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I met with a friend.' So in I wint agin, an' faix one naggin brought on another till the night dhropt down on us; an' up we got to start for home. I thought myself dead sober till I walked awhile, and then faix I found I was dead dhrank; but we struggled on till we kem to the ould castle of *Carrigapouka*, and there, faix, the dhrop overkem me I believe 'twas the fairies did it on purpose.

"The fairies, Moriarty, jewel!" interrupted the hitherto silent Nelly. "why, then, you did not see the fairies sure?"

"The Lord betune us and harm, its myself that did then," rejoined M'Carthy, "an' its I that had the misforthin, and the sorrow, for they robbed me of my good nine guineas, the thieves."

"*Bedh a hush a vourneen*," you don't know who's lessnin' to you—but tell me the whole histhery of your adventures."

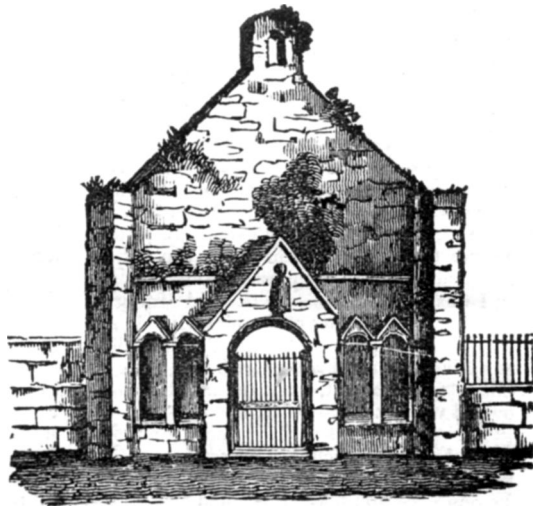
"Well, then, Nelly, as we kem along the road over the river, I thought the *Boreheen* was twis'in' an' turnin' every side ov me like an eel on a reapin'-hook; an' then the roar of the wathers below, an' the silence above, and the ould castle I thought walkin' about to see what was the matther with it; an' the narrow path I was walkin' on, and the ugly black, wet, dhrippin rocks hangin' over the white foam'n' wather, fairly bothered me out and out; an' I was hardly past the castle when I missed Bryan, that was at my elbow before. 'It's no harm,' sez I to myself, 'sure I have not far to go, an' I know the road, at any rate, for its many's the day and night I thravelled it.' So on I went, thinkin' on nothin' in the wide world but yourself, an' the childher, till I heard a rale hurroo all at wanst, in the fields to my right, an' sure enough when I turned about there was a parcel of boys kickin' foot ball like mad; an' havin' the sup in my head, out I leapt across the ditch to have a rise at the ball as well as another; but, faix, I was hardly on the sod, an' only got one kick at it, when a little weeny chap, that I could put in my pocket, gives me a hoise an' thrip that shook the heart 'ithin me; an' I was hardly on my limbs when another little chap gives me another souse, an' as soon as I was up again, I got another. 'Och, boys, sez I, 'fair play for a Connaughtman.' 'Hurroo,' sez another little codger, 'fair play for a Connaughtman, Moriarty M'Carthy; an' then all took up the word, an' 'fair play for a Connaughtman,' was passed from one to another, an every one of them in their turn took a rise out ov myself, till I thought they'd kill me; at last, 'begorra,' sez I, 'iv I don't stand up yez can't knock me down, an' I lay quiet an' easy on the grass.—'Get up, Moriarty M'Carthy,' sez one, 'get up, Moriarty M'Carthy,' sez another, 'och,' sez I again, 'fair play for a Connaughtman, boys jewel—honor bright iv I was the ruck itself,' with that one chap that seemed to be very decent, comes up, 'clear the way, boys,' sez he, 'Moriarty M'Carthy is right; fair play for a Connaughtman; honor bright; let's carry the poor fellow home, sez he, 'an give him somethin' to eat,' an they all agreed. 'Bar play,' sez I agin to my own self, in a pig's whisper, 'yez 'ill wait awhile, gintlemen, before I taste bit or sup w'ith yez. You may bring a horse to the wather, but, faix, yez can't make him dhrink.' Then they took me up an' carried me to the ould castle of *Carrigapouka* an' brought me into the grandest place in the world; where there was nothin' but ladies an' gintlemen, an' they all welcomed myself, an' wanted me to eat the finest things ever you saw.—'Yez must excuse me,' sez I, quite polite, 'for I darent touch the victuals good or bad.' 'Well,' says one grand looking fellow, 'you can't refuse to dhrink my health, anyhow. Here's to yourself an' the childher, not forgettin' the honest woman at home, Moriarty; an he tossed off the glass as well as ever Locky Macnamara the piper did, an' then he filled one for myself. 'Come, dhrink to us like a gay fellow as you are, Moriarty M'Carthy,' sez he; an' mys. If was goin to toss the glass, when a chap passin' behind me, who, I'd swear this minit, was no other than Father O'Leary, that we thought was dead these ten years, whispers to me, 'don't touch the licker for your life, sez he; an' I was so frickened, that the glass dhropt down on the flure, an' was smashed to pieces. 'Good gracious purtect me!' sez I, 'an' I beg ten thousand par

