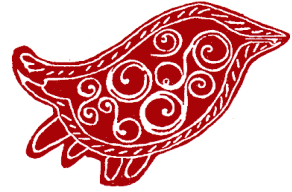


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JOURNAL

OF THE

CORK HISTORICAL & ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Cliodhna,⁽¹⁾ the Queen of the Fairies of South Munster.

[The following legend is from an old manuscript, which I do not think was ever printed. It is dedicated—"To Keefe O'Keefe, esq., the representative of that illustrious sept, the following fairy legend is most respectfully inscribed by Mathew Horgan, 1839." At a future date I hope to give the southern legend, or Rosscarbery one, as the present is the northern, or Mallow one, and to add some details as to the probable mythological character of Cleena, and who she really represented in Irish folk-lore; but I give the present paper almost as it came from the pen of the writer, very trifling, mostly verbal, alterations being made.—D. FRANKLIN, hon. sec.]



T was on the twelfth of June I happened to pass through the fine demesne of Castlecor, near which I passed by the old cemetery of Kilbrin, which was walled on the south side, and an earthen fence protected it on the north. There were a great many headstones with inscriptions facing the east, and some vestiges of the ancient building as yet existing, and for the time it appeared to be built was rather extensive, which was about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The walls were three and a-half feet thick and about ten feet high, but the ground was much raised about it from the long accumulation of earth and bones. One side door remains as yet perfect; the jambs are well carved, and the arch equilateral, protected or relieved by a counter one. The entire graveyard is overspread with wrought stones, probably taken from this ruin, so that it

(1) Pronounced Cleena.

appeared to be long since a place of some note, and took its name from the founder, who was called O'Byrne.

I proceeded in a westerly direction, to see that side of the demesne which is only remarkable for extent, broad fences with old trees, and some covers for hares and foxes. In some time I arrived at the flower garden, the site of which is well chosen. The great oak is near this, which is about six feet in diameter with twelve limbs; each may be considered a reasonably large tree, and in the best state of preservation. This part of the demesne is frequented by herds of deer, and the oak trees from sheer antiquity are falling to decay. I soon approached the old avenue, which is extensive, with a double row of very fine limes. The quantity of timber is very great, and there are mounds of earth raised round them for their better preservation. In summer they afford an agreeable shade, and in winter the rain can scarcely penetrate through them, their boughs are so thickly matted together. From this I had a good view of the house, which is spacious, with projecting flankers and rusticated coynes, and in the centre it finishes with a pediment decorated with figures.

At some distance from this, in an easterly direction, I perceived an elevated spot, which I ascended. It was covered with ancient oak and ash, coeval with time, spreading their immense arms, and forming a deep and cool shade. The fragments of an ancient building appeared, scattered on the entire of this eminence—jambes, plinths, pedestals (the cutting of which was very good), and solid masses of masonry, with the cement of lime and gravel as adhesive as ever.

After examining this place, and making observations on the all-destructive hand of time, which levels the proudest work of man as well as the simply thatched cottage, I was accosted by the shepherd of this part of the demesne. He was old and hoary, leaning on his long staff, which was quite polished from the friction of his tough hands. Knowing that I was a stranger, and that it was likely I came to see the demesne, he saluted me in his native language, with which I happened to be well acquainted, and which pleased, or rather encouraged him so much that he was very communicative of what he supposed me ignorant of, particularly the legend of the spot on which I then stood. It may be wrong of me to relate everything told by this old man, yet it may be acknowledged that it is the duty of the historian to relate the truth, whether it be liked or not, and tell faithfully what I heard from him, as my wish is to afford amusement and instruction. He conducted me to the most elevated part of the eminence, where I rested on one of these fragments of masonry, while he sat near me on the soft, mossy ground, and related his story as follows:—

THE DRUID AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

In the beginning of the eighth century there lived in the country of Alla a prince called Caomh, or "gentle," who was the head of that illustrious sept of O'Keeffe, and governed then a large tract, bounded on the west by the territory of Luacardhea (now Kerry), and extended to the east as far as the county of Waterford, including that fertile plain called Feur-magh-Feine (now Fermoy). Fermoy was the inheritance of the Draoi Ruadh, the last of the Druids, who had the reputation of great wisdom, experience, and bravery. He was the faithful ally of the king of Munster, whose life he saved in battle, together with his army, when reduced to the last extremity by the king of Leathcuin. He raised a great storm by his art, which bewildered the enemy, so that they were under the necessity of laying down their arms and submitting to the mercy of the conqueror, who gave them their lives and liberty at the intercession of the Druid, on condition of yielding up the disputed lands and giving hostages for their future peaceable and good conduct. The Momonians returned home, full of joy after gaining a decisive victory and considerably extending their territory, on which occasion the king raised the Druid to the dignity and title of Prince of Fermoy.

