

---

Annagh's Castle, County of Kilkenny

Author(s): G. H.

Source: *The Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. 4, No. 187 (Jan. 30, 1836), pp. 244-245

Stable URL: <https://www.jstor.org/stable/30003343>

Accessed: 24-09-2024 01:51 UTC

---

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at <https://about.jstor.org/terms>



JSTOR

is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *The Dublin Penny Journal*

sant, for the pigs would keep themselves to themselves at the back of the cart, and as for the horse, he was nothing but a good one, equal to twelve mile an hour—with much more to the same purpose. It was quite unnecessary for Miss Norman to say she had never ridden in a cart with two pigs and two butchers; and she did not say it. She merely turned away her head from the man, to be addressed by the master at the other window, the glass of which she had just let down for a little air.

"A taxed cart, Madam," he said, 'mayn't be exactly the vehicle, accustomed to, and so forth; but thereby, considering respective ranks of life, why, the more honour done to your humbles, which, as I said afore, will take every care, and observe the respectful: likewise in distancing the two hogs. Whereby, every thing considered, namely, necessity and so forth, I will make so bold as hope, Madam, excusing more pressing, and the like, and dropping ceremony for the time being, you will embrace us at once, as you shall be most heartily welcome to, and be considered, by your humbles, as a favour besides.'

"The sudden drawing up of the window, so violently as to shiver the glass, showed sufficiently in what light Miss Norman viewed Master Bardell's behaviour. It was an unlucky smash, for it afforded what the tradesman would have called 'an advantageous opening' for pouring in a fresh stream of eloquence; and the Sticker, who shrewdly estimated the convenience of the breach, came round the back of the carriage, and, as junior counsel, 'followed on the same side.' But he took nothing by the motion. The lady was invincible, or, as the discomfited pair mutually agreed, 'as hard for to be convinced into a cart, as any thing on four legs.' The blackberry boys had departed, the evening began to close in, and no Humphrey made his appearance. The butcher's horse was on the fret, and his swine grumbled at the delay. The master and man fell into consultation, and favoured me afterwards with the result, the Sticker being the orator. It was man's duty, he said, to look after women, pretty or ugly, young or old; it was what we all came into the world to do, namely, to make ourselves comfortable and agreeable to the fair sex. As for himself, purtecting females was his nature, and he should never lie easy agin, if so be he left the lady on the road; and providing a female wouldn't be purtectd with her own free will, she ought to be forced to, like any other live beast unsensible of its own good. Them was his sentiments, and his master followed 'em up. They knowed Miss Norman, name and fame, and was both well-known respectable men in their lines, and I might ax about for their characters. Whereby, supposing I approved, they'd have her, right and tight, in their cart, afore she felt herself respectfully off her legs.

"Such were the arguments and the plan of the bull-headed pair. I attempted to reason with them, but my consent had clearly been only asked as a compliment. The lady herself hastened the catastrophe. Whether she had overheard the debate, or the amount of long pent-up emotion became too overwhelming for its barriers, I know not, but Pride gave way to Nature, and a short hysteric scream proceeded from the carriage. Miss Norman was in fits! We contrived to get her seated on the step of her vehicle, where the butchers supported her fanning her with their hats, whilst I ran off to a little pool near at hand for some cold water. It was the errand only of some four or five minutes, but when I returned, the lady, only half conscious, had been caught up, and there she sate, in the cart, right and tight, between the two butchers, instead of the two Salvages, or Griffins, or whatever they were, her hereditary supporters. They were already on the move. I jumped into my own gig, and put my horse to his speed; but I had lost my start, and when I came up with them, they were already galloping into Waterford. Unfortunately, her residence was at the further end of the town, and thither I saw her conveyed, struggling in the bright blue, and somewhat greasy, arms of Sam the Sticker, screaming in concert with the two swine, and answered by the shouts of the whole rabblement of the place, who knew Miss Norman quite as well, by sight, as 'her own carriage.'"