sons; but, that I may never touch the stirabout, but that minit I got a douce on the lug that knocked me senseless; an when I kem to myself I found I was lyin' at the foot of the big rock, a little this side of *Carrigapouka*."

Nelly's wonder was surpassing, and her joy at the escape of Moriarty from the good people surpassed her wonder, but her surprise and astonishment were at their height when in walked Bryan Barry. The usual greeting passed, when Bryan explained the whole affair. With difficulty he had contrived to bring Moriarty beyond the dangerous part of the road at the 'ould castle,' and he being in such a state of intoxication, as to be unable to proceed, and Bryan not being able to carry him, he was obliged to leave him at the foot of the rock in the shelter, and proceeded home: "but here," added Bryan, "is your money, safe and sound, that I took out of your pocket for fear somebody else, that would 'nt have the honesty to return it, might do it for me."

"An' was it all a dhrame, then?" asked Moriarty, gazing alternately on Nelly and Bryan in astonishment.

J. L. L.



RUIN OF ST. CRONAN'S ABBEY.

ROSCREA.

On my way from Birr I arrived at the summit of a hill, between Drumakeenan and Roscrea, which overlooks the latter place. The view from thence struck me with awful recollections of by-gone times. The aged round tower and saxon gable end of St. Cronan's abbey on the left, and the venerable steeple of the Franciscan monastery on the right, presented on both extremities of the view object claiming the attention of the antiquary and traveller while the middle space was diversified by the ruins of a round castle of King John's time, and those of a less ancient one of the days of Henry the Eighth. In the distance, reviving the long dormant spirit of Irish chivalry, appeared Carrickhill, anglice, the Hill of the Rock, from which is taken the title of the Earl of Carrick. The modern church and steeple, and Roman Catholic chapel exhibited a neat but humble contrast to—as they were placed by the sides of—their respective venerable neighbours, the ecclesiastical ruins first mentioned.

