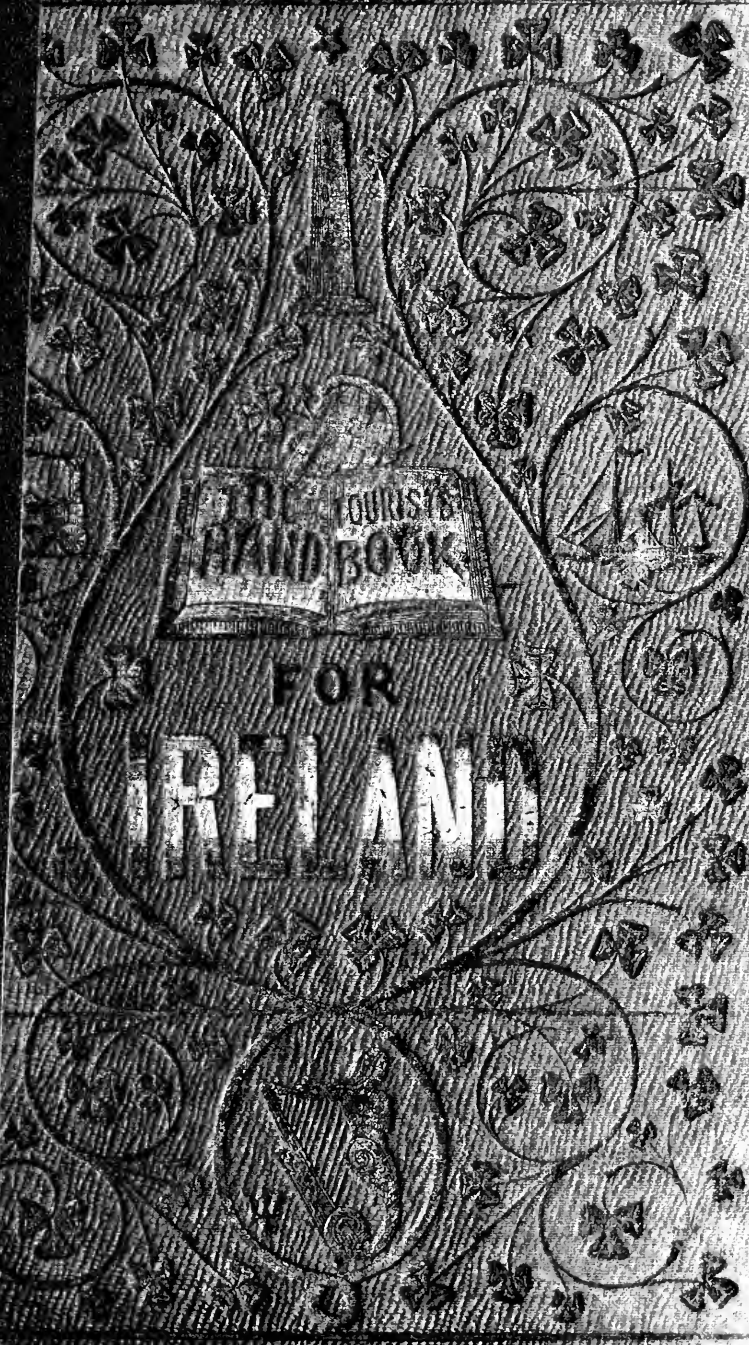




FOR
IRELAND



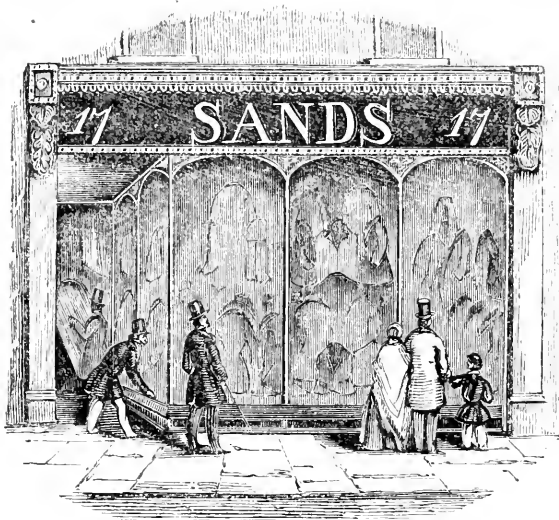


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J. I. SANDS,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
7, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON.
(Opposite Furnival's Inn.)

					£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
Cambridge Coats, from...	1	5	0	to	2	2	0
Dress Coats, from	2	0	0	to	2	15	0
Best West of England					3	3	0
Frock Coats, from	2	2	0	to	3	3	0
Best Manufactured					3	10	0
Fancy and Angola Trowsers, from	0	14	6	to	1	4	0
Black Trowsers	0	18	0	upwards.			
Best Black Dress ditto	1	10	0				
Rich Satin Vests, from...	0	16	0	to	0	18	0
Extra Rich French ditto					1	1	0
White Dress Vests, from	0	8	6	to	0	10	6
Fancy Cashmere and Marcella, from	0	10	0	to	0	14	0
The Paletot Frock, in every variety of material (much admired), from	1	10	0	to	2	2	0

(To be worn as an under or over Coat).

MILITARY AND NAVAL UNIFORMS.
LADIES' RIDING HABITS, CAPES, ETC.
CHILDREN'S DRESSES, LIVERIES.

S. S. & J. W. BENSON,

WATCHMAKERS, & C.,

16, 63, & 43, CORNHILL, & 33, LUDGATE HILL.

BENSON'S EXACT WATCH.



£3 10s.

IN DOUBLE BACKED
SILVER CASES.

£9 10s.

IN DOUBLE BACKED
GOLD CASES.

S. S. & J. W. BENSON, after considerable attention to the Manufacture of Watches, have succeeded in producing Lever Watches that cannot be surpassed either in price or performance. They are capped and jewelled, and are strongly recommended to tradesmen, artists, mechanics, and others, who require a lasting and serviceable article, and are warranted London made.

GENTLEMEN'S GOLD FLAT WATCHES.—BENSON'S HIGHLY-FINISHED £4 15s. GOLD HORIZONTAL WATCHES, made flat for the waistcoat pocket, with hard enamelled dials, sunk seconds, jewelled in four holes, maintaining power to continue going while winding up, with all the latest improvements. Also, they can be had in Hunting Cases, at an increase in price of two guineas. The Horizontal Watch, so called from the escape wheel acting in the horizontal position, is a great improvement upon the vertical, and is of English invention, and is most suitable for flat watches, for which the demand is very great; indeed, it is the favourite watch for the waistcoat pocket, and is equal to any for style and beauty. Messrs. Benson have devoted particular attention to this watch, every one being carefully examined by their own workmen, and can thus confidently recommend them as sound and accurate timekeepers.

BENSON'S HIGHLY-FINISHED SILVER HORIZONTAL WATCHES, £2 15s. Jewelled in four, six, and eight holes, with all the latest improvements. These watches are made in four different sizes, being suitable for ladies and gentleman, the above sketch representing the smallest size. They have beautifully engraved silver dials, the movement is constructed with the balance-wheel lowered even with the other wheels, for the purpose of rendering the watch flat, and are in every respect such as can be recommended.

BENSON'S PATENT DETACHED LEVER WATCHES, LONDON MADE, IN SILVER CASES.—Messrs. Benson would call particular attention to the fact, that equally the same attention is paid to the finish and style of these watches as those in gold cases, being determined that nothing shall be wanting on their part to maintain the reputation they have so long enjoyed with the mechanic, the artisan, and the tradesman, in giving to them a silver watch without fault in its accurate performance, and combining every improvement, at the following very low prices:—

Patent detached Lever Watch, double-backed, plain or engine-turned case; the movement with the latest improvements, <i>i. e.</i> , the detached escapement, jewelled in two holes, hard-enamelled dial, hand to mark the seconds, and maintaining power	£3 18 0
Ditto ditto jewelled in four holes and capped ..	4 14 6
Ditto ditto jewelled in six holes, with the improved regulator	5 15 0
Ditto ditto jewelled in four holes	6 18 6
Ditto ditto three-quarter plate, with compensation balance	7 18 0
Benson's patent detached silver watch, made flat for the waistcoat pocket, with the skeleton movement, jewelled in ten holes	3 15 0
Fine vertical watches, in double-backed, engine-turned, or plain silver cases, with highly-finished jewelled movements, hard enamelled dials	2 18 0

SECOND-HAND WATCHES.—A large number of second-hand silver watches at two guineas each; they are of various sizes, mostly in modern engine-turned silver cases, and having been carefully examined, are warranted. Ditto of a superior class and jewelled, three guineas each. Ladies' second-hand gold watches, with sound, well-finished vertical movements, jewelled, at five guineas each, warranted.

Watches sent Carriage Free to any part of the United Kingdom upon receipt of a Post-office or Banker's Order.

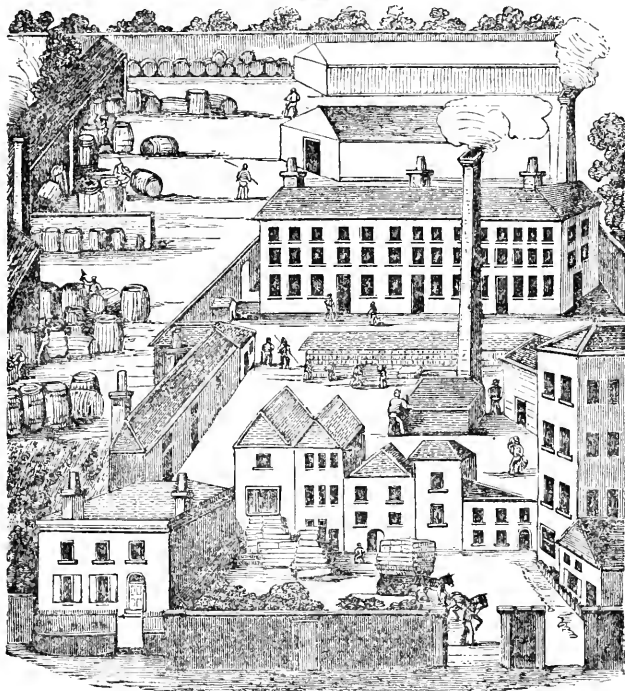
GEORGE SPILL'S

WATERPROOF
TO THE LORDS OF



MANUFACTORY
THE ADMIRALTY.

MANUFACTORY, OLD FARM HOUSE,



STEPNEY GREEN, LONDON.

DEPOTS:

65 to 67, St. George-street, St. George's, East;
95, High Holborn; and 16, Smithfield-bars, London;
54, St. James's-street, Liverpool;
And 9, High-street, Bristol.

Orders from Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the North of England, executed
at the Liverpool Branch.

Orders from the West of England and South Wales, at the Bristol Branch.

ENTIRELY NEW INVENTION IN FIRE ARMS,
FROM THE CELEBRATED MANUFACTORY AT LIEGE.

THE TWELVE SHOT NEEDLE PISTOL,

OF ONE BARREL, fires Twelve Times successively, WITHOUT RELOADING, and without being a Revolver; its Range is longer and more certain than that of any other Pistol, the Loading much easier, quicker, and more simple, and though of superior workmanship, Cheaper than any Revolver.

THE NEW PATENT IMPROVED SIX-SHOT REVOLVER

May be had at THREE GUINEAS.

ALL OTHER PATENT REVOLVERS EQUALLY CHEAP.

Every Description of FIRE ARMS at more than one-fourth Lower than anywhere else.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT ALLOWED TO SHIPPERS & THE TRADE.

ALL GOODS ARE WARRANTED TO BE GOVERNMENT PROVED.

London Depot, 3, Leadenhall Street.

ACHILLES INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL: £100,000, in 10,000 Shares of £10 each.

With power to increase to One Million.

The advantages offered by this Company will be seen on an investigation of its Rates of Premium, which are based upon the latest and most approved corrected Tables of Mortality, and the terms of its Loan business. It offers to the Assured the security of a large subscribed Capital, combined with all the advantages of a Mutual Assurance Office—Eighty per Cent. of the Profits being divided amongst the Policy-holders every five years.

Policies are Indisputable. No Charge is made for Policy Stamps or Medical Fees. One-Third of the Premiums on Assurances of £500 is allowed to remain unpaid, and continue as a claim on the Policy. Policies not forfeited if the Premiums are not paid when due. Loans are granted to Policy-holders on liberal terms. For the convenience of the Working Classes, Policies are issued as low as £20, at the same Rates as larger Assurances.

Annual Premium for the Assurance of £100 on the Whole of Life, with Profits.

Age	20	25	30	40	50	60
Premiums	<i>l. s. d.</i> 1 18 3	<i>l. s. d.</i> 2 2 6	<i>l. s. d.</i> 2 7 9	<i>l. s. d.</i> 3 3 2	<i>l. s. d.</i> 4 10 2	<i>l. s. d.</i> 6 18 5

Any other Particulars, or Rates of Premium required for any contingency, can be obtained of the Agents of the Company, or at the Chief Office, 25, Cannon Street, or of the Secretary.

HUGH BROWN TAPLIN, Secretary.

COLT'S PATENT REVOLVERS.

After a Series of Trials at Woolwich, in competition with all others approved of (and 7,500 ordered), by

HER MAJESTY'S HONOURABLE BOARD OF ORDNANCE,

ALSO BY THE MOST DISTINGUISHED

NAVAL AND MILITARY AUTHORITIES

Throughout the world as

The most Effective and Serviceable Weapon extant,

CAN NOW BE HAD IN ANY QUANTITY.

The Prices vary according to the Size and Style of Finish of the Weapon.

A List of Prices furnished on application.

Holster or Cavalry Pistol, Rifle Barrel, Six Shots, Weight 4lb. 2 oz., 32 conical, 48 round balls to the lb.

Army and Navy Pistol, for the Holster or Body Belt, Rifled 7½ inch Barrel, Six Shots, Weight 2lb. 8oz., 84 round and 50 conical balls to the lb.

Six-inch Rifle Barrel, Belt or Pocket Revolver, Five Shots, Weight, 26oz., 126 round and 84 conical to the lb.

Five-inch Rifle Barrel, Belt or Pocket Revolver, Five Shots, Weight 24 oz.

Four-inch Rifle Barrel, Belt or Pocket Pistol, Five Shots, Weight 23 oz.

Japped Leather Holster, Body Belt, and Bullet Pouch, for either size 21s.

The Cases contain a Mould for the Conical or Round Ball, with Nipple Wrench, Caps and Graduated Flask, with printed directions for loading and Cleaning

Order through any respectable Gundealer, or of the Patentee and Manufacturer; a Liberal Allowance to purchasers in quantities.

SAM. COLT, I, SPRING GARDENS, LONDON.

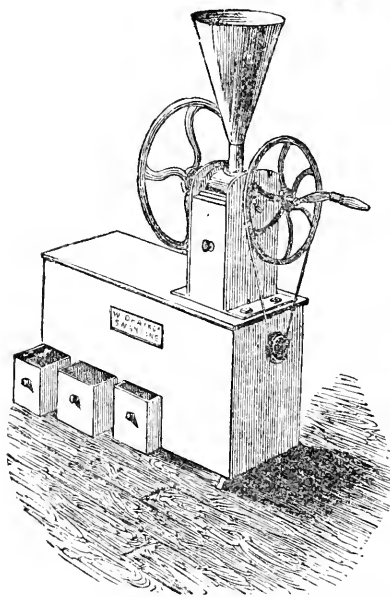
Beware of Counterfeits and Patent Infringements. Every Genuine London-made Weapon is Marked on the Barrel "Address COL. COLT, LONDON."

DOMESTIC FLOUR MILLS

WITH DRESSING APPARATUS ATTACHED.

William Dray and Co.,

MANUFACTURERS, SWAN LANE, UPPER THAMES STREET,
LONDON.



STEAM ENGINES, commended by the Royal Agricultural Society. Also the Prize Steam Engines. The steam is got up for exhibition in operation every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Wm. DRAY & Co.'s Warehouses, Swan-lane, Upper Thames-street, City.

Strong and Durable FENCING WIRE, One Penny per Yard, forming an economical permanent fence, of light and handsome appearance Wm. DRAY & Co., Manufacturers, Engineers, and Agricultural Implement Makers, Swan-lane, Upper Thames Street, City.

REAPING MACHINES.—Hussey's Prize Reapers, with Patented Improvements, which entirely prevent the possibility of choking. Price £21.—Wm. DRAY & Co., Engineers, &c., Swan-lane, Upper Thames Street, London.

CORN BRUSHING MACHINES, from 50s.—Roller Mills, on Iron Frames, £4 4s.—Wm.

DRAY and Co., Engineers, Swan-lane, Upper Thames Street, London.

CARTS.—The Gloucester, Lewes, and Newcastle Prize Carts always in Stock, at Wm. DRAY and Co.'s Warehouses, Swan Lane, Upper Thames Street, London.

WHEELS AND AXLES.—The Wheels made of thoroughly well seasoned Timber, and fitted up Machinery with the greatest accuracy. These wheels are incomparably more durable than can be made by country Wheelers. All sizes kept in Stock at Wm. DRAY & Co.'s Warehouse, Swan-lane, Upper Thames Street, London.

LAWN MOWING MACHINES, with all the recent improvements, which have rendered them really useful Implements.—Wm. DRAY & Co.'s Works and Warehouse, Swan Lane, Upper Thames Street, London.

SCYTHES.—Boyd's Patent Self-adjusting Scythes may be set to any angle without the aid of a Blacksmith.—Wm. DRAY & Co., Manufacturers, Swan-lane, Upper Thames Street, London.

WM. DRAY & CO. are the London Agents for all the Important Implement Manufacturers, and keep in stock all prize machines, and every valuable Implement required by the Agriculturist.

**Wm. DRAY & Co., Engineers, &c., Swan Lane
Upper Thames Street,**

DR. ARNOTT'S
SMOKE CONSUMING STOVE.

D. & E. BAILEY,
IRONMONGERS,
272, HOLBORN, LONDON,

Beg respectfully to invite the attention of the Public to the newly invented
Arnott's Smoke Consuming Stove,
(As lectured upon by Dr. Arnott at the Society of Arts), adapted for every room
in the house. Also the

IMPROVED CIRCULAR

DR. ARNOTT'S VENTILATING VALVES

Suitable for Dwelling Houses, Offices, and Public Buildings; and their

COTTAGERS' STOVE,

A Cheap and Useful Cooking Apparatus, combining the advantages of an open
fire with oven and hot plate, requires no fixing, and is suitable for all classes.

D. & E. BAILEY especially invite the attention of the Public to their

OPEN FIRE KITCHEN RANGE,

ALSO THEIR

IMPROVED HOT PLATE AND BROILING STOVE,

With HOT CLOSET attached, STEAM CLOSETS, INDEPENDENT
OVENS, and STEWING STOVES, all of which have met with universal
success.

N.B. CHURCHES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, CONSERVATORIES, and DWELLING
HOUSES heated by HOT WATER, on Dr. ARNOTT'S principle.

A LARGE STOCK OF

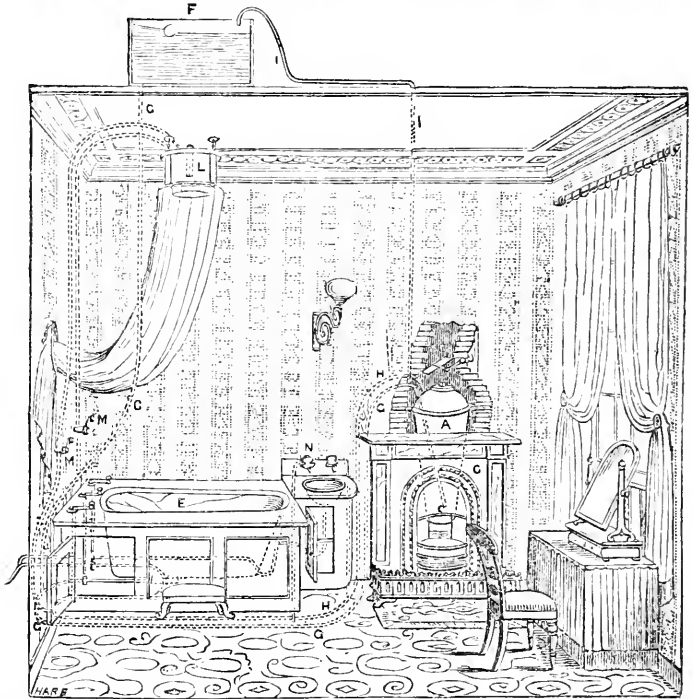
FURNISHING IRONMONGERY

ALWAYS ON SHOW.

Catalogues and Prospectuses Gratis, on Application.

ESTIMATES GIVEN AND DRAWINGS PREPARED.

J. TYLOR AND SON'S PATENT BATH APPARATUS.



To Fix a Bath, the Apparatus for Heating which can be fixed in the same Room and the luxury of an open fire retained.

A. Patent Copper Boiler, sufficient to make a warm bath. A flue is carried all round the draught regulated by a revolving damper B, which covers the opening into chimney. When set, the boiler is entirely concealed from view, and can be adapted for any chimney, by making it of an oval or elongated form. A soot door is fixed just underneath round boiler preventing any deposit of soot.

C. An ordinary stove front with sliding blower for additional regulation of draft.

E. Copper or Tinned Iron Bath, enamelled white marble inside, having three copper pipes for hot, cold, and waste water, indicated by engraved levers on the cocks. The overflow is carried into waste pipe, K.

F. Cistern for cold water, say 100 gallons, can be made of tinned iron, or any suitable material, either fitted into a recess or made in a cylindrical shape to stand on the floor of any room above the bath. The overflow can be carried into the waste or other convenient outlet.

G. Inch pipe from cistern to the pipe which goes to the bottom of boiler to fill it with water. A branch from this pipe also supplies the bath with cold water.

H. Inch pipe from the top pipe of boiler, to deliver the hot water into bath.

I. Half-inch pipe taken from hot pipe H, and turned over top of cistern to relieve boiler.

WARWICK LANE, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

CHARLES BROWN
CIGAR AND SNUFF IMPORTER,
37, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

ANGLING.

MARTIN KELLY AND SON,
FISHING TACKLE MAKERS,

56, LOWER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN,

(Established Anno 1799.)

BEG to observe that upwards of Fifty Years' experience of the FLIES, RODS, &c., best suited to the different Lakes and Rivers in Ireland, enables them to execute the orders of TOURISTS in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of disappointment.

TO ANGLERS, & C.

JOHN FLINT,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL FISHING TACKLE MANUFACTURER,

17, ESSEX QUAY, DUBLIN,

RESPECTFULLY informs his Customers, &c., that he has on hand the largest and most varied

STOCK OF FISHING TACKLE,

Principally manufactured at his Establishment, under his own inspection.

J. F. would particularly draw the attention of Gentlemen to his Greenheart Salmon and Trout Rods, which he has introduced this Season, they having been admitted to be the most perfect Rods ever used; see testimonials at his Establishment from the several gentlemen who have fished with them.

J. F. can recommend his Salmon and Trout Flies for the principal Lakes and Rivers, having with great pains selected the several patterns from the greatest Anglers in Ireland. See at his shop the Case of Flies, such as he exhibited at the Great Exhibition.

Single Salmon Licences, 10s., to Fish throughout all Ireland, to be had at this Establishment. Flies Tied for any part of Europe or America.



PLEASE OBSERVE 17, ESSEX QUAY,

JAMES FORREST AND SONS,
LIMERICK LACE WAREHOUSE,

100 and 101, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN,

HAVE received their New Designs for the Present Season in Lace and Blond Dresses, suitable for Court, Ball, and Bridal Costume; also, a great Variety of White and Black Scarves, Squares, Mantles, Polkas, Veils, Berthes, Handkerchiefs, Collars, and a few choice sets of Royal Irish Guipure Flouncing, made at their Factory, Abbey Court, Limerick.

Strangers visiting Dublin are especially invited to inspect these Fashionable Articles, as they are well adapted for Presents, and much prized by Connoisseurs.

PALACE MART, SACKVILLE ST.

DUBLIN,

Opened May 28th, 1854.

M'SWINEY DELANEY, & CO., PROPRIETORS,

DEPARTMENTS:

Haberdashery	Silks	Shawls	Ribbons	Trimmings	Dresses
Mantles	Gloves	Berlin Wools	Cashmeres	Millinery	Hosiery
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Flowers	Silk Hdks.	Cabinet Work	Muslins	Laces	Woollens
Waterproof Goods	Linen	Flannels	Stays	Under-clothing	Blankets
Boots and Shoes	Furnishings	Outfits	Baby Linen	Dust Coats	Furs &c.

T O U R I S T S A N D S T R A N G E R S .

YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT AS THE PRINCIPAL BAZAAR
IN IRELAND FOR NATIVE PRODUCTIONS

IN

Irish Linens	Tabinets	Bog-oak Ornaments	Sewed Muslins and
Damasks	Poplins	Boots and Shoes	all descriptions of
Sheetings	Balbriggan Hosiery	Limerick Laces	Crotchet Work &c.

SIR WILLIAM BURNETT'S PATENTS.

In the year 1838, Patents were granted to SIR WILLIAM BURNETT, M.D., F.R.S., K.C.H., and K.C.B., DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ROYAL NAVY, for the use of CHLORIDE OF ZINC, as applied to the Preservation of Timber, Canvas, Cordage, Cotton, Woollen, and other articles, from ROT, MILDEW, MOTH, &c. ; and in 1852 Her Majesty was pleased to grant an extension of Seven Years. Parties using Chloride of Zinc for any such purposes must purchase the same from the Proprietors of SIR WILLIAM BURNETT'S PATENTS, at their OFFICE, 18, CANNON STREET, LONDON BRIDGE; and any person using it without license will be proceeded against for infringement of their Patents.

N.B. The Prize Medal of 1851 was awarded by the Royal Commissioners for Sir William Burnett's Patents.

SIR WILLIAM BURNETT'S DISINFECTING FLUID.

This Valuable Fluid has been in general use for many years, with a success and public benefit truly marvellous, for the Disinfection of Sick Rooms, Clothing, Linen, &c. ; the Prevention of Contagion; the Purification of Bilge-water and Ships' Holds, Cess-pools, Drains, Water-closets, Stables, Dog-kennels, &c.

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists, and at the Office, 18, Cannon Street, London.

N.B.—Beware of a Spurious and Low Priced Imitation.

JACKSON'S PATENT PREPARATION

FOR THE PRESERVATION OF SEEDS, POTATOES, AND OTHER ROOTS.

This Valuable Discovery, for which Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent have been granted, is a certain Preventive of

THE POTATO DISEASE,

The Smut in Wheat, the attacks of Vermin, Mildew, Rot, and all Fungal Diseases to which Seeds are subject.

Sold by the principal Seedsmen and Chemists in the United Kingdom, in 1 lb. packets at 2s. 6d., 2 lb. ditto at 4s. 6d., 3 lb. ditto at 6s. 6d., and 4 lb. ditto at 8s. 6d. A large abatement on parcels of 7 lbs., 14 lbs., 28 lbs., and 56 lbs. ; and on greater quantities being taken.

For Particulars, apply personally or by paid letter to

MR. JACKSON, 18, CANNON STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

USEFUL AND PRACTICAL INVENTIONS, IN THE EXHIBITION, SYDENHAM,

(South-west Gallery,) invented and patented by

JOSEPH BROWN, 71, LEADENHALL STREET, CITY.

NEWLY INVENTED BED,

To prevent Sea Sickness, which has saved a great many lives.

INDIA RUBBER SPRING BED,

Impervious to Wet and Heat, which occupies less room and affords more comfort than any other bed, and is particularly adapted for the berths of Steam Vessels and Yachts.

INDIA RUBBER SPRING CARRIAGE SEAT AND CHAIR,

A most luxurious article.

INDIA RUBBER SPRING BED FOR INVALIDS,

Superseding the use of the Water Bed, and worthy of the notice of the Faculty for Hospitals, &c.

PORTABLE CAMP SPRING BED,

Which requires no Mattress, Bolster, or Pillow; a great saving and luxury for the Army.

Orders should be forwarded to the Patentee's Manufactory, where may also be obtained every article of Furniture, &c., Wholesale and for Exportation.

Ships' Cabins fitted by Experienced Workmen.

JOSEPH BROWN, 71, LEADENHALL STREET LONDON

THE BILTON HOTEL,

SITUATED IN THE BEST PART OF .

UPPER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN,

HAS been recently considerably improved in Refurnishing, and in other appointments calculated to increase the Comfort and Convenience of its Guests, a constant attention to please whom, combined with Moderate Charges, will, it is trusted, insure a continuance of the distinguished patronage the HOTEL has so long pre-eminently enjoyed. The Proprietor, being extensively engaged in the WINE TRADE, has peculiar advantages of obtaining a Variety of the FINEST WINES, which are invariably selected for Hotel use.

LEWIS HEINEKEY,

PROPRIETOR.

A FIXED MODERATE CHARGE FOR SERVANTS.

WARM AND SHOWER BATHS IN THE HOUSE.

LEWIS HEINEKEY,

WINE MERCHANT, DUBLIN,

LATE OF

HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON,

Has a variety of the Choicest Wines, in Wood and Bottle, imported direct from the most approved shippers in the several Wine countries. He has a Varied and Extensive supply of Ports. From his experience of the Wine Trade in England, and his knowledge of the prices usually paid there for Fine Old Wines, he is confident parties residing there would find it conducive to their interest to favour him with a trial.

A Printed Catalogue of the Wines can be had or will be forwarded by post on application. Quantities of Six Dozen will be forwarded (carriage free) wherever there is direct steam communication.

THE
GRESHAM HOTEL,
SACKVILLE STREET,
DUBLIN.

THE Nobility and Gentry are most respectfully informed that THE GRESHAM continues to be replete with every comfort requisite for their accommodation.

THE

COFFEE ROOM, FOR GENTLEMEN,
IS EQUAL TO THAT OF A FIRST RATE CLUB HOUSE.

THE FAMILY HOTEL.

Has a Distinct Entrance, &c., and is calculated to ensure all the Comforts of
a Private Residence.

THE SITUATION AND EXTENT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT
CONFER ON IT PECULIAR ADVANTAGES.

THE CHARGES CONTINUE UPON THE SAME
MODERATE SCALE

*As that which has secured so kind a continuance of Public
Patronage.*

MORISSON'S HOTEL,
DUBLIN.

THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY

ARE RESPECTFULLY INFORMED

THAT EVERY ARRANGEMENT HAS BEEN MADE

TO ENSURE THE

PERFECT COMFORT OF ALL VISITORS.

DURING THE

Recent Great Exhibition

A VERY CONSIDERABLE OUTLAY HAS BEEN MADE

IN THE

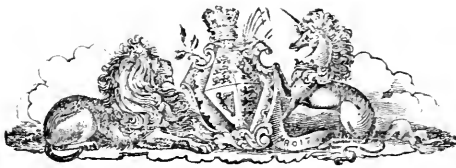
IMPROVING & ENLARGING THE RESOURCES OF THIS HOTEL.

THE CHARGES CONTINUE UPON THE

SAME MODERATE SCALE

AS THAT WHICH HAS HITHERTO SECURED TO THE
PROPRIETOR SO

LARGE A SHARE OF THE PUBLIC PATRONAGE.



REYNOLDS' HOTEL,
11 & 12, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET,
D U B L I N .

F. REYNOLDS

BEGS respectfully to inform TOURISTS, unacquainted with Dublin, that his Hotel is situated in the

BEST PART OF THE FINEST STREET IN THE KINGDOM,
and in the centre of all the Public Buildings and Railway Stations. His
SITTING ROOMS & COFFEE ROOMS BEING ALL FRONT,
combine to render his Hotel peculiarly adapted for the accommodation of
TOURISTS, whilst the charges continue on the same moderate scale that
has given so much satisfaction.

A MODERATE FIXED CHARGE FOR SERVANTS' ATTENDANCE.

N.B. Tourists who intend favouring this Establishment with their patronage are respectfully requested to INSIST on being taken to it, and not to rely on any persons' information who may represent the Hotel as being full, as F. R. regrets to say that he has been informed that some persons have been tempted to give this false information, in order that they may convey visitors to some other Establishments, where they receive a gratuity.

M.M. les Etrangers sont informé que cet Hotel est admirablement situé dans la plus belle rue de la ville, et dans le milieu des toutes les Chemins-de-fer, &c., &c., et qu'ils y trouveront tout l'attention possible.

CASTLE'S PRIVATE HOTEL,

47, KILDARE STREET,

**WITHIN FIVE MINUTES' WALK OF THE DUBLIN TERMINUS
OF THE KINGSTOWN RAILWAY,**

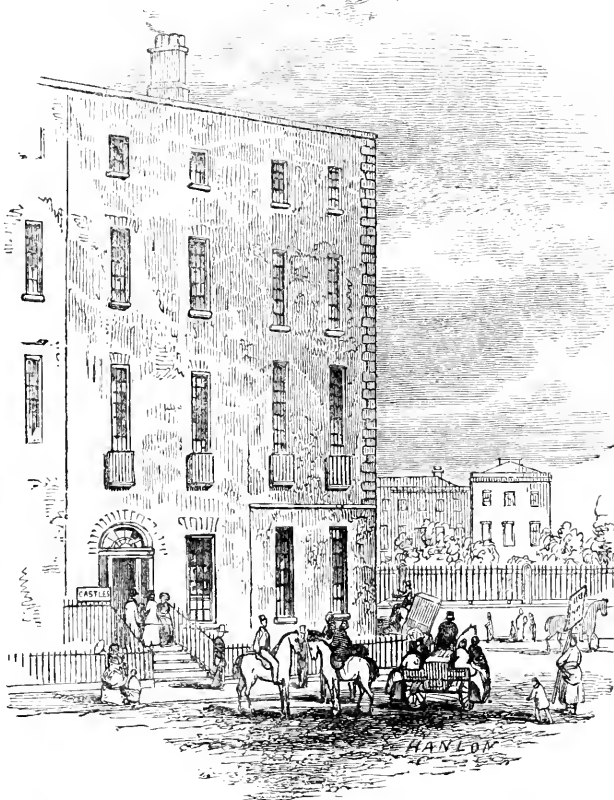
DUBLIN,

OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE PARK,

AND ADJACENT TO

MERRION SQUARE AND STEPHEN'S GREEN.

Bed and Breakfast 3s.



Bed and Breakfast 3s.

VISITORS to Du'bin will find in this Establishment every Comfort of a Private residence, and the charges will be found exceedingly Moderate.

PRIVATE SITTING ROOMS.

CASTLE, 47, KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

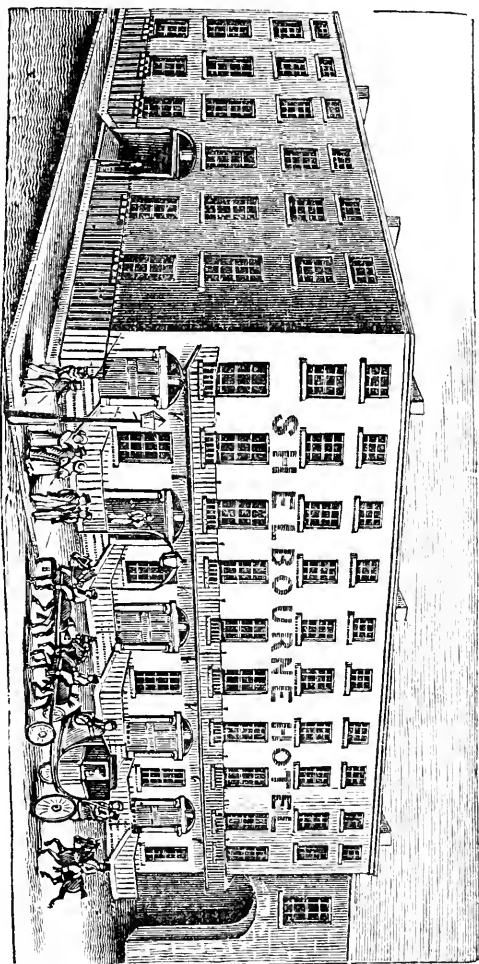
THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL,

Stephen's Green, Corner of Kildare Street,

DUBLIN.

THE LARGEST AND BEST SITUATED FOR FAMILIES, TOURISTS, &c.

HAVING TWENTY SUITES OF APARTMENTS AT VARIOUS PRICES.

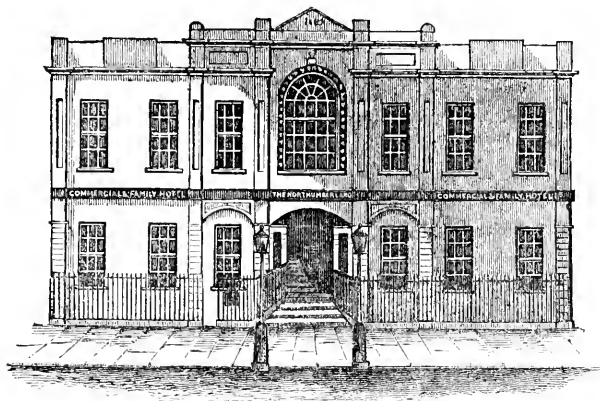


COFFEE ROOMS FRONTING THE GREEN & THE MOUNTAINS.

TERMS MUCH LESS THAN AT ANY OTHER FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

Night Servants are in attendance on the arrival of the Railway Trains and Packets.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOTEL,



Beresford Place, and Eden Quay, DUBLIN,

(OPPOSITE THE CUSTOM HOUSE),

THE MOST CENTRAL IN THE CITY, BEING WITHIN A FEW MINUTES' WALK OF
ALL THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS,

MR. J. C. JOSEPH, PROPRIETOR,

FOR COMMERCIAL GENTLEMEN AND FAMILIES.

VISITORS, Tourists, Commercial Gentlemen, and Families, will find this Establishment, for Situation and Comfort, combined with Moderate Charges, to be replete with every requisite for their accommodation.

LIST OF PRICES.

BREAKFASTS, from...	1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d.
LUNCHEON, „	0s. 6d. to 1s. 6d.
DINNERS, „	1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.
BEDS per night	1s. 6d.
SITTING ROOMS	2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.
ATTENDANCE, including all Servants	1s. per Night.

N.B.—The most extensive BATH ESTABLISHMENT in the Kingdom attached, where Travellers on their arrival can have a Bath at a moment's notice. Servants in attendance all night for the reception of visitors.

ANDERSON'S ROYAL ARCADE HOTEL, TAVERN, AND BILLIARD ROOMS, 32 AND 33, COLLEGE GREEN, AND 4 AND 5, SUFFOLK STREET, DUBLIN.

C. SPADACCINI, Proprietor.

LIST OF PRICES.

BREAKFASTS.

	s.	d.
Tea, Coffee, Eggs, &c.....	1	6
Do. Cold Meat	1	9
Do. Hot Meat	2	0

LUNCHES.

Steak or Cutlet	0	10
Chop or Cold Meat	0	6
Mutton Broth, per Bowl.....	0	6
Ditto with Chop	0	10
Gravy Soup	0	6
Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Mulli- gatawny, Giblet, Hare or Oyster	0	10

DINNERS.

Joint, with Vegetables, Cheese, &c	1	6
Soup and Joint	2	0
Fish and Joint.....	2	0
Soup, Fish, and Joint	2	6
Chicken and Ham	2	0
Made Dishes	1	8
Tarts.....	0	4

TEA AND COFFEE.

Evening Tea or Coffee	1	0
Cup of Coffee and Muffin	0	6

SUPPERS.

Lobster	1	6
Welch Rabbit.....	0	6
Anchovy Toast.....	0	6
Kidney	0	6
Spatch Cock.....	2	0

s. d.
1 0

Oysters

WINES.

Port and Sherry, per Bottle ...	5	0
per Pint	2	6
Champagne, Claret, Moselle, Sauterne, Hock, Burgundy, Hermitage, and Madeira, } per Bottle	7	6

SPIRITS.

Whiskey	per Glass	0	6
Rum		0	6
Brandy and Hollands		1	0
Old Tom		0	6
Curacao, Noyeau, and Cherry } Brandy		1	0

MALT.

XX Porter and Ales, per Pint	0	4
Do. in Bottles	0	4
East India Ale, in do.	0	6
Do. per Pint	0	6

MINERAL WATERS.

Seltzer Water, per Bottle	1	0
Soda Water, Lemonade, and } Ginger Beer	0	4

BATHS.

Hot Bath	2	0
Shower Bath	0	6
Cold Baths	0	6

BEDS.

Per Night	2	2
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ALL SERVANTS PAID BY THE PROPRIETOR.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
D A W S O N S T R E E T,
D U B L I N .

GEORGE NESBITT, PROPRIETOR.

THE Central position of this FINE HOTEL, peculiarly suits it to the accom-
modation of Travellers, who will find it provided with every Comfort.

The Charges, which are Moderate, will be found in the Scale at the first page
of this volume.

WARM BATHS ALWAYS READY.

G A L W A Y H O T E L,
5, SOUTH FREDERICK STREET,
D U B L I N .

MADAME DE RUYTER,

LATE OF GALWAY, AND THE RAILWAY HOTEL, ATHLONE,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public that she has opened the above Establish-
ment, and hopes by unremitting attention to the Comfort of her Guests, and
Moderate Charges, to secure at least as large a share of Patronage as that
with which she has been favoured in her former Establishment.

**PRIVATE DINNERS SUPPLIED ON THE SHORTEST
NOTICE.**

D U B L I N .

FOLEY'S UNIVERSITY HOTEL,
31, WICKLOW STREET.

Within Thirty Doors of Grafton Street, Left Side.

PARTIES or TOURISTS visiting DUBLIN can be comfortably accommodated
at the above HOTEL; it is situated conveniently to all the Public Buildings
and Railway Stations.

Breakfasts, 1s. to 1s. 6d.; Dinners, 1s. 6d.; Tea or Supper, 1s.; Beds,
1s. to 1s. 6d.

 A NIGHT PORTER IN ATTENDANCE.

THE VERDON HOTEL,

35, 36, 37, and 38, TALBOT STREET,

D U B L I N .

GEORGE DINGWALL, PROPRIETOR.

TOURISTS and TRAVELLERS will find the above Spacious and Elegantly fitted up Hotel admirably adapted to their Comfort and Convenience, offering every inducement which Moderate Charges and Attention to their real comfort can supply. The Hotel almost immediately adjoins the Dublin and Belfast Terminus, and, from its Central Position, is one of the most Desirable Homes either for the Stranger remaining in Dublin, or the Excursionist *en route* to the North of Ireland or Scotland.

SUITES OF ROOMS FOR FAMILIES.

WICKLOW HOTEL, 5 AND 6, WICKLOW STREET,

(Off Grafton Street,)

G. CLENDENING, PROPRIETOR.

GENTLEMEN and Families visiting Dublin on Business or Pleasure are respectfully invited to make a trial at the above HOTEL. It is most Centrally situated, being in the immediate vicinity of the Public Offices and Places of Amusement, and within ten minutes' drive of any of the Railway Termini and Packet Stations.

℞ A NIGHT PORTER IN ATTENDANCE.

FIRST CLASS HOTEL ACCOMMODATION, AT VERY MODERATE CHARGES.

FAMILIES, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen visiting Dublin, are respectfully informed that the

"EUROPEAN," BOTTON STREET,

Is the best situate, the cheapest, and most Comfortable Family and Commercial Hotel in the City.

ALL THE SERVANTS ARE PAID BY THE PROPRIETOR.

Beds, 2s. per night; Drawing Rooms, 2s. 6d. to 4s.; Breakfasts, 1s. 6d. to 2s.; Dinners, 2s. to 2s. 6d.; Evening Tea, 1s. 3d.; Suppers, 1s. to 1s. 6d. All other Charges equally Moderate

℞ A NIGHT PORTER IN ATTENDANCE.

MRS. NAYLOR'S

(Widow of the late Thomas Naylor,)

Commercial and Family Boarding House, 72, TALBOT STREET, DUBLIN,

WITHIN a few minutes, walk of the Drogheda Railway Terminus, and General Post Office. Those patronizing the above will find a Quiet Comfortable Home, with every attention and Charges Strictly Moderate.

THE CLARENCE HOTEL,

6, Wellington Quay, Dublin,

In the Centre of the City,

A. M'DONALD, PROPRIETOR.

Cleanliness and First-rate Accommodation are the principles of this Hotel, together with very Moderate Charges.

ENGLISH TOURISTS SOLICITED.

SERVANTS CHARGED IN THE BILL.

W. JURY'S

COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL,

6, 7, AND 8, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN,

IS ONE OF THE MOST CENTRAL AND COMMODIOUS
HOTELS IN THE CITY.

HAYES'S ROYAL HOTEL, KINGSTOWN.

THE arrangements for the Season of 1854 are such as must command the approbation of Visitors, by securing to them as perfect accommodation as can be obtained in any first-class house in the Kingdom.

The Posting Establishment is supplied with First-rate Post Horses & Vehicles.

COUNTY WICKLOW.

WOODEN BRIDGE HOTEL,

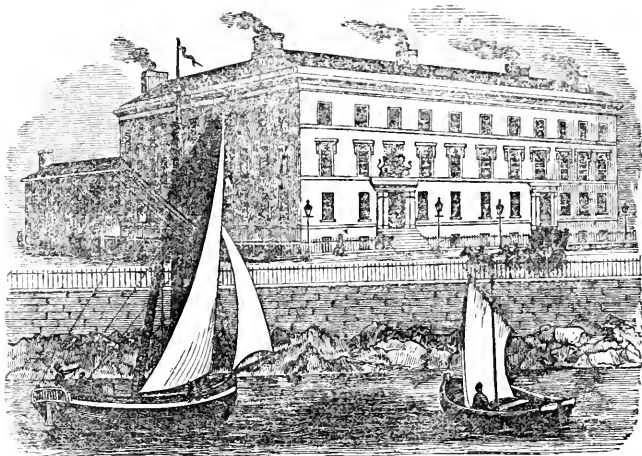
VALE OF AVOCA.

JAMES KILBEE, PROPRIETOR.

The above Hotel is situated in the most beautiful part of the Vale, commanding a delightful view of the second

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

CARRIAGES AND CARS ALWAYS IN READINESS.



RATHBONE'S HOTEL, KINGSTOWN.

THE ABOVE HOTEL

IS

THE ONLY ONE SITUATED OPPOSITE THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOUR;

IS CLOSE TO THE

RAILWAY AND PACKET STATION;

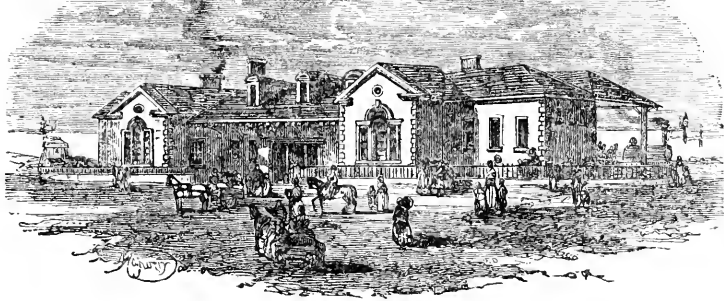
AND

IS KEPT BY AN ENGLISHMAN,

WHERE CLEANLINESS AND COMFORT MAY BE RELIED UPON.

N.B.—SINGLE AND PAIR-HORSE CARRIAGES AND CARS, AND OMNIBUSES
FOR PARTIES, AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE CHARGE.

BRAY RAILWAY TERMINUS.



LUNCHEON AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS,

BY E. BRESLIN,

LATE OF

THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE arrangements of this Establishment and its unequalled situation afford unprecedented advantages to all TOURISTS and EXCURSIONISTS to whom a short visit may render despatch indispensably necessary.

**Soups, Chops, Steaks, Hot or Cold Luncheons,
Coffee, Tea, Wines, &c., &c., Always Ready.**

I R E L A N D .

QUIN'S HOTEL,

AT

BRAY,

Is situated Ten Miles south of DUBLIN, *on the Sea*, and on the road leading to all the beauties of the County Wicklow; a county containing more objects of interest to the Tourist than any other in Ireland.

Hotel Accommodation of every kind is found in this Establishment on the most Moderate Terms, and Carriages of all sorts, at a rate per mile that will stand comparison with the cheapest railway travelling.

John Quin, Proprietor

I R E L A N D E

QUIN'S HOTEL à BRAY est situé Dix Mille au sud de DUBLIN, *sur Mer*, et sur la route qui conduit à toutes les beautés du comté de Wicklow, qui contient plus d'objets d'intérêt pour le voyageur qu'aucun autre comté d'Irlande.

Toute accommodation d'Hotel se trouve dans cet établissement, au prix le plus modéré, et toute espèce de Voiture, à un tarif, si bas, par mille, qu' on voyage aussi bon marché, que sur les chemins de fer.

John Quin, Proprietaire.



SOUTH OF IRELAND.—TO TOURISTS & VISITORS.

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL,
CORK,

Having undergone very extensive alterations and improvements, will be found second to none in the kingdom for comfort, superior accommodation, and Moderate Charges.

MRS. COTTON,

BEGS respectfully to inform Tourists in Ireland and the Public generally, that in addition to the extensive accommodation hitherto provided at the Imperial, she has added thirty additional Bedrooms to the Establishment.

Families who require Private Suites of Apartments will find them replete with every comfort, and for the accommodation of those who do not, a large and elegant Dining Room is set apart for their especial use, free of charge.

Cars can be had to Blarney Castle or the Mathew Testimonial, at the following charges, including Driver:

One person 4s., Two ditto 5s., Three or Four 6s.

And to any part of the environs of Cork in the same proportion; and Mrs Cotton has made arrangements by which all parties staying at the Imperial will have access to all the places of interest in and around Cork.

All Gentlemen staying at the Imperial have the privilege of using the large News Room connected with the Hotel, which is liberally supplied with English, Scotch, and Irish newspapers.

The Imperial Omnibuses attend the Arrival and Departure of every Train.

A TABLE D'HOTE EVERY EVENING AT HALF-PAST FIVE.

HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATHS ALWAYS READY.

VISITORS TO IRELAND.

**ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL,
CORK.**

TO TOURISTS VISITING CORK & THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

MR. Mc CORMICK,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

ROYAL NAVAL, MILITARY, AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

BEGS to inform Travellers, Tourists, and visitors to Cork, that in his Hotel they will find a continuance of that comfort and attention which has been the universal character of the "VICTORIA," and which has made it the favourite Hotel with all strangers visiting that city.

The "Tariff" of prices at the "VICTORIA" is such as Mr. McCormick trusts will meet the wishes of those favouring his HOTEL with a visit.

To Tourists, Visitors, and Travellers generally, the "VICTORIA" offers advantages decidedly superior to, and admittedly above, those of any other HOTEL in Cork. Situated in PATRICK STREET, the chief and central street of the City, with a splendid look-out, the "VICTORIA" presents an attractive position, with a general COFFEE ROOM, a first-rate COMMERCIAL ROOM, PRIVATE and FAMILY SITTING ROOMS. Within the HOTEL is an extensive READING ROOM, in which all the English, Scotch, Irish, and American Journals are filed, and to which all visitors and Tourists stopping at the "VICTORIA" have "free" access.

The "VICTORIA" is right in the centre of PATRICK STREET, close to the Post Office and Banks, near the Theatre, Custom House, and Stamp Office, within two minutes' walk of the Steam-packet Offices, and contiguous to the Wharf, whence the Queenstown, Passage, and Monkstown Steamers arrive and depart.

From the HOTEL, the "VICTORIA OMNIBUSES" go to and return from all Railway Stations, thus saving Strangers the trouble of Cabs, which is an annoyance Travellers but too often have reason to complain of. With the above advantages and the position of the "VICTORIA," coupled with a scale of moderate charges, in keeping with the times, and commensurate with the character of his hotel, Mr. Mc CORMICK trusts that, combined with his assiduous attention, and carefulness to the wants and wishes of his Customers, Visitors, Tourists, and Travellers generally, will give him a trial, feeling convinced that they will have no cause to regret having patronised the "VICTORIA."

Ici on parle Français, Allemagne, et Italien.

Table d'Hote every Evening at Half-past 5 o'Clock.

ECCLES'S

BANTRY ARMS HOTEL,

GLENGARIFF.

A LARGE WING, TOGETHER WITH OTHER IMPROVEMENTS,
HAVE LATELY BEEN ADDED.

THOMAS ECCLES, PROPRIETOR,

BEGS respectfully to inform Tourists, and the Public visiting Glengariff, that nothing shall be wanting on his part to secure Comfort and Accommodation.

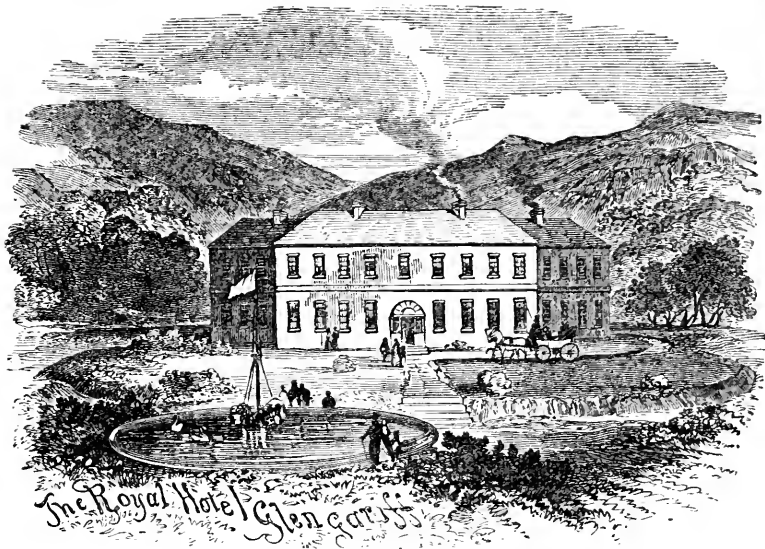
For Parties who do not require Private Sitting Rooms, there will be a large and well-furnished Public Room, to accommodate from 30 to 40 Gentlemen, free of charge, situated in front of the New Addition.

The Hotel is happily situated in the most picturesque part of the Glen, fronting the Harbour, with all its beautiful Creeks and Islands, so well adapted for Sea Bathing, Boating, &c.; commanding an extensive view of the Harbour and Bay of Bantry over ten miles across.

T. ECCLES begs also to inform Anglers, &c., that he has obtained the exclusive right, from the Earl of Bantry, of the Salmon and Trout Fishery in the Tide-way; also the principal Lakes and Rivers in Glengariff. The former will be hauled by Lines and Nets every day, and some of the large Pools in the River. His object in securing this, at a great expense, is for the Inducement and Accommodation of Tourists and Anglers; also for securing a constant supply of good Fish for the Hotel. A great portion of the above waters run through the Hotel demesne.

Pleasure Boats of every Size, from Two Oars to Six Oars. Whale Boats
on very Moderate Terms, from One Hour to an Entire Day

THE POSTING AND CARRIAGE ESTABLISHMENT AS USUAL.



GLENGARIFF ROYAL HOTEL,

WILLIAM ROCHE, PROPRIETOR,

(Also of "The Muckcross," Killarney.)

OF the many places of interest and attraction for Travellers in Ireland, Glengariff is generally regarded as one of the most exquisite and beautiful, possessing as it does all the Romantic Scenery of Killarney, with the most splendid features of Sea-coast and Mountain Prospect in the World. This charming place, hitherto so much admired—but unfortunately too little availed of, in consequence of its want of accommodation—now presents at this Hotel every comfort required by the most fastidious. The site is altogether unequalled even in this matchless locality, the Pleasure Grounds of which slope down to the Sea-shore, and afford excellent Sea-bathing, overlooking the Bays of Glengariff and Bantry, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of Mountains, which render it the most delightful sojourn.

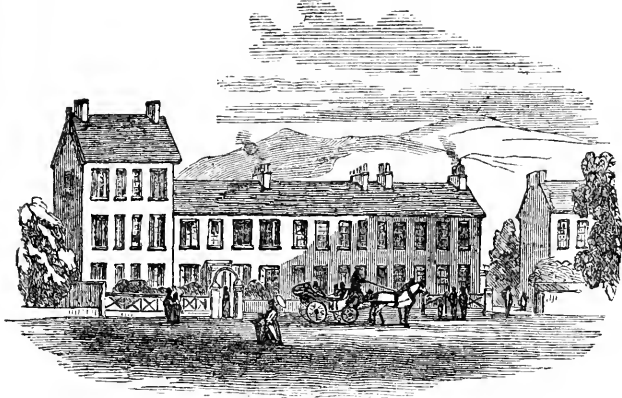
The internal arrangements are carried out in a style to defy competition; the Bed Rooms, which are lofty and well ventilated, are fitted up with due attention to Comfort and Cleanliness; the Drawing Rooms are furnished in a superior style of Elegance; the Public Room has a Retiring Room attached for the Greater Comfort of those requiring privacy. The Boating and Post-Office Departments are replete with every requisite for comfort and convenience.

A TABLE D'HOTE

Every Evening on the arrival of the Public Conveyances—all which from the Killarney and Bandon Railways arrive at and start from the "Royal."

CHARGES:

Breakfast, 1s. 3d. to 2s.; Dinner, 2s. 6d.; Tea, 1s. 3d.; Beds, 1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.; Drawing Rooms, 3s. to 5s. per day; Servants charged in bill 1s. 3d. per day; Four-oared Boat, 10s. per day; Two-oared Boat, 5s. per day; One-horse Car, per mile 6d.; Two-horse Car, per mile, 1s.



LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

MUCKROSS HOTEL, WILLIAM ROCHE, PROPRIETOR,

(Also of the "Royal Glengariff,")

Takes leave most respectfully to announce to Tourists to the far-famed LAKES OF KILLARNEY, that the above-named Establishment is now fitted up in a Style of Elegance not inferior to any in the Kingdom, and he trusts by unremitting attention to the comforts of those who make his House their Home, to merit a continuance of that patronage hitherto so liberally bestowed on him.

To those who have before sojourned at the MUCKROSS HOTEL (and on the pages of its books of arrivals are enrolled the names of very many of the most distinguished individuals of this and other countries), very little need be said; to those who have not, the Proprietor wishes to point out a few of the advantages of position enjoyed by his Establishment over any other in the locality, which render it by far the most desirable and economical Residence while at Killarney.

The Traveller, on arriving at the MUCKROSS HOTEL, is set down in the midst of Killarney's concentrated beauties, right opposite the splendid demesne, pleasure grounds, and celebrated ABBEY OF MUCKROSS, to which all visitors at his Establishment have free access, and from the shores of which, also, by the kind permission of its princely owner, H. A. HERBERT, Esq., they are allowed to embark on the fair waters of those truly lovely Lakes, at the foot of mighty Mangerton, within ten minutes' walk of 'Tore Waterfall, on the unrivalled road to Glengariff, which for some miles on either side of this Hotel winds amidst

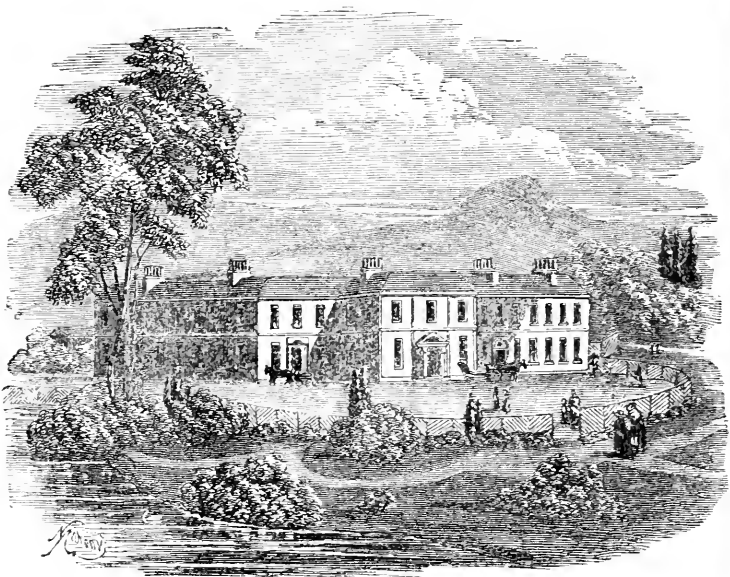
"Those mighty mountains which stand
To sentinel this fairy land."

In short, to attempt a description of the numerous advantages at the command of the sojourner at this House, would be to attempt an impossibility; suffice it to say, that more of the beauties of Killarney can be seen in one day by staying at it, than elsewhere in three. When, added to the above, the extremely moderate charges be taken into account, a little reflection will point out to all the—*road to Muckross.*

W. R.'s Cars are in constant attendance on all the Trains, and public conveyances to take parties to and from the MUCKROSS, free of charge. His boats, which are always allowed to be the best, will be found suitably manned.

N.B. The public conveyances to and from Glengariff pass the gate, take up and set down parties. No charge for Sitting-Rooms. Parties making a lengthened stay can be accommodated with Board and Lodging at 28s. per week.

Lakes of Killarney.



THE TORC VIEW HOTEL.

J. HURLEY, PROPRIETOR.

The TORC VIEW HOTEL, situate on a picturesque eminence, 15 minutes' drive from the Town of Killarney, commands unequalled views of the myriad beauties of this lovely region, extending over many miles, from the Horses Glen to the mouth of the Shannon, and lying clearly before the Tourist, ere leaving his bed-room window in the morning and all the loveliness of nature's beauties, from Mangerton Steeps and Torc's Cascade to the Long Range, Eagle's Nest, The Toomies Mountains, the Upper and Lower Lakes, with their countless Islands mirrored at its feet. The Visitor staying at this Hotel, can trace upon nature's map, ere starting in the morning on his day's Excursion, and renew its enjoyments at one glance upon his return at dusky eve; whilst for Pedestrians, from its close proximity to Lough Kittane, Glen Flisk, and Muckross, seat of H. A. Herbert, Esq., M.P., who kindly permits all Visitors staying at the TORC VIEW HOTEL the privilege of at any time passing through his magnificent demesne, on which stands the venerable Muckross Abbey. In addition to these, the Proprietor of the TORC VIEW HOTEL promises strictest attention to the convenience of those honouring him with support, combined with such economy as may render their recollection of Killarney one of unmixed pleasure.

Guides, Boats, Ponies, and Cars attached to the Establishment.

Charges :—Breakfast, 1s. 8d. ; Dinner, 2s. 6d. ; Tea, 1s. 3d. ; Bed 1s. 6d.

Cars and Omnibuses from the Hotel await the arrival of the several trains, &c. into Killarney, and convey Visitors to and from the Hotel free of Charge.

NO CHARGE FOR PRIVATE SITTING ROOMS.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.


THE LAKE HOTEL, CASTLE-LOUGH.

T. COTTER,

PROPRIETOR, begs to return his most sincere thanks to the Nobility and Gentry of the United Kingdom for the distinguished and liberal patronage bestowed on him since he opened the LAKE HOTEL. In order to meet the increasing demand he is receiving, he has this year added several suites of Sitting-rooms and Bed-rooms to his establishment; these, with his other numerous rooms, are now fitted up in a most superior style of elegance and comfort, and command the most matchless views of the scenery. The LAKE HOTEL is distant about one mile from the town of Killarney, on the southern shore of the Lower Lake, on the celebrated Castle Lough Bay, the waters of which wash beneath its windows. It commands an extensive view of the varied and romantic scenery of the Lakes and their verdant islands, the mountains of Tore, Glena, Tomies, and the Reeks, the ivied towers of Ross, and the lofty Mangertown, and the wooded shores of Muckcross, forming one of the grandest panoramic views in Ireland, and on which the eye rests with admiration and delight from every window of the LAKE HOTEL. The demesne, which is walled in, is extensive and beautifully wooded, the pleasure grounds are tastefully laid out, &c., the walks are adorned by the arbutus, and those plants indigenous to Killarney. Adjoining Castle Lough is the far-famed Muckcross, the seat of H. A. Herbert, Esq., M.P., who kindly permits all visitors staying at the LAKE HOTEL the privilege of at any time passing through his magnificent demesne, on which stands the venerable Muckcross Abbey.

Visitors at the Lake Hotel will enjoy the greatest privacy and proximity to the water, with the facilities afforded by a peculiarly central situation for seeing the Three Lakes, and the most interesting parts of the scenery, which must be a strong recommendation in favour of the LAKE HOTEL, where alone these requisites are realized.

T. COTTER has first class two, four, and six-oared Boats, for which there are fixed charges. Cars and Carriages for Posting, and Saddle Ponies for Mountain Excursions. A well-appointed Omnibus and Cars attend the Railway Station to convey passengers to and from the Lake Hotel free of expense. T. COTTER pledges himself to pay every care and attention to those who kindly honour him with their support. A few select Boarders can be accommodated from the 1st November to the 1st May, on Moderate Terms, and have the use of Fishing Boats gratis. Visitors are requested to observe that there is only one Lake Hotel.

 SERVANTS ARE CHARGED IN THE BILL OF THE HOUSE.

By Her Most Gracious Majesty's Special Permission.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
LAKELANDS,
AND
KENMARE ARMS HOTEL,
KILLARNEY.

THOMAS FINN, PROPRIETOR,

Respectfully takes leave to inform the Nobility and Gentry of the United Kingdom that his Establishments are now fitted up in a most superior style of elegance and comfort, for the reception of Visitors to the far-famed

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

From the liberal patronage shown to, and the unqualified approbation expressed by the numerous Visitors to his Establishment last season (among whom he is proud of having the honour of numbering several families of the highest distinction), he has been induced, for their convenience and comfort, to erect this year at the VICTORIA HOTEL,

HOT, COLD, SHOWER, AND TEPID BATHS,

on the most approved plan, and which can be got ready at a few minutes' notice.

To those who have not visited the VICTORIA HOTEL, he begs to inform them that it is situated on the north-west shore of the Lower Lake, in one of the most delightful localities in this land of beauty, immediately adjoining the extensive and richly planted demesne of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Kenmare, and within less than a mile of the town of Killarney. The

SITTING ROOMS AND BED ROOMS,

which are exceedingly commodious and airy, command

A GRAND PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE LOWER LAKE,

And its numerous verdant islands. Directly in front, rests on the bosom of the waters the far-famed fairy isle of our national poet, THE LOVELY INNISFALLEN, ROSS ISLAND, and its ivy-mantled tower; THE LAMB, HERON, and ARBUTUS ISLANDS, TORC and TOMNES, with their separate cascades. The lovely demesne and ANCIENT ABBEY OF MUCKROSS, MANGERTON, GLENA, and the REEKS, all beautifully contrasted as in a magic glass—features which the eye rests upon with wonder and delight, from every window of the VICTORIA HOTEL.

THE KENMARE ARMS HOTEL

Has been recently fitted up in a most superior style, and is within a few minutes' walk of the beautifully wooded island of Ross, and the demesne. Visitors, on arrival by cars or coaches, will be sent, free of expense, to the VICTORIA. The same unremitting care and attention (which have gained for the Proprietor so many kind patrons) shall be used to merit a continuance of that support so liberally bestowed on him by a discerning public. To prevent Visitors from any imposition that may be attempted, the Proprietor has built Two, Four, and Six-oared Boats, for which there is a fixed charge, on the lowest scale. The strictest care and attention bestowed on the Posting Establishment, which is very extensive.

A few select Boarders can be accommodated on very moderate terms, from the 1st of October to the 1st of May, and can have the use of the Fishing Boat gratis.

Lakes of Killarney.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN HOTEL, NEXT DOOR TO THE POST OFFICE.

D. KELLIHER

Takes leave to inform all Strangers and Visitors to the Lakes, that his charges are extremely moderate, viz. :—Bed and Breakfast, 3s. ; Dinner, 1s. 8d. ; Tea, 1s. ; a Four-oared Boat, manned, per day, 8s. ; Two-oared do. do., 5s. ; Ponies, per day, 3s. 6d. ; a Car to the Gap, 6s. ; do. to Ross Island, 2s. 6d. ; do to the Police Station on the New Line, 5s. ; do. to Tore Waterfall, 3s. ; do to Muckross Demesne and Dinas Island, 5s.

BILLIARD ROOM TO THE REAR.

D. KELLIHER, PROPRIETOR, NEW STREET, KILLARNEY.

BANDON.

Devonshire Arms Hotel.

Tourists and other Visitors will find this Hotel equal to any other for its moderate charges and healthful situation. The scenery includes the beautiful Demesne and Gardens of Castle Bernard (to which Parties have access by the kind permission of its noble owner), Shippool, Harbour View, old head of Kinsale, &c., &c. Coaches, in connection with the Railway, pass every day, within a few yards of the Hotel to Bantry, &c., &c.

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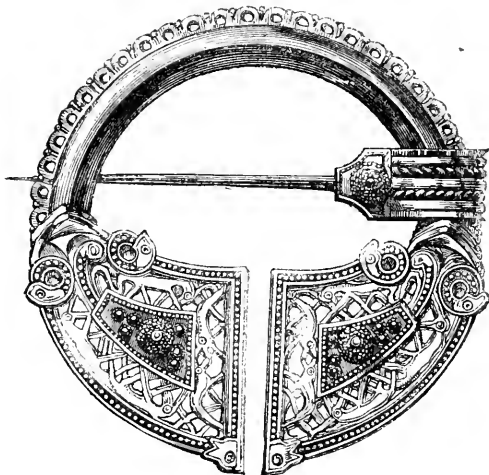
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1850	...	110,215	...	3,794	1852	...	115,195	...	4,296
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1854.

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In order to give Advertisements in the Tourist's Handbook the fullest prominence, their position is changed after every alternate thousand copies of the work are struck off. Thus, the Hotels, for example, are placed at the beginning of the Volume for the first thousand, and at the end for the second; and so on throughout the entire impression--an arrangement that has been urged on the Publisher by several regular advertisers.

SCALE OF HOTEL CHARGES

Name of Hotel.	Proprietor.	Bed.		Breakfast		Lunch		Dinner.		Tea.		Supper.		Attend- ance.		Private Rooms.		
		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
ATHLONE.—Station.	Mr. Bourke . . .	2	0	1 8	& 2 0	2	0	2	0	2 6	& 3 0	1	6	2	0	1	0	s. d. 4 0
Royal . . .	William Haire . . .	1	6	1	6	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	1	3	1	3	2 6
Rourke's . . .	Patrick Rourke . . .	1	6	1	6	1	0	2	0	2	0	1	0	1	3	1	3	1 6...2 6
Gray's . . .	Lydia Gray . . .	1	0	1	6	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	10	0	10	0	10	
BANDON.—Devonshire Arms.	A. Loane . . .	1	6	1	6	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	1	0	optional		
BANTRY.—Bantry Arms.	Thomas Godson . . .	1	6	1	6	1	0	1 0	& 1 6	1 8	& 2 6	1	3	1 0	1 6	1	0	3 0
Imperial . . .	Nathaniel Lammie . . .																	
BALLYCASTLE.—Antrim Arms.	A. McDonnell . . .	1	6	2	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	1 0	& 1 3	1 0	& 1 3	optional		
Royal . . .	W. Nelson . . .																	
BALLYMENA.—Adair Arms.	M. Greer . . .																	
BALLYMONEY.—Reid's . . .	David Reid . . .	2	0	2	0	1 0	2	0	2 6	2 6		1	0	1 0		1 3	2 6	
BELFAST.—Donegal Arms . . .	J. Moore . . .	2	0	2	0	1 0	2	0	3 0	3 0		1 0	3 0	1 0	3 0	5 0	3 0...5 0	
Imperial . . .	Charles Hurst . . .	1	0	1	8	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	6	1	6	optional	1 6	
BRYANSFORD.—Rollen Arms.	George Read . . .																	
BRAY.—Terminus . . .	E. Breslin . . .																	
Bray . . .	J. Quin . . .	1	0	1	0	0 6	& 10	0 6	& 10	1 8		0	10	0 10		1 0	1 6	
BUSHMILLS.—Reid's . . .	S. Reid . . .	1	6	1 6	1 8	1 0	0	1 0	2 0	2 6		0	10	1 0		1 0	3 0...5 0	
CLIFDEN.—Carr's . . .	Thomas Carr . . .	1	6	1	6	1	0	1	0	2	0	1	6	1 0		1 3	2 6...5 0	
COLERAINE.—Bridge End . . .	J. Davock . . .	2	0	2	0	1 6	2 0	1 6	2 6	3 0		1 6	2 0	1 6	2 0	1 0	3 0...5 0	
CORK.—Imperial . . .	Mrs. Coffin . . .	2	0	2	0	1 8	2 0	1 6	2 6	2 6		1 6	2 0	1 6	2 0	1 0	3 6	
Royal Victoria . . .	Thomas McCormick . . .	1	6	1 6	1 8	1 0	1 6	1 0	1 6	2 0	& 3 0	1 3	1 6	1 6	optional	2 6	2 6	
DROGHEDA.—Imperial . . .	Thos. Simcock, jun . . .	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	6	0	6	1	0	0	10		1 6	
Railway . . .	James Kennedy . . .	2	6	1	6	1	6	0	10	2	0	1	6	1 6		nil	3 0...5 0	
DUBLIN.—Royal Arcade . . .	C. Spadacini . . .	3	0	2	0	2 0	2 6	0 10	2 0	3 6		1 6	2 0	1 0	& 2 0	1 0	3 0...5 0	
Imperial . . .	James O'Toole . . .	3	0	2	0	2 0	2 6	0 10	2 0	3 6		1 6	2 0	1 0	& 2 0	1 6	5 0	
Bilton . . .	L. Heinekey . . .	1	0	2	0	1	6	0	8	1 3		1 3	1 0	1 3	1 3	2 6	2 6	
Clarence . . .	P. McDonald . . .	1	0	1	6	1	6	0	8	1 3		1 3	1 0	1 3	1 3	2 6	2 6	
Castle's . . .																		
Cashel . . .	J. Burke . . .	1	0	10	1 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	1 3		0	8	1 3		0	3 0...6 0	
University . . .	M. Foley . . .	1	0	1 0	1 6	0 6	& 0 9	0 6	& 0 9	1 3		1 0	1 0	1 0		1 0	4 0...5 0	
Gresham . . .	Mr. Manager . . .	3	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	from 3 0		3 0	3 0	1 0		1 0	3 6...5 6	
Galway . . .	Madame de Ruyter . . .	2	0	2 0	3 0	2 0	0	2 6	1 6	2 6		1 6	2 0	1 6	2 0	1 0	2 6...5 0	
Mackenz's . . .	John Eunis . . .	2	0	2 0	2 6	1 8	2 0	1 6	2 0	3 0		1 6	2 0	1 6	2 0	1 0	2 6...5 0	
Jury's . . .	William Jury . . .	1	6	1	9	1	9	1	9	2 0		1 6	2 0	1 6	2 0	1 3	2 6	
Turf . . .	P. McDonald . . .	1	0	1 6	1 3	1 6	1 6	from 0 8	from 0 8	1 3		1 0	2 0	1 0	2 0	1 6	6 0	
Morison's . . .		3	0	2 0	2 6	1 6	2 0	1 6	2 0	3 0	4 0	1 0	2 0	1 0	2 0	1 6	3 0...5 0	
Northumberland . . .	J. C. Josephs, . . .	1	6	1 3	1 9	1 6	2 0	1 6	2 0	1 8	2 6	1 0	2 0	1 6	2 0	1 0	3 0...5 0	
	General Manager . . .	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	3 0...5 0

Wicklow	1 6 & 2 0	1 6 & 1 8	1 0	from 1 8	1 2	1 6	0 9	2 6 & 3 6
Verdon	3 0	1 6...2 6	1 0...1 6	from 3 0	1 6	1 6	1 3	3 6...5 6
Francis Reynolds	2 0	1 6	1 0	from 1 8	1 0	1 0...1 6	from 1 0	2 0...4 0
H. T. Jude	from 2 0	from 1 6	from 2 0	from 2 0	from 1 6	from 1 6	from 1 0	from 3 0
J. Molony	1 6...2 0	1 6...1 8	1 0...2 0	2 0...2 6	1 0 & 1 6	1 0 & 2 0	1 0	3 0
John Kilroy	1 6	1 8	1 0 & 1 6	2 6 & 3 0	1 3 & 1 6	1 0	1 3	2 6 & 3 0
M. McAulay	1 6	1 8	1 6 & 2 0	3 0	1 0	1 6 & 2 6	1 0	4 0...6 0
Thomas Eccles	1 6	1 8	1 6...2 0	2 0 & 3 6	1 6	1 6	1 0	3 0...7 0
W. Roche	1 6	1 8	1 6	3 0	1 6	1 6	1 0	5 0
Mr. McKenny	2 6...3 0	2 0	1 6 & 2 0	3 0	1 6	1 6	1 0	no charge
E. Hayes	1 6 & 3 0	2 0	1 6...2 0	2 0 & 3 6	1 6	1 6	1 0	3 0...5 0
W. Rathbone	3 0	2 0	1 6	3 0	1 6	1 6	1 0	3 0...5 0
Mr. Parry	1 6	1 8	1 0	2 0	1 6	1 0	1 3	no charge
O. Sullivan	1 8	1 8	1 6	2 6	1 3	1 6	1 2	3 0...5 0
Thomas Cotter	1 8	1 8	1 6	2 6	1 3	1 6	1 2	3 0...5 0
Thomas Finn	2 0	1 8	1 6	3 0	1 6	1 6	1 0	no charge
Royal Victoria	1 6	1 6	1 6	2 6	1 3	1 6	1 0	3 0...5 0
William Roche	1 8	1 8	1 6	2 6	1 3	1 6	1 0	no charge
Tore View	1 6	1 6	1 6	1 8	1 0	1 6	1 0	no charge
Royal Hibernian	1 6	1 6	1 6	1 8	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 0
KILKENNY.—Railway	1 6	1 6	1 6	1 8	1 0	1 6	1 0	no charge
KILLALOE.—Albert	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0...2 6	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 0
KENMARE.—Lansdowne Arms	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 6	1 0	no charge
KILKEE.—Moore's	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 6	1 0	no charge
LIMERICK.—Moore's	1 6	1 6	1 0	1 6...2 6	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 6...5 0
Cruise	2 0...2 6	1 8...2 0	1 0	2 6...3 6	1 0	1 6...2 0	1 0	2 6
LONDONDERRY.—Imperial	1 6...2 0	1 6	1 6	2 0...2 6	1 0	1 6	1 0	3 0
LARNE.—King's Arms	2 0	1 6	1 6	2 0	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 6
MALLOW.—Queen's Arms	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 6	1 0	3 0
MULLINGAR.—York	1 8	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 6
MACROOM.—Queen's Arms	1 8	from 1 6	from 1 8	from 1 8	1 0	1 6	1 3	3 0
ROSSTREVOR.—Hill's	1 6	1 6	1 6	2 6	1 3	1 6	2 6	2 6
ROUNDSTONE.—Kelly's	1 6	1 6	1 6	2 6	1 3	1 6	2 6	2 6
TARBERT.—Gallagher's	1 6	1 6	1 6	2 6	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 6
TRALEE.—Blennerhasset Arms	1 6	1 6	1 6	2 0	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 6
TUAM.—Daly's Jennings'	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 6	1 3	2 6...4 0
WESTPORT.—Eagle	1 8...2 0	1 8...2 0	0 9...1 0	2 0...3 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 6...3 0
Daly's Royal Mail	1 6	1 8	1 0	2 0 & 3 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 6
WICKLOW.—Newrath Bridge	1 6	1 8	1 0	2 0 & 3 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 6
Wooden Bridge								

Detailed particulars of the principal Hotels in the foregoing list will be found in the advertising pages of this Volume.

