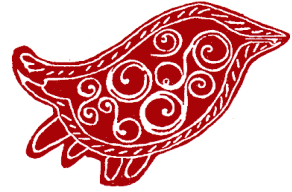


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## Ancient History of the Kingdom of Kerry.

BY FRIAR O'SULLIVAN, OF MUCKROSS ABBEY.

EDITED WITH PREFACE AND NOTES BY F. JARLATH PRENDERGAST, O.F.M.

### CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

#### THE O'SULLIVANS. CULEMAGORT, CAPPANACOSS, &c.



THE Irish gave such orders as before in Ballyanskellicks, not to withstand the fire of the English after the first. Both parties, with undaunted resolution, marched on in the aforesaid order till they met at a field near the castle of Bunenire, called Droumfaddy, at the brink of said harbour, where happened what was remarkable as the six aforesaid officers marched on with such resolution and at a distance before said parties, and after the first firing, which did not hurt either of said officers, till they engaged hand to hand, where Lieut. Boin fell by the hands of Captain Sullivan, Governor Gibbons by Captain Brenan, and Ensign Boston by the subaltern officer, Sullivan.

This in some measure discouraged the English party, who yet fought well for a time, but as the Irish had the advantage of pikes and broadswords, and were expert at 'em, as that the English were put into such disorder as occasioned their entire destruction, as one man of the nine score did not escape, being either killed or wounded, but very few that prayed for quarters; the said wounded and few prisoners were tenderly used till an opportunity offered of exchanging them. The Irish lost about twenty men in this action, besides about such a number wounded. This action was called the action of Buninire from the aforesaid castle, or by some the action of Droumfadda, from the aforesaid field. The account hereof exasperated the Government so much that a proclamation was published that all persons to be met with (without protection) at the south side of the river Lane, or westwards of the river Finhih, near Nedeen Fort, were to expect death without mercy, likewise all the cattle or any other goods, etc., to be found at the outside of said lines to be taken without redemption, which daunted the poor inhabitants so far that a great many families out of Ivrah Bordonine, and Glancare, etc., met together at said Glan-

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BALLYBOG (SNEEM).

*From Guy's South of Ireland Scenery.*

care with an intent to go over said river Lane for their safety, who had the hard fate of meeting a strong party sent out by Brigadier Nellson, Governor of the County, as well of Ross Castle, at a mountain called Ireanallirane, said party being commanded by Captain Barrington, a man blood-thirsty, who did not there spare man, woman, or child. Some few young men that were by their great activity of running were making their escape till said Cap[tain] had set a bloodhound he had with him, of large size, great strength and swiftness, at 'em, of whom she tore a good many.

Soon after this several poor families of said Bordonine, Ballybog, <sup>(39)</sup>

<sup>(39)</sup> Ballybog, "The Town of the Bog," now Sneem. The river was always called Sneem. Smith thus speaks of this district as it was 150 years ago: "The parish of Kilcrohan is also very large, reaching from a river called Blackwater in this country to the Bay of Ballinskelligs, being about fourteen Irish miles in length, and five or six miles up the country towards the mountains . . . In many places it is almost impassable, because of the infinite number of rocky hills and deep bogs dispersed through it, particularly a large tract of it called Ballybog, in which Doctor Bland hath a small lodge and a great number of unprofitable acres of land. The lands of Aghamore in the western part of the parish, with the island called Scarriff, are the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Orrery, adjoining to which Lord Carbery has also a considerable tract. In the upper part of the harbour of Sneem, which is about the middle of the sea coast side of this parish . . . two small mountain rivers discharge themselves, in one of which are great quantities of trout and salmon. Between these rivers, Doctor N. Bland has built a summer lodge, with a design of reclaiming a vast adjoining bog, through which he has caused several large drains to be cut, and manured it with sea-sand." It must be acknowledged that the Blands were always most generous and kind-hearted landlords. Would that we could say the same of the heartless foreigners who have succeeded them?