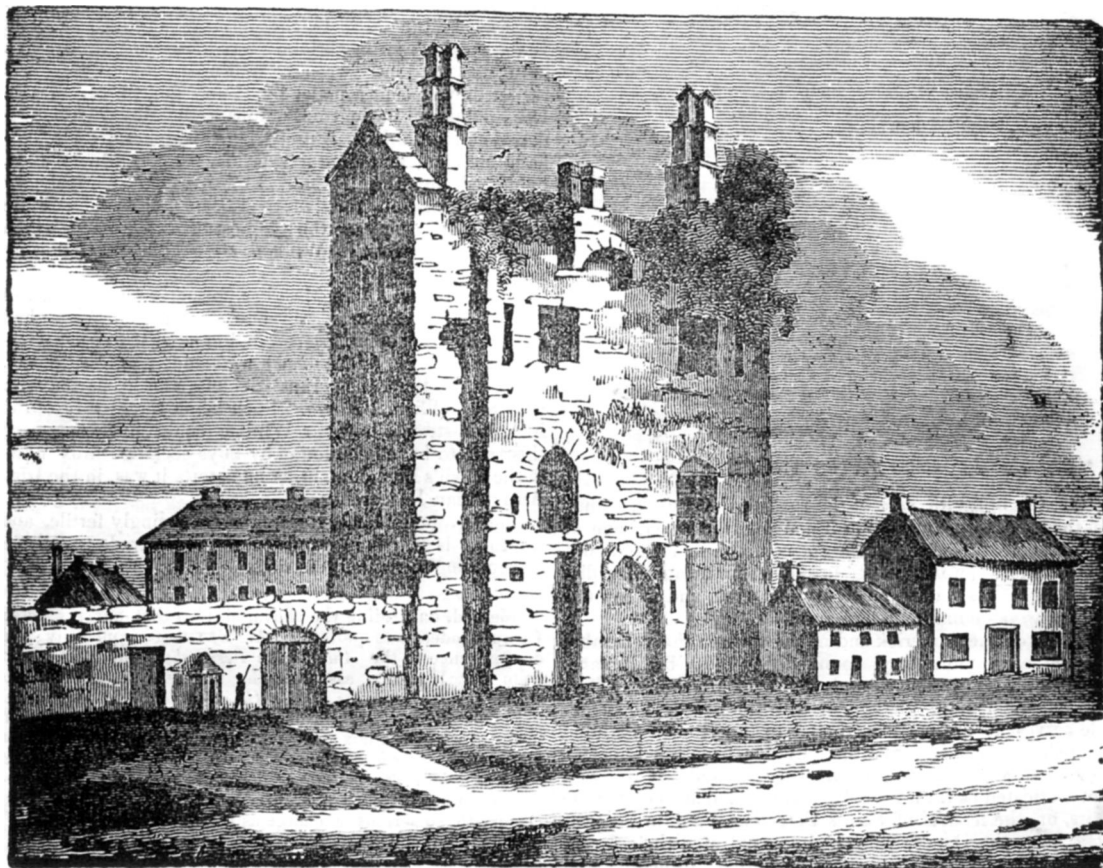
Descending from the eminence which afforded me the view just described, I own I was both disappointed and disgusted on entering the town through a long and dirty lane, skirted on both sides with wretched and unseemly cabins, and having on the left hand a deep fosse well calculated to overturn the hapless traveller that might enter the town by night. From this lane I proceeded through a wide street leading towards the market-house. The appearance of this street convinced me that individual industry and uncombined exertion, without the aid of general design, or the fostering hand of a landlord had produced what I beheld. Although many of the houses were good, there was neither regularity nor order. Some of

* *Bedh a hush avourneen*—Hold your tongue my darling,

the edifices were high, and well built—others low and homely. Here was a paved footway—there a rugged declivity ready to snatch the feet from the unwary. On this side lay rubbish and heaps of manure, and on that drays and logs of timber; while the highway in the centre was scarcely passable for innumerable large stones, ruts, and pigs. On enquiry I found that the town had the misfortune to belong to absentee landlords. I was told that it had been the property of the late Lady Caroline Damer, who devised it and her other county Tipperary estates, to a nobleman residing abroad, who in a short time sold or mortgaged the whole to either London Jews or bankers, for a sum of £400,000. Several of the houses in the

town being out of lease, the mortgagees cannot give encouragement for improvement, and the present ground landlord, if he had the mind, has not himself the power to do so. At present Roscrea is inhabited by a most deserving and industrious race of people, worthy a benign and encouraging landlord.

The gloom the foregoing relation is calculated to cast upon the sensitive reader, cannot, however, overshadow the bright hours that have gone by; for former benefactors, unlike the heartless proprietors of modern times, have left works behind them serving as sad memorials of the contrast.



ROSCREA CASTLE.