This Druid had two very accomplished daughters, who were considered the greatest beauties of the age, and on whom nature and art showered their choicest gifts. They were mistresses of the sciences, particularly the elder, called Cliodhna or Cleena, who made such a progress in enchantment that she could transform creatures to any figure or form she pleased, so that in process of time she was entitled "the queen of the fairies." The younger sister, her inseparable companion, was named "all beautiful," or Aoivil, as well as Cleena was "lovely."

Caoiv, or O'Keeffe, who inherited the neighbouring territory, was a prince accomplished both in body and mind. He was remarked among all for his modesty and gentle deportment, though he might have disputed the prize of bravery and manly beauty with the most gallant knights of the age. This prince was in the habit of visiting at the Druid's palace, on which occasion he joined in the sports and pastimes of the day on the great esplanade before the palace, in the middle of which was erected a lofty pole, supporting one of the far-resounding shields of those times. According to the laws of chivalry the adventurer should strike this, which was the signal for a feat of strength and activity—a combat on foot or on horseback, throwing the stone, lifting a great weight, hurling the ball, wrestling and chariot races, in which O'Keeffe very much signalized himself, and generally gained the victory

from all his youthful competitors. This afforded the Druid much satisfaction, and he always gave his unfeigned applause to O'Keeffe.

The Princess Cleena and her beautiful sister, together with the attending females, were generally spectators on these occasions, and admired O'Keeffe beyond all his companions. Her admiration was in some time kindled into love, which she did not resist nor took much pains to conceal even from her father, who was rather pleased with the discovery, as he could never have any objection to an alliance with O'Keeffe, whose territory was both fertile and extensive. Annexed to his own princely inheritance of Fermoy, this would be a considerable tract, and as he happened to have no son he resolved to bestow it on O'Keeffe with his elder daughter Cleena.

The younger princess, Aoivil, who happened unfortunately to fall in love with Caoiv, concealed it from her sister, and practised all her innocent arts to gain his affections. She so well succeeded that he became deeply enamoured with her, which did not long escape the penetration of Cleena, who felt so unreasonably angry and jealous of her only sister for behaving treacherously in not avowing her passion before she herself had entered into all the arrangements of her father for her espousals with Caoiv. Her jealousy of her sister was so violent that she privately called on the oldest of her nurses, who was well versed in the occult science, to assist her with all her art to punish the innocent Aoivil. They arranged to meet on the following night in the most unfrequented part of the palace, where, according to directions, she placed on the fire a brass vessel on a tripod before her and blew up the fire, with which Cleena lighted her torch. On this occasion she pronounced some words while she threw into the vase a handful of rare herbs, and lastly burned a handful of human hair over it to give full effect to the enchantment. She poured this composition when perfected into a jug, and kept it for a proper opportunity, which soon occurred to her satisfaction.

From this time forward the punishment inflicted privately on the unfortunate Aoivil was almost intolerable, so that there appeared a visible change in her person. Her beauty was fading from care and sorrow, like the flowers of the field which are withered by the northern blasts; a consumptive fever wasted her strength, and her condition became each day more oppressed and dangerous. To alleviate and seemingly restore her health and lessen her sufferings, Cleena administered the prepared composition to her, which was a most powerful sleepy juice, and which at once caused her apparent death from the greatness of the enchantment. They wrapped her in a white veil, pure as her own innocent soul, and then laid her in a coffin of polished oak placed on a bier of the same timber, decorated with flowers and lightly covered with

a pall. She was thus exhibited to the whole court. The old Druid and her mother were inconsolable from profound grief, and the court and entire country lamented that one so beautiful and so gentle was taken away so very suddenly from them. After being waked for a reasonable time, she was conveyed to her cold and silent tomb, which was a deep and dreary vault under the palace. Alas! what heart was so callous to sensibility as not to be deeply affected for so much purity and gentleness, or what eye could refuse a tear of sorrow for her death?