Lewis thus depicts Sneem, or Ballybog, as it was seventy years ago: "The village, which is irregularly built, has been lately somewhat improved by the erection of some new houses; and a new road hence to the pass of Carneduff, on the small road between Killarney and Kenmare, is now in progress through an extensive boggy tract, part of which surrounded the village. A penny post to Kenmare has been lately established. Petty sessions are held generally once a month, and a constabulary police force is stationed here. Fairs are held seven times in the year for general farming stock and for flannel and frieze. Here are the parochial church and the principal Roman Catholic chapel of the district of Ballybog; also the parochial school and a school held in the chapel. A dispensary has been lately established."—"Lewis's Topographical Dictionary." How changed is its whole appearance at present for the better, owing, we must admit, to the intelligence of two men—the late Mr. O'Sullivan, and the father of the Sheehan Brothers. One of the latter has erected a well-appointed hotel, where the tourist can find every requisite of the nineteenth century, with the quietness and retirement of a peaceful home, built on the bank of the river, and commanding a view of the surrounding magnificent mountain scenery. For a lover of the "finny tribe," or a cyclist in search of the bracing ozone of sea and mountain

etc., employed a friend of theirs who was under the protection of the Governor of Nedeen, to procure them a pass from said Governor for coming under his sanction, which was promised they should have on a certain day near the river Sneem, to which place they repaired with their cattle, etc., and not there meeting with said pass, which they hourly expected, proceeded on their journey towards near the river Blackwater, where, instead

air through the finest roads for the wheel in Ireland, we know not any part of the British Isles more attractive and more healthful. The view from the bridge of the new splendid Catholic church, erected by the late Earl of Dunraven, is one of the most beautiful pictures of river, wood, church, and mountain landscape we have seen anywhere. The town itself, instead of going to decay, like most other country villages in Ireland, has increased by leaps and bounds since we first saw it twenty-five years ago. There are now four splendid Catholic schools in the parish—one, with a convent attached to the church, erected by the Countess of Kenmare—and two very beautiful structures under the National Board in the town. The square is one of the largest in Ireland—in fact, is a fair-green—enclosed all round by lines of houses. It is quite close to the little paradise of the west, Parknasilla, so well known to tourists to the South of Ireland.

Smith gives the following curious anecdote of Ballybog: "I have in my survey met with some good Latin scholars who did not understand the English tongue, particularly one Peter Kelly,\* who lived in a very uncultivated part of the county, already described. Greek is also taught in some of the mountainous parts, generally by persons who pick it up as mendicant scholars ('poor scholars') at some English school. Neither is the genius of the commonalty confined to this kind of learning, for I saw a poor man near Blackstones who had a tolerable notion of calculating epacts, golden number, dominical letter, moon's phases, and even eclipses, altho' he had never been taught to read English." Smith, p. 414.

\* Tradition has it that his name was "Paddy" and not Peter Kelly. He died unmarried. The ruins of his hedge-school can yet be seen at Ballybog. The descendants of his relatives are yet represented at Cahirciveen. As they are the legitimate owners of the O'Sullivan Burses, in the female line, we here give their genealogy, and that of their descendant, Mr. Michael Fitzgerald, M. D. C., Killarney:

John O'Sullivan, founder,  
Mary O'Sullivan, his sister,  
    married to  
    Charles Brennan.  
    |  
Margaret Brennan, their daughter,  
    married to  
    Bryan Kelly, Ballybog.  
    |  
Mary Kelly, their daughter (lived to 115 years of age),  
    married to  
    Cornelius Sullivan.  
    |  
Mary Sullivan, their daughter (lived to 105 years of age),  
    married to  
    Richard Fitzgerald.  
    |  
Michael Fitzgerald, their son.  
    |  
Edward Fitzgerald (student in Roman Catholic College, Maynooth).

of meeting with said pass, it was their dire fate to meet the said Captain Barrington at a large mountain in Ballybog, that to this day goes by the name of Slav an Varihi, i.e., the mountain of slaughter, as neither man, woman, or child was there spared, but some few active men endeavouring to make their escape, as aforesaid, were all tore by the aforesaid bloodhound, one young man excepted, who, by his great activity of running, made his way towards a hill called Sanavame, of a good distance from said mountain, but was pursued by some of said party who have had set the bloodhound at him, which when he saw, prepared himself by slipping off his waistcoat and wrapping it about his left arm and wrist and drew his broadsword, at which time the bloodhound was coming toward him with unmerciful fury, but her very first attempt of tearing him he parried with his left hand, and gave her such a manly stroke as cut off both her forefeet. His name (as near as I could learn) was Brennan; whoever he was, he had great thanks, praise, and commendation for destroying this merciless creature, which never is forgotten in the country, as some, when they meet with cruel dealings or bad neighbours, are wont to say, they wo'd as soon trust to Barrington's bloodhound as 'em.