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11

1

IRELAND

OF THE RAILWAYS

English Miles - 1/4 - 1/2 - 3/4 - 1

Scale 1:100,000



THE

IRISH TOURIST'S HAND-BOOK.

INTRODUCTION.

THOUGH Ireland is the subject-matter of these pages, the introductory journey thither abounds in attractions unsurpassed in Great Britain. Were the scenic beauties of the sister country less striking and diversified, their eulogists might well dread the criticism of travellers fresh from the most picturesque portions of North Wales, beginning with Chester itself [the common starting-point of those about to commence these tours], which is unlike any other place in the United Kingdom; and the reader will hardly have been within its singular precincts, before he desire to make as minute an exploration as time permits of its quaint and curious peculiarities. So, too, with the storied towns and towers of Conway and of Bangor. Both teem with historic interest, and are scarcely less remarkable for the natural beauties in the midst of which they are placed, than for the evidences of modern engineering skill of two different orders that enrich their neighbourhood—Telford's and Stephenson's Bridges. Both these are now eclipsed by the still more unique and stupendous *chef-d'œuvre* of the latter genius, the famous structure across the Menai Straits, which, in its turn, is thrown completely into the shade by his amazing two mile tubular bridge, the Victoria, across the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, in connexion with that magnificent undertaking—the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. In 1852, we gave a detailed account of the whole line between Chester and Holyhead; but the Tourist Tickets have so familiarised the public with the route and its "lions" now, and the necessity for reserving every possible space for Ireland is so great, that we at once proceed thither. Without pausing to repeat our preliminary disquisitions on the pleasure traffic between that country and this, and which, indeed, the first annual experience of the Tourist Ticket System, with the half-million visitors supervening upon it, would render in a great degree obsolete already, we shall assume that the reader has reached the Irish metropolis. Our description of it would, under any circumstances, be brief; but we the less regret this being the case just now, as all Dublin bibliopoles, in preparation of the myriads of visitors to last year's Exhibition, had guide-books of every size and price, to suit all purchasers; consequently, it can be no sacrifice to the most economical to refer him to such auxiliaries for whatever particulars the annexed pages may fail to furnish.

DUBLIN exhibits features which surprise the English visitor not a little, both on arrival and after some short stay. Quitting perhaps the vast British Babylon, and passing through several great manufacturing and commercial towns, he sees abundant wealth and prosperity; but having once left London, he scarcely expects, with the exception perhaps of Oxford and Edinburgh, any architectural magnificence, least of all, in Ireland. Hence Dublin challenges his admiration, and originates a respect for Ireland and her people, which a closer intimacy almost always confirms, if political causes exercise no baleful influence. It is curious, that from France, Russia, and Germany—the several corn-trading ports of the Levant—*artistes* from Italy—in short, all foreigners, seem at home in Dublin, as compared with any other British city. The reason is, that Dublin possesses many architectural continental characteristics. Most of the public buildings are so situate with respect to each other, as to be viewed from one point. To see this urban scenery in its most attractive aspect, we would say, select an early summer's morning, or a bright moonlight night; stand at the centre balustrade of Carlisle Bridge, and then, turn what way you will, a view is presented, scarcely to be surpassed by anything of the kind elsewhere. North stretches the noble mall of Sackville-street, whose vast width is not so perceptible as it otherwise would be, owing to the cut granite Doric pillar of Nelson, 110 feet high, occupying the centre. Of graceful proportions, the shaft springs from a square pediment, approached by a flight of steps. On each face of the pediment is inscribed the name of one of the hero's greater victories; and a flag is exhibited on the anniversary of each, viz., St. Vincent, Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar. A spiral stair winds through the pillar to the top, whereon the statue is placed. The platform at the summit is enclosed by a high railing; and from this spot may be enjoyed a magnificent view of Dublin and its environs. Admission may be had, at any hour of the day, on payment of a few pence to the porter. Further north still extends the imposing vista of Sackville-street, to where the view is shut in by the foliage of the Rotunda Gardens, and by the houses of Cavendish-row, over which St. George's Church displays its graceful spire. The always stately aspect of this noble street has been enhanced by some recent additions in the vicinity of the General Post-office, at the opposite side of the thoroughfare. A spacious building adjoining the Imperial Hotel, and in symmetrical keeping with it in structure, has been erected. Next the Hotel, to the north, now stands the Palace Mart—palatial indeed in its proportions, and scarcely less so in the costliness of its contents—of the firm of McSweeney, Delany and Co. This vast building presents one of the most beautiful specimens of street architecture to be seen in the United Kingdom. The *façade* and frontal decorations are in the florid Italian style. The edifice occupies a wide extent of frontage, and rises to an elevation of seventy-three feet. The interior, which is devoted to the purposes of a monster mart for drapery, silk-mercery, &c., is fitted up in a style of perfect sumptuousness, but with a refinement which eschews the vulgarity of tawdriness that so often shocks the taste in some of the mammoth establishments of a like kind in the British metropolis. The edifice was constructed from the admirable design of William Deane Butler, on whose artistic skill and fastidiousness it reflects infinite credit, and was completed in a marvellously short space of time, at a cost of £25,000—an investment which speaks significantly of the commercial spirit no less than the pecuniary resources of the Dublin traders.

Tuning southward, the view, though somewhat narrowed, is scarcely less

interesting. Westmoreland-street and D'Olier-street, beautiful in the stately symmetry of their construction—the latter offering a peep at the Provost's Garden and of one of the side-wings of Trinity College, while the former presents a side view of the *façade* of the College front on one hand, and a segment of the splendid colonnade of the Bank of Ireland on the other. Eastward rolls the Liffey to the sea, and between the tapering masts of the merchant vessels rises the Custom House. Westward from the bridge the eye passes up the river, flowing between its walls of hewn mountain granite, which form the frontage of the quays, and spanned midway between Carlisle Bridge and Essex Bridge by a graceful arch of hammered iron, for foot passengers only, at a toll of a halfpenny. The winding of the stream shuts out its course, precluding further view; but the impression produced by the panorama thus described from the centre of Carlisle Bridge is not easily forgotten.

Westward, again, comes old-fashioned, solidly-built Essex Bridge, beyond which, to the right, appears the new Presbyterian Church, in the Norman-Gothic, well worth a visit. Proceeding along Upper Ormond's Quay, we approach one of the principal lions, viz:—

The FOUR COURTS, occupying a large frontage, facing the river, and crowned with a majestic dome, and constituting, perhaps, one of the noblest structures of the kind in Europe. Its front, occupying 450 feet, consisting of a central building, at either side of which is a spacious quadrangle, with the various law-offices around forming the wings, enclosed by arcade screens of cut stone, surmounted by a rich balustrade, each wing having a magnificent gateway, arched and decorated with emblematic designs. The front of the central building has a fine portico of six Corinthian pillars, with corresponding pilasters in the rear, supporting a rich pediment admirably designed, and surmounted also by emblematic statues. The apex of the pediment is crowned by a figure of the great Mosaic lawgiver, at either side Justice and Mercy. At each extremity of the front are placed Wisdom and Authority, recumbent figures. The centre forms a square of 140 feet, within which is described a circle of 64 feet in diameter, the four principal courts radiating to the angles of the square, the intervals between each occupied as chambers for the judges, &c. The interior of the hall has long been the theme of just admiration.

The noble line of quays extends from the North Wall Light-house to the gate of the Phoenix Park, three miles on one side, whilst on the opposite they reach from King's Bridge at the Great South and Western Railway terminus, to the extreme end of the great South Wall at Dublin-bar Light-house, a distance of nearly six miles. The houses along the line of quays are well and regularly built, and in the palmier days of Dublin's commercial prosperity, obtained high rents as places of business; but the value of such property along the banks of the Liffey has become sadly deteriorated, chiefly by reason of the noxious effluvia arising from the bed of the river at low water, and created by the *débris* of the great city sewers which open into the river. Plans have been recently submitted to the Dublin Sanatory Association, and also to the town council, by Mr. Jasper Wheeler Rogers, for remedying this evil, and also for improving the sewerage system generally, and should these plans be adopted, application will be made to government for aid to carry them into effect. Fronting Arran Quay is the handsome Roman Catholic parochial church of St. Paul's, surmounted by a tower containing a full peal of bells, by Sheridan of Dublin—a name of more than

national repute in this branch of handieraft, in which, by the way, the Hibernian metropolis exceeds every place in the world at present, and indeed supplies ecclesiastical and other structures in most foreign countries with them.

GENERAL POST-OFFICE, the aspect of which is more or less familiar, even to those who have never before been in Dublin. inasmuch as this section of the city is the one which is most usually represented in the various engraved views of Dublin—stands on the west side of Sackville-street, occupying a frontage of 223 feet, and extending backwards 150 feet, exclusive of the large area or coach-yard to the rear. It was designed by Francis Johnson, in the vice-royalty of Earl Whitworth, who laid the foundation-stone in 1815, and finished in a single year, at a cost of about £50,000.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE (which ranks next to the Bank, and cost £546,000), is a very extensive, modern, and appropriately handsome building, universally admired; its fine river-front, 375 feet, with Doric portico, dome 125 feet high (topped by a statue of Hope, by Banks), being considered very striking. Within it are carried on the work of the Government Boards of Excise, Customs, Stamps, Public Works, and Poor-Law Commissioners.

THE CITY HALL, best known as the Royal Exchange, Cork-hill, crowns the height which commands the vista of Parliament-street, viewed from which its aspect is highly striking. The visitor will scarcely leave this building without first pausing to admire its splendid hall, whose graceful proportions have been in a great degree marred by the closing up of the spaces between the pillars which sustain the dome, in order to form offices for the various departments of municipal business, thus sacrificing much of the classic beauty of this fine structure to the spirit of economic convenience. The spaces between the pillars are occupied by statues in marble, comprising one of George III. by Van Nost, one of Thomas Drummond, late chief secretary for Ireland, by Hogan, one of Henry Grattan by Chantrey, and a colossal figure of O'Connell by Hogan, and also Roubillac's celebrated statue of Doctor Lucas: the whole group forming an interesting study for the lover of art. Returning through the handsome thoroughfare of Dame-street, we come at once into the most striking part of Central Dublin. Right before us stands the venerable front of Trinity College. In the centre of College Green, elevated on a lofty pedestal, is the equestrian statue of William III. To the left, and forming the entire side of College Green on that side, is the magnificent

BANK OF IRELAND, where formerly assembled the Irish Parliament. Commenced in Lord Carteret's vice-royalty, it was completed in ten years, but found too small, and the eastern and western fronts added. The whole was finished in 1794, at a cost of £95,000; and when, in 1800, the act of the Legislative Union was passed, the structure was purchased by the Bank of Ireland Company for the strangely small sum of £4,000, with a rent of £240 a year. Since then, Bank business has been carried on here, and as a bank establishment all that is to be observed is, that the building is unique in this respect, that it is semi-circular in its frontage, being constructed in reference to its peculiar site, and that site being the corner of a street. Professional architects of all nations have rivalled one another in their eulogies of the remarkable beauty of its exterior; but the interior, in its arrangements, betrays many incongruities. Extraordinary as it may seem, the original architect is unknown.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—The buildings of the University of Ireland consist of

three spacious quadrangles, comprising, as separate buildings, the Chapel, designed by Sir W. Chambers;—the Refectory, in the dining-hall of which are the well-known portraits of Flood, Burgh, Grattan, and other eminent Irishmen;—the Library, one of the finest rooms in Europe applied to that purpose, and containing 30,000 volumes, there being in addition the Fagel Library (18,000 volumes), a celebrated Holland collection purchased by the University:—and a Manuscript Room, crowded with valuable records, in particular relating to Irish history, including a copy of the Brehon Laws, Mary Queen of Scots' Sallust of the 15th century, with her name and Queen Victoria's in it: Book of Kells, with Victoria and Albert's names; Wickliffe's MSS., etc.; also Brian Boru's oak harp, 32 inches high;—the Magnetic Observatory, the Printing House, the large building devoted to the accommodation of students, and several smaller edifices, the whole abutting on, and partly enclosed in gardens, and what is called the College Park, a space of about 20 acres. The Museum is open to strangers presenting their cards, and among many extraordinary rarities, it boasts three most perfect skeletons of the great fossil deer of Ireland (two males and a female), and a series of horns of this mighty mammal from an early age to the maximum size; and here also is to be seen the largest collection of Irish birds and fishes yet brought together.

The College, founded by Queen Elizabeth, dates from 1592. Its privileges and endowments have been greatly increased by subsequent monarchs; and there are now on the foundation the Provost, 7 Senior Fellows, 23 Junior Fellows (besides 4 Fellowships, and 6 Fellowships and Lectureships recently founded by the College), professors of divinity, law, medicine, history, and mathematics, and of various ancient and modern languages, 75 scholars, and 30 sizars. The students have increased of late years, and now range between 1,300 and 1,400. The University is open to all creeds. Unlike Oxford and Cambridge, the Fellows are allowed to marry—a boon conferred by her present gracious Majesty, and extensively availed of. The University returns two members to Parliament, namely, Mr. Napier, late Irish Attorney-General (a pupil in rhetoric of his celebrated countryman, Sheridan Knowles, author of "Virgilius," "The Hunchback," etc.), and Mr. G. A. Hamilton, late Secretary to the Treasury, and formerly an eminent member of this Alma Mater.

Our glance at Dublin now must embrace very heterogeneous objects, for it is outside of the capital that our province of guide really begins. In the neighbourhood of the College is the Royal Irish Institution, a handsome building, originally erected for the exhibition of painting, and is at present identified with the sister art—music—it being here that the Wilhelm vocal system is carried on, under the direction of Professor Glover. In Kildare-street, not far from the College and Bank, the halls of the Royal Society of Dublin claim attention, in the great variety of curiosities, pictures, and models, with which they are filled.

THE CASTLE, the ancient seat of the vice-regal government, to which rumours of plots and insurrections have been so often brought by terror-stricken spies or remorseful participators, is in the midst of the old or southern division of the city. It consists of two courts, containing certain public offices, and the apartments of state used by the Lord-Lieutenant. In the lower court is the charming Gothic Castle Chapel, a beautifully-constructed and beautifully-furnished modern place of worship, the whole materials of which are of Irish production, and which cost above £40,000. The service

performed here every Sunday forenoon, graced as it is by the finest vocal and instrumental music, while a rich "religious light" streams through stained windows, and is reflected from the gorgeous stalls of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, is one of the most attractive things in Dublin. The state-apartments are in the taste of the middle of the last century, and are elegant, but not conspicuous for grandeur. In one is a bust of Chesterfield, Lord-Lieutenant in 1715. The ball-room, St. Patrick's Hall, is spacious, the ceiling ornamented with pictures, representing transactions in local history.

In Ireland, old ecclesiastical structures are usually more curious for antiquity than beauty. Accordingly, the exterior of St. Patrick's and Christ Church, the two cathedrals of Dublin, appears ungainly to an eye fresh from Westminster or Melrose. In the former, nevertheless, the interior of the choir impresses every mind by its lofty proportions, its solemn monuments, and the dark stalls and niches, surmounted with helmets and banners of knights of St. Patrick. The predominant thought is—Swift. We look for his dwelling as we approach, and for his tomb when we enter—such is the power which genius has of fixing the feelings of men for all time upon every external thing connected with it! The deanery still exists in St. Kevin-street, containing the portrait of Swift, from which all the engraved likenesses have been derived. The streets immediately surrounding St. Patrick's Cathedral are the meanest and vilest in the city.

At the western extremity of Dublin, north of the river, is the celebrated Phoenix Park, about 1,400 acres, greatly exceeding any in London, and it is questionable if even the Regent's Park, after all the expense incurred, will ever match this domain in beauty. The ground is undulating, covered with fine old timber and shrubbery, amidst which are the domestic residences of the Lord-Lieutenant and principal officers, and a tall unsightly unfinished obelisk in honour of Wellington. An admirable Zoological Garden has lately been added to the other attractions of the Park, respecting which, and the aspect of Dublin generally, we must quote Sir Francis Head:—"What I most admired are its magnificent lungs. In a four-mile heat it would inevitably beat any metropolis on the surface of the globe. One of its lungs has an area of not less than seventeen acres, while the other is composed of large healthy squares of from twelve to ten, eight, and six acres each. There may be a want of trade, a want of unanimity, a want of brotherly love between this creed and that—there may even be a want of potatoes—but there is no want in Dublin, and there never can be, of an abundant supply of good, wholesome, pure air."

INSTITUTIONS AND TRADE, &c.—Dublin possesses a number of beneficiary institutions, conducted on a scale of great liberality; likewise several religious and educational societies, whose operations are extended over the whole kingdom. The trade refers chiefly to home consumption; and is not distinguished as the seat of any manufacture, excepting tabinets or poplins. For these it is justly eminent; and, pre-eminent amongst numerous deserving competitors, stands the celebrated house of Atkinson, College-green, whose *materiel*, workmanship, and continuous novelty of design, eliciting, as they so worthily did on the occasion of the late Royal visit, the marked personal approbation of her Majesty, have carried the fame of the country for these peculiar commodities to a greater height, and in a more universal circle, even than at any previous period. Like Mulholland's in the linen trade, at Belfast, Atkinson's is the great name in the poplin and tabinet trade of Dublin. The business-promptitude and punctuality of their transactions,

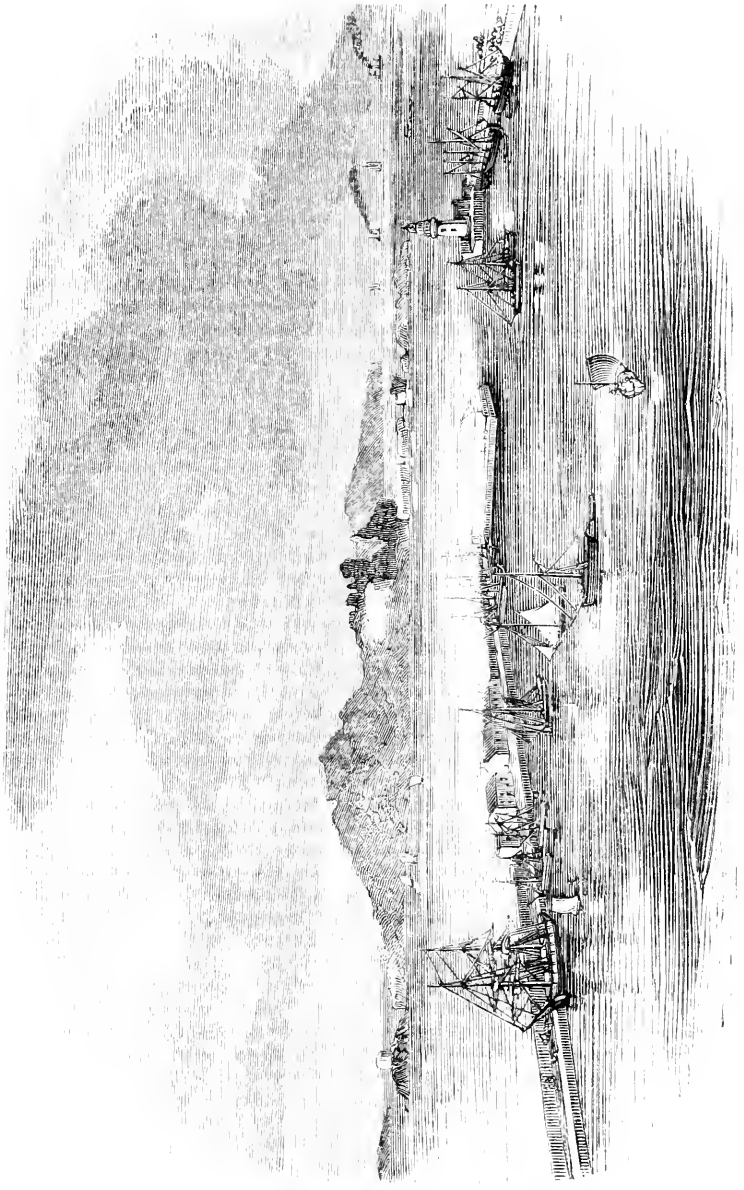
and the liberality of their dealings, most favourably impress all customers, while their courtesy in explaining the process of manufacture to inquirers not purchasing affords to the stranger an exalted, but only an accurate idea, of the intelligent communicativeness of the Dublin *bourgeoisie*. Messrs. Atkinson's productions have ever found marked favour with the English nobility, more especially among the Royal Family, and, in a particular degree, from her Majesty herself, who not only gives large orders on the occasions of her visits to the Irish metropolis, but evinces her appreciation of their fabrics by wearing them on state occasions; as, for instance, at the levee in March last, her train was composed of a poplin, with the rose, thistle, and shamrock elaborately tissueed in gold; and at the first drawing-room of the present season she appeared in another dress of the same material, but of a still more costly character, both procured by her last year. Another species of manufacture for which Dublin is justly famous is that in bog-oak, arbutus, and Killarney woods. In these, Mr. Goggins, of Nassau-street, holds the same rank as Atkinson, in cabinets. In our last year's edition, under the head of Killarney, we said that his "manufactory was on so very extensive a scale, and abounded in such varied evidences of artistic taste and judgment in the adaptation of the material, as to constitute the workshops one of the lions of the city. The establishment has now been carried on upwards of a quarter of a century, superintended by the proprietor himself, to whose courtesy we refer the tourist either on arriving in Dublin, or returning thither from the south." Since then his productions at the Irish Exhibition have carried his reputation far higher than before. Some specimens of tables and general cabinet-ware, in particular, almost rival the finest buhl and marquetric, owing to the combinations and contrasts of the various woods for inlaying, the exquisite polish of which they are susceptible, and the rare ingenuity and finish that distinguished the workmanship, which might challenge comparison with Chinese ivory carving; the designs, too, being most graceful and appropriate to the uses of the articles, some of which have been deemed remarkable enough to be engraved in the higher class illustrated English periodicals, where they deservedly excited much admiration. A third branch of native manufacture, that in brooches, copied in silver or gold from the ancient Irish, is carried to great perfection by Messrs. Waterhouse, the Queen's silversmiths, who have created quite an extensive trade by their modern revival of this exquisite antique *bijouterie*, which has the merit not only of being "beautiful exceedingly" in itself, and altogether unlike what is to be met with anywhere else, but show to them, in the most unmistakable manner, the high state of civilisation, refinement, and luxury the Irish had attained at a period when England had hardly emerged from the incipient stages of utter barbarism. Not only in elegance of form and costliness of composition, but in delicacy of execution, the Templar and Tara and other brooches reproduced by Messrs. Waterhouse, rival the finest ancient Byzantine, Maltese, or Venetian handicraft of a like kind; and the marked patronage bestowed upon them by her Majesty and Prince Albert, both in 1852 and again, still more emphatically, last year, should alone stamp their character as works of art, independent of their otherwise great popularity, not only among the native nobility, but those of Great Britain and many on the continent, including the Empress of the French—herself, indeed, of Irish descent. Generally speaking, the larger shops in the Irish metropolis are distinguished by much splendour and taste, as we have already said in describing the leviathan

caravansary in Sackville-street, in a preceding page. Some of them equal the very finest in London, and eclipse those of any city in England or Scotland, unless perhaps it be Jeffery and Morrish's superb and most multifarious pile of mercantile edifices in *Liverpool*, known as *Compton House*, the extent and magnificence of whose imposing exterior are only surpassed by the endless variety and profusion of its contents, and the perfectly systematised order and simplicity that pervade its vast labyrinthine compartments,



LONG HOLE, IRELAND'S EYE, SCENE OF THE KIRWAN MURDER. DRAWN BY MAROBY.

each an extensive department in itself, and forming in the aggregate probably the most complete illustration of the administrative genius of retail trade to be found in this "nation of shopkeepers." There is small foreign export from Dublin. Its principal imports are—timber, from the Baltic; tallow, hemp, and tar, from Russia, at an end for the present; wine and fruits, from France, Spain, and Portugal; tobacco, bark, and spices, from Holland; and sugar from the West Indies. These, however, are increasing.



HOWTH HARBOUR AND IRELAND'S BAY, FROM THE HILL OF HOWTH.

and especially the important commerce with England, chiefly through Liverpool, to whose market there are now vast exports of native produce. Though the Liffey forms the port, vessels of large burden and steamboats prefer Kingston Harbour (formerly Dunleary), at the mouth of the bay, which is constructed on a magnificent scale, and is readily reached by railway (as elsewhere explained). At the opposite side of the bay from Kingston is Howth, whose celebrated "Hill" forms a very distinguishing landmark. This, with other features of that locality, will be found described in the Wicklow chapter. The little islet at one side of the entrance of Dublin Bay, called "Ireland's Eye," was the scene of a well-known tragedy, the remembrance of which is sufficiently vivid to render it needless that we should do more than leave our artist to indicate its whereabouts. Should the tourist desire to inspect the scene of the atrocious occurrence, he will proceed to the terminus of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, which has a branch line to Howth, north-east of the city, eight miles distant, and remarkable in many respects for position and baronial and ecclesiastical ruins. Howth Castle, the residence of the earls of that name since the reign of Henry II., contains the sword of Tristram, the Dane-destroying founder of the family; the portrait of Swift, and many other interesting objects. Near it are the ruins of St. Mary's Church (1228); and the alleged abbey, close to the sea, is said to have been founded (though it must have been much later), by Sitric the Dane, in 1038, whose countrymen committed terrible havoc all along these shores. The large but now long-disused harbour of Howth, where George IV. landed in 1821, has cost nearly half a million since Rennie began it in 1807. Our Northern tour makes further mention of the vicinage; and here we merely add that from the high-road leading from the church to the town, the tourist may obtain beautiful views of the adjacent coast; also of Ireland's Eye, a mile from Howth harbour, and access to it can readily be had by boats. It is about a mile in circumference, principally composed of quartz; rises pyramidically to a considerable elevation, and contains the ruins of a very small ancient building, said to have been erected in 570, by St. Nessan; also a martello tower. The lower lands afford good pasturage; and seals and sea-birds frequent the rocks.

Howth has more recently been rendered again painfully interesting by the wreck of the Queen Victoria steamer, from Liverpool to Dublin, on the night of the 15th of February, 1853, she having ran on shore on the rocks outside the Bailey light-house during a tremendous snow-storm. Nearly sixty persons, including the captain (Church), perished; and almost as many more would have been lost but for the fortunate assistance rendered by the Roscommon, Dublin and Holyhead steamer, and the bravery of some of the passengers. A new hotel has been built at Howth by Mr. Costelloe, under the patronage of the noble proprietor of the district, conducted on an extensive and admirable scale, and designed for the especial comfort and accommodation of tourist visitors. The site commands superb views of the bay scenery, and its general arrangements are of the best order, as multitudinous visitors found last year during the Dublin Exhibition.

The tourist, who desires to make the best use of his time, will commence an early acquaintance with the Irish jaunting-car, which may be hired at reasonable rates. Cabriolets, on the London plan, have been introduced lately, and, for many purposes, are preferable to the cars; but the old national vehicle still continues a favourite with many.

Returning thus to the Irish capital, but only for a valedictory word, we

have merely to add that the resident gentry of Dublin now amount to about 2,000 families, including clergymen and physicians, besides nearly an equal number of lawyers and attorneys, who principally reside there. The families engaged in trade and commerce are calculated at about 5,000, and the whole may yield a population of 60,000 or 70,000 in the higher and middle ranks. The change which has taken place, even were it injurious to commercial prosperity, has, perhaps, in an equal proportion, proved beneficial to public morals; the general character of the inhabitants, once gay and dissipated, is now more serious and religious, and sums formerly lavished on expensive pleasures are now converted to more exalted purposes. Formerly there were seven theatres well-supported; at present, the only one which remains—a very elegant one, wherein the drama has ever been worthily represented—is thinly attended. Club-houses and gaming-tables are nearly deserted; and even among the lower classes, vice of every kind has visibly diminished. In 1831, the population was 204,155; in 1841, it was 238,351; in 1851, 254,850.

In respect to the Exhibition itself, the unparalleled munificence of its projector, Mr. William Dargan, the royal recognition of his patriotism and liberality, by the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to his private residence, and the various other memorable incidents in connexion with the objects and the results of the undertaking—these are matters of history, known to the whole reading public of the United Kingdom; and they who desire to refresh their memory with the details, are referred to the admirable little volume of the head financial officer, Mr. T. P. Jones, entitled, “The Record of the Great Industrial Exhibition,” which in itself is a record of industrial skill, ingenuity, and good taste, in every way worthy of the transactions it so modestly, but so lucidly commemorates.

This at least demonstrates that, notwithstanding the exodus,* its depopulating effect has not yet been very perniciously felt in the capital; while the progressing mercantile prosperity of the trading and operative classes reprove the dictum of the great oracle of political economy, Mr. M'Culloch, who assigns for the decay of Dublin the apparently-cogent reason, that it has no requisite for the successful pursuit of manufactures, being without coal and without the command of water-power.

With these observations we must now remit the reader to a personal perambulation of the Irish capital, preceded, or otherwise, as he may feel disposed, by a perusal of the more diffuse local publications spoken of. For the suburbs of Dublin, we refer to the four routes leading through them. We ought to mention—and it is to be regretted that George Robins is not alive to appreciate the compliment so conveyed to that finest of fine arts—advertising—that the Irish hotel-keepers, in their numerous announcements at the end of this volume, have communicated exceedingly useful information to tourists, who, whenever at a loss for instruction for the exploration of any particular neighbourhood, cannot do better than resort to the hotel-keeper. Unlike his tribe elsewhere, the Hibernian Boniface is by no means uniformly influenced by personal considerations when his assistance is so sought by the stranger.

* A new stimulus and a new direction have lately been imparted to Irish emigration by the conviction which long and multiplied experience has afforded, that Canada is the true Promised Land for the British, and especially the Irish labourer, and, unlike Australia, may be cheaply and speedily reached.

FIRST TOUR.—WICKLOW.

WICKLOW has ever been looked upon as the garden of Ireland. And it is likely to remain the inviolate paradise of the picturesque, without much fear of the obtrusion of that demon of utilitarianism which affrighted the dying muse of the bard of Rydal in the shape of the Kendal and Windermere:—

Is, then, no nook of British ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure,
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish; how can they this blight endure?
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful rominee
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your streng
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

True, a railway is now completed into Wicklow; but it will still leave its peculiar features secure from the profanation apprehended by the poet.

The district of Wicklow County is the one to which attention is in most instances first directed after arrival in Dublin. If landing from Holyhead in the day-time, we watch with delight the magnificent Bay, the harbour of Kingstown, and the bold headland of Bray beetling over the waves. On the other side of the Bay looms the rounded promontory of Howth, with its snug harbour and picturesque lighthouse. Having arrived in Dublin, and being about to enter Wicklow, the stranger has but to proceed to the terminus of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, now just completed. Proceeding by this line, it is optional to leave the train at any of the intermediate stations, for the purpose of exploring the various remarkable localities. The central course pursued by the rail brings us within short distances of all the storied spots in this fine county celebrated for scenic beauty or antiquarian relics. It is competent, after making each *détour* of this kind, to return to the station where the traveller may have got out, or advance to a station further on, according as distance or convenience may suggest. Where time is an object, this railway presents features entitling it to preference as a means of seeing Wicklow scenery, and of enjoying views of its many attractions within the briefest possible period. By it tourists may proceed at once to either Roundwood, New-Town Mount-Kennedy, or any of the other towns in the immediate neighbourhood of the lions of Wicklow, where ample accommodation can be found, and thus the time usually spent by the more tedious as well as expensive route by rail and car to Bray be avoided; thus enabling those pressed for time to economise the day usually spent at Bray (where, after all, but little is to be seen), inspect all that is really worthy of seeing, and return either the same night or next morning.

Hacketstown

Sandyford

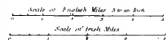
Tinnahely



Map of
THE COUNTY OF
WICKLOW.

with the southern part of
DUBLIN.

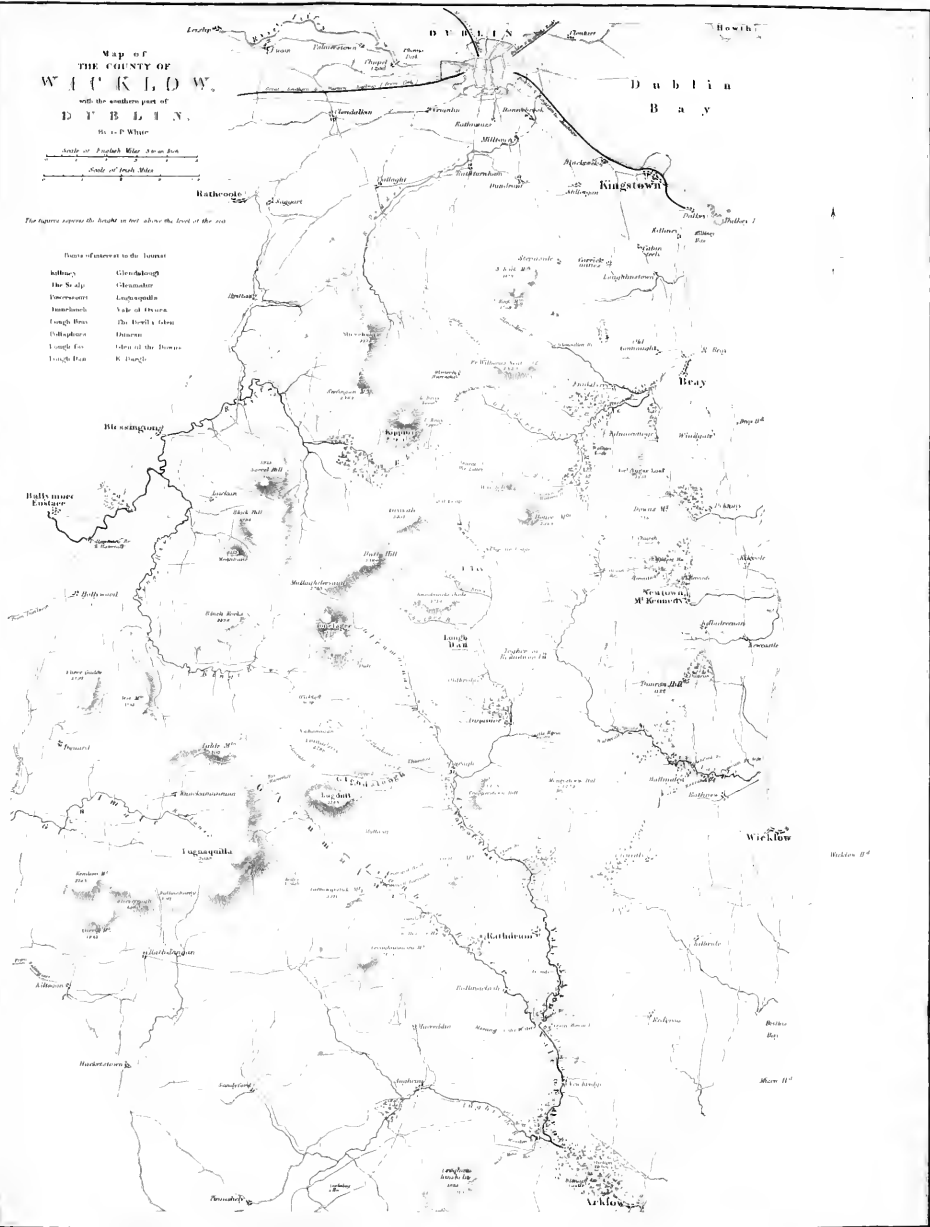
By J. P. White.



The figures express the height in feet above the level of the sea.

Points of interest in the County

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------------|
| Kilbray | Glendalough |
| The S. of S. | Glencanor |
| Downstream | Loughmoe |
| Blackdown | Valley of the Dromedary |
| Lough Breac | The Devil's Glen |
| Clapham | Downstream |
| Lough Fox | Valley of the Dromedary |
| Lough Fox | W. Dromedary |





DRUIDICAL STONE, BALLYRACK, NEAR BRAY, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.

Another route is that by the Dublin and Kingstown Railway to Kingstown, and thence onwards to Bray, in the vicinity of which the first glimpses of the romantic scenery of Wicklow are caught. Twenty minutes by railway brings us to Kingstown, from whence we may proceed by omnibus or car to Bray, whence the tourist can penetrate into the centre of the loveliest scenes in Wicklow. If we arrive in Kingstown too late for the omnibus, two or three jaunting-cars are generally watching to pick up a return-fare to Bray. But it is worth waiting an hour or two, until the starting of the next omnibus, to inspect Kingstown Harbour, perhaps to witness the departure from the jetty of the steamer with the mail for Holyhead, and enjoy many delightful views of the Bay and opposite coast; but, above all, no visitor should neglect proceeding to the heights of Dalkey by the Atmospheric Railway. This ingenious adaptation of the air-pump to the conveyance (at a rate limited only by prudence and the shortness of the trip) of heavy trains, containing hundreds of passengers, challenges the curiosity of the visitor, especially as the Dalkey is the only atmospheric line now at work in the world, and twopence entitles you to a trip. Notwithstanding the failure of the principle on an extensive scale in England, some of our ablest *savans* believe it will yet realise all the original anticipations. It was elaborated here by Mr. J. Pim, and commenced work as a continuation of the Kingstown in 1844. The line (single) takes its course from the Kingstown terminus, through a deep, narrow cutting, over which are numerous bridges, directly upwards to the high ground of Dalkey. In the centre of the tramway, sunk to a convenient level, is a vast iron tube or main-pipe, the air from which is exhausted by a steam-engine at Dalkey. The trains are whirled up-hill with great rapidity, and return with nearly equal swiftness by the mere momentum down-hill.

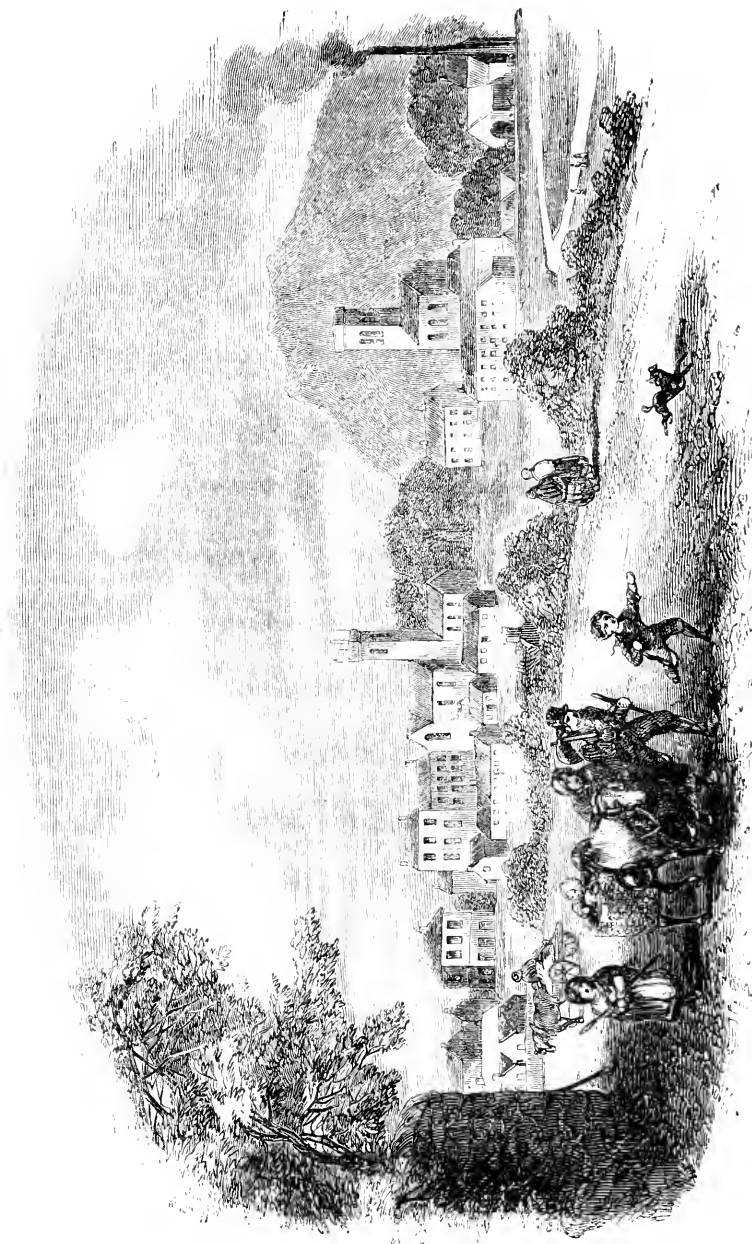
At Dalkey are the granite quarries whence have been procured the massive cubes forming the walls of Kingstown Harbour. The summit of Killiney Hill affords one of the finest coast views imaginable. A return on foot by the sea-side road presents a view of Dalkey Island and Sound—through the fishing village of Bullock—not forgetting an inspection of the fine old pile, Bullock castle—along the shore to Kingstown; where, by the time we arrive from the *détour* to Dalkey, we find the Bray omnibus about to start. In the winter this travels by the cross-road from Kingstown to the mail-coach line at Cabinteely; but in summer through Rochestown Avenue, a thickly-wooded vista, along the base of Killiney Hill to the hamlet of Shaaganagh, where the roads converge. Thus we are enabled to behold a vast tract, the views from along the western slopes of Killiney Hill being highly interesting; and no less so are the singularly attractive remains of the church. If, perchance, accompanied to Dalkey by a middle-aged or elderly citizen of Dublin, the stranger will hear strange Irish tales, especially of *Ireland Sixty Years Ago*—[*Vide* the interesting little book of that name]—in connexion with this once famous focus of metropolitan conviviality, where was established the “Kingdom of Dalkey,” under the “Emperor of the Muglins,” elected annually, and the ceremony duly reported in the *Dalkey Gazette*. But many an English reader is already familiar with the incidents of these comic hilarities, from the preface to Moore’s last edition of his works, wherein the bard tells us how, on one memorable occasion, Incedon was knighted as “Sir Charles Melody” by the “August Muglins,” who, the following morning, offered a large reward in cronebanes (Irish halfpence) to the finder of his Majesty’s crown, which,

owing to his having "measured both sides of the road" in his pedestrian progress the preceding night, had, unluckily, fallen from the royal brow. A casual inspection of Dalkey will also be pertinent in these times of warlike apprehension, not only because the diminutive island was once defended by no less than seven castles, three of which remain, but because the traveller, fresh, mayhap, from Cockneydom, will here make an acquaintance with martello-towers—once considered a potent repellent of external aggression, and which may again, probably, become a popular specific against Russian invasion, and for other reasons needless to be named.

The second route to Bray is the road through Ballsbridge, Merrion, Williamstown, and Blackrock—where it branches off from the coast, and taking a more southerly direction, leads through the village of Cabinteely, in whose neighbourhood are charming villa residences, and an interesting cromlech, or Druids' altar, in fine preservation. As described in Wakeman's "Irish Antiquities," and depicted by our artist, its dimensions are considerable. The covering stone measures in length nine, in breadth seven, and in thickness three and-a-half feet, and is supported on four stones, the highest part being nine feet above the level of the adjoining field. From the road beyond Cabinteely, are fine views of the Three-rock mountain, and of the bold ridge of Shankhill. Soon after passing Cabinteely cross-roads comes a vast common, of about 120 acres, the British encampment in 1795, and where also the army of James II. bivouaced five days after the battle of the Boyne, and on the brow of Shankhill mountain is a ruin called "Puck's Castle," wherein he is said to have rested during that time. Passing by the ancient ruins of Tully Church, and numerous Druidical and other antiquarian remains, we soon arrive at Loughlins-town, on the hill above which is the workhouse, not quite so destructive of the picturesque as its unromantic associations might suggest. From this slope we view the rich villa-studded plain towards Bray. To the left, Killiney Hill, Dalkey Island, a section of the Bay, with Howth in the distance: to the right, the wooded heights of Old Connaught, with its patrician residences peeping from lofty and antique trees, whose leafy verdure so fitly symbolised the green old age of the most distinguished resident amongst them—the patriarchal Plunket, who at ninety fully retained those extraordinary faculties that commanded the admiration of three successive generations, until the present year, 1854. Onwards through a lovely country, we pass the handsome church and village of Little Bray; and, finally, crossing the river dividing Wicklow and Dublin, we arrive at the town of Bray, which in itself contains little to interest the traveller, whatever may be said of the beauty of the vicinage.

Another road from Dublin to Bray passes through renowned Donnybrook, and Stillorgan, joining the other roads at Cabinteely. Along it at the Dublin side are the beautiful demesnes of Nutley, Montrose, Woodville, St. Helen's, The Priory, Stillorgan-park, Carysport, Leopardstown, &c. At a long distance to the right, on this road, may be seen an obelisk, 100 feet in height, built by Sir Pigot Piers, Bart., in 1740, for the sole purpose of employing the poor, setting an example, of which mention will be made hereafter.

BRAY PROPER is a straggling kind of village of the better sort, possessing few or no evidences of industrial activity. The houses of the principal street are so built as to shut out the sea-view. Bray and its



THE TOWN OF BRAY, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.



POWERSCOURT WATERFALL, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.

vicinity are chiefly remarkable as constituting the *sojour* of newly-married couples—when the charges of taverns and lodging-house keepers are graduated according to the observable intensity of affection and mutual bliss evinced by each happy pair; so that everything in Bray is—Dear, dearer, and dearest.

The following programme is submitted of a four days' tour—the tourist having the option of returning each evening to Dublin by railway:—
 1st Day—From Bray to the Dargle, through Powerscourt demesne to Lough Bray, Waterfall, Killough, through Hollybrook (house and demesne), round Bray Head, and into Dublin. 2nd Day—From Bray through Kilrudeerly demesne, through Bellevue demesne, Glen of Downs, Tinnypark, Hermitage demesne, Devil's Glen, and Newrath Bridge. 3rd Day—From Newrath Bridge to Avondale, Castle Howard, Shelton Abbey, round by Arklow to Ballyarthur, and to the Wooden Bridge. 4th Day—From Wooden Bridge through Vale of Oveoa, Meeting of Waters, Rathdrum, Vale of Clara, Seven Churches, Luggelaw, thence by Sugar Loaf to Dublin.

For the benefit of excursion ticket-holders, we will here address ourselves to the consideration of these several localities:—

THE DARGLE.—The journey to this loveliest of sylvan solitudes should be commenced at an early hour. The tourist is conveyed over Bray bridge, and travels for a short space through a section of the extreme eastern end of the county of Dublin. He drives along the mail-coach road for about two miles, and then diverges into the road leading to the Dargle, passing the picturesque grounds and mansion of the Hon. Justice Crampton, and the elegant villa and plantations of the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P. for Wilts, and Secretary at War, who possesses large property in Dublin and Wicklow, and administers it with liberality and discrimination. We soon reach the Dargle—so called from the wild mountain-stream gushing through its weird and beautiful glen, and which is formed by two precipitous hills, clothed from base to apex with oak woods, and an undergrowth of laurestinus and wild myrtle, amidst which the dog-rose, the sweetbriar, and wild woodbine, spread their tendrils. The close approach of the two sides of this ravine, and the vast depth of its leafy solitudes, confer upon it features amounting almost to sublimity. The dense verdure, interspersed with jutting rocks, leaving but dim glimpses visible of the blue sky, added to the roar of the flood, rushing unseen amidst the crags beneath, contribute to the sombre grandeur of the scene. Midway in the wooded depths of the ravine shoots up a lofty cliff, covered with mosses and creeping plants. This cliff at its summit projects across the glen, forming the section of an arch, toppling over the gloomy chasm, where the torrent rushes through. It is known as "The Lover's Leap," and, as its name imports, has a romantic story attached. It is accessible by a winding path, and when gained, the view commands the extent of this richly-wooded dell. Lower down, on the side of the glen, is a rustic seat, thatched over, whence you view a scene of demi-Appenine grandeur. Below yawns a vast chasm, down which leaps headlong a foaming torrent, its fall far beneath being hidden amidst the foliage on either side. Above, tier over tier, rise to an immense height, thickets of evergreen oak, fir, and larch. Sunshine glancing downwards obliquely through this Irish "Valambrosa"—through the flickering leaves, and flashing far below amidst the half-hidden waters—is surpassingly beautiful. That we may guard against the imputation of

rhapsodising, we adduce the fastidious testimony of Mr. Barrow, who, though speaking disdainfully indeed, as we shall see presently, of many local lions, says: "I was more pleased with the Dargle than anything I had seen in Wicklow. It is by far the most beautiful of those several disruptions of the mountains that I have just spoken of. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the beauty of the blended colouring when the autumnal tints are upon the trees." The glen gave shelter to the bards in the reign of the Third Edward, who persecuted them, because of their exciting lyrics calling their countrymen to resist British aggression.

POWERSCOURT.—In the vicinity are Lord Powerscourt's fine pleasure-grounds and house, the most famous attribute of which is the Waterfall, one hundred feet high, two miles and a half from the mansion. When the river is not swollen, the rock is seen in transparency through the thin sheet of water; but after rains the "tumultuous fury of the flood" has something grand in its beauty—an effect which the profound seclusion and the surrounding woods heighten. Nature has here, indeed, scattered beauties with profusest hand; but those who have seen her sterner and loftier moods are not so astounded at the aspect she puts on here as are more domesticated enthusiasts, among whom we class our humble selves. For instance, Mr. Barrow, whom no conventional cant ever lures into the repetition of stereotyped impromptu, thus unsophisticatedly dissipates the poetry wherewith home-bred travellers invest this place, at least in description, if they do not feel all they utter. He says:—"Of the Waterfall, so much extolled by tourists, I thought so little, after the beautiful falls I had seen in Sweden and Norway, that when the driver suddenly stopped, and called my attention to it, 'Is *that* all?' quoth I 'Yes, please your honour; that's all.' 'Then drive on as fast as you please,' an order which seemed to amuse the driver exceedingly, no doubt setting me down as a very tasteless traveller. It showed itself as a mere silvery thread falling perpendicularly down the face of the rock. When George IV. visited Powerscourt, a large reservoir was dug at the summit to give temporary effect to the cascade, but he did not pay it a visit. Though the water is deficient, the accompaniments of rock and wood give to it more grandeur than otherwise it could have any pretensions to." Another observer, Inglis, noted for truthfulness, and familiar, like Barrow, with north of Europe scenery, says: "Powerscourt, whose Waterfall, so much extolled by the Guide Books, pleased me less than the fine vegetation and magnificent timber on the domain through which the road is constructed." But both these distinguished travellers, and, indeed, all others, are unanimous in admiration of beautiful Powerscourt itself, environed with mountains, and possessing every charm of scenery which space, situation, hill and dale, wood and water, can confer, and has been for more than two centuries the residence of the noble Wingfield family. The mansion is of granite, containing, among other fine apartments, a noble hall, eighty feet by forty, in which George IV. was entertained in 1821 by the father of the present Lord Powerscourt. The various beauties of scenery with which this place abounds have furnished materials for volumes, and are yet far from exhausted. Mr. Frazer truly says:—"That, whether we regard its mansion, with its appropriated demesne lands, the beauty and variety of its surface and surrounding scenery, or its adjacent territory of 26,000 statute acres, with woods, rivers, and mountains—glens, valleys, dells, and ravines—Powerscourt may be ranked among the finest of Irish, or even

British residences, and the deer-park in particular. Powerscourt is a Barony, four miles south-west of Bray, and was anciently called Stagonil. It came to the De la Poers through one of Strongbow's followers, who built a castle, which was taken by the O'Tooles and O'Byrnes in 1535, retaken by the English, and given by Henry VIII. to the Talbots; taken by the Kavanaghs in 1556, and given by James I. to Sir R. Wingfield in 1609, who was made Viscount Powerscourt." The Dowager Lady Powerscourt is now Marchioness of Londonderry, and the liberality of her noble lord (better known as Viscount Castlereagh, as he has only just succeeded to the marquise) is a sufficient guarantee that none of the customary privileges will be withheld from tourists, in regard to the house and grounds.

TINNEHINCH DEMESNE.—Returning to the high-road, we pass the picturesque little parish church, and the handsome gateway of Tinnehinch, seat of the Right Hon. J. Grattan, long the favourite residence of his immortal father, Henry, for whom it was purchased by his admiring countrymen. The house is situated at the base of a richly-wooded hill; the lawn extends to the bosom of a beautiful river, and the grounds around have been ornamentally planted by the hands of its late gifted proprietor:—

When free from the crowd
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head.

The eldest son of the patriot, the present owner, and a privy councillor of Ireland, was born in 1783, and married the daughter of the sixth Earl Dysart (born in 1807): became lieutenant in 9th Light Dragoons in 1811, and was placed on half-pay in 1814: served at Waleheren and in the Peninsula; was M.P. for Wicklow from 1820 to 1841.

ROUNDWOOD.—We now pursue our way through a somewhat wild, but by no means sterile or unpicturesque country, towards this village, within three miles of Lough Tay, and six of Lough Dan, the largest and most admired of the inland Wicklow lakes. Embosomed in mountains, this secluded hamlet enjoys peculiar fame as a rendezvous for brethren of the angle, the Vartry affording fine trout. Here also is the resting-place of the thousand summer parties visiting Glendalough and the Seven Churches, there being two most comfortable inns—charges moderate, their fare excellent, and attendance no less so. But our four-day tourist, after leaving the demesne of Powerscourt, proceeds along the Eniskerry-road, obtaining noble mountain views, particularly at the cross-roads near Glenree Barrack, built during the Insurrection of 1798, now occupied by the constabulary. Here a comprehensive view of Wicklow scenery can be had; on the north, the heights known as Prince William's Seat; and on the south, the terraced acclivities of the beautiful Douce and Warhill Mountains.

One mile further on, Upper and Lower Lough Bray shine in the sunlight like molten silver amidst the dark and frowning hills, the lower lough being peculiarly picturesque. In the midst of this wilderness, at the moment when such a thing might be least expected, a beautiful Swiss cottage rises—as if by enchantment—with its *entourage*, mocking, as it were, the desolation around. It was erected for Sir Philip Crampton, the distinguished surgeon-general, by the late Duke of Northumberland, who

was ambassador-extraordinary at the coronation of Charles X., and subsequently Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, during which vicerealty this *bijou* building was constructed. Having reached the extent of his first day's tour, the visitor now recedes back to Bray, taking a *détour* through a charming country towards the sea-side again. The next object will be

HOLLYBROOK, seat of Sir George F. J. Hodson, Bart., approached through an extensive tract, adorned with plantations forming vistas of the mountain scenery on the one hand, and sea on the other. Here is a prodigious growth of that magnificent tree, the *Ilex sempervirens*, or ever-green oak; and not less remarkable are the enormous size and imposing shapes of the true Eastern cypress, here found in beautiful groups—conclusive evidences of the soil and climate of Wicklow. The mansion is truly a princely retreat, in the Elizabethan style; exhibiting in every feature a correct and severe adherence to the formal character of its particular class of architecture, and interiorly a model of comfort and elegance. It contains attractions in pictorial and illustrative art to induce the tourist to avail himself of the kindness of the gifted proprietor, who opens it and his grounds to all respectable visitors, his liberality being, fortunately, rarely, if ever, abused. Hollybrook was once the residence of the ever-famous and beloved "Robin Adair"—a name perhaps less likely to be forgotten than that of others who have figured more conspicuously in the affairs of the world, because of being identified with that most exquisite of Irish airs, "Eileen 'a Roon." The long controversy as to whether it was of Irish or Scotch origin must excite curiosity in the enlightened visitor, tourist, or musician, to see the abode of him "who made the assembly shine." An old Irish harp and two drinking vessels belonging to the gentle "Robin" are here; and it is surely not a far-fetched conceit to imagine that the spirit of song and mirth once inspired by Robin's lyre and Robin's cup still remain as characteristic types of the hospitable feeling, refined tastes, and generous disposition of the present worthy descendant of the bard, the poet, and the host. From the terrace, overlooking exquisite combinations of wood and water, may be seen a gothic tower erected by Sir G. Hodson to commemorate the gratitude of the people to their benefactor, viz.—A large portion of the Lesser Sugar-loaf Mountain, the property of Sir George, and adjoining Hollybrook, was entirely undefined by mark or boundary. The peasantry of the neighbourhood, in their gratitude, assembled, and in one day enclosed with a dry stone wall, five feet high, thirty-five Irish acres of the mountain! An ancient monument, surrounded by magnificent funeral cypress, and surmounted by an urn chiselled by a cunning hand, may be seen here, but tradition has lost the memory of him to whom it was erected. Near the entrance to Hollybrook stands the humble farm-house where Wolfe is reputed to have been born, and spent the early years of that life which closed so gloriously on the Heights of Abraham. No record remains of the hero's boyhood here; but the house is pointed out by the peasantry in a manner indicative of the pride they feel in their country giving birth to one so famous in warlike story. The truth, however, is that not only was Wolfe not born here, but he was not an Irishman at all, but a native of Westerham, Kent. Well might Bolingbroke, when asking for his histories, exclaim, "Bring me my liars!"

BRAY HEAD.—Within ten minutes' drive of Hollybrook stands this great terminus of the massive chain of the Wicklow mountains at the sea. From its summit, looking inland, are seen the Greater and Lesser Sugar-

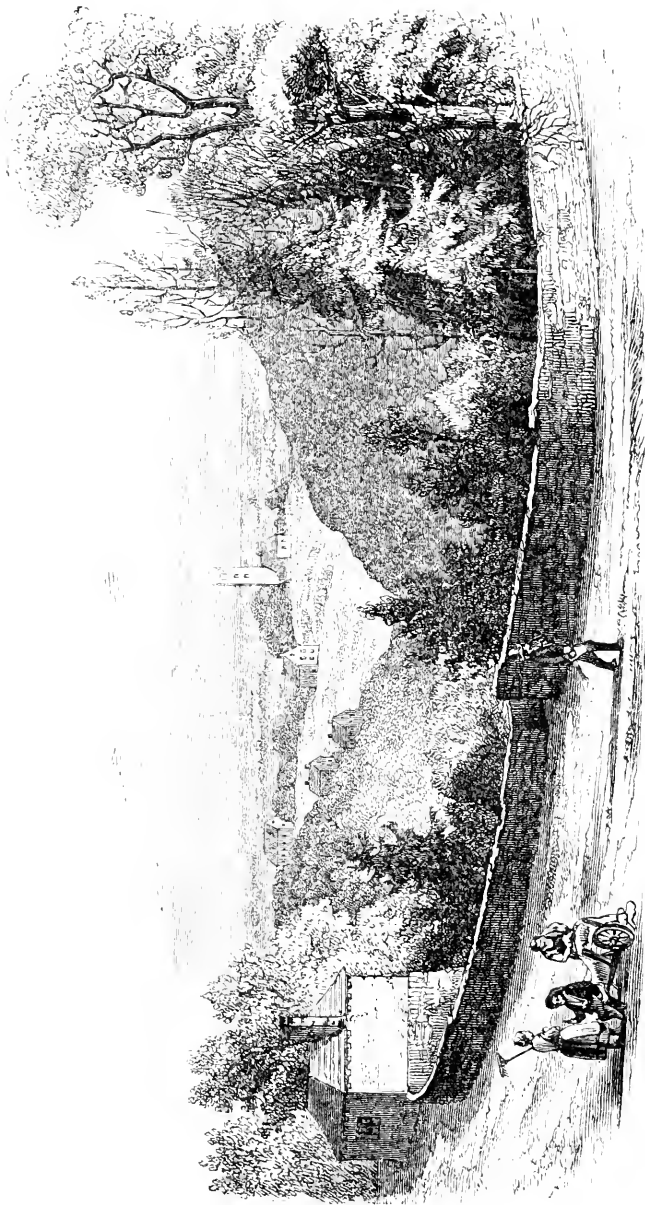
loaf, the Douce, and Shankill. Beneath, in quiet beauty, reposes Bray. Along the coast to the northward, we have a view of Howth and the Morne Mountains. To the southward, Wicklow Head stands forth a giant sentry at his post; and on a clear day, far peering out of the horizon, may be discerned the Welsh mountains. The bays of Courtown, Wicklow, and Killiney form beautiful features in this prospect. At the foot of Bray Head may be seen the railway now being constructed to the town of Wicklow.

KILRUDDERY.—About a mile south, in a forest of evergreens, is the princely seat of the Earl of Meath, for the last three centuries the residence of the Brabazons. It is full of interesting recollections, being undoubtedly the oldest inhabited private residence in Ireland, having been built in the beginning of the 13th century, by the monks of the order of St. Victor, who resided in the monastery of St. Thomas, a short distance beyond the walls of Dublin. In 1539-40 many abbots and priors made surrender of their abbeys and priories, with their lands and chattels, to the crown; and in the latter year the disposal of these ecclesiastical houses and properties in Ireland was given to his Majesty, by act of Parliament. In 1545, Sir W. Brabazon, then Lord Justice and Treasurer of the kingdom, received a grant from Henry VIII. of the monastery of St. Thomas, near Dublin, together with all the properties as well as the jurisdictions and liberties thereto appertaining. A part of that property consisted of the lands of Killotherie, comprising Little Sugar-loaf, Bray Head, and the intermediate valley, in the centre of which the monks, some centuries before, had built a large rural retreat, to which were attached a chapel and burial-ground, whither, from their magnificent and wealthy establishment at Thomas Court, they were wont to repair for change of air and scene, as health or other motives suggested. Extensive gardens, laid out in geometrical forms, with clipped yew hedges and straight canal-shaped stews, surround this delicious seclusion; while beyond the gardens an extensive wood stretches along the valley, wherein are four stews, communicating with each other, of the shapes of the four aces of cards, and terminating by a decoy; whilst the deer-park extends over the entire southern and eastern face of the Sugar-loaf. The general arrangement of the grounds, but in particular that of the gardens, of the maze, and of the straight alleys intersecting each other at various angles, was religiously preserved by Sir W. Brabazon, and indeed successively by each of his descendants, in the exact form as left by the monks; so that to the present day they remain very nearly the same to all appearance as they were when under the care of their monastic originators. Within the circuit of the gardens, and adjacent to the bowling-green, stands a row of the finest evergreen oaks in the United Kingdom, four hundred years old, many of the yew hedges being not of much more recent date. The winding walks and intricacies of the maze no longer exist; nor, unfortunately, do the magnificent bay trees that used to form its principal attraction, most of them having been laid prostrate by the great storm of 1839, many measuring from twelve to fourteen, and even some to fifteen feet in circumference, at about three or four feet from the ground. Those that escaped then were blown down by the hurricane of Christmas night, 1852; but of all the losses on that night the greatest was that of by far the largest of the evergreen oaks, twenty-three feet in circumference at three feet from the ground. At a short distance from the house are the remains of a sylvan theatre, cut out of the side of a bank. It has been always considered by the

family to be of considerable antiquity; and Sir Walter Scott, who visited it with great interest, has made mention of it in a note to "St. Ronan's Well." A very few yards from this theatre is a circular pond, surrounded by a high clipped hedge of hornbeam, in the thickness of which are numerous small chambers. To these it was customary in former days—and it is to be supposed during more genial summers than we are now favoured with—for both actors and audience to adjourn for supper, each little alcove containing its own select coterie; and great, as tradition runs, was the merriment of those evenings. The house is in the Elizabethan style, surrounded by terraces on different elevations. From the outer hall, fitted up with ancient armour, a flight of steps leads to the grand baronial hall, in which are four windows, containing a genealogical history of the family from the Conquest. They were painted by Mr. Hailes, and do him infinite credit. The great staircase is of carved old Irish oak, and adorned by elaborate painted glass by the same artist, containing for its principal subject the Conqueror's landing at Hastings, accompanied by his standard-bearer, Jacques de Brabazon. The principal apartments, which extend round the south and east fronts, are enriched with paintings and statuary. Amongst the former are two family portraits by Lely, two by Kneller, and two very fine modern full-lengths of the present Earl and Countess, with two children, by Capalti. But the gems are a portrait by Rembrandt of his wife, and one of Cardinal de Retz by Franzoni. Both were in the gallery at Rome of the grand-uncle of the present Emperor of the French, Cardinal Fesch. Amongst numerous statues, the most worthy are an "Eve," by Rinaldi; "Ganymede and Eagle," by Thorwalsden; "Cyparissus and Wounded Deer," by Pozzi; and "Cupid concealing his Arrows in a Bunch of Roses," by the same artist. A well-engineered drive is carried through the grounds and over the Sugar-loaf, whose sides are covered with luxuriant gorse and heath, which, when in blossom, present the most beautifully enamelled picture of yellow and purple that can well be imagined. Intermixed with patches of richest greensward, in grand contrast with this soft scene, stand out at intervals bold projecting crags, from whose summits a rich champaign stretches to the horizon. On the left, embosomed in a wooded vale, appears the town of Bray, bounded on the south by the precipitous rocks of Bray Head; whilst northward, as if overlapping each other, are the picturesque forms of Killiney Hill, terminating with the rocks of Dalkey, the more bluff point of Howth, with its lighthouse; and, still more deeply embosomed in the sea, the distant blue and delicate forms of Lambay. To the right a continuous outline of hills runs down to Wicklow Head. The intermediate valley, studded with country seats, develops varieties of cultivation and wood, and altogether forms a picture of infinite beauty. This drive is continued over the hanging cliff of Bray Head, seven hundred feet above the sea, and affords almost every combination of scenery imaginable. A wild precipitous foreground of rock and heather, washed at its base by the never-ceasing, ever-varying ocean wave—a vast sea-plain bounded by the sky—a line of coast diversified by every variety of jutting headland and receding bay—whilst inland the beautiful Wicklow Hills, with all that rich admixture of form and colour for which they have so long been famed, grandly rear their heads;—such is a most imperfect recapitulation of the *coup d'œil* that presents itself at every turn of this enchanting drive. One thing for which this place was famous far and near for many a long year was the Kilruddery Hunt, the subject of a renowned sporting ditty, descriptive of the venatorial exploits



THE GLEN OF THE BOWNS, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.



DELGANY, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.

of the Adairs and their companions in the chase, among whom the Brabazon or Meath family were conspicuous. The song is a sort of versified topographical sketch of the whole neighbourhood, and a very excellent one too; for, in following the hounds, the poet conducts us to most of the lions of the vicinage. On one of the spots, Malpas Summit, the hill next to Killiney, an obelisk was erected by Colonel Malpas, in 1741, for the purpose of employing the poor, and in imitation of Sir Pigot Piers, who had a pillar constructed with the same object, as mentioned elsewhere. On the Killiney range, and in the very track of the hounds, as described in the song, the young Duke of Dorset was killed in 1815, by a fall from his horse, while hunting with Lord Powerscourt's pack; and a small pyramid now marks the spot.

GLEN OF THE DOWNS.—Continuing along the high road through a richly-wooded country, which becomes more romantic as we proceed, we enter this celebrated Glen, named from the Down Mountain, 1,232 feet above the sea, and presenting a graceful outline from the road. The Glen, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and 160 feet average breadth, is wild and majestic. At its bottom, almost hidden in its depths, a gushing rivulet winds deviously amidst rock and shrub. Above, the wood-clothed precipices rear their leafy walls 500 to 600 feet. From an opening in the road, winding through the Glen, we come full in view of the Great Sugar-loaf. On turning round to enjoy this favourite view, we see that towering peak, shutting in, as with a vast barrier, this secluded ravine—seeming to be the fitting abode for the genii of banditti and brigands, such as the pen of a Radcliffe or the pencil of a Salvator might depict.

