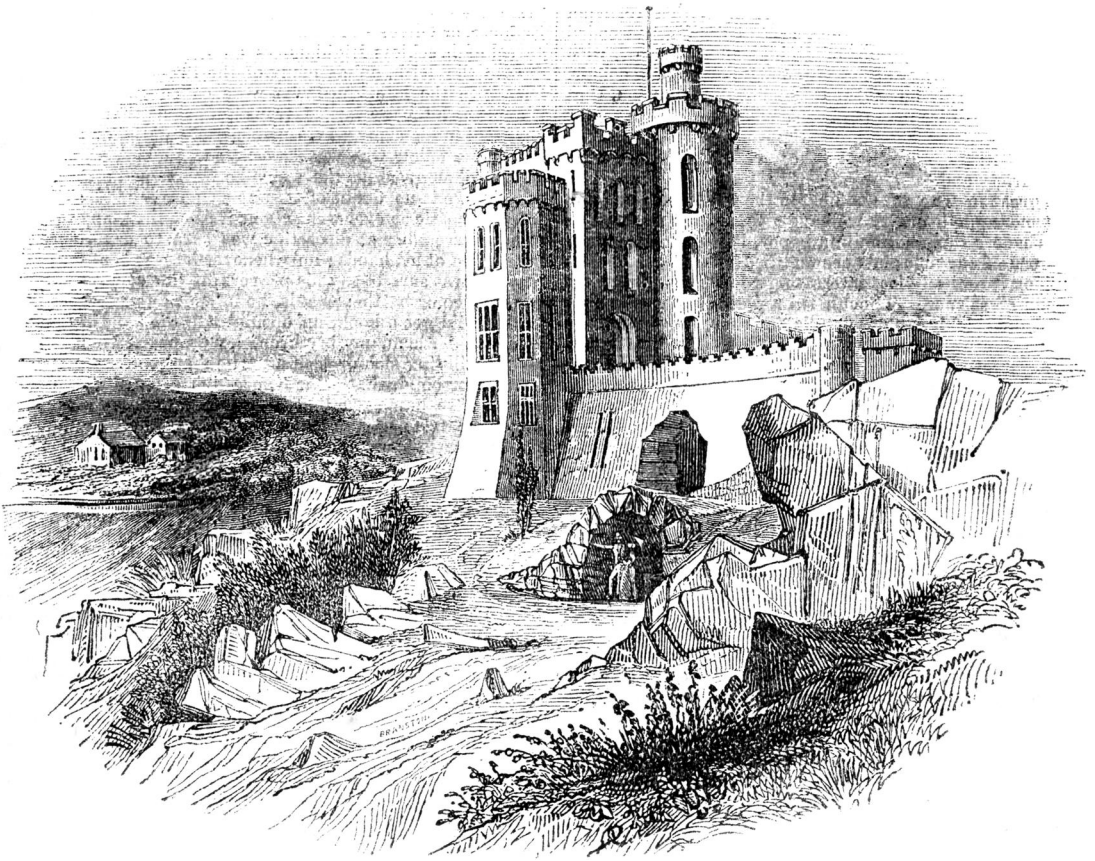


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VICTORIA CASTLE, KILLINEY, COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

OUR metropolitan readers, at least, and many others besides, are aware of the magnificent but not easily to be realised project, recently propounded, of erecting a town on the east side of Malpas's or Killiney Hill—a situation certainly of unrivalled beauty and grandeur. Plans, most satisfactory, and views prospective as well as perspective of this as yet non-existent Brighton or Clifton, have been laid before the public, with a view to obtain the necessary ways and means to give it a more substantial reality; but alas! for the uncertainty of human wishes! Queenstown, despite the popularity of our sovereign, is not likely, for some time at least, to present a rivalry, in any thing but its romantic and commanding site, to the busy, bustling, and not very symmetrically built town which has been erected in honour of Her august eldest uncle. The good people of Kingstown may therefore rejoice; their glory will not for some time at least be eclipsed; and the lovers of natural romantic scenery who have not money—they seldom have—to employ in promising speculations, may also rejoice, for the wild and precipitous cliffs of Killiney are likely to retain for some years longer a portion of their romantic beauty; the rocks will not be shaped into well-dressed forms of prim gentility; the purple heather and blossomy furze, “unprofitably gay,” may give nature's brilliant colouring to the scenery, and the wild sea-birds may sport around: the time has not arrived when they will be destroyed or banished from their ancient haunt by the encroachment of man. But however this may be, the first stone of the new town

has been laid; nay, the first building—no less a building than “Victoria Castle”—has been actually erected; and, as a memorial of one of the gigantic projects of this speculating nineteenth century of ours, we have felt it incumbent on us to give its fair proportions a place in our immortal and universally read miscellany, in order to hand down its pristine form to posterity in ages when it shall have been shaped by time into a genuine antique ruin.