In a short time after said slaughter some poor inhabitants of Ballybogg were obliged to withdraw to Ivrah,<sup>(40)</sup> Bordonin, etc., and as they left some

<sup>(40)</sup> Iveragh contains the following parishes—Caher, Desmond, Glanbehy, Killendagh, Killonane, Killorglin (part of), Puir, Valentia. It is a very wild and desolate district in winter, as it is composed principally of mountain and morasses, lying between Dingle Bay and the wild Atlantic; hence the sarcastic verses of "Rhing Dhow," the family poet of the O'Falveys:

Nasty Iveragh with the grey dragoons,  
Glencar, where corn never enjoys autumn suns,  
Bare and rugged high mountains from that to the west,  
These are the parts St. Patrick never blessed.

This is a literal translation of the original doggerel.

The following translation of the Irish verses by the late Mr. J. Leahy, of South Hill, seems to us too severe on the good people of Iveragh:

Rugged Iveragh, of evil deeds the bed,  
And stern Glencar, whose cornfields never spread,  
These and the three hills dividing Desmond from the west,  
Are the three hills Saint Patrick never blessed.

Tradition has it that the occasion of these verses arose from the building of the mansion of the O'Falveys at Faha. "The mortar used in the old house of Faha was tempered with bullocks' blood, mixed with hair, and so generous was the owner, Darbey O'Falvey, that he distributed the beef among the workmen. Not having sufficient blood to temper all the mortar required, he ordered some of his people

sowings behind them in said Ballybogg they, next harvest, attempted to save and carry away their said sowings, and to that intent removed their families along with 'em, and had out centinels by day, but towards night went to shelter themselves to the adjacent woods. This being discovered to the garrison of Nedeen, a party was sent out in boats by night, the most of 'em being Captain Purify's company, who surprised said colonies in a wood called Easagh, in Derequin, where none were spared but a few women and children, and some of 'em even were there inhumanly dealt with. Next day, as a sucking babe wou'd been thrown out of a boat on the waves, and when the mother at that sight did grieve, had her breast cut

to collect some of the wild cows from the mountains of Glencar and Glenbeigh." The gang was headed by Rhing Dhow, who ran ten of the cattle into a defile. Here two of the wild bulls attacked them with such fury that they were obliged to fly for their lives; and Rhing Dhow, smarting under his failure, expressed his wrath against the whole district in the above verses to his master, Darby O'Falvey, of Fahagh Court.

Ivragh-Caherciveen. The latter means the "stone fort of Sabina."

The O'Sheas were the original owners of Iveragh, as we see in the words of O'Heerin:—

Ἰυαγῖ ζαῖν ῥέηα ἡ ἰ τῖη τῖροχ,  
O'Seʒa ἡ ἰ O'Rathoch.

O'Shea has obtained without denial  
A country not wretched; he is king of Ui-Rathoch (Iveragh).

The O'Falveys, in later times, had a property in Iveragh, which is yet in the possession of Mr. E. Morough Bernard of Fahagh Court; hence in the "Blessing of the Poor Scholar" on the family of the O'Falveys we find:—

O'η lob-ῖατ (Ἰ-Rathach), το τᾱηῖζ ᾱίηηοε ζο οεῖ ζηαῶ  
Ἰαῖ, ῖλαηοα οοη ᾱῖο-ῖῖῖ οοβ ῖεᾱῖη ḡ ᾱῖ ἰαοῖ τᾱῖḡ  
Ἰυῶ ᾱῖῖαῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ᾱῖ-ᾱῖῖ-εῖῖῖ ἡ ḡ-ᾱῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ.

In recent times thy kindred  
Came hither from Iveragh,  
True sons of Milesius, the Spaniard.  
Thy kindred were among the noblest  
Of the blood of the Gael.  
Through all the land of Erin there were none  
Who proved more worthy of their high descent.

Here we see a very ancient poet of the tenth or eleventh century, lauding this country of the O'Sheas and O'Falveys, which is so cynically satirized by Ring Dhow. Everyone must acknowledge the magnificent scenery of mountain, lake, and river in this barony, and especially the grand panoramic view from the hill over Waterville, with the vast expanse of the Atlantic ocean beneath on one

off with a hanger or broadsword. But, notwithstanding this surprise, etc., as provisions were so extremely wanting to the rest of the said poor inhabitants, a parcel of active men attempted taking away said sowings, but were not fully prepared, but were obliged towards night to lodge in the woods and coppices of Dinguilly, in said Ballybog, where they were likewise surprised by some of said party, especially some young unmarried men who went by themselves to the coppices of a small inse[inch] in said place, where they were killed. The inse is ever since called Insinanoganagh, signifying the inse where the young men were slain.