Roscrea is situate in a vale in the barony of Ikerrin, and county of Tipperary, distant sixty-nine miles from Dublin. The old name of this place was *Roskree* as it is written in the patent granting it to the Ormond family, and dated the 29th year of King Henry the Eighth, that is from *riasc*, a marsh, and *crè*, the creed. In the life of St. Cronan it is called *Stagnum Crè*, which means the same thing. Usher (Primord, 1065) calls it *Insula Roscree*, and Burke (Offices) designates it *Fluminus Insulam Roscre nsem*. Roscrea formerly gave title to a bishoprick, but was united to that of Killaloe about the end of the twelfth century. It seems, likewise, to have been one of the few manors in Ireland; for Matthew Mac Cragh, Bishop of Killaloe, in the year 1318, surrendered it to the crown as such, receiving other possessions in lieu. The record of this surrender is extant in the Rolls Office, Dublin, on the 6th membrane of the Patent Roll of the 11th year of Edward the Second. It is there spelled *Roskre*. The engraving as given above represents a large square castle, built here by the Ormond family in the reign of King Henry the Eighth. It now serves as a store-house for the military, who are lodged in the barrack at its rear. Adjoining the barrack, formerly the residence of Damer, ancestor to the late Earl of Dorchester, and on the street leading along the river, is likewise another castle of a circular form, built in 1213 (King John's reign) as

a banner against the natives by the English, who after some contests with Murtogh, King of North Munster, possessed themselves of this place. This remnant of antiquity has been recently repaired and roofed.

St. Cronan founded an abbey here for regular canons, around which the town sprung up, or at least, increased rapidly. He was a native of Ely O'Carroll, being son of Odran, of that territory, by Coemri, a woman from Corcabasckin, in the now county of Clare. This abbey must have been founded subsequent to the year 606, and prior to 626, for the saint is said to have died the 28th of April, in the reign of King Fingen.

The modern church stands near the site of the ancient abbey, of which the only remains are a curious gable-end, now converted into an entrance way to the church-yard. This gable displays several arched niches ornamented with chevrons, and of the Saxon style, and presents over the doorway a full length figure of the patron saint. The engraving at the head of this article is a representation of it.

Heretofore a grave-stone used to be pointed out in the churchyard as the tomb of St. Cronan. However, when I saw it it was broken, and there did not appear anything to identify it as such, and I was also shewn another monumental stone at the neighbouring monastery of Moanaincha, as commemorative of the same person but when I came to examine it, the inscription in the Irish language

and character was to the following effect—"pray for black Bran." The latter, therefore, is certainly not the tomb of St. Cronan, but that of Bran M'Colman, who was abbot of Roscrea, and died in 926. In the church-yard of Roscrea there still remains a stone cross, which, with another stone now forming part of the church-yard wall, the inhabitants call the shrine of St. Cronan. The following is a representation of this cross.



ST. CRONAN'S CROSS.

On the opposite side of the road to the church, stands on the brink of a mill-pond formed by the river, one of those ancient round towers so common in Ireland, and which afford an inexhaustible subject for antiquarian discussion. It is said to be eighty feet high, and is capped with a wooden umbrella-like roof.

Towards the Limerick end of the town is the venerable steeple of a monastery, founded in 1490 by Bibiana, daughter of O'Dempsey, and widow of Mulroony O'Carroll, nicknamed, *na feasoige*, or with the beard. This steeple serves at present for a belfry to the Roman Catholic chapel, to which it forms the entrance from the street.

The fairs held at Roscrea are very ancient. It is a well authenticated fact, that the Irish assembled at one of these fairs, on the festival of Saints Peter and Paul, in the year 942, beat the Danes, who had concentrated their forces from Limerick and Galway with intent to surprise and plunder the natives.* On that occasion the people who resorted to the fair, although congregated from different parts of the country, and of course strangers to each other, did not wait to be attacked in the town, but sallied out, and after a sanguinary conflict which took place near

* The line by which the Danish plunderers retreated may be easily traced from the skeletons at the present day. They fled towards Moneygall, on the road to Limerick, and most of the townlands in the line of their flight appear to derive their names from the transaction. Thus numbers of human bones have been found in pits between Clonegana and the high road, and more of them in the bog between Moneygall and Cullenwain. It is curious that the bones found have been principally wherever there was either a dry sandy soil or bog. The absorbing nature of the sand preserves them in the one case, and the antiseptic quality of the bog in the other; but wherever the bodies were interred in rich earth they were sooner decomposed. The route they followed was by the stream called Owris, as if from the Irish *Oiris*, a stop, delay, or hindrance, because it interrupted the Danish flight, thence by Cloneganna, from *Cuan*, a retired place, and *geanam*, a sword, or *geangad*, a mauling or beating, by Clashagad, from *glas*, a field, and *gidad*, a wounding, by Finglas, *fion*, troops, and *glas*, a green, and by Laughawn, (*Locc*, a pool, and *Un evil*) to Moneygall, where the battle is said to have ended.—Moneygall seems to be derived from *Moin*, a bog, and *Gall* a foreigner or stranger. Several human bones have been found in a moor near it.