Of the architectural style and general appearance of Victoria Castle, our engraving gives a good idea. Like most modern would-be castles, it has towers and crenellated battlements and large windows in abundance, and is upon the whole as unlike a real old castle as such structures usually are. It is, however, a picturesque and imposing structure of its kind, and, what is of more consequence to its futuro occupants, a cheerful and commodious habitation, which is more than can be said of most genuine castles, or of many more classical imitations of them; and its situation, on a terrace on the south side of Killiney Hill, is one as commanding and beautiful as could possibly be imagined.

Nothing in nature can indeed surpass the beauty, variety, and extent of the prospects which may be enjoyed from this spot or its immediate vicinity, and we might fill a whole number of our Journal in describing their principal features. To most of our readers, however, they must be already familiar, and to those who have not had the pleasure of enjoying a sight of them, it will convey a sufficient general idea of what

they must be, to acquaint them that Killiney Hill from the same point commands, towards the west, views of the famed Bay of Dublin, the city, and the richly-cultivated and villa-studded plains by which it is surrounded, towards the north, the bold, rugged promontory of Howth, with the islands of Dalkey, Ireland's-eye, Lambay, and the peaked mountain-ranges of Down and Louth in the extreme distance; and lastly, towards the east and south, the sea, and the lovely Bay of Killiney, with its shining yellow strand, curved into the form of a spacious and magnificent amphitheatre, from which, as in seats above each other, ascend the richly-wooded hills, backed by the mountains of Dublin and Wicklow, with all their exquisite variety of forms and fitful changes of colour. In short, it may truly be said of this delightful situation, that though other localities may possess some individual character of scenery of greater beauty or grandeur, there are few if any in the British empire that could fairly be compared with it for its variety and general interest.

Of the great interest of Killiney to the naturalist, and the geologist more particularly, we have already endeavoured to give our readers some notion in a paper, in a recent number, from the pen of our able and accomplished friend Dr Schouler; and Killiney is scarcely less interesting to the antiquary than to the man of science. Though till a recent period its now cultivated and thickly inhabited hills and shores presented the virgin appearance of a country nearly in the state which nature left it, the numerous monuments of antiquity scattered about them clearly evinced that man had been a wanderer if not an inhabitant here in the most remote times. Numerous kistvaens containing human skeletons have been found between the road and the sea, undoubtedly of pagan times; and we have ourselves seen in our young days six very large urns of baked clay, containing burned bones, which were discovered in sinking the foundations for a cottage, near the road between the Killiney and Rochestown hills. We have also seen several sepulchral stone circles, now no longer remaining; and there is yet to be seen of the same period, a fine cromleac, situated near Shanganagh, and that most remarkable and interesting pagan temple, near the Martello tower, with its judgment chair, and the figures of the sun and moon sculptured on one of the stones within its enclosure. Nor is Killiney without its monument of Christian piety of as early date as any to be found in Ireland. In the beautiful ivied ruin of its parish church, the antiquary may enjoy a sight of one of the most characteristic examples of the temples erected by the Irish immediately after their conversion to Christianity, and make himself intimate with a style of architecture not now to be found in other portions of the British empire.

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THE CASTLE OF AUGHENTAIN, OR A LEGEND OF THE BROWN GOAT,

A TALE OF TOM GRASSIEY, THE SHANAHUS.
BY WILLIAM CARLTON.

WHEN Tom had expressed an intention of relating an old story, the hum of general conversation gradually subsided into silence, and every face assumed an expression of curiosity and interest, with the exception of Jemmy Baccagh, who was rather deaf, and blind George M'Givor, so called because he wanted an eye; both of whom, in high and piercing tones, carried on an angry discussion touching a small law-suit that had gone against Jemmy in the Court Leet, of which George was a kind of rustic attorney. An outburst of impatient rebuke was immediately poured upon them from fifty voices. "Whisht with yez, ye pair of devils' limbs, an' Tom goin' to tell us a story. Jemmy, your sow's as crooked as your lame leg, you sinner; an' as for blind George, if roguery would save a man, he'd escape the devil yet. Tare-nation to yez, an' be quiet till we hear the story!"