About this time the Governors of Ross,<sup>(41)</sup> Nedeen, and Killorglin, etc.,

side, and on the other, the frightful precipitous mountain overtopping the road, where in winter

. . . . Ye toppling crags of ice,  
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
In mountainous overwhelming . . .  
The mists boil up around the glaciers; the clouds  
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,  
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell.

And then what a picture of wild and weird beauty meets the eyes of the tourists as they round the top of this hill overhanging Derrynane Valley, which presents the finest mountain and ocean views in the British Isles for those who only a day before escaped from the smoke of a city or from the monotonous walls of their offices or clubs to find peace and rest:

Not there! but in dark and rocky cave  
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill  
With omnipresent murmur as they rave  
Down their steep beds that never shall be still.

The view of the landscape beyond the Kenmare Bay, where "crag upon crag" and mountain fastnesses are heaped up like the surging waves of the Atlantic in a storm, or like those forming the cave of Sphragitidian nymphs on the side of Mount Citheron, on which from the setting sun

Wide be the western casement thrown  
At sultry evening's fall,  
The gorgeous lines be duly shown  
That weaves Heaven's wondrous pall.

(41) Ross Castle, near Killarney, whose picturesque ruins are such an object of attraction on the brink of the Lower Lake. This castle has also an historic interest as having been the last fortress held by the Irish and Catholic party in the Cromwellian wars. It was surrendered by Lord Muskery to the regicide Ludlow, who had ships brought into the lakes from Killorglin. Ten thousand soldiers then laid down their arms. We are glad, however, to find that not one of the O'Sullivans signed the "articles of agreement." These were signed 22



used all efforts to make incursions into O'Sullivan's small territory, 'pon which he was obliged to divide his small army in different parties to secure the different passes of Drung, Cnocknagantih, Ballahbemi, etc., a party whereof, under the commands of the aforesaid Captain Owen O'Sullivan and Jno. Brenan, who were concerned in the aforesaid skirmishes of Ballyanskeliks and Buninire. They were stationed from the aforesaid hill of Cnocknagantih to the harbour of Baulnanazeh and the river Curane,

June, 1652. Archdeacon Rowan tells us that the garrison surrendered on account of an old prophecy which said that the castle would not be taken by an enemy until a ship would be seen in the lake :

Ross may all assault disdain,  
Till on Lough Lein strange ship shall sail.

The ships were built in Kinsale, and brought by water to Killorglin, and thence



ROSS CASTLE.

by land to the lake. There was a long discussion between writers on this subject, whether the ships were dragged against the rapids of the river Laune, or over the rough wastes of this then impassable district. This doubt is now cleared up by the account given by an eye-witness, in a MS. in Trinity College: "They sent to some of the adjoining seaports," says the writer of this account, "for boats, one whereof was so large that they were forced to draw it upon sledges by oxen from the abbey of Killaha. The merrily-disposed soldiers that attended the boat in its land passage had adorned her pageant-like with streamers, sails, and vast cloaths, so that to the enemy in the castle of Ross at a distance it appeared most terrible but above, seeing it in that place upon dry land, and not being able so

and generally came to camp at night to a place in the centre of said station; but as the aforesaid garrisons always employed many spies by which they were informed of the situation of the Irish party, on which a powerful party marched in the beginning of night from Killorglin who met with some of their spies by the way, who informed 'em that the aforesaid Irish party, stationed as aforesaid, came to camp that evening late to a place called Glanmore, to which place the English were guided, who sur-

well to view the oxen that drew it, did wonderfully astonish them, for now they thought most certainly it was impossible any longer to retain Ross, which was then to be taken, when ships sailed on land, which saying was now most surely verified, so that before the boat could come so nigh the castle as to betray the fallacy, the Irish beat their drums for a parley."—From a transcript of Eugene Curry in the "Ordnance Survey of Kerry," vol. i., p. 223, in the Royal Irish Academy.

[This proves that the prophecy referred to a ship "sailing on land," and not on the Lakes, which was most likely, as the most extraordinary.]

