

Henrietta Townsend [5D10]



Clonakilty





19th Century Painting of Derry
By kind permission of Maurice Philip Townshend [5D65]

Extract from Samuel Lewis' Topographical Directory 1837

CLONAKILTY, or **CLOUGHNAKILTY**, an incorporated sea-port, market and post-town (formerly a parliamentary borough), in the parish of **KILGARIFF**, East Division of the barony of **EAST CARBERY**, county of **CORK**, and province of **MUNSTER**, 25 1/2 miles (S. W. by S.) from Cork, and 151 1/2 miles (S. W.) from Dublin; containing 3807 inhabitants. The town is situated on the Gorar or Farla River, which falls into the bay close to the principal street, and in a pleasant fertile valley environed by hills of moderate elevation, which descend to the harbour. It consists of four principal streets diverging at right angles from the centre, and is well supplied with water from two public pumps erected by the Earl of Shannon. It has been much improved recently by the erection of several good houses and a spacious square, the centre of which is planted and laid out in walks, so as to form an agreeable promenade. Some excellent roads have also been made in the neighbourhood. A public library was established by a body of shareholders, in 1825: there are also three news-rooms and a lending library for the poor. Balls are occasionally given in the rooms over the market-house, during the sessions week. There are commodious infantry barracks for 4 officers and 68 privates. The staple trade of the town is the linen manufacture, which furnishes employment to 400 looms and 1000 persons, who manufacture to the amount of £250 or £300 weekly, but when the trade was in the height of its prosperity, the weekly sales were frequently £1000. The cotton-manufacture also employs about 40 looms. A spacious linen-hall was built some years since by the Earl of Shannon: it is attended by a sworn salesman and three deputies, by whom all the cloth brought to the hall is measured and marked. The corn trade is carried on chiefly by agents for the Cork merchants, who ship it here and receive coal as a return cargo. There are 14 lighters of 17 tons burden each regularly employed in raising and conveying sand to be used in the neighbourhood as manure. The harbour is only fit for small vessels, the channel being extremely narrow and dangerous, and having at the entrance a bar, over which vessels above 100 tons can only pass at high spring tides: large vessels, therefore, discharge their cargoes at Ring, about a mile below

the town. It is much used as a safety harbour by the small craft for several miles along the coast. The market is held on Friday, and is amply supplied with good and cheap provisions; and three fairs are held under the charter on April 5th, Oct. 10th, and Nov. 12th, and two subsequently established on June 1st and Aug. 1st, all for cattle, sheep, and pigs; the Oct. and Nov. fairs are noted for a large supply of turkeys and fowls. A spacious market-house has been built, at an expense of £600; and shambles were erected in 1833, by the corporation, on ground let rent-free by the Earl of Shannon, who is proprietor of the borough. A chief constabulary police force has been stationed here.

By the charter of Jas. I. the inhabitants were incorporated under the designation of the "Sovereign, Free Burgesses, and Commonalty of the Borough of Cloughnakilty;" and Sir Richard Boyle was constituted lord of the town, with power to appoint several of the officers, and to a certain extent to superintend the affairs of the corporation, which was to consist of a sovereign and not less than 13 nor more than 24 burgesses, assisted by a serjeant-at-mace, three constables, a toll-collector, and weighmaster. The sovereign is annually elected by the lord of the town out of three burgesses chosen by the corporation, and the recorder is also appointed by him. Vacancies among the burgesses are filled up by themselves from among the freemen, who are admitted solely by favour of the corporation. The sovereign and recorder are justices of the peace within the borough, the limits of which extend for a mile and a half in every direction from a point nearly in the centre of the town, called the Old Chapel. The charter conferred the right of sending two members to the Irish parliament, which it continued to exercise till the Union, when the £15,000 awarded as compensation for its disfranchisement was paid to the Earl of Shannon, a descendant of Sir Richard Boyle. The sovereign and recorder were empowered to hold a court of record, for the recovery of debts and the determination of all pleas to the amount of £20 late currency; but since the passing of the act limiting the power of arrest to sums exceeding £20, it has been discontinued. A manorial court is held every third Wednesday by a seneschal appointed by the Earl of Shannon, which takes cognizance of debts and pleas not exceeding 40s.; and the sovereign and recorder hold courts of petty session in the market-house, every Monday. Petty sessions are also held every Thursday by the county magistrates; and the general quarter sessions for the West Riding of the county are held here in July. The county court-house is a neat edifice of hewn stone, ornamented with a pediment and cornice supported by two broad pilasters, between which is a handsome Venetian window. Connected with it is a bridewell, and both were erected at the expense of the county.

