, which has been beautifully laid out by Mr. William Sheppard, the famous landscape gardener, who, at the bidding of Lord Ardilaun, and the late Rathmines and Rathgar Township Commissioners, transformed Stephen's Green and Harold's Cross Green respectively into delightful public promenades. Within a few perches of Palmerston Park—at Highfield House—resides Professor Dowden, LL.D., who is a contributor to the recently published “International Library of Famous Literature.” He has, also, written a volume of verses which, however classic, have never been very popular with the lovers of the Byronic, Moorish, or, even, the Wordsworthism schools of modern poetry. All the same, he is the present “Professor of English” in the Dublin University, and, like his celebrated friend—Dr. John Kells Ingram—he may yet produce some poetical composition—

“That will immortalise his name,  
And add it to the Irish rosary of Fame.”

Next door, oddly enough, resides another famous Irish *litterateur*—Standish O'Grady, an able journalist, and the author of several well-known works, in-

cluding “The Bog of Stars” (which was published in “The Library of Ireland”), “Finn and His Companions,” and many other stories, chiefly of the Elizabethan period. On the same road, and close by these distinguished writers, resides the Rev. Dr. William J. Clarke, the learned and popular Incumbent of Zion Church. Not far from this church, and in one of the rather new and handsome houses recently erected on Brighton road, resides a well known local poet—Albert W. Quill, Esq., B.L., M.A., and author of various miscellaneous poetical contributions, which were chiefly published in one of our Dublin contemporaries, and were generally of a passing-event class. At Orwell Park—which is not a park, but a newly-opened road, upon which has been erected a large number of elegant villa residences—resides Mr. Alfred Webb, ex-M.P., and author of a valuable and now very scarce “Dictionary of Irish Biography;” and close by, on the same road, stands the very handsome entrance to Oaklands, where Mr. Charles Wisdom Hely, J.P., annually displays a very delightful collection of chrysanthemums

At St. Philip's, the residence of Mrs Henshaw, hockey, for some years past has had, in this neighbourhood, through the patronage and hospitality of the Misses Henshaw and their mother, its headquarters, and everyone who was anyone was to be met with when a match was announced to take place upon these grounds, and, we have no doubt, that many *matches*, happy all, we hope, resulted from these pleasant meetings. Leaving the so-called new bridge at Milltown, and passing by the now closed up “Dewdrop Inn,” where in former years jolly toppers made merry, and passing travellers, tired and weary, found refreshment and repose, we proceed along the riverside to Clonskeagh, or, in Irish, “the meadow of the whitethorn bush.” The banks are rocky, high, and shelving, and at least one particular spot, which is about midway between the



bridges, is absolutely dangerous. An old and ivy clad watch tower, which can be seen through the boughs of the overhanging trees, is in the domain of R. Wade Thompson, Esq., J.P., who now occupies the handsome seat erected by Mr Jackson, one of the most influential of the promoters of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. As we ramble on the winding of the stream opens up a vista of new scenes, and each view as it follows on, like picture after picture in a panorama, seems more attractive than the one we have just left behind us. Thus, with the winding and graceful river gliding between its verdant banks, the hum of industry, the clank of many hammers, the whirl of wheels, the snort of engines, and the din of machinery at the Henshaw Iron Works, we reach Clonskeagh. Again, we tread historic ground, for here is Casino, the family seat of the Emmetts, many of whom, including Robert's parents, are buried in the graveyard attached to St. Peter's Church in Aungier street, Dublin. By a singular coincidence the demesne adjoins that of Clonskeagh Castle, which was, as we have stated, the residence of the United Irishman, Jackson. The rear entrance is situate between Milltown and Windy Arbour. The house was built by the Emmetts, and, as if with the consciousness that a day might come when necessity for concealment would arise, trap doors and secret chambers were made beneath the flooring of the basement storey. When the attempted insurrection of the 23rd of July, 1803, totally failed, the unfortunate Robert fled hither. The house was then let to a Mr Clibborn, who was a near connection of the then Secretary of the Royal Irish Academy. Mr. Clibborn was puzzled to account for the noises that were heard, night after night, in the house, and, very naturally, he was most anxious to discover and put a stop to their continuance. The wife of Mr. Clibborn was on the eve of her confinement, and the nurse in attendance upon her declared the house was haunted, and would, we dare say, swear she saw a ghost, as she told her master she did. "Then, tell this ghost, when next you see him," said Mr. Clibborn, "that if I meet him, I'll shoot him." A couple of evenings passed over, and still the noises con-

tinued. On the third night, at that hour, "when churchyards are said," by Shakespeare, "to yawn, and the graves to give up their dead," a sound was heard such as might be produced by a person leaping from a window to the ground. A material presence was at once indicated by the fall, which satisfied the tenant of the mansion that it was solid flesh and blood which had disturbed his own and his household's rest. Seizing a pistol he followed, and at random fired after the fugitive. A little terrier came on the track, and gave chase, his master following. The dog led him to a heap of straw at the end of the garden, beneath which a figure lay concealed. When Mr. Clibborn approached the figure rose up, and, worn by watching, fevered by anxiety, dispirited by disappointment, and heart-crushed by the extinguishment of all his hopes, Robert Emmett stood before him.

"Sir," said he, "you see a ruined man. You have already attempted my life—take it. I have no desire to prolong it. I possess nothing worth living for now." "You mistake me, sir," replied Mr Clibborn, "I am not seeking your life. I do not wish to injure you, but the illness of a member of my family renders it impossible to suffer you to continue in my house. This alone is my motive in following you, and I am sure it will induce you, as a gentleman, for such I have always believed you to be, to seek shelter elsewhere."

"It is enough," answered Emmett, and, under the protection of the night, he fled to Harold's Cross, where, in a house in Mount Drummond-avenue, that was then occupied by a Mrs. Palmer with whom he occasionally lodged, and which still exists, he was in a short time afterwards—on the 25th day of August, 1803—arrested by Major Sirr, tried, convicted, and, as all the world knows, executed opposite the old Protestant Church of St. Catherine's, in Thomas-street, on the 20th day of September following.

This historic house—Casino—has been, in our recollection, occupied by the Meldon and Errington families, and is now in the possession of our very much respected and popular County Coroner—Henry L. Harty, Esq., J.P.

(To be continued in our next issue).

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IN 1838, the year in which the present Metropolitan Police succeeded the old parochial watchmen, who had been doing duty since 1808, a great storm swept over Dublin city and county, and in its devastating career uprooted a large number of noble elms that gave Elm Hall formerly occupied by the Luscombe family, its name. The trees were immediately replanted, and now form the well-known and beautiful Elm Walk in the grounds of St

Anne's Convent, to which there has been recently added a very handsome chapel. At the opposite side of the road is Moun; Prospect, the property of Mr Daniel Byrne, whose fame as a horse trainer and dealer is known all over the kingdom. Like the late Mr. John Regan, who was for so many years one of the leading Commissioners, he has made large investments in house property, particularly in the neighbourhood of Cullenswood and the Dodder road. His brother, James, who resides at the Observatory at Whitehall, is a well-known road contractor, and was, we understand, consulted by the late Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell on more

than one occasion, in connection with his quarrying operations at Avondale. Vergemount, which was formerly the residence of a famous jeweller and watch-maker named Crosthwait, has recently been acquired by the Rathmines and Rathgar Urban Council with the intention of using it as an hospital, or turning its apartments into disinfecting chambers. When the hatting trade was a flourishing one in this country Flora Ville that more recently was occupied by General Sankey, was tenanted by a wealthy hatter named Wright, one of whose family still resides in Westmoreland-street, and appropriately enough up to the day of the late Queen's demise, described himself as "Wright Hatter to Her Majesty." The fine old house now transformed into the Masonic Orphan Boys' School, was formerly known as Richview, and was the residence of a wealthy calico printer, who kept his factory at Bull's Bridge. Here reside several distinguished, or well-known people, including (at Roebuck Grove), Sir Christopher Nixon, J.P., M.D., President of the Royal College of Physicians; F. V. Westby, Esq., J.P. (at Roebuck Castle); Richard J. Corballis, Esq., J.P. (at Rosemount); and Henry J. Gill, Esq., A.M., T.C.D., the head of the world-wide known firm of publishers—Messrs M. H. Gill and Son, of Upper Sackville street.