This was not, however, the first time that ships were brought to the Lakes of Killarney; for we see in the "Annals of Innisfallen" that five hundred years before this time Diarmod Sugach O'Connor brought ships on wheels from the territory of Corco Duibhal to Loch-Lein; and we read in the same "Annals" that a year after this, A.D. 1157, "having escaped out of a battle, he sent messengers to his people desiring them to take away the barges, or barques, from Loch Lein and Innisfallen."

Ross Castle was retained as an English stronghold and barracks till the year 1825. It is now a romantic background to the enchanting scenery of the Lower Lake. See a paper on the surrender of Ross Castle in our "Antiquities of Killarney."

The articles of surrender were signed, sealed, and delivered 22 day of June, 1652, in presence of

HUGH ROGERS.	EDMUND FITZMAURICE.
ANDREW ELLIOT.	GERALD FITZMAURICE.
FRANCIS GOULD.	ROBERT COPPINGER.
ANDREW REYNE.	CALLAGHAN O'CALLAGHAN.
JOHN MEADE.	

Mem.—That in case of difference between the saide two appraisers of both sides, everything shall be referred half to Lieutenant-General Ludlow, or whom he shall appoint, and the other half to Lord Muskerry, or whom he shall appoint. I ratify and confirm these Articles, 23 June, 1652.

E. F[ITZMAURICE].  
G. F[ITZMAURICE].  
R. C[OPPINGER].  
C. O'C[ALLAGHAN].

Ross Castle was, at this time, the property of Sir Valentine Browne, third baronet of the name, and, luckily for himself, a minor, or he might have tasted all the miseries and forfeitures of those times (see "Lake Lore," pp. 114 to 123).

prised the Irish in their tents and huts by daybreak, and there killed a good many of 'em before they could make up the least body or recover their arms, and such as escaped that fury made off to the adjacent woods, whereof was the aforesaid Captain Owen O'Sullivan, who ridd the evening before coming to said camp, lay in his boots and clothes all night, but by directing his course towards a large mountain was soon overtook by a small party of four or five men, the first of which that came to him was a county Kerry Irishman, who spoke to him, desiring he may take quarters and deliver him his sword and purse, which he promised to secure, and take him safe to Captain Hassett, chief commander of the English party. Said Captain Sullivan replied he was glad to meet such a friend making him such a kind offer, and to know that Captain Hassett was the commander, and then delivered his sword and purse, which the three or four of the men had seen, challenged to have said booty distributed, which the Irishman refused, whereupon they instantly with their broadswords cut said Captain Sullivan to pieces, to the great surprise and concern of Captain Hassett, as he was acquainted with him on the aforesaid treaties and meetings of peace, etc., and thankful to him for his behaviour and tenderness to some English prisoners, etc. Many besides them carrying arms lost their lives in that neighbourhood that day, whereof was an ancient decrepid gentleman, Mr. Owen Sullivan, of the family of Ballycarna, who was met with on his devotion in a den or hutt in one of the neighbouring hills ; and all the cattle of said neighbours drove to Killorglin. This very much terrified the rest of the poor inhabitants of Ivrah and Bordonine, so that they took all opportunities of procuring passes and protection and by coming away at night to come under the aforesaid lines of Lane and Finihih ; by these districts of said Ivrah and Bordonine were thinly inhabited, and thereby provisions much wanting to O'Sullivan's small and distressed army, in which situation he thought it most necessary to force some cattle under the protection of Nedeem Garrison, and to that intent marched in the night through Ballybogg and the parish of Templenoe, and arrived next morning at the river Finihih, very near said garrison. At passing said river the powder, which was intended to be distributed among the men at the bank of the other side, was recommended to the care of a man on horseback, who dropped it into the water, to the great surprise and disappointment of O'Sullivan, etc., who directed that all carrying firearms should examine their charges and primings, which were found to be dank, which gave room, together with dropping the powder, as aforesaid, to suspect treachery ; but there was not sufficient leisure to examine further, as a party of horse and foot suddenly marched out of Nedeem Fort. The horses engaged first, and reserved their charges till they came to within pistol shot to the Irish, as if dreading no fire from 'em, and there dis-

charged not only their carbines but pistols, which made good execution which could not be returned by the Irish, who attempted to engage with pikes and broadswords, but the horse filed off and gave the foot room to engage, whom they soon again relieved. O'Sullivan, etc., concluded to repass the river, which they did in tolerable order, but still attacked in the rear till they came to a field called Gortandroshanigg, above Dunkieron Castle, where they were so vigorously attacked by the said horse, who still gave them disappointments by filing off as aforesaid when they attempted engaging with pikes and swords as aforesaid; but at last were there put to absolute disorder, retreating in small parties by different ways, which the English suited by pursuing in small parties. A person was observed retreating who wore a red waistcoat, richly trimmed, accompanied by two young men, whom they took by his attire to be O'Sullivan, which was no mistake, and his attendants were two young subaltern officers, brothers to the aforesaid Captain Owen Sullivan<sup>(42)</sup> and Captain Brenan.

