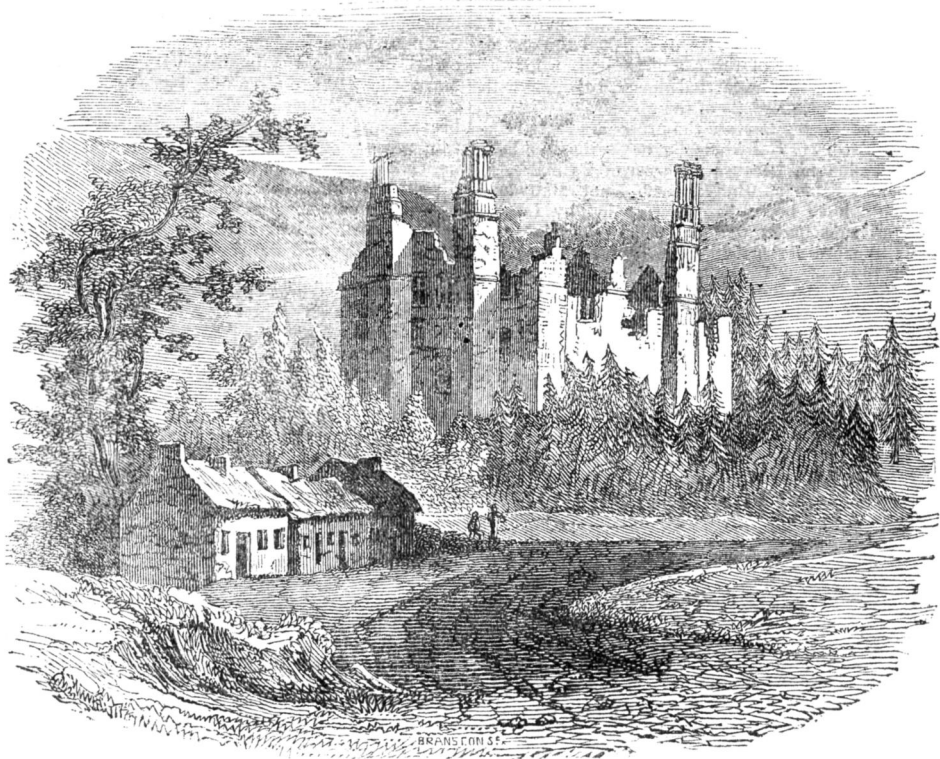


THE IRISH PENNY JOURNAL.

NUMBER 28.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1841.

VOLUME I.



CASTLE-CAULFIELD, COUNTY OF TYRONE.

THE subject of our prefixed illustration is one of no small interest, whether considered as a fine example—for Ireland—of the domestic architecture of the reign of James I, or as an historical memorial of the fortunes of the illustrious family whose name it bears—the noble house of Charlemont, of which it was the original residence. It is situated near the village of the same name, in the parish of Donaghmore, barony of Dungannon, and about three miles west of Dungannon, the county town.

Castle-Caulfield owes its erection to Sir Toby Caulfield, afterwards Lord Charlemont—a distinguished English soldier who had fought in Spain and the Low Countries in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and commanded a company of one hundred and fifty men in Ireland in the war with O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, at the close of her reign. For these services he was rewarded by the Queen with a grant of part of Tyrone's estate, and other lands in the province of Ulster; and on King James's accession to the British crown, was honoured with knighthood, and made governor of the fort of Charlemont, and of the counties of Tyrone and Armagh. At the plantation of Ulster he received further grants of lands, and among them 1000 acres called Ballydonnelly, or O'Donnelly's town, in the barony of Dungannon, on which, in 1614, he commenced the erection of the mansion subsequently called Castle-Caulfield. This mansion is described by Pynnar in his Survey of Ulster in 1618-19, in the following words:—

“Sir Toby Caulfield hath one thousand acres called Ballydonnell [*recte* Ballydonnelly], whereunto is added beside what

was certified by Sir Josias Bodley, a fair house or castle, the front whereof is eighty feet in length and twenty-eight feet in breadth from outside to outside, two cross ends fifty feet in length and twenty-eight feet in breadth: the walls are five feet thick at the bottom, and four at the top, very good cellars under ground, and all the windows are of hewn stone. Between the two cross ends there goeth a wall, which is eighteen feet high, and maketh a small court within the building. This work at this time is but thirteen feet high, and a number of men at work for the sudden finishing of it. There is also a strong bridge over the river, which is of lime and stone, with strong buttresses for the supporting of it. And to this is joined a good water-mill for corn, all built of lime and stone. This is at this time the fairest building I have seen. Near unto this Bawne there is built a town, in which there is fifteen English families, who are able to make twenty men with arms.”