Close by us is Cullenswood, where, on Easter Monday, 129, upwards of 500 so-called citizens of Dublin, but who were, in reality, a colony from Bristol, went out to divert themselves in the fields that are now known as Palmerston Park, and roads innumerable, including those of Ormond, Windsor, and Cowper, which owe their existence almost altogether to the public spirit and enterprise of P. J. Plunkett, Esq., U.D.C., whose only son is the well-travelled man, the well-read critic, and a capital judge of a work of art, especially in the shape of an old oil painting. Here, in those then fields they were enjoying themselves, when, like the Assyrians of old, the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes swept down on the fold, and, as Owen Connellan, the Irish historiographer, records the story, the whole 500 were

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killed; and to this day the old inhabitants of the neighbourhood call Easter Monday "Black Monday," and the place "the Bloody Fields." As sacred writ tells us that, after the Deluge, the world was re-populated, so, after the swoop at Cullinstown, the city was immediately re-peopled by a new colony from Bristol; and for many years afterwards, on every succeeding Easter Monday, the citizens marched out to the scene of action with their banners unfurled, and defied the Irish clansmen—the O'Tooles and the O'Byrnes.

At present the tram-cars ply to Clonskeagh from the city every few minutes, and it is contemplated by the company, we understand, to extend the line on to Bray and Enniskerry via Birds-avenue, Windy Arbour, Dundrum, Sandyford, and Stepside—which latter place, if made fairly accessible—would, like Dalkey and Howth, become after a short time a very popular resort for our citizens and visitors. The parish church, of which the Rev. Dr. Robert Walsh is the rector, is a long way off, being situate at Simmons-court, Donnybrook.

The river in the vicinity of Clonskeagh is very picturesque, but, as we proceeded by the road from Henshaw's lower iron mill, which was formerly a woollen mill, we could not forget that, at the behest of the Irish Relief Works Board, this road was made and opened out by starving peasant labour during the famine years of 1847 and 1848. The roadway here, with the huge broken rocks extending across the river bed, with the mill-race falls, and the fine prospective view of the Dublin mountains filling up the back-ground, affords some exquisite studies for an artist's pencil. There is a row of old, but yet neatly-kept cottages fronting the river, surrounded by nodding trees whose branches, every now and then, as if in a slumberous state, dip in the passing waters. A foot-bridge resting on a stout iron prop, and having a hand rail at both sides for the protection of the passing public, connects both banks. The river here is very shallow, and any ardent disciple of that interesting and quaint angler—old Isaac Walton—would very naturally complain

of the great proportion of the water that is taken from its natural channel to supply the mill, or, more properly, the laundry races along our route. Here, for the first time, our river seems to be becoming inert, as though it were exhausted by the amount of labour imposed upon it—no longer frolicsome as in its earlier stages—tumbling, leaping, splashing, and plunging—impatient of restraint, as youth ever is—and ready to break away to enjoy "fresh scenes and pastures new." It has witnessed, during its eventful career, places hallowed by deeds of piety, endeared by memories of learning and of art, and famous for feats of arms. The moated and battlemented castles of mediæval times watched over its flood, and now the up-to-date dwelling of to-day casts its shadow on the waters, but the spirits that animated our fathers—whether of party, romance, or dare-devilism—have long since died out amongst our people, and so like our river, now rapidly drawing to its close, the current of our existence, "after life's fitful fever," grows slower and slower until at length it ends in the torpidity of the grave.

But we must now rid ourselves of these Hamlet-like musings, for, while we have been meditating and soliloquising, we find we have sauntered on to the world famous Fair-green of Donnybrook, or St. Brock's Church, or, as we have it interpreted, Dhu-her-brugh, composed of the name Dhu-ther, signifying the black river; and brugh, an inn, or house of entertainment, which, under the Brehon laws, the King or Chief was obliged to maintain to yield hospitality to those needing it—as were the Lords of Howth at the behest of the Irish sea-queen—Grace O'Mulley. The village proper is situated at the city side of the Dodder, which is spanned here by the Angiesea bridge, which is situate on the main road to Bray, and was erected in 1830 to the then Viceroy, who was rather popular. The village consists of one main street, which is very irregularly built, the dwellings being various heights and sizes. There are several excellent houses, chiefly, as might be naturally expected from its antecedent history, houses of entertainment. Some very old lanes and avenues branch off and along the Fair green and river. The Protestant

Church, which is dedicated to St. Mary, is a vaulted building in the early style, which has recently been greatly enlarged at a cost of something over £3,000. The Roman Catholic Church, which is a structure of more modern date, and, at present, under the charge of the Very Rev. Charles Horris, is a very beautiful structure, and occupies a most prominent position at the top of the village and at the southern side of the river. It is built, from a design by Pugin and Ashlin, of a fine, hard and white granite, with Bathstone dressings, and, we understand, cost in or about £6,000. There is, also, here a Magdalen Asylum, and as we go on towards the city we pass the time-honoured and most excellent Hospital for Incurables. There is, also, here the Bloomfield Retreat, which is a lunatic asylum, established many years ago by the Society of Friends. There are quite a number of schools—one on the Erasmus Smith's foundation, another attached to the Roman Catholic Church, and, we believe, a Protestant Sunday School. Like Clonskeagh, Palmerston Park, Terenure, and Rathfarnham, it, too, is the present terminus of one of the principal lines of the Tramway's system on the south side of Dublin. The discalced Carmelites have a college here on what is now called Morehampton-road. Its former owner, when it was a private mansion, being on the road to Donnybrook, did not minimise his predilections for Donnybrook associations, for we find he called the place *Gayfield*, and by that name it is known still under the guardianship of the Very Rev. Prior Ryan.

Adjoining the old churchyard, and, we may add, the very small and plain chapel, which was in existence some 35 years ago, stood, and still stands, Donnybrook House, the family mansion of the Maddens, the absolute owners of the fair green, with all rights and privileges appertaining thereto. This old house, with its solemn aspect, not a little increased by its contiguity to the ancient burial ground, might with people more sensitive than the present writer cause a sigh as they gazed upon its well-known walls. Many times, in years gone by, did we there enjoy true Irish hospitality. Often,

again, in the back parlour, looking out upon the pleasant garden with all its tulip beds and blossom-laden fruit trees, in springtide have we beheld literary and social (for at the period of which we write the two terms were almost synonymous) spirits assembled at the bidding of him "who oft welcomed us here." And when the dinner was over, and the mahogany sideboard laden with fruits and wines, and the best produce of an old age producing distillery, the jovial giver of the feast would himself produce such jolly mirth and rollicking conviviality that few, if any, of the present generation can hope to find equalled. Of all that crowd who were there and then assembled, how many now survive? Except himself, the writer of this paper does not believe there is one. And thus it ever is, even after an interval of a few years, on re-visiting a place associated with the presence of dear friends called hence, with what changed feelings we return. The old house we so well knew is unaltered, the building stands, the tress are all in blossom, the verdure is removed, but those we loved and esteemed, where are they? The scythe of time is, so far as we are concerned, cutting with keen and more relentless edge every day.