BELLEVUE, the seat of P. La Touche, Esq., includes one side of the Glen of the Downs, the other side being part of Powerscourt. The mansion stands on the eastern slope of the ridge separating the Glen from the sea. The marine prospect embraces the Carnarvon mountains, and the coast of Wicklow, including Bray and the other headlands. Within all is elegance, refinement, and unaffected simplicity: and without the house everything is in keeping with the magnificent scenery which we have faintly endeavoured to describe. It is well observed by Mr. Monck Mason, that these beautiful quartz mountains, “whose conical-shaped summits furnish with picturesque apices the mountain scenery of Wicklow, were by the native Irish called by a name which signifies ‘the gilt spears,’ derived from their retaining the light of the sun after the rest of the surrounding landscape was involved in darkness. This name, than which no other could be imagined more picturesque or significant, was altered for the vulgar appellation of ‘Sugar-loaves.’” The demesne of Bellevue, distinguished for its romantic and picturesque loveliness amidst scenes where all is beauty, is situated on the southern extremity of the range of hills connected with the Lesser Sugar-loaf, forming the boundaries between the tract lying along the coast and the glens and valleys through which we have just travelled. From its elevation, southern aspect and sea-view, it is one of the most cheerful seats in Wicklow. The principal entrance to the demesne is from the low road running from the Glen of the Downs to

DELGANY,—a pretty Irish hamlet close to Bellevue, and to the Windgate road by Bray, and within a mile and a half of the sea, containing a number of respectably-inhabited cottages, its situation, schools, dispensary, and church, forcibly reminding one of the most favoured English localities. Here was once a cell, belonging to St. Mogoroc, brother of St. Canoe, who

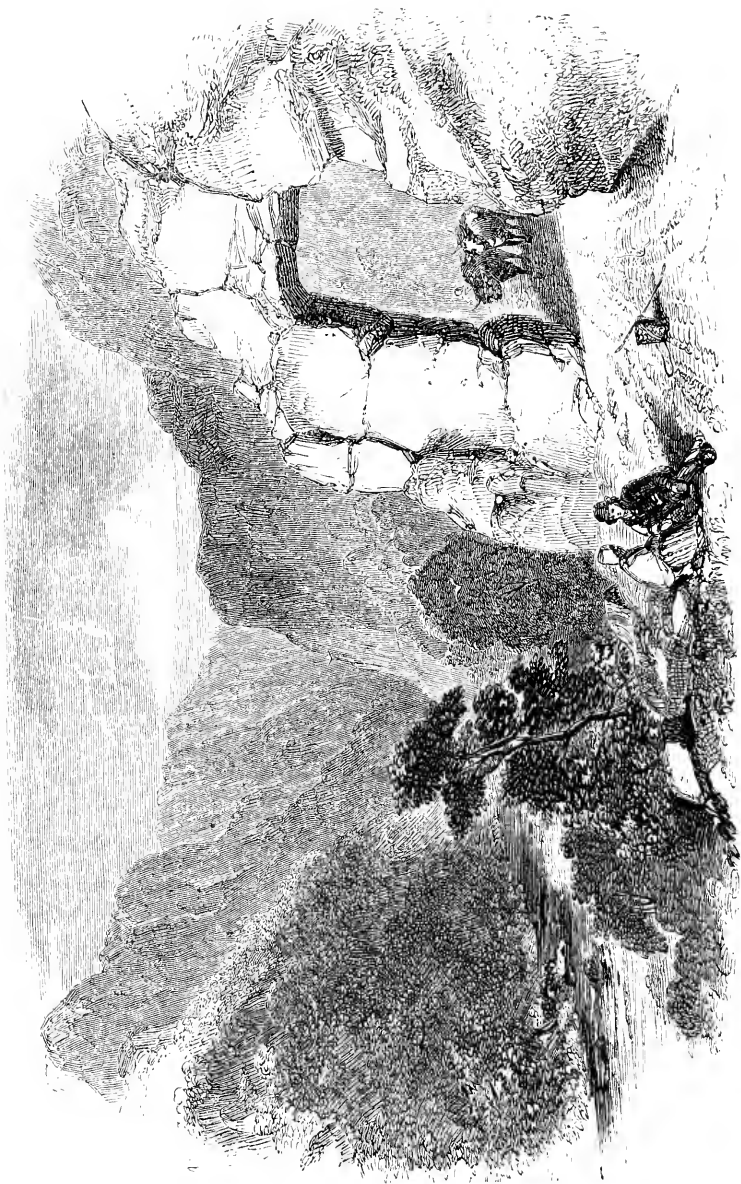
flourished about 492. Its situation was unknown until the identity of Dergne or Delgne with Delgany was pointed out by the learned Dr. Lanigan. The next point of attraction is—

THE DEVIL'S GLEN, more extensive than the Dargle, but partaking of the same character as to scenery. Its sides are precipitous, and clothed to the summit with masses of trees and underwood. Whilst less beautiful in general details than the Dargle, it is still more decidedly characterised by a wild and savage aspect; in short, a most fitting retreat for the once mystic and mischievous personage who appears to enjoy (at least in name) a vested right in its dreary solitudes, and to whom a terrible holocaust was offered at the close of the last century, when part of the wood was destroyed shortly after the rebellion of 1798. Several of the defeated insurgents having taken shelter within its fastnesses, fire was applied in various places, driving the unfortunate fugitives from their covert, only to fall on the bayonets or be shot down by musketry. The Vartry flows in picturesque meanderings through the glen, whose sides become less precipitous, till at length it emerges on a wide barren tract, beneath which is the beautiful waterfall, seen to most advantage when the stream is swollen after rains. Nothing, perhaps, in Wicklow pleases or astonishes more than this glen. Its roaring torrent, cliffs, and winding paths, that present at every turn some new beauty; its waterfall, the magnificent forest trees which overshadow one of its sides, the huge naked rocks which impend over the other, "tottering to their fall," all exhibit a scene grand and beautiful. Passing the demesne of Ballycurry, and leaving behind the hamlet and ruined church of Killeskey, we soon reach the narrow road leading to the

GLEN OF DUNRAN, stretching along the base of Carrig-na-muck. Lofty granite rocks, assuming most fantastic forms from different points, project or tower on every side; between the cliffs, trees interspersing with the masses of granite, produce a striking effect. From the middle of the glen a path winds through the trees to the View Rock, where there is a magnificent prospect, stretching away towards Wicklow. The wood of Carrig-na-muck is here seen to great advantage, its beautiful sheet of green being sombered by the dark foliage of some fine old pine trees. A rock which seems, as it were, to "sentinel the glen"—one of the few in Wicklow destitute of water—at its eastern boundary, is clothed in the same dark livery. Here, in 1798, many of the rebels were put to the sword. From the junction of the Killeskey and mail-coach roads to Newrath Bridge, is four and a half miles. The country is interesting from the richness and beauty of its surface, and the occasional views obtained of sea on the one hand, and the mountains on the other.

At NEWRATH BRIDGE we find good post-horses and carriages, at Hunter's excellent hotel, its proprietor boasting, and justly so, of the entire approbation bestowed upon his admirably-managed establishment by patrons of the highest rank. It is most pleasantly situated on the left bank of the charming and trout-stored Vartry, on the sea-side road leading from Bray to Wicklow, and within a mile of Ashford; where is also a very good country inn, affording every accommodation. Newrath Bridge and Ashford are nearly in the centre of that interesting district termed the Garden of Wicklow, bounded, north by the hill of Dunran, east by the sea, south and west by continuation of the secondary range of hills running from Dunran to the Avonmore, near Rathdrum. And now we approach the *Meeting of the Waters!*

AVONDALE is the next attraction, formerly the residence of Colonel Hayes,



ENTRANCE TO THE DEVIL'S GLEN, NEAR GLENDALOUGH, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.



MELTING OF THE WATERS, COUNTY WICKLOW, DRAWN BY J. J. J.

the well-known author of a Treatise on Planting; and, in accordance with his judgment, every natural advantage has been made subservient to general effect. The demesne is magnificently wooded, and broken into gorgeous groupings of hill and dale, stream and precipice; the spacious and handsome mansion overhanging the river. The consummate taste with which these grounds have been laid out has rendered Avondale one of the most interesting seats in the kingdom. Following the Avonmore, the road winds through a succession of pleasing scenes, until the tourist approaches the entrance of a valley whose contemplation is certainly calculated to evoke and to justify the most aspiring guide-book hyperbole, in humble imitation of which we may say that, if the spirit of peace and happiness were to assume a corporeal form, and descend to abide on earth, its fitting retreat would be found here. Standing, as it were, at the gorge of the glen leading from the comparatively wild tract he has left miles behind him, the enraptured spectator obtains his first glimpse of

That vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet!

and a thrice *blusó* and trebly used-up stoic, indeed, must he be, if he do not involuntarily echo the sentiment which the muse of Moore has familiarised to every tongue that has lisped the accents of civilisation—

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet!

Yet, alack for romance! there are such *Coldstreams* in the world; and doubly alack, that our duty, as faithful and unimpassioned guides in the utilitarian purpose of giving a Tourist ticket-holder honest measure for his money, should compel us to cite one of these phlegmatic, mirage-dispersing individuals, to whom “a primrose by the river’s bank a yellow primrose is to him, and nothing more.” Mr. Barrow, who visited the place when its beauties were enhanced by the fineness of the day, and the autumnal tint of the foliage had already advanced into the sear and yellow leaf, says:—“As for the ‘meeting of the waters,’ as the Irish are pleased to call the confluence of two little streams, pompously or poetically as you may please to decide, I think more has been made of it than either the waters or their meeting deserve. There are, in fact, two places in the valley where two streams meet: one towards the lower end, where the scenery is rich and beautiful—the other, which I was assured to be the ‘*riglar*’ meeting, was higher up the vale; and, I confess, on arriving at it I was disappointed, and could not hesitate in giving the preference to the place of confluence of the two streams we had passed lower down. The two streams forming this ‘*riglar*’ meeting are named the Avonmore and Avonbeg—the great and little Avon. Hence the road leads direct to Rathdrum; hence I set out on a four hours’ walk, on a visit to Castle Howard, the handsome residence of Mrs. (widow of Colonel) Howard. At the entrance-lodge is a cottage, where parties take their repast, and a book kept for insertion of the names. I next proceeded a second time towards the ‘*riglar* meeting of the waters;’ but before I got so far, in walking through the woods quite alone, I came to the meeting of two paths, and was considerably perplexed in choosing the right one. The chances were equal: so I jogged on, and luckily got into the proper road.” This is undoubtedly flat blasphemy against the manes of the “poet of every circle and the idol of his own,” and deserves to be resented accordingly. Nevertheless, it is our duty to put it on record; and we now pass to

CASTLE HOWARD, seat of Sir Ralph Howard, Bart.,* approached by a quaint bridge across the Avonmore, connecting the road at the other side with the approach to the gateway, and called the Lion Bridge, from the figure of a leonine animal in stone (the crest of the Howards) surmounting the gateway at the end of the bridge. This gate is a handsome castellated carved stone structure, with Gothic arches. The avenue winds up a richly-wooded slope, through shrubberies of great beauty, to the castle, which has a truly feudalesque air, two hundred feet above the river. At divers points of the approach, and from the esplanade in front of the castle, gorgeous views are obtained of the Vale of Avoca. The hills above and around the mansion are extensively planted, the effect of which is becoming every year more beautiful.

Our tourist here, in carrying out his intention of seeing as much as possible of Wicklow within a brief period, will act judiciously in taking up his quarters at that most *recherché* of rural hostelrys, the

WOODEN-BRIDGE INN, the best-appointed, and consequently most generally patronised rendezvous for tourists and travellers in these parts, occupying a delightful position in the valley where the Aughrin river joins the stream of the Avoca, forming the Second Meeting of the Waters. Here not alone is the Meeting of the Waters, but, what is perhaps still more beautiful, the meeting of the several glens which *débouche* at this spot into the plain from all points of the compass—those ravines with their masses of rich foliage, expanding towards the open valley, as rivers from various parts flow into one estuary. The interest attached to the “Meeting of the Waters,” and which will endure as long as the language it has been sung in, gave rise to a controversy respecting the identity of the locality where the poet composed his melody. There being two “Meetings,” a question arose as to which was entitled to the honour—a difficulty which Moore was generally understood to have settled by pronouncing in favour of that at Castle Howard, and against the Wooden Bridge. Lord John Russell, however, has determined this controversy, though something after the manner of the disputation in the fable about the colour of the chameleon; for in the “Memoirs and Journals of Moore,” edited by his lordship, and issued the winter before last (1852), the poet, writing to a friend who had propounded the point, says: “The fact is, I wrote the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me. But all this interest shows how wise Scott was in connecting his poetry with beautiful scenery:—as long as the latter blooms so will the former.”

The Vale is about 8 miles in length, and about half a mile in breadth, save at the confluence of the streams, where it is much wider. The lateral boundaries consist of wooded heights, crowned with forest trees and ornamental shrubs, rising in some places 500 feet above the plain. It is indeed a scene of exceeding loveliness. A picturesque bridge spans the blended waters of the Avonmore and Avonbeg, that form below it a placid lake, in whose centre a small green island rears its verdant slope, crowned with

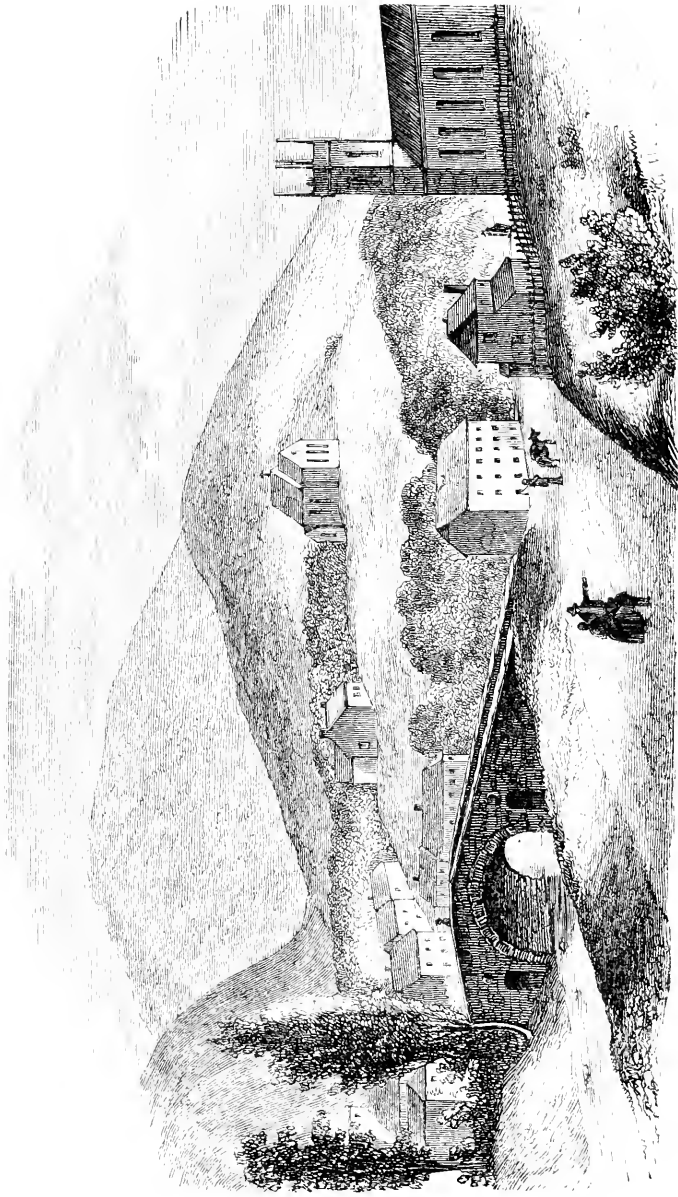
* The reference in the extract from Mr. Barrow may render it necessary to say, that the present owner of Castle Howard, Sir Ralph, is son of the Hon. Hugh Howard (fourth son of the first Earl of Wicklow), by the second daughter of Dean (Bligh) of Elphin, niece of the first Earl of Darnley. He married, 1837, Lady Frazer; is a deputy-lieutenant of Wicklow; colonel of the Wicklow militia; represented that county in Parliament from 1829 to 1852, and was created a baronet in 1838.

arbutus, holly, and whitethorn. Hence the united stream takes the name of the Avoca, and rolls onward towards the sea. High mountains look down on this enchanting panorama—the grim ramparts of a Happy Valley, which Rasselas might envy. The road leads along the west bank of the Avoca; on both sides the hill-steeps are clad with forest trees, the eastern being extremely rich. From above their thick foliage peep occasionally the turrets of some stately mansion, beneath which the eye detects clearings skilfully formed, so that the best points of view may be obtained; and, as the river takes a winding course, the means of amply examining the grace and splendour of the scenery are very frequent. The prettily-situated Avoca Hotel, which figures in a thousand engravings, is upon its margin. Scenery similar in character, yet perpetually varied as new breaks present themselves, continues till the Second Meeting is reached: where the river is crossed by a handsome stone bridge, although the locality is still recognised by its ancient cognomen, the Wooden Bridge, where the excellent inn, of which we have spoken, invites the weary yet delighted tourist to rest and refreshment, of which he will hardly partake without re-echoing the sentiment of the *genius loci*:—

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like the waters, be mingled in peace!

SHELTON.—Towards Arklow the river narrows, and the trees being directly over it, cast a darker shadow on its waters. As we approach the sea, the scenery assumes a more subdued character, the valley expands, and the mountains subside into sloping hills. At the foot of one of these stands perhaps the most famous of the many show places in the county, a Gothic structure in the pointed style, encompassed with a noble demesne, viz., Shelton Abbey, seat of the Earl of Wicklow. The public entrance to the grounds is about a mile and a half from Arklow, and admission is freely granted to strangers. The interior decorations correspond with its external character, and both are deservedly much admired. The library contains some valuable books, once the property of Lord Chancellor West; and the contents of the edifice are in every respect worthy of such a structure and of the exalted lineage of its noble owner, who spares no pains to gratify the tourist public. This ancient family (closely connected with the Castle Howard branch) have been many years resident at Shelton, but are originally of English extraction. In 1667, Ralph Howard, Esq., having, upon the breaking out of the war, withdrawn to England, was attainted by James the Second's parliament: his estates, consisting of 4,000 acres, held by a lease from the Duke and Duchess of Ormond, together with 600 acres in Bargo, Wexford, were sequestered, and put into the possession of a Mr. Hacket, who received the rents until the defeat at the Boyne. Upon the unhappy monarch's flight towards Waterford, he rested in the house of Shelton, and was entertained by Mr. Hacket, who then had possession.

ARKLOW.—This, the next town we approach, is the most populous in the county, of considerable antiquity, situated at its south-west extremity, on a narrow inlet which runs in from the bay to receive the waters of the Avoca. A monastery was founded, in the reign of John, by Theobald Fitz-Walter, hereditary Lord Butler of Ireland, "for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin, and for the health of the souls of Henry II., King of England, King Richard, King John, and other persons." The castle was erected by the



THE TOWN OF LARAGH, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.

founder of the Abbey. Cromwell took Arklow in 1649, and dismantled the castle, and the ruins may still be seen. In 1798, at this place, the royalist troops and yeomanry defeated the insurgent army after a desperate resistance.

To the west, at the foot of Croghan-Kinsella mountain, are the Wicklow Gold Mines, no longer worked; but modern experiences testify, that where "sparkles of golden splendour all over the surface shine," there may be richer "diggings" than any which erst rewarded the explorers of "our Langenian mine." They form the subject of a farce of O'Keefe's, and furnished Moore with one of his happiest metaphors; but their fame is now altogether eclipsed by the Wicklow Copper Mines, which are found to be very valuable, as, indeed, may be said of the lead and other mines in this country; and, generally speaking, of all mining property in Ireland, though especially copper mines. Further to the west, is the small town of Tinchely, destroyed during '98, but shortly afterwards rebuilt, and near it stood the ruins of Coolrass, the Cosha, it is believed, of the Castle of the unfortunate Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, so often noticed by him in his letters. Among the peasants the place is called Black Tom's Buildings; from these ruins Tinchely was in part rebuilt.

Four miles from Tinchely is Coolatin Park, the residence of the estimable and deservedly-respected Earl Fitzwilliam, well-cultivated fields and comfortable homesteads abounding around the mansion. On this estate is the far-famed wood, or rather what remains of it, of Shillelah, which gives its name to the solid oak sapling so famed in Milesian song and story. This wood, which covered the southern portion of the county, was cut down in 1634 by Lord-Lieutenant Strafford, who wrested it from the original proprietors, the O'Byrnes, "because they were unable to produce any written titles to their lands." Some of the oak was used to roof St. Patrick's Cathedral; and Westminster Hall, it is supposed, was roofed from the same source.

WICKLOW TOWN is reputed to be the poorest of all the Irish assize towns. This will probably deter the most adventurous holiday excursionist visiting it, though undoubtedly the view from the noble promontory of Wicklow-head, a famous landmark for sailors, with its light-house, would repay a trip: and the place is moreover extremely rich in remains of Danish and Anglo-Irish interest, as any gazetteer will acquaint the reader. On a rock overhanging the sea are the ruins of Black Castle, built by William Fitzgerald, in 1375: there are also to be seen the ruins of a Franciscan abbey, founded, according to Ware, in the reign of Henry III., with many other objects of archæological attractiveness, but, as we said before, not of a kind to draw tourist ticket-holders beyond the routine limits already assigned. Should the Rambler, however, proceed to the town of Wicklow, it will afford him an opportunity of visiting a spot to which we should perhaps have invited him when he was equally close to it, either at Ashford Bridge or Newrath Bridge, viz., in the immediate neighbourhood of Rathnew, a little north of the assize town, where is

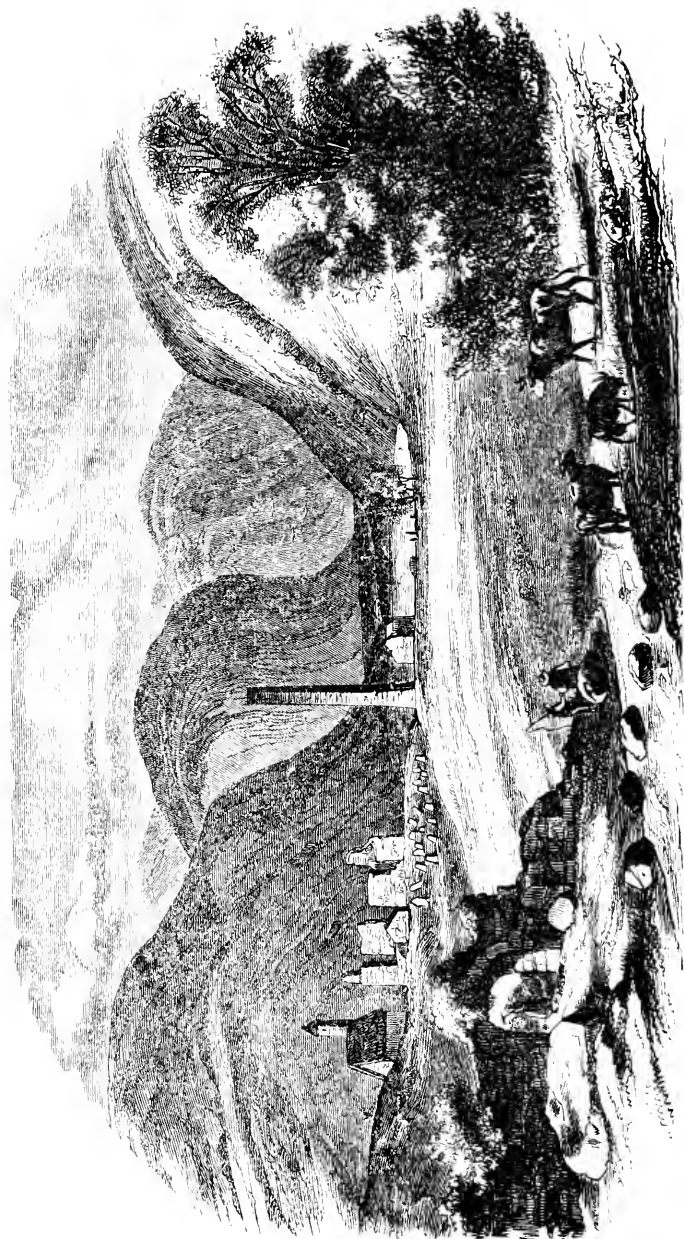
ROSANNA, a beautiful demesne, shaded by fine timber, including some magnificent chestnuts. It belongs to the nephew of the person from whom the place derives its chief interest, Mrs. Tighe, authoress of the well-known poem of "Psyche," to whose beauty Moore has testified in one of his earliest lyrics, commencing "Tell me the witching strain again." "Psyche" was printed here for private circulation. It was published after her death, and

became exceedingly popular, and is founded on the allegory of Love and the Soul; written in the Spenserian stanza; and with but a very remote idea of finding fame beyond her own limited circle.

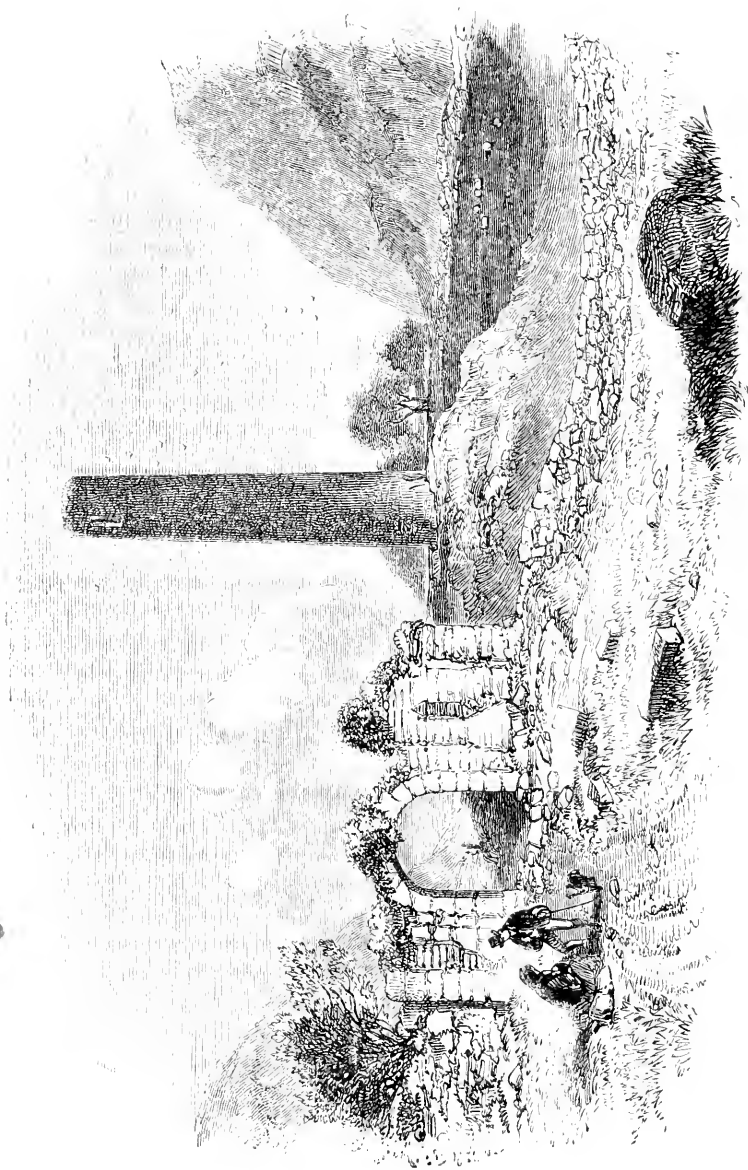
LARAGH.—Apologising for this digression, we resume from the town of Wicklow, by saying that the leading attraction for the tourist in this direction now will be Mr. Bayley's demesne of Ballyarthur, the best approach being by the lower Newbridge-road. However viewed, the grounds rank amongst the finest in the county. At the point considered most favourable is constructed a rustic octangular building, from which nature stands displayed in a degree of beauty almost unparagoned, at least in British landscape.

Having enjoyed the witching scenery in this direction, the tourist returns for the night to his snug temporary quarters at the Wooden-Bridge Hotel. Refreshed with well-earned sleep—between sheets redolent of the clover on which they are bleached—he proceeds on his return tour. However “oft he takes leave, he still loathes to depart” from amidst the ever-lovely scenes of Avoca Vale, where he recognises a thousand new beauties at every point, lit up by the beams of the morning sun. Mayhap, he visits the once thriving little town of Rathdrum, which mainly depended on a woollen manufacture, now wholly fallen away; and taking his path through the verdant demesne of Avondale, approaches the small hamlet of Clara, romantically situated in the bottom of a vale. The hamlet occupies nearly the centre of the vale which runs from Rathdrum to Laragh, six miles, and though presenting none of the more impressive features of Glenmalur, unites sylvan richness with a diversity of natural objects; while from several parts of the road, the views of the Avonmore awaken the softest and sustain the most delightful sensations, till he reaches Derrybawn, through whose wooded mazes he proceeds to Laragh, near which village the five glens *débouche* into a circumscribed and well-timbered plain, namely, Glendalough, Glendasson, Glenmacnass, Glenavon, and the glen of the Vale of Clara. Laragh is situated in the centre of the space where the glens, with their rivers and roads, unite; the church, schools, and other buildings lately erected by Mr. Barton being conspicuous.

GLENDALOUGH.—A mile and a half from Laragh are the ruins of Glendalough, the most popular of all the antiquities in this county. A lengthened description will of course be expected, but we shall not attempt it, at least in our own words, for it has been “done” by thousands; and it is hardly possible to say more than that, in picturesque grandeur and legendary interest, no scene in Wicklow can be put in competition with it. A recent writer says: “A noble monastic establishment, round which a city subsequently rose, flourished, and decayed, was founded here in the early part of the sixth century, by St. Kevin.” The ruins of many ecclesiastical structures yet remain, and “the long, continuous shadow of the lofty and slender Round Tower moves slowly, from morn till eve, over wasted churches, crumbling oratories, shattered crosses, seathed yew trees, and tombs (now undistinguishable) of bishops, abbots, and anchorites.” How few of the gay tourists by whom the glen is yearly visited view these ruins with any other feeling than that of idle and ignorant curiosity! says Mr. Wakeman, quoting the Rev. C. Otway, than whom there never was a more vivid or more truthful word-painter of Irish scenery or character, history or manners. “Their ears have been poisoned with the burlesque and lying tales (inventions of the last half century) which the wretched men and women, miscalled guides of the place,



SEVEN CHURCHES, GLENDALOUGH, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.



ENTRANCE TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.

have composed for the entertainment of the thoughtless. They wander unmoved among shrines which, nearly thirteen centuries ago, were raised in honour of their God by men joyous and thankful in the feeling of certain immortality,—men whose fathers in their youth had revered the Druid as a more than human counsellor.”

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.—It would be difficult to conceive anything more solemnly impressive than the approach to the lake, famous for its legends, and infinitely more so for the lyric that has wedded one of them to immortal verse. So wonderful and remarkable a scene has rarely been before witnessed. Wild, bare, rocky, and dark-coloured mountains run out into a sharp promontory; to the right the ground descends into the valley of Glendasson, and to the left into that of Glendalough. One can see into both these valleys at the same time, through broad, wide rock-doors. In the foreground, in the midst of the basin formed by the meeting of the two valleys, lie the low ruins of the Seven Churches; and right in the centre, forming the middle point of the landscape, rises the lofty, slender, pillar-temple, that stands, in good preservation, exactly in the middle of this picturesque wilderness, like Pompey's Pillar in the midst of the wastes of Alexandria. Behind this temple appear the water-mirrors of the two famous lakes; first, the smaller, and behind it the larger. The entire prospect is ruin—ruins of nature and of art. It is, indeed, a wild and touching scene of desolation—the Baalbec of early Christianity in Ireland. No tillage, no industry, no evidences of social co-operation—all is flat, dreary, and barren. Such is the scene which in gloomy solitude shrouds this city of the dead, celebrated in the earliest ages of Christianity—while Britain was still sunk in barbarism—for the splendour of its altars, and for the learning of its monastic community! The name, Glendalough, like other early denominations of places derived from some obvious natural features, implies “the valley, or glen, of the two lakes.” The lower is small, and is filled only during winter; the upper is a mile in length, by about a quarter broad. St. Kevin founded the Abbey of Glendalough, and presided there as abbot and bishop for many years, dying in 618, being nearly 120 years old. The Seven Churches, properly so called, are Trinity Church, the Cathedral, the Abbey, St. Kevin's Church, Our Lady's Church, the Rhefeart Church, and Teampull-na-Skellig. As we approach the valley from Laragh, the first object of interest is the ruined church of St. Saviour, so denominated in the Ordnance Survey; for we refer to details by Dr. Petrie, the great authority on all such subjects. He describes the Round Tower as one of the loftiest and most perfect in Ireland, being 110 feet high and 51 feet in circumference; and precisely as it stood at the beginning of the spring of 1853, it is given, with all its immediate archaeological accessories, by the truthful pencil of Mr. Jones, in our engraving. Besides its little doorway, the tower has two little windows in the shaft, and four small apertures near the top; it is built of granite, and of a hard kind of slate wedged in between the granite blocks. The cap fell to the ground in 1804. St. Kevin's Bed* is south of the upper lake, and is a cavity in the

* The “Bed” consists of a hole in the face of the rock, capable of containing three or four persons. It is generally made a point of honour with the visitor to enter this cave—the access to which is attended with some peril. Ladies innumerable, undeterred by the fate of the fair and too fond “Kathleen” (now often personated by personages the very reverse of spiritual), insist on penetrating to the recess of this lonely Patmos of the woman-hating saint—not with the same repulsive results, however; for if report speaks true, many happy marriages amongst the families of

face of the nearly perpendicular rock, at a fearful elevation above the dark waters; whether excavated by art, or originally a natural recess, it is impossible to determine. As it is most easy of access from the water, a boat is always at hand to convey the curious to it; and many are the tales of adventure of some of the most celebrated personages of the present century, of either sex, in reaching it. We shall not encumber our pages with profitless particulars of their sayings and doings; but it would be unpardonable to omit Thackeray's description, done in the happiest style of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, ere the author of the "Irish Sketch Book" had begun to paint in the encaustic of "Vanity Fair." After some remarks *apropos* of music in general, and the Irish Melodies in particular, he proceeds thus:—

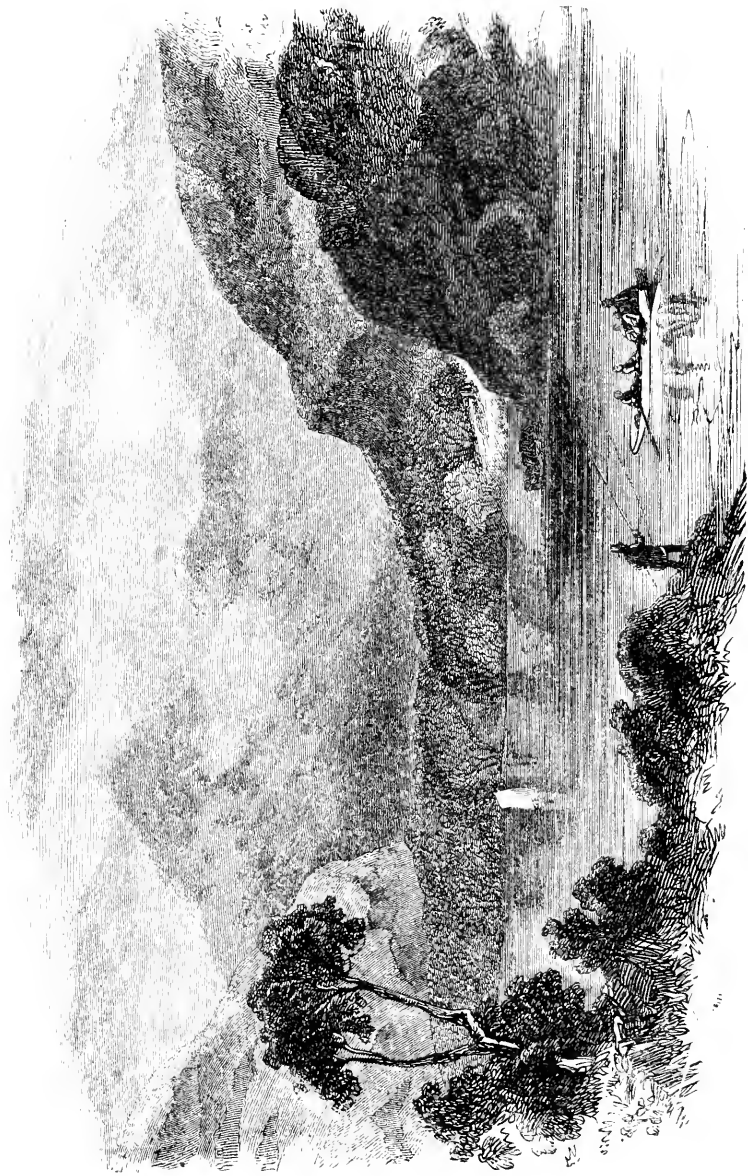
"I don't know if there is any tune about Glendalough; but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played. Only fancy can describe the charms of that delightful place. Directly you see it, it smiles at you as innocent and friendly as a little child; and once seen, it becomes your friend for ever, and you are always happy when you think of it. Here is a little lake and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains, and which lead you now to little islands where there are all sorts of fantastic little old chapels and graveyards; or again into little brakes and shrubberies where small rivers are crossing over little rocks, plashing and jumping, and singing as loud as ever they can. Thomas Moore has written rather an awful description of it; and it may indeed appear big to *him*, and to the fairies who must have inhabited the place in old days—that's clear. For who could be recommended in it except the little people? There are Seven Churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons, and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there!—the place would hardly hold the Bishop of London or Mr. Sidney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore before mentioned, and a chapter no bigger than that chapter in *Tristram Shandy* which does not contain a single word, and mere pop-guns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Cresson Croker, to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard. They say there was a university, too, in the place, with I don't know how many thousand scholars; but for accounts of this, there is an excellent guide on the spot, who, for a shilling or two, will tell all he knows, and a great deal more, too."

Speaking of Glendalough guides, by far the most famous of them all, indeed of all the guides of Ireland, is the gentleman whose veritable effigies, as taken in the spring of last year, 1853, by Mr. Jones, we herewith offer to the reader. George Winder has been the hero of all book-making tourists of the last quarter of a century. As long ago as 1843, when Thackeray wrote, George was a veteran, as appears from the Titmarshian introduc-

Dublin gentry and citizens have originated in a visit to the cave of St. Kevin. The approach is by a narrow path, or rather ledge, scarped out of the face of the cliff, beneath which frowns the "sullen water dark and deep," into whose depths a single false step will assuredly plunge the incautious or nervous climber. Emboldened, however, by the guide, and avoiding to look at the waters beneath, the feat is generally accomplished in perfect safety, though occasionally with a dip into "the fatal tid." *pour encourager les autres*, as the gentleman said when he boiled his grandmother's head in a pipkin.



ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN. DRAWN BY JONES.



LUGGALA, COUNTY WICKLOW, DRAWN BY JONES.

tion, viz., “‘Look here!’ says the ragged-bearded genius of a guide, at the Seven Churches, ‘this is the spot which Mr. Henry Inglis particularly admired, and said it was exactly like Norway. Many’s the song I’ve heard Mr. Sam Lover sing here—a pleasant gentleman entirely. Have you seen my picture that’s taken of in Mrs. Hall’s book? All the strangers know me by it, though it makes me much cleverer than I am!’ Similar tales has he of Mr. Barrow, and the transatlantic Willis, and of Crofton Croker, who has been everywhere.”

George is much the same man still. “Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety.” Of the nature of the latter miscellaneous accomplishment we leave the truthful Barrow to speak, and can assure the reader that the verbal delineation is as graphic as our engraving, of whose fidelity every tourist holding this page in his hand and confronting the original can judge for himself. Mr. Barrow says:—

“At the point where the road turns off to these said churches, a guide, as I supposed him, though somewhat with the air of a gentleman, but shabby in his attire, came up to offer his services. From the moment he accosted to the moment he left me his tongue never ceased, but went on at such a clattering, tremendous rate, rattling out his words with a rapidity equalled only by the curate of a parish church in London, when he publishes the banns of marriage between John Hopkins and Susan Thomas, Joseph Jenkins and Sarah Higgins, Peter Pipkins and Eliza Popkinson—all of this parish. He was, besides, a queer-looking person—the character not unlike that of a Russian. He wore mustachios and a beard of a fine rich brown colour, and his personal appearance was altogether such as might give uneasiness to a man of weak nerves; indeed I afterwards heard, that ladies have sometimes been afraid to trust themselves with such a rough-looking, rattletrap fellow—but my word for it, he is a good, honest, and agreeable chaperon, for all his looks. His mode of expression was true Irish, and as singular as himself. For instance, I managed to edge one or two words in, and inquired if there had been many visitors to these parts this year? ‘A *powerful* sight,’ quoth he, ‘and an *awful* number more would come, if it wasn’t for the *terrible* bad things that are told of my countrymen just now, which makes you Englishmen think they’ll surely be murdered if they come over here.’ All this with no small touch of the brogue, and as fast as he could gabble out the words. He talked much of *Tommy Moore*, and ‘It was I,’ said he, ‘who accompanied Mr. Tommy’ (for so he invariably termed him) ‘through all the scenes of his poems: it was I who told him all the various legends, and pointed out the curiosities of the places.’ Then he would rattle out ‘By that lake,’ and repeat the whole poem from beginning to end, just as a school-boy repeats his verses, never stopping till he reached, to my great satisfaction, the last stanza, where ‘Her ghost was seen to glide.’ I never in the whole course of my life met with a man with such a ‘gift of the gab,’ and so retentive a memory. His head seemed overflowing with Irish legends, and I am sure, if any one would take the trouble to write down his stories, they would furnish materials for a second volume of Crofton Croker’s ‘*Fairy Tales*.’ He never hesitated for a word, and altogether it had not been my fortune to meet such a character in any part of the world. He calls himself *Winder*, and says that his ancestors came from *Windermere*, in *Cumberland*. Had I observed to him that it was properly *Winandermere*, I dare say he would have endeavoured to persuade me that his family name suffered curtailment along with that of the lake. Among the portentous events that my friend

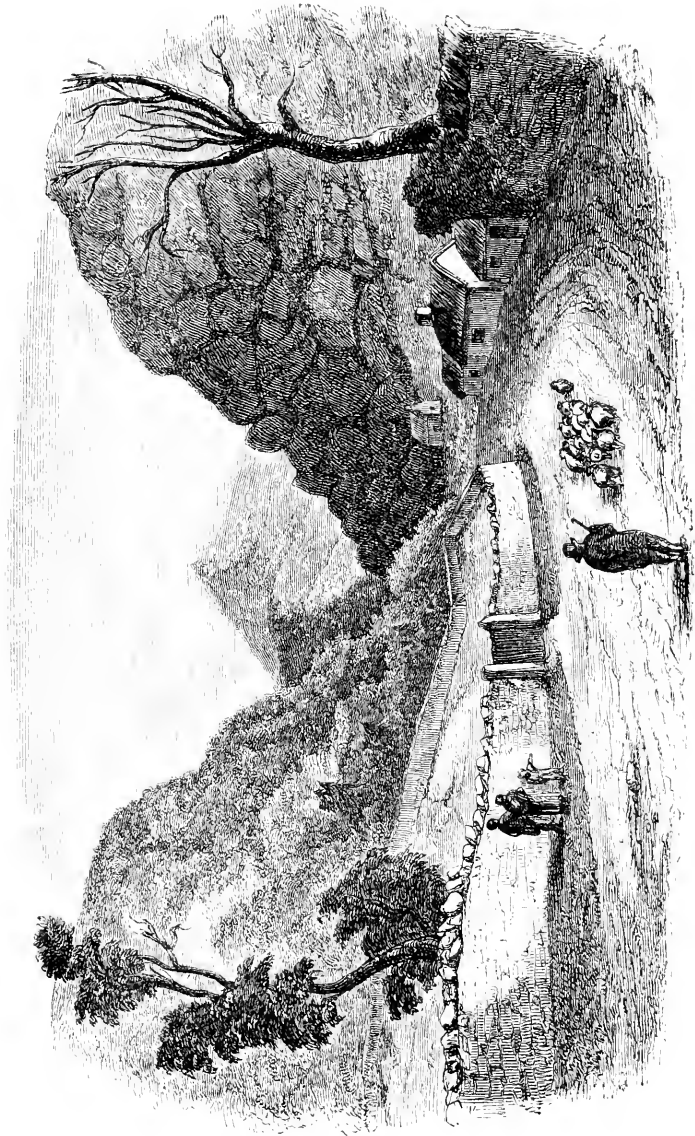
Mr. Winder told me was this,—that for 1,300 years the skylark had never been heard to warble over the lake, because St. Kevin prayed that it might never have the power to do so; and the reason was, that the men who were building the city where the Seven Churches stand had made a vow to commence their work each day as soon as the lark rose, and not to leave off till the sun had set. They kept their vow, and were in consequence so worn out with fatigue, that many of them died; when St. Kevin, out of compassion, offered up his prayers that no lark should henceforth rise into the air:—the prayer was granted, and ‘the plague was stayed.’ All this is firmly believed. Subsequent to this, a man, who was driving me in a jaunting-car, told me that it was as true as we were sitting in the car that the skylark was never heard to warble over the lake for 1,300 years, though it was heard commonly *outside* the Seven Churches, at the distance of a few hundred yards. I asked him, if he did not think that skylarks preferred warbling over corn-fields rather than over lakes?” Having inspected St. Kevin’s Cell and the ancient oratory, ridiculously named St. Kevin’s Kitchen, having seen the Tower, and in short visited all that is worth viewing in this singularly interesting scene, we return to the village of Roundwood, and thence by an easy and picturesque road to the gate of the large and beautiful demesne of

LUGGALA, to which admission is most freely extended by the esteemed proprietor, Mr. Latouche, whose lodge is justly regarded as one of the sweetest summer villas in Wicklow. Of the charms of its vicinity, the beautiful lakes of Tay and Dan constitute no mean section; situated at the upper end of the glen—which winds from Luggala to Laragh, a distance of ten miles—designated Glenavon. Lough Tay, 807 feet above the sea, occupies a deep circular dell near the head of the glen. On the west of the Lough the impending cliffs form part of the mountain lying between it and the military road; on the east the wooded and less steep declivities extend towards the base of Douce Mountain. Lough Tay is circular in outline, its area about one hundred and twenty acres. To the beautiful old Irish air, called “Luggala,” words have been adapted by Moore, commencing with “No, not more welcome, the fairy numbers,” etc.; and, more recently, the famous “Bells of Shandon,” by the eccentric Father Prout, to which we refer the reader in the Cork portion of the volume; the Padre, however, telling us, in his “Reliques” (vol. i. p. 254), that the “Bells” ring to the tune of “The Groves of Blarney,” identical with the renowned “Last Rose of Summer.” East of the valley was formerly one of those druidical remains, used by the artful arch-druid for oracular purposes, viz., a “rocking-stone,” so balanced that the smallest effort would shake it, and was supposed to be self-moved in the presence of a guilty person. In some cases, as on the Three Rock Mountain, County Dublin, the culprit was placed under the stone, which was made to vibrate over his head and threaten death at every instant, until he made full confession. In 1800, a party of military, passing this mountain, dislodged the stone from its pedestal, and consequently it is now motionless.

Lough Dan, 685 feet above the sea, is about two miles below Tay, embosomed by the mountains of Knocknacloghole, Sear, and Slicve-Buckh: it is wanting in much of that beauty which the plantations connected with Luggala Cottage impart to Tay, but possessing much interest, particularly at the upper end, where it receives the infant waters of the Avonmore. There the limpid rivulet, having finished its course through the romantic little glen separating the mountains of Sear and Knocknacloghole, mingles



GEORGE WINDER, GLENDALOUGH GUIDE, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.



THE SCALP, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.

with the Annamoe. Here Sterne, when a child, as he tells us himself, was once swept through the mill-race, and escaped unscathed, to the unutterable amazement of all the country round, who could hardly be persuaded that there must not be a fatal termination to so Unsentimental a Journey.*

The village of Annamoe adjoins Glendalough Park; and the ruins of the residence of the O'Tooles, built about the 12th century, and Castle-Kevin demesne, lie left of the village, close to the road to Rathdrum by Moneystown Hill. Of the castle, apparently a place of strength, few traces are now discoverable. The number of minor beauties and interesting features, it will be at the tourist's option to visit, as time or inclination serves. He may return through Enniskerry, and thence through some delightful scenes, including Old Connaught demesne, back to Bray.

That no feature of this lovely county should be unvisited, our programme suggests a rich treat on the return to Dublin. There is a section of Wicklow comprising a series of scenes which (notwithstanding all already viewed) will amply repay a slight *détour* from the usual route back to Dublin. The first beauty on the Dublin side is

THE SCALP—a deep defile, in the bosom of a granite rock. The sides are acclivitous, but not altogether inaccessible, covered with prodigious disjointed stones, shouldering each other in tumultuous confusion, threatening to overwhelm the passenger at each adventurous footstep. When he looks back, and views this tremendous chasm in dreary perspective, he almost believes the base of the mountain has, at some remote period, given way, throughout the extent of the ravine he has passed, and the incumbent mass fallen into the hollow of the earth; thus leaving a frightful chasm, not to be accounted for on a consideration of the ordinary works of nature. Such a conjecture is the offspring of fancy, created by unusual appearances; but philosophy offers no better explanation, and we quit the scene with surprise mixed with awe. Formerly the road passed at the exact point in which the opposite sides, if continued downward, might be supposed to meet, and so on either hand rose those chaotic rocks, possessing so slight a dependence upon each other, that you fear their obtrusive motion may commence again; but the short road made through part of the defile runs along the side of one of the hills, amongst the rude masses themselves, so that the height of both sides is apparently much diminished, when the pass opens and restores the traveller to a view of the surrounding country. From the Scalp the road gradually descends into the romantic village of Enniskerry, seated on a gentle slope verging towards the river Kerry. It lies within the ancient regal territory of O'Toole, by a descendant of whom the village inn was kept not many years ago. The offspring of royalty, it is to be hoped, found consolation for the degradation of his employment by a sense of the local fascination of the spot wherein he exercised his functions. The pencil of Mr. Jones, on the annexed page, would imply that majesty might muse upon the mischief of the external world from out such a “loop-hole of retreat.”

LOUGH BRAY presents a most gloomy surface, caused partly by the shadows of the impending mountains, but chiefly from the colour imparted by the neighbouring peat moor through which its waters permeate. In the

* When little Laurence was in his eighth year, he fell under the water-wheel of a mill while it was going, and was taken out unhurt. The event occurred at Wicklow, and the country people flocked by hundreds to look at him—a truly Irish act—as if there could be anything to see in a child whose sole peculiarity was, to have had a narrow escape.—*Quarterly Review*, April, 1854; article, *Sterne Incidit; Le Koran*.

midst of this wilderness Sir Philip Crampton has created the oasis already referred to. The view from the road is magnificent, including the mountains of War, Douce, and Kippure, Powerscourt demesne, and the valley of Glencree, and in the distance and endless succession of hill and dale, wood and village. A mile south of Upper Lough Bray is the source of the Liffey. Further west, but more accessible by the Dublin and Blessington road, is a dreary solitude, famous for the waterfall of Poulaphouca (the Puck's or Devil's-hole), with its whirlpool of "depth interminable." Here the "Horse-spirit" is fabled to hold his nightly rout, luring strangers into the vortex of his cataract! This waterfall, admitted to be peculiarly beautiful, cannot be sneered at in the manner adopted occasionally towards its rival at Powerscourt. The Liffey, rushing through the Glen of Kippure, arrives at this point, where the glen narrows and becomes precipitous. The waters glide in glassy stillness to the verge of the fall, whence, by a series of cataracts, one beneath the other, they are ejected till merged at a vast distance below. The fathomless depth ascribed by the country people to this pool, and the demon tradition connected with it, have perpetuated its name of "Poulaphouca." A graceful bridge, of a single Gothic arch, with castellated and embattled piers, crosses the chasm, sixty-five feet from rock to rock, whilst, far below, the torrent is seen plunging, enveloped in clouds of mist; and when the river has been swollen by rains, the view is little less than sublime. This fine bit of river scenery forms part of Tulfarris demesne, whose proprietor (Mr. Hornidge), in the liberal spirit of his Wicklow neighbours, permits the public free access. The bridge forms a viaduct, which is part of the coach-road to Baltinglass—the ravine in the vicinity being planted with evergreens. There is a pretty thatched-cottage inn for visitors, also a spacious ball-room—*agrémens* that cause the vicinage to be crowded during summer with picnic parties. Four miles on the Dublin side is Blessington, a pretty little town, surrounded by lordly demesnes, Tulfarris, Will Mount, Humphrystown, &c. Nearer the waterfall, on the other side, is Russborough, the admired seat of the Earl of Milltown, whose second title is that of Viscount, called from this place. It may not be superfluous to guard the stranger from confounding the Earl of Milltown with the Lord Milton, one of the representatives of the county, and eldest son of a principal proprietor in it (as already described), viz., Earl Fitzwilliam. Russborough House is a commanding structure, of Grecian design, containing many rare old pictures, and is liberally opened to visitors.

MINOR WICKLOW WANDERINGS.—Having now achieved our cursory inspection—all we pretend to of the principal scenes in this county—we subjoin, for those who have time, a few directions for extending the tour through less well-known, but scarcely less alluring parts, and supply a few details of those lesser lions.

From Bray through the Glen of the Downs, onward to Rathdrum, on the mail-coach road, wood, mountain, glade, and hollow, in endless variety, arrest the eye at every turn. Passing through the villages of Delgany, Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, the pretty hamlet of Ashford, and the demesnes of Mount John (seat of Mr. Archer), and Keltimon (seat of Mr. Lecgrove), we come to Rathdrum, where comfortable quarters may be secured at Mr. Fogarty's Hotel. Advancing onward, an outside-car may be obtained, a seat on the left-hand side of which we would recommend. Descending the mountain road, scenes of semi-Alpine magnificence stretch out, bounded by the giant Loughnaquilla, monarch of the Wicklow range. Left of the road



TOWN OF ENNISKERRY, COUNTY WICKLOW. DRAWN BY JONES.

at foot of the hill, tranquilly reposes Ballinaeur, Mr. T. Kemmis's romantic residence, named from the mountain at whose base it nestles. On this road, Mountbrown, Brown Hill (or Motley), Drumgough, Cloma, and Kellystown mountains, rise before in ever-varying succession. These, from the Glenmalure road, which the traveller is now passing, approximate almost to the grand in naked desolation; neither tree, shrub, nor plant occurs throughout this long tract of mountain solitude, save where, in some sheltered nook, the laurel or arbutus climbs, as if to remind the sojourner of the quiet beauty left behind on entering the ravine. Descending from the sublime—not to the ridiculous, but to the comfortable—Fogarty's Hotel stands in the shelter of the towering hill skirting the road on the left, where Carrignewton, in barren and grotesque confusion, presents a picture calculated to awaken emotions of corresponding elevation. This witching region opens onward to the lead mines in this remote district, leading towards the rugged Baravore. The scientific tourist or traveller interested in the industrial prosperity of the country, should visit the mines of Ballygoneen, opened in this neighbourhood. They are most vigorously and profitably worked under the auspices of an enterprising English company, and producing ores of rich quality in considerable abundance. Indeed, the whole glen teems with mineral wealth. Mr. Barker, No. 1, Eden-quay, Dublin, will furnish tickets to view the mines, on application, and courteously afford every information. Retracing our steps to Rathdrum, there is much to gratify along the road, by which the gentle Avonbeg flows in seeming stillness on its way. Of this quarter an American remarked, "that it seemed to have been made on a Saturday night, when all the rest of the world was finished,"—an observation, by the way, repeated of many places all over the world, though probably of none with more complete applicability.

NEWTOWN-MOUNT-KENNEDY—surrounded by beautiful country, on the mail-coach road to Wexford—deserves notice. It is bounded north by the Downs Mountain and Hill of Delgany; east, sea; south and west, the hills running from the Downs Mountain to Dunran Glen. It is another central position for exploring; and, as qualifying one for the undertaking, substantial cheer and comfortable quarters are to be had at Clement's Hotel, and cars for the mansion and demesne of Mount Kennedy, purchased and much improved by the late Lord Rossmore from Sir Robert Kennedy, descendant of the alderman by whom the town was founded in the reign of Charles II. At the time of purchase this whole tract, now adjoining and forming part of the demesne, was barren waste. It is at present possessed by R. G. Cunningham, Esq., descendant of Lord Rossmore; worthily sustaining the honoured heritage of his race as a thorough benefactor to the neighbourhood that has the happiness to claim him as resident; we need hardly add that strangers are admitted to the demesne on week days. We would recommend the Dublin entrance, and proceed past the house to the back-gate, on the hilly road from Newtown-Mount-Kennedy to Glendaragh and Altadore—the former a mile from the back-gate of Mount Kennedy, and a mile and a half from the town. Here a battle was fought, in '98, by Lords Rossmore (the first peer, General Cunningham) and Kingsborough, in which the rebels were defeated.

Near the entrance to Glendaragh is the gate leading to Altadore, a greatly-admired demesne, before entering which we should continue along the public road about a mile farther, where, from the higher elevation, a better view of the rich tract reaching from the hills to the sea is obtained. Woodstock,

however, is the spot of most general renown in this neighbourhood, both because of its great natural beauties, and because the house itself, late the property of Lord Robert Tottenham, now of his relict, abounds in objects beloved by sight-seers. We need not recommend a journey, for all the local gossips and guides will be emphatic in urging it, and all we shall say is—Go at once. Coming back again to Delgany, a favourite resort, not alone of tourists, but of the Dublin citizens and the brain-worn students of its University, much for healthful, and a little perhaps for historic purposes, as the neighbourhood is rich in reminiscences of the kind.

Returning hence, the tourist may come through Roundwood, to which we have before adverted. From this point roads branch off to several interesting scenes; the most attractive of which are again Loughs Tay and Dan, if not previously visited. This excursion should be made on foot, at least the greater part of it, by the Annamoe road to Oldbridge, where is obtained a charming view of Lough Dan; then turning up a beautiful glen, through which the road ascends gradually, comes a point commanding a new view of famous Luggala demesne, besides revealing Lough Tay in fullest beauty, mirroring the surrounding mountains in its glassy depths.

But here, in the very heart of the county, we must pause—leaving it to the tourist's discretion or caprice to return to his head-quarters, and turn which way he will, he is certain to be gratified. The following are the distances from Dublin to the more prominent places we have become acquainted with, viz.:—

Dublin to Bray about 13 miles, Newtown-Mount-Kennedy 22, Ashford 28, Rathdrum 38, Vale of Avoca 42, Wooden Bridge 46, Arklow 50.

SUMMARY OF SEATS AND DISTANCES.—We now recapitulate the most memorable of the places visited, together with a few others our arrangements would not permit us proceed to, but which the reader, not content with what he has seen in company with us, must make out himself. Any information he is short of will be supplied at the Bray Hotel, by Mr. Quin, a name of great celebrity in these parts for two generations, and to whose deserved influence the present proprietor is continuously adding. We should also remark that, in anticipation of the importance which will be attached to Bray by the opening of the railway, a fine hotel has been built by Mr. W. Dargan at the terminus, for the object of providing sufficient accommodation for the numerous visitors, who no doubt will avail themselves of the many attractions which this neighbourhood presents, and which can be reached in so short a time by the railway to open in July. The lessee of this new, and we doubt not most prosperous, hotel is Mr. Breslin, who rendered himself highly popular during the Exhibition of 1853, in the capacity of keeper of the principal refreshment saloon in the great Industrial Building.

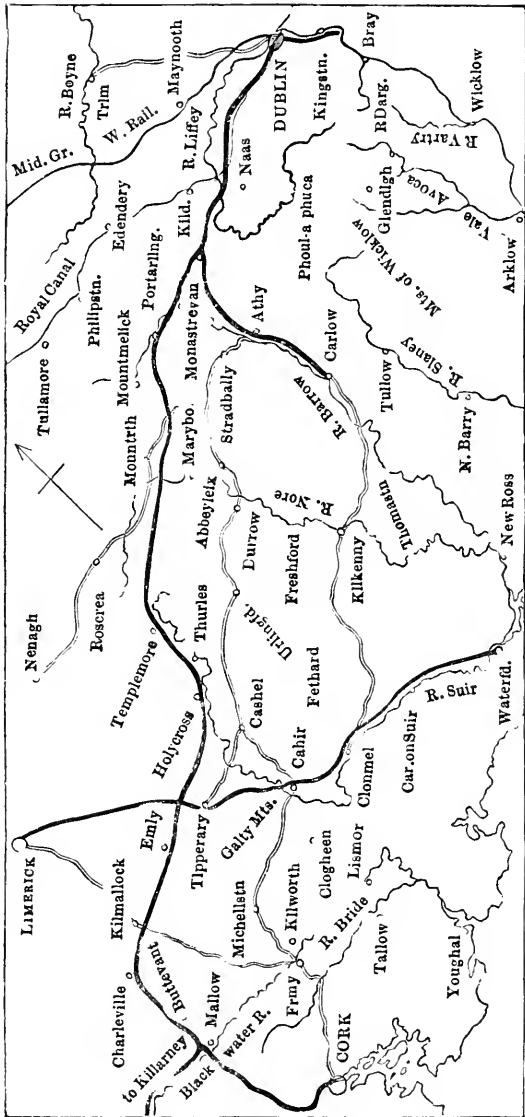
First as to seats:—Earl of Wicklow, Shelton Abbey; Earl of Meath, Killybeg; Earl Fitzwilliam, Coolattin; Earl of Milltown, Russboro'; Earl Carysfort, Glenart; Earl Aldborough, Stratford House; Lord Monk, Enniskerry; Hodgson, Bart., Hollybrook; Compton, Bart., Loughbray; Howard, Bart., Bushby Park; Acton of West Ashton; Bayly of Ballyarthur; Bradell of Bullingate; Bryne of Croneybyrne; Putland of Bray Head; Carroll of Ballinure; Cunninghame of Mount Kennedy; Grattan of Tinnehinch; Grogan of Slany Park; Hume of Humewood; Kemmis of Ballinacor; Latouche of Luggalaw; Parnell of Avondale; Saunders of Saunders' Grove;

Synge of Glenmore; Tighe of Rosanna; Tottenham of Ballycurry; Well of Knockrigg; Westby of High Park; Wingfield of Cork Abbey; &c.

ROADS—many of them leading by the streams, through the glens and gaps, or passes, are: (1) From Wicklow to Ashford (near Devil's Glen) 4 miles, Newtown-Mount-Kennedy 10, Delgany (near Glen of the Downs) 13, under Little Sugarloaf Bray 18, on to Dublin 30. (2) Wicklow to Rathdrum 8, Meeting of Waters 11, Arklow 19, on to Gorey 29. (3) From Rathdrum up the Avonmore to Laragh Bridge 6, Annamoc 9, Roundwood 12, Mulnavceige 14, under the Douce and by the Dargle to Enniskerry 22, by the Scalp to Dublin 34, or by Mulnaviege to Luggalaw (near L. Tay) 16, Sally Gap 17 (head of Liffey 21, L. Bray 23, on to Tallaght 31), under Kippure, Seefinane, &c., to Blessington 29, or Rathcoole 34; or by Laragh Bray to Glendalough 7 (up Glenmaenass on the military road past a fall to Sally Gap 17), Wicklow Gap near Tonelagee and L. Nahanagan 13, under Black Rocks 17, the Liffey (near Poulaphouca) 22, Blessington 24. (4) From Rathdrum to Ballinacor and Greenan Ho. 3, up Glenmalur under Lugduff and past the mines to Ess Fall under Lugnaquilla 12, past Imayle Glen to Donard 19 (Stratford 23), Dunlavin 24; by Ballinacor to Aghavanagh under Croghan-Moira and Lugnaquilla 9, Rathdangan 14, by Humewood to Balinglass 21, on to Carlow 31. (5) From Rathdrum over Cushbawn to Carysfoot 6, Aughtim 8, Tinnahely 15, Coolattin 19, Carnew 21, on to Ennis-corthy 39. The military road past Croghan-Moira, Laragh, Bray, Sally Gap, &c., runs through the heart of the mountains.

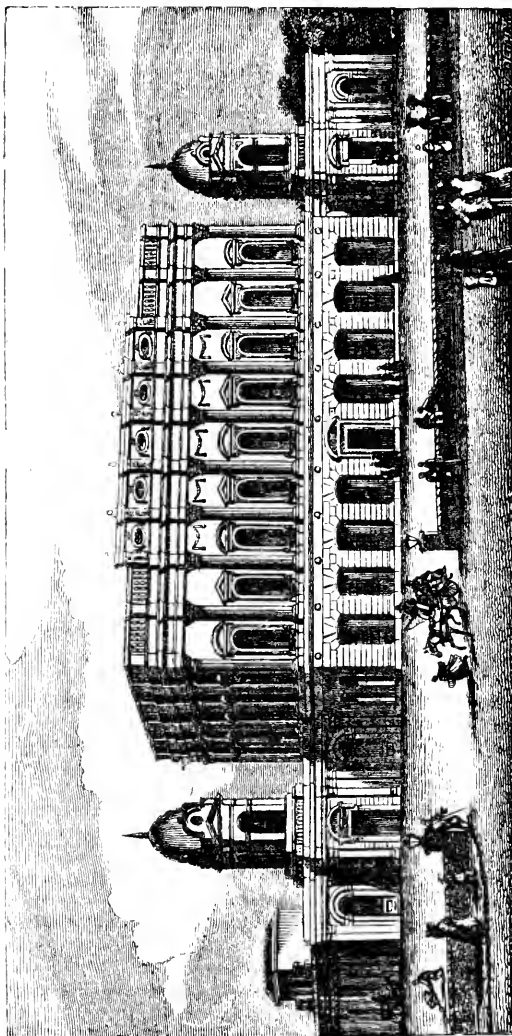
FINALE.—Our rapid run through Wicklow is now complete, as far as our limits will admit. But the whole locality has been so done and overdone in description—these descriptions are so accessible in every form—the country itself is so studded all over with attractions—that we present the foregoing rather as an index to more extensive information, obtainable from the sources enumerated, than as satisfactory in itself, to save those whom time will allow to make only the most cursory acquaintance with this captivating district. Guide-books to Wicklow are even more numerous than those to Killarney, and it is difficult to prefer any in particular. Generally speaking, unlike such publications elsewhere, the more copious they are, the more interesting. *Our* difficulty, however, has been compression; for we conceive that brevity here, if not exactly the soul of wit, is the spirit of usefulness; and this being our object, we have said, in the most circumscribed space, what we deem essential, and no more—trusting to our faithful artist to atone for all short-comings in the letter-press. Our Irish friends will think we have not been sufficiently ornate in description. But we are now haunted by the terrible eye of that “distinguished foreigner”* to whom gentlemen in the House of Commons are always mentally referring the hypothetical advantages and disadvantages of the British Constitution; persons now come amongst us not only familiar with Highgate and Primrose-hill, but with the Alps and Himalayas, the Pyrenees and the Andes; and these find, as Inglis says, that though “Wicklow is beautiful, everything is *petit*—a beautiful minuteness.”

* Prince Puckler Muskau.



THE GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY, WITH OTHER LINES BETWEEN DUBLIN AND CORK.

SECOND TOUR—DUBLIN TO CORK AND QUEENSTOWN.



METROPOLITAN TERMINUS, KING'S BRIDGE.

At the extreme west of Dublin, contiguous to King's-bridge, south of the Liffey, is the metropolitan terminus of the Great Southern and Western, two stories high, wings the height of basement story, from which rise graceful clock-towers; the whole faced with mountain granite, constituting a noble modern architectural ornament of Dublin, the appropriateness of style to purpose being perfect, and the interior nearly equalling anything of the kind in England.

The line is particularly easy and pleasant to travel on, passing for a long distance through the central limestone field of Ireland, which, being very level, has afforded great facilities; but on leaving this field, and getting into the clay-slate formation, the works involve heavy cuttings, embankments, and viaducts, and a considerable tunnel. There are technical peculiarities at the Cork end, not necessary to detail; but one characteristic is the straightness of the line, effecting in gradients what others effect in curves and cuttings, and pursuing an unusually direct course from point to point, nearly exact south-west. From Dublin to Cork is 165 miles, through Kildare, Queen's and King's Counties, Tipperary, Limerick, and Cork, traversing the great Bog of Allen (by rails on a floating bridge), and through the rich valleys of Leinster and Munster. The stations are remarkably neat and pretty, and distance-posts are at intervals of a quarter of a mile. The undertaking is in the highest degree creditable to Ireland; its traffic is rapidly increasing; and its management is most exemplary—thanks, in a great measure, to the able supervision of Mr. Ilberry, director of the traffic department.

In our first issue we stated that the traveller would do well to provide himself with a complete set of railway charts. Since then we have incorporated such of these as may complete the tours comprehended in our Handbook.

CLONDALKIN, LUCAN, and HAZEL-HATCH, are the first three principal stations, Hazel-hatch completing ten miles. As the line runs very nearly south-west, we can only depict its novel salient points by confining ourselves to the northern and southern sides of it: and first, on leaving Dublin, will be observed on the north the Phoenix Park, the Wellington Testimonial, already alluded to, 122 feet high, upon which are inscribed the victories, from Assaye to Waterloo, of Ireland's hero. George the Fourth termed it "an overgrown milestone." North side is the Royal Hospital of Kilmmainham, established 1675, for disabled and superannuated soldiers, on the site of a priory, founded in 1174, by Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, for Knight Templars. The present building, designed by Wren, founded in 1683, is quadrangular, 306 feet long, 288 broad, and two stories high;—dining-hall 100 feet in length, and 50 in width, the lower part wainscoted with oak, and ornamented with military weapons. Here are the apartments of the master, Commander of the Forces for the time being. Next, on the south, will be noticed the great works (locomotive department, &c.) situated at INCHICORE, where are handsome cottages, devoted to drivers, stokers, and others employed by the company. Below Inchicore is seen Drymah Castle, an ancient stronghold of a once great family, the Barnwells, of whom the surviving head is the present (fifteenth) Lord Trimleston, the tenth baron of which name was attained by William III. for adherence to James; the title was not acknowledged till the thirteenth peer obtained a confirmation of his right to the barony in 1795, as explained in our Drogheda route.

On the opposite side is Ballyfermot Castle and Church, dedicated to St.

Laurence and the Templars. CLONDALKIN is celebrated for a round tower in great preservation, 84 feet high above the base (solid stone), of rubble masonry, and 45 feet in circumference. Its strength was tested some years back by an explosion of powder mills in its neighbourhood, which it stood uninjured. The basement is now cased with modern stonework for its protection.

Lucan and Hazel-hatch present a good deal of interest. The former was the property of the Sarsfields; and the famous general of that name was created Earl of Lucan by James II.; his deeds continuing to be enshrined in the popular mind in *Banim's*, *Lover's*, and other fictions, which perpetuate the traditions that have descended to us concerning him, though historic proofs of their accuracy are hitherto somewhat scant, unless, indeed, the explorative genius of Mr. Macaulay, in his forthcoming third volume of the "History of England," shall discover fresh evidences on behalf of the Milesian hero of adversity in the Revolution, though in reality he was of English family. LEXLIP is a much-admired resort of pleasure-seeking Dublin Cockneys, and will be, as well as other portions of this neighbourhood, described in the route to Galway.

CELBRIDGE ABBEY, seat of Henry Grattan, second son of the celebrated man whose name he bears, and former residence and burial place of Swift's Vanessa (died 1723), is within a mile of Hazel-hatch.

CARTON, the seat of Ireland's only duke (Leinster), four miles from Celbridge station. The mansion, formerly belonging to the Talbots, is of a princely character, on the Rye water. In 1849 the Queen and Prince Albert much admired its collection of Claudes, Poussins, and several Dutch masters, including Holbein's "Earl of Kildare." In its neighbourhood is the College of Maynooth, for which we must likewise refer to our Galway tour.

Between Hazel-hatch and Straffan (succeeding station) is seen Lyons Castle, seat of the late estimable Lord Cloncurry, who expired, in his eighty-first year, last November, at his marine residence, *Maretime* (on the Dublin and Kingstown Railway). The extensive mansion is on the site of an ancient castle destroyed by the O'Tooles. Within it valuable works of art were accumulated by the late illustrious owner, during a residence on the continent.

KILLADOON, north side of the rail, is the fine residence of the Earl of Leitrim, father of Lord Clements, late member for Leitrim, and late Assistant Poor Law Commissioner. Below Straffan, on the south, is the hill of Oughterard, 438 feet high, crowned by remains of a round tower. In the churchyard lie several Ponsonbys, prelates of Bishopscourt. At foot of the hill is Bishopscourt Castle, the splendid residence of the Earl of Clonmel.

AT SHERLOCKSTOWN the line crosses the Grand Canal by a huge timber bridge; and further down, the canal is again crossed by a similar bridge. On the south of the first bridge is visible Palmerston House, seat of Earl Mayo, a representative peer, father of the late Irish Secretary, Lord Naas, M.P. for Coleraine, by only daughter of Earl Roden. At Osberstown, eighteen miles from Dublin, is a rather deep cutting.

NAAS, a most ancient town, is in the immediate neighbourhood, replete with interest as the residence of the kings of Leinster before the conquest of Ireland. Councils and parliaments were held here between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries; and within the town is a rath, on which the "states" of Leinster are said to have had their General Assembly. Near

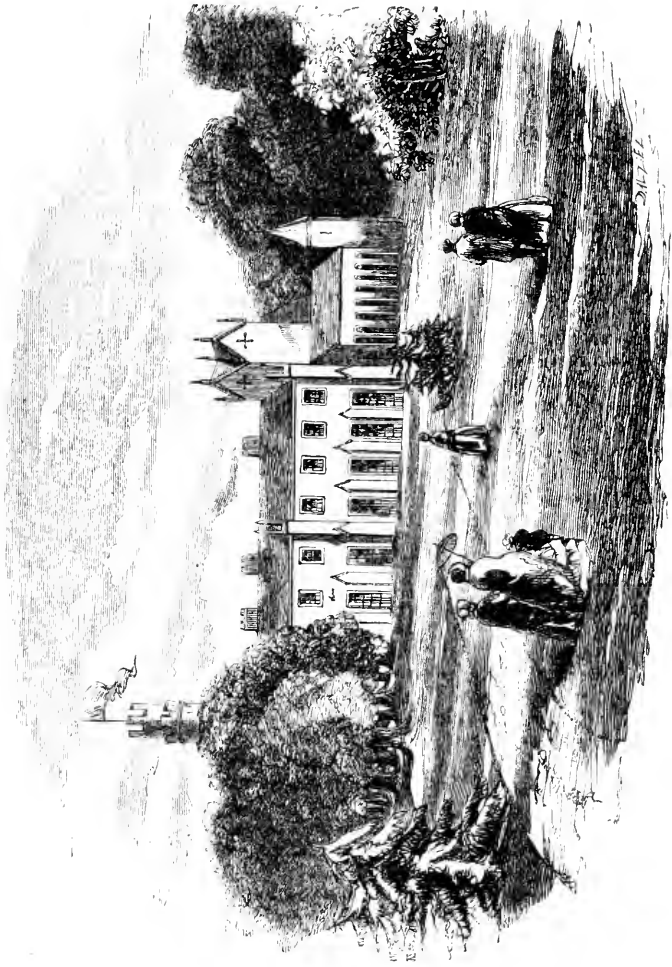
Naas, which, alternately with Athy, is the assize town for County Kildare, in the centre of a fertile tract of country, are the remains of Jigginstown, a building commenced on an enormous scale by Strafford, the luckless vizier of the hapless Charles I. The Grand Canal, which runs past Naas, being also contiguous to the railway, has lately become of importance. At Sallins, two miles from Naas, the line crosses the Liffey, in its devious course to the capital, by a handsome bridge, 270 feet long, of eleven spans, each nineteen feet wide. Five miles further north is the Hill of Allen, sight of Fingal's or Albin's Hall, of Moore's song, commanding a wide prospect of that "Dismal Swamp" to which it has given its name. One of Ossian's scenes is laid here, and it is the accredited retreat of Fin M'Couil; but there are two Hills of Allen, one east, the other north of Kildare.

GREAT COUNCIL ABBEY, on the south side of the line, is seen, being the ruin of a magnificent priory, founded in 1202, and, when suppressed by Elizabeth, handed over to Sir E. Butler, of the illustrious house of Ormond. A mile further on brings us to New Bridge station, an extensive military depôt; passing which, we enter on the famous CURRAGH, a vast unbroken, bleak plain (404 feet above the sea), consisting of 4,858 statute acres, the property of the Crown, and appropriated to racing and coursing. Here the adjacent proprietors have the privilege of grazing sheep; and on the southern margin are collected numerous residences, including "Jockey Hall" and "Turf Lodge." Several battles have been fought on this plain. The Volunteers assembled here in 1783; and in 1804, 30,000 "United Irishmen" encamped on it. On the Curragh, once a forest of oaks, are numerous earth-works, mostly of a sepulchral character.

Beyond the Curragh is seen the Red Hill of Kildare, 679 feet high. Passing through the Curragh, we arrive at Kildare station, Kildare town being seen southward, now small and poor, possessing few attractions for any but the antiquarian inquirer. Amongst its ecclesiastical ruins rises a round tower, 130 feet high.