ARDEA CASTLE. (*See* p. 273, vol. iv. No. 40.)

(42) The "Paccata Hibernia" gives at p. 660:—"The warders of the castles of Ardea and Carricknesse on the sixth of the same moneth despayring of their master O'Sulevan's returne, rendered both their castles and their lives to the Queen's mercy, so that although he should have *animum revertendi* (Donal Cam, Lord of Beare), he had neither place of safetie whereunto hee might retyre, nor corn or cattel to feed himself, much less to uphold or renew any warre against the State." These castles were afterwards given to Sir Owen O'Sullivan More, who fought on the side of the English at this time.

In the "Life and Times of James O'Sullivan," by Thomas Amory, we have a very interesting genealogical note from the son of the last owner of Ardea, Philip O'Sullivan, son of Sir Owen O'Sullivan and the daughter of Colonel Owen MacSweeney, attainted with his father, who was obliged to fly to France, where he died from the effects of a wound received in a duel. When this Philip's son dictated the note he was nearly a hundred years old, so that his recollection went back to close on 1688:—"My father was Major Philip O'Sullivan, of Ardea Castle, in the county of Kerry. My mother's name was Joanna MacCarthy, daughter of Dermot MacCarthy, of Killowen. She had three brothers and one sister. Her mother's name I forget, but she was a daughter of MacCarthy Reagh, of Carbery. Her eldest brother was Colonel Florence, or MacFineen, and he and his two brothers, Charles and Owen, went out in defence of their nation against Orange (the Prince of Orange). One was killed in the battle of Aughrim. Florence had a son, who retained the name of MacFineen. Charles I just remember. He left two sons Darby and Owen. Darby married Ellen O'Sullivan, of Bunaune. His brother, Owen, married Honora Mahony, daughter of Denis Mahony, of Dromore, in Dunkerron, county Kerry, and died in the prime of life much lamented. My father died of an ulcer in his breast, caused by a wound he received in France in a duel with a French officer. They were all a short-lived family. I never heard that any of the men arrived at sixty, and I do not remember but one alive when I left home in 1723. They were

They were closely pursued by three troopers, who shot one of the young officers in the leg or thigh, whereby he fell to the ground, and at his endeavouring to recover had his head clove with a broadsword. O'Sullivan, with the other officer, faced back, expecting to relieve him, though having nothing to fight with but their small swords, at which time the other young officer was shot dead. Thereupon two of the said troopers dismounted to possess themselves of the young officers' swords and cloaths, etc., but the other trooper, by name William Machir, eagerly pursued O'Sullivan, and after making a shot at him out of a pistol, which did not hit, he often came so near him that he expected he could not miss with his broadsword,

short-lived on both sides; but the brevity of their lives, to my great grief, is added to the length of mine. My mother's sister married Dermot, eldest son of Daniel O'Sullivan, Lord of Dunkerron, and her son, as I understand, was with the Pretender in Scotland in 1745. This is all I can say about my origin, but I shall conclude with a Latin sentence :

Si Adam sit pater cunctorum mater et Eva,  
Cur non sunt homines nobilitates pares  
Non pater aut mater dat nobis nobilitatem  
Sed moribus vita nobilitatur homo.

If Adam be father of all, and Eve the mother,  
Why, then, are not all men equally noble?  
Neither father nor mother give true nobility,  
But a man is ennobled by his life and manners.