Donnybrook Fair and the "boys" who used to frequent it,

With their sprigs of shillelagh and shamrock so green,"

were not known to this twentieth century generation, and it and them have long since passed away. Our children—and it is no loss to them—cannot now behold the multitudinous array of tents, wave after wave of billowy canvass, suggesting the wonderful sights that were contained within their cavernous depths. No more can they play "hide and go seek" behind these awful menageries of wheels, containing as many animals as would almost rival Noah's Ark. Never more will they have a chance of gazing on these beautiful ladies, with gold and silver spangles on their ball dresses, dancing so gracefully with the moustached gentleman in the very tight-fitting pantaloons.

(To be concluded next week).

was the necessity for us to have it. Pointing to  
 fore they announced the sale open they  
 would have to dedicate those things to God.  
 They were their offerings to Him for the

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# THE DODDER;

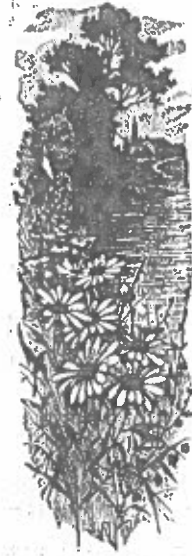
## ITS HISTORY, TRADITIONS, AND ASSOCIATIONS.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE NEWS."

By JNO. CHR. FITZACHARY.

Author of "The Bridal of Drimna," "Legends, Lays and Lyrics," etc.

(Continued from our last issue).



THE custom of holding fairs at Donnybrook, which were annual, dated so far back as the year 1204, when the then King—John—the only monarch of that name who ever sat upon the throne of England, initiated them by granting a patent or licence for an annual eight-day fair to the then representatives of the present Dublin Corporation. Subsequently, in 1252, Henry III. extended its duration, by charter, to fifteen days. Of its latter years, we must only say, it was a mingled scene of dissipation and amusement, chiefly attended by the hard toilers from the garrets and factories in the city, who gladly betook themselves, on "Walking Sunday," and the evenings of successive days, from the dirty and overcrowded lanes and alleys. They eagerly sought the fresh air and green verdure of the "Brook," and were delighted, evidently, by the music of the old fiddlers and pipers, who are now, like the Irish wolf-hound, as a race, almost extinct. For their sakes, and their sakes alone, we would be disposed to regret the abolition of this ancient fair, were we not, from what we have read and saw, aware of the pernicious effects, the dissipation, the intemperance,

and the immorality that followed in its train for weeks after. The riots attendant on the fair were many, and often caused, as a ballad of the period shows:

"A heart soft with whiskey, and a head soft with blows."

During the Mayoralty of Alderman Hodges, who was Lord Mayor of Dublin from 1836 to 1837—and who was designated by O'Connell as "Hodges, the Tinker," because, we suppose, he kept an ironmongery establishment, that was in existence until very recently, in Westmoreland street—the closing hours of the booths were reduced from 12 o'clock, midnight, to 6 o'clock, p.m.; but it was not until the Mayoralty of Alderman Boyce, in 1855, that the last representative of the Madden family, into whose hands the patent had passed, through purchase from the old Corporation of Dublin, was amply compensated on its discontinuance, that the fair was, as a fair, actually abolished, although, it is true, that, for a few years after, the Dillons, who were intermarried with the Maddens, and who kept a tavern opposite the angular field on the left as we go on to Dublin, and which has long since ceased to exist, endeavoured, in spite of the authorities, to resuscitate it. It was hoped, at the time, that some innocent, healthy, and intellectual recreations would be substituted, especially for the benefit of the middle and humbler classes, and, to some extent, this hope has been realised by the opening of workingmen's clubs, athletic clubs, rowing clubs, people's parks, and lastly, but above all, public libraries.

Loftus A. Bryan, who, like Alderman Hodges, was also an ironmonger, who kept his establishment in Bride street, and whose son, within our recollection, occupied the premises in Dame street now known as Sir Thomas Lipton's, was during that year one of the two Sheriffs of Dublin. This allusion to Sir Thomas Lipton, of the two "Shamrocks," and the "America Cup" contest, reminds us that it was in a portion of these premises that the Potts family, who were the original founders and proprietors of the old "Saunders' Newsletter"—for, be it understood, there was an old "Saunders" and a new one, just as there was an old and new "Nation" newspaper—which made a large fortune, as, also, did their not far-a-way neighbours, Messrs Gunn and Cameron, of Fleet street, the founders and proprietors of the "General Advertiser." Neither of these papers ever in-



indulged in a leading article, or, perhaps, a misleading one, and, consequently, we believe, the present representative of the Potts family is a large landed proprietor in the County of Wexford; while the Cameron family, in Dublin, is represented by Lady Duffey, the wife of Sir George P. Duffey, and in Glasgow, by its present member, Sir Charles Cameron, who, by the way, is not to be confounded with his namesake, our very clever City Analyst, who hails from Scotland; while his namesake, the member for Glasgow, and proprietor of the "Glasgow Daily" and "Weekly Herald," should be, and is, we dare say, a Dublin man by birth.

We might, if space permitted, chronicle many strange and, sometimes, exciting events in connection with this celebrated fair; and the many remarkable people who were there, and who participated in its orgies, but such might not be considered, by many of our readers, cognate to the decorous manner in which we have hitherto carried on—we hope it is as interesting as it has been voluminous—our story of "The Dodder." We may, however, mention that at that portion of the river which is now built upon, and known as Anglesea road its waters were, some fifty-six years ago, and during the holding of the fair, disturbed by the presence of a strange bather—no less than the reputed king of beasts—a fine lion, who, having escaped from a travelling caravan that was, for the week, located at the fair, disdained to mix with the common crowd of bipeds, and, we suppose, mistaking their consternation, which manifested itself in shrieks and cries, for an immediate and deadly pursuit, betook himself to the river, and, having regaled and indulged himself there for fully an hour in a cool bath, allowed himself to be recaptured by his keeper.

The bridge over the Dodder is a substantial and very level one—as much so as those of O'Connell, in Dublin, or Westminster, in London. Near the demesne that was once his own, and, afterwards, the property of Colonel O'Neill, is a granite stone obelisk—in a small way after the Wellington memorial in the Phoenix Park—which was erected in 1838, to record all the good qualities of Alderman Arthur Morrison, who was, from 1835 to 1836, Lord Mayor of Dublin, with Messrs. John Drummond and Garrett Wall as his Sheriffs. There is another memorial, but of much more modern date, on the opposite side of the river. It has been erected by the Dublin Stock-brokers, in the shape of a very handsome and well-sculptured entrance gateway, to the memory of the late Thomas Chamney Searight, who is buried here, and who was for many years anterior

to 1900 Registrar to the Dublin Stock Exchange. Extensive black stone quarries, formerly known as "The Half Moon," and which were worked for many years by a family named Bishop, are now, to a great extent filled in, and form the site of the Tramway-car terminus in this district. It has been suggested to the writer of these papers that Donnybrook would be a very desirable starting point for a tramway line to Enniskerry or Bray. We are not particularly interested, but, when we are cornered after this fashion, we must say that if the tourists who visit our shores are to enjoy beautiful scenery in the shape of wild and lofty mountains, well-cultivated plains, and, beyond them, looking towards Bray, picturesque views of Killiney, Dalkey, Kingstown, on the one side, and of Malahide, Howth, and Clontarf on the other, and if the atmosphere is fairly clear, good views can be had of the O'Connell monument in Glasnevin, and of the Wellington memorial in the Phoenix Park.