"Ay," said Tom, "Scriptur says that when the blind leads the blind, both will fall into the ditch; but God help the lame that have blind George to lead them; we might aisily guess where he'd guide them to, especially such a poor innocent as Jemmy there." This banter, as it was not intended to give offence, so was it received by the parties to whom it was addressed with laughter and good humour.

"Silence, boys," said Tom; "I'll jist take a draw of the pipe till I put my mind in a proper state of transmigration for what I'm goin' to narrate."

Hethen smoked on for a few minutes, his eyes complacently but meditatively closed, and his whole face composed into the

philosophic spirit of a man who knew and felt his own superiority, as well as what was expected from him. When he had sufficiently arranged the materials in his mind, he took the pipe out of his mouth, rubbed the shank-end of it against the cuff of his coat, then handed it to his next neighbour, and having given a short preparatory cough, thus commenced his legend:—

"You must know that after Charles the First happened to miss his head one day, havin' lost it while playin' a game of 'Heads an' Points' with the Scotch, that a man called Nolly Rednose, or Oliver Crummle, was sent over to Ireland with a parcel of breekless Highlanders an' English Bodaghs to subduvate the Irish, an' as many of the Prodestans as had been friends to the late king, who were called Royalists. Now, it appears by many larned transfigurations that Nolly Rednose had in his army a man named Balgruntie, or the Hog of Cupar; a fellow who was as coorse as sackin', as cunnin' as a fox, an' as gross as the swine he was named after. Rednose, there is no doubt of it, was as nate a hand at takin' a town or castle as ever went about it; but then, any town that didn't surrendher at discretion was sure to experience little mitigation at his hands; an' whenever he was bent on wickedness, he was sure to say his prayers at the commencement of every siege or battle; that is, he intended to show no marcy in, for he'd get a book, an' openin' it at the head of his army, he'd cry, 'Ahem, my brethren, let us praise God by endeavourin' till sing sich or sich a psalm; an' God help the man, woman, or child, that came before him after that. Well an' good; it so happened that a squadron of his psalm-singers were dispatched by him from Enniskeen, where he stopped to rendher assistance to a part of his army that O'Neill was leatherin' down near Dunganon, an' on their way they happened to take up their quarters for the night at the Mill of Aughtentain. Now, above all men in the creation, who should be appointed to lead this same squadron but the Hog of Cupar. 'Balgruntie, go off wid you,' said Crummle, when administering his instructions to him; 'but be sure that wherever you meet a fat royalist on the way, to pay your respects to him as a Christian ought,' says he; 'an', above all things, my dear brother Balgruntie, don't neglect your devotions, otherwise our arms can't prosper; and be sure,' says he, with a pious smile, 'that if they promulgate opposition, you will make them bleed anyhow, either in purse or person; or if they provoke the grace o' God, take a little from them in both; an' so the Lord's name be praised, yeamen!'

Balgruntie sang a psalm of thanksgivin' for bein' elected by his commander to sich a holy office, set out on his march, an' the next night he an' his choir slep in the mill of Aughtentain, as I said. Now, Balgruntie had in this same congregation of his long-legged Scotchman named Sandy Saveall, which name he got by way of etymology, for his charity; for it appears by the historical elucidations that Sandy was perpetually rantinizin' about sisterly affection an' brotherly love: an' what showed more taciturnity than any thing else was, that while this same Sandy had the persuasion to make every one believe that he thought of nothing else, he shot more people than any ten men in the squadron. He was indeed what they call a dead shot, for no one ever knew him to miss any thing he fired at. He had a musket that could throw point blank an English mile, an' if he only saw a man's nose at that distance, he used to say that with aid from above he could blow it for him with a leaden handkerchy, meaning that he could blow it off his face with a musket bullet; and so by all associations he could, for indeed the facts he performed were very insinuating an' problematical.

Now, it so happened that at this period there lived in the castle a fine wealthy ould royalist, named Graham or Grimes, as they are often denominated, who had but one child, a daughter, whose beauty an' perfections were mellifluous far an' near over the country, an' who had her health drunk, as the toast of Ireland, by the Lord Lieutenant in the Castle of Dublin, under the sympathetic appellation of 'the Rose of Aughtentain.' It was her son that afterwards ran through the estate, and was forced to part wid the castle; an' it's to him the proverb colludes, which mentions 'ould John Grame, that swallowed the castle of Aughtentain.'

Howsoever, that bears no prodigality to the story I'm narratin'. So what would you have of it, but Balgruntie, who had heard of the father's wealth and the daughter's beauty, took a holy hankerin' after both; an' havin' as usual said his prayers an' sung a psalm, he determined for to clap his thumb upon the father's money, thinkin' that the daughter