The parish church of Kilgariff is situated in the town, on an eminence to the north of the main street: it is a plain edifice, with a square tower at the west end, and was rebuilt in 1818, at an expense of £1300, of which £500 was a loan from the late Board of First Fruits, and the remainder was contributed by the Earl of Shannon and the Rev. H. Townsend (*Rev Horatio Townsend* [5D00]). A classical school was established in 1808, under the patronage of the Earl of Shannon, who has assigned a large and handsome house, with land, for the residence of the master: there are more than 60 boys on the establishment. A dispensary, a house of industry, and a benevolent society have been established, which have been found highly beneficial, and are liberally supported by the Earl of Shannon and the inhabitants generally. The late Michael Collins, D. D., R. C. Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, who was author of several tracts on the state of Ireland, and was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1825, was a native of this place. About a mile north of the town is a tolerably perfect druidical temple, some of the stones of which are nearly as large as those of Stonehenge; the centre stone of the circle is very large, and is composed of one mass of white quartz.

Contemporary water colour of Weston Lodge, Clonakilty



First Page of Henrietta's Journal

board the Childs Harriet. August 3^d 1841. Lat 20. 9.

It is no easy thing to begin a journal anywhere, how much more difficult than at sea; where the soul still "sickness of the hearing" (the nearly a fortnight has elapsed since the storm today was first made subject to the trying motion. This is Tuesday - and last Friday week (the 23^d July) we left Portsmouth having been on board some days waiting for a favorable wind. The indescribable wretchedness of sea sickness has prevented me from beginning till now to make the daily little doings which must go to swell the amount (if so things may be said to do so) of every day's doings. The hostility of the situation would in many ways be very annoying, if our own in the humor to be accused. My first effort must be to say something of our fellow passengers &c. -

Capt. Miller, commander of the boat is an excellent man, amiable, benevolent, sturdy, firm; his wife is making her first voyage with him; but she as yet has been such a sufferer that I can scarcely say I have become acquainted with her. Mr. Foster the only married lady on board besides - is a pretty, ~~young~~ widow woman going to join her husband, - she is a Quaker, and therefore abstains herself from our morning & evening

The late Miss HENRIETTA TOWNSEND.

On Saturday last the remains of the late Miss Henrietta Townsend, of Weston Lodge, Clonakilty, were laid to rest in the churchyard belonging to that town. The deceased lady was the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Horatio Townsend, of Derry, Rosscarbery, and the last survivor of a large family, well known in the South of Ireland, several of whom had lived to an advanced age. The funeral left the house exactly at noon; the coffin, covered with wreaths, not carried in a hearse, but, by special request of the townspeople, borne on the shoulders of many who desired to do the last service for one whom they had known and loved. The chief mourners were—Colonel Poole, J.P.; Becher Fleming, Esq., J.P.; the Very Rev. the Dean of Cloyne, Captain Horace Townsend, Rev. H. W. Townsend and Rev. J. H. Townsend, nephews of the deceased; the Very Rev. the Dean of Ross, and William Leslie, Esq., J.P. Large numbers followed in procession, both of relatives and friends, all the families in the neighbourhood being represented on the occasion. At the churchyard gates the rector of the parish, the Rev. W. M'Fetridge and the Very Rev. the Dean of Ross met the procession and began the solemn sentences of the Church's Service for the Burial of the Dead. At the conclusion of the Lesson, the Dean gave an address to the mourners and congregation assembled in large numbers in the church. He led his hearers back in thought to the early part of the previous century, when godlessness, licentiousness, and infidelity so largely prevailed; then passing onwards to the close of that period, he reviewed some of the agencies by which God awakened his Church, *e.g.*, the preaching of Wesley and of Whitfield, the lives and writings of men and women like Wilberforce and Hannah More. Sometimes, the speaker remarked, a family played an important part in this revival of religion, and none more so than that godly family at Derry, in this county, all of whom consecrated their high abilities and great influence to the service of God. In very choice and striking language, the reverend speaker sketched the character and life of the deceased lady, her active and useful career, her strong intellect and simple faith, her love for every good work, and the part which she took in helping forward the cause of God, her open-handed benevolence to all who were in need, and finally at the close of life, her calm and joyful anticipation of the life beyond. She being dead yet speaketh—he added—to all present at her grave, urging them to think of the eternity that awaits them, and inviting by her example each one to trust in that Saviour whom she loved, who gave peace and joy in life, and a sure and certain hope in the hour of death. At the conclusion of the service the hymn "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was sung beside the grave. It may be mentioned as an interesting proof of the activity of mind and body of the deceased lady, as well as an indication of her devotion to her Master's service, that up to within a month of her last illness, and when she was past the age of eighty, she was in the habit of walking up the steep hill on which the parish church stands, to attend the Sunday service and to teach her Sunday school class. So lately as the month of January in the present year, the bishop had renewed her annual card which kept her name enrolled amongst the "Church workers" of the diocese. Like one of old it might be said of her both spiritually and mentally that her eye was not dim nor her natural force abated—and thus with no weary waiting nor sad decay, but with rapid and blessed transition she has passed from the work below to that above, where though resting from labour and weariness His servants "rest not day nor night" in glorious eternal service.—*Reprinted from the "Cork Constitution," February 22nd, 1887.*

Address given at Henrietta's funeral

Dick & Dora with M.O.'s love.