Following on the course of the river, which now bends towards Dublin, we pass the graceful and ivied church of Simmons' Court, which is built in the pointed Gothic style, with, as Sir Walter Scott would have it:

"Its vaulted roof and lancet windows."

Close by, and only separated by the road, are the very handsomely laid out grounds of Simmons' Court, now the seat of James M'Cann, Esq., J.P., and member of Parliament for the Stephen's Green Division, and, we should add, the surviving partner of the well-known firm of stock-brokers known as M'Cann and Naish—the last-mentioned partner, who died recently, was a brother to a very popular and successful lawyer who died as Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The house when we knew it was occupied by the late Mr. Tabiteau, who, like the writer of this paper, was a French Huguenot, whose ancestors migrated here, possibly, after the advent of Cromwell and his stern legions upon our shores. The ruins of the ancient castle stand near the entrance to the demesne and display two arches, one on the north, and the other on the south side. Mr. Tabiteau, who, although engaged in trade as one of the leading wine merchants of Dublin for many years, was no mean authority in such matters, called our attention to the difference in the shape of these arches: that to the south is circular, a Roman or Saxon arch; while that on the opposite side, which is, evidently, of more modern date, is in the severely pointed Gothic. The walls, throughout, are of great thickness, and a portion of one of the flanking towers, yet remaining, has a flight of steps, by which

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we mounted to the upper storey and reached what was at one time the state apartment of the castle. As we stood in that deserted castle hall with grass-grown steps and ivy-mantled walls, and gazed upon the Dodder winding through the fair-green of Donnybrook, reflecting back the sunlight, while southward rose the Dublin mountains, and the city lay but a short distance to the north, we could not help thinking of the changes witnessed by this old ruin since it stood bristling with armed men, a watchful sentinel over the Dodder. The late proprietor did, we know, and we have no doubt, the present proprietor does keep this relic of bygone years in a state of care and preservation worthy of its ancient history. We may here pause for a moment and ask how many of our ancient castles, pillar towers, and ruined abbeys have, notwithstanding Acts of Parliament that have been passed for their preservation, been left a prey to ruin and devastation, and are now hastening to fall in the midst of scenes which their presence, to the present day, identifies with events that are famous in our history, songs, and stories. Often the ploughshare of the illiterate peasant has levelled the most hallowed vestiges of the dwellings of our greatest warriors, poets, and sages, which ought, and would be, in any other country, preserved with the most jealous care.

The notices that we have met with in print fail to furnish us with any information—as is too often the case in our neglected history—respecting the original occupiers of this time-worn and ivied castle. The townland of Donnybrook appears to have been granted in 1178, by the then Archbishop of Dublin, St Laurence O'Toole, to Christ's Church, but, in the course of time, it subsequently became part and parcel of the very large possessions of the Fitzwilliam family, who originally held it by virtue of their right as Lords of Merrion. He may have been a poet, but he certainly was not a prophet, who wrote:

"The Dodder's banks are lonely now  
Since Donnybrook's no more!"

for never during its long and eventful history was Donnybrook and its neighbourhood more prosperous or more thickly and better populated than it is at present. On every side new roads, terraces, and avenues—among which may be mentioned Ailesbury and Shrewsbury roads, Auburn and Victoria avenues, and quite a multitude of handsome villas—are springing up like mushrooms almost every other month.

Pursuing the course of the river, we saunter on to Ball's-bridge, which, by the way, derives its name from the once-famous banker of Henry street, Dublin—

the bank is still in existence. It—the bridge—was originally erected in 1791, and rebuilt in a very substantial manner in 1835. To an ordinary observer it still, with its three arches, looks a good and spacious structure, but it appears that, since the Royal Dublin Society inaugurated their world-famous horse, cattle, and dog shows, and other shows of "all sorts and conditions," in their new and, of their kind, unequalled buildings, in this neighbourhood, the bridge has been declared to be quite inadequate to facilitate the vast crowds of people who, by carriage, tram, or car, or as pedestrians, journey out here almost all the year round to shows, sports, bazaars, and tournaments. While the shows are running trains from all parts of Ireland convey passengers and animals to the new railway station which has been recently opened opposite the Show buildings. Everyone who is anyone, from the Viceroy to the humblest commoner, all in turn, on pleasure bent, bring hither their wives, sisters, and country cousins, or, and more likely, somebody else's sisters and cousins, to witness an assembly of all that is manly in man, beautiful in woman, most highly prized in the animal creation, and most useful and up-to-date in all matters, especially those appertaining to the science—for a science it is—of agriculture. This being so, it has been arranged between the Pembroke Urban Council and the United Tramways Company that a new and very much wider bridge than the present shall be immediately erected.

When approaching Ball's-bridge from the city the visitor passes on the right-hand side of the road, where a row of very neat villas have been erected, the site of the famous Baggotrath Castle which was reproduced by our eminent architect, Sir Thomas Drew, the present President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and under its portals, on the occasion of the late Queen's last visit to Ireland, the present Sir Thos. Pile, who was then Lord Mayor of Dublin, presented her Majesty with the keys—imaginary of course—of the city, and bade her welcome to Dublin. This old castle, the counterpart of which was so beautifully and artistically reproduced with all the archaeological minuteness that distinguishes the work of the successor of the late Sir Thomas Farrell as P.R.H.A., was occupied by the forces of the Marquess of Ormond in 1649, and was stormed and taken by Cromwell in 1651. How interesting it would be to our citizens and country cousins if they only realised the fact:

"That this old castle, drawn by Drew,  
Was that our great-grandfathers knew."

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

## THE DODDER; ITS HISTORY, TRADITIONS, AND ASSOCIATIONS.

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IN the immediate neighbourhood of Ball's Bridge, and on the city side of the river, is the modern church of St. Bartholomew, which is under the charge of the Rev. Canon Smith, and was erected, we believe, at a cost of something like £6,000. It is situated at the junction of the Elgin and Clyde roads, and its crosses, screens, bells, and ornaments, which are more or less of a ritualistic, or, as some will have it, a Puseyistic character, have, many a time and oft, caused much heated controversy in the Synods, and litigation in the Law Courts during recent years. The Botanic Gardens of Trinity College are close by, and all seasons of the year display, like those at Glasnevin, the great skill, taste, and knowledge of the present able conservator, F. W. Burbidge, Esq. Adjoining these interesting gardens are the once-busy Hammersmith Iron Works, which were for many years run by the Turner family, whose births and marriages, like those of Royalty, by the thundering of bellying cannon, were announced, not, as Longfellow has it:

"You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell  
When the evening sun is low."

But, on the contrary.

With a quick and merry beat  
Made all their anvils sound,  
Telling the ties, through square and street,  
That man and master bound!

When, some twenty years ago, the Irish Wrought-iron Works, who made gates and railings almost as beautiful as those of Hampton Court Palace, which, by the way, are now on exhibition in the Royal Dublin Society's Museum in Kildare street, were ousted by English competitors, as the best-stead makers of the Seville Works, now occupied by Messrs. Cherry and Smalldridge, were ousted by the same competitors some ten years before, the Hammersmith Iron Works were turned into a skating-rink. These rinks (like Turkish-baths, crinolines, Alexandra limps, and public water fountains), being one of the crazes of the period, just as was the æstheticism of those dudes and dandies who, especially in London, during the last quarter of the 19th century, followed the apostleship of the unfortunate Oscar, younger son of the famous Sir William Wilde, the great Irish oculist, physician, and savant, who resided for many years with his distinguished wife, Lady Jane Francesca, better known as "Speranza," under which nom-de-plume she became one of the most celebrated poetesses of the "48" period, at No. 1 Merrion square. The dwelling of the Turners has been recently transformed into the Royal Veterinary College of Ireland, and is superintended by Principal A. E. Mettam.