Carrickhill, defeated the invaders, killing Olfin, the Danish chieftain, and four thousand of his men. It is from this circumstance that the hill of Carrick became so remarkable as to be selected to give a title to the noble house of Butler.

Roscrea was famed in former times not only for the magnificence of its buildings and valour of its inhabitants, but as a seat of practical religion also. Accordingly we find that St. Canice, who was born in 516 and died in 599, wrote a copy of the four gospels here. It was called *Glass Kennic*, or chain of Canice, and Archbishop Usher tells us that it was preserved in this town until his time. There was also a copy of the gospels written by Dimma, a scribe, the son of Engus, son of Carthin, which possibly is the MS. in the possession of Sir William Betham, which latter certainly was preserved at Roscrea in a most curiously wrought and ornamented box. The reader may consult a paper by Henry Joseph M. Mason, Esq., published in the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, and in the Irish Antiquarian researches, by Sir William Betham, and a letter from Mr. Cooke to that author, published in the Dublin Philosophical Journal, for much information relative to Roscrea, as well as on the subject of the copy of the gospels just mentioned, which found its way to Sir William Betham in the following manner.

The late Rev. Philip Meagher, formerly parish priest of Birr, found it amongst the books of an uncle who had been a clergyman in Roscrea, and handed it to a Dr. Harrison of Nenagh, (since dead) who sold it to Mr. Mason, librarian to the King's Inns' Society, and he parted with it to Sir William Betham. Such being the history of the MS., it is strange how Sir William could have supposed this relic to have been found by boys seeking birds' nests in the Devil's Bit mountain, as he asserts it was, in the Irish Antiquarian Researches.

The ground about Roscrea is exceedingly fertile, and the town is still the grand emporium of trade to all the surrounding towns and districts. B.

We had, on reading the above, an idea that our respected Correspondent had quoted Sir W. BETHAM erroneously; and on reference to the *Antiquarian Researches*, find, that so far from Sir WILLIAM asserting the box was found "by boys seeking birds' nests in the Devil's Bit Mountain," his words are, "I conclude he (Mr. Mason) must have been imposed upon in the story of the box and MS. being found in the cave of a mountain; where it is obvious the latter could not have remained a month without decomposition." We are sure our Correspondent did not intend to misrepresent, but we must not be accessory to so serious a charge as that made against Sir W. BETHAM, which we find to be altogether unfounded.—ED.

ADVENTURE IN THE WOODS OF NORTH AMERICA.

The settlers in North America frequently make shooting excursions into the woods, for the double purposes of pleasure and for procuring game. Being once on one of these shooting parties, during the American war, we met with an adventure which was very near being fatal to our party. Having set out somewhat before day-light, duly accounted and furnished with provision, we struck into the woods in hopes of meeting deer, great numbers of which live in the forests; but to our great mortification not one was to be seen in any direction. We had an Indian with us as a guide, as being better acquainted with the haunts of the game than a European. Having advanced a considerable way into the woods without meeting any game except a few red deer, one of these at length came within range of our rifles. The instant it was struck it reeled, fell, and with another shot we dispatched it. Having skinned the animal, and kindled a fire, we were preparing to cook it, when a cry so shrill met our ears, that we were for a moment paralysed. The Indian guide whom we had along with us instantly recognised the terrific war-whoop of a tribe of the Cherokee Indians, then at war with the English. What was to be done? We were only six in number, and by the yells of the savages we concluded that there were a little army of them collected together. To endeavour to run away would be useless, as there would be no chance of escaping our pursuers. We were each armed