St. Bridget founded the religious houses subsequently erected. Here was her famous nunnery in 584, and in which, ages after, was an old small building, wherein, it is supposed, the nuns of the saint kept the inextinguishable fire mentioned by Giraldus, and alluded to in one of the melodies of Moore. These houses consist of the small ruined cathedral, containing the sepulchral vault of the earls of Kildare, and in which Robert, Duke of Leinster, father of the present duke, was interred. Kildare has a Roman Catholic chapel, nunnery, and friary; several schools, infirmary, and sessions-house.

MONASTEREVEN is the next town. A good view is obtained of the demesne of Moore Abbey, the fine seat of the Marquis of Drogheda, occupying the greater part of the hill to the south of the town. The modern spacious mansion is on the site of a Franciscan abbey, on the banks of the Barrow, which runs for two miles through the demesne, also watering Monastereven. The Grand Canal here separates, one arm to Mountmelick and Portarlinton, the other to Athy. Monastereven contains a venerable church, a good Roman Catholic chapel, and various public schools. Large markets are held, and many respectable people have located here. It is wholly the property of the marquis, and might become thriving and populous. In the immediate locality are splendid demesnes and residences;—Kildangan Castle, seat of Mr. E. O'Farrel; Jamestown, seat of Mr. R. Cassedy; Gray Avern, Mr. J. Armstrong; Belgrove, Mr. G. Admir; Rath, Mr. W. H.



THE PRIORY, TEMPLEMORE, SEAT OF SIR JOHN CRAVEN CARDEN, BART. DRAWN BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Deane; the Derries, Mr. R. Alloway, &c. The railway here passes a noble viaduct of malleable iron.

PORTARLINGTON, the next station, is represented by Colonel Dunne, late Clerk to the Ordnance; the "Port" being on the Barrow, which runs past the town, one of the neatest in Ireland, containing the school in which the "young idea" of Wellington was first taught to "shoot," together with that of his illustrious brother, the Marquis of Wellesley; the "boys" coming to Portarlington from their (now ruined) residence of Dangan Castle, near Trim, County Meath, of which hereafter. Six miles from the station is MOUNTMELICK, close to which are the works of the Irish Beet-root Sugar Company, the development of whose undertaking is now watched with peculiar interest; and those who have given most attention to the subject say that abundant data have been gathered to warrant a zealous adherence to the course entered upon. A little beyond the town is Emo Park (demesne of Earl of Portarlington, head of the Dawson family), whose new mansion (on the south) is considered the finest modern one in Ireland; the demesne celebrated for its deer and artificial lake. About here, standing out insulated, the renowned ROCK OF DUNAMASE is seen on the south. On the summit stood Strongbow's stronghold (the ruins remaining), afterwards the scene of many sieges, and finally demolished by Cromwell. The Rock commands a prospect to an almost inconceivable extent, there being visible a sweep of nearly twenty miles in every direction around (the immediate scene of the Wars of the Pale); but ascent is impossible, save on one side. It belongs to Lord Congleton, and is the focus of tourist curiosity, especially amongst explorers of the memorabilia of Anglo-Irish feuds and feudalism. Next station to Portarlington is MARYBOROUGH, which gives the title of Baron (Constable of the Castle of Maryborough) to Earl Mornington, head of the Wellesleys, is the county town of Queen's County; small, not prosperous, and unhappily situated in a flat, uninteresting country. The lunatic asylum (covering twenty-two acres), and the county gaol, are fine buildings. Hence to BALLYBROPHY (66 miles from Dublin) the line runs through a dull tract, principally bog, backed by the Slievebloom mountains. Between Ballybrophy and TEMPLEMORE (Tipperary) is a far finer country, and objects of interest abound. The Devil's Bit mountains (on the north), of which the Bit (the name arising in a legend explaining itself in the title) forms the summit, rise 1,572 feet, springing from the verdant hills about Roscrea (north of the line, at Ballybrophy), and sweeping circularly from the Slievebloom range, along the northern limits of the rich country between Templemore and Tipperary. The Bit forms the famed Rock of Cashel. ROSCREA, the property of Earl of Portarlington, lies in a beautiful plain, between the Slievebloom and Devil's Bit mountains. An abbey was founded here by St. Cronan in the seventh century, the only portion standing being a curious gable, pierced by an archway, over which is a full-length figure of the saint, much mutilated; and at the sides are several arched niches, ornamented with chevrons. In the church-yard is shown part of a circular cross, called the Shrine of St. Cronan, with the Crucifixion rudely sculptured. Near it is a fine round tower, in good preservation, 80 feet high and 15 diameter; around its base are two tiers of stone steps, and about 15 feet from the ground a circular-arched doorway, 15 feet above which is a pointed window. The top of this tower was destroyed by lightning, A.D. 1135. A circular tower, part of a castle built by King John, is still standing, as also a square castle, built by the Ormond family in the time of Henry VIII.

A most interesting feature of the country through which the traveller hereabouts passes is the number of ancient castles, either close to the line or a short distance at either side. After leaving Ballybrophy, until we reach Dundrum, this is particularly remarkable. Travelling the country of the O'Moores, Fitzpatricks, Fogartys, and Butlers, we see such objects constantly—some in fine preservation, some in various stages of decay. The entire of Upper Ossory, which the line intersects, appears to have been encompassed with a circuit of these castles, each communicating with those next it, forming a perfect circle of defence around. Each "hold" has its special story; and those who have time may find amusement in the legends which attach to each. Near TEMPLEBOY, is Long Orchard, seat of the most accomplished of all modern Irish tribunes, the late Florentine ambassador, Richard Shiel, buried in the neighbouring churchyard.

THE PRIORY, TEMPLEMORE, seat of Sir John Craven Carden, Bart., in this portion of Tipperary, is beautifully situated on an eminence, surrounded by an extensive park, which comprises some of the finest wood in the South of Ireland. Sir John is a large proprietor, and a greatly-esteemed resident landlord. He married the only daughter of Captain Charles G. Robinson, R.N., many years conducting the Admiralty Survey of Scotland. Several members of Captain Robinson's family have, during the last two centuries, followed the same gallant profession, and been highly distinguished; none more so than his brother, Captain Edward Robinson, R.N., one of the few survivors of the desperate action of Feb. 7, 1813, between L'Arethuse, French frigate, 44 guns (24 pounders) and 340 men, and H.M.S. Amelia, Captain the Honourable Fred. P. Irby, on which occasion the enemy lost 105 killed and wounded, and the Amelia 141 men killed and wounded, out of an original force of 300, as detailed in *Gazette*, 1813, p. 583. The neat town of Templemore owes its origin to the Knights Templar. It now possesses a handsome church and Roman Catholic chapel, and spacious infantry barracks. One of the entrances to the PRIORY is a picturesque remnant of the castle of the Knights. In the handsome and well-kept demesne, on the northern side of a fine sheet of water, are ruins of their ancient priory, the western gable of which contains a perfect and beautiful window of the later period of Gothic architecture. South of the lake are the ruins of an enormous square keep, whose walls, formerly enclosing the court-yard, or bawn, extend a considerable distance; a noble pointed gateway still remains in excellent preservation. Whether for ancient interest or modern beauty, few places in this fine portion of Ireland are more attractive than the estate of Sir John Carden, who worthily bestows that vigilant attention on modern wants and requirements which should characterise an improving landlord and active country magistrate, his accomplished lady being a fitting auxiliary in every good work calculated to maintain the hospitable repute of the once chivalrous Priory. Sir John is son of Sir Henry Robert, a distinguished Waterloo and Peninsular officer. He was born at Templemore-house, in 1819; succeeded his father in 1847; educated at Eton, and was formerly lieutenant 8th Hussars; appointed deputy-lieutenant of Tipperary in 1844; is descended from the Lincolnshire branch of the Cardens of Kent, who sprung from the Cardens of Cawarden, Cheshire.

The ancient and now prosperous agricultural town of Thurles, on the Suir (87 miles from Dublin), has been the field of many battles, the Danes having been defeated here in the 10th century, and the English settlers by O'Brien, and there having been divers conflicts in its neighbourhood during

the parliamentary wars. Our space and arrangements will not permit of details of its present characteristics; and all we can find room to say is, that it is the seat of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Cashel, and contains numerous religious and educational edifices pertaining to the same faith; the celebrated "Synod" having been held here in 1850, under the presidency of Primate Cullen. Next station is Goold's Cross, leading to Cashel. At this point innumerable traces of ecclesiastical and feudal splendour abound. Holy Cross Abbey, three miles from Thurles, is a splendid relic, said, according to an undisturbed tradition, to have been built as a depository for a fragment of the holy cross, presented to one of the O'Briens, the abbey being founded and endowed by Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, in 1182; and its superior being a mitred abbot, with a seat in Parliament as Earl of Holy Cross. The building is cruciform, consisting of a nave, chancel, and transept, with square belfrey at the intersection of the cross. In each transept are two chapels, beautifully groined. Between these and the south transept is a double row of three-pointed arches, supported by twisted pillars two feet from each other, and having a similar pointed arch in front. The choir arch within the church is not, as is usual, beneath, but in advance of the tower. The steeple rests on four beautifully-groined arches, connected in the centre by ogives passing diagonally from their angles, and the roof of the choir is similarly ornamented. East of Goold's Cross, eight miles distant, on the Cashel section of the line, stand the town and famous **ROCK OF CASHEL**, which, though out of the tourist's route, cannot be well left behind without a visit; but perhaps it will be better to defer the "City of the Kings" till our returning from the south.

Twelve miles intervene from **GOOLD'S CROSS** to **LIMERICK JUNCTION** Station, the only point of interest passed being Dundrum, near which is the seat of Lord Hawarden, one of the largest private parks in this part of Ireland, and also famous for its deer, as is very appropriate that it should be, seeing that the noble owner traces his descent, or, at least, the heralds do for him, from Eustace de Montcalto, styled the "Norman hunter," who came to the assistance of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, at the period of the Conquest. Vast tracts of land have been reclaimed here by the proprietors of Dundrum.

At the Limerick Junction Station, 107 miles from Dublin, the traveller to Limerick changes from the Southern and Western to the Waterford and Limerick line, Limerick being 23 miles from the Junction, at and about which are several points claiming notice. The town of **TIPPERARY**, only 3 miles distant, is in the very centre of the rich tract through which the line has been passing, watered by one of the Suir's numerous tributaries. The towering Galties are discernible from the Junction. Arthur Young says, they are certainly the finest of the Irish inland ranges, whether as to elevation, appearance, or fertile surface; and so they continue to be regarded, Galtmore, their highest summit, rising 3,008 feet. The land near the station is Earl Derby's, having been purchased by him when Lord Stanley; his handsome modern mansion, erected by himself—Bally Kisteen—being visible from the rails. Surrounded by a finely-cultivated estate, in the midst of a grand country, and commanding noble views, it is natural that his lordship should be nearly as frequently a visitor to his Irish as to his hereditary Lancashire estates, the noble ex-premier being as deservedly popular in one country as he is esteemed and admired in the other. At the sale of his farm-produce here, during last year (1853), the prices realised for

stock of all kind were immense. He has since let the greater portion of the soil he previously farmed himself, and, of course, at high rents.

KNOCKLONG is the first station after leaving the Junction. The bold hill of Knocklong, with the ruins of a church, and several castles, are visible from the station—each with a legend too lengthy to tell—but the sublimated nature of whose romance may be inferred from the circumstance of the site of these mouldering keeps of the O'Hurleys being watered by a streamlet of the poetic name of the "Morning Star!" EMLY, mentioned by very old writers—but not by Ptolemy, as some of our wise guide-book makers tell us—as one of the three principal towns of Ireland, is passed on the way to Knocklong: it is now not to be found in nine out of any ten maps of Ireland. Two miles north of Knocklong is another ancient place, Hospital (so called from the Templars, by whom a Preceptory was founded here in 1266, by Geoffrey de Marisco, and given as Kenmare Castle to Sir V. Brown), a village, with ruins of castle and church.

Six miles north of Knocklong is LOUGH-GUR, 4 miles in circumference, containing several islands, one with ruins of the stronghold of the Desmonds, the last of which romantic race is said to have been made captive on one of those watery cirelets. Around the shores are most extensive supposed Druidical remains—stone circles, altars, and other rich rude monuments, some of gigantic dimensions; and beneath these Titanic *débris* of an elder world have been found, in the adjacent bog, the prodigious bones of the long-extinct Irish deer. On the south shore is an old church, from which are seen many of the massive Druidical remains, and a passage leading between high piles of these stones. Not far from it is an apparently sepulchral chamber, thirteen and a half feet by six, formed of large stones, with a roofing of huge flags, and popularly known as Diarmod and Grain's Bed.

On the other side of Knocklong is the famed and beautiful Glen of AHERLOW, compared to the best of those of Wicklow, formed by the Galtee mountains south, and Slievenamuck north; and in it Keating, the Irish Herodotus, wrote the history of his country.

KILMALLOCK (124 miles from Dublin), called the Baalbee of Ireland, is a mass of ruins, of every sort of ruin, at every stage of ruin. It had been distinguished long anterior to the arrival of the Anglo-Normans: a round tower (notwithstanding mediæval restorations) attesting very ancient pre-eminence, and later ecclesiastical magnificence being indicated, in some peculiar ruins, of the early Christian era of Ireland. It was a walled town before the English invasion, and was known as the chief city of the Desmond branch of the native chiefs, the Geraldines, and of great strength. Some stone mansions are left, from which it is inferred that the civic splendour of the place was at its height anterior to the reign of Elizabeth. Its military history is famous, the concluding chapters being sieges by Cromwell and the Duke of Berwick. Outside the town, on the river Loobagh, most conspicuously stand the ruins of a Dominican abbey, founded 1291. The Hill of ARDPATRICK, with its stump of a mouldering round tower, is seen from the line south of Kilmallock and Mallow (145 miles from Dublin). There is but little on which to pause here, unless we note some gold and fossil remains having been found at Sunville, the old seat of the Godsals. CHARLEVILLE is a neat little town, called thus euphoniously by the Earl of Orrery (original name Rathgogan) in compliment to his master, Charles II. The earl built a splendid house here; and the Duke of Berwick, in the war raised by his father, James II., maliciously burnt it down. The manor now belongs to

the Earl of Cork and Orrery, who, a descendant of the celebrated philosopher, Robert Boyle, is a soldier who has seen much service—a general in the army, having been at Flanders, Valenciennes, and Dunkirk; also in the expedition under Lord Moira in 1794, and having been with Abercromby, at Alexandria, 1801.

Six miles from Buttevant was the vast stronghold of the Barrys, Lisscarrol Castle, now in ruins, built by King John. A change in the agricultural character of the country will be remarked here. We leave the rich champagne landscape, and enter the hilly district, which extends westward to the Atlantic. The deep, heavy, loamy soils, with their exuberant herbage, give place to more elevated lands and less luxuriant vegetation, the hills gradually blending with the mountain ranges. Rounding the Ballyhoura mountains, before we reach Buttevant station, an extensive view is obtained of their southern slopes, and of the diversified country eastward along their base.

Near Charleville is the town of MITCHELSTOWN, with the adjoining magnificent castle and demesne of the Earl of Kingston, now in the Encumbered Estates Court, like the patrimony of so many other patricians. Between Mitchelstown and Caher are the famous Mitchelstown Caves—stalactite caverns of enormous extent. Buttevant, now mean and reduced, was once opulent and flourishing—numerous ruins telling the contrast—the abbey containing the remains of those who fell in 1647 at Knockinoss, when Sir Alexander M'Donnell (the “Colkitto” of Milton's sonnet, and “Ollistrum Mors,” *i. e.*, “Alexander the Great,” of Irish story) was killed. Buttevant Abbey is perhaps one of the most attractive objects journeying onward to Cork. The symmetry and grace which still adorn its faded glory and ruined beauty, call forth warm praise. Greatly admired are the remains of a priory, founded 1290 by the Barrys, earls of Barrymore, who held the manor (now belonging to Lord Doneraile, a representative peer), and whose war-cry against the M'Carthy's, *Boutez en avant*, “Put Forward!” gave this name to the town. The chief interest, however, of Buttevant, at least to English tourists, is its association with the *Faerie Queen*. He who sang of “Mole, that mountain hore,” and “Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep,” resided at Kileolman Castle, where he often received Raleigh, who, like himself, had obtained large grants in this part of Ireland, from Elizabeth. The castle of Buttevant is on the east of the town, rising from a rock, overhanging the Awbeg. When Spenser fled, in 1598, Kileolman was plundered and partially burnt down by the Tyrone insurgents. After the Restoration, the grandson of the poet was put in possession of the estates granted to Sir Walter; but forfeited them by his adhesion to James II. They were again restored to the family, but have long since passed from them.

MALLOW, on the romantic Blackwater, forty-three miles from Limerick, twenty-one from Cork, possesses no particular manufactures, but has a good retail trade, and the weekly markets for butter and corn are well attended, being one of the best country towns in the south. It was much resorted to in summer formerly by gentry, and still attracts citizens of Limerick, Dublin, and Cork, on account of the mineral waters, whose properties are nearly identical with those of Clifton—recommended chiefly for consumptive patients. It returns to Parliament Sir C. Denham Orlando Jephson Norreys, Bart, proprietor of the town, who has sat since 1826, except the beginning of 1833, when Mr. Daunt was returned, because the

present member would not favour repeal ; but Mr. Daunt was unseated on petition.

Hills and deep ravines diversify the country from Mallow to Cork, consequently the cuttings and fillings are proportionately extensive. From the elevation which the rail generally maintains, good views on either hand are commanded.

From Dublin to Mallow the Great Southern and Western, and from Limerick to Tipperary the Waterford and Limerick Railway, run through the limestone plain occupying so great a portion of the centre of Ireland. At Mallow the former line meets the schistose formation, in which it continues to Cork.

Mallow has hitherto been the nearest railway station to Killarney, but now the line is open throughout between these two important tourist-towns. The Killarney Junction is thirty-nine miles long, from the Mallow station on the Great Southern and Western Railway to Killarney. Various circumstances delayed the formation of the undertaking ; but its completion was effected and the line opened by the present Lord Lieutenant (St. Germain) in the early part of last summer.

Hitherto, good coaches ran from Killarney to Mallow in five hours, now that journey is accomplished in a little more than one. The scenery is not of a character to need description. MILL-STREET, with its one street, is the only village of any pretensions along the line ; and it is only to be observed from its situation, at the head of the glen which separates the Boghra and Cahirbana mountains.

Twenty more miles beyond Mallow bring us to Cork ; and in performing this closing part of the journey, attention will be drawn, in a far greater degree than hitherto, from the country to the railway itself. The stupendous viaduct over the Blackwater is most honourable to Sir J. McNeile's Irish engineering skill, and from that point into Cork the cuttings become numerous and deep, the city being entered by a tunnel, now nearly completed, three-fourths of a mile long.

At the Blarney Station, two miles from the famous castle, and the groves "which look so charming," we catch a glimpse of that venerable pile, embowered in woods, and storied in song ; already anticipating the delight of next day's drive from Cork, "a pilgrim to the Blarney Stone."

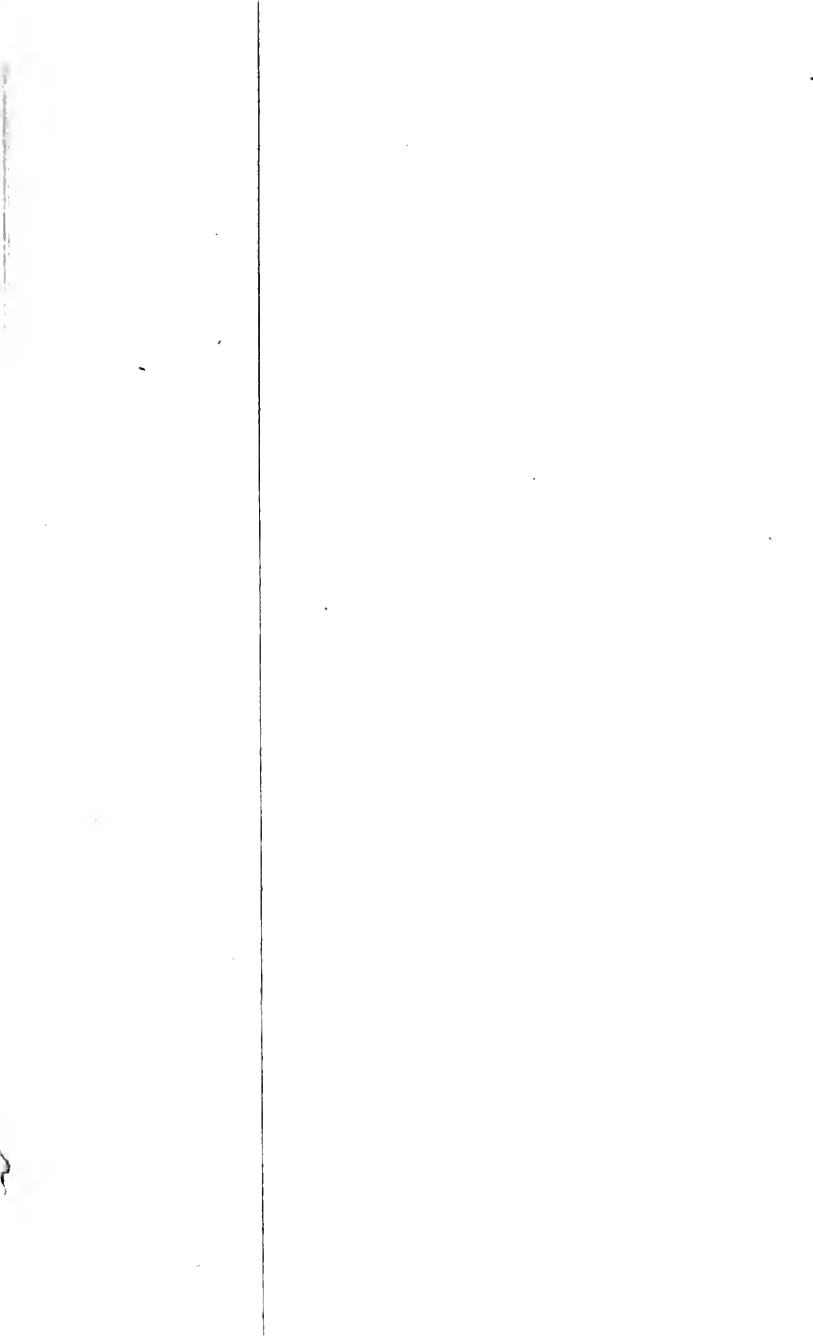
CORK AND THE SCENERY OF THE LEE.

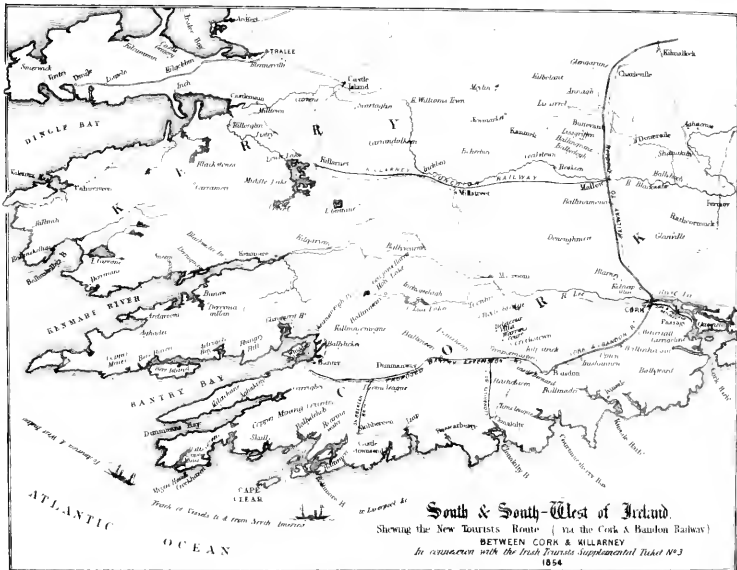
BLACKPOOL TERMINUS AND SUBURB.—As the train hastens to its destination, we look to the right and catch a view at intervals of the deep and tortuous glen on the Mallow road, and of the lofty viaducts thrown across it, and shortly afterwards enter the temporary terminus at Blackpool, where a corps of well-trained officials and a courteous station-master minister to all reasonable topographic curiosity. Here our tourist first makes acquaintance with the real Irish carman, a very distinct genus from the Dublin vehicular homo. In the southern Jehu there is a national peculiarity still more strongly developed among that variety of their craft called "Jingle Boys," in the items of an original humour and ready wit, and also in a willingness to oblige (and to appropriate as a passenger) "the strange gentleman," occasionally vociferously urging their good offices and attention to luggage in a manner bewildering to the new comer, whom we would recommend, after he leaves the train, not to be too precipitate in departing from the terminus. A word to the station-master, Mr. O'Sullivan, and a good

car-driver will be pointed out; or, better still, you and your luggage will be conveyed by omnibus to one of the principal hotels. Few things surprise even the experienced travellers more than these cars or jingles. Mr. Barrow was peculiarly struck with them, and not less, too, with their proprietors, though a stranger to no known mode of progression in any part of Europe. He says, "They are very numerous in the streets; indeed, I can scarcely imagine how so many can answer the purpose of the owners. The charge is sixpence from any one part of the town to another. Besides these, there are plenty of travellers, as they are termed, which carry in the same manner for one shilling: they very much resemble Brighton frys. You can form little idea of the anxious endeavours displayed by the jingle-men and traveller-drivers to secure a fare. From the moment the slightest intimation is made, or a supposed intention of engaging a vehicle, one is immediately beset on all sides with open mouths, proclaiming the superiority of their respective jingles, and pointing to their miserable horses, so much on a par that it would puzzle the most learned in horse-flesh to come to a decision. To do so, however, is a matter of necessity, for so long as you hesitate you are almost torn to pieces, but the moment you have fixed upon your jingle, the squabbling is at an end." Nevertheless, we recommend the omnibus, and so would Barrow, had such pieces of comprehensive utilitarianism been in vogue at the period of his "Tour round Ireland" a dozen years ago.

Whilst waiting for such conveyance, you cannot better occupy a few moments than in walking to the other end of the terminus, whence is a capital view of the great works forming the continuation of the railway towards Penrose quay and docks, constructing at the northern bank of the Lee. Before you is the lofty hill of red sandstone, on which are the barracks, overlooking the entire city and river; whilst, penetrating its hard rocky base, is the arch of the grand tunnel, bored through the bowels of the rock, thus bringing the railway trains from Dublin to the verge of the river, where cargoes can be unloaded with facility, at the very side of the steam wharfs, and in the commercial centre of Cork. The omnibus conveys us through an old and not very attractive part of the city, comprising a portion of the far-famed Groves of Blackpool, a veritable *lucus a non lucendo*, for trees there are none. Such, however, was not the case formerly, and some majestic elms near the watercourse remain, as mementoes of the once-umbrageous foliage erst surrounding this district, which even still continues a focus of native manufacturing industry in the trades of dyeing, tanning, weaving, wool-combing—not to speak of several large distilleries and factories. Passing by the Foundling and Fever Hospitals, through Leitrim-street, we cross a temporary wooden bridge, erected by Sir John Benson, the architect of the Dublin Exhibition building; St. Patrick's Bridge, which was a noble structure, having been carried away in many parts by the terrible floods which inundated this city in the early part of last winter. We enter Patrick-street, the central thoroughfare of business in "the beautiful city called Cork," all of whose charms, however, are for the moment subordinate in the traveller's eye to the fascinations of the comfortable hotels.

The Cork Hotels are numerous, agreeable, and reasonable. The one that seems, *par excellence*, to have first obtained and still to preserve the unqualified admiration of tourists is the *Imperial*, which would be deemed admirable amongst the best of its class in London or Cheltenham, and is called by Barrow, than whom there is no more competent sponsor, "the





Clarendon of all Ireland." Its fine frontage commands an entrance to the noble corso of the South-mall, and also to Pembroke-street; the former through the grand entrance of the Cork Commercial Buildings, the splendid news-room of which institution is open to visitors at the hotel; for a more minute particularisation of whose merits we must refer to the business *affiche* of the proprietors at the end of this volume, contenting ourselves with vouching for the accuracy of the assurances therein given. No tourist need be scared from the hospitable portals of the *Imperial* by fear of its popularity producing an impracticable pressure on its resources. Like the tent of Peri Banou, in the fairy tale, which alike suited a squadron of cavalry or a solitary pilgrim, the *Imperial* is adequate to improvise entertainment for a prince and his retinue, as in the case of Viceroy Eglinton's state visit to Cork in 1852, and is as admirably adapted to the requirements of a single visitor as can possibly be desired. Moreover, whatever the duration of your stay, long or short, or whatever the amount of your bill, great or small, the assiduity of Mr. Cotton and his assistants is equally prompt, zealous, and characterised by unobtrusive tact. While British journals resound, and justly so, with complaints of "Biffins" and Griffins," about hotel rapacity and incivility, at Folkestone, Dover, and elsewhere, it will be no small novelty and gratification to the traveller sojourning in the capital of the south of Ireland to find an establishment like this—superabounding with all possible accessories to luxurious enjoyment—acting up to a tariff that might well be deemed reasonable in the third-rate inn of a third-rate English town. The profusion, sumptuousness, and *recherché* elegance that characterise the daily *table d'hôte*, and the economy of Cotton's *carté* throughout, delight no less than astonish all foreigners. Besides the *Imperial*, there is also the fine one known as the *Victoria*, in the centre of Patrick-street, and connected with the Chamber of Commerce, the spacious and elegant public news-room of which is also open to the hotel guests. The great patronage deservedly bestowed on the *Victoria* of late has led to large extensions of its means of accommodation, nearly forty sleeping apartments having been added this last twelve months; so that, what with its admirable *table d'hôte* and its three omnibuses plying to the trains, the house is in every respect entitled to the high character its worthy proprietor, Mr. M-Cormick, has so successfully laboured to secure it. *Lloyd's* (George's-street); *Thomasini's* (the Italian Hotel), Warren's-place; and the *Albert* (King-street), are all excellent. There are also many minor hotels, where travellers can be well and fairly accommodated, together with numerous private lodging-houses; but on this head we must refer to our business appendix.

CORK CITY.—*Public Buildings*.—Issuing, let us suppose, from the front of the *Imperial*, the visitor finds himself in the South-mall, which houses are, for the most part, faced with red brick, or cement; some fronted with weather slating, which gives them a sombre appearance. This incongruity pervading the whole city, in which scarcely any two contiguous dwellings are of the same height, size, plan, colour, material, is quizzed by a local Juvenal:—

“ Here you may see
New houses proudly eminent o'er old,
Confused and interspersed—the old are clad
In sober slate—the new are gay with brick,
Like new red buttons on an old blue coat.”

The building at the opposite side of the Mall was once occupied by the

scientific body of the Cork Institution, now removed to that fine venerable structure, the Old Custom House, in another part of the city. Besides the Commercial Buildings, the South-mall contains the County Club House, a handsome stone building in the Italian style. To the eastward, an opening at the end of the Mall reveals the south branch of the river, with the metal bridge and portcullis, leading to the handsome Corn Market, of cut stone, where, and on the spacious area behind it, the Exhibition of 1852 was held; *apropos* of which, a circumstance highly creditable to the taste and spirit which characterised Cork is evidenced in their rendering their Exhibition building a permanent structure, and now called the Cork Athenæum. The project of raising this hall of art in a city ever remarkable for the distinguished names which it gave to the catalogue of British artists, originated with the Rev. William O'Sullivan, one of the most active of the executive committee of the Exhibition. In conjunction with Sir John Benson (architect of the Dublin Exhibition building) the project was brought to a successful issue, and this structure now is fast approaching completion. In the distance is seen the southern gate of the New Custom House, and, on the other side of the river, the termini of the Cork and Passage and Cork and Bandon lines. In the midst stretches down the silver Lee, glittering in the sun, if sun there be, and thronged with shipping. The eastward view to the north is bounded by the wooded heights of the Glanmire-road, studded with a thousand residences of merchants and gentry. Turning westward, the visitor passes the Bank of Ireland, a very fine cut stone Corinthian structure. Daley's Club House faces us at the extreme end, and as we approach the next turning, on its pedestal, within a railed-in space, is an equestrian statue of George the Second. Advancing to the edge of the river, and looking westwards, there peeps, from amidst the dense foliage with which it is surrounded, the venerable spire of St. Finnbar's Cathedral—a most famous personage in these parts. Turning the corner, to the right, is a still wider street, the outline of the houses, however, being irregular, viz., the Grand Parade, on coming to the middle of which it is desirable to cross over to the other side, where will open to us the vista of a handsome street, forming the principal entrance to the city from the west, and called Great George's-street, designed by Sir T. Deane, the Milesian Nash, with monuments of whose architectural abilities this his native city and many other portions of Ireland abound. His seat is a short distance from Cork, near the ruined castle of Dundanion [or the Firm Fortress], a small structure of the Tudor era, remarkable of its kind. At the upper or western end of Great George's-street, is the beautiful Court House, erected by Messrs. Paine, generally admired for its graceful external proportions, greatly superior to its internal arrangements, and containing the City and County Courts of Assize, with various law offices. From George's-street we pass onwards to the great western road, where we again encounter the south channel of the Lee (forming its seaward junction with the north branch, at the Custom House, by the eastern apex of the central city); and looking to the wood-crowned heights across the stream, we see one part of the Convent of Meroy, by Deane; and gain another view of the Finnbar Cathedral, and also the elevated site of the old monastic institute of Gil Abbey, higher up the river's banks, whereon the noble Queen's College stands. A little further up, to the west, a turning to the right brings us near a most charming avenue of rich foliage, called the Mardyke—by Cork-agians "The Dyke;" a colonnade of stately elms, whose branches meet in

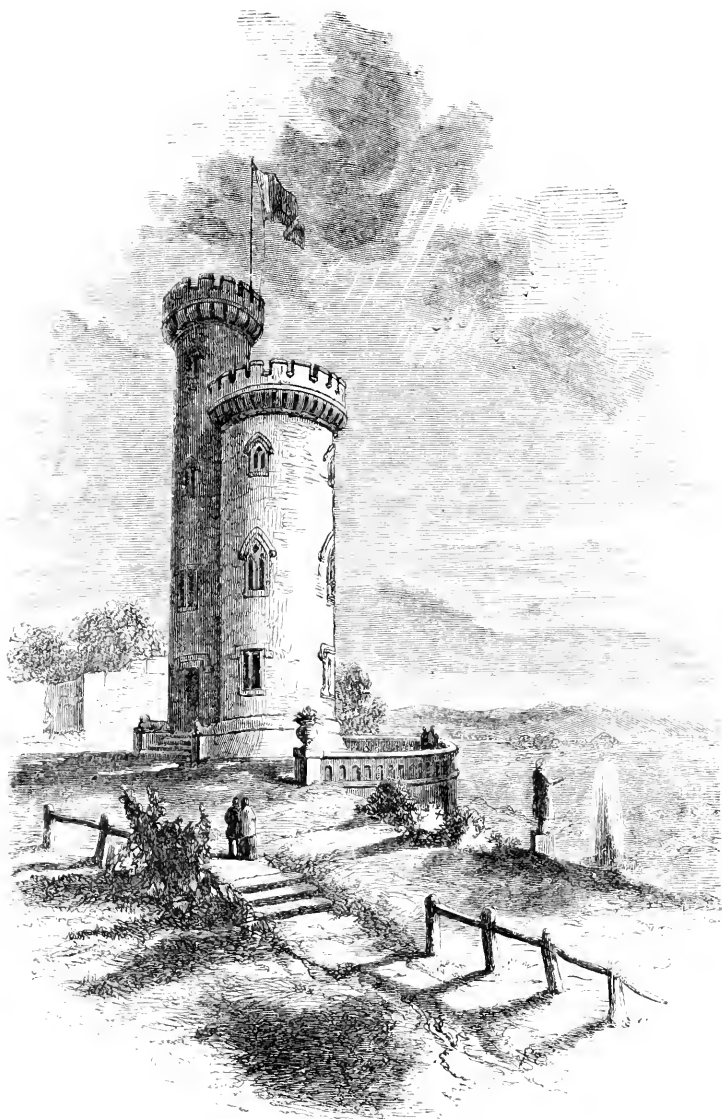
light tracery overhead, and extending fully a mile, straight and uninterrupted. At either side flow many deep and narrow streams, far too pellucid to remind one of the Hague, or other "dykes" of the Dutch school, which they otherwise somewhat resemble in their accessories, if not in themselves. Beyond these little streams lie rich meadows and lawns, the sites of elegant villa residences. To the left of this beautiful arcade, embowered amidst foliage, gleams the rich Tuscan front of a building, above which springs a massive tower with radiating wings, the grated windows of which, and the fly-wheel of the tread-mill gyrating on the roof, proclaim the County Prison: and if we turn to the right, on the opposite high ground, on the Sunday's Well side, we see the City Prison, in a different style and of a different kind of material; the former of limestone, drawn from the quarries in the vicinity, and the latter red sandstone, from the quarries on the north. This geological formation extends from the very source of the Lee, at Gougane Barra—of which romantic spot hereafter. Even where the stream may be jumped across, limestone is found on one side, red stone on the other. Admission to inspect the admirably-managed interior economy of both prisons is readily accorded. Having reached the upper end of the Mardyke, our tourist may return by the western road, on the one hand, or, passing over Wellington Bridge, across the north branch of the Lee, ascend the heights of Sunday's Well, and returning by that road, make a complete *détour* of the old city. From Sunday's Well road, at various points, are obtained views of scenery of a character that sufficiently justify all that the tourist may have heard of the environs of Cork, embraced, as it is, within the branches of the Lee, and embosomed amidst hills covered with verdure, far as the eye can stretch. The river is seen winding through scenes of varied loveliness, away down to the noble estuary of Lough Mahon; Glenmire's wooded hills, and Blackrock with its picturesque castle and richly-planted grounds, forming the sides of the picture, the whole presenting a scenic *tableau* which alone would repay a visit to Ireland, were nothing else whatever afforded to the tourist's admiration.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.—Our little book making no pretensions to amplitude of topographic detail, the utmost compression of facts, and merest generalising, are imperative conditions of our plan. Still there is one beauty in the Beautiful City which must be made conspicuous in our pages, for reasons obvious to every unlettered reader—Shandon steeple!—which, we may say, without a pun, Mahony, our artist, has rendered in a manner worthy of Prout the painter, and not unworthy of Prout the poet. We cannot introduce the subject better than in the words of the fellow-citizen and brother humorist of the bard, Crofton Croker, who says:—

"The steeple of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in which hang the celebrated bells, is 140 feet high, and, being built upon an eminence, is remarkable in every point of view of the city: but especially from what Moore has termed 'its noble sea avenue,' the Lee. This church was commenced in 1722, its steeple constructed of the hewn stone from the Franciscan Abbey, where James II. heard mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, which had been the official residence of the lords president of Munster, and whence this quarter of the city takes its name,—Shandon (*Sean dun*) signifying, in Irish, the old fort or castle. But as the demolished abbey had been of limestone, and the castle of red stone, the architect of Shandon steeple combined the discordant materials by constructing two sides of white,



SHANDON STEEPLE, CORK. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



MATHEW TESTIMONIAL, MOUNT PATRICK, CORK. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

the remaining side of red stone: a circumstance occasioning many local jokes, the most memorable of which are some rhymes commencing

Party-coloured, like the people,
Red and white stands Shandon steeple,

said to have been addressed to Dr. Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne, by the famous Father O'Leary. The author of the lyric now given is the Rev. Francis Mahony. It was originally published in 'Fraser's Magazine' for 1834, and is reprinted in 'The Reliques of Father Prout,' i. 255, where the reverend author, after indulging in his usual strain of facetiousness, speaks really from his heart. A discussion about the melody of bells is thus concluded:—"All these matters, we agreed, were very fine; but there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple; and no music can equal them upon our ear, when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries."

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

SABBATA PANOO.
FUNERA PLANGO.
SOLEMNIA CLANGO. } *Inscription on an old Bell.*

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of

Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild
would,

In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vi-
brate;

But all their music
Spoke nought like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling,
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber
Pealing solemnly.

Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moseow,
While on tower and kiosk
O!

In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

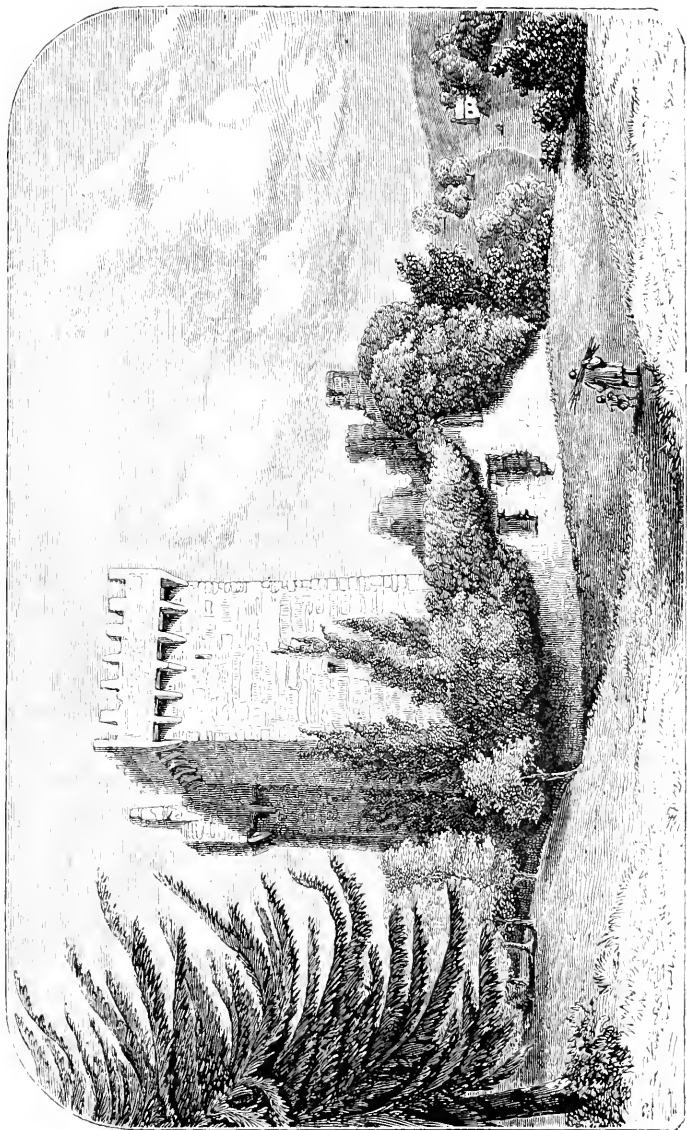
FATHER MATHEW.—Another celebrated personage, and one to whose honour is erected an edifice scarcely less observable than that on the preceding page, is the inestimable Apostle of Temperance, Father Theobald Mathew. The monument we speak of, erected at the sole expense of an admirer of the great social reformer, is situated about five miles from the city, and stands on one of the most prominent and conspicuous heights overlooking the river, commanding a view not perhaps to be surpassed in Europe. The new church of the Capuchins, to which order Father Mathew

originally belonged, is now finished, though the original design has not been carried out, remaining so because of the poverty of the class by whose voluntary subscriptions the funds were supplied, during the famine and pestilence with which the country was visited in '46 and '47. Father Mathew has unfortunately been recently attacked with paralysis, which has rendered him wholly unable to pursue his course of active and benevolent usefulness. In the church spoken of is a window composed of stained glass, which the tourist should see before leaving Cork. It is of beautiful design and most florid in adornment, and called the O'Connell Memorial Window: perhaps, in the many monuments erected in Ireland to the great agitator, there is not one more deservedly admired.

BLARNEY, ITS STONE, GROVES, AND CASTLE.—Passing from Sunday's Well, round the North-mall, still north of the river, we proceed by (without crossing) the old North Gate Bridge, at the foot of which the old North Jail once stood, under which was an arch leading into the north main street. Continuing along Pope's Quay, pausing to inspect the fine Dominican Church of St. Mary's, and thence onward by Camden Quay, and once more over Patrick's Bridge into Patrick-street, and thence through Winthrop-street, we reach the Imperial Hotel, wherein, after the morning's walk (or perhaps partly drive, partly walk), such as prescribed, we shall have earned a traveller's appetite for an "imperial" breakfast. Starting again on a further inspection, especially westward, in which direction we have caught glimpses of hill and dale, wood and water landscape, such as have given their early inspirations to the native artists whose young genius has been fostered in the "city of Sweet Bells," we bethink us of one celebrated locality hereabouts; and, forthwith engaging a good outside-car, hie towards the Groves of Blarney. Passing the villas of Sunday's Well, "the strawberry-beds of Cork," to the right-hand rise the parapet mounds enclosing the basins to which water is raised for supplying the city, and farther on the new Lunatic Asylum. After passing beneath the grounds of Shanakiel, the seat of Mr. D. Leahy, the landscape momentarily becomes still more interesting. The Lee circumvolves in endless mazes through a verdant "inch," or bottom, whilst at either side the banks rise in fantastic and fascinating declivities, with here and there a lofty rock, surmounting one of which, on the opposite side of the river, is Carrigrohane Castle, long a ruin, but recently made habitable, with large sacrifice of the picturesque to the domestic. A short drive amidst delicious woodlands brings us within view of Blarney Castle, crowning an elevation in the centre of a fertile valley, surrounded by rich plantations. The castle comprises a vast square tower, erected in 1475, by one of the potent sept of the McCarthys, records of whose prowess are everywhere to be met with in this part of Ireland, and some evidences of which we shall have to mention as we proceed further south. But those of our readers who would at once satisfy themselves upon this head, in reference to a spot so renowned as that we are now treating of, may consult, with great profit, the learned, elegant, and most accomplished local historian, Windele, whose "South of Ireland" will be found very valuable, containing nearly fifty pages devoted to Blarney, its Castle, Stone, Cromlagh, Tunnel, Lake, Glen, Round Tower, and immortal "Groves," the authorship of which deathless lyric has begot as many claimants as cities erst contended for the birthplace of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." These stanzas have been given in nearly all the tongues of the earth by the laureate of the Lee, Padre Polyglot Prout, whose liquid triplets to



BLARNEY CASTLE, FROM THE PEEP HOLE ON THE BRIDGE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY CORK. SECOND VIEW.

that limpid stream we shall presently quote. We need not occupy our space with the original of Millikin's half-dozen verses descriptive of how "the trout and salmon play at backgammon," as no one can be in Cork and find himself at a loss for the song, with *ad libitum* variations endless, including, of course, Prout's supplemental lines:—

There is the stone there, that whoever kisses	A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or An out-and-outer—"to be let alone."
Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent ;	Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,	him—
Or become a member of Parliament.	Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone.

Which is the identical pebble, or real Blarney Stone, is somewhat difficult to point out to the downright plain-dealing English visitor, for the Irishly redundant reason, that there happen to be *two* portions of the edifice to which the miraculous power of conferring mellifluous and mesmeric eloquence is attributed by conflicting local authorities. One stone is pointed out as the veritable *osculatorium*; it is much more easy of access, and from previous devotion is much worn and broken. Another stone is also indicated, but is held to be a *lapis offensionis* and a *petra scandali*; it is situate in the wall below the edge of the parapet, and requires the party performing the kissing business to be let down by the heels over a parapet some hundred feet from the ground. This perilous predicament, however, is not always insisted upon; for Mr. Barrow, in his piquant manner, describing how he went through the process, says:—"I ascended the summit of the tower, on a corner of which is placed the famous Blarney Stone, which I was very gravely assured possessed the power of making those who kiss it ever after agreeable to the ladies. 'A consummation devoutly to be wished,' thought I. 'Och, your honour must kneel down and kiss it three times,' quoth the guide: 'and shure you'll be able to coax the ladies—fait, there's niver the gentleman that misses!' 'Now, my friend, tell me truly if you don't mean by talking blarney, the impudence of telling mighty big lies without blushing?' 'Fait, and I believe your honour has just hit it; and shurely don't the gentlemen talk blarney to the ladies, and do it all the better for kissing the stone?' I found there was no resisting, so down I popped, and the stone having been well washed by the rain, I bestowed upon it three kisses, which, however strong their virtues may be in warming the hearts of the ladies, struck icy cold to my lips." Mr. Windele, whose local *amour propre* might be supposed to incense him against the flinty-hearted Saxon satirists of his slab, ingeniously says himself: "The touch of the Blarney Stone makes a liar of the first magnitude, but a smooth and graceful liar—its eminent perfection is a sweet and graceful tongue in whispering the softest words into the ear of woman, full of guile, and blandishment, and potential flattery, and uncontrollable in its sway over the credulity. Miss Plumptre translates Blarney into the single word 'Rhodomontade,'—a faculty of speech marvellously perceptible in the vicinage around, whose inhabitants, it is said, have been mistaken by Boullaye le Gouz and Latoenaye for a colony from Gascony. They are, of a truth, a swaggering, vainglorious, wheedling population." Flattering this, and from the Herodotus of the place, too! All these imputations, however, can hardly be true: for even the proprietor's kiss of the stone itself, like the Wonderful Lamp in the hands of the old magician in Aladdin, did not confer happiness, inasmuch as the castle's contents had not very long ago to

be sold by public competition—a profanation bemoaned in an appropriate strain by Prout in an inimitable parody on Moore's "Eveleen's Bower," beginning

Oh! the Muse shed a tear,
When the cruel auctioneer,
With a hammer in his hand to sweet Blarney came!

In 1821, Sir Walter Scott, with his son-in-law Lockhart, Miss Edgeworth, and other celebrities, paid the homage of their worship to the loadstone, much to the chagrin of the citizens, who were eager that the Wizard should in preference inspect their noble harbour and "the lions of the spreading Lee, that, like an island fair, enclareth Cork with his divided flood," as is said in the "Faëry Queen," or as a more modern baird describes it:—

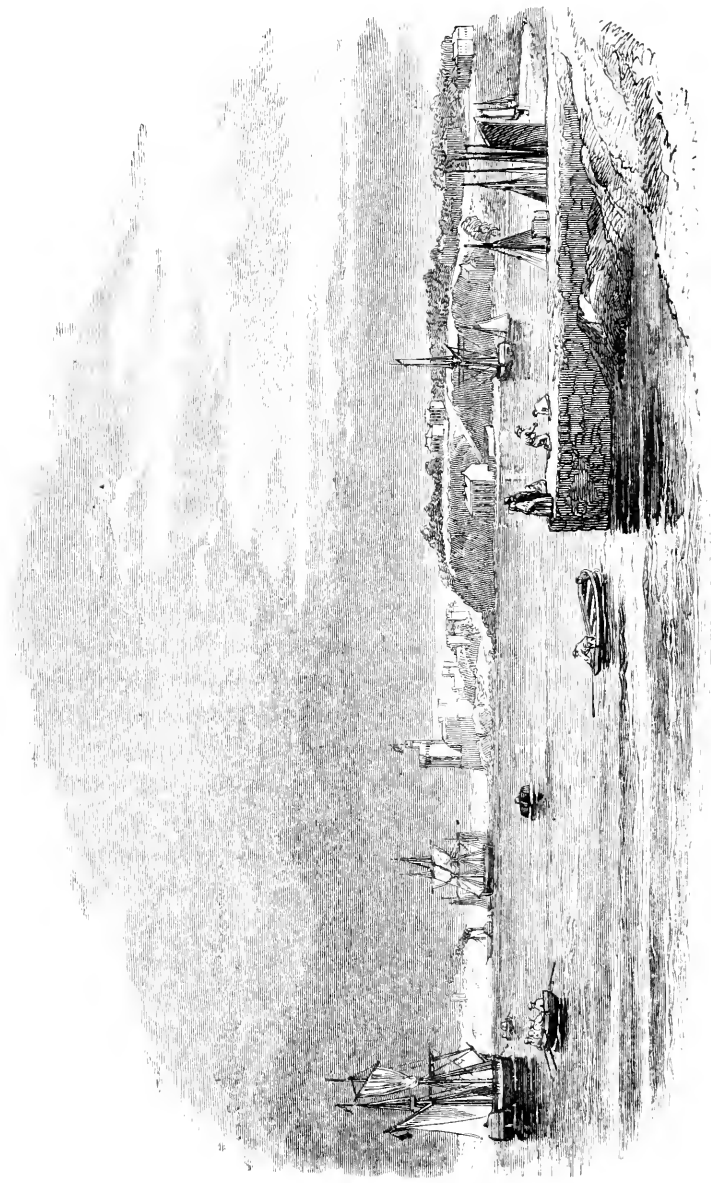
As crystal its waters are pure, Each morning they blush like a bride; And when evening comes gray and demure, With the softness of silver they glide.	Of salmon and grey-speckled trout It holds such a plentiful store, That thousands are forced to leap out, By the multitude jostled on shore.
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Surprisingly enough, however, Lockhart confounded this famous Spenserian stream with the Shannon!—a blunder which forms the text of one of those most instructive "Essays of an Octogenarian," by the late erudite "J. R." of a thousand periodicals—James Roche, formerly a banker, and subsequently a retired citizen of Cork.

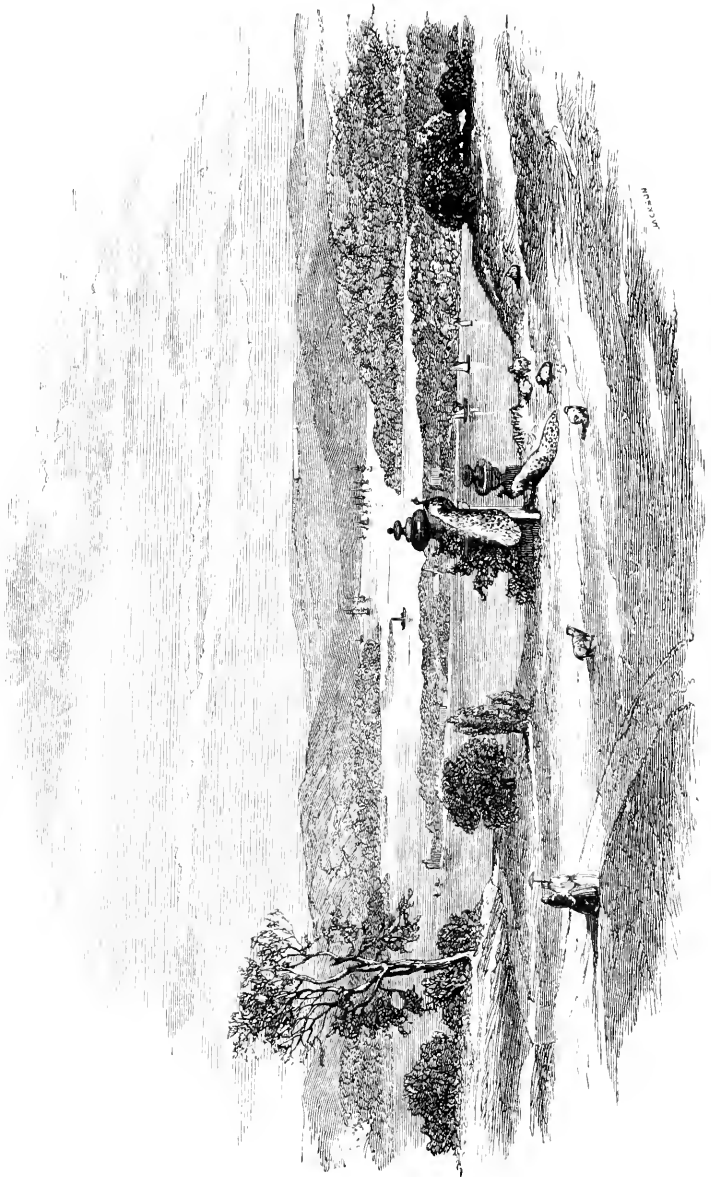
It now only remains to note our drawing of this renowned structure, at present belonging to St. John Jeffreys—a gentleman who has introduced improved agriculture, and is eulogised by Mr. Caird (the Farmer of Baldoon, and *Times'* Agricultural Commissioner), in his work on Irish husbandry. Blarney Castle, and all about it, have been described by a thousand pens, and delineated by twice as many pencils. In the latter medium, at least, we may claim some originality, which in the former was impossible. *Ours* is a new view of the edifice overlooking "the comely eels in the verdant mud," depicted by one "native and to the manner born," and who invests the *locale* of his being with attractions impalpable to other optics than the mind's eye, which "makes every dear scene of enchantment more dear," because of the mental atmosphere that surrounds it. Haeknied as are the objects to which attention is being called in a path so beaten as the one the reader is now traversing, our accomplished artist, Mr. James Mahony, of Cork—a townsman, a school-fellow, and worthy contemporary of Maclise—has portrayed them in a fashion equally fresh and faithful. Beautiful also is our second view.

Having admired the delightful country round Blarney, we may return by another road, which, at its city extremity, brings us not far from the Blackpool terminus of the Dublin railway; the return by the road we came by, is likewise surrounded by scarcely less fascinating scenery—more we cannot well say.

CORK TO QUEENSTOWN.—*Down the Lee.*—Re-entering Cork from Blarney, we recommend the tourist to proceed to Patrick's Bridge, and take passage in one of the river steamers plying hourly to and from Queenstown, and, if possible, contrive to go at full-tide. A few minutes after starting, a glorious panorama breaks upon the view, as the boat rushes through "the pleasant waters of the river Lee." On the left bank, terraces and detached residences innumerable mount in acclivitous beauty along the side



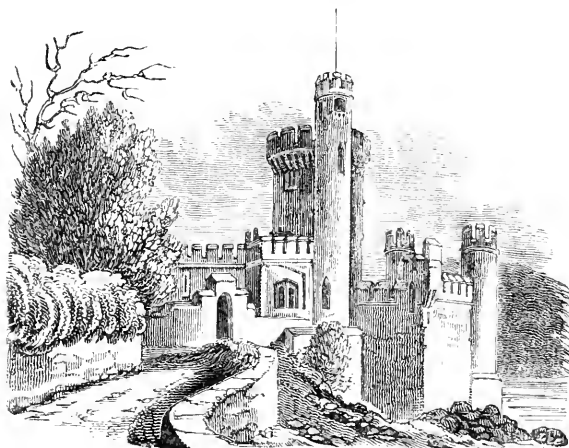
BLACKROCK, ON THE CORK RIVER, FROM SIR T. DEAN'S DOMAIN. FIRST VIEW. DRAWN BY MABONY.



LOUGH MAHON, FROM HYDE PARK, CORK. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

of the hill. The chaste tower and classic portico of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic chapel, and the pretty little Gothic church of St. Luke's, with tapering spire, stand well out in the foreground. To the right is the Navigation Wall, on the south of which runs the Cork and Passage Railway, skirting the City Park and wooded pleasure-grounds of the various demesnes on the Blackrock-road. Keeping mid-channel course, we pass on the north side the demesnes of Woodhill (Mr. C. Penrose), Tivoli (late Mr. J. Morgan), Fortwilliam (Mr. G. Baker), Lota Beg (Colonel Hickman), and Lota, the commanding residence of Captain Wood. Feltrim, the abode of the estimable member for the city, and late member for the county, Mr. William Fagan, and the mansions of other notabilities, stand upon our right. After we leave the terrace beneath Tivoli, the channel takes a sweep to the south, and we pass Dundanion Castle, as already mentioned, the seat of Sir T. Deane, on whose grounds the Railway to Passage runs through a deep cutting, over which a graceful little bridge leads to the splendid mansion, standing in the midst of venerable trees of fine growth. The ancient castle, now an ivied roofless ruin, stands at a little distance in the grounds. The present house, recently built by Sir Thomas, is, as might be expected, in fine taste throughout. In the hall is a mantel-piece of that green marble which is procured from the quarries in Connemara, and of which we shall speak hereafter. Some other fine specimens also, from the same quarries, will probably already have attracted notice in the County Club-house at Cork.

On the right lies the cheerful-looking village of Blackrock, with its prettiest of churches and fine chapel. A little further is the convent of the



BLACKROCK CASTLE, ON THE LEE, NEAR CORK.

Ursulines, a building more remarkable for size than architecture, one of the most celebrated institutions of its kind in Ireland—perhaps in Europe—and always visited by political, and especially by polemical, explorers of Hibernian

social phenomena. We next pass Blackrock Castle, built in the finest style of castellated Gothic, on a projecting mass of rock, completely commanding this part of the river, as vessels are obliged to pass close under its walls to keep within the channel. The tower is used as a lighthouse, and from the top is an excellent view up and down the river.

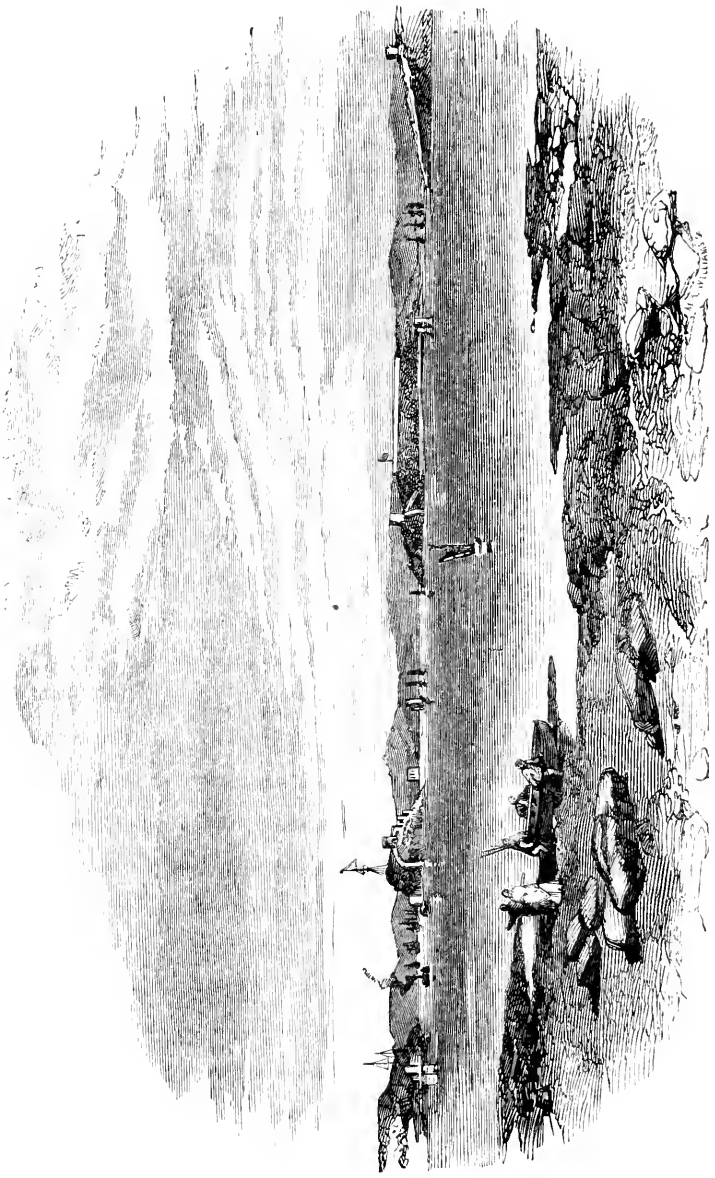
Immediately as we round on our course we see Castle Mahon, seat of Sir W. A. Chatterton, Bart., whose gifted lady has contributed so much to the literature of our time. Steering again a little north, we run towards Inchera, seat of Mr. C. S. Oliver, and as the broad expanse of Lough Mahon opens, the tourist will hardly be prepared for anything so beautiful, even after the course we have been pursuing for some time back. Running up at our right is the Douglas Channel, and the little island at its mouth is Hop Island, so called after a dancing-master, to whom it lately belonged. The fine house and demesne opposite it is Lakelands, seat of Mr. W. Crawford, of the firm of eminent brewers whose beverage is renowned throughout the world, and referred to in the once-popular ditty in the lines—"Beamish and Crawford brew potter with merit," and "Cork is the Eden for you, love, and me."

Our course now turns again to the south, Rockenham House, seat of Mr. Noble Johnson, County Clerk of the Peace, being on the jutting promontory before us. Opening on the left is Smith Barry's Bay, and the trees we see in the distance shut out from view Foaty, the princely residence of Mr. Hugh Smith Barry; while on its eastern side is the wooded hill of Marino, seat of Mr. T. French.

PASSAGE.—At this rising watering-place and rendezvous for ships of large tonnage, the steamer stops for a short time at the Packet Quay, near the terminus of the Cork and Passage Railway. Passage is a place of great local social fame, and has been hymned in rhymes innumerable by Hibernian bards of all eras, so much so that Crofton Croker gives no less than three lyrics to the charms of the "Fair Maid of Passage, as plump as a Sassage," in his "Songs of Ireland." The bleak hill on the opposite side, with the squalid-looking houses at its base, is Carrigaloe. Under weigh again, and as the river gradually narrows, we pass a Turkish-looking building with its domes and minarets, the Monkstown Baths. The house above us on the hill is Carrigmore, Dr. Curtin's hydropathic establishment; further on is Rock Lodge and the Giant's Stairs, a name of course suggestive of traditions relating to these jutting portions of the cliff, originally seven in number; but in making the new road two had to be removed. We now come to charming

MONKSTOWN, with its pretty church, fine old castle, and its hundreds of Swiss snuggeries. If the tourist would stop here for an hour and ascend the hill in the neighbourhood of Shaw's demesne, he would encounter a scene not likely soon to be forgotten. Far out to sea may be seen the Lighthouse, Camden and Carlisle Forts, and the whole craft-crowded harbour of Queenstown. Rounding White Point we observe the island of Hawlbowlne, and the huge masses of building erected on it as store-houses for the navy. A little below this island is generally moored the guard-ship, bearing the flag of an admiral; and so at last we find ourselves at

QUEENSTOWN, which has been considered so like the pictures we see of Algiers from the sea, being built on the side of a steep hill, and rising from the water's edge, terrace above terrace, the more elevated parts commanding a magnificent bird's-eye view of the extensive anchorage. We have been



HAWLOWLINE, SPIKE, AND THE MAGAZINE ISLAND FROM THE ROAD TO RAFFEM, CORK RIVER, DRAWN BY MAHONY.



CROSSLAVER, MOUTH OF CARAGALINE RIVER, QUEENSTOWN. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

JANUARY

now an hour coming down river, from Cork, some thirteen miles; and it will be admitted, when the tourist shall have completed his inspection of all Ireland, that this sail is one of the most delightful treats the whole island has supplied. As we proceed along from the city to the sea, the land seems always around us. The river, in its perpetual changes, appears a series of lakes, from which there is no passage, except over one of the encompassing hills, clad from summit to water's edge with every variety of foliage; graceful villas, and ornamented cottages scattered among them in profusion, and here and there some ancient ruin recalling a story of the past;—these well might justify a description that would seem akin to hyperbole. And now we have reached the noble harbour, suggesting the motto of the town arms, *Statio bene fida carinis*, one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, and large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain. While the steamer is coming alongside the wharf, let the tourist's eyes be busy. Eastward, not quite five miles distant, is Rostellan Castle, seat of Admiral the Marquis of Thomond; nearly opposite us, looking south, is Spike Island, the natural breakwater of the harbour, now a convict dépôt.

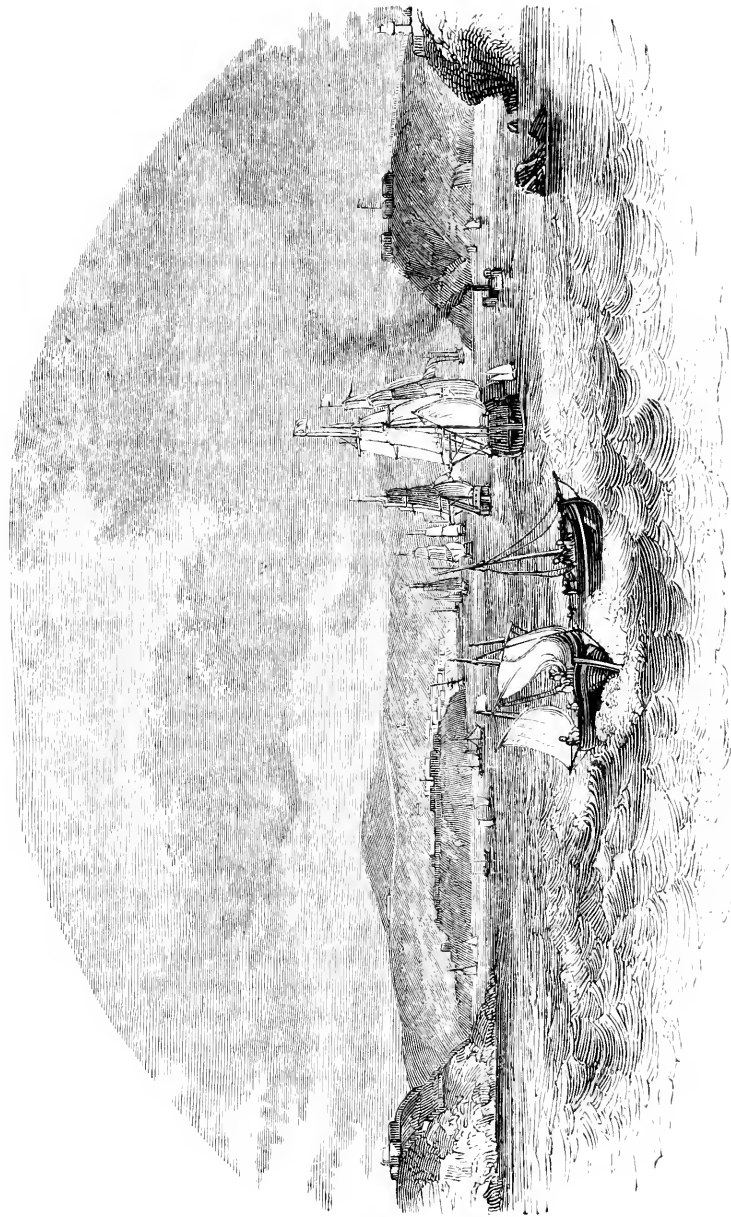
After landing, be not anxious about the steamer leaving without you, but hiring a boat, sail over to Whitegate or Aghada, and look for an appetite for dinner, where a dinner, and a good one too, will be found for your appetite. As we pass along we see the entrance to the famed Caragaline river, which, if time permits, should not be left unvisited. Having spent a few hours most agreeably in viewing the harbour, and some of the most prominent of its many real sea-lions, not forgetting the three-deckers, we return back to Queenstown, prepared to do the amplest justice to the excellent cuisine of Kilmurray's Hotel; whence, without precipitancy inimical to digestion, we proceed by car to the Ferry Point, or by one of the railway steamers plying from Passage on the arrival of every down train, which run as late as ten o'clock at night, and arrive in time for the last train to Cork.

Risking the reproach of the reviewers for omitting topographic amplification respecting Cork Proper, we must now take leave of the Beautiful City, first, however, referring the reader who would become thoroughly acquainted, not merely with Cork, but with the whole district within a circle of probably 100 miles, to Mr. Windele's most comprehensive and invaluable little volume, entitled "The South of Ireland," already named—a work replete alike with antiquarian lore and modern interest, and written in a style of scholarly elegance and with piquant freshness. No intelligent or inquiring tourist will fail to consult Windele, if only in respect to the City of Cork alone, which, irrespective of its historico-political, archæological, and vast commercial importance, is celebrated more than most other cities in the United Kingdom, as the birthplace of persons of eminence in the world of literature and the arts. Among the natives are—Barry, Butts, Ford, Killcher, and Maclise, painters; the latter again supreme this year (1854) over all competitors in the Royal Academy by his immense and magnificent historical national picture, "The Marriage of Strongbow with Eva, daughter of M'Murrough, King of Munster," after the battle near Waterford [A. D. 1781], by which Henry II. obtained the virtual sovereignty of Ireland;*

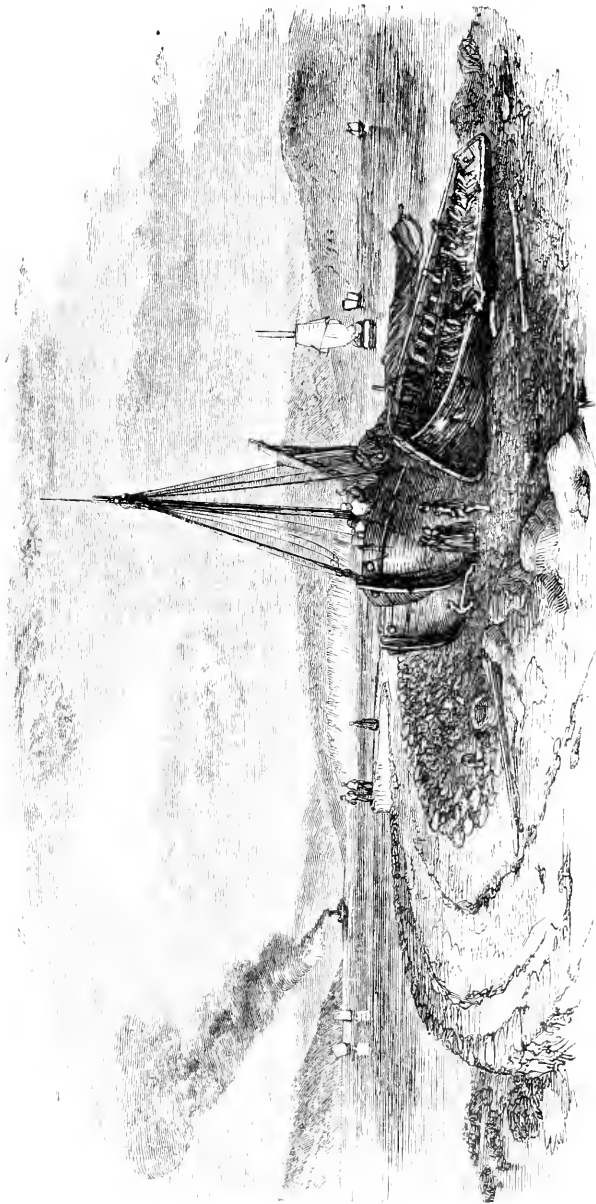
* The advertisement, in our business pages, of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway Company, shows with what facility and economy the scene of this famous incident may be visited, allusion being also made to the great work of the painter, the subject of which is thus particularised in the official catalogue of the current year's exhibition at Trafalgar-square, viz. :—"Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke,

Murphy, the Spanish traveller; General O'Leary, and Father Arthur O'Leary, of polemic fame; Miss Thompson, wife of Emperor Muley Mahomet; Wood, the antiquary; Townsend, the county historian; Dr. Maginn; Father (Mahony) Prout; Crofton Croker (Wilson Croker, of the *Quarterly*, is a Galway man); the Millikens; Sheridan Knowles; Hogan, the sculptor; Hastic, the Madagascar traveller; the late Mr. James Roche, already mentioned; and many more; of course not forgetting, probably the greatest of all the literary benefactors of his country, the author of "The Industrial Resources of Ireland," and President of Queen's College, Cork, though Sir Robert Kane is a native of Dublin. Cork has not only contributed a very large proportionate share to the literati of the land, but—as Thackeray remarks, and gives many reasons for the phenomena he chronicles—the citizens collectively are distinguished for literary taste and artistic predilection in a greater degree than any other community, certainly than any other commercial community, in the empire.

surnamed Strongbow (sometimes also called Earl of Chepstow, or of Strighul), receives the hand of the Princess Eva, from her father, Dermot Mac Murrough, king of Leinster, in fulfilment of his compact with that lord, and with promise of succession to his throne. The marriage ceremony was solemnised on the battle-field, after the siege of the sacked and ruined city of Waterford, and it was in the midst of its scenes of desolation that the conqueror received the hand of the Princess Eva; at which time, as the chronicler relates: 'The famous Strongbow did not celebrate his particular wedding-day, but the indissoluble knot of the Irish allegiance to the English Souveraigntie; with the same ring which circuled his wive's finger affiancing that island to this our country.' The picture represents the celebration of the marriage beneath the ruined porch of the church of the period, and its round tower—the triumph of the invading Norman knights—the submission of the Irish chieftains—the mourning over the fallen—and the burial of the dead. The period was the vigil of St. Bartholomew, August 23, anno 1171, reign of Henry II."



