



Chamber's Photograph Album Collection

GP/9/1

**Glengariff and Bantry Bay,
Co. Cork,
Aran Islands, Co. Galway, and
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.**

1929, 1931

PHOTOGRAPHS

THE ARAN ISLANDS
(1931)

GLENDALOUGH

GLENGARIFF
(1929)

ARAN ISLANDS



CANOES

INISHMAN

G-19/11

Galway County Council Archives

ARAN ISLANDS



LANDING STORES INISHMAAN

ARAN ISLANDS



SHIPPING

CATTLE

INISHMAAN

I WILL FORGET.

I will forget
The moaning of the sea about Aran;
Green beaches wet,
And grey rocks barren -
The sea-moan, against rocks that hinder and let!
(I said, and in my saying, remember yet.)

I am the cry of the Sea
Moaning about the rocks of Aran.
Ye are the rocks, cold rocks unmoved by me.
O dark-eyed people of Aran.

I will forget
The dark-eyed people of the Isles of the Old Sea,
Mairead, oneag, and Donald who talked with the Shee.
The dark-eyed people have their own fret,
Have their own glee.
I will forget,
(I say, and in my saying remember yet.)

(Alice Furlong.)

ARAN ISLANDS

INISHMAAN
SHIPPING
CATTLE



INISHEER

UNLOADING

ARAN ISLANDS



CANOES

ARAN Is

ARAN MOR

CATTLE
FROM
CONNEMARA



LOW TIDE
KILRONAN

ARAN MOR

ARAN IS



STONE
WALLS



MORE
STONE
WALLS

We might have spent the day far up in the hills, or beyond them in the country town; in the evenings we drove home. Down the winding roads, with heather-purple bog-lands on either side of us, and the mighty ocean spread at our feet; down through prosaic day into a twilight of infinite and melancholy loveliness. With every passing moment it changed to something more indescribable and entrancing, until it almost seemed that one's heart must break with beauty. The sorrowful, limpid hills; the beaten bronze trackway of the setting sun, boldly flung before us; to the left-hand side, in an atmosphere at once clear and veiled, the Kerry mountains, pencilled outlines against a lemon sky; to the right a dim violet mingling of sea and sky at the horizon, and the Twelve Pins of Connemara faintly built into the clouds. Then the colours melted and changed, fading only to a more sombre splendour; the distant lighthouse flung out its silvery beams.

(Mary F McHugh, in "Thalassa.")

THE
ENDLESS
STONES



TURF
FROM
CONNEMARA

ARAN Is



ANIMALS

THE
ISLAND
STEED



ARAN Is



THE TOP
OF
ARAN MOR

A
LAND
OF
STONES



ARAN MOR

ARAN IS



THE
WELL
OF THE
SAINTS

THE
CHURCH
OF THE
FOUR
BEAUTIES



THE
GHOST
STONES



THE
FIELD
OF
GHOSTS

ARAN Is

ST
KIRON'S



THE
GRAVEYARD



ONE
OF THE
SEVEN
CHURCHES



DRINKING
TROUGH

ARAN MOR ARAN 15



THE SEVEN CHURCHES



THE
BED
OF THE
HOLY GHOST



THE
WELL
OF THE
HOLY GHOST

ARAN Is

S^t
BENIGNUS



S^t
COLUMKILLE'S
WELL



ARAN Is



DUN
ÆNGUS

ARAN MOR ARAN Is



DUN
ÆNGUS



DETAIL
OF
WALL

FROM THE RATH.

I heard the sound by snatches through the night.
The wind had risen, and the sea in wrath
Shook the small island to its buttresses.
It was a sound of weeping, strangely clear,
Or more than weeping; one which tore the heart,
And filled the brain, and seemed to still the blood.
A sound of sobs, mingled with half-formed words;
The maddened, feeble, helpless, hopeless cry
Of some tormented creature. And it came
From where, perched on the ridge above my head,
The rath rose greyly. Nothing living stirred,
Our little sea-girt world was lapped in sleep,
Yet still that cry rose, rose, and rang again,
Lost in the storm, then rising high and shrill,
Thin as some gnat's hum on a summer's noon;
So clear, so loud, so torturingly shrill,
That Pity's self would fain have struck it dumb.

I slept, and, dreaming, lost it. Suddenly
It rose again, and shriller than before,
Shrill with the dreadful shrillness of despair.

It seemed the cry of one that knows its doom,
Yet knows not all; or, shudderingly, fears
Worse than it knows. A horror of the thing
Grew on me as I listened. Next came dawn,
And with the earliest day I climbed the slope,
Passing between tall sentinel rows of stones,
Jagged and splintered like some ogre's sword,
And stood within the precincts of the path.