ADDRESS

Delivered in Clonakilty Church,

On the 19th FEBRUARY, 1887,

AT THE FUNERAL OF

MISS HENRIETTA TOWNSHEND,

OF WESTON LODGE.

BY THE

VERY REV. I. M. REEVES,

Dean of Ross.

Published by Request.

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ADDRESS.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Before we proceed with the Service let me say a few words to you upon the solemn occasion which has brought us together here. It has pleased God to take from amongst us an aged servant, whose life was protracted to those four score years, of which the Psalmist says "our strength is but labour and sorrow so soon passeth it away, and we are gone." I am sure we all who knew her feel deep sorrow that this is the last mark of affection and respect which we can pay her. The early part of her life was spent in no common period of the history of our church and of the world. Let me remind you that in the early part of the last—the eighteenth century—there was very great apathy and indifference on the subject of religion. The dissolute Court of George the First had spread its baneful influence over the whole kingdom, extending to all classes of society. There was not only irreligion, but a great deal of infidelity prevailed. It was not until the middle of the century that a revival of true religion took place. The first persons who rekindled it under God's

blessing (honour to whom honour is due) were John Wesley, George Whitfield, and the Countess of Huntington, and after them others caught up the spirit of earnest piety, and laboured to diffuse it. They were few, but they were burning and shining lights, such as Leigh Richmond, William Wilberforce, Hannah More, and others well known. From these again towards the beginning of the present century the sincere love of the truth passed and was received by individuals and families in various parts of the land. Amongst those families was the honoured family of Derry, of which she whose loss we now mourn, was the youngest and the last survivor. Every member of that family became a sincere disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, and they all worked for His cause, each one in his and her separate sphere. Endowed with a high order of intellectual gifts, they consecrated those gifts to the glory of God, and laboured to diffuse around them the blessings of religion. And their influence was great. If what the poet says be true, that one good action has a wide-spread influence—"Far as the little candle sheds its ray, so shines a good deed in this naughty world"—if this be true, what must be the effect of a large family working together in the cause of Christ? And it was so with the family of which I speak. Nor was she whose remains we are now about to lay in their kindred dust, any exception.

I believe I need not speak of her work to you, amongst whom she lived so long,—her work in the Sunday school, her work among the poor, her work in deeds of charity and love to those who needed sympathy—her larger work by correspondence and by visits in social intercourse through a wider circle than that afforded here. These things I need not dwell upon, but I ask you to mark her end after this life of useful labour, for it was most peaceful. "Having served her own generation by the will of God she fell on sleep." I think she had no fear whatever of death. For long she had known that Christ had "*abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.*" I saw her a short time ago when she was on her death-bed, and she spoke with the most perfect calmness and composure on every subject, and afterwards, I believe, as her illness became more acute and her end was evidently drawing near, she was only longing for her departure, with something of the feeling of the Psalmist when he said "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." There is something beautiful and touching, and most edifying to behold in the triumphant death of a christian. It reminds us, I think, of that wonderful event recorded in the Old Testament, of Elijah going up to heaven in a chariot of fire, and with horses of fire, and letting his mantle of blessing fall behind

him. And such was her end, triumphing over death.

Now there are just two lessons we ought to lay to heart suggested by the scene before us, as we lay the remains of our dear friend in their last resting place. We ought all to ask ourselves two questions. The first is, how are we now living? How have we lived up to the present? What have we done, and what are we doing for God? Shall we be able to answer as we stand before the bar of God at the last day, in the words of the parable, "Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds," or "Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds"? Or must we say, "Lord, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin," unconsecrated, unused in Thy service? O the responsibility shall be great, as we render our account of life, for the use that we have made of the talents, the privileges, the mercies, the blessings that God has given us! The other question which we should all ask ourselves to-day is, Are we prepared to die? If the angel of death were sent with a summons to any of us, could we face the King of terrors, as she did, in perfect peace? Could we say in the words of the apostle "*we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*"? O remember that we cannot enjoy this peace except we have built upon the right foundation, except we

have repented of our sins, and with faith embraced the offers of salvation made to us through Christ in the Gospel. But I believe I need not dwell upon this. No words of mine are necessary to enforce the solemn lesson which the occasion teaches us. She "being dead, yet speaketh." Her life speaks to us. The remembrance of her character and Christian graces speaks to us. Her death speaks to us. As we think of her, let us ask the question, shall we follow in the path that she trod?

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,

Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee ;

And the lamp of His love was thy guide through the gloom."

May it be so with us! When we are called to traverse the dark valley, may we have the same rod and staff that she had, helping us, and the same lamp to illuminate our way!