## WHITE FRIAR'S ABBEY.



SIR—In an excursion from Limerick to Newcastle, I was induced to visit the demesne of Adare, belonging to the Earl of Dunraven, in which a splendid edifice is in progress, on the site of the old mansion—a specimen of architecture which, when finished, will rival the first in the kingdom, for taste, beauty, and chaste design. The extensive plantations, gardens, and pleasure grounds, exhibit richness, variety, and extreme neatness. Two highly interesting ruins, lying east of a fine river which runs through the grounds, ornament the demesne. I send you a sketch of one, called White Friar's Abbey, the only object of which I had time to take a drawing, and should you approve of this for your Journal, it is at your service. There is a very handsome church in the village of Adare, of Gothic structure; and I have observed that his Lordship has exhibited good taste in the repairs of it, as well as in arresting the progress time was making upon the old abbey. I ought not to omit mentioning, that in a sequestered part of the demesne, there is an aged tree, at the foot of which is an elevated flag-stone, with an inscription upon it, importing that a great treasure had been secreted under it, belonging to the family of Quin, at the time of the Revolution, 1688, and requesting that the said tree might not be injured or removed. N. R.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.



ANNAGH'S CASTLE, COUNTY OF KILKENNY.

SIR—As I presume one great object of the Dublin Penny Journal is to preserve to us those specimens of building, the handiwork of our fathers, which, though void of beauty or magnitude, can never fail to afford gratification to the intelligent mind, and when I consider the avidity with which persons in this town look for the site where Mul-

grave Castle once stood—a castle of little importance in its day, but of interest sufficient to excite curiosity now, as it affords a title to the present Viceroy, I beg to present your valuable publication with the above drawing; in order to preserve a “work of other days” from that oblivion to which time might hereafter devote it.

Annagh's Castle, situate on the western bank of the river Barrow, one mile below New Ross, is an ornamental appendage to the lawn of Annagh-house. I am not fully acquainted with its ancient history; but certain it is, that it was occupied till very lately. About eighty years back, it was tenanted by a gentleman named Allen, one of whose daughters found a treasure in its old walls. A servant having given her a piece of money to keep, the child hid it in some old chink, which she was unable to recollect; but in searching, discovered a number of gold pieces which amounted to £700. About sixty-five years back, several respectable inhabitants of New Ross were married by a “couple beggar,” named Father Rooney, under the old oak which is represented in the drawing. The tree, which measures 12 feet in circumference at the height of four feet, and extends nearly 40 yards between its extreme branches, must certainly be a very ancient one, as it was then called the “big tree of Annagh.”

There is a barn close by the castle, which is also represented in the drawing, and which the old people tell you was formerly roofed by the celebrated “*Goban Saer*,” of whom several curious stories have been told in your Journal. He lived many years ago, and planned this roof in such a manner that when the rafters were upraised, he threw a peg of wood into a hole made for its reception, and then flung the hatchet at it to drive it into its birth, and thus secured the entire roofing. The work was since destroyed by fire; however, a small piece of this timber, (oak,) though half-burned, was replaced in the wall of the old barn for the sake of “old times.”

The drawing further represents Tora Hill in the distance; and in the front, the method by which the famed salmon of the Barrow are taken. A net is dropped between two small boats called “cots,” in each of which are two men, one holding the net, while the other conducts the cot with a paddle, shaped like a shovel. Upwards of four hundred individuals thus earn a comfortable livelihood during the fishing seasons. Large Scotch weirs, some nearly a mile in extent, were illegally placed at the mouth of the Waterford harbour, one of which frequently caught five hundred salmon each tide. These were forcibly cut down in 1834 by the cot fishermen, who, impelled by hunger and despair, could not wait for the termination of a legal prosecution, but assembled to the number of two hundred cots, armed with hatchets, saws, &c. and braved the “dangers of the sea” in these small boats, which are generally built of four or five boards. They left Ross in the morning, accomplished their object, and returned with the returning tide, exhausted and fatigued, having performed a voyage of nearly fifty miles. The lovers of cheap salmon welcomed their return with three hearty cheers, and made a handsome collection to buy bread and beer to refresh these nautical heroes.

G. H.

New Ross, Sept. 24th, 1835.

#### THE AMULET.

EDITED BY S. C. HALL.