In an old and interesting paper, published some forty-five years ago, we read that: "Adjoining this bridge there is a very large factory, but no hum of industry is heard, no sound indicative of employment breaks from door or window; nought breaks the silence save the ripple of the Dodder, as it flows beneath the bridge, or the roll of carriages as they pass along the Rock road." All that is now changed, for the large bakery concerns of Messrs. Johnston, Mooney, and O'Brien, who now occupy the position in the trade formerly held by the Messrs Manders and Co. some fifty odd years ago, are the identical premises described in this paper, and which formed, at one time, the great calico, linen, and cotton-printing factory of Messrs Duffy and Co., who employed, we have been informed, over four hundred persons. The machinery was put in motion by engines of forty-horse power, and the buildings extended along the ramparts of the river, from the battlements of the old bridge almost to Donnybrook. The Town Hall is a handsome

structure, situate at the southern side of the bridge, and further on, and only a few perches from the Royal Dublin Society's buildings, stands the Masonic Female Orphanage, and, on the opposite side, are situate the well-known nurseries of Mr. Daniel Ramsey, who, in an election address which is just now appearing, states, and, we have no doubt, truly, that "he is a large employer of labour, and an extensive owner of property in this neighbourhood." On this—the eastern side—quite a number of elegant villa and other residences have been recently erected, and many new roads, including those of Simmons' Court, and Shrewsbury, and others, as yet unnamed, have been lately opened out, and are being rapidly built upon.

From Ball's Bridge to Ringsend there is, save for a short distance at Newbridge avenue, an uninterrupted and nicely-kept pathway, bounded by a low wall on the river side, and, for a considerable distance, a wooden railing on the other. Adjoining the Pembroke estate cottages, on the city side, stands the recently-erected, but already abandoned, electric-power station of the United Tramways Co., who have, instead, erected much more extensive and powerful works at Ringsend.

The course of the river is no longer bright and clear, as in the earlier portion of its career. It has now lost the sparkling purity and the joyous vivacity of its earlier stages, and, like the blood in aged veins, begins to flow feebly and languidly to its closing scene. Sea-gulls, in myriads here whiten the river and the adjoining fields, just as we saw them one summer's morning when proceeding up the Firth of Clyde, whiten, as with a heavy fall of snow, the lofty and precipitous sides of Ailsa Craig. Fields and mansions—the latter for the most part, old ones—stud the banks until crossed by the bridge of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, which, by the way, with its black stone and cavernous-looking passage for pedestrians, is not a very up-to-date structure, and mars very much a pretty and much frequented walk. The rush of the engine, as it hurries the train across, is like the onset of a powerful spirit bent on conquest; and surely this spirit of steam is as potent a spirit as ever obeyed the behests of the Lord of the Lamp or the Ring, shut up as it was for ages in the casket that was concealed in the depths of

ignorance, until brought to light by the skilful divers into the ocean of science, but now, so progressive is the fast age in which we live, this potent spirit that was evoked by Watt, is to a great extent already superseded by the scientific discoveries of Franklin—

"That great, good man whose luminous mind

Brought down the lightnings to serve mankind."

We now draw near the end of our pilgrimage, and, standing upon the three-arched bridge, commonly called the "New Bridge," which gave its name to Newbridge avenue, and which was built by the late Mr. John M'Manus, of Stepside, we behold one of the many attractive villages through which the new electric trams are proposed, and, we will add, are ultimately destined to run. Here, on this so-called bridge we loiter for a few minutes, and, looking around, see on our left, the domed cupola of St Stephen's, and, not far distant, the pinnacled turrets of St. Bartholomew's churches. Sandymount, which is in the immediate vicinity of Irishtown, was, ere Kingstown, Dalkey, or Bray started into successful rivalry, a very fashionable bathing place, and much frequented by the fairly-well-to-do classes who, some forty odd years ago, were, or fancied they were, in need of pure air and the invigorating ozone of the sea breeze. It can boast of a very handsome Roman Catholic church (the post town of which is very improperly described in the Catholic Directory as "Star of the Sea"), and of which the learned Canon O'Hanlon is the parish priest. In those olden times it possessed its share of hiring boats, baths, and boarding-houses, the last of which, in many cases, proved a great attraction for belles and beaux, whose flirtations were as many and frequent as those that occur almost every other evening, between the Kialto and Clason's bridges. These flirtations were often fertile, and the promenades, on more than one occasion, led on to Ringsend. This name certainly puzzles the tourist, and we can well imagine Brother Jonathan or John Bull laughing to their hearts' content when they hear that the first places they pass, while entering the Bay of Dublin, and, as they set them down in their respective notebooks, "two bulls and a blunder," i.e., the North Bull, the South Bull, and Ringsend. We have inquired as to the origin of this name, and, having applied to the right people, we obtained an easy and satisfactory

solution. "There were," our informant told us, "formerly rings along the quay wall, terminating here, for the making fast of ships, and this gave the place its name, Ringsend." As we saunter on, we pass the old church of St. Matthias at Irishtown, which, some way or another, always reminds us of a couplet attributed to Swift:

"Low church and high steeple,  
Poor town and proud people."

On our left and close by the bridge we pass the Lansdowne Grounds, with their grand stand from which thousands of lovers of sports have, year after year, witnessed some of the most exciting athletic contests that have been chronicled in sporting annals. Following the example of their more monied neighbours, the young men of the artisan classes, who have formed athletic clubs innumerable, all of which are designated by some well-known name of place or person, here assemble, in an adjoining field, and in another at the south side of the river, especially on Sundays. This latter field was, about eighteen months ago the scene of what was, at the time, regarded as a foul murder, but, whether it was such or not, an humble girl of good character and handsome appearance was found here in the river. Her name was Bridget Gannon, and as there was no suspicion of foul play, her remains, after the inquest, were duly interred, but, in a few days afterwards, they were disinterred, and a second inquest held. At this inquiry statements were made by several witnesses which, in the opinion of the authorities, justified them in placing under arrest a constable named Flower, who was then stationed at Irishtown, and who was last seen in her company. He had assisted in raising her body from the river, and gave evidence to that effect at the first inquest, but made no mention of his having been with her on the night she met her death. In due course he was put on his trial, and, after a most exhaustive examination and cross-examination, a Dublin jury found him not guilty. Popular opinion, however, whether rightly or wrongly, was not very favourable towards him, but, be that as it may, he resigned his position in the police, and, we understand, emigrated to America or the Colonies.