After nightfall, Cleena and her old nurse proceeded to the vault by another opening well known to themselves, which communicated with it from the outside, and removed the still lethargic Aoivil to the cave of Castlecor, which is situated under this eminence on which we are now seated. When Aoivil recovered from her state of torpor, she looked about her with the utmost astonishment, and when she could distinguish persons about her, eagerly asked, "O where am I, or am I in a dream?" Cleena answered her and said, "Dear Aoivil, you are no longer in your father's palace. Be tranquil and easy, as you are now in a place of safety from which you cannot be removed, but shall for ever continue so till you forget O'Keeffe, to whom I am betrothed." She uttered a deep-drawn sigh, and said that it was impossible for her to do so during her existence, and said also, "If you have any interest in your only sister, or the slightest love for her, lead me to my father, and restore me again to my beloved O'Keeffe." Hearing her continual sighs and lamentations for a long time, and knowing that love had the greatest share in her profound sorrow, she perceived how impossible it was to soften down her passion; and lest she might escape from her prison, she in a fit of uncontrolable jealousy transformed her with the power of her wand into the shape and figure of a beautiful white cat.

O'Keeffe, who was during this time at his own residence of Cuillin, was not informed of Aoivil's death till after her interment. He became truly inconsolable, and though a stranger to pusillanimity in the field of battle, he shed abundance of tears on this occasion for her loss. But the lamentations and grief of the Druid knew no bounds, so that in some time it brought him to an untimely grave, together with his lady. O'Keeffe attended their obsequies, and performed the rite of sepulture according to his directions. He was interred on the summit of a conical hill near Fermoy, called ever since *Caíru Thiarua* (Cairn Thierna), or the "chieftain's cairn," on which an immense heap of stones or *leabac* was raised over the grave, and the remains of the Druidess were deposited in the remarkable tomb called to this day *Leabac Caillíde* (Labbacally) or the "old woman's bed," which is situated about a mile to the north of Fermoy, and yet noticed by the people as a curiosity.

After due time was allowed for mourning their death, the nuptials of O'Keeffe and Cleena were celebrated with much rejoicings, to which all the princes and chieftains of Munster were invited.

Proclaim a festival; for seven days' space
 Let the court shine in all its pomp and lustre;
 Let all our streets resound with shouts of joy,
 Let musick's care-dispelling voice be heard;
 The sumptuous banquet and the flowing goblet
 Shall warm the cheek, and fill the heart with gladness.

SOPHONISBA.

On this occasion tilts, tournaments, and races were exhibited as usual, and prizes distributed to the victors; yet the nuptials were not celebrated with the happiest omens, which shall be faithfully related in the sequel.

THE CAVE.

Under this eminence in an easterly direction is the deep cave of Castlecor, of which I have already made mention, and of which wonders are related. It is said that it contains treasures of gold and silver under the control of a white cat, who is seated on a throne of great value, and that this cat was once the beautiful Aoivil, metamorphosed into this figure by her sister, but is allowed to assume her natural form for the space of a week every year at midsummer; and that whoever is so fortunate as to visit her during that time, is free from the desire of sordid gain, and prefers her, with her beauty, to her treasures, shall put an end to her enchantment.

This is similar to the spell laid on Cuanan and his beautiful daughter, who are confined to their palace in the Blarney lough, as well as Giroid Jarla in Lough Guir, together with various other celebrated personages, who are not likely to be freed from their enchantment in this age, so devoted to sordid gain.

In order that you may know all this, I shall tell it as it was related to me, so that should you be inclined to see the cave and try the adventure, you shall obtain the instructions such as I heard:—

“After the difficulties of the narrow passage are surmounted, which require some fortitude and perseverance, the first and only exertion is a great leap over a deep hollow of twenty-five feet broad, when you approach the light. Should you fail in this attempt, it will be in vain to make any more efforts, for the power of the enchantment is such that you find yourself at the entrance of the cave, which will be barred against you like the solid rock. Should you wish to succeed in this immense leap, try yourself at the celebrated one over the Mallow spa; the great leap over the river of Ahnalinta; or the extraordinary one of

Bealahcorcai, to the north of Blarney. Should you succeed in these great leaps you may venture with confidence into the cave and be certain of passing the deep chasm, after which the light from the cave will be brilliant and effulgent—not from the sun or moon, for everything in it emits a light peculiar to itself; not like the glare of a hot summer's sun, nor like the pale light of the silent moon.