ENTRANCE TO CORK HARBOUR, QUEENSTOWN IN THE DISTANCE, SPIKE ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, DRAWN BY MAHONY.



EAST FERRY, FROM THE AGRADA PIER. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

CORK TO KILLARNEY.

FROM Cork to Killarney there are three principal routes: 1st, through Mallow, the shortest, but possessing fewest features of interest; 2nd, by the Cork and Bandon Railway, through Bandon, Enniskean, Dunmanway, Bantry, and Glengariff. But the route we would most direct attention to is a new one proposed to be travelled this season, viz., from Cork to Bandon by railway, and through Crookstown, the romantic scenery of the Lakes of Inchigeala, Gongane Barra, and the celebrated Pass of Keimaneigh, to the head of Bantry Bay; then entering the far-famed valley of Glengariff, and through Kenmare to Killarney.

CORK TO BANDON.—Having disposed of an excellent breakfast at the Imperial or Victoria Hotel, the tourist is comfortably conveyed by a well-appointed omnibus plying from either of these establishments to the Cork terminus, a neat yet handsome and commodious building, fronted with limestone, and possessing the best situation possible for a railway station, close to the quay of the river Lee, and adjoining the Corn Exchange of the city; where also an extensive pig-market is held, and a depôt has been recently established for the sale of flax, an article which we are happy to notice has been of late successfully introduced into the south of Ireland.

In addition to the ordinary traffic of this railway, it may be interesting to refer to one branch of revenue realised in the summer season from excursion trips, afforded to the residents of Bandon and the western districts, enabling the passenger at a cheap return-ticket fare to steam down the beautiful waters of the river Lee, on board one of the admirably-appointed river steamers, visiting the most attractive points of interest within Cork harbour, viz., Passage, Monkstown, Haulbowline Island, and Queenstown. The sketch represents one of those excursion parties embarking on board the steamer on arrival of the train at Cork.

Soon after leaving the Cork terminus, the train passes over the Chetwynd Viaduct, nobly raised on arches of 100 feet high, and 120 feet wide, spanning the deep glen that widens into the broad valley, through which winds the Currabeg road, thus avoiding much of the bleak and uninteresting track of the old mail-coach road in the western environs of the city, and reaches the Waterfall Station, six miles from Cork. From this point a magnificent view of the "beautiful city" and suburbs of Cork is obtained, and the distant mountains of Dunmanway, Kerry, and Kilworth are seen to great advantage. About a mile farther on we reach the antiquated ruin of Mourne Abbey, adjoining which is to be seen the ruins of a Danish fort; here the highest point

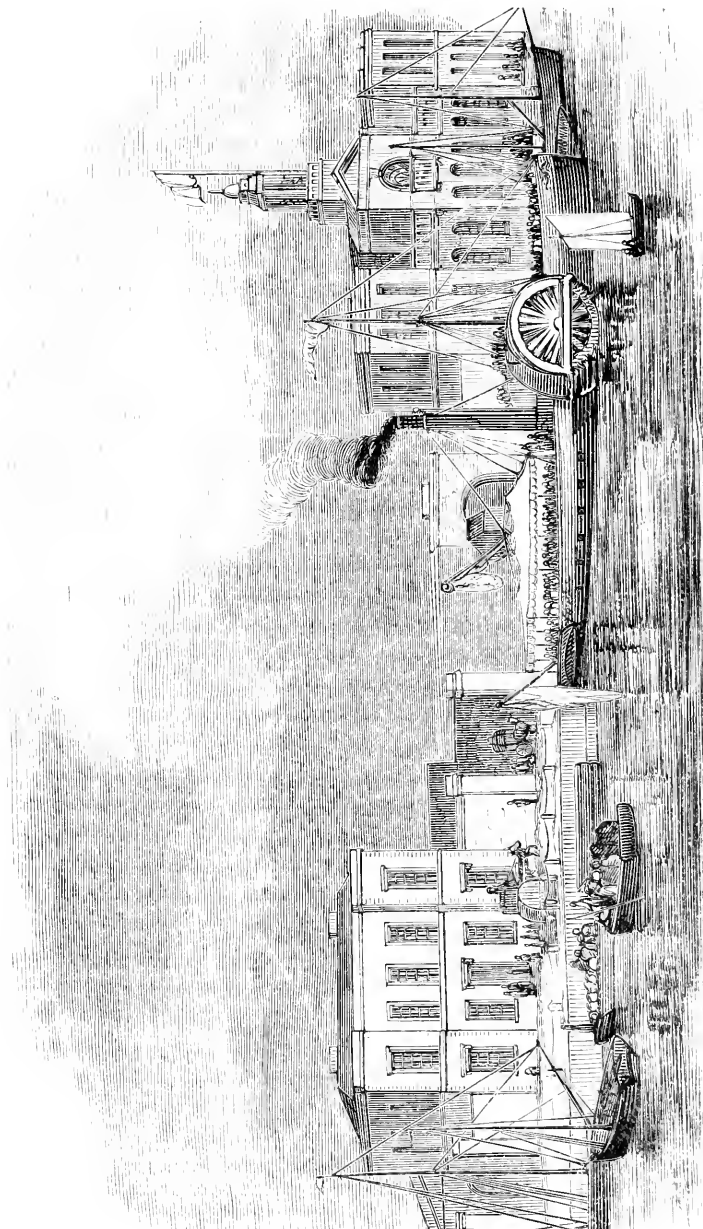
of the railway is reached, and we descend through a tunnel half a mile in length, arriving at the Ballinhaslig Station, ten miles from Cork. From this point omnibuses in connexion with the company ply to and from the town of Kinsale, nine miles distant. Winding along the deep valley of the Owenbeg we arrive at the Upton Station, 15 miles from Cork, from which is to be seen the picturesque and hospitable residence of the Rev. Somers Payne, who has recently built numerous neat houses, and established a post-office close to the station.

Emerging from the deep cutting at Rockfort, where it may be mentioned that a vein of silver ore was discovered during the progress of the works, we now approach the most beautiful scenic attractions along the railway, namely, the Brinny and Bandon Valleys, at which point the rivers bearing those respective names unite, close to the picturesque ruins of Dundaniel Castle.

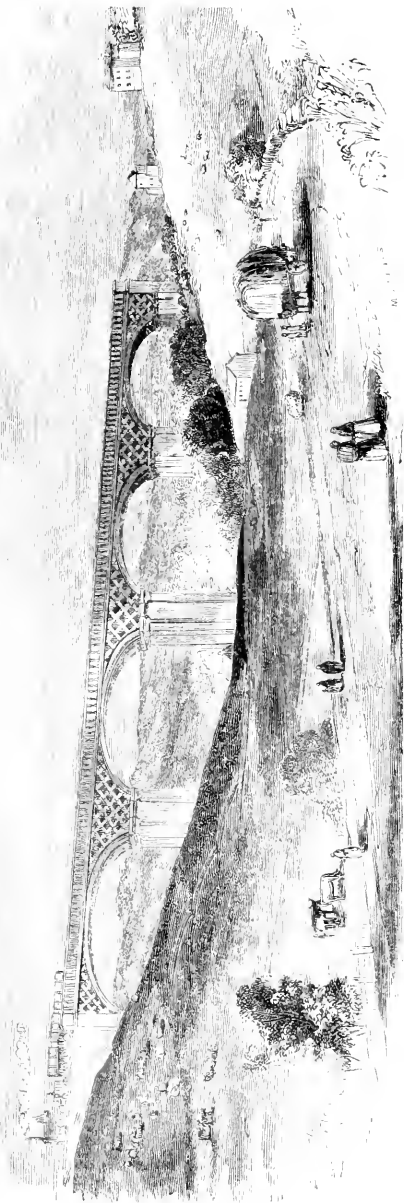
Here, indeed, the lover of the picturesque may enjoy a delightful ramble through this rugged, yet luxuriantly-planted glen, which forms part of the extensive property of the Duke of Devonshire, about one mile distant from the pretty little town of Imoshannon, the property of T. Frewen, Esq. A stroll along the banks of this river from the Imoshannon Station into the town will amply repay the traveller, returning to admire the "Meeting of the Waters" at Dundaniel Castle, above adverted to, and which may justly be considered equally worthy of a visit with the celebrated "Meeting of the Waters" in the Vale of Avoca, the county of Wicklow.

The Bandon river has always been celebrated for its salmon and trout fishing, and the angler may find plenty of sport along its banks for several miles. Diverging from the Brinny Valley, the train enters the Bandon Valley through a tunnel 170 yards in length, and crosses the river of the same name, over a handsome bridge, constructed of timber and iron, to the Imoshannon Station, eighteen miles from Cork, and two from Bandon. The scenery from this station to Bandon is indeed charming; the railway runs parallel with the river, which is sinuous in its course, the hills on each side of the vale being high and steep, and planted to their summit with varied and stately timber, while the numerous villas and gardens with which the whole is interspersed add to the beauty of the picture. Having passed through this "happy valley," we arrive at the terminus, twenty miles distant from Cork, at the "pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood," as Spenser called it.

BANDON is one of the largest, best built, and most respectably inhabited district towns in the country. The river before alluded to flows through it, and is spanned by a bridge. The old "bridge" originally gave its name to the town, hence called Bandon Bridge, and as such it was represented for a short time, previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, by Lord John Russell. The western environs are singularly beautiful, and that immediate vicinity derives no small portion of its attractions from the demesne of Castle Bernard, the princely seat of the Earl of Bandon, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and father of Viscount Bernard, the present member of Parliament for the borough. The mansion is situated in the midst of a beautiful valley, planted and laid out in the best taste, and adorned with magnificent forest trees, the rising grounds on either side being, moreover, covered with oaks, sycamores, chesnut, and elm, whilst through the mead below winds the Bandon river, stretching to the eastward; the whole presenting a varied and captivating landscape. Castle Bernard has been rendered conspicuous for the magnificent hospitality with which the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (the Earl of



GOIN EXCHANGE, COBK AND BANDOY RAILWAY TERMINUS, AND RIVER EXCURSION BOAT, DRAWN BY MAHONY.



THE CLIFFTWYND VIADUCT, ON THE COEK AND BANDOON RAILWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

Eglinton) and his amiable Countess were received and entertained there, upon the occasion of his Excellency's visit to Cork to open the Industrial Exhibition. The conservatories, gardens, and the demesne grounds are most kindly thrown open to the public (Sundays excepted), and great numbers of the Cork residents avail themselves of this permission, owing to the facility afforded by the opening of the railway.

The town of Bandon possesses several large breweries and distilleries, a newly-built church, celebrated for its architectural beauty, and an excellent hotel, called after the principal proprietor of the town, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; there are regular weekly and monthly fairs held, which are becoming very important and extensive. Here also the first movement was made towards the introduction of the growth of flax into the south of Ireland, consequent upon the commendable exertions of the truly useful member, Lord Bernard, associated with some enterprising gentlemen in the neighbourhood, viz., Mr. E. B. Roche, M.P., Mr. Shaw (who has recently established extensive scutching mills in the locality), Mr. W. C. Sullivan, and a few other resident agriculturists. A flax society has also been formed; and there is little doubt that ere long the produce of this important article in the south will compete in honourable rivalry with the sister north, the trial crops having yielded very handsome profits.

It will be remembered that the loyal borough of Bandon was originally, and for a long period, almost exclusively a Protestant settlement, enjoying the complimentary appellation of the Southern Derry; but before the beginning of this century a large number of Roman Catholics settled within the town, which was then enclosed with strong walls, a handsome gateway affording ingress and egress: respecting which it is recorded, that over it was written the following liberal attempt at the poetic—

Turk, Jew, or Atheist
May enter here, but not a Papist.

Bandon is justly famous for its whiskey; and one of the settlers of the old faith, rather of a waggish disposition, having taken an extra glass or two, was returning at a late hour to the town, when he beheld, with no little astonishment, the above interdiction; being somewhat of a poetical turn of mind, he inscribed with virgin chalk the following repartee, a fair specimen of Bandon humour:—

The lad who wrote this wrote it well,
For the same is written on the gates of hell.

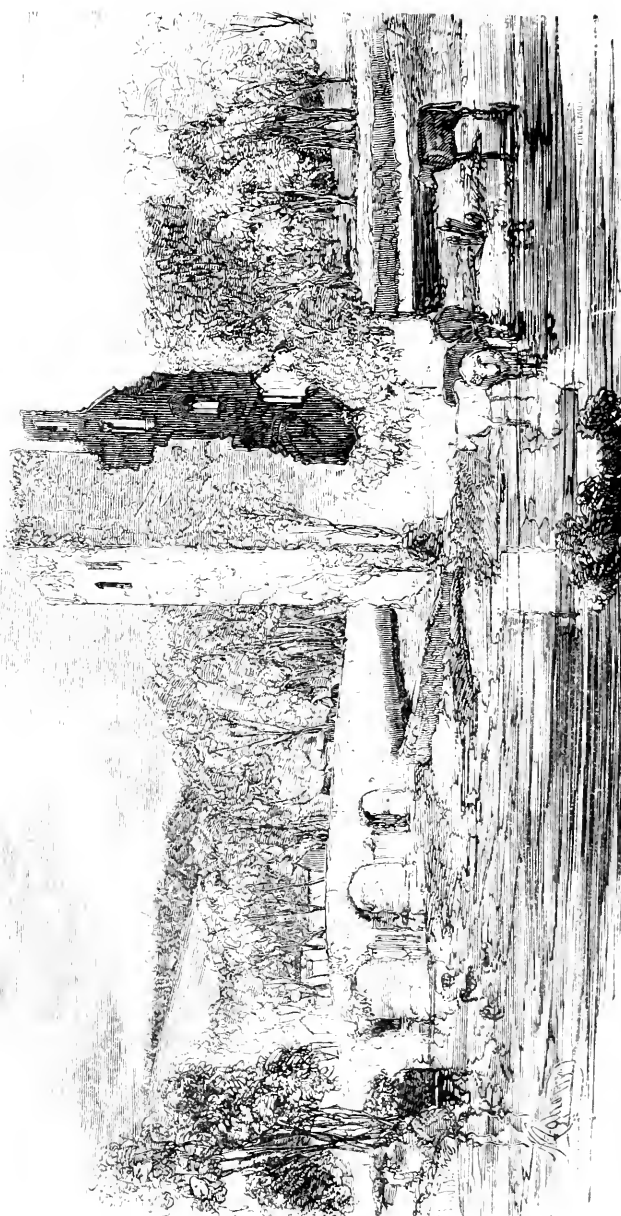
Before we take leave of this enterprising little town, we may mention that an Act of Parliament has been obtained for extending the railway from Bandon to Bantry, with branches to Clonakilty and Skibbereen, which will materially facilitate the tourist in his movements, and open up an extent of valuable country, the mineral, fishing, and agricultural resources of which it is impossible to estimate; while at the same time little doubt exists of the line being eventually extended to the important harbour of Crookhaven, the nearest south-westerly point to the American continent, and where every probability exists of a transatlantic packet station and a depôt for embarking and disembarking passengers, mails, &c. between the old and new worlds, in addition to the telegraph communication, being permanently established.

BANDON TO THE SOUTH COAST, AND BANTRY.—If the tourist happens to have time, we would suggest to him to diverge somewhat from his direct course towards the west, and devote a day to the country down by the coast. This course will also be found economic, if two or more persons hire a car at

Bandon, at sixpence a mile, and proceed at their option along the shores of the Atlantic, every mile of which opens up most picturesque marine scenery, land-locked bays, studded with innumerable islands, presenting the appearance of inland lakes. One district, which we more immediately refer to now, ought, perhaps, to commence at Courtmaesherry (a perfect gem in the nautical landscape), thence to Clonakilty, Roseberry, Skibbereen, Castle Townsend, Roaring Water, Ballydehob, Skull, the beautiful country round Crookhaven, with Cape Clear, and so round Dunmanus Bay, past Carrigboy up to Bantry. Mineral richness teems here, copper cropping out in all directions, especially towards Crookhaven, in itself worth a journey, if only to obtain a peep at famous Cape Clear, where the Atlantic surge is first experienced in all its majestic immensity by the western voyager.

It is impossible to speak of mines in the south, or indeed in any part of Ireland, without making emphatic reference to the labours of the late Colonel Hall, father of Mr. S. C. Hall, whose beautiful book on Ireland has been truly a mine to which all compilers of tourist volumes (ourselves among the number), resort as to an inexhaustible source, whether for facts or suggestions, fancy or illustration. Colonel Hall brought a scientific mind, a zealous heart, and well-filled purse to the mineral development of the south of Cork: and now that so many enterprises of a like nature are realising results which he did not live to see, it is but just that his memory be revered, especially as his son and his daughter-in-law (the accomplished and exemplary Mrs. S. C. Hall), have done, and are continuing to do, in the literature and arts of the empire, so much for the honour and advancement of Ireland.

In returning to Bandon, say to the excellent Devonshire Arms, we proceed to the west, taking the lower road, through the towns of Enniskean, Ballineen, Dunmanway, and Drimoleague to Bantry. After leaving Bandon, this road runs west through a portion of the Duke of Devonshire's vast possessions, whose boundary can be discerned by the line of demarcation between it and other estates less happily circumstanced. The general aspect of his Grace's property speaks well for the indulgent spirit of the noble proprietor, and for the good feeling and kindly consideration of his local agent, Alexander Swanston, Esq., whose beautiful demesne, Coolfadda House, is situate opposite to Castle Bernard. We next pass Mr. W. Bernard's fine demesne of Mount Bernard, and then the adjacent grounds of Mr. W. Galway; next, the little hamlet of Moragh, with its noble mills; and come in sight of an ancient French chateau-looking mansion of red brick-work, with pointed and rounded gables, formal terraces, and stately air, named *Palace Anne*. Captain Bernard's quaintly unique seat, whose closely shaven lawn, with daintily clipped hedges and lordly trees at each side, only seems to require a group of dames, in long-waisted dresses and hoops, and of cavaliers in court costume and flowing perukes, to realise a living *tableau à la Watteau*. Passing onwards, far to the right glimmers the humble spire of Dysart Church; and then we enter Enniskean, a rather deserted village, though in the centre of a tolerably good tillage country, where, if anywhere, frugal industry ought to thrive. Indeed, a short mile to the west is a village presenting a strong contrast, viz., Ballineen, consisting of one long street, with a cross street, conducting, down hill, to an ancient bridge of several small arches, leading to the church and rectory of Ballymoney. The scenery along the banks of the river Bandon, from this point westward to Kileaskin (seat of Mr. Daunt), Comorville and Fort Robert (family seats of unfortunate and now demented Feargus O'Connor), and Manch (demesne of Mr. D. Connor), is singularly beautiful. We



MEETING OF THE WATERS, DUNDANIEL CASTLE, A SKETCH IN THE BRINNY VALLEY ON THE BANDOON RIVER. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



CROOKHAVEN HARBOUR.

pass Carrigmore, the noble residence of Lord Norbury, and cross Crooked Bridge, where it spans the Blackwater near its junction with the Bandon. Here is the best view of baronial-looking Kilkaskin, belonging to Mr. O'Neill Daunt, well known for his literary qualifications, and from his active part with O'Connell, whose confidential secretary and able public partisan he long was. From this point, some miles of road, in beautiful order, smooth as a bowling-green, and richly wooded on each side, runs straight as an arrow: and, dashing along it, brings us within view of the splendid ruin of Ballinacarriga Castle, once a stronghold of the sept of O'Hurley, a powerful gang of rapparees, whose head claimed noble descent, and sustained his claim in right feudal fashion by the strong hand. The castle, reduced by Cromwell, retains some curious inscriptions and sculpture in the interior. The old church of Fanlobus lies farther on, giving name to a large parochial district, and never failing to prompt the oracle of the box to discourse learnedly to the effect that the remains of the person who was the true heir to the great Jennings' property, comprising so many accumulated thousands, and so long the subject of legal dispute, lie buried in this remote graveyard.

Passing the handsome demesnes Laurel Hill and Ballyhalwick, our excellent stage coach (which in these railway times it would be worth going to the south to look at) rattles into the stirring yet prim little town of Dunmanway; on whose left a lake is pointed out, wherein was drowned (1723) Sir R. Cox, a monument in the church circumstantially recording the demise of this the last baronet, near whose tomb is that of the founder of the family, Lord Chancellor Cox, who died 1715. Eight miles north-east stands the Round Tower of Kinneigh, one of the most remarkable in Ireland. The next stage by Drimoleague to Bantry is rather uninteresting. The hills and gloomy heaths become less inviting, until after passing a deep gorge the road winds, and a scene of sublimity and loveliness bursts on the view, all the more enchanting from contrast with the dreary tract we have passed.

BANTRY BAY, approached either by the coast route through Dunmanway, or through Gougane Barra, presents a truly glorious view. As neared along the dreary road from Skibbereen, a sudden turn opens up the whole bay. In the background are the Killarney mountains, Mangerton, and the Reeks; nearer rises Hungry Hill (2,251 feet high, a principal sea-mark, having a remarkable waterfall), the Sugar-loaf, and the Caha mountains, among which are said by the peasantry to be 365 lakes—suggesting the local legend that some saint, of aqueous propensities, prayed for a pool for each day in the year. Within the bay, at the spectator's feet, are many small islands; the prettily situated town, and, facing it, Whiddy Island, crowned with its imposing fort, commanding the whole bay, whose length is about 21 miles; breadth, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 9 miles; its shores land-locked by abrupt headlands. The town consists of two streets, with a trio of excellent inns. Although the harbour is so fine and so sheltered, little trade is carried on: even the fisheries have of late unaccountably dwindled. The road into the town runs immediately under Seacourt, the exquisite demesne of the Earl of Bantry (deputy-lieutenant of county Cork, and brother-in-law of Earl Listowel and Marquis of Thomond), nobly placed, and as nobly rendered accessible to the public. The bay, few will forget, was occupied in 1796 by a French fleet, commanded by the gallant and ill-fated Hoche, carrying 15,000 men for the invasion of Ireland, according to the plan originating with Wolfe Tone, agent of the United Irishmen. The fleet was dispersed by a storm; and though an extensive squadron was re-collected, Hoche, on the ground that he had received no encouragement from the peo-

ple, refused to land. Mr. Richard White, for his exertions on that occasion, was made Baron of Bantry, and presented with a gold medal by the citizens of Cork; he was advanced to the earldom, with second title of Viscount Berehaven, and was the father of the present earl, whose brother and heir is the Hon. William Henry White Hedges, brother-in-law of Mr. H. Herbert, M.P., Muckross Abbey, Killarney, of whom hereafter. In Bantry, the coach stops at Lamin's Hotel, long remarkable for the admirable style of its accommodations, its posting establishment, and the moderation of its charges. Godson's, on the opposite side of the spacious square, is also a very superior hostelry in every respect, and not the less so are the landlord's intelligence, courtesy, and promptitude. Murphy's Hotel is likewise most comfortable, and the charges as reasonable as could well be desired by the most economic tourist, who, after enjoying a refreshing night's rest, should be stirring betimes, if he desires to view the scenery in its fullest beauty. Bantry Bay, to be fairly appreciated, must be seen before the sun has created that misty haze which deprives the glorious mountains of their bold and sharply cut outlines. At early dawn, and accompanied by a guide, we ascend Knocknaveigh, and, on reaching one peculiar spot, have revealed to us a scene such as will dwell on the memory for ever. The islands on the bosom of the bay afford, by their deep verdure, an exquisite contrast to the rich blue of the waters. Far across on the opposite side are seen the precipitous cliffs of the other arm of the bay, their bases fringed by a sparkling line of white foam. To the right, in the extreme distance, are the blue peaks of the Killarney mountains, overtopped by the giant Mangerton; whilst nearer, Hungry Hill upheaves its pyramidal form. Soon the whole horizon to the east begins to glow with the first blush of dawn, tinging the mountain tops with roseate hues; and, gradually, from the highest peak to the surface of the dancing waves, a flood of gorgeous light is shed. We have now Bere Island, with its sheltered waters; the bold bluff of Shot Head; the bay of sweet Glengarriff, with glancing sails of the fishing boats flitting by—in short, almost every conceivable auxiliary to perfection in a marine panorama of loveliness, probably not exceeded in the world. To vary the view, the tourist may obtain from the table-land behind Lord Bantry's demesne some exquisite prospects. What from Knocknaveigh seems one unbroken expanse of water, here assumes the appearance of a group of lakes, divided by verdant islets, and by masses of foliage of most graceful outline. Another desirable point is Caherdermid: also the redoubt in the centre of Whiddy Island; while the heights above Gurteenroe present new aspects of beauty.

Resuming our new route from Cork to Bandon and Killarney, we proceed to notice the second section, viz. :—

BANDON TO CROOKSTOWN.—Upon the arrival of the train at Bandon we find Fishbourne's admirably-appointed vehicles in readiness, and in a few minutes several coaches, freighted with Killarney tourists, may be seen dashing through the northern skirts of the town. The beautiful demesne of Mishells is passed soon after leaving the town; and further to the right are situated the extensive mills of the enterprising Mr. Keays. About three miles distant from Bandon we arrive at the properties of Messrs. Vining and Payne, originally English farmers of great experience, who have found it advantageous to settle in this district, and have introduced an improved system of agriculture with exceedingly profitable results to themselves. After admiring the excellence of these well-farmed grounds, we pass through a gentle vale and avenue,



ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF BANTRY, FROM LORD BANTRY'S SWAN LAKE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

planted most luxuriantly on both sides with the native Irish furze. This truly useful and prolific plant, with its rich yellow blossom, is superabundant in the country, and growing principally on banks, affords much shelter to cattle, while it is also generally used as fodder, after being steeped and otherwise prepared. Of this plant it may be interesting to remark, that when the celebrated botanist, Linnæus, who had travelled several countries in search of this production, discovered it so abundant and luxuriant in Ireland, in the exuberance of his joy he "fell upon his face to the earth, and thanked God that he had lived to see that day."

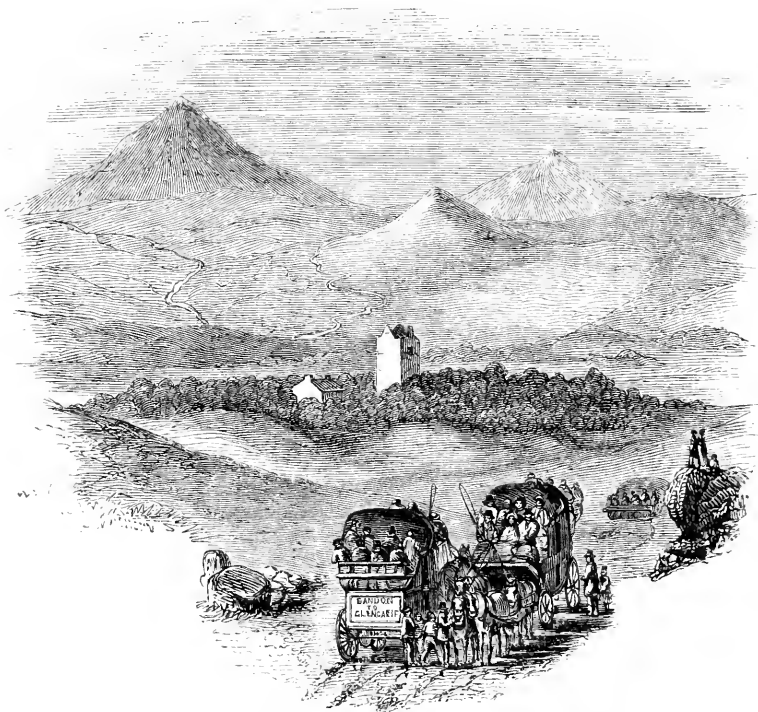
The tourist next passes through a valley, beautifully planted with young fir and larch trees, the property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; and ascending the hill to Templemartin Church and village, a beautiful view of the ancient demesne of Montpleasant is visible to the left upon a lofty height, the residence of the Baldwins. Having reached the summit, a splendid panorama opens on the view: in a distance of 30 miles the noble "Paps" of the Kerry mountains rise in majestic grandeur; and to the left the sugar-loaf mount of Musherá caps the surrounding country, while an extensive valley varies the landscape. Having fully admired this beautiful scene, our coaches descend by a sinuous and pretty road, through a thickly-planted defile, called Raheen Pass, by the side of which stands the picturesque residence of Counsellor Herrick, surrounded by a neat plantation, and skirted with laurel trees of large growth. A small yet pretty waterfall is seen near the lodge-gate. Approaching Crookstown, Castlemore Castle is seen in the distance, and the beautiful demesne of Rye Court, the residence of Richard Tonson Rye, Esq. Having reached the bottom of the hill, we turn to the left and drive into the neat little village of Crookstown, about 9 miles from Bandon.

CROOKSTOWN TO GOUGANE BARRA.—Having changed horses here, off we dash with a fresh team over Crookstown Bridge, from which a pleasant view is obtained; Belmont Castle is on the left, overgrown with ivy, and built upon a commanding eminence, gracefully planted, while Rye Court and Castlemore Castle are seen in the valley, on the north side of the bridge; and under its steep arches rolls the silvery Bride, famous for its abundance of trout and salmon. Many years since there stood a smithy each side the bridge, which has a very steep ascent either way; and in the winter, when trade was slack, these sons of Vulcan were driven to their wit's resources to obtain an increase of business, which they accomplished satisfactorily by getting boys to throw water on the steep approaches to the bridge, so that when carriers attempted to pass their horses over, they could not, the road being frozen, which compelled them to get them roughed at the smithies; and it is currently reported that for several years these two ingenious brothers of the anvil obtained their livelihood in winter principally by this novel expedient.

About one mile onward we approach another valley, richly covered at either side with laurels, lilac, and fir-trees of all hues; the fine house and grounds belonging to Mr. Warren occupying the north, and the extensive demesne of Castle Baldwin the south side of the vale. Having surmounted a gentle hill, and crossed over a pretty little bridge, we observe the magnificent mansion of Warren's Court, the seat of Sir Augustus Warren, Bart.; the house is remarkable for the richness and antiquity of its furniture, being almost exclusively in the style of the middle ages; it is also celebrated for its collection of china, and other objects of *vertu*. At the opposite side of the road, a mile beyond Warren's Court, stands Delacour Villa, the charming residence of Charles Beamish, Esq., situate on a commanding elevation, and surrounded by a plan-

tation, embracing a great variety of tints. This well-farmed property extends for several miles, and is in a comparatively high state of cultivation; notwithstanding the country being interspersed with rocks, every available plot of ground is reduced to tillage. Indeed, under the praiseworthy exertions of its resident proprietor, this extensive and improving property is an object of much interest to the farmer of the present day. At the north side of the house, on the summit of a hill, is the burial-place of the family, a large tower being built thereon to indicate the site.

Having passed through Mr. Beamish's property, the country now assumes a wilder aspect; and having reached the summit of a high hill, a fine landscape is presented to the view, extending over an area of 50 miles, embracing all kinds of scenery. The mountains of Kerry, Killarney, and Kenmare appear in the distance, while, nearer, the Gougane Barra and Sheehee mountains rise with stately grandeur. We now descend the hill, and turning to the left, enter a bleak valley, covered with deeply-bedded turf for several miles. We may here mention a little incident which occurred at this great turfery last season. An English tourist was travelling on an outside car to Gougane: beside him sat an unmistakable Hibernian; and as they passed by several



INCHIGEELA CASTLE, ON THE ROAD TO BENTRY BY GOUGANE BARRA.

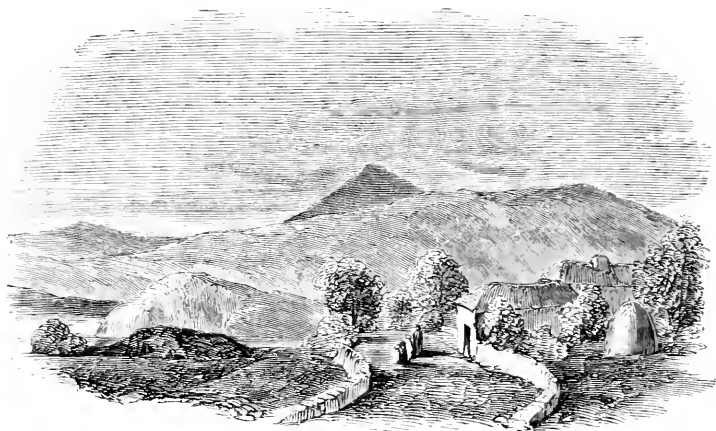
piles of turf-blocks, he observed how much they resembled and were stacked up like cannon-balls. "To be sure they are," remarked the ready Milesian, "and its only natural they should, since they are intended for the same purpose." "The same purpose," rejoined the tourist; "why how can turf-balls possibly be used like cannon-balls? "Because," replied our Irish wag, "they are intended *for firing.*"

Leaving the turf fields now behind us, the ruins of Conadrumna Church and Castle are seen on the extreme summit of the hill to the right; and a little farther on, the celebrated castle of Drumcarragh, the stronghold of O'Leary the outlaw, whose unfortunate history may not be uninteresting to our readers. Arthur O'Leary was descended from an ancient and respectable family, who held for centuries a large extent of country in this part of the county of Cork; and being possessed of considerable personal property (the existing laws not then allowing Roman Catholics to hold real estate), fell a victim to the old penal enactments against his religion. He had served and distinguished himself in the Hungarian service, and was related to the O'Connell family, of Derrynane. His popularity soon excited the jealousy of a Mr. Morris, a neighbouring land-owner, which was increased by O'Leary's horse having won a race against one of Morris's, which provoked a serious quarrel. Mr. Morris, however, availed himself of the legal barrier disabling a Roman Catholic from keeping any horse exceeding £5 in value, and claimed from O'Leary the one which had won the race, tendering £5 as its value. O'Leary indignantly refused the demand, when a scuffle arose, out of which he was glad to escape with his life. He was therefore declared an outlaw, and soldiers sent in pursuit of him; he defended himself bravely, but after several shots, was laid dead upon the road, and the penal laws prohibiting his burial within consecrated ground, he was interred in a field, not far removed from his castle. Mr. Morris was afterwards shot by one of the relatives of the deceased, and the death of one man thus avenged by that of another, in the then lamentable mode of the country.

Leaving Drumcarragh Castle on the right, we arrive at Boyle's Bridge, about 18 miles from Bandon, a most picturesque spot, the bridge being overgrown with ivy, with its pretty arches spanning the river Lee, which winds gracefully along the valley. Adjoining is the demesne of Boyle's Grove, the grounds of which are pleasantly undulating and thickly wooded: and passing an old castle on the right, we reach Toon Bridge. We now enter a country gradually assuming a more wild and imposing aspect; and passing the neat and hospitable residence of Mr. O'Leary (a descendant of the ancient family already alluded to), we ascend a long hill, clothed with purple heath, yellow furze, and a variety of mountain plants, and on reaching the eminence, obtain a nearer and more perfect view of the surrounding mountains. Before us, to the left, stands the antiquated stronghold of Castle Masters, formerly occupied by the family of Masters, but now the property of Jasper Pyne, Esq. Leaving the castle to the left, we descend the hill, and enter the little village of

INCHIGEELA, about 24 miles distant from Bandon, possessing a church, parsonage, chapel, police-barrack, an inn, and several neat whitewashed houses. Here we again obtain a view of the river Lee, which runs close by the village. After quitting Inchigeela, a short and pretty drive brings us in sight of the Lakes, about three miles in length. Here the Lee expands itself into a broad sheet of water, and three continuous lakes present in their entire course a diversified series of the most animated scenery, dotted with little islands. The road along the side of the lakes is very beautiful, and winds

round the northern margin of the shore, from which point the best view is Gougane.



LAKES OF INCHIGEELA.

Quitting the northern shore of the lake, we follow the course of the Lee, and enter a lonely valley, encompassed with mountains, and after a few miles' ride arrive at the village of

BALLINGEARY, or "the Place of the Wilderness," 30 miles distant from Bandon, and within 4 miles of the source of the river Lee. A spacious chapel, national school-house, a road-side inn, and some few houses, constitute the village, from the bridge of which is seen a wild moory glen, through which flows the Ballingeary stream, winding down the valley, and emptying itself noiselessly into the Lee. A rude and ancient church stands upon an eminence, about a mile up the glen, and several antiquated buildings are observable in the vicinity. A few miles farther on we approach Gougane, through a narrow road, situate at the base of a steep mountain, presenting the appearance of a craggy wilderness, and arrive at the head of Keimaneigh Pass, within a short mile of the Holy Lake of

GOUGANE BARRA, situate at the bottom of a circular chain of mountains, wild in the aspect of its surrounding scenery; but the tourist can form no conception of this scene of lovely loneliness till he contemplates it within its perfect amphitheatre of rugged hills. A short curve in the pathway at once displays the whole scene to view; and a more complete picture of wild desolation or majestic mountain grandeur it is impossible to conceive. The small island, whence its holiness, is nearly midway in the lake; and on the island are a group of graceful ash trees, and the ruins of a chapel, the hermitage of Saint Finnbar of the Silver Locks, before he journeyed to found his great church at Cork. The well here was supposed to be consecrated; and there was a great bi-annual pilgrimage of peasants, who had faith in the power of the water to cure all diseases, both of man and beast. The lake of Gougane covers 500 acres. Its waters are generally placid, and in their still depths the giant hills around are reflected. Proceeding along a causeway, we are brought to the little verdant islet, where numerous small

fountains gush out in tiny streams sparkling in the sunlight, and, all uniting in one, flow into the Lake,

“Whence Allua of songs rushes forth like an arrow;”

and this is the source of the “Silver Lee,” renowned for beauty even here, where all is most beautiful. The cliffs of Gougane afford hundreds of echoes, and form a grand mountainous enclosure of an oval shape; its steep hills are covered with heath and black rocks, and overhang, in broken masses of great boldness, these sanctified waters. Arriving at the head of the valley, all exit seems impossible; dark rocks upon rocks arise, and prevent all further progress. A local bard, in a poem of much merit, apostrophises Gougane Barra as a spot

Still, still in whose wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley!
The Star of the West might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

Should the tourist have an opportunity, we would advise him to ascend the top of the mountain which overlooks the Lake of Gougane, and which is accessible, although with much toil and difficulty, in the summer season. The summit is a mass of black rock, in the form of a Druid’s altar, from which a magnificent view of Bantry Bay is obtained; the Killarney, Glengarriff, and Berehaven mountains are also seen to great advantage; while underneath, the Pass of Keimaneigh, and the surrounding scenery of Gougane, perfect a glorious landscape. Returning from this lonely scene, we re-enter the main road; and a hearty luncheon having been disposed of at the refreshment-room provided there, and a change of horses effected, we start again, and soon arrive at the celebrated

PASS OF KEIMANEIGH, 34 miles from Bandon. In offering a description of this remarkable work of nature, we cannot do better than extract from the valuable little book by Mr. John Windele, on the “South of Ireland,” wherein, speaking of Keimaneigh Pass, he observes:—“Nothing in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or defile, can well equal this gloomy pass. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at one side for the water, which, in the winter season, rushes down from the high grounds, and meeting here, hastens onward to pay the first tribute offered to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers; every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls, which at either side rise up darkling to a great height, and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting, resolving and comparing realities, sometimes giving form and substance to airy nothings.

“At its entrance from the Gougane side the pass is seen with best effect; there its high close cliffs are steepest, and the toppling crags assume their most picturesque forms and resemblances of fantastic piles and ancient ruins. These receive beauty and variety from the various mosses which encrust them, and the dwarf shrubs and underwood, ivy, and creeping plants, which lend their mellow hues to soften and give effect to the whole. The arbutus, a plant almost indigenous to Killarney and Glengarriff, into the first of which places it has been plausibly conjectured it had been brought from the continent by the monks who settled in the islands of its lakes, is not even uncommon among the rocks of Keimaneigh. We behold with wonder this, and the ash, and other hardy plants and shrubs, growing at immense heights overhead; tufting crags, inaccessible to the human foot, where we are astonished to think

how they got there. The London Pride grows here and on the surrounding mountains, as well as amongst the ruins of Gougane Barra, in the most astonishing profusion. On the mountains of Tore and Mangerton, near Killarney, it is met with in great abundance; but its plenty in the neighbourhood of the Lee far exceeds all comparison.

“A number of lesser defiles, formed by many a headlong torrent or shelving cascade, shoot inwards from the pass in deep and gloomy hollows as the road winds along, which greatly increase the interest of the place; and these, forming at the entrance high round headlands, thickly covered with a most luxuriant clothing of long flowering heather, have at a distance the appearance of rich overhanging woods. As we proceed, we find the channel of the stream, which winds along with the road, blocked up in various places with vast fragments of rocks, rent in some violent convulsion or tempest from the cliffs around, or hurled downward in wild sport by the presiding genius of the scene. Trophied evidences of his giant energies long choaked up the defile,



PASS OF KEIMANEIGH.

and told the history of his fierce pastime during the many ages that he continued its unmolested lord; but the road-maker has successfully encroached upon his savage dominions, crumbled his ponderous masses, and smoothed down the difficulties which he accumulated. The present diminished number of these vast fragments remain, however, as a sufficient record of the rocky chaos which Smith spoke of 80 years ago, and which long remained the astonishment of successive travellers."

Arriving at the end of the pass, a beautiful view of Bantry Bay opens before us; and presently we approach the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Wending our way round the head of this splendid harbour by an excellent and picturesque road, we enter the enchanting valley of Glengariff, 53 miles from Bandon.

GLENGARIFF, or the "Rocky Glen," has been eloquently described by Mrs. Hall. In her admirable work she says,—“Language fails to convey an idea of the beauty of Glengariff, which merits to the full the enthusiastic praise lavished upon it by every traveller. It is a deep Alpine valley, enclosed by precipitous hills about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing comeliness, endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character, and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands, by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to present the aspect of a serene lake. Wandering through the glen, the song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple and roar of waters, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound.” It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside for once his captiousness, exclaims—“Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world’s wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean, or the Baltic English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day’s journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be. The best view of this exquisite scene—the charm of a soft climate enhancing every other—is obtained from the height of the hilly road leading to Killarney, and at the foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is in fact within a private demesne, may be attained if the tourist will make up his mind for a fatiguing walk; but the result will amply reward him.”

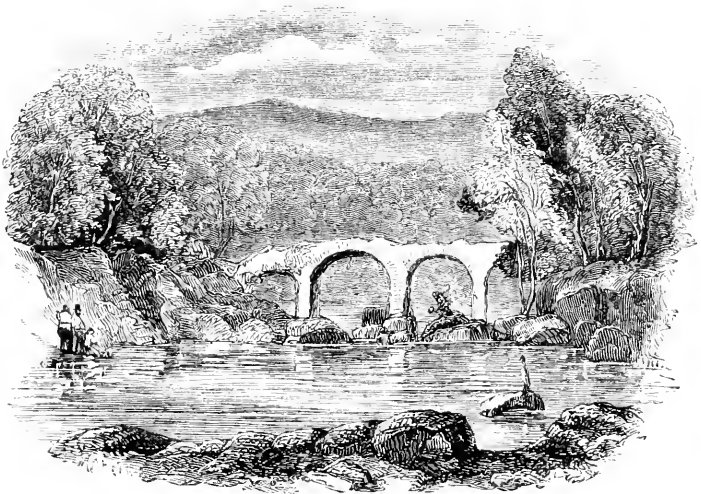
The principal antiquity in the immediate neighbourhood is an old bridge, now in picturesque ruin, which in ancient times was on the high road to Berehaven, and rendered, with all his customary accuracy, by Mr. Mahony; and the tradition is, that it was built, upon an hour’s notice, by the order of Cromwell, who, when passing through the glen to visit the O’Sullivans, cursed the people because of the trouble he had in getting across the narrow but rushing river. There is another bridge close by, of less antiquity, but entitled to notice. It crosses a diminutive brook in the little demesne within Lord Bantry’s gates; and is said to be constructed with the planks of the French war-ships wrecked in the bay in 1797.

Within a late period, arrangements of most perfect character have been effected by Roche for the comfortable, nay, luxurious accommodation of visitors to this enchanting region. The said Roche, by the by, in November, became the purchaser of the Glengariff hotel, and the large tract of land ad-



BAY OF GLENGARIFF, NEAR THE ROAD TO BEREHAVEN. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

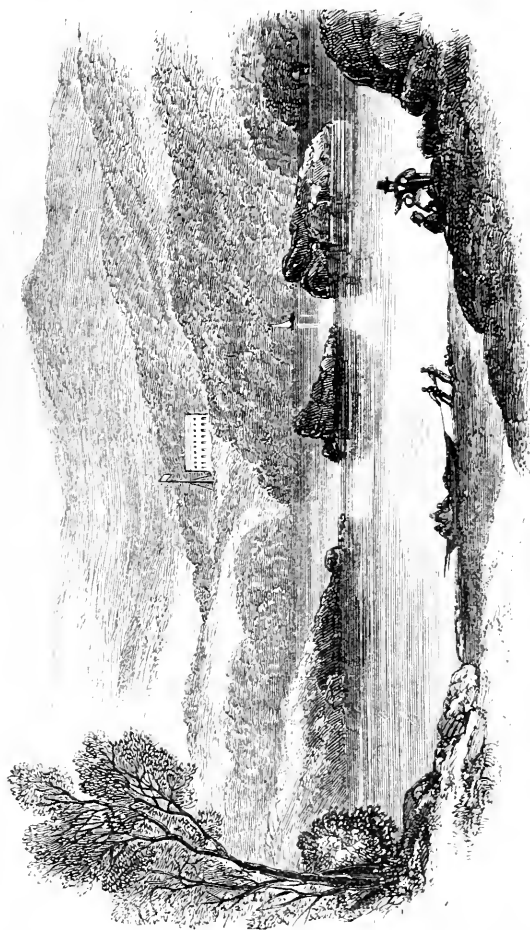
joining it, at the sale of the Bantry property in the Incumbered Estates Court, which realised very large sums, sufficient to pay off all the liabilities on the property, and leave a considerable surplus. On the sale of this and other estates in Ireland, many of the tenants have become holders in fee. Not long since there existed at Glengariff but a single hotel, and even that was only an indifferent one. But now that her gracious Majesty's visit has made an Irish tour the fashion, visitors will find in the very centre of the fairy solitudes of this "rugged glen" (for such is the literal translation of "Glengariff"), not an ill-furnished and uninviting wayside *posada*, but a splendid caravansary on the most comprehensive and elaborated metropolitan scale, charges excepted; for, in this respect, Roche is fortunately not ambitious of rivalling the Babylonian Bonifaces; and the same may with truth be said of his diligent and well-catering neighbour, the proprietor



CROMWELL'S BRIDGE, GLENGARIFF.

of Eccles' most admirable Hotel. By boat Glengariff is seen to the fullest advantage. Having taken a general view of the delightful amphitheatre surrounding Roche's Hotel, as shown in the sketch, we proceed to Cromwell's Bridge, passing Garnish and Brandy Islands, and enter the limpid waters of the Glengariff river. After a delightful row, we land on the grounds of White's Castle, the seat of Mrs. White, which adjoins the hotel, whither we return for the night. Up betimes in the morning, a bathe will be found a most desirable preparative for an ascent, staff in hand, of Cobb Dhuv, or the Black Hill, immediately behind the hotel; and when seated on one of its slopes, looking towards the sea, the tourist will, without doubt, be disposed to confess to himself, and all within hearing at the time, or whom he can make hear hereafter, that Glengariff has not been overpraised. Two days may be spent delightfully; first take a boat to the caves and Hungry Hill waterfall, having a car to meet you, and return by the lovely harbour of Adrigole; second, as-

end Cobb Dhuy, visit Lord Bantry's demesne, Eagle's Nest Glen, and Sugar-loaf mountain, one of the Caha range. Glengariff terminates the first of the two days' journey from Cork to Killarney



GLENGARIFF, AND ROCHE'S HOTEL, FROM GARNISH ISLAND.

Hail, charming scene! Glengariff's bay,
 Yon mountains, streams, and dells,
 The Atlantic waters' foaming spray,
 Creation's wonder tells.

Hail, Bantry's noble harbour deep!
 Where Britain's fleet may ride,
 And giant ships in safety's keep,
 May in or outward glide.

Thy glorious waters, green and gemmed,
 With beauteous islands crowned,
 While the enchanting scene is hemmed
 With purple hills around.

At morning's dawn or evening shade,
 Thy glory's still the same;
 And ever will be so arrayed,
 With English tourists' fame.

GLENGARIFF TO KENMARE.—Resuming our seat in Fishbourne's well-horsed coach, we start next morning from Roche's Hotel for Kenmare and Killarney. The scenery along this route is marked alternately with rugged grandeur and pleasing variety. Lord Bantry's seat is on our left, and behind us the mighty Atlantic in the distance, the bays of Bantry and Glengariff, and the chain of surrounding mountains. Through the curious tunnel which divides Cork and Kerry, and the Gothic arches through which the road passes, a scene of solitude and gloomy splendour breaks upon the eye, for the first full view of the Kerry mountains is obtained. The Macgillicuddy Reeks, looming in wild grotesqueness, like the billows of some stormy ocean petrified in their fury, stretch before us, shutting out the horizon as they peer cloudward. We now catch a glimpse of the noble Kenmare River, bearing, alas! no burden but the crazy fishing-boat. Turning by the suspension bridge over the river, a few minutes bring us to the pretty town of Kenmare, where, should the tourist wish to remain a day, he will find in M'Carthy, proprietor of the Lansdowne Arms, a thoroughly first-class hotel, one who will direct him to spots which, if neglected, he may after have occasion to regret leaving unvisited. The lakes of Clonee, Glenn, Inchiquin, and Glenmoe are in the neighbourhood; and if anything of a geologist, or interested in mining speculations, the visitor should not leave the place too hastily.



TUNNEL IN THE ROAD BETWEEN GLENGARIFF AND KENMARE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

Perhaps it may not be deemed out of place here to quote a noble writer's description of the district lying between Glengariff and Kenmare. Lord John Manners says :—"The twenty miles between Kenmare and Glengariff forms the grandest road, barring the Alpine passes, that I know: an ascent of four English miles, winding up through dark brown hills, with no sign of human habitation about them, brings you to a tunnel six hundred feet long; on emerging from which the head of Glengariff opens upon you, with two blue little lakes perched among the mountains at that great altitude staring you in the face; thence, at every step you descend, the scenery becomes more and more beautiful, every turn of the road revealing some hitherto unseen charm, with Bantry Bay and the Atlantic ever bounding the view. I spent three hours in the glen, roaming about at will. The debateable land lying between the bay and the wooded glen is perhaps even more striking than the glen itself; for here avenues of rock, with a tessellated pavement of bog myrtle, long grass, maidens' hair, heather, gorse, reeds, &c.: a winding river below, and glimpses of the blue bay beyond, impressed one with an idea of fairy-land, while the more inland recesses of the glen are pictures in Scott's description of the Trosachs. Bantry Bay fully merits all that has been said in its praise, and the town all that has been uttered in its commendation. A glorious sunset was lighting up that noble arm of the sea, and its swelling mountains, as I crossed its broad surface to the desolate collection of houses, which, from its situation and natural advantages, ought to rival its opposite neighbour, Brest, or Plymouth."

But to return to Kenmare: it is a neat little town, and the property of the Marquis of Lansdowne. It is also a port, and does a good deal of business, not the least considerable of its trade being the forwarding to the hotels at the lakes the salmon caught in the sound. The bay—as often called the river—is the deepest in Ireland, thirty miles in length, and the breadth at one point is three miles. Its indented shores are crowded with charming views, the upper portion, that is near the town, and that usually only seen by tourists, being the least interesting. Mr. Frazer truly says :—"As Dingle Bay is the grandest, so this may be considered the most beautiful of Irish Bays." Lansdowne Lodge, the residence of the Marquis, is close to the town; and it is gratifying to notice the much improved and more comfortable appearance of the proprietary, under the liberal auspices of the noble lord, and the considerate attention of his local agent.

The horses to, and off again, we drive between Alpine mountains, and enter Windy Gap. Below, on the left, is an amphitheatre of nature's perfect making. Presently we come to a narrow defile, where the rock rises perpendicularly, Com a Dhuv, the Black Valley, being a superbly sombre sentinel of the weird region within whose magic circle we presently find ourselves, and perhaps in itself equal to anything that awaits us, contemplate it which side we may. Before us is the renowned ravine known as the Gap of Dunloe; on the left, the mountain running towards Valentia and Derrynane; on the right, the Upper Lake of Killarney, mountain-locked, reposing in tranquil beauty, rendered still more beautiful by the gloom of the surrounding mountains. From this point of great elevation, passing the police-barrack, is obtained the best view of Killarney, embracing the three lakes, Tore, Mangerton and all its surrounding mountains, and the famous Gap of Dunloe; in fact it forms the most perfect and beautiful panorama imaginable. Driving round the shores of the upper and middle lakes, the right hand side of the road, we pass Lake Louskenagh, and enter the world-famous Killarney.

KILLARNEY.

APPROACH TO THE TOWN.—THE HOTELS.—Driving now along the road on the right of the Lakes, passing over Gallway's Bridge, along Hyde's Cottage, and Derrynabeg Cascade, through the Tunnel, on by the square tower known as the Game-keeper's Lodge, leaving the Eagle's Nest Mountain, on our left the Glenna Mountain, passing under the base of Tore Mountain, and the shores of the Middle Lake, Tore Lodge and Cascade, Muckross demesne and Abbey, we finally advance up to the Muckross Hotel, where the tourist may sojourn, or, if he prefer it, drive on, gratuitously, by ear, to the Royal Victoria Hotel, the Lake Hotel, or to the splendid Railway Hotel, at the terminus of the Killarney railway, recently erected at great expense by the Company. The Muckross is situate in the midst of Killarney's illimitable and inimitable beauties, directly opposite the demesne and abbey whence it takes its name, and to which visitors at the hotel enjoy free access; as also to land or embark on the lakes from Mr. Herbert's grounds. The hotel is conducted by Mr. W. Roche, one of the most enterprising and liberal-handed men of his class in the United Kingdom, and who does not concentrate all his anxiety merely on his own locality, but extends it to everything calculated to render Ireland attractive to English Tourists, and to facilitate their means of getting thither. He is also the proprietor of the noble new hotel at Glengarriff, and all we said of that is applicable in the same degree to this. Most excellent, too, is the Royal Victoria Hotel (Mr. T. Finn, proprietor) beautifully situated on the Lower Lake, and commanding glorious views. There is likewise the Lake Hotel, on the south shore of the Lake, one mile from the town, a fine establishment, possessing many desirable advantages: Mr. T. Cotter, proprietor. The Tore View Hotel is also well regulated and comfortable, and admirably adapted as a residence for families wishing to remain in Killarney for a lengthened period, Mr. Hurley being a first-rate caterer, not only for the culinary comforts, but the recreation and entertainment of his guests in every possible way.

In the town of Killarney there is a most comfortable hotel, long known to travellers as the Kenmare Arms, belonging to Mr. Finn, who is also proprietor of the no less patronised Victoria; Kelliher's Royal Hibernian, Mahony's, and some other minors, are all unexceptionably good. Private lodging-houses are numerous, and those residing in such quarters as Mr. M'Carthy's will be sure to meet every convenience and attention. We wish to speak in very general and unbiassed but truthful terms of all such establishments; and therefore beg to be excused if we eschew upholstery and cookery-book rhapsodies, *à la* George Robins, and leave the advertisements of these habitats to speak for themselves, which they do in their proper place; several of them, moreover, conveying an amount of general information that really supersedes the necessity of our going over the same ground again.

THE LAKES.—A WORD ABOUT GUIDES.—Those who visit Killarney go to stay at least two days; and their best "guide," when a survey instead of a glimpse is contemplated, is not a book, but one of the men who hire them-

selves for the day to describe the beautiful neighbourhood. These constitute a numerous class, some clever, ready, and intelligent, and some possessed of qualities which, through the books of literary tourists, have rendered them famous. There are two *en chef*, whose services are eagerly desired—viz., the Spillanes—father and son. The elder is a bugler (the instrument being indispensable in awakening echoes) of the highest order, worthy to rank beside Kœnig as an executant, and penetrated with that genuine sympathy for the poetry of his art which renders him inestimable to those who would give themselves up for the moment to the spirit of romance evoked by so captivating a sphere. The old man's son, rejoicing in the bardic attribute of the inheritance of song, possesses not only all the paternal dexterity of instrumentation, and the feeling essential to its adequate effect, but has won repute as an exquisite singer of the melodies of his country—this being an accomplishment which naturally renders him earnestly sought after, and has elicited the admiration of numbers of those upon whose fiat in the dilettante world the fate of many a *prima donna* and *primo tenore* depends.

Amongst the indigenous celebrities in humble life, in which every Irish locality famed for its scenery or antiquities abounds, there are some extraordinary ones peculiar to Killarney. First, the pipers; and chief is blind old Gandsey, a true bagpipe musician and genuine wit, who is accompanied and guided by his son, also a proficient in the tuneful art—a very Orpheus, to judge of his potentiality in drawing all sorts of sticks, stocks, and blocks on two legs after him. Next, the Mountain Dew Girls meet the tourist at every turn, insisting upon his disposing of his small change in return for their whiskey and goats' milk. Their occupation compels what is regarded as forwardness, but, as a class, it is well known they are of excellent character; and this suggestion may induce kindly treatment, it being impossible to avoid or escape their importunities. The arbutus wood ornament sellers are generally young girls, who travel about the lakes and hotels, carrying baskets full of nick-nackeries, manufactured out of the fine arbutus wood, or the Irish bog-oak, whose capacity for the formation of exquisite articles of *vertu* was made abundantly apparent at the Great Exhibition, many of the objects in the Irish furniture bog-oak department rivalling the choicest specimens of Swiss and German handiwork, and commanding proportionate popularity and prices, as they undoubtedly deserved to do, and as they did in a still higher degree at the Dublin Exhibition last year. The Killarney specimens being regarded in the light of souvenirs of the lakes, a large trade is thus carried on. Miss Martineau has a most interesting description of the uses to which the Kerry peasantry and farmers turn this bog-oak for domestic and dairy purposes, and suggestive of other uses to which it might be turned on a scale of considerable commercial importance; and to that chapter in particular of her "Letters from Ireland," we would direct the attention of speculators in what would be a new and attractive commodity for the English market.

Lastly, there are the accomplished, shameless, irrepressible, professional beggars—all impostors. The visitor bestowing alms on any of these injures the cause of true charity. His benevolence will be much better bestowed by entrusting the sum, however trifling, to any clergyman of the neighbourhood, who will thankfully receive it on behalf of the truly-suffering poor. The annoyance from these importunities has been considerably mitigated, owing to Mr. H. Herbert, M.P., and others, who have abated this one great drawback to these otherwise delightful scenes. The tourist will see, also, much of carmen and boatmen. It is part of their trade to be civil, and they are easily

made amusing. Let it, however, be understood, that though there are several accessories to the expenses of an hotel, extortion is the exception, not the rule, at Killarney. Nowhere is there more system, and at no other spot in the world dependent upon the influx of visitors is there, therefore, so much economy. The prices of cars, boats, and guides, are fixed; and so-called liberality beyond these prices is generally most mischievous. Our tabular statement of the tariff will sufficiently justify what we have said on the score of reasonableness; but in order to complete our enumeration given in this page, we must add that the Muckcross Arms, at Cloghreen, about two miles from Killarney, is most conveniently situated; although not presenting a view of the lakes, it is convenient from its proximity to Muckcross Abbey and domain, Mangerton, &c. The charges are:—breakfast, 1s. 6d.; bed, 1s. 6d.; and dinner, 2s. 6d. At the Victoria and “Lake,” a little higher, the tourist, pressed for leisure, should divide his patronage between these inns: as by so doing, much time may be saved in visiting points of interest. The Torc View Hotel, at a short distance from Killarney, is also well worthy of patronage, situated as it is in the centre of the Lakes’ most beautiful scenery, as, with the aid of Mr. Mahony, we shall see when we come to it a little further on.

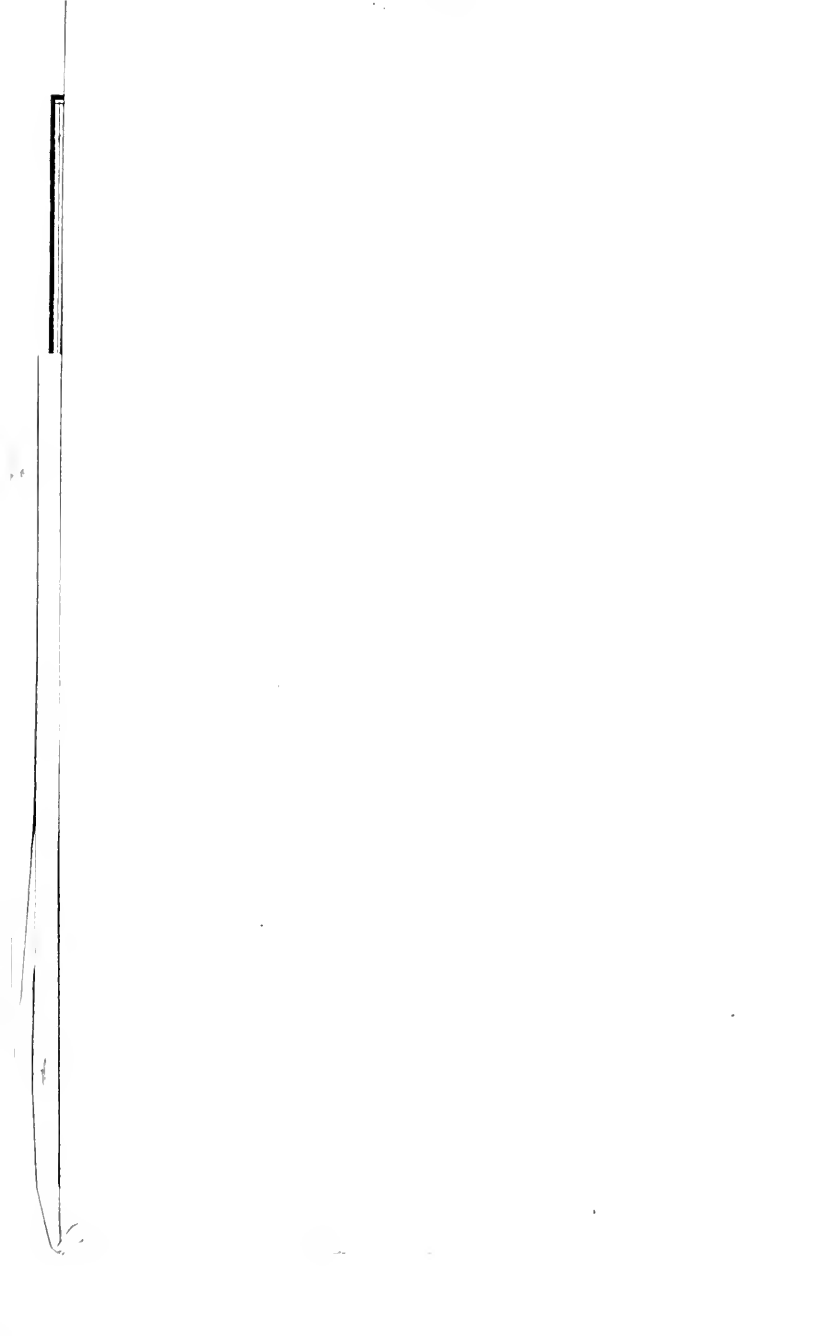
GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Arrived at Killarney, the map of the lakes should be thoroughly comprehended; and if the tourist has come by the Kenmare road, thus having seen the position of the lakes, relatively to each other and to the several great mountains around them, he will have acquired a sufficiently general conception to connect the scattered references and narratives of the guides. Nearly every one of these personages, and the same may be said of books, has a route of his own. As our previously published route gave much satisfaction, we now repeat it, with considerable emendations. Two days, at the very least, are necessary to see the Lakes, as a mere affair of physical labour; three ought to be allowed, if an unsatisfactory and wearying scramble is to be avoided. A week would complete a delightfully easy saunter through the wonderful scenery—a week which would result in a new stock of health, and pleasant recollections for a lifetime. During the stay, long or short, there will be a continuous sense of enjoyment derived from the delicious mildness of the climate; for, though showers, as at all lakes, are frequent enough, they are easily foreseen, and are never of any very long duration. Besides, it should be observed, that some of the most novel, rare, and gorgeous effects are witnessed during the prevalence of showers, or in their intervals,—the floating mists shrouding the mountains half-way up, all beneath being enveloped in the gray mantle of floating vapour, whilst far above, the summit (of Mangerton, for instance) glows in refulgent gold, reflecting the sunlight in a thousand hues.

PROGRAMME OF TRIPS.—When unavoidably restricted to a single day, the best plan is to engage a pony and ride through the Gap of Dunloe, and order a boat to be in readiness at Lord Brandon’s cottage on the Upper Lake, and go from thence to the Middle and Lower Lakes. Indeed, under any circumstances, we would recommend this route (the reverse of the one generally advised, which starts from Killarney), as it gives a good bird’s-eye view of the general disposition of the lakes and mountains, and thus affords an opportunity of devoting one’s time afterwards to points which may be considered of most interest; besides, it conveys a most favourable notion of the district; and another argument is, that first impressions are of great consequence. But undoubtedly a week ought, if possible, to be devoted to this trip, as, from Killarney being surrounded by such high mountains, the weather, for any

length of time, cannot be depended upon. If favourable, for of course that is all-important, the following is perhaps the best route:—*First Day.* Gap of Dunloe, Upper Lake, Ronayne's Islands, Long Range, Middle Lake. *Second Day.* Lower Lake, Innisfallen Island, Rabbit Island, O'Sullivan's Cascade, Glenna Bay, and, should time permit, the ruins of Aghadoe, which afford some good views of the Lower Lake. *Third Day.* Muckross Abbey, Muckross domain, Brickeen, Dinis Island, and back, by Tore Cottage, to Clogheen. *Fourth Day.* Ascent of Carrau Tnal, Mangerton, or Tore. *Fifth Day.* Ride along for about ten miles the mail-coach road to Kenmare, visiting Derrycunihy and Tore Cascade.

From Killarney to the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe are several points of interest,—the ruins of Aghadoe, Dunloe Castle, &c.; but as the day will be fully occupied in visiting the Gap and the scenery of the Upper and Middle Lakes, the others ought to be left for an uncertain day, as, from their proximity to the town, they can at any time be visited.

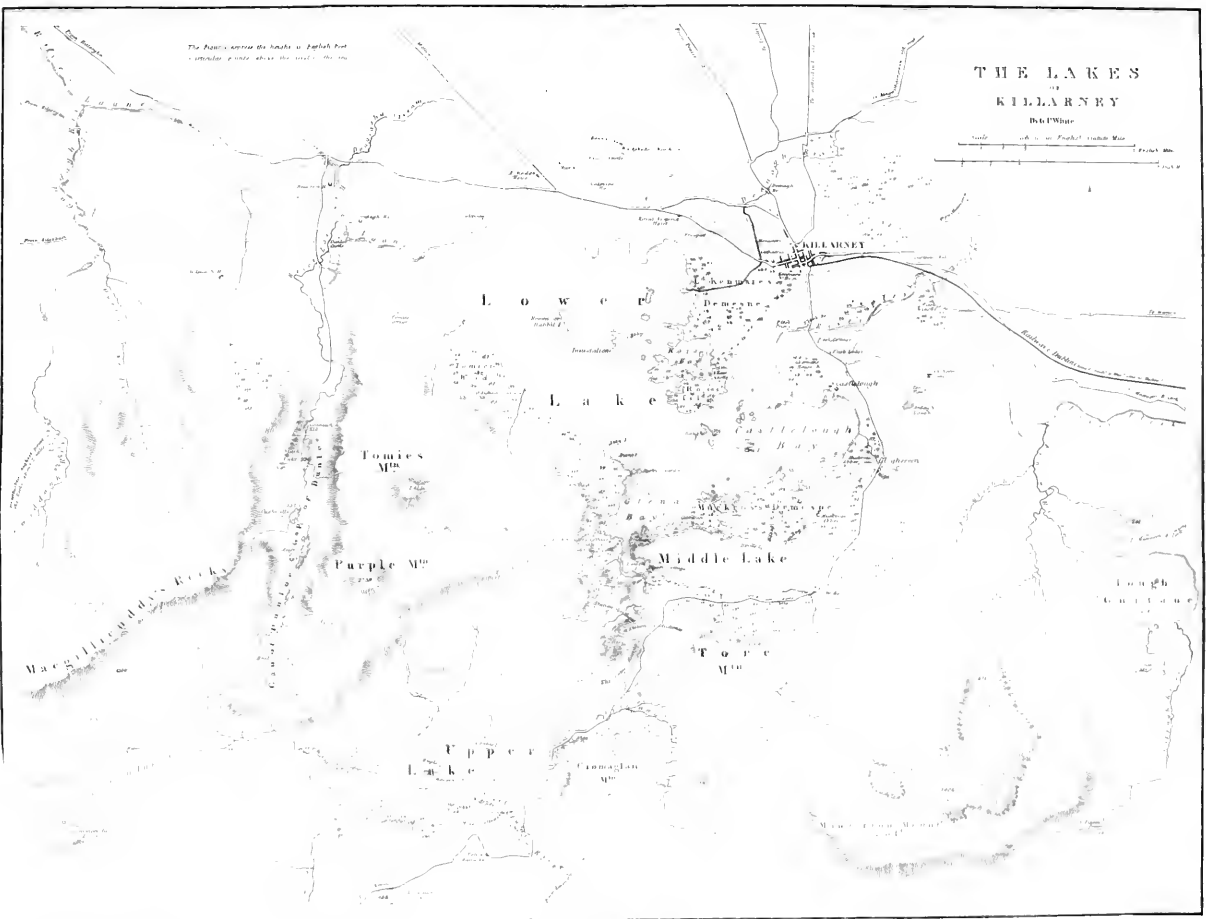
GAP OF DUNLOE.—The appearance of the entrance to the all-famous and world-renowned Gap gives one a fair estimate of the remainder of the ride. The road through the Gap, for a portion of the way, is accessible for cars, and for the remainder a pony can be employed, many of its bends displaying the wild romantic scenery of the Gap to the utmost advantage. It appears literally as if the vast range of mountains, of which this most singular ravine is composed, were cleft in twain by a mighty sword; one is not surprised at its appearance having given rise to such a tradition. The local histories in connexion with this wild pass are fraught with romantic interest, and the historians are, of course, proportionately enthusiastic and rapturous; but commend us to Windele beyond them all for truthfulness, and—strange to say that it should be a recommendation on such a topic—simplicity of description. There are several views that quite come up to one's conception of sublimity; it is altogether a most singular scene, and one which completely baffles verbal portrayal. The huge masses of rock that have rolled down the sides convey a very good idea of the height of the mountains on either side. The traveller is so completely hedged in that he has nothing else left to assist the judgment, unless, indeed, the numerous goats which are scattered about on the brink of the precipice; these little animals frequently get into clefts of the rock, from which they are unable to extricate themselves, and consequently perish from hunger. One is not surprised, on seeing the immense number that browse on the sides of the mountains, at the quantity of their milk, offered under the name of "mountain dew," in which case it is "qualified craftily" with pottheen; and however disinclined we may be for this inspiring beverage on the outset of the journey, after riding through this Pass for a few miles we become not insensible to its merits. There are in the Gap several very fine echoes, which the guide will not fail to awaken. On arriving at its termination, and reaching the summit of the road, the Black Valley, or Com a Dhuy Glen, already spoken of, breaks suddenly, and most opportunely, on the view: it is quite exhilarating, after a ride through such grand though gloomy scenery, to come upon so unexpected a treat as on this side is presented by the Black Valley and the Upper Lake: and it is this extraordinary variety and contrast with which all Killarney abounds that afford such intense gratification. Were the Gap perfectly devoid of interest, it would well repay us to ascend it, in order to obtain the magnificent views which this elevation offers. In the whole range of Killarney scenery, we question if there is any finer than the prospects presented along this winding road, between the termination of the Gap and



The People across the lakes in English find
a similar picture above the water in the sea.

THE LAKES KILLARNEY

Duke of Devon



Lord Brandon's Cottage. At the latter point, persons usually embark to scan the scenery of the Lakes. This route possesses the advantage of having the stream in our favour, the fall being from the Upper to the Middle and Lower Lakes; and as there is a considerable current in passing through the Old Weir Bridge, which causes some difficulty and delay in getting the boat through against the current, the tourist is saved this inconvenience by such arrangement, and is not required to leave the boat, except in the event of very heavy floods.

THE UPPER LAKE, though inferior in size to either the Middle or Lower, many persons prefer in point of scenery. The Upper, which drains a very large district, is principally supplied by the Galway River, forming, near its entrance to the lake, the celebrated Cascade of Derrycunihy. The stream, flowing through the valley of Com a Dhuy, likewise supplies a vast volume of water, which passes through the Long Range into the Middle and Lower Lakes, where it is further augmented by numerous mountain streams, and also by the rivers Flesk and Dennagh. The outlet of these lakes is the river Laune, which empties itself into the sea at Dingle Bay. The Upper Lake is remarkable for the number and beauty of its islands: that to which the most interest attaches is Ronayne's Island, being particularly striking.

LONG RANGE.—Having coasted round the numerous bays of the lake, we proceed to the Long Range, whose entrance is guarded by a singular promontory, Colman's Eye. The Range is a circuitous channel connecting the Upper and Middle Lakes, and presenting some very beautiful scenery; but perhaps the point of most interest connected with it is the almost perpendicular cliff in which is situated the Eagle's Nest, and also remarkable for its extraordinary echoes, of which Weld admirably says: "Enchantment here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lost in amazement and delight. To enjoy the echoes to the utmost, musicians should be placed on the banks about fifty yards below the face of the cliff, while the auditors, excluded from their view, seat themselves at the opposite bank, above the cliff, behind a small rocky projection. The primary notes are quite lost; while those reverberated meet the ear increased in strength, brilliancy, and sweetness; sometimes multitudes of musicians seem playing upon instruments formed for more than mortal use, concealed in the caverns, or behind the trees, in different parts of the cliff; when a light breeze favours the delusion, it seems as if they were hovering in the air; at intervals, the treble of flutes and clarionets, 'In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,' are alone heard; and then, again, after a short suspension,

'The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes,
And load the trembling air with various melody.'