Even in the eye of day it seemed to hold
Some ghostly adumbration from the night,
Some lurking legacy from pagan days,
Bloody, and secret, dark, unnameable,
Branding the spot and its unhallowed stones
As with a martyr's curse. The morning smiled;
Its new-born light spread clean along the ridge,
Still wet with rain, or, slipping down the edge,
Awoke an opal hid at every turn.
The tiny new-born trefoils caught the light
On soft red claws, and tender, green-fringed spears;
The busy emmets drove a thriving trade
About the rude base of an old grey cross,
And the sea smiled its own enchanting smile.

(Emily Lawless.)

DUN
CHATHAIR



THE
'RUNES'

ARAN MOR

ARAN IS



CLIFFS

WHERE
THE
SEA
GOES
UNDER



THE
LIMESTONE
CLIFFS



THE
WORM
HOLE

ARAN MOR ARAN Is



PAT MULLEN

GATHERING

SEA-WEED

SEA-WEED
FOR
KELP



A MAN OF ARAN



He's a man of Aran—Pat Mullen, Gaelic-speaking jarvey who meets the bi-weekly passenger boat from Galway and takes visitors for a tour of the Island of Kiltonan.

Pat is a fisherman, too, but in his spare time he wrote a novel, "Hero's Breed" . . . and that novel has been chosen by the Catholic Book of the Month Club in New York as one of the twelve best books of the year.

THE
MOWER



PIGS
TO
MARKET

-MICHAEL HERNON-

ARAN MOR ARAN 1s



GOING
TO
MASS

BRIDGET
MANNIN
&
FRIENDS



KELP.

We found Thady at the cliff's foot, monkishly alone, tending the patch of seaweed which he had laid out, like hay, to dry - or later in the season, this time in company with his brothers, burning the same seaweed into lava-like kelp. The kelp-burning period was one of our joys. Grown-up people affected to be made nearly ill by the great clouds of white pungent smoke, reeking of all the strong odours of the sea concentrated and intensified, which for days at a time streamed landwards from the many fires on the coast. But we small people loved them; even now in memory I can pleasantly recall the aromatic tonic perfume of the kelp smoke, and how we choked happily in its refreshing fumes. Thady, in few words and reluctantly, explained to us the whole process of kelp-making, and told us that in the course of time iodine would be manufactured from the grey cindery lumps which he raked out from the heart of the fire.

(Mary F McHugh, in "Thalassa.")



THE
PATIENT ASS



AGNES
COSTELLO
GOES
MILKING

ARAN 1s



MARKET DAY

KILRONAN

NOTHING
DOING
KILRONAN



THOMAS
O'ROURKE
&
FRIEND



ISLAND
CARRIERS



THE
QUAY
SIDE
KILRONAN



KILRONAN

THE
STEAMER
IS IN



ARAN 15



WAITING
FOR THE
MAIL

ANOTHER
GROUP





THE
MAIL
ARRIVES



GOOD-BYE
TO
ARAN MOR

GALWAY



PENELOPE
&
KATRINA

P E N E L O P E .

Her face was tanned to an absolutely golden hue, and out of this mask of delicate bronze there looked, calm and confident, two eyes that were blue as sea-water. Her eyebrows, her hair, were bleached by the sun until her eyebrows were two half-moons of silver, until her hair was the pale, beautiful gold of honey in dark lights and like vivid strands of live silver when the light fell on it.

(Donn Byrne.)

GALWAY



HIMSELF

GALWAY



Menlo Castle, Galway.

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GALWAY

The Claddagh, Galway.



G A L W A Y .

As he sat there in the withdrawing-room of Patrick Lynch's inn, all the life, all the spirit of Galway was evident to him. He could sense the deep shadows of the room, and the May sunshine coming into it through the open windows, yellow as yellow wine. And to his nostrils came the salt Atlantic breeze, sweeping westward from the islands of Aran. There were scents on the wind he could pick out one by one, the odour of the tarred ships riding at anchor in Galway Bay, the smell of the dulse, or Irish seaweed, with its pungent iodine flavour, and there was the pathetic lonely virginal scent of the little flowers that grow in the clefts of sea rocks, and of the honey-like heather, and the tang of the peat-smoke from the cottages, nostalgic as an ancient song.

(Donn Byrne.)

The Claddagh, Galway.





Lynch Memorial Stone, Galway

42708 J. V.

Lynch's Castle, Galway.