“After escaping the dangers of the deep hollow and recovering from the exertion, you will in the distance, through a vista in a great wood, discover the palace of the enchanted princess. Care must be taken that you shall not be attracted by the finest scenery imaginable, the melody of the birds, or the murmuring and transparent streams, to tarry on the banks for your amusement, as a delay may be fatal to you, but proceed directly to the most magnificent of palaces, the gates of which will be wide open, and the entrance to the courts and apartments quite easy, without the slightest obstruction. Your astonishment will be naturally raised at the splendour of the apartments, particularly the last one, in which the most precious curiosities of nature seem to be collected. The rich covering of the walls is splendid, and at regular distances is hollowed into niches filled with exquisitely-finished figures of silver and gold. The lower part of the walls is equally decorated, and the cornices and ceilings are beyond description of the finest workmanship, and superior to anything almost ever finished. At the end of this magnificent room is the costly throne of the enchanted princess, on which she sits on crimson cushions trimmed with the most costly lace. Thus the enchantress Cleena has changed this frightful cave into the most magnificent palace, abounding with all sorts of riches, that the sufferings of her sister may be the easier borne by her. The air in which she is confined is perfumed with the sweetest and most fragrant odours, and the floor in a great measure is covered with heaps of the most valuable gold and silver coins. This is the greatest attraction of all those who visit the cave, and the cause of their severe punishment, for their love of money and thirst for gain is the cause why during life they will have to lament and grieve for their loss. Those who saw the princess relate that she appeared about the age of twenty, that it is impossible to suppose a finer complexion, that she has an air of majesty, and a profusion of charms covering her whole person. Should she, when in the form of a white cat, not frown on the adventurer, he may see the beauty and vast treasures of her palace, together with the extensive and enchanting gardens; have his table covered with the rarest and most wholesome food, together with the most excellent “uisge beatha.”

“Hitherto, all those who chanced to see the enchanted cat were astonished at the riches contained in the palace, and no sooner did they

commence loading themselves with the precious coins they found on the floor than a tremendous wind overwhelmed them with its force, and they found themselves prostrate outside the cave with the loss of an eye or limb, a punishment for their sordid disposition.

CASTLECOR.

“A large castle, with strong turrets and deep passes, was built on this spot, on a fragment of which you are now seated, the recollection of which has escaped the memory of the historian and oldest of the natives. It was inhabited by the chieftains of the country in succession till the revolution, when it became the property of Mr. Deane, who was the last fortunate person who approached the white cat in good humour, and returned from the cave loaded with treasure, which he converted to a good purpose in the improvement of the estate. He afterwards made many fruitless efforts to enter, but to no purpose, being as often thrust back with invisible force. Yet it is believed by the old inhabitants that when the rightful heir is in want of money he will obtain a free and easy entrance to the presence of the enchanted cat, who will be all gentleness and purring with melodious sweetness while he is loading himself with a large quantity of these precious coins. After the ancient mansion fell to decay, or was almost dilapidated from time, the family erected that handsome castle with the front facing this eminence for its better preservation, and to be always in view of it. They have also with more precaution closed up the entrance of the cave with solid masonry, so that it is now difficult to open it.”

We then descended to the entrance of the cave, which was situated at the foundation of a lofty limestone cliff, and which, according to the shepherd's account, was closed up in a firm and durable manner with stones and cement.

THE SEQUEL OF CLEENA'S STORY.

Cleena resided in her father's palace, which was situated in a place now called Glanworth, and on the spot where a castle was erected many centuries after by the Roaches, over the clear Funcheon, with its pure and healthy springs. The water there is of the purest quality, particularly a copious spring in the cliff under the palace which was erected in the time of the Druid, who was induced to build it near the spring for its very salubrious quality; and it is even now admired and much frequented. She had another residence at a place now called Castletownroche, on the banks of the transparent and flowery-banked Mulla. She removed for the following year to the territory of her beloved husband, whose residence was situated in a place called Cuillin, bordering

on the country of Luacardhea. It was during this that she unfortunately lost her invaluable wand, which perhaps was taken possession of by Oberon, the fairy king (who envied Cleena for her great power), which prevented her from restoring Aoivil to her natural form.

In twelve months after their marriage the birth of an heir crowned the union of Caomh and Cleena with real happiness. Feastings and rejoicings were the order of the day, and their court, together with the neighbouring town, was crowded with the chiefs of the country, emulating each other in their attachment to Caomh and Cleena, his beautiful consort, who always attracted the notice and admiration of all persons for her majestic figure, exact symmetry, and fine countenance; and in two years more they were happy by the birth of twins, two little females as white as snow, with mild eyes and cheeks emulating the rose.