The ruins of this celebrated mansion seem to justify the opinion expressed by Pynnar, that it was the fairest building he had seen, that is, in the counties of the plantation, for there are no existing remains of any house erected by the English or Scottish undertakers equal to it in architectural style. It received, however, from the second Lord Charlemont, the addition of a large gate-house with towers, and also of a strong keep or donjon.

From the ancient maps of Ulster of Queen Elizabeth's time, preserved in the State Paper Office, Castle-Caulfield appears to have been erected on the site of a more ancient castle or

fort, called Fort O'Donnell, from the chief of the ancient Irish family of O'Donghaile or O'Donnely, whose residence it was, previously to the confiscation of the northern counties; and the small lake in its vicinity was called Lough O'Donnell. This family of O'Donnely were a distinguished branch of the Kinel-Owen, or northern Hy-Niall race, of which the O'Neills were the chiefs in the sixteenth century; and it was by one of the former that the celebrated Shane or John O'Neill, surnamed the proud, and who also bore the cognomen of Donghailach, or the Donnellan, was fostered, as appears from the following entry in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1531:—

“Ballydonnelly was assaulted by Niall Oge, the son of Art, who was the son of Con O'Neill. He demolished the castle, and having made a prisoner of the son of O'Neill, who was the foster-son of O'Donnely, he carried him off, together with several horses and the other spoils of the place.”

We have felt it necessary to state the preceding facts relative to the ancient history of Ballydonnelly, or Castle-Caulfield, as it is now denominated, because an error of Pynnar's, in writing the ancient name as Ballydonnell—not Ballydonnelly, as it should have been—has been copied by Lodge, Archdall, and all subsequent writers; some of whom have fallen into a still more serious mistake, by translating the name as “the town of O'Donnell,” thus attributing the ancient possession of the locality to a family to whom it never belonged. That Ballydonnelly was truly, as we have stated, the ancient name of the place, and that it was the patrimonial residence of the chief of that ancient family, previously to the plantation of Ulster, must be sufficiently indicated by the authorities we have already adduced; but if any doubt on this fact could exist, it would be removed by the following passage in an unpublished Irish MS. Journal of the Rebellion of 1641, in our own possession, from which it appears that, as usual with the representatives of the dispossessed Irish families on the breaking out of that unhappy conflict, the chief of the O'Donnelys seized upon the Castle-Caulfield mansion as of right his own:—

“October 1641. Lord Caulfield's castle in Ballydonnelly (*Baile I Donghaile*) was taken by Patrick Moder (the gloomy) O'Donnely.”

The Lord Charlemont, with his family, was at this time absent from his home in command of the garrison of Charlemont, and it was not his fate ever to see it afterwards; he was treacherously captured in his fortress about the same period by the cruel Sir Phelim O'Neill, and was barbarously murdered while under his protection, if not, as seems the fact, by his direction, on the 1st of March following. Nor was this costly and fairest house of its kind in “the north” ever after inhabited by any of his family; it was burned in those unhappy “troubles,” and left the melancholy, though picturesque memorial of sad events which we now see it.

P.

THE LAKE OF THE LOVERS,

A LEGEND OF LEITRIM.

How many lovely spots in this our beautiful country are never embraced within those pilgrimages after the picturesque, which numbers periodically undertake, rather to see what is known to many, and therefore should be so to them, than to visit nature, for her own sweet sake, in her more devout and undistinguished haunts! For my part, I am well pleased that the case stands thus. I love to think that I am treading upon ground unsullied by the footsteps of the now numerous tribe of mere professional peripatetics—that my eyes are wandering over scenery, the freshness of which has been impaired by no transfer to the portfolio of the artist or the tablets of the poetaster; that, save the scattered rustic residents, there is no human link to connect its memorials with the days of old, and, save their traditional legends, no story to tell of its fortunes in ancient times. The sentiment is no doubt selfish as well as anti-utilitarian; but then I must add that it is only occasional, and will so far be pardoned by all who know how delightful it is to take refuge in the indulgent twilight of tradition from the rugged realities of recorded story. At all events, a rambler in any of our old, and especially mountainous tracts, will rarely lack abundant aliment for his thus modified sense of beauty, sublimity, or antiquarian fascination; and scenes have unexpectedly opened upon me in the solitudes of the hills and lakes of some almost untrodden and altogether unwritten