Whilst every auditor still remains in breathless admiration, it is usual to discharge a cannon from the promontory opposite the cliff, which never fails to startle and to stun the ear, ill-prepared, as it must be, for the shock, after dwelling upon the sweet melody which has preceded it. The report produces a discordant crash, as if the whole pile of rocks were rent asunder, and the succeeding echoes resemble a tremendous peal of thunder. Twelve reverberations, and sometimes more, may be distinctly counted; and, what appears extraordinary, after the sound has been totally lost, it occasionally revives, becomes louder and louder for a few seconds, and then again dies away." There are in the valley several profound lakes whose dark waters, still and deep, have the effect necessarily of enhancing the wild and romantic impression produced by the scenery.

EAGLE'S NEST.—"The approach," says Arthur Young, "is wonderfully fine; the river leads directly to its foot, and does not give the turn till immediately under, by which means the view is much more grand than it could otherwise be. It is nearly perpendicular, and rises in such full majesty, with so bold an outline, and such projecting masses in its centre, that the magnificence of the object is complete. The immense height of the mountains of Killarney may be estimated by this rock from any distant place that commands it; it appears the lowest crag of a vast chain, and of no account, but on a closer approach, it is found to command a very different aspect." A thousand authorities have confirmed this report. The guide will show the best station for the musician, so essential to the echoes, also the point where he will be heard to the greatest advantage. About a mile from the Eagle's Nest brings us to

OLD WEIR BRIDGE, composed of two arches, confining the channel so as to render the passage after heavy rains of some danger; and it is usual for the passengers to land. The boatmen having considerable experience, persons need not be under apprehension, except in times of flood. Indeed, unless acquainted with the channel, or previously informed, we are carried through so suddenly as to have little time for thought.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS is a short distance from this bridge. Here is a divided channel, one leading to Glena Bay and the Lower, and the other to the Middle Lake. It is a sequestered spot of extraordinary beauty, and Scott, in company with Miss Edgeworth, in 1826, was particularly struck with it.

MIDDLE LAKE.—As an opportunity will be afforded of examining Dinas Island, of which it is impossible to speak in too high terms, when visiting Muckross demesne, it will not be advisable to land here, but proceed to examine the Middle Lake, also known as Tore and Muckcross, quite different in its scenery from the other two, but possessing considerable attractions, as will be inferred from Thackeray's description, viz.:—"What is to be said about Tore Lake? When there, we agreed that it was more beautiful than the large lake, of which it is not one-fourth the size: then, when we came back, we said, 'No, the large lake is the most beautiful;' and so at every point we stopped at we determined that that particular spot was the prettiest in the whole lake. The fact is, and I don't care to own it, they are too handsome. As for a man coming from his desk in London or Dublin, and seeing 'the whole Lakes in a day,' he is an ass for his pains: a child doing sums in addition might as well read the whole multiplication table, and fancy he had it by heart. We should look at these wonderful things leisurely and thoughtfully; and, even then, blessed is he who understands them."

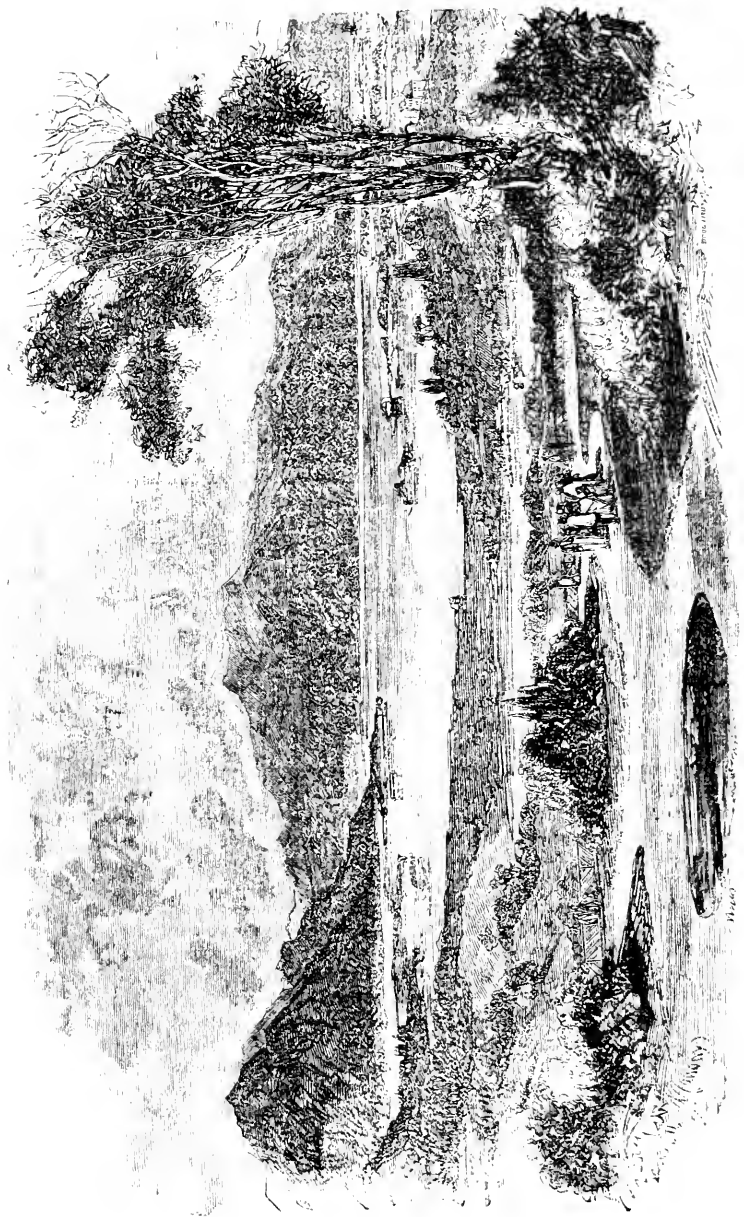
In the peninsula of Muckcross, forming one of the boundaries of this lake, a valuable copper mine was at one time worked. It also produces marbles of a great variety of colours. Mr. Herbert, M.P., proprietor of Muckcross, as also of a great portion of the adjoining property, has built a cottage near the borders of the lake, from which excellent views are obtained. This gentleman, who contributes his utmost to the enjoyment of the public frequenting his charming retreat, by rendering its multitudinous beauties accessible, and whose name the stranger will find of perpetual recurrence in the mouths of the guides and natives, is head of the ancient family whose name he bears, being a lineal descendant from Sir W. Herbert, knighted by Henry V. for his valour in the French wars, and from whom also descend the Herberts, Earls of Powis. Mr. Herbert, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, is married to the daughter of J. Balfour, of Whittingham, Berwickshire, and is a magistrate and Deputy-lieutenant of Kerry, which county he has represented on moderate Conserva-

tive principles since 1847; but the material good of his country is with him paramount to all mere party considerations, and no man in Ireland labours more zealously, and few more successfully, to promote it.

THE LOWER LAKE possesses so many points of interest that a full day ought to be devoted to it. The principal island is the Ross, 158 acres, far the largest in the lakes. Its fine old castle, the last stronghold in Munster that surrendered to the parliamentary army, was built about the 14th century by one of the O'Donoghues, whose successors, for nearly three centuries afterwards, resided here, respecting whom, and whose family of mystic heroes, the guides will only be too happy to give a good deal of legendary information, should they receive the slightest encouragement. Of the fine views from Ross Castle, that up the wild pass between Glena and Tore is particularly worthy of notice. There are also some splendid echoes, which strangers must not fail to call into action. The length of the Lower Lake is 9 miles, breadth $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

ROSS CASTLE was surrendered by Lord Muskerry, in 1652, to the parliamentary army under General Ludlow. Only a small portion now remains: the modern additions do not improve its appearance, which is to be regretted, as it is one of the most conspicuous objects in the Lower Lake. Ross Island, more properly a peninsula, being only separated by a stream from the main shore, forms portion of Lord Kenmare's beautiful demesne; it is admirably kept, thanks to the Countess of Kenmare, who takes much interest in it. Under her supervision it is that the walks are laid out to great advantage, and, fortunately, the alterations are not of too artificial a character. At one place may be seen the *débris* of some steam-engines, employed about 40 years since to pump water from a valuable copper-mine, finally obliged to be abandoned in consequence of the mine running under the bed of the lake, and the water breaking in. The extremely rich ore sold for a high price at Swansea, some of it producing £40 per ton, and the total £80,000. On the re-opening of these mines, several rude implements composed of hard stone were discovered in the shafts, proving that they had been worked at a very early period.

INNISFALLEN.—A short distance from Ross, about midway in the lake, lies the Island of Innisfallen, than which no spot has engrossed more attention, either of poet, painter, or tourist; and it is only necessary to mention its name to call to mind one of the most charming of the Melodies. Arthur Young also declares "it is the most beautiful in the king's dominions, and perhaps in Europe." And one and all who have written on the subject are unanimous in their admiration, each vying with the other in laudations. Like its neighbour, Ross Island, it possesses considerable historical interest. It was selected by the monks, more than twelve centuries ago, for an abbey, portion of the ruins still existing. They showed their accustomed taste in selecting so charming a spot. No part of Killarney grows timber so luxuriantly as this favoured islet, the arbutus being particularly fine. It appears to thrive better in Killarney than any other part of Great Britain, probably owing to the mildness and humidity of the climate. It excites one's surprise to see this tree growing out of clefts in the rock without apparent soil. One of the peculiarities of the arbutus is, that the ripe and green fruit, as also the pretty small white clusters of flowers it produces, may be seen together on the same tree: the fruit is a scarlet berry, about the size of a strawberry, from which it has derived its name. It is remarkable from being in its highest bloom, when others display their nakedness at the fall of the leaf.



THE LOWER LAKE, FROM HUBLEY'S HOTEL (TOWNSHIP VIEW). DRAWN BY MAHONY.



KILLARNEY—PART OF THE UPPER LAKE FROM THE ROAD NEAR THE TUNNEL. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

O'SULLIVAN'S CASCADE is on the shore, a short distance from Rabbit Island, on the side of Toomies Mountain—so called after the ancient lord of the country—and consists of three distinct and successive falls, each receding a few feet behind the other. When viewed from a rock in the centre of the stream, being all seen in the same line, they appear as one. During the height of summer, it is scarcely possible to conceive a more delightful retreat than this spot affords from the scorching rays which dart upon the bare rocks of the mountain.



TOOMIES MOUNTAIN, LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

BAY OF GLENA.—Passing near several islands, we proceed to the Bay of Glena, and a most truly glorious scene. On the banks Lady Kenmare has built a sweet little cottage ornée: and, not far distant, one where strangers have an opportunity of testing the excellence of the Killarney salmon, whose flavour is said to be improved by being roasted with skewers of arbutus, the advantages of which process are rather imaginary.

MUCKROSS ABBEY.—The ruins of Muckross Abbey, in Mr. Herbert's beautiful domain, a few minutes' walk from Roche's Hotel, form one of the sights *par excellence*. "No one," says Inglis, "must visit Killarney without seeing Muckross Abbey, a very beautiful and perfect remain, containing within it the most gigantic yew-tree I have ever seen; its arms actually support the crumbling wall, and form a canopy above the open cloisters, the majestic trunk 13 feet in circumference." The whole structure is in good preservation, in a great measure attributable to Mr. Herbert, who keeps it as perfect as possible; and the way these restorations are carried out deserves the greatest praise. Muckross domain, famed for extraordinary beauty, entirely encircles the Middle Lake, the road round which is about 8 miles in length. Dr.

Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, said, that Louis XIV. might lay out a second Versailles, but, with all his revenue, could not make such a domain as Muckross. Gorham, the *cicerone*, is a most polite and intelligent guide, whose present position is a strange illustration of the vicissitudes of fortune, and so the visitor will think on hearing the man's record of his life and times.



YEW TREE IN MUCKROSS ABBEY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

STAG HUNTS ON THE LAKES usually are intended as a compliment to some distinguished visitor. Mr. Weld, in his beautifully illustrated work, says:—
 “The day preceding the hunt, an experienced person is sent up the mountain to search for the deer which remain the most aloof from their companions; and they are generally found at the dawn, in the vicinity of their evening haunts. Before day, the dogs are conducted up as silently as possible, and



CLOISTERS OF MUCKROSS ABBEY.

kept coupled until some signal (commonly the firing of a small cannon) announces that the party which commands the hunt has arrived in boats at the foot of the mountain: then they are loosed back upon the track of the deer: if the business has been silently and orderly conducted, the report, the hunters' sudden shouts which instantly succeed it, the opening of the dogs, and the echoes along wood and mountain, produce an effect singularly grand. The deer endeavours to gain the summit, and people, at intervals along the heights by loud shouting, drive him towards the lake. The hunt, however, begins to lose its interest after the first burst. The ruggedness of the ground embarrasses the pursuers; the scent is followed with difficulty, and often is totally lost for a time; much confusion also arises from the people on the water being

emulous to follow the course of the hunt, especially if it should take a direction towards the Upper Lake, when the contending boats are frequently entangled among the rocks and shoals of the river which leads to it; those who attempt to follow the deer through the woods are generally excluded from the grand spectacle of his plunging into the lake. It is, therefore recommended to remain in a boat, and those who have patience to wait five or six hours are seldom disappointed. On finding himself closely pressed, the deer generally leaps boldly from a rock into the lake, and swims towards one of the islands; but, terrified by the approach of the boats, he often once more seeks for safety on the main shore: sometimes, in a desperate effort to leap across a chasm between two rocks, his strength fails him, and he falls exhausted to the bottom, in which case it is most interesting to behold ladies, gentlemen, peasants, hunters, combined in various groups around the noble victim, as he lays extended in the depth of the forest. The stag is usually on these occasions preserved from death. The chase of the red deer affords a much higher gratification to the sportsmen than in most other places; for when a stag is hunted near the lake, nothing can be more agreeably surprising than the repeated echoes, it being scarcely possible to distinguish the real clangour of the French horns, or the true cry of the dogs, from the numberless reverberations of them among the rocks and mountains."

Compelled, by our plan, to refrain from diffuse disquisition, it is with difficulty we can withhold ourselves from quoting the panegyrics pronounced on this lovely region by pens the most illustrious in literature; we must content ourselves, however, with one brief extract from Lady Chatterton, who, in her interesting work on the South of Ireland, thus describes it:—"A region of enchantments: a hundred descriptions have been written, thousands of sketches made, but no description I have read, or sketch I have seen, made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake and the Lower Lake, Muckross and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring, the gleam of sunshine, the cloud, the tone, the effect—what, in short, cannot be conveyed by the pen without the cant of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil—that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney. I say beyond the power of the pencil, because everything changes its hue so rapidly, and the forms of objects seem to change with their colour; it is impossible to convey the variety of images presented to the eye: the eye may follow them as it follows the flash of lightning, but to record faithfully requires thought and profound repose, which dwell not here."

MISCELLANEOUS VIEWS.—Our space will not allow us to say more of the Island of Dinas, than that it affords a greater diversity of prospect than any place of the same extent on the confines of Killarney. On passing round its shores, Tore Lake, the Bay of Glena, and the rapid river from the Upper Lake rushing in a torrent under the Old Weir Bridge, successively open to view. We must likewise leave the reader, in the exploration of the various mountains, to the guides, premising that there are two things which the tourist, on no account, should start without, viz., a packet of provisions and a good oak stick; the former an antidote for the mountain air, the latter invaluable in making progress. The proper routes, as said before, will be pointed out by the guides, and visitors should not proceed without one: in addition to saving time, and avoiding inconvenience, they point out many interesting views which otherwise would very likely escape a stranger. Owing to the facility with which Mangerton may be ascended, it is that which tourists usually select in preference to Carran Tual, much higher; no reason, however, when time per-

mits, why persons should not ascend both, as the views afforded are really very different. Certainly no range of mountains at Killarney, or indeed any part of Ireland, can compare with the Twelve Pins, in Connemara, or the Killeries, in Joyce's Country. But though these are more sublime than anything Killarney presents, yet its scenery possesses eminent beauty and variety of colouring—owing to abundance of timber—which would be in vain sought in Connemara. After some three hours' exertion in ascending Mangerton, the Devil's Punch Bowl is reached—a lake of considerable extent, 2,206 feet above the



THE DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL, KILLARNEY.

sea, occupying a deep chasm, extremely cold, which may account for two singular circumstances the guide mentions, namely, that it never freezes, and contains no fish, although abundance of trout are found in the stream which flows from it, and which finally forms that magnificent waterfall, the Tore Cascade.

About 500 feet higher we arrive at the top of Mangerton, and should the day be favourable, a most charming view is obtained, to the Shannon north, and including the bays of Dingle, Kenmare, and Bantry on the south-west coast. A magnificent prospect is also obtained of Maegillieuddy's Reeks, seen to the utmost advantage from this point. To adventurous tourists, the best descent from the mountain is by Glenacappul, but on no account attempt it without a guide; these mountains, from their great height, frequently become dangerously enveloped in mist.



THE REEKS, FROM THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN.

Carran Tual, 3,394 feet high, the loftiest peak in Ireland.

GLENACAPPUL, or the GLEN OF THE HORSE, from one of these animals having been precipitated down the cliffs, is quite unique and almost inaccessible, except from one point, where the waters of the lake discharge themselves. It is a work of considerable labour to visit it, but presents a scene of wild and savage grandeur, which completely baffles description.

Having visited these points, it will be time to retrace one's steps, as, even from Cloghreen, the nearest place at which there is an hotel for visitors to this mountain range, not less than 12 miles will have been traversed.

SUPPLEMENTARY RAMBLINGS.—Notwithstanding the numerous attractions Killarney possesses, the drive along the Kenmare mail-coach road will not be esteemed the least interesting. It will not be too much to say, that in her Majesty's dominions—on which the sun never sets—there is not a more truly picturesque drive than that between Killarney and Looscanagh Lough. One of the first points worthy special notice, is the glen through which the Galway River discharges a large volume of water, forming in its descent the celebrated cascade of Derrycunihy, one of the finest of the Killarney waterfalls, and which is further interesting from the extreme beauty of its situation. We question whether, in the whole environs of Killarney, a more charming spot could have been selected than that which formed the site of Hyde's Cottage. After passing the Eagle's Nest, the road winds through Tore Mountain, and finally leads us to Tore Cottage, near which is the celebrated cascade of that name, considered by many to be superior to either Derrycunihy or O'Sullivan's: it is certainly very beautiful, but, where they all possess so many attractions, it seems difficult to decide upon their respective merits. Amongst the principal points of interest remaining to be noticed are, the ruins of Aghadoe, with its round tower (from whose top a most magnificent view of the lakes may be obtained), Lough Guitane, and the scenery along the Cap-pagh River, which flows into it. These must be considered, however, as of secondary importance, compared to the places which have been already noticed. About four miles from Aghadoe stands Dunloe Castle, during the wars of Desmond an object of frequent attack. Lough Guitane affords excellent fishing, but this may be said of the great fish-abounding lakes. Of all who

have written on the Lakes, the reader will, of course, infinitely prefer to hear what was said in prose by him whose poetry could throw additional enchantment around even such a place. Of the twelve songs in the ninth



VILLAGE OF CLOGHREEN.—TORC AND MANGERTON IN THE DISTANCE.

number of the Melodies—perhaps the most Irish part of that national work—according to Mr. Crofton Croker, nine of them have reference to local feelings, or traditions, or circumstances which arose out of the poet's visit to Ireland in 1822. Thus, "Sweet Immisfallen," and "'Twas one of those dreams," obviously allude to Killarney; and "In yonder valley there dwells," originated in an anecdote connected with O'Sullivan's Cascade; while the song commencing "By the Feal's wave benighted," is founded on a romantic incident in the history of the Geraldines. It was on the occasion of this

visit that Moore, being treated to a performance of some of his own lyrics on mountain and wave, described the effect as he alone could, viz.,

The wild notes he heard o'er the waters were those To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes, And the echoes hung back from their full mountain choir, As if loth to let song so enehanting expire ;	It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note that died here Was again brought to life in some airier sphere, Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain That had ceased upon earth was awaking again.
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But the record of the visit to which we more immediately wish to call attention, is that contained in Volumes 3 and 4 of the poet's "Memoirs and Diary," edited by Lord John Russell.

Driven down to Ross Island, and embarked on the Lake. Lady Kenmare's first time of being on her own lakes, having been but ten days here, and reserving her *debut* (as she says) for my coming. Landed on Innisfallen, and enjoyed thoroughly its loveliness. Never was anything more beautiful. Went afterwards to Sullivan's Cascade, which was in high beauty. Curious effect of a child on high, crossing the glen; seemed as if it was flitting across the waterfall. The peasants that live on the opposite bank come over with fruit when strangers appear; and their appearance, with their infants, stepping from rock to rock, across the cascade, highly picturesque. Instance of the hospitality of the poor cotters, that it is the practice of many of their families to lay by, each individual every day, one potato and a sup of milk for a stranger that may come. Made an attempt to see the Upper Lake, and, spite of weather, was enchanted with the echo at the Eagle's Nest, and the view from Dinis: [Dinas or Dinish] of the old Weir Bridge on one side, and the plank bridge over the entrance into Turk [Tore] Lake on the other. This river between the lakes delicious. On reaching the Upper Lake, could see nothing from the shroud of mist and rain that was over everything. Lunched at Hyde's Cottage, and returned by Turk Lake, and paid another visit to Innisfallen. A beautiful day at last. Went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. The whole scene exquisite. Loveliness is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than what may be found among the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little gardens that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands, and graceful sweep of the shores—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, are worthy inhabitants of such a region.

And with this extract we close our brief and most imperfect little sketch of the magic region of the Lakes.

Land of strange contrasts! Nature's fairest home, And dreariest place of exile! This bright spot Is blest with beauty, such as mermaid's grot Or Dryad's haunt in legends of old Rome, Or more poetic Greece invested not, Italian colours in the airs that come Fresh from the free Atlantic bathe the tops Of purple mountains, as the heat-cloud drops	On Carran Tual's throne, while greenest hues Such as woo'd Claude Lorraine in midnight dreams, Children of sunbeams and of crystal dews, And crags, and coves, and countless gush- ing streams, Winding through fern, and heath, and odo- rous copse, With glorious show the raptured soul con- fuse.
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SOUTHERN BLACKWATER.—MALLOW TO YOUGHAL.

The country in the neighbourhood of Mallow is not surpassed in the kingdom for river scenery, either side the Blackwater being studded with objects of attraction. The valley through which this beautiful stream runs is the great cider country, and is to Ireland what Devonshire is to England, the produce of Blackwater apples being famous over the world. Though probably the most beautiful of all British rivers, throughout the world the synonyme of all that is charming of its kind, it is little known, practically speaking, even to thousands, who, from catching a glimpse here and there, rave about it. Rising near King William's Town, on the borders of Cork and Kerry, and pursuing its course by Mallow, Fermoy, and Lismore, it falls into the sea at Youghal, seventy-five miles from its source. From Cappoquin, where it becomes navigable till it joins the sea, nothing meets the eye but one scene more exquisite than another, the whole country a glorious panorama. The tourist's course is from Cork by coach to Youghal (of which by-and-by), on by ear to Lismore, or by water to Cappoquin, and thence to Mallow and Killarney. By this latter route another large portion of country will be seen which bears the evidence of the princely bounty of the Duke of Devonshire, whose annual visits have been most salutary, and have rendered his Grace's name idolised. The tourist may adopt the other, and perhaps better, course, viz., proceeding by ear from Mallow to Lismore, the most beautiful part of the valley of the Blackwater, on to Cappoquin and Youghal, returning by water to Cappoquin, and by ear to Mallow. In the neighbourhood of Cappoquin is Mount Melleray, a Trappist monastery, to whose brotherhood, a few years since, Sir R. Kane, Bart., granted a large tract of barren mountain, which they so reclaimed by their own labour that that which was then waste now grows good crops, leaving a surplus for educating, feeding, and clothing the poor of the neighbourhood. Visitors are politely received by one of the fraternity, who is absolved from the rule, which otherwise commands unbroken silence, when performing the rites of hospitality to strangers. This building, belonging to the order of the celebrated Mount St. Bernard, is a fine one, the community being governed by a mitred abbot, who has the same jurisdiction in his convent as a bishop in his diocese.

Cappoquin House, seat of Sir R. Kane, is a fine mansion, in a lovely demesne, and affords a full view of the river. Two miles further down is Toureen, the delightfully-situated residence of a worthy coadjutor in the advancement of his native country, viz., Sir R. Musgrave, Bart., whose efforts to promote the interests of this district have been most beneficial. Near this is Drumroe, seat of Sir W. Jackson Homan, Bart.; and nearly opposite is Dromana Castle, the noble residence of Lord Stewart de Decies, once that of the Desmouds, and now surrounded with most magni-

ficient timber, rising immediately over the river, and bearing about it all that can be well imagined as appropriate to the stronghold of a great feudal baron, though some of the recent additions mar in a degree the fine effect of the older part of the building. Adjoining the demesne is the pretty *petit* village of Villierstown, with its tasteful little church. Further down the river are the extensive plantations recently effected by Mr. J. Keily, and the fine demesne of Camphire, seat of Mr. Usher. At this point description may indeed be taxed to give the remotest idea of the quiet beauty of the scene.

Rowing with the gentle current, at the junction of the Bride with the Blackwater, six miles from Cappoquin, we pass the demesne of Headborough, on rising ground, seat of the Rev. Percy Smith; after which we enter a delightful bay, formed by the wooded shores on which is Stranecally Castle. The modern building, now occupied by Mr. Keily, is a good specimen of Gothic castellated architecture; while the old edifice, from which the name of the modern one is taken, lies in ruin four miles distant, and furnishes one of the many illustrations with which Ireland abounds of the bloody and hand-to-hand struggle the invader had to engage in before he effected Ireland's conquest. This castle was destroyed by order of Elizabeth, who long, with good reason, feared that her fierce enemies, the Earls of Desmond, might again possess it. The spot is otherwise pregnant with historic memorabilia. Here was planted the first potato grown in Europe by him who played so prominent a part in the world's history. In that quiet nook Raleigh put into the generous earth Cobbett's "accursed root," the fruit whereof, say the philosophers, wrought degradation and nearly "all the woes" of Ireland. Little did Sir Walter imagine, when accompanied by him of "The Faërie Queen"—"the gentle Edmund"—and while his adventurous spirit was dreaming of Spanish galleons and South American gold, that a diminutive bulb, germinating in the land where he felt himself an exile, would be the source of breaking up a large section of society, and turning a fine people into wanderers on the face of the earth, some beyond that far-off mystic main he loved, and which was then believed to be the limits of the globe.

The tourist can proceed from Cappoquin by car to the picturesque town of Lismore, which is situated higher up this delightful river, and the first glance at which tells how fittingly it was called "Lismore of the Saints," for it is indeed an earthly paradise:—Noble trees, in endless diversity of foliage, snug homesteads, and a happy and contented population, in whose smiling faces we read the biography of the man whose name is in every mouth, and for whose welfare the simple peasant prays with fullest truthfulness of gratitude. The Devonshire property may be said to comprise all this district for thirty miles round. In his Grace's visits to this portion of his vast estates, nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the reception of this prince of landlords, whose anxiety for the welfare of his tenantry is evinced in the schools, dwellings, and in the places of public worship of every kind, for all persuasions alike, erected by his bounty. Indeed, the entire Devonshire estate in Ireland may be justly termed a great model farm. From the fine bridge over the Blackwater, erected by the duke at a cost of £9,000, nothing can surpass the beauty of the scenes, with the majestic old, yet modernised, castle, reposing loftily in the midst of venerable trees, and the gentle river flowing tranquilly at its base. One portion of the quadrangle is occupied by Mr. F. E. Curry, his Grace's principal agent, than whom no

worthier representative could be found of so magnanimous a master. *Appropos* of the large window in front of Lismore Castle is an incident illustrative of the character of James II. In 1690, while sojourning here, the deposed king was brought to the window by his host for the purpose of viewing the scenery around. Finding himself on the balcony, at so vast an altitude, he was seized with a paroxysm of fear, and accused him whose house gave him shelter, and who secured him from his enemies, with the intention of hurling him into the abyss below. Lismore and the surrounding country were originally the property of Raleigh, from whom they were purchased by Robert Boyle, great ancestor of the houses of Devonshire, Cork and Orrery, and Shannon. Boyle, the great natural philosopher, a descendant of the purchaser, was born here. The name given to the invaluable astronomical instrument which he discovered is derived from the barony of Orrery, which constituted a portion of his title of Earl of Cork and Viscount Orrery. Congreve, the dramatic poet, was also born here, though Leeds is his reputed birthplace; and here some of the noblest in the land have acted, in every sense, "The Way of the World." Lismore is an admirable point to start from, if the tourist should be anxious to see Mitchelstown Castle, said to be one of the finest baronial residences in the three kingdoms, scarcely any excepted. It is easily reached by good mountain roads across the Knockmeladown and Kilworth mountains, scenes of the exploits of Freney, the celebrated highwayman, drawn so admirably by Lever, in his "Knight of Gwynne." Another knight of the road also rendered this locality famous; but Brennan had none of the chivalry of his contemporary, and was nothing more than a mere robber. The former, though condemned to death, was pardoned; the latter was hanged near Kilworth. From Mitchelstown—which is well worthy of a visit, not less on the score of its almost regal castle than of its astonishing caves—we may proceed by car to Knocklong station on the Great Southern and Western, already described.

Returning by car to Cappoquin, and continuing by the Blackwater—which loses some of its attractions at low water, as it is influenced by the tidal way about three miles below Lismore—a circumstance, however, forgotten in the varied beauties of shores replete with Rhine-like loveliness—we now proceed onwards towards Youghal, famous for its ruins, strand, and historic associations. To obtain a fuller view of the surrounding country, a *détour* to the west will well reward this trouble. After leaving the delightful scenery around the Lismore, we advance along the roads leading to Tallow, crossing the rich upland country between the Blackwater and the Bride. The well-planned road, kept in capital order, winds down hill by a series of gradual descents, with many occasional levels, whence may be obtained views of the rich spreading valley through which the Bride pursues its course, passing through Tallow; at the opposite side of the valley, the high grounds stretch southward, forming the boundary of the luxuriant vale between Cork and Youghal. Tallow is situated on the Bride five miles above its confluence with the Blackwater, which is navigable for barges of 40 tons to within a short distance of the town, but the principal trade of the district is absorbed by Youghal. A short distance above the town, County Cork side of the boundary, stands Lissfinney Castle, residence of Captain Croker, once an important stronghold of the Desmonds. Further on are Kilmacon and Mageela Abbey, Carriglass, and Carrigeen, seats of Mr. G. Gumbleton and Mr. H. Peard. Three miles further up the

valley are the interesting ruins of Conna Castle. From various spots in this direction superb mountain views are revealed, especially the towering summit of Knockmeladown, often covered with its diadem of snow, even in advanced summer. A rude cairn on the summit is pointed out as the sportsman's grave, where lie buried an eccentric local celebrity and his dog. From Tallow to Youghal the road is bleak and uninteresting, crossing a ridge of barren hills. Passing the magnificent *locale* of Garryduff, the scene alters for the better. Before us the bay and harbour of Youghal, with Cable Island in front, and the town, with its adjacent handsome villas, snugly embosomed within the harbour. Another mile or two, and we enter

YOUGHAL, one of the Irish seaports to which municipal privileges were granted by King John. It was formerly fortified, and sustained various sieges, Cromwell making it the head-quarters during his campaign in the South. It consists of one central thoroughfare, with various streets branching off, besides quays and wharfs. About the centre is the clock-gate (forming also the town prison), perforated by a lofty arch, which spans the central street, constituting what are called the North and South main streets. Amongst the dwellings are some beautiful specimens of quaint architecture; not the least interesting the old College and older Collegiate Chapel, fitted up as a parish church. Here will be found some interesting monuments, amongst which is that of the first Earl of Cork. The Roman Catholic Church is a very fine building; the houses of worship for other persuasions handsome and respectable. The town contains numerous schools, an Infirmary, a Lying-in Hospital, and, of course, a Union Work-house, together with two excellent hotels and posting-houses—the Devonshire Arms and Campbell's; the markets, moreover, being good and plentifully supplied. Amongst the antiquities in the immediate vicinity may be reckoned the picturesque ruins of the Dominican Friary, and the veritable dwelling built and occupied by Raleigh, now the property of Colonel Faunt. The surrounding grounds are limited, but contain many features of interest. The house itself presents a wonderful specimen of the solidity of the mason-work of a remote period; indeed, exteriorly and internally, it is said to have suffered little change since it was the dwelling of its founder; and may be considered, even at the present day, an authentic specimen of the plainest Elizabethan style. It having become necessary to make repairs in the interior some years ago, a quantity of books and MSS. were discovered behind a wainscot, evidently a portion of the library of the scholar-knight. The little demesne is now called Myrtle Grove, containing indeed a perfect grove of real Eastern myrtles; also the famous group of majestic yew-trees, spoken of during many generations, and originally planted, it is asserted, by Sir Walter himself. The greater part of the town, with much of country round, as well as the ground property in Tallow, Dungarvan, Lismore, &c., are all comprised in the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, who is the proprietor in fee of one half of the town of Bandon, with several vast tracts of land in other parts of the South. The trade of Youghal consists chiefly in the export of grain, butter, flour, and live stock; and in the import of coals from Wales, and of timber and iron, with a variety of minor articles. A beautiful strand stretches along the margin of the sea to the westward for five miles, white, smooth, and even, and horse-races are frequently held on it. The environs upon the Black-water side are in the highest degree interesting. A mile north of the town

is the Wooden Bridge—a viaduct of 3,600 feet, of which nearly 2,000 feet is bridged—connecting Youghal with the opposite side of the estuary, and forming a ready communication with Dungarvan, at a cost of £20,000. Descending the river to Youghal by boat, the breadth of the stream, the wooded heights, and romantic glens at either side, combine to render this portion of the Blackwater highly attractive. Above Wooden Bridge to the left are the ruins of Renew Castle. Higher up still is Temple Michael, with its ancient demesne and pretty church. Further on is the wild wooded defile of Glendine, through which passes the road from Youghal to Cappoquin; and Ballinatray, seat of Mr. R. Smith—a noble demesne, on the right bank of the Blackwater, the mansion in the centre of a splendid park, from which gorgeous views are obtained of inland and ocean scenery. In this park are the ruins of an old abbey, wherein the bones of Raymond Le Gros, friend and companion-in-arms of Strongbow, are said to be buried. Ballinatray is the birthplace of Miss Penelope Smyth, now Princess of Capua, and whose family feuds with her royal relatives are matters of much Neapolitan, not to say European, notoriety. The environs of Youghal, on the Cork side, are comparatively uninteresting. A large tract of bog (Ballyverigan), extending a considerable distance, gives the scene a flat and dreary character. The prospect in the distance is, however, relieved by the handsome demesnes and villas occupying the higher grounds, from which fine views may be had of Youghal Harbour, Cable Island, the strand, and surrounding coast.

* * In introducing the next tour, we have to explain, that the larger illustrations, having been prepared for a more voluminous description, have had to be crowded together, and some of them come much in advance of the text they were meant for; but their beauty and fidelity will, we trust, be the best apology for irregular arrangement.

LIMERICK, THE LOWER SHANNON, AND THE SUIR.

KILLARNEY TO LIMERICK.—Taking the up-train to Dublin at the Mallow station, we proceed to the LIMERICK JUNCTION, where the Great Southern and Western joins the Limerick and Waterford. The accommodation on these two splendid lines is excellent, neatness and order everywhere apparent at this diverging point, where the up and down trains stop for 10 minutes; the handsome refreshment-rooms being admirably fitted up, the fare admirable, and charges moderate. Starting for the City of “the Violated Treaty,” we pass the stations of Oola, Pallas, Dromkeen, Boher, and Killeonan. Little worthy of interest offers till near Pallas station, where Glenstale Castle, seat of Sir M. Barrington, forms a beautiful feature. Few names are better known in the South than that of Sir Matthew, now in his sixty-fourth year, having been crown-solicitor for Munster since 1816, succeeding to his father as second baronet in 1846. The late Sir Joseph, in connexion with the present baronet and others of his sons, provided an hospital and infirmary, bearing their name, in the city of Limerick, which had already possessed many memorials of the munificence of the family, settled in the county for several generations. Near Boher station are the demesnes of Thornvale, Richhill, Mulkern, and Mount Shannon, seat of Earl Clare, son of the famous John Fitzgibbon, Lord Chancellor Clare, so notorious in the political history of Ireland at the period of the Union, and so vividly described in the “Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation,” by Sir Jonah Barrington. The noble earl is the brother of the second Lord Clare, of whom Moore relates that Byron said, “I never hear the word Clare (his schoolfellow) without a beating of the heart.” Approaching Limerick terminus, is the extensive Lunatic Asylum, and near it the County Gaol, on a vast scale. Arriving at the terminus, a car or omnibus conveys us either to Cruise’s long deservedly celebrated hotel, or “The Clare,” a very admirable one, and both as reasonable as excellent.

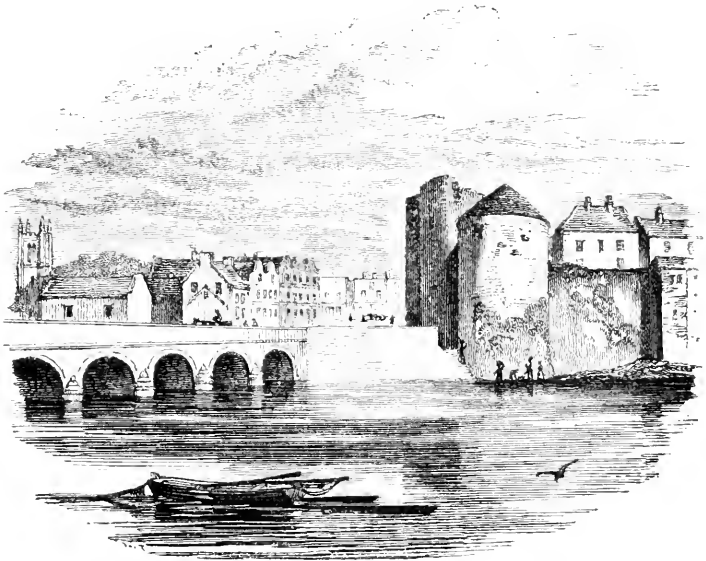
The City of Limerick presents, on one side, the aspect of a new and flourishing place of business—well-built streets, fine residences, and modern improvements; on the other, wretched and squalid poverty, dilapidation, and ruin. It is, in point of population and mercantile importance, the fourth city in Ireland, being to the west what Cork and Belfast are to the south and north. It stands on the Shannon (80 miles from the Atlantic), “the king of Irish rivers”—“the spacious Shenan spreading like a sea”—celebrated in Spenser. The charter is as old as Richard I.; its great castle was built by John; and in strength and magnitude the place, from the earliest period, held first rank of all towns of Ireland in the eyes of contending native or foreign princes and parties. In front of Limerick, in 1651, Ireton sat down, dying (at the end of a six months’ siege) of the plague, and of mortification brought on by this, the first and only discomfi-

ture of Cromwell's Ironsides, whom he commanded. Like the majority of Irish cities near the sea, which gave facilities for invasion, the Danes settled here in the ninth century, and continued its masters until their final overthrow at Clontarf, by the Irish, under Brian Boroihme, on Good Friday, April 23rd, 1014. After their expulsion, the place became the seat of the kings of Thomond, to the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion. The Castle is perhaps one of the most interesting portions of its antiquities—erected to protect the conquerors from the native Irish.* It consists of seven massive towers of great solidity, and bids fair to endure for centuries, it being now partly a barrack. The manufactures are limited, being principally fish-hooks, gloves, lace and blonde netting; but so famous for these that every city in the kingdom has a "Limerick" factory of its own. Nay, lace manufactured in this city has been exported to Belgium, sent back as Mechlin, and sold for four times the price it could have been purchased for where it was originally made—and this, too, to persons who piqued themselves on their judgment in these matters.

The Cathedral, for a building of its immense age, continues in extraordinary conservation; its massive walls and venerable tower still remain. Long after its foundation it was further benefited by Donough O'Brien, who died 1207. Its bells are said to have been cast by an Italian, and placed in the *campanile* of a convent in his own country. He had many children, who fell in the wars between Francis and Charles, and lost three sons at Pavia. The sound of his own bells was the music of memory to his lonely heart. Change, revolution, and war came on, the bells were removed, and the Italian was desolate. Staff in hand, he left his lowly home in search of their music. On an autumn evening, in 1559, an old man was seen in the stern of a boat in the Shannon, when the bells of the Limerick

In 1690, William, after the Boyne, summoned Limerick, defended by the remnant of the Irish army, to surrender. It held out, under an unexampled assault and most adverse circumstances; and the heroism of the resistance, no less than the devoted loyalty to a desperate cause, deservedly constitutes the theme of exultation with every succeeding generation of patriot Irishmen. One chief feature was the magnanimity of its defenders in disdaining opportunities that would have long protracted the siege, or, perhaps, compelled its being abandoned, after they had entered upon negotiations for capitulating. There were, in fact, during the wars of the Revolution, two sieges. First, the city was well supplied with troops and provisions, its fortifications perfect, and the French fleet, in communication with the French general and troops (James's allies) within the town, rode triumphantly in the Shannon. In 20 days the English and Dutch, wearied out, raised the siege; but in 1691, greater forces were sent, and, despite the splendid defence, under Sarsfield, the chivalrous Irish general, a surrender in six weeks had to be submitted to. The treaty (3rd October) allowed the garrison to march out with all the honours of war, and other stipulations were made, the violation of which led to the animosities of ages. It is to this latter incident that all the local annalists of the popular party make exulting reference, as the opposite party do to the no less heroic defence of Londonderry, in the interest of William; and even the little local Railway Guide-book, still tinged with the *animus* of the feud, commences its invitation to the traveller in this strain:—"Who has not heard of Limerick?—the city of the Violated Treaty! the city of fair women and curdy salmon!—resting like a Naiad queen on her throne of waters! Wherever there is a feeling of admiration and emulation in a young and free heart for old chivalrous honour, Limerick must be ever remembered, even for the fact of the noble and gallant Sarsfield having there kept to the letter of his treaty of surrender, when the thunder of the cannon of the ships which told relief was near echoed over the old town, even while the pen was yet poised in his fingers." The "treaty-stone," the huge block on which tradition relates that the compact was signed by both parties, is pointed out on the Clare side of the river.

Cathedral pealed out the hour of evening prayer. Rapture was their sound to his rapt soul; and, midst the contending influences of joy and sadness, the aged wanderer folded his arms over his weary heart, and expired:—such is the legend. During the last siege, the steeple had a large gun placed on the top of its tower, and was plied with extraordinary effect. The gunner was ultimately killed, but Ginkle fired no longer against the church. Vessels of 400 tons can now float alongside the quay; lightly-laden emigrant ships of largest tonnage beside the wharf. During the works by the Shannon Commissioners, here and elsewhere in the river, were discovered antique remains, including human skeletons of gigantic proportions, fossil horns and bones of the Irish elk, cinerary urns, spear-



KING JOHN'S CASTLE, AND THOMOND BRIDGE, LIMERICK.

heads of bronze and stone, bronze swords, armlets, and fibulæ of gold, &c., and forwarded to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Besides the Cathedral, Limerick contains the Protestant churches of St. John's, St. Munchin's, St. George's (a chapel of ease), and the Episcopal chapel attached to the Blind Asylum; eight Roman Catholic churches and chapels; various dissenting congregations; several free schools; six bridges; a Chamber of Commerce, Custom-house, banks, and numerous fine buildings. It is the head-quarters of the military in the south-west; and there are two infantry barracks, one for cavalry, and another for artillery. Of late Limerick has been considerably improved, chiefly by the exertions of Sir Matthew Barrington and Lord Monteaule, in whose honour a handsome column has been deservedly erected, surmounted by a statue of his lordship.

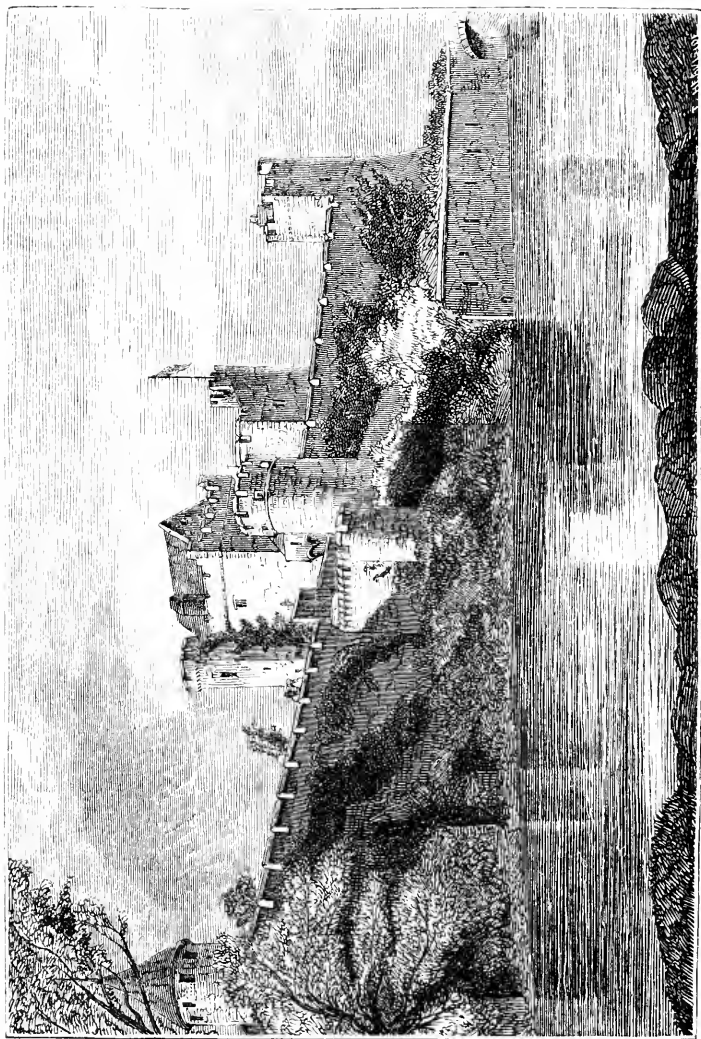
It would be as great an omission to leave Limerick without seeing Garryowen as to leave Cork without seeing Blarney. Garryowen, independent of the immortal air so dear to every Irish heart, and as being the place where "No man for debt shall go to jail," is the principal scene of the "Collegians," the exquisite fiction by the author of the "Munster Festivals," and of the favourite play of "Gysippus," in which the latest laurels of Macready were won—Gerald Griffin, who passed from life in the summer of his days, in the garb of a lowly monk, and is buried in the cemetery of the Christian Brothers, at Cork.

DOWN THE SHANNON TO THE SEA.—To view the fine scenery of the Shannon as it flows to the sea, the visitor may embark in one of the steamers plying to Kilrush, Kilkee, Tarbert, &c. Kilrush, at the head of a small creek or inlet, on the northern bank, 20 miles from the mouth of the estuary, is a favourite watering-place. A new wharf for steamers, a quay, two new streets, stores for corn, &c., have been recently built. A mile hence lies Scattery Island, with its picturesque ecclesiastical ruins, and venerable round tower. It was here that Senan, a woman-hating hunk of the St. Kevin (Wicklow) genus, is said to have built a church, and established a religious retreat, long previous to the mission of St. Patrick. It is also called Holy Isle; and on the festival of the saint it is resorted to by crowds of pilgrims.

Further west, and within the bay formed by the promontory of Loop Head, on the summit of a rocky cliff overlooking the village, are the ruins of Carrigaholt Castle, of most picturesque appearance. Three miles south-west, again, are ruins of Kilballyowen Monastery; and three miles further on the ruins of Cloghantauovun Castle, near which are the caves and puffing-holes, through which the water is forced in columns a considerable height. The view from the steamer towards the mouth of the river is magnificent. Speaking of its aspect from the wild and wonderful promontory of Loop Head, the noble member for Colchester eloquently exclaims:—"What words can describe the glory of that scene? We lay down and gazed over the lofty rock at the green waves breaking with that wondrous Atlantic swell against a solitary crag, separate from and a-head of its fellows, anxious, as it were, to catch the first salt tidings from America. Though it was a calm, bright day, the force and noise with which the huge waves discharged themselves against the cliffs was surprising, and the colours on the ocean were exquisite;—the main, a dark, solemn purple; then the waves, as they broke in beautiful but impotent fury, the loveliest green imaginable; and then crests and wreaths of milk-white foam dashing up the dark rocks, and falling through the bright air down to their green birthplace again. Thousands of sea-gulls, and a few cormorants wailing and shrieking, hovered around us, and fitly completed this glorious ocean picture." At its mouth, the Shannon is more than ten miles across, from Loop Head to Kerry Head. The coast from Kilkee to the Head extends about fifteen miles, presenting numerous inlets affording shelter to vessels. Astonishing is the fearless boldness with which the fishermen and pilots put out seaward, even in the most tempestuous weather. No boat, however, lives better in a heavy sea than the Irish hooker. Bluff in the bows, sides round as an apple, and a clean ram abaft, it floats like a wild duck over mountain waves which threaten to submerge ships of largest tonnage. Amongst the most favoured resorts in this region is Miltown Malbay, a pretty little town, possessing many great advantages dear to travellers—



MOHER CLIFFS, COUNTY CLARE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



CAHIR CASTLE, SEAT OF EARL GLENGALL, CAHIR, COUNTY TIPPERARY.

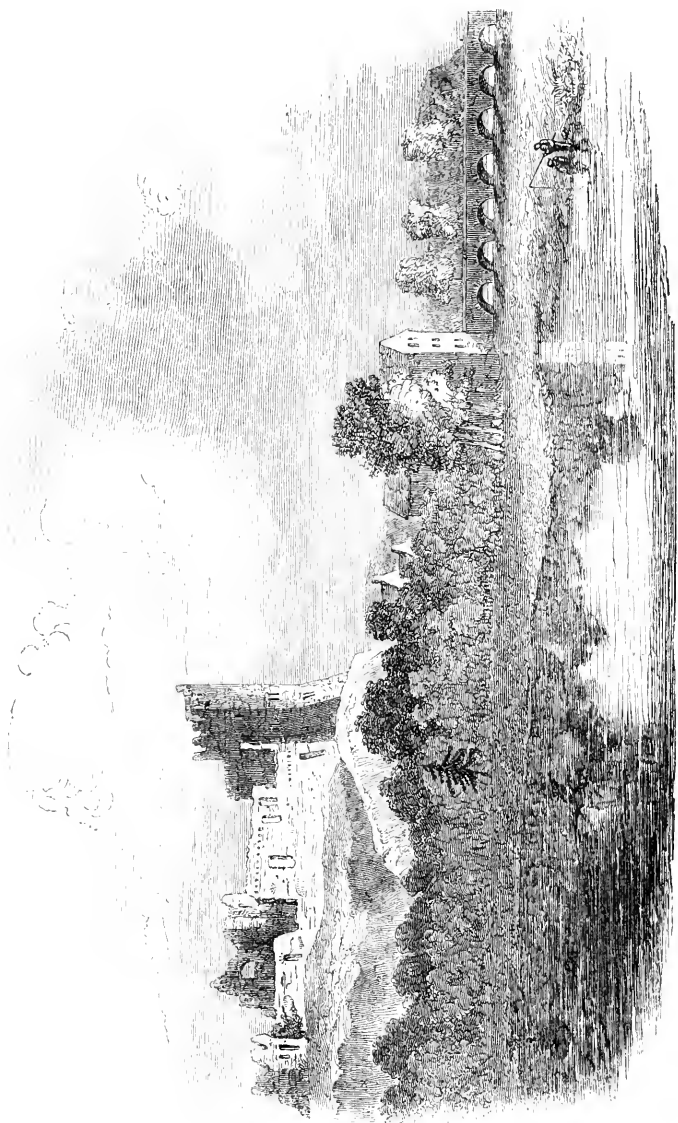
thanks chiefly to Mr. C. O'Brien, who is so deservedly praised by Miss Martineau for his taste and liberality in having made several delicious spots easily accessible by roads to the most attractive scenery of the cliffs of Moher, which must needs be seen to form a just conception of their sublimity, consisting, literally, as they do, of a perpendicular wall or rock five miles from Doolin Bay to Hag's Head point, varying from 300 to nearly 600 feet above the waves, displaying all the wonderful variety of precipitous ravine and sea-worn caverns, with here and there hollow amphitheatres, their pinnacles of jagged rock presenting the appearance of ruined walls of some vast Gothic cathedral, whose floor is the ever-changing mosaic of the green ocean, over which everlastingly rush white-crested waves, flinging foam amidst the lofty pinnacles, and leaving their spray glittering in a thousand gems on the tangled sea-weed. This part of the Shannon would amply repay the tourist, at least for a week; but the scenery may, in some degree, be enjoyed within two summer days. Lord Macartney, when embarking in 1791, for his government at Madras, thus addressed this river, and probably, ere long, the railroad we have been travelling, and the expected establishment of the Atlantic Station, may realise the noble aspiration:—

————— “ Raptured, I try the strain,
Great king of floods! to hail thy new-born reign,
Which breaks from darkness like the rise of day
And gives the promise of imperial sway!
Already commerce spreads her ample stores,
Pours Afric's riches on Iernia's shores;
Brings either India's treasures to her view,
Brazilian gold, and silver of Peru!
Bids wondering navies on thy billows ride,
Rolls the world's wealth, O Shannon, to thy tide!”

LIMERICK JUNCTION.—TIPPERARY TO CLONMEL, WATERFORD AND KILKENNY.

THE WATERFORD AND LIMERICK RAILWAY, now completed to where it joins the Waterford and Kilkenny railway at Dunkit station, within two miles of the city of Waterford, traverses the far-renowned Golden Valley of Tipperary, one of the most fertile districts in Europe, and one whose agricultural peculiarities every tourist interested in farming pursuits, or qualified to judge of soils and crops, will delight to linger in; though it does not present a very potent allurement to holiday travellers, after the scenery we have just been exploring. That portion of our Second Tour describing the town of Tipperary and its neighbourhood, will suffice till we come to Cahir, or Caher, a prosperous agricultural town, rejoicing in the advantage of a numerous Quaker resident proprietary. The large and valuable estates of the Earl of Glengall, situated in this great agricultural district, have been recently sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. The castle, so rich in stories of wars, and sieges of many ages, is in admirable preservation. But this fine old lordly residence has passed out of the hands of its late noble owner into those of a stranger, the castle and grounds having been purchased by Mr. J. Sadlier, the present M.P. for Sligo. Equally rich, too, in reminiscences of a glorious past is a somewhat similar, though ruined, structure in the neighbourhood—Ardfinan Castle, as shown in our beautiful illustration.

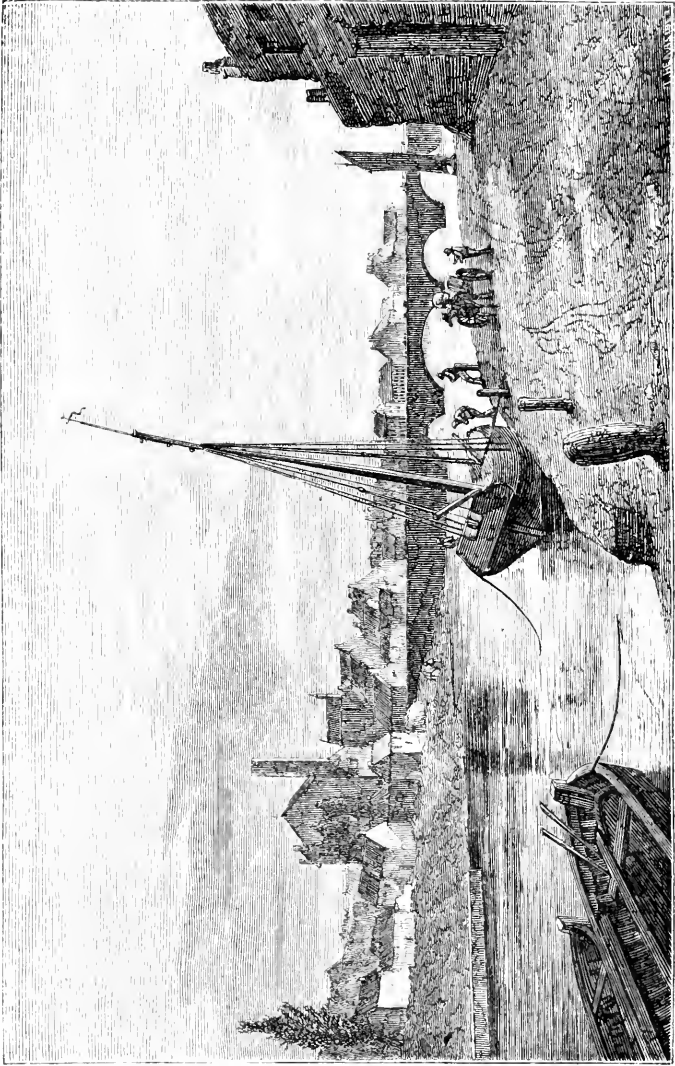
Nothing very particular, as essentially differing from the scenery between Tipperary and Cahir, invites our notice between Cahir and Clonmel, the terminus of our present trip. Clonmel, a remarkably fine Irish county town, beautifully situated under the Commeragh mountains on the Suir, famous in all ages in all sorts of ways, was the focus of fights innumerable in every stage of Irish embroilment, and the principal scene of the rising in '48. Saints uncountable and unaccountable were born here, and not a few sinners, of whom perhaps it will suffice to name Sterne and Lady Blessington, whose errors have at least been gilded by the rarest genius in the one case, and by beauty and accomplishments as rare in the other. Ruins, of course, are in profusion all round, and history and tradition to give them an eternal freshness in the minds of the susceptible people in their vicinity. But our business being with the existing moment, we have to state, that Clonmel owes much of its modern prosperity and industrial celebrity to a forerunner, Mr. Charles Bianconi, a native of Milan, who, about 1800, visited Dublin, and subsequently Clonmel, as a picture-dealer and cleaner and frame-maker, on a very restricted scale, for his resources were exceedingly limited. He saved money, became highly respected, and conceived the idea of running a car, that, at less expense than the stage, might answer the



ARDFINAN CASTLE, NEAR CAHIR, COUNTY TIPPERARY.



CLONMEL, FROM THE WILDERNESS.



TOWN OF CARRICK-ON-SUIR, COUNTY TIPPERARY.

comparatively humble classes. He ran his first vehicle from Clonmel to Cahir, July 5th, 1815, and shortly after others to Limerick and Thurles. Frequently for weeks without a passenger, his energy ultimately triumphed, and he has obtained a large fortune, while conferring immense benefit on the community, preserving an irreproachable character, and gaining the respect of all classes, as shown by his repeated election as chief magistrate of Clonmel. His name is a household word in all Irish mouths.

On arriving at Hearne's excellent hotel, Clonmel, a short saunter convinces the stranger that thrift and industry can have their reward in Ireland as well as in other countries. Clonmel is in the centre of a locality almost unknown to the tourist, but the extension of the Limerick and Waterford Railway, completed to within a half hour's drive of Waterford, opens a tract of country fraught with no ordinary scenic attraction. The valley of the Suir, through which the rail runs, is one of the most fruitful Ireland can boast. Near Clonmel is Knocklofty, seat of Earl Donoughmore. The river is navigable for lighters of fifty tons to Clonmel; and there are few prettier landscapes than this prosperous little town presents from the bridge. The old church of St. Mary reflects much credit on those to whose care it has been entrusted. Near Knocklofty is the neat village of Ardfinan, whose adjacent ruins our artist has so captivately portrayed. The Abbey was founded by St. Finian in the sixth century; the Castle built by King John in the twelfth, and subsequently transferred to the Knights Templars.

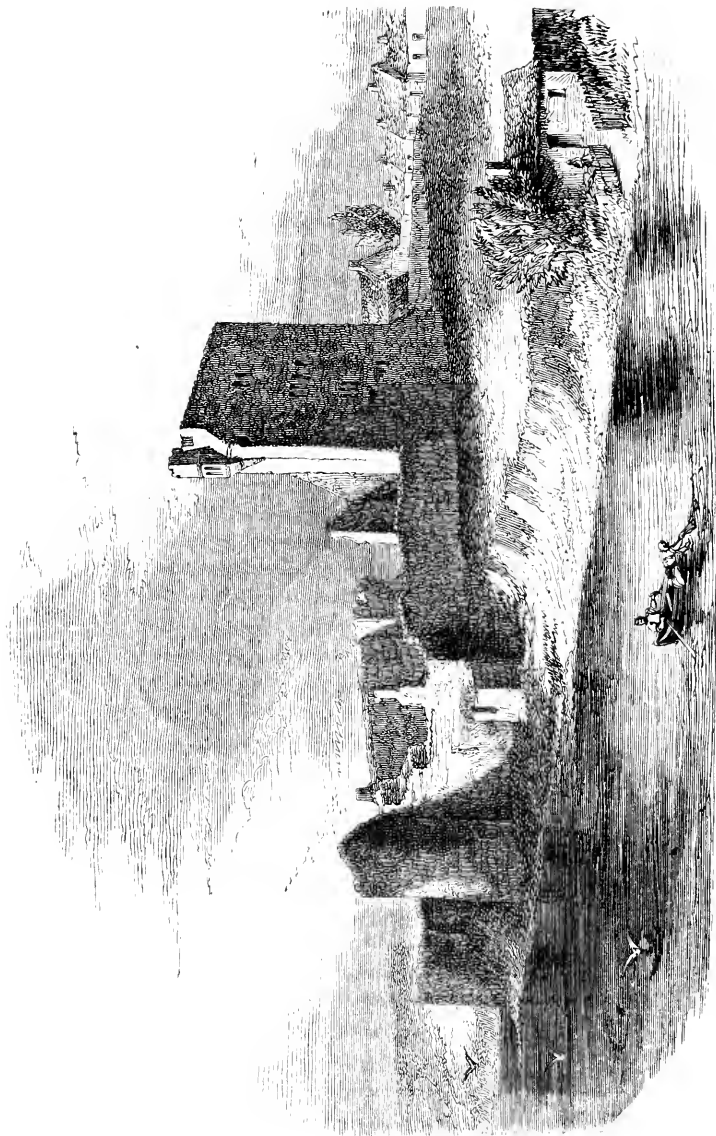
Here the valley of the Suir may be said to commence, as far as it extends between the Knockmeladown and Galtee mountains, the aspect of which from this point is truly grand. If pressed for time, we might alter our course altogether, and proceed direct by train from the Limerick Junction, on the Limerick and Waterford Railway, direct to Clonmel. Yet by this course we have no opportunity of viewing Cashel and its ruins. Still other attractions lie on our way, none perhaps so attractive, but when all combined rendering the railway route probably the most preferable. Leaving Clonmel, we proceed by rail to the interesting town of Carrick. The train passes through the valley of the Suir, at the base of the huge Slieve na Mon. On the right are the wooded heights of Gurteen, residence of Mrs. Power, widow to the step-son of the late R. L. Shiel. Next, Coolnamuck, the fine former residence of the Wall family, and very recently sold in the Encumbered Estates Court, and purchased in trust by Mr. Sadlier, the late Irish Lord of the Treasury. The mountains here offer a pleasing contrast to those in other parts of Ireland, as they seem cultivated to their very summits. We now pass the old castles of Powelacurry, battered by the artillery of Cromwell's Ironsides; after a short interval we come to Ballymoran, and many venerable ruins, evidences of the importance attached to this locality by the iron-handed marauder and the ambitious invader. The view of Carrick-on-Suir from the railway is truly pleasing, and perhaps it may be regarded in point of position as one of the prettiest towns in Ireland. Descending by a rather steep hill we come to the fair green, and pass to Phelan's Hotel. Prior to starting for Waterford, let us not fail to view the fine old castle of the Ormonds, built in 1309, and still remaining in the family. The antique bridge, from the right bank of the river just above the weir, presents all that is fantastically eccentric in architecture, the ivied house in the centre imparting to it an air of pleasing novelty. The parish chapel is said to have been built by the Ormonds, and the tower

attached to the modern building bears proof of high antiquity. We hope tradition speaks "no scandal against Queen Elizabeth," as the guide points out the grave of Thomas Butler, the putative natural son of her maiden Majesty. A short drive brings us to Curraghmore (Marquis of Waterford's) and Bessborough, seat of the earl of that name. Near Carrick may be also seen the old church of Donoughmore, romantically situated on one of the slopes of Slieve na Mon.

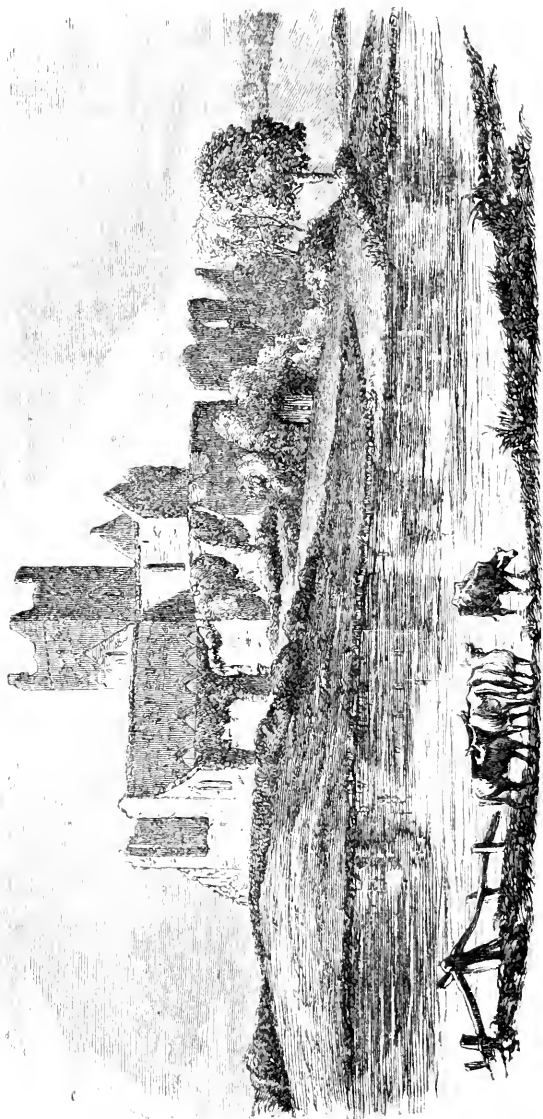
If going by car, on starting from Carrick for Waterford, we leave the demesnes of Tinvara and Tybrockkney, and the thriving town of Portlaw, two miles from where the enterprising firm of Malcomson Brothers have an extensive cotton factory, in which 1,500 persons are constantly employed. We also pass the beautiful village of Pilltown; and after leaving the demesne of Bessborough and Fidown church, and the tomb of the late Lord Bessborough, who died 1846, while Lord Lieutenant; we catch a view of the town of Curraghmore on the right, and also the Suir. The fine old ruins of Granny Castle, which can be reached by rail from Carrick in little more than an hour, we leave on our right, built by Pierce Butler, eighth Earl of Ormond, in 1521, and dismantled by the parliamentary army under Colonel Axtel in 1649. A mile further on we see the wooden drawbridge which spans the river, and in a short time enter the city of

WATERFORD.—As we drive down its fine quay to Dohyn's or Cumming's Hotel, the natural beauty of the place breaks gradually on the observer. Waterford is the fifth city, in point of population and commercial importance, in Ireland; here Henry II. invaded the country by virtue of the bull of Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspeare), the only Englishman who ever sat on the papal throne. Here, also, James II. sailed for France after the disastrous campaign of 1690, never to return. The castle and the other remnants of the old fortifications of the city, Cromwell's Rock, and some of the public buildings, offer agreeable occupation to the tourist for the few hours to which his stay may be limited. Proceeding by well-appointed omnibuses, which convey us to the Dunkit Station of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, we start for "the fair city" of Kilkenny; but, if possible, not without seeing Dumbrody Abbey—easily arrived at by one of the steamers which ply between Waterford and Ross—perhaps the most perfect ruins in the country; it belonged to the Cistercian monks, being built by Henry De Mountmorency, marshal of Henry II., in 1182. Within five minutes' walk of the Jerpoint Station stands the glorious old ruin of Jerpoint Abbey, the beauties of which require to be seen to be appreciated, as description is powerless when having to deal with such an amount of grace and solemn beauty. The Archaeological Society of Kilkenny are nobly rescuing this fine relic from the destruction which awaited it, from the peasantry supplying themselves with stone from its hallowed walls. It was founded by Donagh, King of Ossory; and the tombs of ecclesiastics and lay members of the Butler family give it no ordinary amount of interest. After passing a few places possessing little interest, we rattle into the ever-famous and beautiful

KILKENNY, which well justifies its renown, possessing architectural beauty, civil and ecclesiastical, not surpassed in Ireland. Standing on the steps of the terminus, we see the vast Lunatic Asylum, the tower and steeple of the churches of St. John and St. Mary, the new Catholic chapel at the base of the railway embankment, and the huge proportions of the Catholic cathedral in the distance. From this point is also seen that which divides



GRANNY CASTLE, NEAR WATERFORD.



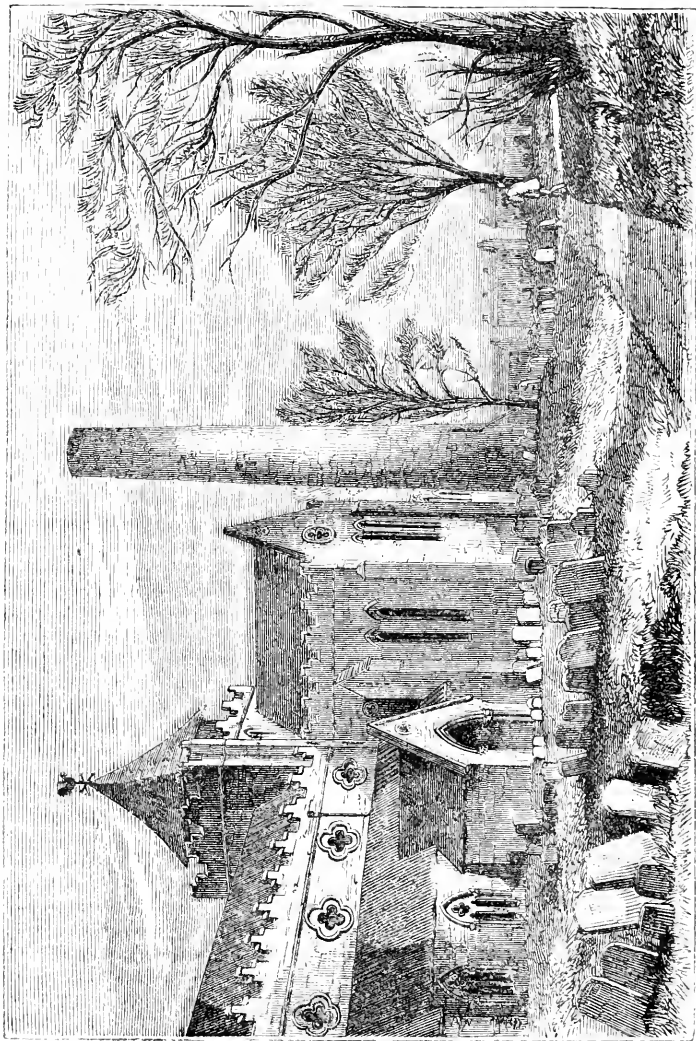
DUNBRODY ABBEY, NEAR WATERFORD.

with the old Cathedral of St. Canice the principal interest of the locality, "Ormond Castle," the princely seat of the Butlers; than which nothing can be finer than the appearance this baronial residence presents, irrespective of its historic associations. The gallery possesses many gems of art; but, perhaps, everything in Kilkenny must yield precedence in the eyes of the artist to the two full-lengths of Charles and Henrietta, taken from life by Vandyck; and as we read the fitful fortunes of the house of Ormond in the effigies of the ill-fated Stuarts, to whose interests it was so closely wedded from Edgehill to the Boyne, we may also see upon the walls a pictorial history of the past 200 years. There are two fine Correggios, and a number of noble portraits. The general features of the interior of this princely home are characteristically superb. Next comes that most perfect of all our ancient ecclesiastical edifices, the Cathedral of St. Canice, of which we must leave our artist to convey an idea, for space will permit no description; and, with a recommendation to the tourist to spend as much time in Kilkenny as possible, so as to view the Dominican, or Black Friary, and a number of other attractions in the neighbourhood, we now proceed by train on the Irish South-Eastern *en route* for Dublin. Passing the towns of Gowran, Bagnalstown, and Milford, we join the Carlow branch of the Great Southern and Western at Carlow; and after passing the stations of Mageeney and Athy, in the midst of a most beautiful country, reach the Kildare station, on the main line, from which point we arrive in Dublin within an hour.

The reader, we trust, will clearly understand that the foregoing pages are not offered as a description of the country traversed, and which does not, in reality, at all belong to our scheme of tours; but as meant merely to afford, by the help of our illustrations, a synoptical glance at what may be seen, should the traveller wish to diverge from the prescribed track of the Excursionist Tickets. The advertisement of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway Company, in our introductory pages, supplies some valuable suggestions as to the mode of viewing this region expeditiously and economically.



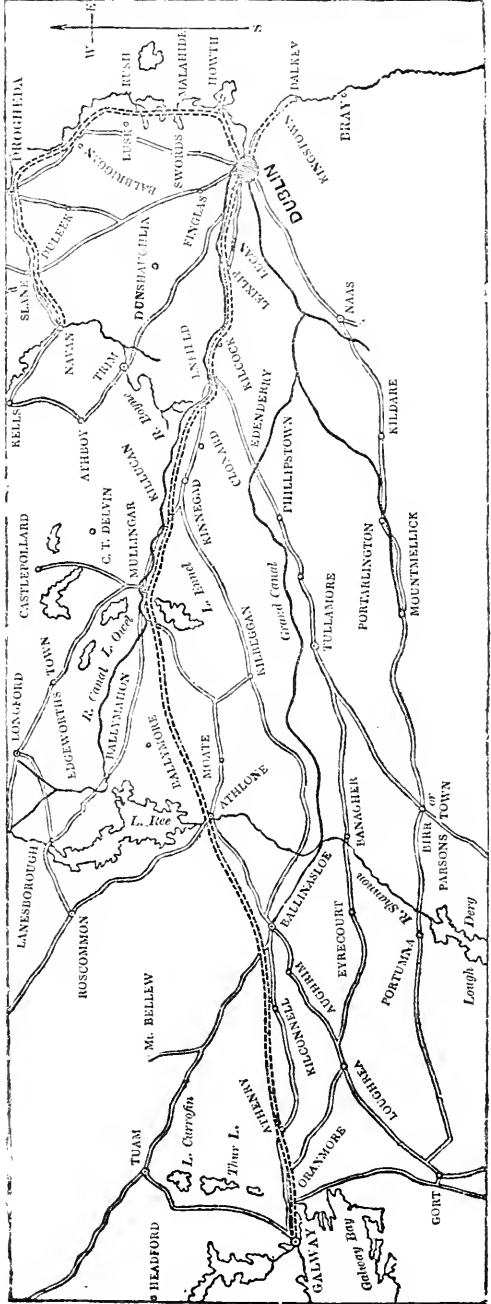
JERPOINT ABBEY, THOMASTOWN, COUNTY WATERFORD.