Mr. Lynch, in his letter to Mr. Bigger, says:—I believe that for want of registration of title, it (the castle and estates) reverted to Lord Lansdowne, the representative of Sir William Petty.—“*Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries*,” 4 quart., Dec., 1898, p. 323. So far is this from being the fact that we know from the history of this family that the rightful owners of Ardea asked from Ormond, after the Restoration, a small farm, near the castle, to sustain their family, and were heartlessly refused. The following anecdote, given by Weld, show how tenaciously the poor, downtrodden descendants of the Ardea family yet cling to the title of these lands. In the twelfth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Owen O'Sullivan in order to establish a substantial title to the countries he then held, surrendered them to the crown, and received a formal grant thereof by patent. This measure gave rise to a long suit at law between Sir Owen and his nephew, Donel McDonel O'Sullivan, the latter of whom endeavoured to prove that his uncle had usurped the possession at the death of his (Donel's) father. Sir Owen, on the contrary, pleaded that the possession of the estates had fallen to him by the laws of tanistry, and had been afterwards irrevocably established by the letters patent.

The suit terminated in a commission being issued under the great seal, dated at Dublin the 18th July, in the thirty-fifth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, directing Sir Thomas Norreys, Vice-president of Munster, and others, to partition and plot out, by certain limits and boundaries, the territories, hereditaments,

but O'Sullivan was so very active, and taking the advantage of some bad steps he kept him in agitation for some time, and at last in his desperate situation, as Providence would direct, he quickly and most timely drew off his waistcoat and threw it aside, telling the trooper that there he had what may be of service to him during his life, on which, seeing the other two troopers approach, said Machir alighted in order to have that booty to himself, which gave O'Sullivan an opportunity of getting into a bog, from which he made his escape. This skirmish, which was the last, as far as I could learn, of all the battles or skirmishes in Cromwell's war in Ireland.

castles, etc., in Beare, Bantry, Ardea, and others, belonging to the O'Sullivans; which partition was effected by an instrument dated at Mallow, 15th January,



RUINS OF ARDEA CASTLE.

[From Photo. by Francis Joseph Bigger, Esq., M.R.I.A., F.R.S.A.]

1593. The castle and dependencies of Beare were allotted to Donel, and Bantry, etc., to Sir Owen, saving only to Sir Philip O'Sullivan, the younger brother to Sir Owen, the castle of Ardea and its dependencies. Attempts, however, were made, a few years afterwards, to wrest the castle of Ardea from the lawful possessor, pursuant to the old custom of tanistry; whereupon an appeal was made to the Lord Deputy of Ireland; and, upon the petition of the injured party, a copy was granted of the above-mentioned instrument of partition. Sir Philip's heir was secured in his rights; and the family continued to maintain possession of the castle, until it was forfeited during the civil wars.

In the year 1802, Mr. Beltz, having had occasion to visit the South of Ireland,

stopped at the house of O'Sullivan McFinan Duff; where, inquiring, through curiosity, if any of the Ardea branch of that family remained in existence, he was informed that a cottager, in very humble circumstances, lived in the neighbouring mountains who was reputed to be the lineal descendant of Sir Philip. Desirous of an interview with him, a message was sent to that effect: the ruins of Ardea Castle, on the banks of Kenmare river, were fixed upon as the place of rendezvous; and, pursuant to appointment, the man, accompanied by his whole family, appeared there on the allotted day. Aware, in some measure, of the object of the interview, he had brought in his hand a bundle of parchments and papers, which he opened and spread on the grass. They were all in a mouldering state, and nearly obliterated by the damp and smoke of his cabin. Of their purport he knew nothing: no person, he said, to whom he had ever showed them, not even the priest of the parish himself, had been able to read them; but, as they had been handed down from father to son, for many generations, he had preserved them with a scrupulous care to the best of his ability.

Mr. Beltz, prior to his examination of these writings, wished to assure himself of the identity of the person who brought them: he therefore put numerous questions to him, each of which was answered with such precision, that no doubt could remain of the man being the actual lineal descendant of Sir Philip O'Sullivan. It happened that he was the seventh in descent from Sir Philip,\* which, allowing thirty years for each generation, made up a period of two hundred and ten years; nearly agreeing with the date of the first settlement of the family at Ardea. Mr. Beltz then took up one of the parchments, and, to his surprise, found that it was the actual copy of the deed of partition which had been granted to Sir Philip's heirs, upon petition to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, in the year 1613. He next discovered the original draft of the petition, with several other writings equally ancient, which it would have been impossible to have deciphered, owing to their mouldy state, if he had not happened previously, whilst passing through Dublin, to have taken copies of the same in the Record Office.—Weld's "Killarney," p. 285.