districts, that have had more power to stir my spirit than the lauded and typographed, the versified and pictured magnificence of Killarney or of Cumberland, of Glendalough or of Lomond. It may have been perverseness of taste, or the fitness of mood, or the influence of circumstance, but I have been filled with a feeling of the beautiful when wandering among noteless and almost nameless localities to which I have been a stranger, when standing amid the most boasted beauties with the appliances of hand-book and of guide, with appetite prepared, and sensibilities on the alert. It is I suppose partly because the power of beauty being relative, a high pitch of expectancy requires a proportionate augmentation of excellence, and partly because the tincture of contrariety in our nature ever inclines us to enact the perverse critic, when called on to be the implicit votary. This is common with most others I have often felt, but rarely more so than during a casual residence some short time since among the little celebrated, and therefore perhaps a little more charming, mountain scenery of the county, which either has been, or might be, called Leitrim of the Lakes; for a tract more pleasantly diversified with well-set sheets of water, it would I think be difficult to name. Almost every hill you top has its still and solitary tarn, and almost every amphitheatre you enter, encompasses its wild and secluded lake—not seldom bearing on its placid bosom some little islet, linked with the generations past, by monastic or castellated ruins, as its seclusion or its strength may have invited the world-wearied anchorite to contemplation, or the predatory chieftain to defence.

On such a remote and lonely spot I lately chanced to alight, in the course of a long summer day's ramble among the heights and hollows of that lofty range which for a considerable space abuts upon the borders of Sligo and Roscommon. The ground was previously unknown to me, and with all the zest which novelty and indefiniteness can impart, I started staff in hand with the early sun, and ere the mists had melted from the purple heather of their cloud-like summits, was drawing pure and balmy breath within the lonely magnificence of the hills. About noon, as I was casting about for some pre-eminently happy spot to fling my length for an hour or two's repose, I reached the crest of a long gradual ascent that had been some time tempting me to look what lay beyond; and surely enough I found beauty sufficient to dissolve my weariness, had it been tenfold multiplied, and to allay my pulse, had it throbbled with the vehemence of fever. An oblong valley girdled a lovely lake on every side; here with precipitous impending cliffs, and there with grassy slopes of freshest emerald that seemed to woo the dimpling waters to lave their loving margins, and, as if moved with a like impulse, the little wavelets met the call with the gentle dalliance of their ebb and flow. A small wooded island, with its fringe of willows trailing in the water, stood about a furlong from the hither side, and in the centre of its tangled brake, my elevation enabled me to descry what I may call the remnants of a ruin—for so far had it gone in its decay—here green, there grey, as the moss, the ivy, or the pallid stains of time, had happened to prevail. A wild duck, with its half-fledged clutch, floated fearless from its sedgy shore. More remote, a fishing heron stood motionless on a stone, intent on its expected prey; and the only other animated feature in the quiet scene was a fisherman who had just moored his little boat, and having settled his tackle, was slinging his basket on his arm and turning upward in the direction where I lay. I watched the old man toiling up the steep, and as he drew nigh, hailed him, as I could not suffer him to pass without learning at least the name, if it had one, of this miniature Ambara. He readily complied, and placing his fish-basket on the ground, seated himself beside it, not unwilling to recover his breath and recruit his scanty stock of strength almost expended in the ascent. “We call it,” said he in answer to my query, “the Lake of the Ruin, or sometimes, to such as know the story, the Lake of the Lovers, after the two over whom the tombstone is placed inside yon mouldering walls. It is an old story. My grandfather told me, when a child, that he minded his grandfather telling it to him, and for anything he could say, it might have come down much farther. Had I time, I'd be proud to tell it to your honour, who seems a stranger in these parts, for it's not over long; but I have to go to the Hall, and that's five long miles off, with my fish for dinner, and little time you'll say I have to spare, though it be down hill nearly all the way.” It would have been too bad to allow such a well-met chronicler to pass unpumped, and, putting more faith in the attractions of my pocket than of my person, I produced on the instant