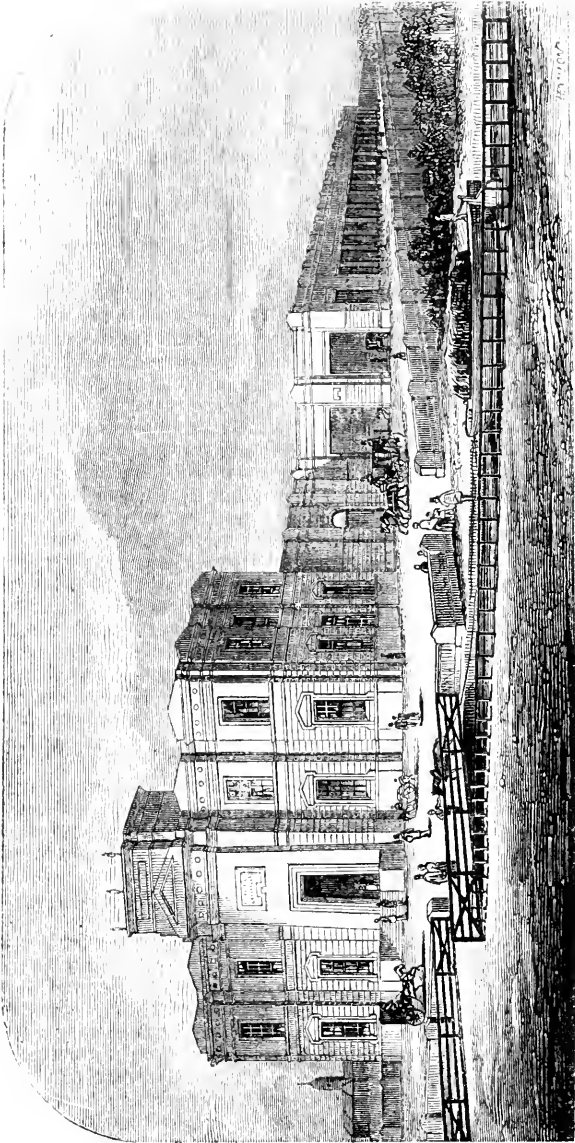
ST. CANICE, KILKENNY.



GATEWAY, KELL'S ABBEY, KILKENNY.



MIDLAND AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. COUNTIES PASSED THROUGH—DUBLIN, KILDARE, MEATH, WESTMEATH, ROSCOMMON, GALWAY.



DUBLIN TERMINUS.

THIRD TOUR.—DUBLIN TO GALWAY.

FEW places in the United Kingdom have of late been more familiar to the general ear than the ancient town of Galway, and none associated with better founded hopes of a prosperous future. Much of this is attributable to its capability for the expected Anglo-American trade; much to its being the head-quarters of that district to which the present eye of the statesman of his age was turned, as the source whence the regeneration of Ireland was to be augured. But the chief and real cause is the energy and perseverance of its people—worthily led by their indefatigable representative, Mr. A. O'Flaherty, and his estimable brother, the Income Tax Commissioner for Ireland, Mr. Edward O'Flaherty, High Sheriff for the county during the last year, 1853. While making sanguine but sagacious provision for the coming of that better time which the natural resources of their geographical position warrant them in calculating upon, they have availed themselves of all means immediately within reach. Of these the chief is the Midland and Great Western Railway, dividing the island into two nearly equal portions. The country traversed, as might be expected in $124\frac{1}{2}$ miles, is extremely varied—some districts presenting exquisite landscapes: others grim and dreary; then again, rich and beautiful; and, approaching Galway, the traveller glances at the wild mountains of the once far west, where, until lately, the king's writ dare not pass. The construction through some bogs seventy feet deep, as between Enfield and Mullingar, was a matter of interest and difficulty, affording Mr. Hemans, engineer of the line, much scope for his skill. After the passage of the bogs, and the magnificent iron bridge across the Shannon, the next monument of engineering ability is the swivel bridge near Galway, the largest ever built, consisting in one length of 154 feet; constructed with two steamboat ways of 60 feet each, leading into the splendid floating basin of Lough Athalia. The various stations and the termini, designed and erected by Mr. Mulvany, are remarkable for architectural excellence, no less than excellent accommodation.

Before commencing this journey, the reader should turn to the first few pages of the route from Dublin to Cork, in which are brief notices of the environs of the metropolis in the present direction. Immediately on leaving the terminus, we enter a beautiful country, adorned with plantations and numerous villas. We shall suppose the traveller is seated face to the engine. Upon the right is the village of Glasnevin, famous for the residence of Tickell, Swift, Addison, Delany, Steele, Sheridan, and Parnell. Adjoining is the Botanical Garden of the Royal Dublin Society; and a cemetery (visible from the line), the Necropolis, or Père-la-Chaise, of the Hibernian metropolis, where lie Curran, Steele (the politician of our own time, not of Queen Anne's), O'Connell, and other national celebrities; and where shortly

also will lie, we hope, the remains of Moore, towards whose memory a monument, that shall be worthy of the country and the man, is now being subscribed for by all classes of Irishmen, and by many Englishmen too—an example we would earnestly urge upon every one of our readers to follow as liberally as may be; for though the author of the *Melodies* belonged essentially to his native soil, the genius of “*Lalla Rookh*” pertains to every country, and is “not for an age, but for all time.” The monument we refer to is now being erected by the distinguished countryman and namesake of the bard, the well-known sculptor, Moore. The statue is to be in bronze, and will be placed in the space in front of College-street, facing the Corinthian portico of the entrance to the late Irish House of Lords, in Westmoreland-street. Glasnevin is further sacred to the manes of mighty intellectual giants, inasmuch as Tickell, the poet, and friend of Addison (who frequently visited him here, as he did also Steele, who resided at Hampstead, a short distance), possessed the ground on which the Botanic Gardens now stand; while in the vicinage is Finglass, of which the “*Hermit*” poet, Parnell, was vicar. Close by, likewise, is Delville, laid out by Delany, friend of Swift, who here not only wrote but printed some of his most satiric lampoons, which none would risk putting in type at a public press. Thirdly, the Botanic Gardens, already referred to—open Tuesdays and Fridays, and to strangers from a distance every day—are probably unsurpassed in Europe, and were greatly admired by the Queen and Prince Albert on the occasion of their late visit.

Dunsink, astronomical observatory of the Dublin University, residence of Sir W. Hamilton, Astronomer Royal, is on a wooded eminence. The pretty little village of Finglass is on the right, with the house on the adjoining hill, where James II. slept the night before the battle of the Boyne, and through this village returned to Dublin, followed by his fortunate rival. The Phoenix Park and Wellington Testimonial can be seen in the distance, on the south.

Castleknock is four miles from Dublin. Here are remains of a castle, reign of Henry II., by Hugh Tyrrell; looked upon as of the greatest importance, until about the Restoration, when it decayed. It was taken in 1316 by Edward Bruce, and in 1642 by the famous Colonel Monk, who, during the assault, killed eighty, and subsequently hanged many more, of the unfortunate enemy.

Lucan, celebrated as giving the title of earl to General Sarsfield, was formerly a fashionable resort for its spa, and now affords a magnificent view over one of the richest districts in Ireland. In this neighbourhood are the Strawberry Beds, to which the citizens of Dublin resort in great numbers in the season. The valley of the Liffey possesses some of the prettiest possible scraps of wood and water scenery. On the left, as we proceed, we come to the hamlet of Blanchardstown, on the great north-western road from Dublin, containing a nunnery and some schools. Here the line crosses the great north-western road from Dublin, next to Clonsilla, where the canal passes through the “*Deep Sinkings*,” a solid rock nearly three miles in length, and of very considerable depth. Confev Castle is a ruined tower, similar to several erected by the English colonists of Dublin, to protect the city from the attacks of the native Irish. Adjoining are the ruins of an ancient church. Near this part of the canal a large number of persons were drowned some years since, by a passenger-boat upsetting. There are few objects of great interest north of the line between Clonsilla station and

Leixlip. Adjoining the latter, a little nearer Maynooth, the rail and canal cross the valley of the Rye by an embankment 100 feet in height, and, passing some delightful scenery of a subdued character, we find ourselves at the pretty town of Leixlip, where, if possible, the tourist should alight. The castle, still in repair, was erected by Adam Fitz-Hereford, one of the Anglo-Norman conquerors. Its antique towers, mantled with ivy, rise majestically above the surrounding trees and river; and, altogether, the views are, of their class, as attractive as any in the kingdom. Immediately adjoining Leixlip is the Salmon Leap, where the Liffey, falling over a ledge of rocks, forms a beautiful cascade, up which the fish at certain seasons are seen to spring; hence the name. For a proper contemplation of this spot, the tourist should proceed by the pathway by the Paper Mill (left bank of the river), from which point alone the best view of the waterfall can be obtained. Following a path leading up the river from the Salmon Leap, the tourist, after a walk of a mile, arrives at Newbridge, where the river is crossed by a bridge erected in 1308 by John Le Deccer, Mayor of Dublin, the most ancient structure of its class upon the Liffey, and—since the destruction of Thomond and Athlone bridges, upon the Shannon—perhaps in Ireland. In the vicinity are the monastic ruins of St. Wolstans, founded about 1202 by Adam Fitz-Hereford, consisting of walls, which probably formed the dwelling-houses of the ecclesiastics, and some very perfect and most interesting gateways, bearing all the characteristics of the thirteenth century. The remains of ancient magnificence contrast strangely with that of modern times, as shown in Castletown House, in the same neighbourhood. This noble residence of the Connolly family is popularly supposed to contain a window for every day in the year. All these places lie so close, that they may be visited without much loss of time. Between Leixlip and Fernlock, the country is well-wooded, studded with seats, and apparently closed in by the range of the Dublin mountains, affording views varied and beautiful. From near Fernlock, however, the line passes through a portion of the great Bog of Allen, a dreary tract, contrasting unfavourably with the glorious country just described. This bog was once a forest, covered with trees of largest growth, and probably uninhabited by other than the giant elks, whose bones the turf-cutters often find, or by other wild animals. Trees are met with at various depths; and as many lie along the line, they cannot fail to attract attention. At the twenty-fifth mile post, south, may be remarked the ruins of the Church of Cloncurry, a place from which the late honoured nobleman of that name derived his title. Immediately adjoining is a large earthen mound, not uncommon in Ireland, and usually containing sepulchral deposits of the primitive inhabitants.

Returning to Leixlip station, we proceed along the line on our direct journey. In the distance to the right we see Carton, the princely residence of his Grace the Duke of Leinster, in the Grecian style, built about the close of last century, from designs by Richard Cassels, architect of Leinster House, now the Royal Dublin Society House, in Kildare-street, Dublin, and site and scene of the Great Exhibition of 1853. The demesne, comprising about 1,000 acres, extends by the side of the railway, separated only by the canal and public road, adorned with lakes made by barriers across the little Rye. We have already spoken of its contents in the southern tour. We may also repeat that her Majesty, in 1849, expressed herself highly pleased with the beauty of its natural position and the elegance of the internal decorations.

MAYNOOTH was anciently a chief hold of the Kildare Fitzgeralds. Of the Castle, erected or rebuilt in 1426 by John, sixth Earl, considerable remains exist, viz., a massive keep, which was defended by outworks of great strength and magnitude. Of the towers, placed at intervals along the outer fortifications, several remain in a state to give an idea of the strength of this great Anglo-Norman fortress, often the scene of fierce assault. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was taken by Sir W. Brereton, but restored, together with the estate (confiscated in consequence of the rebellion of "Silken Thomas"), to Gerald, eleventh Earl, but in the 17th century was suffered to decay. The present noble proprietor, the Duke of Leinster, is planting the sloping sides of the ancient fosse, now dried up, with trees suitable to the scene. A portion of the vast old castle extends inside the gates of Maynooth College, which stands at right angles with the front of the ruins. The caretaker is no bad specimen of an Irish expositor of his class; and the tourist may derive, with little trouble, an account of some of the romantic incidents of which this great stronghold of the Geraldines was the scene. The Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth, was opened for students in 1795; since then many additions have been made, by increased grants. Further extensive additions are in course of erection. Until recently the College contained only about 450 students, but the accommodation is now much greater; and there are apartments for professors, a noble hall, and a library, besides numerous offices. There is a magnificent cloister in the early English style of architecture. The visitor is at once admitted, on application, with courtesy and politeness, and what he will see there is described by Sir F. Head with tolerable truthfulness. The parish church is a fine quaint building of the 15th century, its windows remarkable for elegance of detail; and there is a massive tower at the west end, used as a belfry, and, no doubt, as a place of refuge in troublesome times. The round tower of Taghadoe, one of the finest in Ireland, lies about two miles south of Maynooth.

Nineteen miles from Dublin is Killeck, a small market-town on the borders of Counties Meath and Kildare, its annual horse-races, for several days, attracting many visitors. We pass Fernlock, where there is little of interest, save that at the station a coach meets the train, and conveys passengers to Athboy and

TRIM, the county-town of Meath, which lies about twelve miles from Fernlock, and is full of highest interest to archaeologist and artist, as well as the general tourist. It forms the centre of a most attractive district, rich in antiquarian and historic importance and pictorial beauty. Kells, Beehive, and Newtown Abbeys, and the hill of Tara, all lie around it; and though last, certainly not least, Dangan Castle, the birthplace, or at least the early home, of Wellington and Wellesley, is only four miles from the town, and will, of course, be an object of universal attractiveness, now more absorbingly than ever, since the demise of the last of the Gracchi, whose name and deeds have made it immortal. We shall give it (p. 204), not as it has been hypothetically delineated in successive Guide-books for the last quarter of a century, but as it actually stands and looks at this present moment, or at least as it did last year, when drawn for this volume by Mr. Mahony. Here also was the residence of a scarcely less distinguished Irishman, Laracor rectory, of which Swift was incumbent, and a portion of Stella's house. The London tourist, whom Mr. Thackeray's recent graphic, but not very complimentary, criticisms upon the Dean may have imbued with a stronger desire than that derivable merely from books, to explore the region conse-

erated to the memory of the great satirist's mystic and miserable loves, is strongly recommended to Mr. Wilde's delightful book, frequently alluded to, and to another by the same gentleman, wherein he has made the investigation of Swift's alleged madness one of the most charming "psychological curiosities" and interesting medico-metaphysical disquisitions in any language. Hereabouts, in every direction, the traveller treads upon enchanted ground, and objects of interest of almost every kind people the entire region; so that we might almost at random stud our pages with illustrations of relics of a splendid past, and leave him, nearly at hap-hazard, to meet with the originals, for our space renders it wholly impossible that we should attempt any settled tour of route in our enumeration of these subjects, or dwell in detail on those presented. The first of the most conspicuous we now refer to is King John's Castle, founded 1180, by the De Lacy family, the finest remain of Anglo-Norman military architecture in the kingdom, on the south of the Boyne, and enclosing an area of three acres. Next is the tower of St. Mary's Abbey, built by "The Scourge of France," Sir John Talbot, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1415; the castles of the Nangles; and Talbot Castle, until lately the Diocesan School of Meath, wherein Wellington received his earliest education; the parish church, a relic of the 13th century, containing most interesting monuments; the town walls, with the two ancient gateways, the Sheep Gate and Water Gate; an ancient Gothic bridge over the Boyne; and the beautiful monasteries and ancient bridge at Newtown, formerly the seat of the see of Meath. Four miles from Trim, north of the Boyne, are ruins of the magnificent Cistercian monastery of Bective, founded in the 12th century by Murchard O'Melaghlin, king of Meath. The hotel at Trim will accommodate the tourist, who might make this the centre from which to visit the scenery of the Boyne, or Kells, eight miles distant, rich in monuments, and possessing three magnificent stone crosses, described elsewhere. There is no modern building at Trim worthy of especial note, except the County Gaol; and the tourist, after viewing the Wellington Testimonial, a Corinthian column surmounted by a statue of the Duke, will visit the humble house in Trim wherein for some years resided the future hero.

Regaining the railway at the Fernlock station, we see—from the 26th mile-post, looking south—in the distance the ruined walls of Castle Carbury, a chief fortress of the Berminghams, from whom it passed to the Cowleys, ancestors of Wellington. The walls are of two distinct ages; the older, probably a portion of the original castle, erected shortly after the invasion by Henry II.; the remainder dates from the 16th century, built by Sir H. Colley, or Cowley. In a chapel are several monuments to this family, a member of which, Richard Colley, succeeding in 1728 to the estates of his cousin, Garret Wellesley, of Dangan, assumed the arms and name of Wellesley. The Hill of Carbury is famous for many a fierce encounter between the Anglo-Normans and the Irish, and retains several remains of pagan antiquity.

Next station on the line is ENFIELD, formerly remarkable for its extensive hotel and posting establishment. Next is EDENDERRY, a post-town, the property of Lord Downshire, admired for the neatness of its houses, good accommodation, and quiet beauty of scenery. In the vicinity are remains of the monastery of Monasteroris, built by Pierce de Bermingham, head of a great Anglo-Norman clan, who subsequently became "more Irish than the Irish themselves;" the Castle of Kinnafad, a massive quadrangular keep, a stronghold of the same people; and the ruined church and castle of Carrick-

Oris, the scene of the treacherous assassination of Murtagh O'Connor, king of Offaly, and his brother Calwagh, with 29 followers, invited here to a feast, and slain by Bermingham, in 1305. Hereabouts rises the Boyne, upon whose banks "James and William staked a crown." It has its source in the bogs south of Carberry, county of Kildare, and flows to the sea at Drogheda, passing through the towns of Trim and Navan. At Edenderry we cross the river, and catch a glimpse of the church of Clonard, once the seat of the most important see in the east of Ireland. Here, early in the sixth century, St. Finnian founded a monastery, a school famous even abroad for religion and literature. Hither, as Bede informs us, flocked students from the British isles, Armorica, and Germany, at one time about 3,000. For several centuries Clonard increased in fame; the pagan Northmen frequently plundered and burned the city, carrying into slavery the inhabitants. Later, it was frequently sacked by the English, who at length fortified, and, in some measure, rebuilt it. In 1206, Simon de Rochfort, first Anglo-Norman Bishop of Meath, removed the see to Newtown, after which it gradually declined; scarcely a vestige remains, save a magnificent earthwork called a rath, probably the citadel. The modern church contains an antique font of most beautiful workmanship. Adjoining is a mound of pagan times, exactly similar to that at Cloneurly. Soon after leaving Enfield, the line passes through the great Bog of Allen; nothing but heath for some miles, till in view of Kinnegad Church, some miles south. KILDEAN station is a place of little importance at present, but in its neighbourhood is Raten Castle, wherein the Lord-Lieutenant, who had been taken prisoner, was confined in 1450. The black flagstone quarries have built the Custom-house Docks, Dublin. There is little to attract now till we arrive at

MULLINGAR, an assize town of considerable importance, containing, among other public buildings, a barracks for 1,000 men. The one principal street is a mile in length, from which other streets and lanes branch off. Considerable trade in butter, wool, frieze, cattle, pigs, and horses, is carried on. The horse fair, in November, is attended from all parts of Great Britain and the Continent. Unlike most inland towns in Ireland, Mullingar contains no ancient remains. In 1227 and 1237, very famous monasteries were founded here by Ralph le Petyt and the Nugent family. A castle also existed from an early period; and the town, originally founded by the English of the Pale, was fortified from time to time, lastly by General De Guinkel. The magnificent sheets of water in this neighbourhood have infinite attraction, and furnish the richest sport, being well stored with the finest trout of great size, pike, and other prey. The drive from Mullingar to Multifarnham, five miles, affords striking picturesque views of Lough Owel, where is the abbey, founded in 1236, by William de la Mar, or Delamere, for conventual Franciscans, who, until Charles II., had not been expelled by those to whom the abbey was granted at the dissolution of monasteries. Shortly after the civil war of 1641—the plans for which, it has been said, were settled within its walls—the building was suffered to decay; and remained a ruin till 1823, when it again fell to the Franciscans, of whom several reside adjoining the old church.

The canal, which from Dublin to Mullingar runs parallel within a few yards of the railway, at Multifarnham branches off in the direction of Longford, and for the first time is completely lost sight of. The country from this point to Athlone, though but thinly populated, was once the most thickly-inhabited part of Ireland, as may be judged from the number of

raths, or circular works of earth, upon or within which the dwellings of the ancient Irish were placed. Derrivarra, one of the three great lakes in the vicinity of Mullingar, is left at a short distance to the north. About seven miles from Mullingar the line passes through Glamerstown, a wild, hilly district, wherein is a small circle of stones, about which many human bones and sepulchral urns have been discovered (particularly during the construction of this railway), doubtless marking the scene of some long-forgotten battle.

From Mullingar station a fine view is obtained of Lough Ennel, frequently called Belvidere Lake, from the beautiful residence of the late Earl of Lanesborough. The lake is four and a-half miles in length by one and a-half in



BIRTHPLACE OF GOLDSMITH. DRAWN BY MARONY.

breadth, stored with fish, the grounds containing some of the finest timber in the country. Near the shore of the lake, is a pile, built at enormous expense to represent a ruined castle. Rochfort House, seat of Sir F. Hopkins, Bart., adjoins Belvidere, in the midst of a noble demesne, but has not been occupied by him for some years, he being one day shot at. A man named Bryan Scery was convicted of this crime on circumstantial evidence, and died at Mullingar, declaring his innocence. This occurrence led to the abandonment of the place and of the improvements which had promised to make Belvidere one of the finest private residences in the kingdom.

We next arrive at STREAMSTOWN, a decayed village, between which and Moate the line passes through a cutting in the limestone rock of a very considerable extent, and, by an embankment, crosses Lake Ballinderry, remark-

able for great depth in parts, and for the size of its pike and trout. In 1850, during the drainage of a portion, were discovered remains of an artificial island, vast quantities of bones of extinct races of animals, with various antiquities, chiefly swords and spears; also canoes, rudely fashioned, cut out of a single tree.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—Here again is enchanted ground, every inch of which, to be fittingly described, would need the genial pen and congenial spirit of him to whom the latest and best biographer has so fittingly and feelingly inscribed the “Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith.”* Referring to that delightful book for all and everything about immortal Noll, inexorable space, and the harder utilitarian necessities of a railway finger-post—for our little volume aspires to be no more—compel us prosaically to say that

AUBURN lies a few miles north of the line, from Mullingar to Athlone by Ballymahon. Its name originally was Lishoy; and in the immediate vicinity is the ruin of the parsonage of the poet's father,† the original “Vicar of Wakefield,” whose son was here born. Mr. Mahony visited the place for us in April, 1853, and his graceful pencil testifies that “the never-failing brook, the busy mill,” are at work as of old. “The decent church” still tops the neighbouring hill. Close to the ruined parsonage is the alchouse known as “The Three Pigeons,” where

Village statesmen talked with looks profound,
While news much older than their ale went round.

Of

The hawthorn tree with seats beneath, a shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made,

no vestige remains, though the spot where it is said to have grown is well remembered, and still pointed out. This tree was sold long ago, bit by bit.

* TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Genius and its rewards are briefly told :
A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.
New-writ, nor lightly weighed, that story old
In gentle Goldsmith's life I here unfold :
Through other than lone wild or desert-gloom,
In its mere joy and pain, its blight and bloom,
Adventurous. Come with me and behold
O friend with heart as gentle for distress,
As resolute with fine wise thoughts to bind
The happiest to the unhappiest of our kind,
That there is fiercer crowded misery
In garret-toil and London loneliness
Than in cruel islands 'mid the far-off sea.—JOHN FORSTER.

† The Rev. Charles Goldsmith was a Protestant clergyman, with an uncertain stipend, which, with the help of some fields he farmed, and occasional duties he performed for the rector of an adjoining parish, who was uncle to his wife, averaged £40 a-year. A new birth was but a new burden; and little dreamt that humble village preacher, then, or ever, that from the date of that 10th November, 1728, on which his Oliver was born, his own virtues and very foibles were to be a legacy of pleasure to many generations of men. For they who have loved, laughed, and wept, with the Man in Black of “The Citizen of the World,” the Preacher of “The Deserted Village,” and Doctor Primrose in “The Vicar of Wakefield,” have given laughter, love, and tears, to the Rev. Charles Goldsmith.—*Forster's Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith*, 1848.

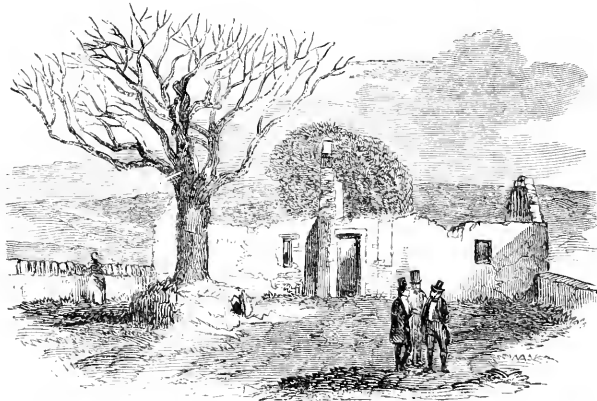
to tourists; but we have Mr. Mahony's unerring evidence, that within the last few months the apple-tree in the garden of the vicarage was in the enjoyment of a lusty and vigorous old age, as will be readily inferred from our little sketch.



APPLE-TREE IN GOLDSMITH'S GARDEN.

Alack! however, for the romance of topography, we have all this while been assisting the reader to the perpetration of the Irishism of being in a different place altogether, as he will soon see from Mr. Forster's pages:—

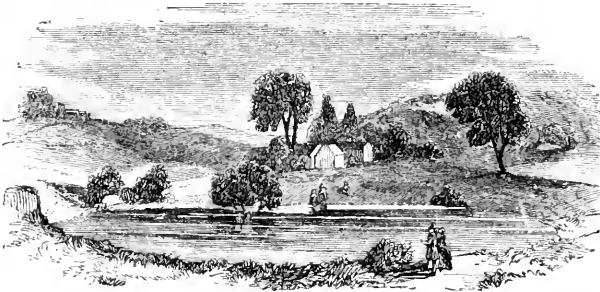
“Beautifully is it said by Campbell, that ‘fiction in poetry is not the



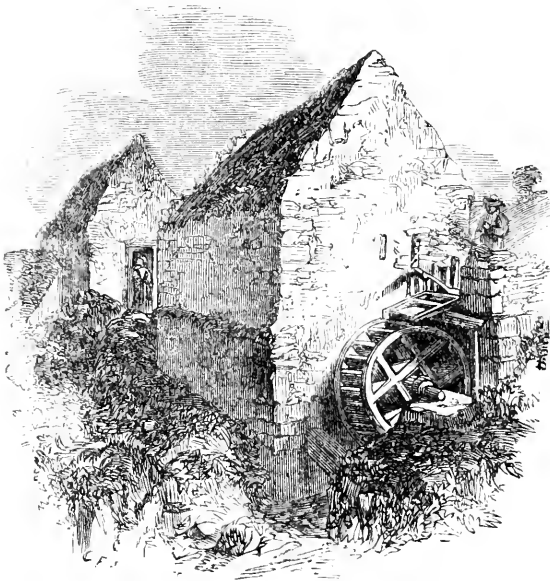
Goldsmith's Village Ale-house—the “Three Jolly Pigeons”—with Coffey, the Guide, pointing out “the Hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade.”

reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has seldom been united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of the *Deserted Village*. It is to be added that everything in it is English, the feelings, incidents, descriptions, and allusions;

and that this consideration may save us needless trouble in seeking to identify sweet Auburn with Lissoy. Scenes of the poet's youth had doubtless risen in his memory as he wrote, mingling with, and taking altered hue from,



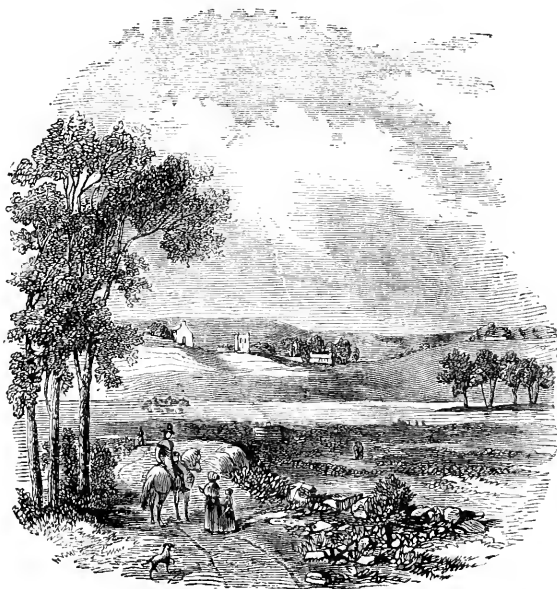
“AUBURN, LOVELIEST VILLAGE OF THE PLAIN,”



“THE NEVER-FAILING BROOK—THE BUSY MILL.”

later experiences: it is even possible he may have taken the first hint of his design from a local Westmeath poet and schoolmaster, who, in his youth, had given rhymed utterance to the old tenant grievances of the Irish rural

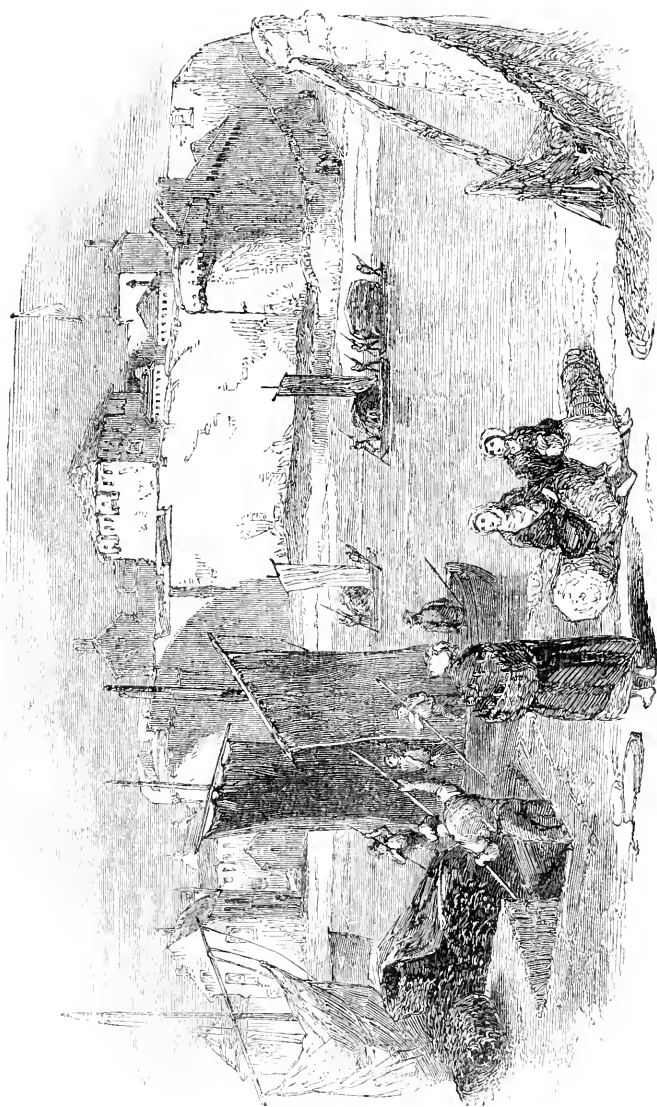
population; nor could complaints that were also loudest in these boyish days at Lissoy, of certain reckless and unsparing evictions by which one General Naper had persisted in improving his estate, have passed altogether from Goldsmith's memory. But there was nothing local in his present aim; or if there was, it was the rustic life and rural scenery of England. It is quite natural that Irish enthusiasts should have found out the fence, the furze, the thorn, the decent church, the never-failing brook, the busy mill; it was to be expected that pilgrims should have borne away every vestige of the first hawthorn they could lay their hands on; it was perfectly reasonable, and in the way of business, to rebuild the village inn, as Mr. Hogan did,



“THE DECENT CHURCH THAT TOPP’D THE NEIGHBOURING HILL.”

and fix broken tea-cups in the wall, that pilgrims might not carry *them* away, and to christen his speculation by the name of Auburn.”

The country, from Auburn to Athlone, is not remarkable. The tourist, stopping at Athlone, should not fail to make an excursion upon the magnificent Lough Ree, an expansion of the Shannon. Quaker Island, in that portion of Lough Ree included within County Longford, contains some most interesting primitive ecclesiastical remains; and the ancient Anglo-Norman castle of Saint John's, eight miles from Athlone, on the Rosecommon side, would amply repay a visit. It was erected in 1227 by Geoffrey de Marisco, and Turlogh, son of Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, and has often changed hands, and been frequently stormed and burnt by Irish as well as English. Lough Ree is an admirable field for the angler, containing the finest salmon, pike, perch, and other fish, some trout weighing nearly twenty pounds. Nothing further need now detain us till we reach



ATHLONE CASTLE, DRAWN BY SAMUEL LOVER.



ATHLONE, an important trading town and military station, on the Shannon, which here separates Leinster and Connaught, and the counties of Westmeath and Roscommon. The castle, of which Lover's fine view is taken from the railway, is of great antiquity, but in perfect repair, strengthened with additional fortifications, some very recent. Once Athlone was the chief pass from Leinster to Connaught; and, soon after the settlement of the Anglo-Normans, became one of their strongholds. Of the ancient walls portions remain; and the north gate, a square tower of Elizabeth's time, was pulled down only a few years ago. Several relics are still preserved, one being the doorway of the residence of General de Ginkell at the siege in 1689, and is represented in the foregoing initial letter. The renowned bridge of Athlone, which spanned the Shannon at the place of the ancient ford, rendered famous by the desperate encounter upon it between the army of King James, under St. Ruth, and King William's soldiers, under Ginkell, in 1691, was pulled down a few years ago, and replaced by the present graceful structure. The barracks, adjoining the castle, can accommodate 267 artillery, 592 infantry, and 107 horse; and there is an armoury of 15,000 stand of arms. Of numerous monasteries, scarcely any remains

exist; probably they were destroyed during some of the many sieges, the most memorable of which occurred in the Revolution, when in ten days Ginkell, in taking a portion of the town which held out for James, expended 12,000 cannon-balls, 600 shells, many tons of stone-shot, and fifty of powder; the loss of the defenders being 1,200. In 1697 the citadel was struck by lightning, when 260 barrels of powder, 10,000 charged hand-grenades, besides other combustibles, exploded, destroying nearly the whole of the town. Besides the church of the Establishment, and several Roman Catholic chapels, Athlone contains Baptists' and Primitive and Wesleyan Methodists' chapels. There are no modern buildings worthy of particular notice. Immediately above the town the Shannon expands into Lough Ree, on which a regatta is held in August.

A sail down the Shannon in any of the fine steamboats belonging to the Shannon Navigation Company is a delightful trip; and if the tourist wish, he may here diverge from his direct route to Galway, and proceed down the river to Limerick, thence on to Tarbert, Tralee, and Killarney. The Shannon scenery from Athlone to Limerick is in one place rocky and desolate; in another, rich and exquisitely-wooded banks; here the waters expand into an inland sea, so great is their extent, in some instances measuring in breadth ten or twelve miles. For those who may not have much time, and who would wish, nevertheless, to carry away some idea of the general appearance of the Shannon, &c., we would specially recommend a visit to Clonmacnoise, six miles by water from Athlone, and where boats may be hired. In the sixth century, St. Keiran the younger, who had received from Dermot MacCervail, king of Ireland, a grant of the site, founded here a monastery,

whither came students from Great Britain, and, as at Clonard, from the continent. Clonmacnoise declined soon after the arrival of the English; who did not till Elizabeth's time remove the bells from the church towers. The ruins comprise the walls of seven churches of the highest antiquity; two very perfect round towers; a mediæval castle, within the bounds of a great pagan rath; two most beautiful sculptured crosses; besides inscribed stones, from the seventh and eighth century downwards. The ruins are in King's County; the counties of Westmeath, Roscommon, and King's County, meeting at a point in the Shannon, nearly midway between Athlone and Clonmacnoise.

On the direct line to Galway there are few things to arrest us between Athlone and Ballinasloe, except the fine viaduct over the Suck, across which the train passes. Ballinasloe, a town of considerable size, partly in County Roscommon, but chiefly in County Galway, containing some handsome buildings, and remarkable for the great fair held from the 5th to 9th October, the largest cattle mart in the kingdom; attended from all parts of Great Britain and the continent. Garbally, seat of Lord Clancarty, in the immediate vicinity of the town (his lordship is proprietor), is beautifully laid out, and the house contains some fine pictures, and free access is generously granted to both. The ruins of a castle, of great strength in Elizabeth's time, are situated upon the Roscommon side of the Suck, and the fosse and several flanking towers remain. Four miles from Ballinasloe is the village of Aughrim, remarkable from the battle on the adjoining fields of Kilcommadan, in 1691, between James and William, when the former was totally routed, and St. Ruth, his general, killed. However, the point from which the tourist should start for the scene of this great and decisive conflict is Athlone; and it has been the cause of much wonderment that Mr. Creasey did not give this hand-to-hand fight precedence to his namesake (the battle). A very little consideration would have shown him that Aughrim was not a fight merely 'twixt James and William, but between the rival religions—between despotism and constitutional liberty, and which, if lost by William, would probably have prevented us now saying what we thought of the matter. A part of the ruins of Aughrim Castle can still be traced; and in the village are a church, chapel, and small Methodist meeting-house.

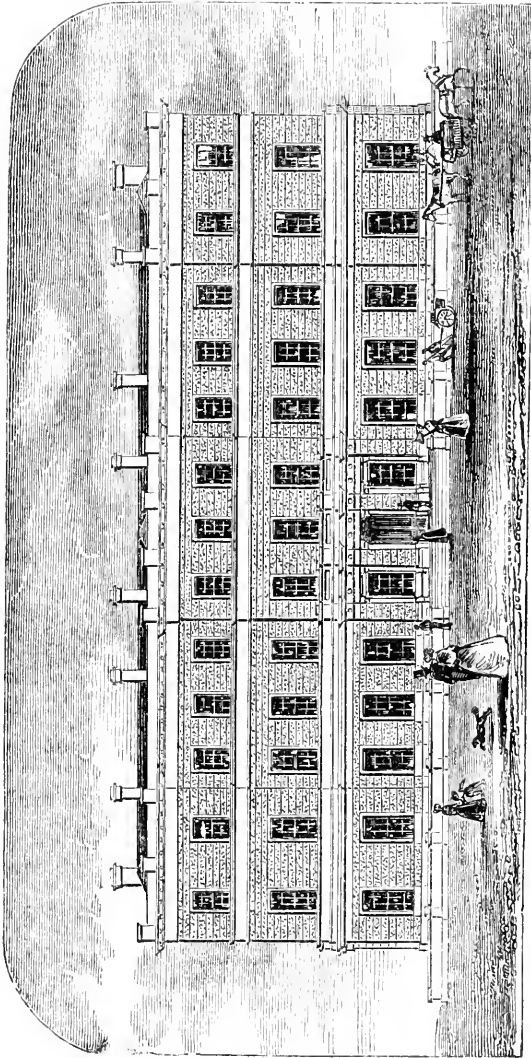
The next object of interest we meet is Kilconnel, a village where a monastery for Franciscan friars was founded about 1460. Nearly the entire shell of this most beautiful structure remains. A little further on we come to Athenry, a village also most remarkable for its ancient buildings, of which the castle, built in the thirteenth century by the De Bermingham family, is the most perfectly preserved. The Dominican Abbey is, perhaps, one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the whole country.

Besides the castle and its religious houses, the old town retains a great portion of its wall, and one of its ancient castellated gateways. The former, which is of considerable height and thickness, is defended at intervals by round towers of great strength.

We have now almost accomplished our journey to Galway, near the seventh mile-post from which we pass the ruined Castle of Derrydonnell; and from about the twenty-first, we see Oranmore Castle, built by the great Earl of Clanricarde. The splendid swivel bridge at Lough Athalia, said to be the largest in the world, next arrests attention, when the tourist finds himself before the magnificent railway terminus and hotel of the ancient

town of Galway, the head-quarters for all tourists making the journey into the regions of Connemara.

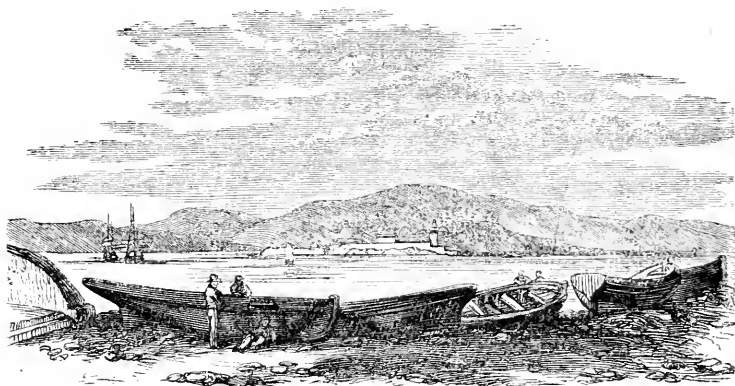
TOWN OF GALWAY.—As we said at the beginning of this tour, Galway, the western metropolis of Ireland, is full of interest. Situated upon the finest Atlantic harbour, and connected by rail with all parts of the kingdom, it is destined to assume a proud position among the ports of the British empire. Of its history, before the arrival of the English, little is known. In 1132, the castle was levelled by Connor, king of Munster, and again in 1149. In the thirteenth century it was strengthened by walls and towers, and soon grew to rival Limerick. In 1396 a charter was granted, and a mint established. It continued to flourish till about the close of the sixteenth century, when its trade appears to have died out. There are many points possessing peculiar attraction for the antiquarian, the historian, the politician, and the artist. Numberless old buildings to interest the first; historical associations to engage the attention of the second; memorials and passing scenes to set on the *qui vive* the thinking powers of the third; and ever-changing views, at almost every street-end, to rivet the eye of the fourth. Among the few modern buildings, the most conspicuous is Queen's College, and is distinguished, among many other characteristics, by having for its librarian the venerable James Hardiman, whose labours in familiarising the reading world with the archaeological glories of the noble old town that claims him as one of its worthiest citizens, have justly endeared him to his countrymen in particular, and to the republic of letters generally. What the Rev. Mr. White has done for the natural history of Selborne, Mr. Hardiman has accomplished for the civic history of Galway—he has left nothing untold; and what he has told, has never been so well told before. Half the labour of his life has been exhausted on legal antiquities for the legislature, and the other half has been devoted to a work of love—the resuscitation of the antiquarian treasures of his country. His “Irish Minstrelsy” complements his taste; his “History of Galway” establishes his erudition. Fortunately, Queen's College is now profiting by his personal services. From him we learn, curiously enough, what Galway anciently was. Looking out upon the Atlantic, from its harbour, a ship could sail right on for Spain, which supplied the wine the Irish chiefs loved, while Ireland cured pork and butter best, for warm climates and the West Indies; and a profitable trade was the consequence. Strength first offered security to merchants, and consequent wealth augmented the capacity to protect. High walls and strong gates forbade the approach of the “cruel O'Flahertys,” whom the legends on their portals denounced; and the citizens, who delighted to record on their tombs the fact of their being “real Englishmen,” made a history and a prosperity for themselves. They often found it more convenient to buy the enemy off than fight them. Athenry, the English capital of the province, more bold, was less fortunate; and its remarkable ruins, fourteen miles distant, tell the story of its greatness and its fall, as we have seen; whilst Galway still flourishes, a pleasant town, and a hopeful mart of trade. The impress of Spain is still upon the place, for the houses and the customs are Spanish. It was night when we arrived (says the chronicler of the party, of which Lover and Liebig were two), and strolling out with a foreign gentleman and a Liverpool friend, from Kilroy's Hotel, we were surprised to find the principal street full of pleasure-seeking people at eleven o'clock! It is the same here as at Seville; the “mall” was crowded with all classes, operatives and ladies, gentlemen, “half-sirs,” and “spalpeens.” They were



RAILWAY TERMINUS AND HOTEL.

right merry and audibly happy. Inglis, Lord John Manners, and Sir F. Head, three travellers well conversant with Spanish usage, testify strongly to this Iberian similitude, of which, indeed, the Galwegians are not a little proud.

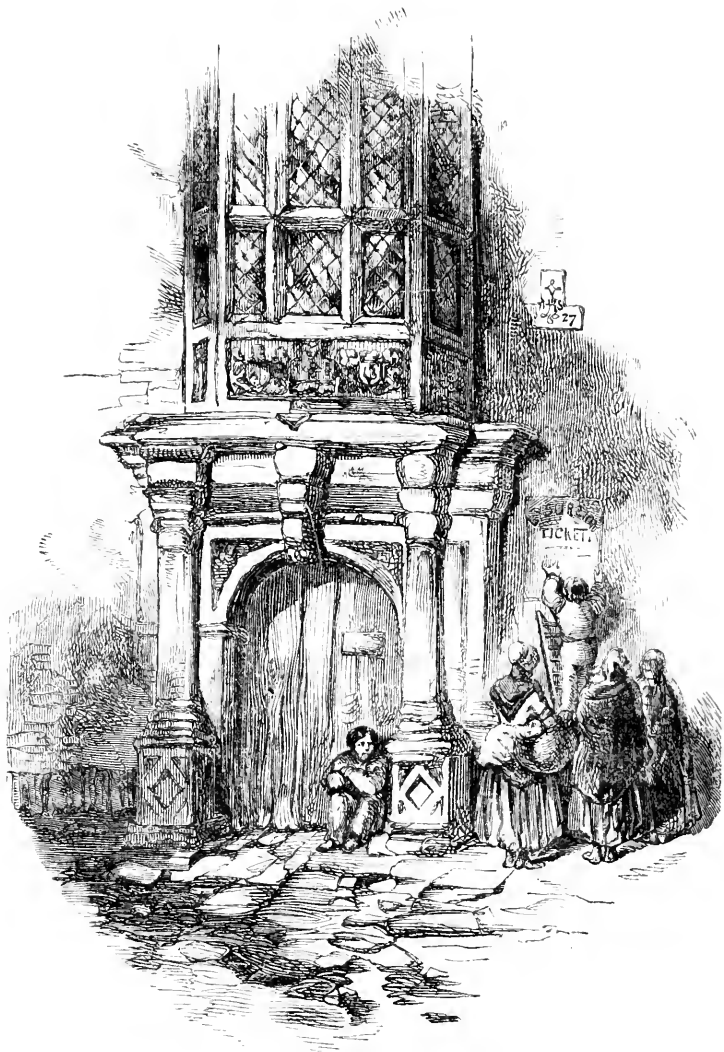
Anciently Galway was more prosperous than at present. The old buildings show this. The houses of the Lynches and the Blakes remain to testify to a prudent pursuit of wealth—the dwelling, store, and counting-house, being in juxtaposition. Elaborate carving demonstrates taste and pride; and the marbles of the vicinity enabled the architect to impart strength, durability, and grandeur to the merchant's home. The obtusion of the gable end on the street is peculiarly Spanish; but it must be confessed that the modern houses, with plate-glass windows, indicate an improvement in taste and comfort. In brief, there is no town in Ireland with so decided a *promise* about it, and certainly not one with as great capacity for advancement. It is the capital of Connaught; and although Connaught is poor,



GALWAY BAY AND LIGHT-HOUSE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

still a capital is something. Then there is a prodigious motive-power in the town; Lough Corrib can turn some hundred under-shot wheels, and suitable manufactures will soon, we trust, call them into operation. Labour is cheap, and the people have infinite intelligence, if rightly interrogated.

At present, the people of Galway anticipate much from their harbour; it is, indeed, a fine one: the royal commissioners libelled it, for it can accommodate the "Great Britain." This, and others with it, will enter Galway Bay when there is trade for them, and that will not be long coming, according to all present appearances. A packet-station established, manufactures would assuredly suggest themselves, even if they did not lead the way. Galway is, therefore, right in contending for the appointment of a packet-station, and a packet-station in some form it will be. Just now, perhaps, news come quick enough from the United States; but let there be a transatlantic war or an insurrection, let Russia make good her threats of plundering our Australian merchantment in the Pacific, and even the



OLD DOOR PORCH AT GALWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

swiftest ships of Collins or Cunard will be considered as tedious as a hag that limps as she moves. A stoppage at Galway will then relieve anxiety by two long days. A telegraph to Dublin, already established, across the Channel, and on to London [long in operation], will tell Lord Aberdeen what has been done in Quebec or New York seven days after the transaction. In England we never anticipate; we wait upon events; but, when the exigency arrives, we stir ourselves. When things unpleasant take place on the other side of the Atlantic, Galway will be a packet-station, or at least some port will be on the south-west shores of Ireland.

We have said that Galway has been equally fortunate in its historian as he in his theme. The "City of the Tribes" is as unlike any other place in Ireland as Chester is any in England; and perhaps there is greater similarity between these two spots at the opposite extremes of our tour than could be found if the respective countries were searched from one end to the other for a parallel. The slightest glance at Galway suffices to show how



PATRICK O'FLAHERTY.



GALWAY FISHERWOMAN.

prominent and distinctive is that foreign aspect which all travellers have immediately recognised, not only in its architectural, but in its human features. For instance, it might readily be imagined that Mahony's street view was taken on the shores of the Mediterranean or the Bay of Biscay. And who can doubt that the human corresponds with the architectural aspect of the place, when looking upon Lover's delineation of one of the itinerant street celebrities, long familiar to most of the inhabitants of that city, but now dead? Or take Lover's specimen of the opposite sex—one of the fisherwomen of the Cladagh, a district as peculiar in Galway as Galway itself is peculiar to Ireland. Might not those Arab-visaged beings be the actual effigies of some gipsy instrument in one or other of the dark and romantic deeds of other days and other climes, which the old structures all around are continually prompting reminiscences of, and some of which indeed have witnessed tragedies as thrilling as any the annals of the Moor or the Andalusian supply? One of those edifices, in particular, is always pointed out as pre-eminent, the occurrences of which it was the principal

theatre having been repeatedly appropriated by the fictionist and the dramatist, and of course by the local annalist. It is commonly called Lynch's house; * but the incidents whence it derives that appellation we must leave the reader to gather on the spot, which he may do with very little trouble, for all the men of the West are full of the data on which is founded the "Warden of Galway." Without dwelling on that peculiar district of Galway called the Cladagh, sacred to the fishermen, and governed in a great measure by their own laws and observances, we must linger no longer in this fine and famous old town and prosperous new one, but must hurry off to that noble land of promise on whose confines it is situate, and of whose speedy well-doing its own is, we trust, assuredly significant.

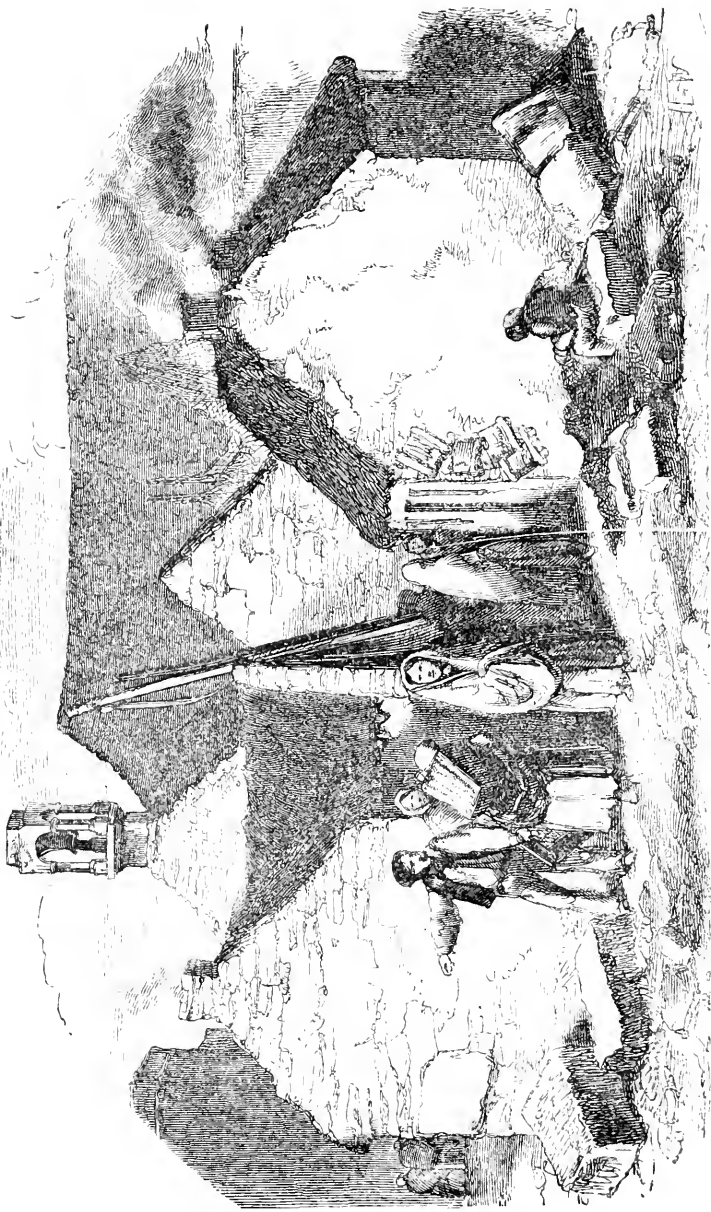
ROUTES TO CONNEMARA FROM GALWAY.—Entering now upon the strange and beautiful region of Connemara, we must prepare our readers with a summary of the means of getting there. A stage-car starts every morning at nine for Clifden, through Oughterard and Ballinahinch, and arrives at Clifden at four; fare 7s. 6d. This route commands a view of the finest mountain scenery, and passes through the entire length of the Martin estates, lately purchased by the Law Life Insurance Company, for £180,000, but now in the Encumbered Estates Court, as the company have certainly not realised either their own expectations or those of the public, especially as embodied in the speech of Lord Chief Justice Campbell, the head of the association, to his tenantry at Moycullen last year. At Clifden there is a good inn and moderate charges; post-cars and carriages, 8d. per Irish mile. A two-horse long car, from Clifden for Westport three times a week, passes by the lately-colonised English settlements of Mr. James Ellis (brother of the member for Leicester); Mr. Eastwood (one of the earliest of the new English settlers, and so eulogised by Sir R. Peel), &c. &c.; the latter near Lake Kylemore, where is a good inn, kept by a clergyman. You now pass Killery Bay, reckoned the very finest mountain scenery in Ireland, where are several settlements, schools, &c., worth a visit. The next place of much interest to the tourist is Westport—a large town, with inns and hotels as good as in Dublin, and our recommendation of which last year produced such an influx of visitors as seriously to rufle the equanimity of the generally imperturbable Sir Francis Head. Next is the superb demesne of Lord Sligo, lying between the town and Clew Bay, and open to all visitors. Clew Bay, famous in common with many others on the west coast of Ireland, as being reputed to contain 365 islands, affords so beautiful a prospect, that all tourists are enraptured with it.

There is no public conveyance from Westport to Achill, but good post-cars can be had at Westport and Newport (six miles between) for 8d. per Irish mile, the flax-mills lately established at the latter place being an object of interest to the visitor. Achill Sound is 17 miles; there cars and horses and ponies can be had, and ferried over (100 yards) for use in the islands. Thence to the missionary settlement, being nine miles from the

* When James Lynch Fitz-Stephen was Mayor of Galway, in 1493, his son, a fine young man, stung with rage and jealousy at the supposed intentions of his friend, a Spanish gentleman, towards a beautiful young lady to whom he was affianced, one fatal evening plunged his poniard into the bosom of his friend, and threw the body into the river. He gave himself up as the murderer. The father, like another Brutus, sat in judgment on his only son, and condemned him to die as a victim due to public justice. The *memento mori* over the door bears the date of 1624, when Lynch's old house is said to have been rebuilt as it now stands.

Sound, and for various reasons well worth a visit. There is an inn at the colony, and also some shops. A mail-coach starts from Galway every day, passing through Shrule, Castlebar, and Westport, to Sligo. A day-coach also runs the same as the mail. All information as to charges, &c., may be had at Mr. Bianconi's office, Broadstone, or at Galway, and on no account should the traveller omit making full inquiries preparatory to his progress from either point.

CONNEMARA AND THE WILD WEST.—This time two years, when introducing the tourist to Connemara, it was necessary to preface our chapter with somewhat minute particulars as to the mere whereabouts of the place, so completely unknown was it to the herd of summer travellers in Ireland. Now, fortunately, it is as familiar at least as Wicklow used to be a dozen years ago. We are most happy to say, that comparatively few who availed themselves of the Excursion Tickets of the last two years failed to penetrate into this beautiful region, and still fewer to return unimpressed with the truthfulness of the description we gave, not only of its scenic charms, but of its capabilities for agricultural and even commercial purposes, of which advantage has been taken to such an extent, through the medium of the Encumbered Estates Court, and private purchases, that nearly the whole proprietary has been changed—and the owners and even tillers of the soil here stamp the “Saxon in Ireland” to a degree unsurpassed even among the London Companies in the North. The first impulse to English travelling in Connemara was undoubtedly given by Inglis, whose description of the Titanic family of the Joyces, and of Miss Flynn—that magnificent creature, the daughter of the hostess, with fine, expressive, and somewhat aristocratic face, and a form of perfect symmetry;” in short, the finest specimen of an Irish girl he had seen in all Ireland—set travellers on the *qui vive* to behold the land of such phenomena. This was in 1834. Only two years afterward, Mr. Barrow, whose description of Connemara is, perhaps, the very best portion of his admirable “Tour Round Ireland,” found Big Jack Joyce preparing to enlarge his hostelry for increased visitors consequent upon the publication of Inglis's book. But even then, the feelings with which a trip to the romantic Killeries was regarded may be inferred from the conversation reported by Barrow:—“After dinner Joyce and I had an agreeable *tête-à-tête*. One of the first subjects he discussed was, the dread that our countrymen seem to have of travelling through Connemara. He said he really believed that all who had gone through his country (speaking of strangers) expected to have their throats cut, and asked me if I had entertained no fears myself. I told him none whatever, but admitted that my friends in England had cautioned me not to enter his country alone. This amused Joyce amazingly, observing, that he supposed the people of England thought them all savages; but he hoped now that, for the last two or three years, the ice had been broken, his countrymen would be better known. I found that in the present year one of my friends, the Rev. Edward Stanley [afterwards Bishop of Norwich], and in 1834 another, Mr. Greig, had paid him a visit; he spoke in high terms of both these gentlemen, and said he should always be proud of receiving Englishmen in his house. I can only say, from the short experience I have had, that in no part of the country have I met with people more harmless or better disposed; and on his questioning me closely as to the treatment I had experienced, and what I thought of his countrymen, I told him they appeared to me an uncommonly fine race of men, very good-



IN THE CLADAGH AT GALWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

humoured, and extremely respectful and polite in their behaviour to strangers; that all I had met, few enough it must be admitted, moved their hats as they passed me on the road, a mark of respect rarely paid (as I have observed in every country through which I have travelled) in the neighbourhood of large towns. Joyce seemed to think it odd that these parts should so long be held in such ill-repute, and supposed it could only be owing to certain parties wishing to keep folks away from it, by giving it a bad name; but he was glad to find that a change was fast taking place."

Mr. Barrow's book dissipated the dread his gigantic host had deplored, and largely augmented the influx for which Joyce had then begun to prepare. Gradually the tide increased; receiving a strong accession in 1843, when the Anglo-reading public heard, from an accredited author, not



PRIVATE PURSUIT OF THE PICTURESQUE IN CONNAUGHT.

given to simulated raptures, of the multitudinous charms of that panorama of which Mr. Thackeray remarks:—"The Clifden car conducts the passenger over one of the most wild and beautiful districts that ever it is the fortune of a traveller to examine. At how much pains and expense honest English cockneys go and look after natural beauties far inferior in countries which, though more distant, are not a whit more strange than this one." This applied to the mere ordinary mail road, and did not imply a necessity for the least deviation from the beaten track, in the manner indicated in the accompanying sketch.

It is needless to say that the famine put an almost total stop to pleasure traffic in Ireland in general, and in the West in particular. Still it was the immediate incentive for the exploration and subsequent colonisation of the district by those pioneers of every good work, the Society of Friends, who

have done wonders in the way of prudential benevolence and public spirit—or rather miracles, as they ought to be called, considering the impediments thrown in their way—as described by Miss Martineau, viz. :—

“What a pity it is that the Quakers cannot purchase in the Encumbered Estates Court! Everybody is sorry; they would make so admirable a class of purchasers! But the arrangement about tithes precludes their buying those estates. Can nothing be done about this? It has been very striking to us that the one opinion in which we have found sensible, benevolent, well-informed, practical men most earnestly agreeing, throughout the length and breadth of the land, is this—that the best hope for Ireland lies in the settlement of British capitalists, who shall pay wages in cash, make no inquiry into any man’s religion, do justly, lead a quiet life, and leave others in peace and quiet. This is the very description of the Quaker settlers already here. Must the passage hither through the Encumbered Estates Court be closed against them alone?”

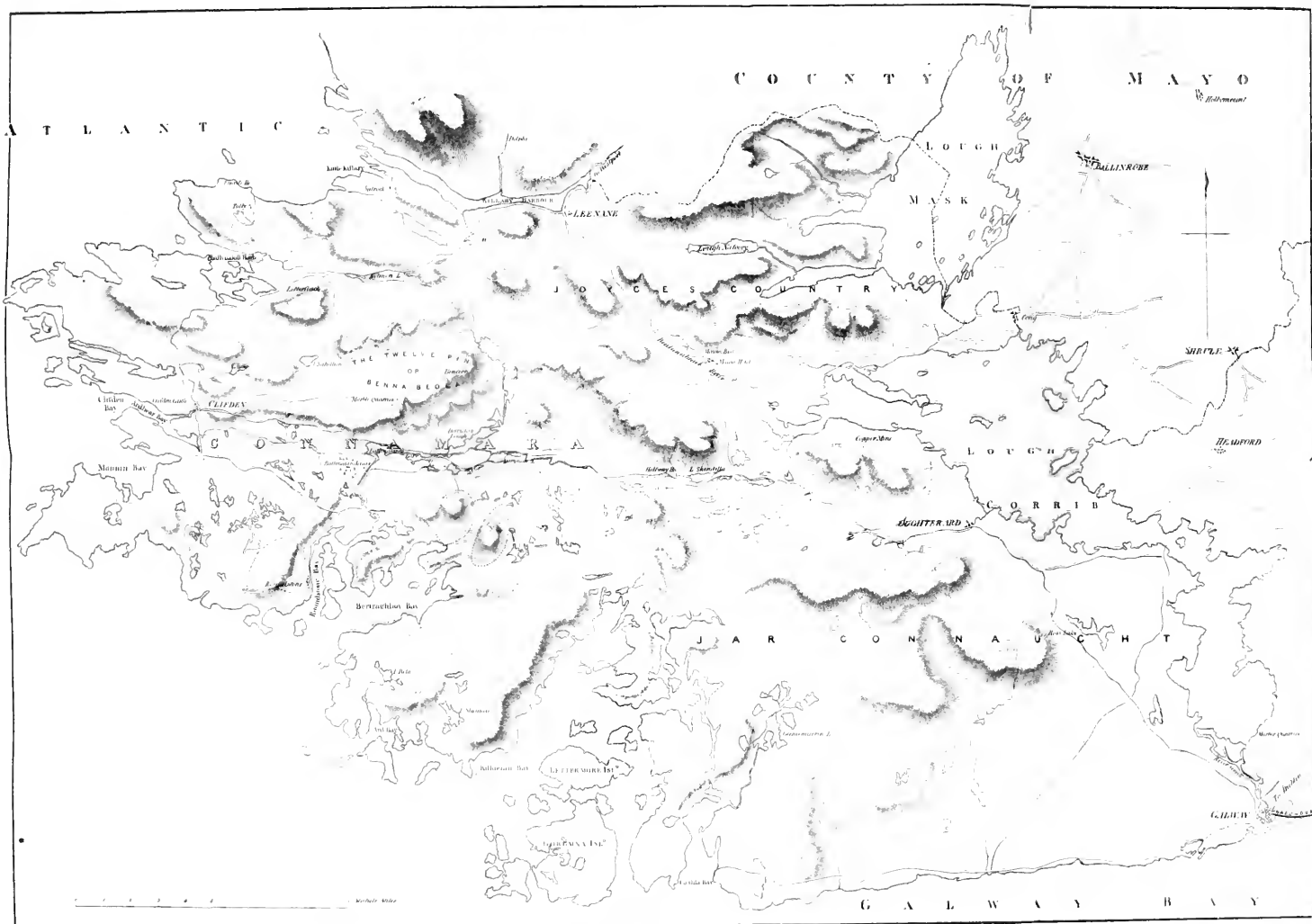
We rejoice to believe that our little book has been the means of effecting immense good by calling—we may say general—attention to the practical suggestions thrown out in the admirable letter addressed to the originator of the Tourist Ticket System by Mr. F. Twining (a near relative of the eminent London banker, of the same name), who has been one of the most conspicuous of all the Anglo-colonists in Connemara. He then said, writing from Cleggan :—“The difficulty is in accommodation, for there is a total want of hotels, situated in picturesque spots on the sea-coast, which is the most attractive part of the scenery here. At the hotel in Clifden, though you may be made comfortable, that is not what tourists only want. They get enough of towns, probably, at home. Retirement, with sea-bathing, and boating, and fishing, are what they require. I think the favourite route into Connemara, when the navigation is completed, will be by steamer from Galway, up Lough Corrib, to Maume, and there should be a good hotel either there or at the Killeries (Leenane), seven miles on, which, being on the main road between Clifden and Westport, and beautifully situated on the sea-shore, and in the immediate vicinity of the highest mountains, is a very important spot. Duncan’s Hotel, at Kylemore, is comfortable for gentlemen, but there is a want of private sitting-rooms, or requisite comforts for ladies. From Kylemore, all along the coast of Ballynakill Bay to Cleggan Bay, a most picturesque ride, till you come to Clifden, there is no hotel or house to be let. The road round by Cleggan Bay is a *détour* from the main road, of about four miles; it is passable for a car, in fine weather, and I hope to get it perfectly finished next year. The view from Cleggan Tower is extremely fine on a clear day, and there are curious caves in the cliffs. I am certain there is no better speculation than building hotels and bathing-lodges in this part of the country; and I am sure landlords would give every encouragement to the undertaking. I forgot to say the hotel at Maume, though small, is very comfortable.” As the little mountain snugery, just named, is one repeatedly alluded to in the text, we have introduced our readers to it, or rather to its immediate approach, without waiting their arrival at its precise whereabouts in due course. Several of the suggestions thrown out by Mr. Twining have already been acted upon, and others are being followed up in a manner that will speedily, we trust, obviate nearly every reasonable objection of the kind referred to. With these introductory remarks, we now commence our Connemara trip, for which purpose we must trespass on the highly effective and truthful pages of Miss Martineau, as far



ON THE ROAD BETWEEN MAUME AND OUGHTERARD, BETWEEN HALF-WAY HOUSE AND MAUME HOTEL, JOYCE'S COUNTRY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



CONNAMARA (THE IRISH HIGHLANDS)



preferable, or at least far more acceptable, than anything we could offer ourselves.

“There are few things in the world more delightful than a drive at sunset, in a bright autumn evening, among the mountains and lakes of Connemara. A friend of ours describes the air of his favourite place by saying it is like breathing champaign. The air here, on such an evening, is like breathing cream. It has the best qualities of the sea and land breeze at once. Then there are the grand bare mountains, the Bannobcra, or Twelve Pins, with caprices of sunlight playing about their solemn heads, and shining into their dark purple depths, and below are waters untraceable and incalculable. We are here at the ends of the earth to all appearance; for the land is as a fringe, with the water running in everywhere between its streaks. There are salt waters and fresh: bays, lakes, river, dashing torrents, mirror-like pools, a salmon-leap here, an inlet for shell-fish there, and, receding behind, Ballinahinch Lough, with its little island, just big enough to hold the old castle, now a ruin, where tradition says that ‘Dick Martin’ used to imprison people who were guilty of cruelty to animals. Then comes a basin of turf—a filled-up lake, as any one may see, with the last little pool in the middle fast turning into bog. Close at hand are broken banks, gaudy with heath and bog flowers in vast variety; and beyond spreads the bronzed moorland, with foreign-looking goats, black and white, browsing in a group; and sea-gulls dipping, as if they took it for the sea. Along the road are brown-faced girls and boys, all healthy-looking, and many handsome; and women finishing their reaping and binding for the day—their madder-red petticoats and blue cloaks throwing a wonderful charm of colour into the scene. And next, we cannot but observe that cottages are whitewashed as we approach Clifden. This was noticeable in the neighbourhood of the mansion lately called the Martins’ Castle; and pleasant it was to see neat white cottages up on the hill-sides, each with its ‘stooks’ of oats before it. The most experienced travellers find one piece of experience ever fresh and striking—their inability to anticipate, through any amount of previous reading and inquiry, what they shall see and what they shall think in a new country. After wide travelling, extended over many years, we are now feeling this as freshly as in our first journey; and we need not be ashamed to own it, as the same acknowledgment is made by some persons who were likely to know a good deal more beforehand about the Irish than ourselves—the English settlers in Connemara. Some of them declare that, while in no one respect disappointed, they find the Irish people with whom they have to do, and their circumstances, different from what they expected. After a long course of reading and thought on Ireland and its main interests, there were two things, among others, about which we felt ourselves pretty well assured—that in the wild west we should find the peasantry most poor. We have passed through all the districts of the English settlers; we have skirted the lonely Kylemore Lough, and crossed the moorlands at its head; we have travelled the length of the wild Killeries (where it was scarcely possible to believe ourselves within the bounds of our own empire), and traversed the dreary tract which lies between the Erive and Westport; we have left Connemara behind us, and penetrated some way into Mayo, and we have as yet seen only the same stout, brown, clear-eyed health that we have spoken of in former letters. We are now about to plunge into the very wildest part of the island—beyond Achill to the Mullet which was depopulated by the famine. Wher-

ever we have been, and from all sorts of authorities, we have been assured that there is a fine natural sense of justice among the Irish under whatever strange perversions; and it certainly appears as if, among their most insufferable encroachments and their wildest eccentricities, they had some distorted conception of justice in their minds. These western wilds are the region for English settlers. The further we proceed the more of them we find; and we must say that, as far as our observation goes, they seem to be heartily welcome. In old days we used to believe (and we find that some residents think so still) that the peasantry, all over Ireland, had a strong distaste to working for wages; and that the one good thing in life, in their estimate, was to have a bit of ground on which they might be independent. We now find indications of a very different feeling wherever Englishmen have settled. Mr. A. is a very fine man, who employs sixty people or more, who would be starving but for him. Mr. B. is a gentleman who has a very fine wife, who has so many people come that they keep much company, and spend a good deal of money. Mr. C. has a very fine place and garden, and it employed plenty of people for a long while to raise it and get it into order. Mr. D. has a very fine mill; and it is a fine thing for the place—it employs so many people. Mr. E. has a very fine farm, and the people are sure of work and wages all the year round. And so on, from one county to another, in the entire extensive regions of the west. Clifden Castle, a part of the late D'Arcy property, is inhabited by a gentleman who is said in the neighbourhood to have done much good by 'teaching the people better ways.' They were his turnips that were, with his other crops, shown us with so much pride. And very well they looked. The quantity of land that goes with the mansion, is, we were told, 250 acres, which feeds 'an illigant stock,' and leaves a good deal for sale, and of course employs many people. It was a ragged boy who said, in answer to our remark on the whitewashed cottages which shine all around on the hill-sides, that you may always know that the people are well-doing within when you see white-wash on the outside. We saw some fair plots of oats and turnips before these places; and girls feeding calves, and here and there a vast hydrangea flowering near the door. From the inlet below, fish come up all the year round. The men bring in large turbot, which sell for 1s. 4d. or 1s. 6d. each; and the boys wade at low tide for shell-fish. The salmon-fisheries, belonging to the Martin estate, employ not less than fifty persons on the average of the year. The tin for the cases is imported from Cornwall, and the cases are made on the spot. Flags are imported, and used for floorings (better than mud!), and also for the grinding and polishing of the marbles of the district. These importations take place at the little wharf erected by the late Mr. D'Arcy, whose unfinished monument (begun before the famine, and left stunted) deserves to be completed by grateful admirers, and to stand for future generations to be proud of, on its commanding summit, visible far over sea and land. What the present exports are it is not easy to make out, without closer inquiry than we have yet had time for; but it is easy to see what they might, and probably will, be. Some small openings have been made in the centre of a valley, which reveal not only the green marble of which the celebrated chimney-piece at the Martins' is made, but that there are mountains of it; and the same elsewhere with the black. The red seaweed, mentioned before, abounds in all the bays. The sea, lakes, and rivers, yield a vast wealth of produce: so might the surface of the ground, so does its interior. It is true the hill-sides are deformed by the

staring gables of deserted dwellings; it is true the gardens of the castle are damp and weedy, and the noble fig-tree trailing from the wall; it is true that the D'Arcy monument is unfinished, and the town of his creation more dependent for subsistence, just now, on the influx of tourists, than a steady trade; it is true that the timid have a genuine side of the question as well as the hopeful. But it is also true that the two great estates have come into new hands, by which they may obtain that improvement which was before impossible; and that the people are fed and in health; and that their district is full of natural wealth; and that strangers know it; and it is true beyond controversy that the condition and temper of the peasantry are improved. All this no doubt looks well in print and coming from such well-established observers; but, unfortunately, wages are high and labour scarce. This is mainly attributable to the depopulation of the country, and even as we write hundreds could get work at 1s. 6d. per day on this vast estate; but, unfortunately, labour is not to be purchased, and in a country where five pence per day was gladly taken some time since, four times that sum is now refused by the peasantry of this district, where every hour of the life of the people would be required to develop the treasures of this great country, where every inducement is held out for spirited enterprise and manly policy; and, as we have already said, it is to be hoped that the present owners of the Martin estates will not allow themselves to doze into the imbecilities of absolute stultification. Their capital is in the land, their object should be to make the land pay them."