Passing London Bridge, we see the extensive works of the Alliance Gas Co., and, conspicuous over the many other chimneys, rise those of the new electric-power station. Bottle works, bakeries, and chemical works abound on every side. The once-upon-a-time well-to-do Mining Company of Ireland

seems to be here amalgamated with the Ringsend Lead Works, and adjoining them is the Sunlight Gas Company. Here, for many years, was held the annual Metropolitan Regattas, which used to be attended by the Lords Mayor and all the elite of Dublin's well-to-do and middle-class society. This pathway, until it joins Fitzwilliam street, Ringsend, is private property. The chapel, which is a Roman Catholic one, and under the charge of the Rev. J. Grant Mooney, is a plain and unpretentious building, but several beautiful stained-glass windows have been recently erected within its walls by various donors in memory of departed relatives or friends. Ringsend has very great claims to notice in a lengthy article, such as this, and these claims are derived from its historical and antiquarian associations. Near the junction of the Dodder with the Liffey, extended a plain along the shore, called "The Stain," from an ancient pillar, formerly standing here, and which is supposed to have been erected by the Scandinavians or the Danes. For several centuries this was used as a port or harbour, and hither they used to steer their ships when they were desirous of landing. As they preferred, it appears, to run their vessels ashore and drag them along the low-lying beach, and beyond the reach of the tide, this proved itself a convenient landing place for those who were desirous of immediately reaching the city.

On the plain where Trinity College now stands, and which was outside the city boundary then, stood the monastery of All-Hallows, and, more in the direction of St. Stephen's Green, there was a tumulus, about 40 feet high and 150 feet in circumference. The late Mr. Charles Halliday, who was a most excellent Celtic antiquarian, proves most clearly that this was a Scandinavian erection. The extension of the city requiring the removal of this mound, the earth was used in raising the ground on which Nassau street now stands.

A most providential interposition occurred near the junction of the Dodder and Liffey, when all Ireland was stricken by a famine in 1331. The citizens of Dublin were, at that time, reduced to the most abject misery, but, quite unexpectedly, they were relieved by a prodigious number of large sea-fish, called Turlchides, being cast upon the shore. Harris, the historian, asserts that these monsters of the deep were from thirty to forty feet long, and so bulky, that two tall and strong men, placed one

KEEP YOUR TABLE GLASS BRISTLE.

one bottle, one bottle placed on next, one three glass, six double cruet under three



on each side of the fish, could not see each other. It is stated, in old journals which have been brought under our notice, that: "Lord Justice Lucy, with his servants, and many of the citizens of Dublin, killed above 200 of them and distributed them amongst the poor and starving people." Here it was that, in 1646, the soldiers of the Parliament for the first time landed on our shores, and in three years later, in 1649, the Lord Protector—Oliver Cromwell—followed, and contrived to obtain his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and marched through the country with an army that soon made him master of these realms.

There is a curious story told of the wardness of the Dodder which signalled the completion of the first bridge, which was erected as far back as 1650. This bridge was no sooner perfected than the river took the strange freak of forsaking its ancient channel, leaving it—the bridge—on dry ground, and continued this perverse course until, says Boate, an old historian, who is not very popularly known, but who is quoted by D'Alton, in his "History of the County of Dublin," "perforce it was constrained to return to its own channel." Ringsend was the place of debarcation selected by the celebrated General—De Ginkel—he who, in the words of Thomas Davis, "leaguered Limerick," and who, immediately afterwards, in December, 1691, went on board the mammoth yacht, escorted by the Lords Justices, and most of the nobility and gentry in and about Dublin. In 1782, the old bridge of Ringsend was swept away by a flood, and in 1802, a similar calamity befel its successor which caused the erection of the present substantial structure. From Ringsend the south wall of the harbour extends its protecting arm to the Pigeon House and Poolbeg Lighthouse, which first-mentioned place, it would now appear, is destined to be the outlet for not only the city main drainage, but also that of, at least for the present, the Urban Districts of Rathmines, Rathgar, and Pembroke.

A beautiful prospect of Dublin Bay—which has been compared with that of Naples—with the bold outlines of Howth, which, through the enterprise of the Northern Railway Company, whose trams vie with those of the United Tramways Company in making Howth a popular sea-side resort, which it is, every day, becoming more and more, at this point breaks upon our view. Now and then, as the sunshine passes over them, we get glimpses of the green fields of Sutton, and nearer the city, the old ruins of Kilbarrack, and the memorable battle plains of Clontarf, now interspersed by numerous roads, all of which are being plentifully studded with handsome villas. At sunset this is an exquisite panorama to gaze upon. The broad expanse of the sea lying before us reflects the golden sunset in one bright gleaming sheet, and hills, and fields, and mansions bask in the brilliancy. As the sun went down behind the city, a roseate blush succeeded the lurid blaze, and the change from gaudy light to the sombre grey of evening, was not less beautiful. The stars peeped timidly from the sky; the cool breeze from the sea bore to our ears the lightest sound; then, as we turned homeward, these floated up music from some boat gliding to its moorings that was quite in harmony with the scene around.

We have now wandered from the Thrush's Glen in famous Glenismole to Dublin's beautiful Bay, along hills and through valleys, woodlands and sunny glades, marking the mazy and silvery windings of the Dodder with all its traditional, local, and historic associations. Have we awakened in your mind a desire to traverse the same grounds in propria personæ? We hope so, and that you will not feel disposed to say of us, as a facetious friend said in reply to a gentleman who inquired if our friend was not about making a tour along the Rhine with an acquaintance not remarkable for amusing powers, "Go up the Rhine with him? Why, man, I would not go down the Dodder with him!"

The End.

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88 AND DUBLIN LANTERN—SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1902.

# THE HISTORIAN OF "THE DODDER":

JNO. CHR. FITZACHARY.

AN AMERICAN APPRECIATION.

By FRANCIS NUGENT.

(Reprinted from the *Boston Pilot*.)

There are at present in Ireland many poets who deserve a wider recognition than they have as yet received. Some of these latter-day Irish poets have a good command of metre and of rhyme, and a good ear and a capacity for technical finish, but their work shows no vitality. The poems of several of these writers are full of suggestiveness, and, of its kind, a pleasing philosophy, but they are too often spoiled by unpruned luxuriance. These poets are not always happy in their choice of subjects, but when the subjects chosen are interesting, from an historical or romantic point of view, they treat them with a great deal of poetical grace and musicality. As to the form of a poem, and its expressed sentiments, each individual writer should judge for himself. For ourselves, we think it wise to avoid, as far as possible, subjects which border on sentimentality, for although, as Moore has it—

"There is nothing half so sweet in life  
As Love's young dream,"

they are seldom appreciated by our middle-aged or unsympathetic readers.

Ireland can compare favourably with any of the European nations—ancient or modern—in the production of poems of the affections, and, therefore, we always regret to see youthful or aged Irish poets frittering away their talents or genius—for there is a vast difference between them—on sentimental lyrics, which, after all, are only faint echoes of Moore, Davis, Lover, and Graves.

It is, therefore, a pleasure to us to introduce to our readers an Irish poet whose poems are melodious utterances of genuine observation and feeling, and marked in almost every page by agreeable, and, in many cases, delightful traits and flights of fancy.

John Christopher FitzAchary was born in 1840 close by the village of Duncannon, in the county of Wexford, on St John's Day—the 24th of June, and *not* the 27th of December as given in Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary. He is the only son of the late Mr Matthias FitzAchary, of Frankfort avenue, Rathgar, who quite recently died at the patriarchal age of about 95 years, and who was, until he retired some thirty-five years ago, engaged by the Trinity or Irish Lights Board in erecting lighthouses and other beacons around the Irish coasts. The original ancestor of his family in Ireland, so far as we have been able to trace, was, it appears, a French Huguenot who came there with Cromwell, and, in acknowledgment of the services he rendered to the "Lord Protector," received and had confirmed unto him the lands adjoining Newtown and Castlebancroft on the high road, now used by the Blessington Steam Tramway Company—and which are still known to the survivors of the dying-out generation, although no longer in possession of his family, as "FitzAchary's Lands." On his mother's side, he is descended from the De la Poers of Waterford, so that, like the Geraldines, who, in the course of years, became more Irish than the Irish themselves, he is, on both sides, a Norman;

fertile brain and ready pen of the late Edmund O'Donovan, son of the great Celtic scholar of that name, but better known to the reading world as "O'Donovan, of Merve," the brilliant journalist, whose early and tragic death formed one of the most lamentable incidents in the history of the Soudan campaign.