Smith says of Ardea: "This parish is divided from the half barony of Bear haven, in the county Cork, by a range of lofty and impassable mountains. The greater part of it was formerly the estate of the O'Sullivans, whose residence in those parts was at the said castle of Ardea, pleasantly and boldly situated in a romantic manner on an high cliff inaccessible from the sea, commanding an extensive prospect of the river of Kenmare" ['Part of the extensive keep,' says Mr. Bigger, 'has tumbled into the sea'] "a bay thirty miles long and of great breadth, environed with

\* It is probable that the Christian names of the family contributed in some measure to assist the memory in this instance. The account given by the man of his genealogy was as follows:—

Philip, who first came to Ardea; probably soon after the date of the deed of partition,  
 in 1593.  
 |  
 Daniel M'Philip.  
 |  
 Owen M'Daniel.  
 |  
 Daniel M'Owen.  
 |  
 Owen M'Daniel.  
 |  
 Dermond M'Owen.  
 |  
 Kerry M'Dermond, the Informant.

craggy but stupendous mountains. Towards the bottom of the harbour of Kilmakaloge, which is an inlet of Kenmare river, is also the residence of a branch of the O'Sullivan, called McFineen Duff, near whom lives Mr. Silvester O'Sullivan, whose house is pleasantly situated between two rivulets, which joining soon after, form a considerable stream. In 1602 a Spanish frigate landed supplies of



O SULLIVAN BEARE.

*(From Portrait in National Gallery, Dublin, and from original in Irish College, Salamanca .*

money and ammunition at this castle, which encouraged some of the native Irish to take up arms, but they were overcome by Lord Barry, Sir G. Thornton, and Sir R. Wilmot. The parish, which is entirely the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne, comprises  $97\frac{1}{2}$  gneeves, or nearly 40,000 acres, consisting chiefly of rocky mountain and bog. . . . The principal residence is Deireen, the



mansion of Peter McSweeney, Esq. [This is now the charming lodge of the Marquis of Lansdowne.] "Off the coast is a small island called Dinis, the property of H. A. Herbert, Esq., of Muckross, on which is a cottage with a neat plantation, and immediately adjoining is a fine oyster bed. On this island are vestiges of a small chapel supposed to have formerly belonged to the Abbey of Muckross; and it is traditionally stated that an establishment existed here for supplying the monks with oysters, the shells of which had accumulated to such an extent as to have been lately used as manure; a considerable quantity of seaweed is collected on its shores and used for the same purpose." This island is now the home of Henry A. R. Herbert, Esq., junior, who has built a picturesque chalet on this truly romantic sanatorium of the old Irish monks, for such it was if it belonged to the monks of Innisfallen; probably it was given by them to the Friars of Muckross Abbey on account of its oyster beds.—See "Lewis's Topogr. Dictionary."

Here we saw verified before our eyes the words of the poet:

"At noise of gliding stream when oft I went  
On grassy couch to lie, and brood of ducks  
And flocks of fowl o'er flow'ry meadows saw;  
I have known how soon the Muses song inspire  
When still recesses far from town and noise  
Invite—and please alike the meadows sweet  
And the host's face more flattering than the field."

Digby's "Ranierius, Praed. Rustic.," xii.

Thus we mused as we gazed on a guest of Mr. Herbert's who in very truth lay "On grassy couch," and we left the rest to his own contemplations or cogitations.

There was, in the time of Smith and Archdall a romantic little ruin of an ancient priory at the mouth of the bay of Kenmare, called the Abbey of Aghamore. "This abbey was situated," says Archdall, p. 299, "near the mouth of the river Kenmare, in a small island adjoining the extreme end of parish of Kilcrohan." This small abbey was founded in the seventh century by the monks of the abbey of St. Finbar, near Cork, for canons regular following the rule of St. Augustine. The walls, which yet remain, of this ancient abbey, are so beaten by the sea that, in a short time, they will be probably demolished. At low water the abbey isle joins the main land." Lewis says that in his time there was a house built by the Marquis of Lansdowne for the priest of the parish at Ardea.

For a full account of this family of Ardea, see p. 273 of this "History," No. 40, vol. iv., of "Cork Arch. Journal."

(To be continued.)

**Errata.** In last paper, p. 30, for Νεατομησιον read Νεατομησιον; and for Νεατοεοζησιον, read Νεατο-εοζησιον.

Mr. Bigger, M.R.I.A., and Editor of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, has very kindly let us know that the inscription and coat of arms on the stone in the ruins of Dunkerron Castle, given at p. 262 of last vol., is at present over an old well, and not in the ruins, as it was in the middle of this century.