CONNEMARA

Lough Muck, Connemara.



Delphi, Connemara.



LIMERICK



Quay and Sarsfield Bridge, Limerick.

M. 321.



King John's Castle (Castle Barracks, Limerick.

M. 321

GLENGARIFF



Glengarriff Harbour Co Cork

GLENGARIFF



The Harbour and Sugarloaf Mountain, Glengarriff Co Cork.

GLENGARIFF



Harbour and Landing Stage,
Glengariff, Co. Cork.

GLENGARIFF



The Blue Pool, Glengariff,
Co. Cork.

GLENGARRIFF



GLENGARRIFF



View from Tunnel Road, Glengarriff, Co Cork.

ILNACULIN



-WHERE GBS
WROTE "JOAN" -

THE
GARDENS



THE
OLD
TOWER

ILNACULIN

THE
ITALIAN
GARDEN



THE
SAME

GLENGARIFF



LADY
BANTRY'S
LODGE

ECCLE'S
HOTEL



GLENGARIFF

NELLIE
BROOKS

THE
LACE-
MAKER



THE
SHORE

TOORMORE BAY



OURSELVES

AGAIN



GLENGARIFF

A
HOLIDAY
CROWD



THE
GOLF-LINKS
HOTEL

GOUGANE BARRA



GOUGANE BARRA

SHRINE
OF
ST. FINBER



THE
STATIONS

MIZEN HEAD



ROAD
TO
LIGHT-HOUSE

MIZEN HEAD



BANTRY BAY



Bantry Bay.

BANTRY BAY



The Harbour, Bantry, Ireland

BANTRY BAY



BANTRY BAY



GLENDALOUGH



G-99/1

Galway County Council Archives

He stepped a man, out of the ways of men,
 And no one knew his sept or rank or name;
 Like a strong stream far issuing from a glen,
 From some source unexplored the Master came;
 Gossips there were who, wonderous keen of ken,
 Surmised that he must be a child of shame;
 Others declared him of the Druids, then -
 Thro' Patrick's labours - fallen from power and fame.

He lived apart, wrapt up in many plans;
 He wooed not women, tasted not of wine;
 He shunned the sports and councils of the clans;
 Nor ever knelt at a frequented shrine.
 His orisons were old poetic ranns
 Which the new Olamhs deemed an evil sign;
 To most he seemed one of those Pagan khans
 Whose mystic vigor knows no cold decline.

He was the builder of the wonderous Towers,
 Which, tall and straight and exquisitely round,
 Rise monumental round this isle of ours,
 Index-like, marking spots of holy ground.
 In gloaming silent glens, in lowland bowers,
 On river banks, these Cloiteachs old abound,
 Where Art, enraptured, meditates long hours
 And science ponders, wondering and spell-bound.

Lo, wheresoe'er these pillar Towers aspire
Heroes and holy men repose below;
The bones of some, gleaned from a Pagan pyre;
Others in armour lie, as for a foe.
It was the mighty Master's life desire
To chronicle his great ancestors so;
What holier duty, what achievements higher
Remains to us, than this he thus doth show?

Yet he, the builder, died an unknown death;
His labours done, no man beheld him more;
'Twas thought his body faded like a breath -
Or like a sea-mist, floated off Life's shore.
Doubt overhangs his fate - and faith - and truth:
His works alone attest his life and love,
They are the only witnesses he hath,
All else Egyptian darkness covers o'er.

Men call him Gobban Soar, and many a tale
Yet lingers in the byways of the land,
Of how he cleft the rock, and down the vale
Led the bright river, child-like, in his hand;
Of how on giant ships he spread great sail
And many marvels else, by him first planned,
And though these legends fail, in Innisfail
His name and Towers for centuries still shall
stand.

T. D'A McGee.

GLENDALOUGH



THE ROUND
TOWER

GLENDALOUGH



THE UPPER LAKE

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kelvin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.

But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet,
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide!

(Thomas Moore.)

FERRY
TO
ST KEVIN'S
BED



GLENDALOUGH



TEMPLE-
NA-SKELLIG

GLENDALOUGH



ST. KEVIN'S
CROSS

-FOR LUCK-



ST.
KEVIN'S
KITCHEN

GLENDALOUGH



ST. KEVIN'S
KITCHEN

IRELAND



THE
TURF
CARRIERS

A
DONKEY
CART



A
MOUNTAIN
FARM



A
WAYSIDE
BARGAIN

IRELAND



AN
INTERIOR



A
FARM

IRELAND

A
FRIENDLY
CUP



THE
BLACK-THORN
SELLER