Mr FitzAchary's poems have, from time to time, appeared in most of the newspapers and magazines in Dublin and the South of Ireland, including the *Nation*, *Weekly Irish Times*, *United Ireland*, *Shamrock*, *Weekly Freeman*, *Kilkenny Moderator*, and many others. A large number appeared in the pages of the *Irish Fireside*, and several of them were accompanied by full-page illustrations. In England, several of his pieces appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, and the *London Family Herald*, while in this country—(America)—many of his best known songs and ballads have been reproduced, especially in the columns of the *Irish-American Press*. Many of these pieces were published in the first instance under his initials, "J. C. F.," or the pen-names of "Geraldine," "Annie Sexton" (which was, we believe, his present wife's maiden name), and "FitzA."

On the whole, his descriptions are graphic, and his word-painting of a scene or an event is one that lingers on the memory. His poetry is as varied in subject as it is in style. He touches, in turn, from grave to gay, from pathetic to humorous. "He teems," wrote the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, on the appearance of his first volume, "with imagination and poetic ideas, and he has, evidently, read a great deal, which renders his writings quiverful of illustration, apt, and picturesque." On the same occasion, the reviewer of the *Nation* wrote—"We like best his descriptive passages of places in the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, which are remarkable for their historical associations or

while, by marriage (for he has been thrice a Benedict) he is connected with the O'Phelans of Ossory, the Kavanaghs of Wexford, and, lastly, the O'Sextons of Thomond. We find, on referring to O'Donoghue's "Poets of Ireland," and Paul's "Modern Irish Poets," both of which contain many interesting particulars of a biographical and bibliographical character, that our author, like Alexander Pope, almost "lisped in numbers," for, on the authority of these well-known and carefully compiled works, he became, at the age of 17, a constant contributor to *The Dublin Journal* of 1858, and, oddly enough, in thirty years after, we find him contributing to another journal of the same name.

Mr FitzAchary has long since made for himself a name and a place among the leading living poets of Ireland. In the autumn of 1870, and in conjunction with Mr Justin O'Byrne, a well-known journalist, now residing in London, but then sub-editor of the *Irishman*, which was owned by the notorious forger, Richard Pigott, of Parnell Commission fame, he took an active part in founding the once-upon-a-time popular comic entitled, appropriately enough, *Blarney*. The cartoons, which were not lithographed, but engraved on wood, attracted much attention, and elicited the highest praise from the art critics of many of the high-class illustrated papers, including the *Graphic*. These sketches were chiefly from the pencil of Michael Fitzgerald, a clever native artist, who studied at the Royal Dublin Society's School of Art, and who, shortly after, became connected with *Black and White* and the *Illustrated London News*, while many of his more ambitious works, in oils, have been, from time to time, exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy in London and the Hibernian Academy in Dublin.

The literary matter—a melange of grave and gay—was, on the whole, smartly written, and some of the best of it emanated from the



scenic beauty, for here the author evidently paints from Nature, and his great knowledge of our past history, coming to the aid of his faculty of observation, fires his fancy to enthusiasm." The work which called forth these praiseful allusions was the well-known "Bridal of Drimna," which was published, for the first time, on the 21st of December, 1882. The opening and longest poem, which gives the volume its title, is, so far, perhaps, the most ambitious effort of the author. It is a legendary tale of the Ireland of the Anglo-Norman period, the scene being laid amidst the sometimes wild, and oft-times beautiful, but always fascinating scenery of the Wicklow hills. This poem, which is full of energy and vigour, contains many choice and original thoughts, good descriptive powers, and, at the same time, a thorough acquaintance with "the spirit of the times" long past.

This volume ran through three editions, the second being issued early in 1884 by Messrs James Duffy and Sons, and the third, and last, with the title of "Legends, Lays, and Lyrics," in the autumn of 1886, by Messrs Sealy, Bryers, and Walker, who were, we should have mentioned, his first publishers. To these two later editions he added about a hundred pages, including an original romance, written in the metre of Lord Byron's "Corsair," and entitled "The Fall of Mustapha."

On the appearance of this third and last edition the *Irish Times* vied with the *Nation*, *Freeman*, *Belfast Morning News*, *University Review*, and *London Catholic Times* in welcoming "this highly interesting, instructive, and attractive volume of verses, which, from cover to cover, exhibit no inconsiderable amount of poetic fancy, sympathetic fervour, and artistic skill; and, in addition to these important characteristics, there is a decidedly local flavour in some of the impromptu and humorous verses that should give this book a special claim on the attention of Dubliners."

For some cause that has never been explained, "the Rev Dr Thomas Gray, who was then Junior Dean of Trinity College," we learn from a leaderette in the *Freeman* of June 20, 1885, "issued orders to the gate porters not to allow any copies of this book into the College. We are," adds the writer in the *Freeman*—who, we have reason to know, was the late Mr Edmund Dwyer Gray, M.P.—"utterly at a loss for an explanation of so

extraordinary an ukase." This ukase had quite a contrary effect to that intended, for, no sooner did the Fellows—senior and junior, Professors and Officers alike, learn of this edict, than they, almost to a man, from the Vice-Provost to the Electoral Registrar, procured copies of the boycotted books. This was the work of which the gifted editor of the *Irish Monthly*, the Rev. Matthew Russell (brother of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, who died Lord Chief Justice of England), wrote on its first appearance:—"He" (Mr FitzAchary) "shows considerable refinement of feeling, not alone in the choice of his subjects, but also in his treatment of them; while, at the same time, he displays a great familiarity with the metrical art." His miscellaneous poems are of a varied character, alternating "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." No matter when we take them up, we shall not find it easy to put them down, for the pages are resonant with melodies for every ear, and some of his songs have already awakened undying echoes in the hearts of the people. When he sings of his country, he sings with a pure and passionate heart; when he sings love songs he confuses us with the variety of his subjects, and when he sings of the works of man and the forces of Nature, his methods display plenty of common-sense, mingled with true poetic feeling. He undoubtedly deserves to be better known to our reading public here and in Ireland, than he seems to be, but after all, and considering that he never went outside his native city in quest of a printer or publisher, and yet, disposed of nearly 3,000 copies at fairly remunerative prices, he has not had much reason to grumble. We have said nearly, but every single copy would have been sold off immediately were it not that about 380 happened to be on his publisher's shelves when, unfortunately on the 12th October, 1899, a great fire occurred at the printing works of Messrs Sealy, Bryers and Walker (who are, we believe, amalgamated with Messrs Alexander Thom, of "Post Office Directory" fame), when, along with Father Hogan's "Characteristics of Irishmen;" Father Finlay's and Father O'Leary's Irish Text Books, and Mrs Pender's then new novel, "The Green Cockade," our author's books were to the last copy, destroyed. Mr FitzAchary, his wife, and eldest daughter, were just then taking a trip—not to Bath—but to London, by the "Lady Hudson-Kinahan"—one of the fine boats belonging to the British and Irish Steamship Company, which travel what

is called the *long-sea* route, but which, in summer time especially, seems to most pleasure-seeking voyagers, a very *short* and enjoyable route. After learning from the captain that, during the previous night, their vessel had narrowly escaped the fate of the "Mohogan"—a fine steamer bound from London to New York. About the same time she was, with all on board, numbering over 150 passengers, nearly all of whom perished, including the captain and chief officers—driven on the "Manacles," some of the most dangerous rocks that lie between Land's End and Falmouth. On opening a local paper to read of this disaster his eye lighted on an account of the destruction, by fire, of his printers' and publishers' establishment. He wrote them a letter of sympathy, but, on learning a little later on, that the firm was insured for some £12,000, he was not very much disconcerted, as he considered that his books formed part and parcel of the stock-in-trade that was covered by their insurance, but, whether rightly or wrongly, we understand he has never since got any compensation for his loss.