DANES.

On this occasion also, tilts and tournaments were introduced, as much for joy as for the exercise of the troops in the art of war. Yet peace reigned over the land, with the exception of some trifling skirmishes with the Danes of Dublin, Cork and Limerick, who about this time were acquiring strength and confidence in the country, together with a knowledge of military affairs. They devoted much of their time to commerce, walling in their seaport towns, making incursions into the country and taking possession of the ancient Irish entrenchments, in which experienced soldiers formed garrisons, who maintained themselves in them against the efforts of the inhabitants. When closely besieged in any of these forts, which were great mounds of earth and stones, enclosing a small area of half-an-acre—sometimes more, and generally much less—they excavated a passage and escaped to the next fort at night, and returned the following morning with reinforcements. In this manner, and well disciplined, they oppressed the natives when least on their guard—when perhaps pillaging the evacuated encampment of the Danes. It was by stratagems of this sort that these northern and plundering invaders conquered all England and a good part of Ireland, and also retained their possession for so long a time.

On this account, Caomh and the other powerful chiefs were on the alert, and watched the motions of these plunderers, who through courtesy and the advantage of commerce to the country were hitherto permitted in the seaports; but at this time there was a strong jealousy conceived against them for their rapine and cruelty to the natives where they could act with impunity, and before many months passed over they broke into an open rebellion, the principal cause of which is related as follows:—

CEALLACAN AND THE DANES.

Ceallacan, king of Munster, became acquainted with the king of Norway's beautiful daughter, called *Bébjon* or Beavina, who then resided in Dublin in her brother *Sjotji* or Sitric's court, and who, in token of peace and friendship, but treacherously, invited Ceallacan to espouse her. The king of Munster, with all the joy and happiness of a bridegroom, proceeded to Dublin (or, as it was then called, *Átcliaċ Dubhġe*) with a slight retinue of romantic and valiant young chiefs, who, like himself, were full of the thoughts of enjoying Danish beauties. Ceallacan no sooner arrived in the vicinity of the city than he was convinced of the treachery of the Dane, but before he could retreat was arrested, and all his noble and brave companions cut to pieces with the exception of one, who brought the disastrous account to Munster.

This news was no sooner made known by the only person who escaped the slaughter than it aroused the people from their lethargy, who at once assembled their forces, and unanimously elected O'Keeffe to command them. They also entrusted their fleet to *Fájlbe Fioġ*, who was then the hereditary admiral of Munster, and who, in consequence of residing on the western coast of Corcaidivne, was more accustomed to a naval life. Corcaidivne, a wild district, together with Jobhrahac, the most western part of Europe, was the patrimony of *Fájlbe*.

The army under O'Keeffe marched with the utmost speed to Dublin, where they discovered that Sitric had his headquarters in *Dúnoealzáġ* (Dundalk), and where his fleet was also moored, with Ceallacan on board the commander's ship in close confinement, and ready to sail with him to Denmark the first fair wind. O'Keeffe no sooner arrived there than *Fájlbe* was discovered entering the harbour in good order and with a fair breeze, and at once commenced a furious engagement with Sitric, and under great disadvantage, as O'Keeffe through want of boats could not for a long time afford much assistance. However, from their perseverance and great bravery not a Danish ship escaped. Ceallacan was released, and the enemy terribly slaughtered.

After this decisive victory Caoimh returned to Munster with his victorious army, and the princess, with the ladies of the court, together with a vast concourse of the inhabitants, advanced far to meet them, showing unfeigned joy on this happy occasion. The mercenaries received their reward, and the army was disbanded to return to their respective districts.

O'Caoimh's family were every year increasing in number and happiness, when an unforeseen and unlucky accident occurred, which exposed

how treacherously Cleena had behaved to her unfortunate though amiable sister. Heaven is sometimes slow but always certain to punish crimes and disorders, with vengeance against all who contemn its decrees, sooner or later. Thus the old nurse of Cleena fell dangerously ill and was at the point of death, when her conscience was a burthen to her on recollecting the fate of Aoivil and her hand in the transaction. She therefore called O'Keeffe to her apartment and unfolded the entire to him—how Aoivil was living but metamorphosed, and confined in a deep and remote cave without chance of liberation or recovery.