This is decidedly an improvement on the volume of the preceding year. Several of the illustrations are excellent—some of them, indeed, deserve to be classed among the finest specimens of art. We would especially notice “The Squire's Bargain,” as elegantly drawn and exquisitely well engraved. Beside this we would place “The Mother's Warning,” although the face of the elder lady is altogether out of character—as a sister it would have been admirable. “No Song no Sugar” is also a very fine engraving. But we cannot particularize the entire. “The May Morning” is by no means good, either in the designing or engraving: the bad effect may be seen at once in the eyes, which seem as though they had pearls on or in them. But we must not be over fastidious in our criticism, as the general contents of the volume are much more to our mind than several of the preceding volumes were. It combines entertainment with instruction; and will,

we are sure, be very well received by the *generality* of readers. Amongst the contributors are several names of no mean order:—The Ettrick Shepherd, L. E. L., Mrs. Holland, Authors of “Selwyn” and “Darnley,” Miss Mitford, William Hazlett, Allan Cunningham, Dr. Walsh, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and others, well known in the world of literature. By the way, we think Mr. Hall has no great right to be much obliged to his “*cara sposa*” for her efforts in his service, as it occurs to us that they are by no means the best of her stories which she gives him for his “Amulet.” However, “The Drowned Fisherman,” in the present volume, is certainly not one of her worst; but the “Old Clock” should have been allowed to remain in the anti-room where she discovered it.

As a specimen of the lighter matter of the volume, we select a few of the “Shreds and Patches,” which have been supplied by the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D.; and a pretty piece of poetry by an old favourite, L. E. L.

#### “CACOPHONY.”

“In the reign of Elizabeth a proposal was made to abolish the Irish language. When it was urged that the extinction of a tongue in which an ancient nation had spoken and written for so long a period would be an act of singular injustice, it was replied that the language was so barbarous it was not worth preserving, and the advocates of the measure repeated to the queen, in proof of it, the following sentence of genuine Irish, which sounded as it is here spelled—‘*dhuiv dhaive ev ooove aue*’; which literally means, ‘a black ox eat a raw egg.’ The queen, it is said, moved by this cacophonous example, assented to the project, satisfied that any language was not worth preserving which admitted of such a juxtaposition of sounds. But there is no language in existence that is not susceptible of a similar, and even more harsh, combination of words. In Greek poetry is the following line of Homer, which it is impossible to pronounce, yet the critics applaud it for its very cacophony:—

‘*Trichtha te kai tetrachtha diatruphen ekpese cheiros.*’

“In Latin is an hexameter which almost dislocates the organs of speech to utter. It occurs in Alvary's Prosody, and begins with ‘*Gryps, Thrax, Phryx*,’ &c.

“But the most curious cacophony occurs in French; not made for any combination of sound, but used in common discourse. During the insurrection at Paris, a magistrate directed a chain to be drawn across one of the streets to cut off a communication, and finding it not done as soon as he wished, he cried out, ‘*Qu' attend on donc tant? Que ne la tend on donc tôt?*’ This, articulated with the volubility and nasal tone of a Frenchman, produced, I thought, sounds less human than any I had ever heard in the form of language.”

#### “SCRAWING.”

“Miss Edgeworth justly remarks, in her Essay on Irish Bulls, that even in the slang of the common Irish, there is a figurative form of expression, which that of the common English wants, and to prove it she exhibits a specimen of both. That of the latter is unintelligible nonsense, where a word of uncouth sound, but utterly unmeaning import, is substituted as a name for a thing well known, while that of the former is a string of metaphors, and ingenious associations. So it is with Irish legends; there is a sense in their extravagance, a meaning or allusion of a very serious and solemn kind mixed up with some of their wildest fictions.

“I attended, on one occasion, a funeral in Ireland, and an odd circumstance interrupted the service:—a cow followed the procession for a considerable distance along the road, and when the corpse was about to be interred, rushed in among the people, and attempted to toss the coffin on her horns; and it was with some difficulty she was driven away by the spades and shovels of the sexton. On our return we talked of the extraordinary impression made upon the senses of the animal, whether of sight, or sound, or smell, that had occasioned such an unusual excitement; but one of the company at once accounted for it by confidently asserting that the cow had not been *scrawed*. On asking him to explain what he meant by