Of his humorous and impromptu pieces, and poetic aphorisms, it must be admitted that they are the very cream of his clever wit and ready retort. These include "Terry Toole's Rail Adventure," "Stepaside Joe," "The Auction Mart," "The Bowl," and "He would be a Baronet," all of which have been repeatedly recited by popular elocutionists at both sides of the "Herring Pond." The last-mentioned piece, which we here give, with a prefatory note, caused the critic of the Dublin *Freeman* to write:—"For Society verses, in addition to those of a more ambitious character, Mr. FitzAchary has unquestionably great talent, and, we must add, 'He would be a Baronet,' is a decidedly clever production."

For the information of our readers who, in this go-ahead age, can only "read as they run," it may be necessary to mention that some thirty years ago—on the last day of July, 1871—his present Majesty of England, Edward VII.—then Prince of Wales—paid an eight-days visit to Dublin. He was accompanied by Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught, and Commander of the Forces in Ireland; the Princess Louisa, and her then newly-wedded husband, the Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyll. The Royal party were hospitably entertained and feted, but by none more so than by the then Lord Mayor—Alderman Campbell—a well-to-do grocer, who had very aristocratic ambitions, as the sequel will show. He entertained the Royal and Viceregal parties, although "with

borrowed plumage," in a most ostentatious style, but while his invitations were showered like snowflakes, among the "upper crust" people, his plebeian municipal brethren, who had voted him into the Mayoralty chair, were purposely boycotted. The later, however, had a "soon and sudden" revenge, for in a morning or two after, they read of the scene so literally described by our author. For days Dublin rang with laughter over this incident, and on the next election of a Chief Magistrate they declined to reelect him, although he had been only six months in office, having succeeded Lord Mayor Bulfin, who died suddenly at the Mansion House, while his wife—the Lady Mayoress, with the assistance of his official secretary, the late Coroner Whyte—was entertaining a gay and social party at Woodtown House, his country residence, which stands on rising ground close by the high road that leads from Rathfarnham to the Killakee Mountain. Having explained all matters alluded to in this *jeu d'esprit*, we now give—

#### HE WOULD BE A BARONET!

An incident of the Royal Visit to Dublin, August, 1871.

The story goes, and 'tis, perhaps, as true  
As any told in gossiping "Review,"  
That, when Wales' Prince embarked his yacht  
aboard,

Knighthood he offered to a civic lord,  
Who—wiser in his generation than his sort—  
Declined to be a camel (Campbell) led to court  
With such an empty title; "But," said he,  
"As I have got a youthful progeny,  
As numerous as my Highland namesake's clan,  
To bear my honours to time's utmost span,  
I'll humbly thank your Highness ere you go,  
A baronetcy upon me to bestow!"

"Ha!" laughed the Prince as from his pocket-  
book

A mild Havannah carelessly he took,  
And handed it to Lorne, who smiling stood  
Enjoying a scene so comically good—  
"How damnably ambitious is this man  
Whose height and girth a baby's hand might  
span,

And paradoxical beyond degree  
Is this wee owner of a 'grocery,'  
Who thus contemptuously declines to wear  
A title men of parts were proud to bear,  
But, barren as he deems the honour, yet,  
Mark you—a baronetcy he fain would get.  
Methinks we'll leave him still, a while at least,  
Amongst those burghers he declined to feast,  
And not withdraw him from his 'wines' and  
'tea,'

Or raise him to a rank beyond 'J.P.'"  
Then turning to the expectant mayor, who  
bowed

Obsequiously before the grinning crowd,  
The prince said—with a merry twinkling eye—  
"I'll represent your wishes, sir—good-bye!"

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using one unnecessary or severe word against the unhappy lord nor, at the same time, committing a single severe observation which truth dictated; the bishop contrasted the conduct of the Crown with that of the prisoner's counsel: "But if they did well, I think the prisoner's counsel acted detestably. They only prompted him to ask a few treacherous questions, and spoke not one word in his favour. When the twenty-three peers returned to give their opinion, their countenances astonished the house, and all knew from the horror of their eyes, and the paleness of their looks, how they were agitated within, before they answered the dread question with 'Guilty, upon my honour;' and so he was, most certainly, according to law."

The surgeon, who attended the murdered man was very much blamed, for, instead of sending him to hospital, he kept him in a damp room, where he lay on a wisp of straw, and unprovided for so far as the commonest necessaries of life were concerned. Under these circumstances the Bishop thought himself justified in pleading thus—"It is the King's office and delightful prerogative only to show mercy; may he not do so now? What a constitution do we live under when the head of the meanest of all the King's subjects shall be required from one of the highest! The prisoner has behaved since his condemnation in a manner which makes people speak of him with a double pity. Even the very poor in the streets weep for him. His former character, it is confessed, was bad—this will purge his heart from all his former follies; a successful, though dreadful medicine, if he survives it."

He did survive it, for, by the solicitations of his high and influential friends, backed by the intercession of the then Duke of Devonshire, who was, fortunately for him, Lord Lieutenant just at that period, he was granted at first a reprieve, and later on a pardon.

The popular belief to this day is that his life was saved by his uncle, Sir Compton Domville, of Santry, the proprietor of Templeogue, who, when all interest and supplication for pardon failed, expressed his determination to prevent the waters of the Dodder from flowing into Dublin by any sluice or weir, if the sentence of death passed by his peers upon

his nephew was carried out. At that time the citizens had no other supply, save an odd well or pump, and so the threat had the desired effect, and the titled criminal was permitted to make good his escape to Italy, where he ultimately died, "unknown, unhonoured, and unsung." Close by the entrance of the churchyard at Santry there is a large and remarkably carved stone with armorial bearings, which D'Alton, in his "History of Dublin," says "he considers was intended to mislead inquiry as to the actual fate of this disgrace to his family and his order."

As we near Templeogue we pass the demesne and comfortable mansion of Kiltvane, in the immediate neighbourhood of which are to be seen the ruins of the residence of the famous Protestant Archbishop Magee, of whom so many interesting anecdotes are told by the late Dr. W. J. FitzPatrick in "The Sham Squire." His beautiful description of what he considered the duties of a good pastor can never be too firmly impressed upon the minds of our clerical readers. "The clergyman," said he, "should be the true parish priest, in continual contact with his flock—one whose voice they know, not only in constant residence amongst them, but in continual intercourse with them; their adviser, their friend, the moderator of their disputes, the composer of their differences, the instructor of their children; not content to afford spiritual aid when demanded, but vigilant to know where it may be applied, and prompt to bestow it where it will be received." The house which he once occupied is now a heap of ruins, but its unroofed chambers, and prostrate walls, which once sheltered so eminent a member of the episcopal bench, are of the greatest interest to the student of modern Irish history, and still further attest the truth of Moore's couplet:—

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if  
you will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling round it  
still!"

Almost adjoining Templeogue, or "the new church," as translated from the Irish, there is another, old mansion which deserves special mention, having been occupied for several years by one of the most