The prince was thunderstruck at this relation of the old nurse, and at once sought an interview with Cleena, whom he constantly implored and requested to free Aoivil from her enchantment; but the princess was inflexible to all his solicitations, as it only tended to increase her jealousy; and she withal said—"Though my sister does not now consider you among the living, she still loves you as tenderly as ever. She is fully resigned to grief, and bewails your loss without intermission since the battle of *Óhúceálzán*, where I convinced her that you fell fighting against the enemies of your country; and though I may be inclined to restore my sister to her former shape it is entirely out of my power, through the loss of my precious wand."

This answer of Cleena, though in some measure reasonable, so displeased the prince with his lawful wife, and her jealousy so deep-rooted, that it appeared almost impossible to reconcile them. She therefore in some time retired to her fairy palace of the "grey rock," after having taken her daughters to be educated under her own care in this enchanted retirement.

Արարի Շիճիւ, OR CLEENA'S PALACE.

The enchanted residence to which Cleena retired is situated about five miles to the south of Mallow and a mile north of Ahidallane, a most wild and romantic place. It is a rude elevation surrounded with a rampart of huge rocks, cast together as if by chance, towering over the neighbouring land, and containing about two acres of the greenest spot imaginable. With the exception of these solitary rocks, the entire district as far as you can see is quite even and level. There is but one narrow entrance into this area, and among the circle of rocks are many caves of various dimensions; altogether, it has a most melancholy, lonesome and frightful appearance, and even under the midday sun one would feel very solitary and uneasy while there alone, as if the enchantress had infused the gloom of her mystical and dark art into every part of it. These dreary rocks are not enlivened with the flute or song of the herdsman or country swain, and even the inhabitants of the

neighbourhood approach the melancholy spot with awe and trembling. The most courageous rabbit-hunters and hare-hunters and coursers dare not pursue their game any longer when it takes shelter here ; and oftentimes at the dead of dark nights, screams, howlings and mournful voices are heard issuing from these rocks.

“ Sometimes you'll think you'll hear the groan of ghosts,
Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams.”

It is seen at a considerable distance, and takes its name from the famous enchantress who inhabits it—*Cleena's Rock*, or “Cleena's rock.”

The area of this is the fairy place of amusement, when those of the north and south assemble quarterly ; it is also their place of meeting to transact business for the well-government of their race and adjustment of their differences. There are many living witnesses who saw them, and some of the oldest affirm that they perceived them with the light of the declining moon in their May dance, and Cleena at their head in the most splendid attire ; and others have discovered their watchword, and travel with them on some of their curious vehicles, and flit through the air from one country to another, mounted on broomsticks, feathers, or any other thing convenient to them at the moment.

O'Keeffe often came to implore her forgiveness and the release of her sister, to which she could not attend through loss of her wand ; but restored the daughters to him when she deemed them sufficiently learned and accomplished. These young ladies were the admiration of the country for their transcendent beauty and extraordinary attainments. Though they were the joy and delight of their father, yet his deep sorrow for the loss of his wife and enchantment of Aoivil soon proved fatal, and brought him to an untimely grave.

His eldest son inherited the title and territory of Fermoy after him, from whom came a long and an illustrious line of descendants in the inheritance of their paternal principality for upwards of five hundred years. At length they were unjustly deprived and plundered of it by English adventurers and Cromwellian troopers for allegiance to their lawful king, who, after his restoration, like a true Stuart, lost his sense of gratitude, and forgot not alone the O'Keeffes but every other Irish chieftain who adhered to him in his adversity. The last part of their inheritance, called Pobul ui Caoive, was put into the hands of greedy adventurers by the king (William), who had no other means of paying his mercenaries. It is now called William's Town, very appropriately, but it will never lose its fine Irish name, *Pobul ui Caoive*.

One of O'Keeffe's daughters was married to the king of Ulster, and the other to the Connaught king, with whom they enjoyed prosperity and happiness.

Cleena sometimes comes to Castlecree to visit her sister, and remains to condole with her on the loss of the wand, which rendered her unable to restore her primitive form. The power of the spell was so great that in all her science she could not discover what would enable her to dissolve the enchantment. Now she must await the happy day when some person will love her on her own account more than her treasures.



CLEENA'S ROCK.

In that event the enchantment will be dissolved, and their happiness will be complete and unequalled. They are both truly happy during the week she assumes her natural form and appearance. This is about midsummer eve, when Cleena and all the fairies assemble to rejoice and congratulate her; but at the expiration of the week she departs for the "grey rock" in gloomy sadness.