Notwithstanding Miss Martineau's description, probably, at the outset, the tourist who enters upon this district with exalted notions of the sublime and beautiful, will be disappointed. The road between Galway and Oughterard has nothing very remarkable in the way of scenery to recommend it; the country, though undulating, is not picturesque; it presents tracks of unreclaimed bog, but at such an elevation as to admit of easy drainage, through the agency of those very materials in which Ireland most abounds—namely, human labour and limestone. Oughterard is prettily situated on the banks of the little *Feogh*, in which pearls of considerable size are frequently found; and here it is that we get into the famous district of Connemara—so celebrated in Irish stories, once so mysterious to the London tourist, but so no longer. At the extremity of the village is a pretty little cottage, known as Martin's gate-house. From this point, with trifling intermission, the mail-coach road passes through what was once his property to his home residence at Ballynahinch, a distance of twenty-five miles. The scenery now improves, and within a few miles of the half-way house, where the Maume road branches off, becomes exceedingly romantic. The road here gracefully winds round the edges of Lough Shindilla, studded with islands, covered with wood, the only timber to be met with in this country, with little exception, owing to the trees not having been protected from the cattle browsing upon the young wood. A little further on the road brings us to Flynn's Half-way House, where ponies or cars may be obtained to explore this magnificent region. The lakes now become extremely numerous in every direction. At the beautiful Glenda lough, on the south side, a pretty house was erected by the late Dean Mahon, known as "The Recess." Here the mountain scenery becomes entrancing, as we view the Connemara and Joyce mountains through the deep gorge before us. From this point Kylemore and Lough Inah can be easily reached, and "The Recess" Hotel, in point of cleanliness and comfort, is not surpassed by any

auberge in which we ever passed a night in our rambles through this wild region. Lakes Derryclare and Ballynahinch, with Lough Inah, must be considered as the most picturesque, all studded with numerous islands, covered with wood, and forming an agreeable contrast to the surrounding bleakness. The mountains known as Bennobeola, or Twelve Pins, are world-famed as a most noble range, of which Titmarsh says, "The best guide-book that ever was written cannot set the view before the mind's eye of the reader."

Although nothing can exceed the beauty of the situation of Ballynahinch House, yet it is plain to a degree, and not the kind of structure one would expect to meet with as the residence of the proprietor of such a vast property. It was boasted by Mr. Martin, speaking of his own possessions, that "Here, thank God, the king's writ is not worth a halfpenny." It would not be difficult to enumerate instances of the anomalous condition of this country fifty years ago, and which has given rise to so many almost



CONNEMARA PEASANT. DRAWN BY S. LOVER.

incredible stories; but we leave that for others whose vocation is more exclusively "entertaining." At the village of Ballynahinch, in the farm-houses, anglers usually stay, and if sport in the "gentle art" be their object, rich is their reward. The scenery between Ballynahinch and Clifden is quite in keeping with what has already been described. "It is a singular fact," says the *Times* Commissioner, "that the further you travel westward in Ireland, the more bountiful does Nature appear to have been in heaping upon the country natural resources, and the less has been done

by the hand of man to use and improve them." This latter remark is fortunately no longer applicable, for improvement is now progressing, and as far as the scarcity of labour, consequent on the fast increasing population will admit, advantage is being taken on all hands of the teeming fisheries, beautiful green and other marble quarries, and the various riches



A CONNEMARA INTERIOR. WOMAN AT SPINNING-WHEEL. DRAWN BY SAMUEL LOVER.

of this most prolific region, proving what may be done in Connemara with moderate capital combined with enterprise. The whole coast abounds with fine harbours ; those of Galway, Ardbear, and Roundstone, are particularly worthy of notice. An excursion to the latter-named place, when time permits, will well repay the tourist, as, independent of the fine coast scenery, this locality presents one of the very best views of the famous Twelve Pins

of Bennobeola, the great mountain glory of the district. Nor should the tourist by any means leave this place without ascending Wurrisbury Mountain, which is situated behind Roundstone, and discloses some commanding prospects. There is an excellent little inn at Roundstone, kept by Mr. Macauley, a most intelligent and communicative Boniface, who will give the best advice as to roads and fishing. And, by the way, for the lover of the angle there is no part of Connemara superior to this, though every part of it is most excellent. The town of Roundstone was founded by Nimmo. No one can fail to observe with what skill and judgment most of the roads in this part of Ireland were laid out by him.

All travellers are agreed that the peasantry of Connemara are a fine athletic race, taller and stronger built than in other parts of Ireland; the women extremely good-looking, and having in general dark hair with brown eyes. The dress is peculiar, the petticoat being invariably of a deep madder-red colour, and their cloak or covering for the head generally blue: the latter is put on in the way peculiar to this part of Ireland, the head being completely covered, with the exception of the face. The whole dress strongly reminds one of the Spanish costume, and they only require the large combs and the graceful mantilla to make the resemblance complete. Again, to quote Thackeray, "If Berghem could have seen those blue mountains, and Karl du Jardin could have copied some of these green airy plains, with their brilliant little groups of peasant beggars, horsemen, &c., many an Englishman would know Connemara upon canvas as he does Italy or Flanders now. The inhabitants of Joyce's country are still a race of giants, though the severe famines have somewhat been instrumental in degenerating the people, who, however, will, in another generation, doubtless attain their customary Patagonian character in altitude and dimensions. The comeliness of large numbers of the women of the humbler order in many parts of Ireland has been repeatedly noticed by every class of traveller, most of whom are not a little astonished at the contrast thus presented to the preconceived ideas they had formed from the Celtic visages encountered in the great manufacturing towns of England, and in the rural districts about harvest time.*

* On this point, and the still more important one of the character of the female peasantry, we string together a few paragraphs from Sir F. B. Head:—"I found, seated on the ground, several groups of women and girls, all in red petticoats and white or striped shawls. Some wore caps, while the hair of the remainder hung loose on their shoulders, with nothing to keep it from dangling before their eyes but their ears, behind which a portion of it was more or less neatly packed or poked. Before each of them lay a quantity of fruit or dried fish in a flat basket; but as there was not in sight a single purchaser, patiently and cheerily they sat chattering in Irish, and looking into each other's eyes, taking not the slightest notice of me, although, for a few minutes, I stood among them, noting their appearance in my book. At their feet sat an extremely pretty, modest-looking young woman, in a ragged red petticoat mended by, or rather composed of, patches, no one of which was as big as my hand. From her head, twisted into beautiful folds, hung an old blanket in rags and tatters. . . . As we were proceeding alongside of a river, on our right, we passed, on a lonely, desolate road, an extremely beautiful bare-footed girl of about seventeen, whose hair, unrestrained even by her ears, was hanging in a state of perfect nature on her shoulders. On her back was a bundle, and in her right hand, which was vibrating easily by her side, there swung a very small bonnet. Altogether, she was a fine specimen of the Connemara peasantry, to be considered the tallest and handsomest in Ireland. It is no use any longer trying to conceal the fact, that during my short tour in Ireland my prejudices against bare ancles and naked feet were considerably softened; indeed, there can be no doubt that there is a freshness in this

We only wish we could transfer to our pages the colouring with which Lover imbued the sketches he has allowed us to select from the portfolio he filled with drawings during his recent tour with Baron Liebig, the great German philosopher, who delighted the Hibernian bard and artist by the enthusiasm of his admiration of the "Land of the West," and everything thereunto appertaining, save the poverty of its people and the neglect of the means of their improvement. The preceding cut is very characteristic; the instrument used by the female being quite peculiar to the region we are now describing. It was in the neighbourhood of Cong that Lover made some of his happiest sketches; and here, too, he drew the earliest inspiration of the genius that has since charmed so many thousands in so many ways. It was at Cong, some five-and-twenty years ago, when travelling with his distinguished fellow-countryman, George Petrie, that he heard sung, at night, in that mountain solitude, the beautiful Irish air of "My dark-haired Girl," which he has since rendered so universally familiar—the first of the innumerable lyric family of favourites to which the "Angels' Whisper" and "Rory O'More" belong; and it is worthy of remark, that both Lover and Petrie were so struck with the melody, that each noted it down at the moment, without being conscious that the other was doing so, or had even heard it. The romantically-situated structure on a succeeding page possessed peculiar attractions for the author of "Handy Andy," as the hereditary home of the Blakes, to whose gifted family Ireland owes so much, not the least of her obligations (shared in by the whole reading public) being to that particular member to whom is due the interesting "Letters from the Irish Highlands."

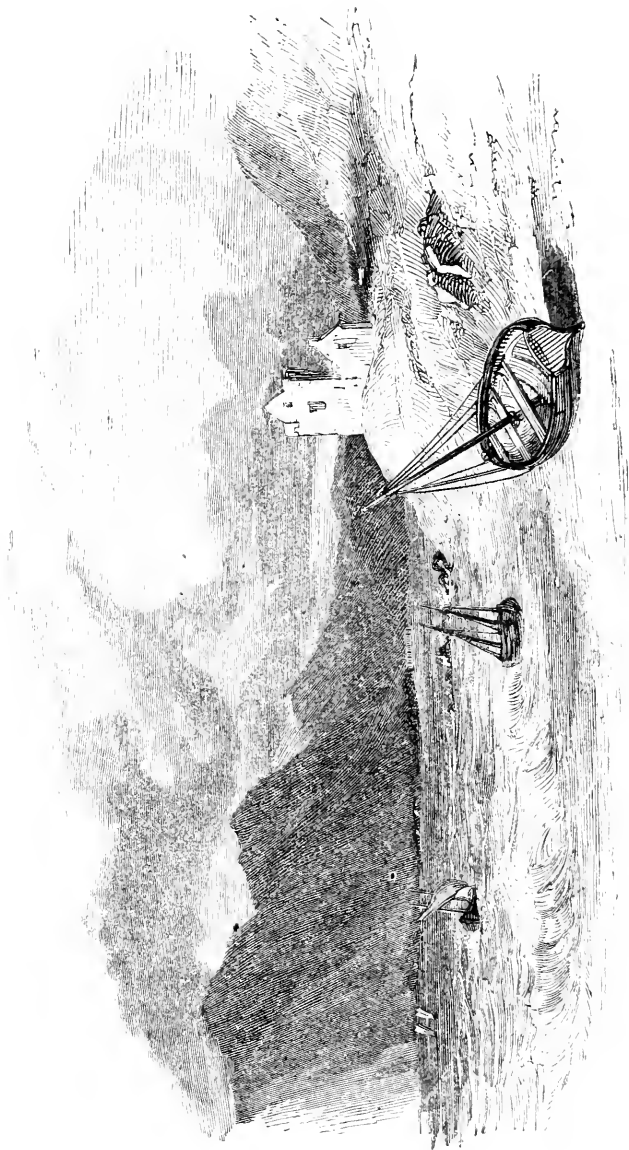
And here, too, history again, with her thousand recollections, springs up to people the *locale* with the phantoms of the past, as if specially to heighten, as it were, the present charms of that singularly lovely landscape by reminiscences of the turbulent and bloody deeds of which it was the site, and are here recalled by the presence of Renvyle Castle—

Beneath whose battlements, within whose walls,
Power dwelt amid her passions:—in proud state
Each feudal chief upheld these armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

The building offers a perpetual theme for the pencil of the artist, and is taken from a great variety of points—the one shown in Lover's sketch being, perhaps, the favourite.

From Clifden, proceeding towards Roundstone, the country is desolate and dreary. Behind Roundstone is Mountain Urrisberg, which affords a good view of a country "more singular than beautiful;" the lakes being almost innumerable. Mr. Robertson, between Ballynahinch and Roundstone, gives considerable employment in his salmon fishery, as also in his exten-

costume of nature that cannot belong to a fine, fashionable gown, which, from sweeping the ground, and from being tightly bandaged round the waist, forms a splendid unventilated palace, in which the architect has forgotten to insert either chimney, staircase, door, or window. . . . From the morning on which I had visited the Great Model National School of Marlborough-street, Dublin, to the hour of my arrival at Galway, I had remarked, in the Irish female countenance, an innate or native modesty more clearly legible than it has ever been my fortune to read in journeying through any other country on the globe."



RENVYLE CASTLE, CONNEMARA. DRAWN BY S. LOVELL.



THE KILLERIES, FROM THE ROAD TO CLIFDEN. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

sive establishment for preserving provisions. Fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, milk, &c., are all preserved in tin cases; and from the cheapness of provisions generally, and the great abundance of fish, a better country could not well be selected for such an establishment. Beef and mutton, though sharing in the general advance of late, are still, in Connemara, about 4d. per lb., and fish is absurdly cheap: a large turbot for 6d. or 8d.; oysters about 6d. per hundred; and herrings, finer than upon any other part of the coast, not even excepting the famous Dublin Bay herring, sold for about 10s. per 1000. To those sceptical as to the feasibility of reclaiming bog-land, we would recommend a visit to Mr. Robertson's well-managed farm, producing enormous crops of turnips, oats and potatoes, on land so wet and marshy in some parts that a person could not walk across it before it was drained. He certainly farms under peculiar advantages, having great quantities of bones, offal, oyster-shells—the refuse of his establishment—which are carefully stored up. As an instance of the security to life and property in Connemara, Mr. Robertson has no locks to any of the doors of his house; and he is by no means singular in this respect.

Having remained as long at Clifden as time will permit, the traveller proceeds to Kylemore and Leenane, the beauty of the scenery along the Killery Harbour presenting the richest treat imaginable. It does not, however, become particularly interesting until Ballynakill Harbour appears in sight; in which district several gentlemen have settled down and reclaimed vast tracts of bog-land with the utmost success. The scenery along the valley in which the beautiful lake of Kylemore is situated is very striking, there being also a comfortable little inn. Shortly after leaving Kylemore, the Killery comes in view, and certainly a more wild or romantic scene cannot well be conceived. The mountain of Mewhrea, to the north of the harbour, is 2,688 feet, the highest in the west of Ireland, and gives one the idea of being much higher than it is in reality, from being on the sea-coast. Inglis, speaking of this romantic district, says, that the scenery, in passing from Clifden to the Killeries and Leenane, is the finest in Ireland. In boldness of character, nothing at Killarney comes at all near to it; and although the deficiency of wood excludes the possibility of a competition with Killarney in picturesque beauty, the scenery of this part of Connemara, including especially the Killeries, which is in Joyce's country, is entitled to rank higher than the more praised—because better known—scenery of Killarney. It is of an entirely novel character, and resembles more the scenery of a Norwegian *fjord* than anything nearer home.

At Leenane the road divides into two branches; the northern road leading to Westport, and the other road to Maume Inn and Cong. To persons who cannot afford the time, this latter road is the one that must be followed, as tourists can by this route either return by way of Tuam, or take the cross-road at Maume Inn, which is only four miles from the mail-coach road to Galway. Persons who are not limited as to time, ought certainly not to leave this part of Ireland without visiting Erris and Tyrawley. From Leenane to Maume Inn (nine miles) the road skirts the Bealanabrack River, which finally runs into Lough Corrib, and is a drive of very considerable interest, particularly if in it is embraced a visit to the famous Hen's Castle, erected by the son of Roderick O'Connor, last king of Ireland, aided probably by Anglo-Norman builders, and was for several centuries one of the chief places of strength in Connaught. The legend is, that it was erected



TWELVE TINS MOUNTAINS, AND LAKE OF KYLEMORE, FROM THE ROAD TO CLIFDEN. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

in one night by a hen and her chickens. When destroyed in Cromwell's time, it was in the possession of the O'Flahertys. Innisghoill, or the Foreigners' Island, centrally situated in the upper half of Lough Corrib, contains the ruins of two very ancient churches, of great interest to the architectural antiquary. The island was a settlement of the Irish saints; and it is supposed that St. Patrick visited it. This reminds us that it was made a reproach to our book last year, that it contained few or no allusions to the antiquities of this portion of Connaught, leaving it to be inferred that there was nothing of the kind in the whole district. Such is by no means the case. On the contrary, they abound in almost unusual profusion. A recent eloquent writer—a "commissioner" for one of the morning journals—at the beginning of our in Connemara, the records of which he published in the preceding month of May, [1853], commences thus:—"Ruins are the great feature of Ireland—ruins of all kinds—ruins old and ruins new—ruins of lordly castles—ruins of venerable churches—ruins of wealthy monasteries and noble abbeys—ruins of lowly cottages—ruins of times of power and



CARGIN CASTLE, FROM THE SHORES OF LOUGH CORRIB.

wealth, long matters of history; and ruins of times of rashness, extravagance, and poverty—of undertakings commenced improvidently, and thrown aside despondingly without completion. All is ruin wherever you go; from the crumbling walls and faintly charactered tombs that tell of greatness, and absorb and delight the antiquary, to the unroofed cottages that tell of present misery, death, and emigration; that shock the man of feeling, and set the political economist theorising. I was on the broad waters of the Corrib. Before me was the Castle of Menlowe—save a few poor rooms and a single tower—a ruin. Behind me was Dangan, once the principal seat of the great Martin family, now an auxiliary workhouse filled with fat-looking pauper boys, lazily lolling along the garden walls. On my right I could see the three remaining walls of the Castle of the Clanricardes, while in the far distance up the lake were just visible the turrets of the lofty keep of the Castle of Aghnanure." This last-named structure was a very ancient seat of the once all-powerful sept of the O'Flahertys, evidences of whose former feudal greatness are to be seen all through this region. Annexed is the singular remains of another hold of a rival tribe, the Lynches, also in the lake, and found standing on slight eminences, overlooking a great extent of country. Such is the case with Cargin; it is one of those strongholds

which, in feudal times, enabled the chief of the clan and his followers to defend themselves from any sudden attack of a neighbouring chief, with whom he might not be on terms of good fellowship, the duration of which, even where it existed, was generally of an uncertain and precarious tenure. The Castle of Cargin is now a complete ruin, covered with ivy. It stands alone, without tree or shrub near it, overlooking the broad lake, and the mountains of Connemara beyond it; but all to the east and south is an endless plain, terminated only by the horizon, over which the eye sees only a succession of stone walls, gradually diminishing from the sight as they recede in the distance.

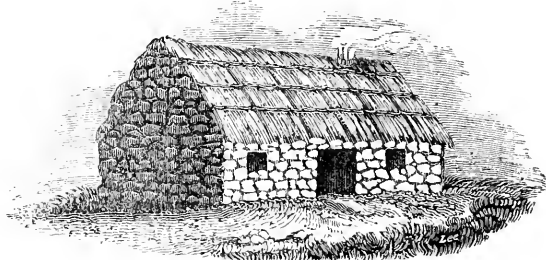
In our first year's issue, we gave a good many statistical, topographical, and other details, which we do not think it necessary here to repeat; for since then Connemara has been the subject of as many descriptions as Wicklow was wont to be a quarter of a century ago. Not only has it been visited and described by Miss Martineau, as our pages have pretty conclusively shown—and that she knows "How to Observe" and "What to Observe," none need be told at this time of day—but Connemara was the principal scene of the observation of Sir F. Head's "Fortnight in Ireland"—a work that, had it eschewed politics, would have deserved to rank with its author's inimitable "Rough Rides in the Pampas," which it so much resembles, at least in the hastiness of the acquisition of materials for commentary, and in several features of graphic and faithful portraiture, accompanied undoubtedly by several errors, inseparable from precipitate penmanship flowing upon headlong locomotion. Another honourable baronet, Sir Digby Neave, has, during the last twelve months, devoted upwards of 300 pages to the record of "Four Days in Connemara," though the only fresh fact he seems to have brought away with him, as decidedly his own, or at least as having been told him by a friend, is, that rainbows are as numerous as cattle in that amazing region; but at the same time it would be unjust to deny Sir Digby the praise of having put together a quantity of gossip that might be read with entertainment anywhere by those who coincide in the rather extreme opinions of the writer. The Rev. J. D. Smith has likewise, within the same period, written some 150 pages upon "Connemara, Past and Present," a most useful work, apart from the polemical precepts which he vehemently inculcates, and with the bearings of which it is not our province to interfere. Still better than all are Forbes' "Memorandums made in Ireland in 1852," an invaluable book. In addition to all these, and others of a like kind might be enumerated, the public journals have teemed with communications on the moral and physical reclamation going on in the neighbourhood of Lord Chief Justice Campbell's estate at Barna, and, indeed, on all the estates of the English and Scotch proprietors in all parts of Connemara. Hence it would be a recapitulation of mere familiar truisms were we to repeat now much that was novel and interesting even a brief twelvemonth ago. Here, therefore, mindful of the yet unsatisfied large claims on our space, we are perforce compelled to pause, merely repeating our former remarks, that if our little volume have one object more than another, it is to direct the attention of English travellers, and capitalists in a special degree, to the west, where we can assure them they will find in superabundance, in safety, and at their own doors as it were, those materials of health, wealth, and prosperity, in precarious and too often delusive pursuit of which thousands annually set out to the ends of the earth, at an inevitable sacrifice of nearly all those ties that most endear a domestic

British home to its possessors. And as illustrative of the experience of a most competent authority, we subjoin an extract from a familiar but never-too-often-to-be-quoted letter, by Lieut.-Col. Kitchiner. He says:—"I am living in a cottage without a lock or bolt, sleeping on the ground-floor without shutters. I would not venture to live in England so little secured. I have received the greatest kindness and hospitality from all ranks. I



IRISH HOVEL IN THE FAR WEST.

have grouse, woodcock, snipe, and hares upon my property; yachting close by; geese and cod-fish are brought to me at 1s. each; large turbot, 2s.; soles, 1d. each; fowls, 1s. a couple; and everything else in proportion. Now, Englishmen who have capital, with intelligent, active sons, think of land at ten years' purchase improveable to an enormous extent—doing good in your generation, and able to laugh at free trade!"



BETTER SORT OF CONNAUGHT CABIN.

ERRIS, AND TYRAWLEY.—A most interesting portion of the west of Ireland, for the tourist in search of the picturesque, is to be found in the wilds of Erris and Tyrawley, being the north-west extremity of Mayo—well known to the reading public from the truthful descriptions of poor Maxwell and the Rev. Caesar Otway—both, alas! by death removed from amidst the scenes wherein they—kindred spirits!—loved to dwell. Many

social changes have since their time occurred, all tending to improve, in good time, we trust, the condition both of the country and its people. Travelling is now a matter of comparative ease and certainty even in this remote district, and the usual comforts, so essential to tourists, are to be obtained at the various inns on the route. However, it is in this region in particular, where, notwithstanding the great improvement which has taken place, one continually sees what can scarcely be supposed to be habitations of human beings, but rather seem sheds for cattle, especially as the head of a cow, or some other four-footed beast, is observed peeping out of the doorway. Many of these cabins are built of stones, loosely heaped together, with no window; and the only place for the light to come in at, and the smoke to go out, is through a small hole in the miserably-thatched, and sometimes sodded roof, at all times pervious to the rain, and through the doorway. No picture drawn by the pencil—none by the pen—can possibly convey an idea of the sad reality. The inmates, as may be supposed, are wretchedly clad in rags and tatters, and the children almost in a state of nudity. But even this is a Corinthian edifice compared to others, of which we present a complete series. Yet, as below the lowest depths there is a deeper still, even these are Paladian structures to some built of stones loosely, or rather promiscuously and at hap-hazard, as it were, heaped together, without mortar or even clay. The reader must not suppose, as at first sight he might be inclined to do from our little vignette, that they are either Cyclopean, Pelasgic, or Etrurian; though, like the latter, they are polygonal, but composed of such polygons as nature or accident had made. Yet, worse even than this worst is that portrayed by the graphic pencil of Mahony, in the large engraving on the annexed page, as evidence of what the famine had brought its victims, or rather the survivors, to. And still worse than even that worse may be seen as resulting, in too many cases, from the eviction system, when pushed to its fullest extremity of extermination. To pursue this topic, however, might seduce us into the debateable ground of politics; so let us eschew it, and pass to a more congenial theme. The wild grandeur of the scenery amongst the mountains and valleys of Erris is not surpassed by any in the kingdom. The lakes, so lovely and romantically situated; the clear, sparkling rivers, abounding with trout and salmon; the heather-covered hills and moors, with the wild Atlantic in the distance—all tend to form a panorama not easily to be matched, or forgotten when once looked upon. This portion of the "Irish Highlands" is to the north of Connemara and the Joyce country, and may from thence be reached by going northward through Castlebar, and by Westport or Newport; but by far the best and most interesting road is by Sligo and Ballina, should the tourist be journeying from the Ulster or northern portion of the kingdom. Once arrived at Ballina, the road westward through Crossmolina to Belmullet takes us through the heart of this interesting country. Cars are to be had from most of the inns at a cheap rate; Bianconi's well-appointed conveyances also traverse the district in various directions. Ballina is a pleasant and thriving town, situated on the river Moy, having its well-known salmon fishery, so often alluded to by the celebrated Davy, in "Salmonia." Here is found the Gillaroo trout, remarkable from its gizzard, and so encomiastically described by Sir Humphry. He had never met with one except in Ireland. It was at one time thought that this fish was peculiar to Lough Corrib; it has, however, of late, been found both in Neagh, Erne, and Mask, and sometimes weighs from fifty to sixty pounds. Permission to fish in the

Ballina river is easily obtainable, and it is much frequented by lovers of the rod from all parts. The inns here are numerous and well conducted. Mrs. Atkinson's (The Wellington) has long been the rendezvous of the tourist and angler. The hotels of Flynn and Anderson are also good, and charges moderate. Boats for the river, and guides, are to be had; and good sport, without unnecessary loss of time, is generally found. To the curious in archæological matters this route is a rich treat. On the opposite bank of the river from Ballina are the ruins of an extensive Priory. The richly



COMMON SORT OF MAYO MUD CABIN.

ornamented doorway is still in good preservation. Lower down, on the Mayo side, are the extensive ruins of Roserke Abbey, the pointed architecture of which is much admired. A few miles further down the river brings the tourist to the remains of the once celebrated Abbey of Moyne—said to be the very last abandoned by its occupants at the period of the suppression. It was held by the Franciscans. Close by, at the small but pleasantly situated town of Killala, is one of the famed round towers, with its conical-

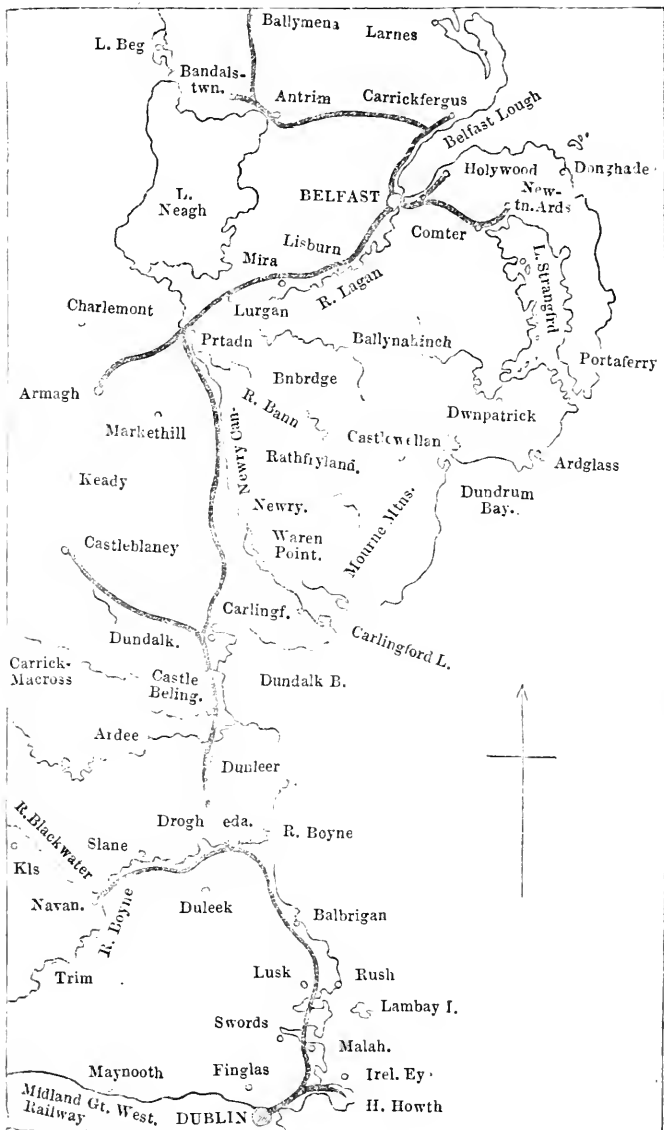


WORST SORT OF MAYO STONE CABIN.

capped top, in excellent preservation, though for so many ages exposed to the sea-breezes as well as the tooth of time! Many years since it was damaged by lightning, but has since been restored. Here at Kilecoleman Head, in the bay of Killala, the French, under Humbert, landed in 1798. In this neighbourhood the geologist will find a very rich field open to his search; the conchologist will meet much to fascinate him; and those to whom nature, even in her rudest dress, is an object of allurement, will find, on trial, they have not visited this interesting locality in vain.



A ROADSIDE SKETCH BETWEEN THE REDCROSS AND KYLEMORE, SHOWING ONE OF THE MUCH-TALKED-OF "S ALPS," THE RESIDENCES OF THE CLARE AND CONNEMARA PEASANTRY, DURING THE YEAR OF THE FAMINE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



RAILWAYS BETWEEN DUBLIN AND BELFAST.

FOURTH TOUR.—DUBLIN TO THE CAUSEWAY.

WE now enter upon our last tour, and regret that space will not allow us to do it adequate justice, even as compared with the preceding trips; though in the number and importance of the towns about to be passed through, scenic beauty, or past interest, double the limits already occupied would be needed to convey an idea of what the traveller should be apprised of. To the historian it is pregnant with materials of highest value. Fruitful as are most parts of Ireland in evidences of a remote and mystic antiquity, as well as of authentic proofs of pagan civilisation, in this region they are especially conspicuous. The earliest memorials of Christianity in the United Kingdom are associated with Downpatrick and Armagh. The Anglo-Norman invasion and the *régime* of the Pale are identified with Carlingford. With the annals of the Commonwealth and the Revolution, the names of Dundalk, Drogheda, and Londonderry, are interwoven; while many of the more momentous events of recent times have also had their origin within the sphere about to be embraced.

A considerable portion of the region indicated in the foregoing paragraph is traversed by railway; and all the large towns on the eastern Irish sea-coast, together with many others lying immediately inland, are linked in one continuous chain by viaduct across the Boyne at Drogheda. This great triumph of engineering science has been at length completed. A foundation, long deemed impracticable, has been secured for the centre pier of the viaduct in the midst of the deep and rapid tideway of the Boyne. Communication between the Dublin and Drogheda line, and that of the Belfast Junction, has been carried on, for some time past, over a temporary wooden bridge at the unfinished portion of the viaduct. This structure, admirably erected of massive beams of wood, has subserved the purposes of railway traffic between Dublin and Belfast most effectively and safely. It withstood, without the loss of a splinter, the frightful gales of last winter, although vessels of large tonnage were wrecked, and went to pieces, within sight of the bridge. Heavily-laden trains passed over it in safety. But now the permanent works have been nearly completed, and this noble viaduct remains a proud monument of scientific resource and engineering skill. The tourist, setting forth from his hotel in Dublin for the north, is, in the first place, conveyed to

THE DUBLIN AND DROGHEDA RAILWAY TERMINUS, designed by Mr. W. D. Butler, architect, built by Williams and Sons, Dublin, a handsome edifice, in the Italian style, situated on what was formerly a portion of the inner Custom-house yard, facing Talbot-street, at a considerable elevation, commanding the level of the entire line to Drogheda. At the commencement, the railway is carried over Sherriff-street, at a height of 18 feet, by a

platform bridge on massive Tuscan columns of cast iron. At a short distance it crosses the Royal Canal, over a bridge constructed on a beautiful principle by Sir John MacNeill, engineer-in-chief.

CLONTARF.—Traversing a wide extent of the Clontarf estuary by an embankment, and over a handsome bridge, the line passes by Clontarf, leaving to the left the Crescent, and Earl Claremont's splendid demesne of Marino, of which the Dublin citizens are extremely proud; but only a glimpse of the mansion can be caught as we are whirled along; and the same of the Casino, in the Italian style, much admired for the beauty of its proportions. In this neighbourhood was fought the celebrated battle of Clontarf, on Good Friday, 23rd of April, 1014, the result of which was the total rout and expulsion of the Danes from Ireland—a triumph dimmed by the death of the aged regal chief, Brian Boroihme. Hence Clontarf has been designated by J. Dalton, the antiquary, "The Marathon" of Ireland; but its more recent celebrity arises from its being the site of the abortive monster-meeting with which terminated O'Connell's agitation of that kind, in 1844. The greater portion of this district constituted the patrimony of a religious community. Erected into a manor, and granted, in 1641, to Sir Geoffrey Fenton, it subsequently came into the Vernon family, by whom it is still held. Clontarf Castle, built by Mr. J. E. Vernon, is a noble imitation of the Norman Gothic.

CLONTARF TO BALDOYLE.—The line crosses the Howth road by a metal bridge of 50 feet span. In this quarter Dounyearney-house, and some other fine mansions, are situate. Soon after the line enters a deep cutting through strata of black limestone 40 feet in depth, and two miles in length; over which cutting are several bridges and viaducts—that at Killester being of iron, and very graceful. We now pass through Coolock parish, and approach the station at Raheny—the village of which name lies a little to the right. From the station-house can be seen Edenmore, seat of Mr. George Hoyte; Manor-house, residence of Capt. Montgomery, R.N.; and in the distance, Raheny-house, Mr. J. Sweetman's; while farther on, towards Howth, is Raheny-park, Mr. Thomas T. Gresham's. Next station is Kilbarnock, in whose vicinity are the ruins of an ancient abbey and cemetery. Traversing a level country, the line reaches Baldoyle, a pretty village six miles from Dublin, inhabited principally by fishermen, and in summer by bathing visitors from the metropolis. A little beyond, the railway gives off a branch to Howth, already described; but we may here add, that a handsome and commodious hotel is now erected in Howth, under the patronage of the noble proprietor of the district. The vicinage of Howth, apart from its other attractions, is likely to become peculiarly interesting during this summer, particularly to scientific visitors. Advertisements have been issued to contractors willing to undertake the raising of the steamer, Queen Victoria, from the spot where she lies submerged in eight fathoms water, just beneath the rocks off the Bailey light-house, where she struck and went down, involving hundreds in sudden destruction.

BALDOYLE TO MALAHIDE.—From Baldoyle the line passes through St. Doulough's, Portmarnock, Kensealy, Felham, &c., leaving, right and left, several handsome residences, including Balyriffin-park, Portmarnock-house, Mr. Luke Plunkett's, Limehill, &c. St. Doulough's Church is one of the most ancient, characteristic, and best preserved religious edifices in Ireland. St. Doulough's Well, in the vicinity, is quite in keeping with the unique character of the church. The spring, rising from a circular basin

cut out of a single stone, is walled in by an octagon building with a stone roof, the waters, of course, being supposed by the people to possess miraculous virtues. Passing Broomfield-house, seat of Mr. George Cash, and penetrating Malahide-hill through a cutting under a handsome bridge of 30 feet span, the line arrives at Malahide station.

MALAHIDE TO SWORDS.—The village of Malahide is prettily seated on an arm of the sea, with Lambay Island to the north, and Ireland's Eye and Howth to the south. This locality has greatly improved of late. The terrace erected by Mr. J. Fagan is much admired. A spacious hotel, with well laid out pleasure-grounds, has been established, and the village seems fast growing into repute as a watering-place. At a short distance is the entrance to Malahide Castle, the extensive parks and pleasure-grounds of which almost surround the hamlet on the western side. This superb baronial keep is one of the finest of its kind in Ireland. Perhaps, with the exception of Mitchelstown Castle (a modern building), it is the very finest, as it is by far the most interesting in every other respect. It is superfluous to say that the name of Talbot figures prominently in the history of these kingdoms, from the time of Henry II. downwards. Malahide Castle, as improved by the father of the present lord, presents an aspect in the highest degree stately and noble, and such as would, perhaps, look out of place almost anywhere but amid such scenes as surround it. The great hall is one of the noblest things of its kind in the United Kingdom, roofed with grained oak paneling of vast age; but the inner hall, still more splendid, is roofed and wainscotted with oak, carved in elaborate devices, each panel representing incidents from Scripture. The chimney-piece is a fine specimen of Gothic decoration, the figures of the Virgin and Child being admired in a preëminent degree. The other apartments are decorated in corresponding style, the galleries containing many rare paintings by the best masters. Near the castle may be seen the ruins of an ancient church, wherein the Talbots of many generations lie buried. Crossing Malahide estuary, on a strong embankment, 8 feet over ordinary spring tides, the line traverses a wooden viaduct of 11 arches of 50 feet wide each, beneath which the sea flows up to Lissen Hall-bridge, 2 miles, where it meets the Swords river, whose banks are completely dry at low water, and it would require comparatively small capital to reclaim these wastes.

SWORDS TO RUSH AND LUSK.—We now pass within view of the time-honoured locality of Swords, 2½ miles off, on a small stream which runs into the Lissen Hall river, abounding in famous trout. It owes its origin to a monastery founded by St. Columba. Here the remains of "Brien the Brave" were conveyed with all honour after the battle of Clontarf, with those of his chivalrous son Murrough, and thence to Armagh. Here is a lofty round tower in fine preservation, and the bell-tower of the old abbey, the former 73 feet in height, 5½ feet in circumference at the base, and its walls 4 feet in thickness; the structure differing from all others in Ireland in being surmounted by a small cross, which, however, is supposed, and with good reason, to have been placed there long subsequently to the erection of the building. Here, also, are the extensive ruins of the archbishop's palace, once a fortified building; together with the remains of a priory and convent of nuns, one of the earliest institutions of the Presentation order in these countries. So that even from this brief enumeration it will be seen that Swords super-abounds in archæological and ecclesiastical attractiveness. Passing by the village of Corballis on the right, with the adjoining demesnes

of Newbridge House, seat of Mr. Cobbe; Scafield, Mr. Arthur's; and Newport, Mr. Despard Taylor's, whose demesne incloses the picturesque ruins of Landerstown Castle, we arrive at DONABATE STATION, where may be seen the ruins of an ancient church dedicated to St. Patrick. Hereabouts is said to exist a vein of pure green porphyry. The next station is approached through Portrane, on passing which we obtain a view of Lambay Island, which is the only small island on the eastern coast of Ireland set down in the ancient map of Ptolemy. Lambay, which contains an old castle built entirely of stone, without any timber, was purchased from the Usher family, who had the original grant, by an ancestor of Lord Talbot de Malahide, the present proprietor. It is 2 miles in length by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in breadth, containing about 60 inhabitants, the rocky islets and caves, &c., in the vicinity being visited by numerous pleasure parties. Here it was that the melancholy occurrence took place last winter of the wreck of the emigrant barque *Taylor*, bound from Liverpool to Australia, with over a thousand souls on board, including crew and passengers, of whom fully six hundred perished. The details of this disastrous event are doubtless too generally known to require any repetition of them here. This noble barque, iron-built and of 1,000 tons burden, still lies where she foundered, close beneath the northern cliffs of the island. The line now crosses a wide estuary by an embankment, in the centre of which is a viaduct of timber 335 feet in length, 15 feet above high tides. To the right lies the village of Rogerstown, a coast-guard station; to the left the demesnes of Corduff and Whitestown; and then we approach the station adjoining the villages of Rush and Lusk, close at hand; the former famous as the site of a round tower, and its church (sadly decayed), a massive square structure, having three of its angles studded with circular towers of slender proportions; whilst at the fourth angle, yet perfectly distinct and isolated from the comparatively modern building, stands a veritable round tower, in beautiful preservation, loftily rising above the adjoining building, to whose constructors, ages ago, this tower was as mystic as it is to us at the present hour. In the village stands a spacious Catholic chapel, with schools adjoining. RUSH is celebrated for curing ling, cod, and other fish; the manufacture of cod-liver oil also being profitable. Here was born a sort of Milesian Paul Jones, Luke Ryan, a buccaneer, remarkable for daring piracies and privateering exploits under commission of the French government during the American war.

RUSH TO SKERRIES.—Leaving Rush station, we perceive to the right Penure Park, seat of Sir R. Palmer, Bart., formerly residence of the great Duke of Ormond, containing some fine old pictures, as also rare vases, and other antiques, from Pompeii. To the right, as we pass, is Lough Shinny, affording good anchorage for vessels. Passing through the deep cutting of the hill of Baldungan, we leave to the left the ruins of Baldungan Castle and Church, the former once a preceptory of the Knights Templars (twelfth century); and, in the sixteenth century, the castle passed to the Howth family by marriage. After a gallant resistance, under Thomas Fitzwilliam, it was burnt by Cromwell, in 1641. To the right are the beautiful demesne and mansion of Hacketstown; and left, the equally beautiful mansion of Milverton, seat of Mr. G. Woods. The limestone quarries, belonging to Mr. J. Hans Hamilton, M.P., in this neighbourhood, are most productive. The rail soon after crosses the high-road by a handsome viaduct, and brings us to Skerries.

SKERRIES TO BALBRIGGAN.—Skerries, formerly Holm Patriek, from having afforded shelter to St. Patriek when pursued, as the tradition goes, by the pagans, is well situated and thriving, owing to the proprietor of the ground, Mr. Hans Hamilton; its population, for the most part, are engaged in harbour and deep-sea fishery. Some distance seaward are the four Skerry Islands, on one of which are the ruins of an ancient church, of the epoch of St. Patriek. Passing through Chanon-hill, by a deep short cutting, the line runs along an embankment to BARNAGEERA, near which are two of those vast sepulchral mounds so numerous in Ireland. When opened in 1840, a stone coffin and some human bones were found. Emerging from a short cutting, the line brings us in sight of Ardgillan Castle, seat of Hon. and Rev. E. Taylor. We next pass Hampton Hall, residence of Mr. G. A. Hamilton, member for Dublin University, and late Secretary to the Treasury, who liberally throws open these grounds to the public. Perhaps no portion of the line presents richer features than this; the fine woods of Hampton on one side, and the glorious sea view on the other, including Skerry Islands, Clogher Head, and in the distance the blue peaks of the Mourne mountains. To the left, about a mile, is BALROTHERY, on the high road from Dublin to Balbriggan; its only celebrity at present being biscuits of great excellence. There is nothing very attractive in the adjoining ruins of Balrothery Castle, a square building of stone, roofed with thick flags. On an adjacent hill are the ruins of an ancient church, in whose graveyard are some remarkable monuments. We next (twenty-one miles from Dublin) approach the town of

BALBRIGGAN, familiar to English ears from its stockings, the demand for which productions is immensely increasing in London, forming the principle staple of the Irish Work Society in Regent-street. Balbriggan is a favourite resort for bathers. The Roman Catholic chapel is a fine building, and there is also a neat Protestant parochial church. A small stream, which, in its course, gives motion to the machinery of several cotton factories and flour-mills, passes through the town, and empties itself into the harbour—the only shelter for vessels between the bays of Dublin and Carlingford. The present inheritor, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, M.P., continues to lay out large sums in improvements. The Dublin Ballast Board built a picturesque little lighthouse on the pier-head. The disastrous wrecks on this coast last winter, attended with enormous loss of life and property, had the effect of rousing the proprietary gentry and nobility in the district to pray government for the appointment of a commissioner, to survey the coast and report on the most eligible point for the erection of a refuge harbour. Veins of micaceous spar, copper, and sulphur, are in the neighbourhood. The Balbriggan estate was held in fee by the Barnewall family previous to the civil wars in the seventeenth century. It afterwards passed to the celebrated Earl of Tyrconnell. After the battle of the Boyne, William encamped his troops here.

BALBRIGGAN TO DROGHEDA.—The railway is carried over the inner harbour across a fine viaduct, on eleven arches. Facing the harbour is Turnerville, residence of Hon. St. John Butler, son of the late (thirteenth) Baron Dunboyne. The railway now, after passing through a deep and lengthened cutting, crosses, by a viaduct of timber 180 feet long and 28 high, the Devlin river, dividing the counties of Dublin and Meath. On the right, jutting into the sea, lies the mount of Knockingen, whose curious and interesting history attracts the attention of the antiquarian, as the supposed

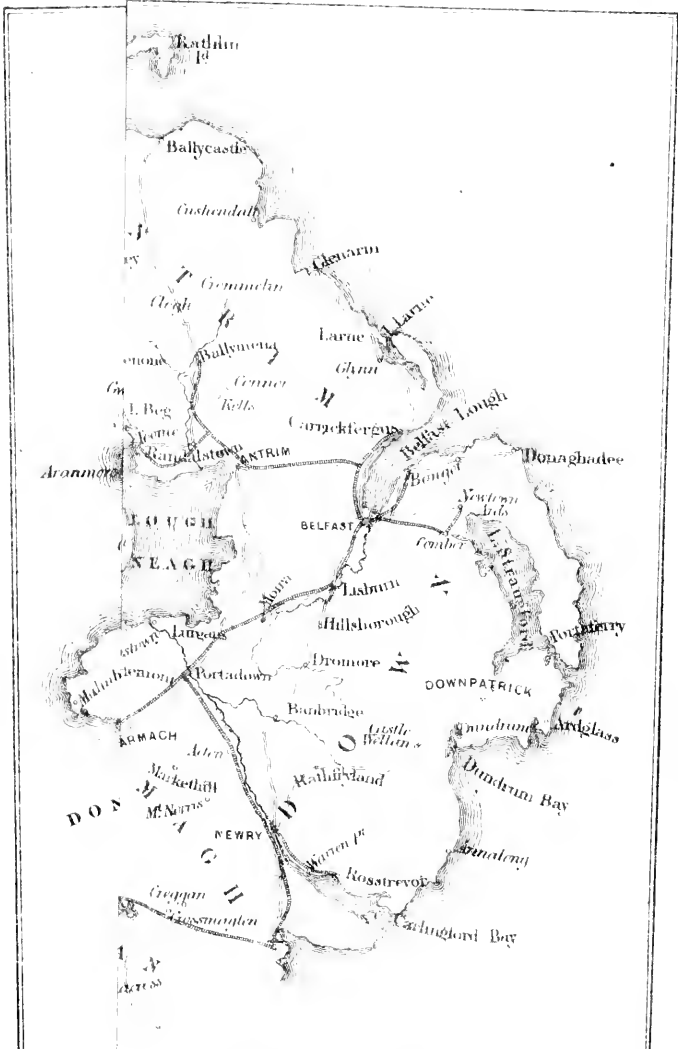
scene of a great battle. The line, passing through some shallow cuttings, next brings us in view of Gormanstown Castle, seat of the viscount of that name, in whose family (now connected by marriage with the great English Catholic house of Jerningham, Lord Stafford), the property has been since 1357, when it was granted to Sir R. Preston, distinguished for devotion to the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty. The demesne is beautiful, the mansion magnificent. To the left is the village of STAMULLEN, and also the demesne of Harbourstown. Proceeding through Ben Head, and by Mosney, seat of Mr. G. Pepper, and crossing the Mosney, the railway reaches the Nanny river, a fine trout stream that never disappoints the angler. It is traversed by a solid embankment, in whose centre is a timber viaduct 304 feet in length, and from this point the view upwards through the Nanny valley is rich in the extreme. On the south is Ballygarth Castle, the ancient demesne of Col. Pepper, received from Charles II., comprising 500 acres, and furnishing the incident on which is founded Lover's inimitable "White Horse of the Peppers." Near the station are Mr. J. J. Taylor's beautiful pleasure-grounds of Corballis, open to visitors—its horticultural treasures being the richest perhaps in Ireland. After clearing the Nanny Water, the line next reaches the station of

LAYTOWN, formerly a sea-port of some note, now of no importance. To the left is the village of Julianstown, the scene of a deadly defeat of the royal forces by the parliamentary army in 1641. Next is the station of

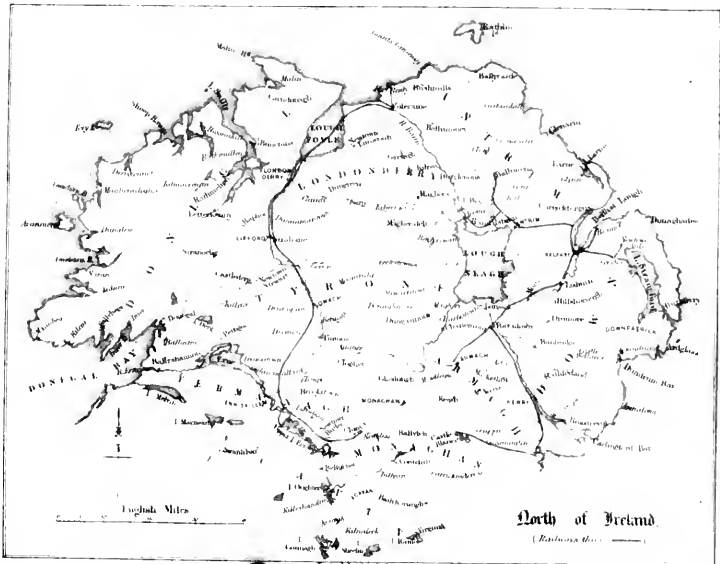
BETTYSTOWN, or Betaghstown, a small watering-place, twenty-nine miles from Dublin, on the sea shore, the seat of the proprietor of the estate, Mr. R. Shepherd, being in the vicinity. To the left is Pilltown, residence of Mr. T. Brodigan, at whose suggestion public enterprise was first directed towards the line. The sea view from this point along the rail, as it winds by the coast, is striking and beautiful. To the right is the small hamlet of Calpe, where is a bath said to contain the remains of Calpa (son of Milesius), drowned in the Boyne and buried here; St. Patrick landed at this spot when proceeding to Tara. There are traces of a castle which was standing in 1641, when it was levelled during the war. Further to the right is Mornington, ancient seat of the Wellesley family—the stock whence, as the world knows, Wellington derived his title and race. Dangan Castle, the Duke's residence in boyhood, is about twenty miles further inland, near Trim, County Meath, and of which we speak elsewhere. There are some interesting ruins in Mornington, well worthy attention.

At the opposite side on the beach, entrance of the Boyne, stands the Maiden Tower, sixty feet high by twelve square: crowned by a battlemented terrace, which is gained by a narrow winding staircase, and commanding a most extensive view, inland and coastwise. A smaller tower of solid stone, next the larger, forty feet high and seven in diameter, is the Lady's Finger. These were landmarks, the Boyne at the entrance being very intricate. The rail now enters a deep cutting, emerging from which, and crossing an embankment, brings us to the terminus, where from a commanding height we look down upon the rich valley of the Boyne, and on its banks the renowned

TOWN OF DROGHEDA.—The view from the terminus begets anticipations by no means sustained as the stranger enters the squalid and craggy streets, especially at the southern or county Meath side, the northern or more improved portion being in county Louth, where general business is carried on. The history of the place belongs to remote antiquity; its name in



North of Ireland.
(Railways thus -----)



North of Ireland.

(Reference Map.)

Irish signifying "the Bridge of the Ford," early historians termed it *Pons Vadi* and *Pontana Civitas*. Its antiquities are as numerous as interesting. The remains of the Dominican convent, founded in 1224 by Lucas de Netterville, Archbishop of Armagh, bear about them all that can be well conceived of architectural beauty in decay. Its tower, known as Magdalen's Steeple, resting on a Gothic arch of most graceful proportions, gives a fine conception of what must have been the beauty and the harmony of the entire, despite sad havoc by Cromwell, the record of whose campaigns in this neighbourhood abounds in evidence of needless ferocity calculated infinitely to damp posterity's admiration of the otherwise heroic Protector. Immediately above the arch, which supports Magdalen's Steeple, are two chambers, with eight windows, carved and highly ornamented in most florid Gothic, testifying the perfection to which that style had been brought at a remote period in Ireland. In the hall of this church the northern chieftains made submission to Richard II., and within its walls many other incidents connected with the history of Ireland took place. The ruins of St. Mary's, founded in the reign of Edward I.; steeple of the Augustinian Priory (ascribed to St. Patrick); St. Mary's Hospital, founded thirteenth century; Priory of St. Lawrence; the Gray Friary; and the smaller foundations of St. James and St. Bennett, are the principal ecclesiastical edifices, and present an aggregate of antiquities seldom met anywhere, Ireland itself hardly excepted. St. Lawrence's Gate, the only remaining portion of the old walls, bears ample testimony—as does the picturesque ruin called the West Gate, or Butter Gate on the Meath side—of the original defences of Drogheda, which suffered more from the marauding plunderer and ambitious invader than almost any other town in Ireland, as recorded by Dalton. The linen trade has rendered it famous for upwards of a century, and is not only recovering, but springing into healthy life in this locality and throughout Ireland. Chevalier Claussen, by rendering flax capable of being manufactured in the ordinary cotton-spinning machinery, opened incalculable benefits to Ireland. Drogheda lies fifty-seven miles from Belfast, and twenty-three from Dublin; population about 24,000. The export trade is considerable, particularly in cattle, corn, provisions, and country produce, generally supplied by the surrounding fertile districts of Meath, Louth, &c. A fine fleet of powerful steamers belong to the port and ply between it and Liverpool. Its principal attractions, many of which our volume incidentally notices, are in the immediate neighbourhood, which comprises some of the most pleasing and diversified scenery, exclusive of the field whereon was fought the famous battle, within a half hour's walk of the town, near the hamlet of Oldbridge, on the banks of the Boyne.

Those who would linger on the scenery of this river, for the sake of historic associations, should provide themselves with Mr. Wilde's "Boyne and Blackwater."—it is much the latest and the best; contains a plan of the field, and various illustrations of the most celebrated spots in the district. Another good one, not a little curious from its military opinions being rather different to those generally entertained, is that in Banim's novel of the "Boyne Water:" though a work of imagination is not exactly an authority on such points, the reader will find much suggestive matter in it, and in a shape more attractive than mere dry narrative. But it is to the third volume of Macaulay (who has lately personally explored the whole *locale* of the conflict) that anticipation will necessarily be turned; and, par-

ticipating in the general eagerness, we do not trespass on the province of the historian in this respect.

The environs of Drogheda possess many attractions to lure the tourist from his road. Amongst the most remarkable seats is Slane Castle, residence of Marquis of Conyngham, where George IV. spent a few days in 1821. Near it are some famous ecclesiastical ruins: also two other structures, formerly of great feudal celebrity, now of vast beauty, in decay. Turn which way we will in this district, architectural antiquities of every order of attraction invite us, the mere enumeration of which would make a formidable encroachment on our space. The traveller, once he alights in Meath, either towards Trim on the Midland line: or from Drogheda, rambling along the Boyne, as we are now doing; or by the branch to Navan, which we shall presently traverse after returning to Drogheda: it is perfectly immaterial in which direction he moves, objects almost innumerable of the kind meet him. Three miles from Drogheda, on the left, are the ruins of the Abbey of Monasterboice; two chapels; a round tower, now 110 feet high, formerly much higher (top struck off by lightning), beautifully diminishing from a base of eighteen feet, in the manner of a Tuscan pillar, its main circumference being fifty-two feet. The large stone cross, called St. Boyne's Cross, in the adjoining graveyard, is deemed the most ancient religious relic in Ireland. Should the tourist have at all a spice of the antiquarian, he will, either before or immediately after visiting Monasterboice, consult "The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion; comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, which obtained the Gold Medal and Prize of the Royal Irish Academy: by George Petrie, R.H.A., V.P.R.A.," who is received by many as an infallible authority on this much-disputed question. The remains of the crosses in this fine ruin are enclosed in a circle emblematic of the eternity of the faith. The largest, the Great Cross, is twenty-seven feet high, composed of two stones, a work of infinite beauty, as it stands mid the ruins of hallowed fanes and long-forgotten altars, presenting an object of most contemplative interest. The antiquity of these ruins is so remote, that all said or written about them is little better than mere surmise; but there can be small doubt of one portion of the building having been of a much later period than another. In the neighbourhood of Monasterboice is the no less famous Mellifont Abbey, once of vast magnitude and splendour, erected 1142, and granted to Sir Gerald Moore at the dissolution of monastic institutions. St. Bernard's Chapel must have been one of the most elegant and highly embellished structures of the Norman or early English pointed style in Ireland. The tourist, on leaving the battle-field at Oldbridge, should visit Mellifont Abbey first, and then Monasterboice, although we have reversed their order here.

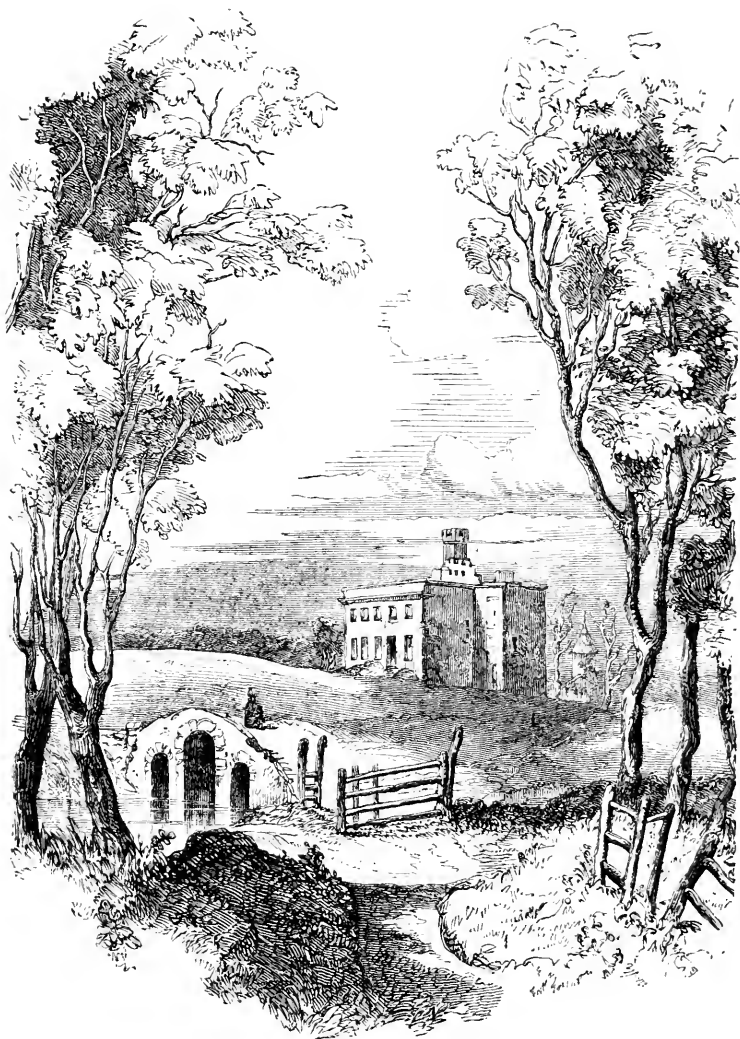
At either of the principal Drogheda hotels, Simecocks's or Keappock's, we may be accommodated, at ten minutes' notice, with a well-horsed car, and visit Ardee, Collon, Duleek, &c.—giving, if possible, one long summer's day to that section of the beautiful vale of Meath, extending from Drogheda east, toward Navan, Trim, and Kells. Far as the eye can reach, pastures, perhaps the richest in the world, are dotted with excellent tillage farms. These are the plains whence come the fat beeves which through the quays of Dublin on their way to the English markets. In the centre of this plain rises the thrice-renowned Hill of "Tara of the Kings," in whose halls the chiefs of Ireland met in council, where princes feasted and bards sang,

where Ollamh wrote and Patrick preached; yet of all its proud memories, there scarcely remains a vestige to tell of former greatness—Moore's immortal dirge, embodying the very spirit of desolation proper to the place.

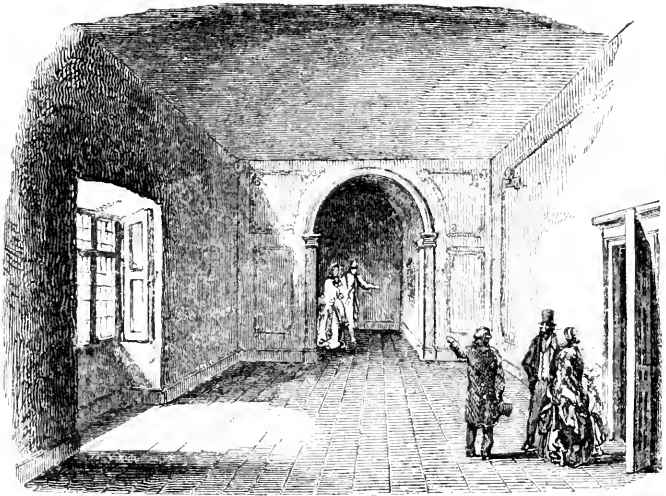
Supposing the tourist has seen Drogheda and its environs, and is about journeying north, the first object is the

BOYNE VIADUCT.—Composed of fifteen arches of sixty-one feet span, twelve south, and three on the north side of the river, for which there are three openings, one centre bay 250 feet clear waterway, and two side bays 125 feet each. Between these openings rise light and lofty piers to support the superstructure, which is at such a level as leaves ninety feet in the clear above high water for the navigation. The masonry is of calp limestone, quarried immediately beside the site of the viaduct, excepting the quoins and other smoothly dressed parts, and these are of the white limestone obtained at Skerries. The greatest load the bridge can ever have to carry would be a double train of locomotives, which would weigh on the three centre spans about 1,060 tons, and its own weight 740, total 1,800 tons; the weight, therefore, which the bridge is calculated to bear before breaking is 7,200 tons. The engineer-in-chief is Sir J. Maeneill, the first to bring forward lattice bridges of wrought iron, and has constructed several on Irish railways of moderate spans. The preliminary investigations, and the working out of the detail of this design, were intrusted to Mr. J. Barton, acting engineer to the company; the execution is carried out under his inspection and that of Mr. Alex. Schaw, resident engineer, who lives at the works. The bridge will cost about £70,000, probably the cheapest in the kingdom, considering spans, size, and materials. By this link the northern communication of Ireland is immensely facilitated, and Belfast placed within four hours of Dublin.

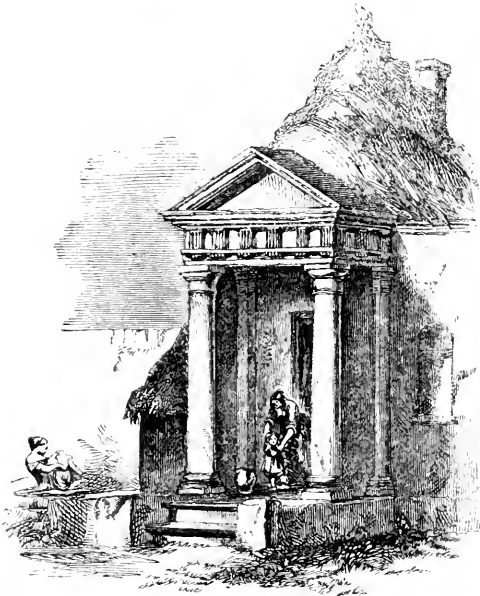
BRANCH TO NAVAN AND KELLS.—To view this district properly, it will be well to proceed by the branch to Navan, in about forty minutes. There is only a single line; but it is intended to complete the double rail, and the extension of the line is progressing to Kells, whither we cannot accompany the tourist; but we may assure him that there awaits him an antiquarian treat second only to that which he has already experienced at Mellifont. Navan—one of the earliest settlements by the English in Meath, or indeed within the Pale, situate at the confluence of the Boyne and Blackwater—is not very prepossessing, the streets being narrow and ill paved; but a considerable trade in country produce is carried on, and there are also several mills and flax, wool, and paper factories. The produce of the district, and also the imports of necessary articles, are conveyed to Navan from Drogheda by the Boyne navigation. The antiquities comprise the ruins of Athlumney Church and Castle, and the Round Tower of Donaghmore, likewise some interesting ecclesiastical remains in the neighbourhood, together with the Bridge and ancient Church of Clady. Taking a car at Navan, and driving which way we may, fresh ruins—that is, others than those we have already inspected—meet us on all sides, each group, if possible, more picturesque than the former. Few, however, are more admired than those of Liscarton Castle, which, with the church and the thatched house, forms what Mr. Wilde truly calls “a most charming picture;” perhaps, indeed, the most charming of any in all this region of castellated antiquities—unless it be the inimitably graceful Scurloughstown Castle, within easy reach of the former, and whose interesting history, as well as that of all the others we have enumerated, will be found in the “Boyne and Blackwater,” so



DANGAN CASTLE, FROM THE ROAD; EARLY HOME OF WELLINGTON. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

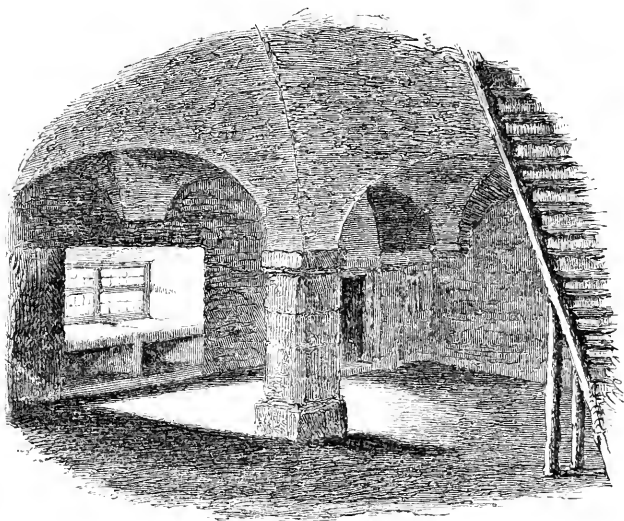


ROOM AT DANGAN CASTLE, IN WHICH WELLINGTON IS REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN BORN.



OLD GATE-HOUSE AT DANGAN CASTLE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

frequently referred to. Paramount, however, beyond all and every of these ancient attractions, is the one great modern one, whose name we need not name, but leave our artist to afford the reader the first peep at the early home of him whose renown has filled the world, and whose removal from amongst us seems to be hardly yet realised to the national mind, so much was he a part of the country's being. Four miles from Trim (*vide* Galway route) is what is left of Dangan Castle, which, in conformity with the hitherto popular belief, we have described as the birthplace of Wellington, though he really was born, April 29, 1769, in No. 24, in Merrion-street, Dublin, at present occupied by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, at the time the town residence of his father, the Earl of Mornington. That his infancy was spent at the County Meath family-seat is indisputable; and the room



THE OLD KITCHEN AT DANGAN CASTLE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

which figures in our artist's sketch as the actual apartment in which his Grace first saw the light, and still pointed out as such on the spot, served as the nursery of himself and eldest brother, the Marquis of Wellesley. Be this as it may, there are abundant associations of the hero connected with this pile (long since passed out of the Wellesley family, as also out of that of Feargus O'Connor's, its subsequent owners) to render the labours of Mr. Mahony most acceptable to the tourist. According to the Rev. Cæsar Otway, this was the very land to have produced such a hero as the immortal Field-Marshal. "No wonder the kings of Meath were so often monarchs of Ireland. No wonder the hills of Tara, of Usneach, of Skreen, were so famous. Here was the great fair of Tailtean, where all the Irish lads and lasses met to get married, and where, as now at Ballinasloe, was a splendid show of fine cattle. In those primitive days, along the sides of the hill of

Tailtean were ranged pretty girls and brave boys; and then, after the young people had for a sufficient time cast sheep's eyes at one another, and the parents had made proper bargains and arranged family settlements, matches were made; then games and sports and feats of activity began, similar, and not perhaps inferior to the Isthmean, or Olympic games of Greece. Human nature is the same in all times and places; the young must marry and be given in marriage."

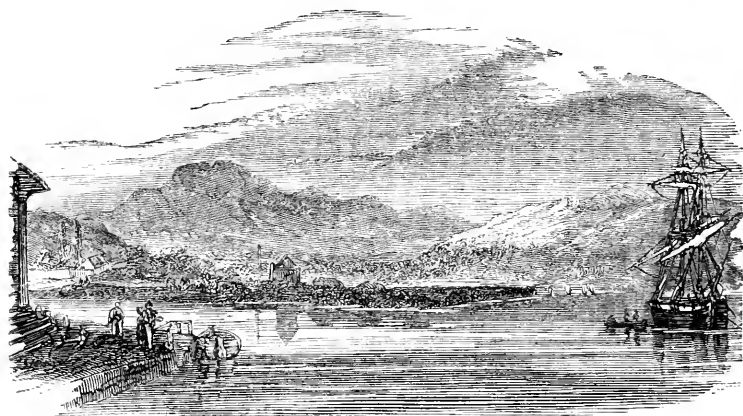
Returning to Navan by car, we obtain various glimpses of the Boyne, winding through a richly-wooded country, with the rising grounds here and there studded with handsome residences of the Meath gentry. Taking the return trains from Navan, we reach Drogheda in time for dinner, and start northward as convenient.

DROGHEDA TO DUNDALK.—The Belfast Junction, fifty-five miles in length, from Drogheda to Belfast, was constructed by Sir J. Macneill, who resides near Dundalk. The Great Boyne Viaduct connects this with the Drogheda and Dublin railway, and thus admits of direct transit to Ballymena, and thence at once to the Causeway. The Belfast Junction train, on leaving Drogheda, will scarcely have come to its full speed when we find ourselves in Louth, the smallest county in Ireland, fertile, scenery agreeable, and abounding in many remnants of antiquity as the centre of the privileged region known as the Pale. Throughout, it contains old castles, forts, raths, and other memorials of by-gone greatness, which bring vividly before us the stirring events recorded in mediæval Irish history; but of these the English or foreign reader will now have had a superabundance; so proceed we on our journey without further inquiry. Eight miles north of Drogheda is Dunleer, a place of little importance, belonging principally to Mr. R. Monte-quicu Bellew, descended from one of the first Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland. Next comes Castle Bellingham, famous for ale, and one of the model villages of Ireland. The magnificent demesne of Mr. A. E. Bellingham contains groups of yew trees, the equals of which are scarcely to be found in Ireland, save perhaps in Hollybrook and Kilruddery, County Wicklow, as already described. We next approach

DUNDALK, the county town of Louth, commanding a considerable export trade. Several large steamers ply to Liverpool; and there are two breweries, a distillery, and a pin manufactory, besides a flax-spinning factory, which gives employment to a number of children. The scenery around is peculiarly beautiful, though Dundalk is built upon low marshy ground, bounded north by the estuary of Castletown River, and flanked on the west by the demesne of Earl Roden, the excellent lord of the manor, who has a fancifully-constructed cottage in the town. Dundalk, anciently Dundelgan, in the poems of Ossian, and even later, claims high antiquity. Passing over the wars of the Anglo-Normans, we find that in the reign of Edward the Second it was a royal city. Edward Bruce stormed Dundalk, which he afterwards made his chosen residence; and here he was solemnly crowned King of Ireland, and maintained for two years the pageantry of a court, until, in 1318, on the hill of Foighard, he lost crown and life. It successfully resisted sieges from the Irish, under the O'Neills. In 1649, Monk (Lord Albemarle) held it for the king, but insubordination in the garrison forced its surrender to Lord Inchiquin. In 1689 it was garrisoned for James II., but abandoned on the approach of Schomberg. The family of Hamilton were created Barons of Clanboy and Viscounts Limerick in 1719, and Earls of Clanbrassil in 1756; and Robert, first Earl of Roden, married the sister and

heiress of the last Earl of Clanbrassil, and so became the proprietor of Dundalk. His beautiful seat of Tollymore Park, in the neighbourhood, is one of the most celebrated in Ireland, and rendered readily accessible to the public, in conformity with his lordship's unvarying courtesy and kindness in all the relations of private life. The town is prospering, as the commercial spirit of its people so well entitles it to do; Mr. Thackeray, for instance, devoting a far larger portion of his book to its position and prospects than to any other section of Ireland he visited.

DUNDALK TO NEWRY.—Leaving Dundalk, the whole way to Newry is extremely pleasant, and Newry itself is a worthy terminus to such an introduction, it being one of the most agreeable towns in any part of Ireland, look at it in what light we may. Newry is far too important a place to be dismissed in a page or two, which is, unfortunately, all our space affords. We would, therefore, recommend the tourist who may make the place his head-quarters for an excursion through the beautiful Mourne district, of

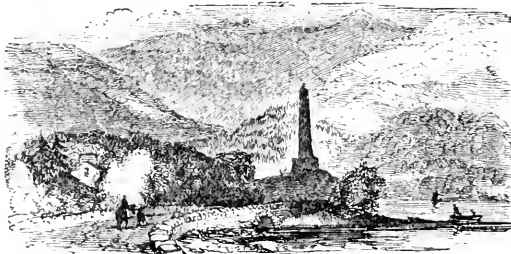


NEWRY, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER TOWARDS WARRENPOINT—SUNSET. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

which it is the capital, to put himself in the hands of Mr. Greer, bookseller, in the Market-place, and for a very trifling outlay he will be provided with information, addressed to mind and eye, that will leave nothing to be desired. It is, however, from its proximity to Rosstrevor, that Newry is chiefly resorted to. Rosstrevor is reached within a couple of miles (as far as Warrenpoint) by the short rail from Newry, the line being owned, and also the steamers in connexion with it, plying to Liverpool, by Mr. W. Dargan, who, as the contractor for that truly noble work, the Newry Navigation, takes a peculiar interest in this locality. As an evidence of such interest, it may be remarked that, for the first time in his life, notwithstanding his deserved preëminence in the railway world, he has consented to become a director of a company—one for the formation of a line between Newry and Armagh, and which will complete the obligations he has imposed on this important locality. Mr. Dargan has been longer prominently connected with the neighbourhood of Newry, and has perhaps a

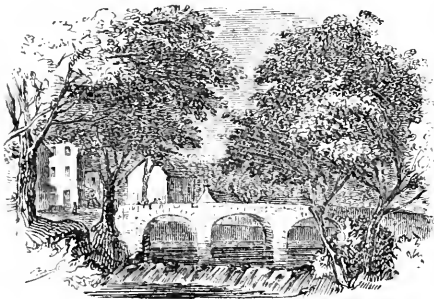
larger amount of his private fortune embarked in the immediate district, than in any other part of Ireland.

ROSSSTREVOR contains about 200 well-built houses, cottages, and villas; bounded on one side by the thickly-wooded Sliev Ban and minor mountains, on the other by cultivated slopes and rich meadow holms, covered with plantations, and studded with elegant villas. There is no trade and no



ROSS'S MONUMENT, ROSSSTREVOR.

bustle here. It has, altogether, an aristocratic and exclusive appearance, and is a spot of surpassing attraction. Near the centre of the town stood the massive castle of Rory M'Gennis, kinsman of one of the Lords of Iveigh, who formerly owned this region, and to whom Rosstrevor owes its origin. Scarcely a vestige remains, where stood, within the memory of the present generation, the ruined walls that once re-echoed to the wassailry of the bold



THE BRIDGE—ROSSSTREVOR.

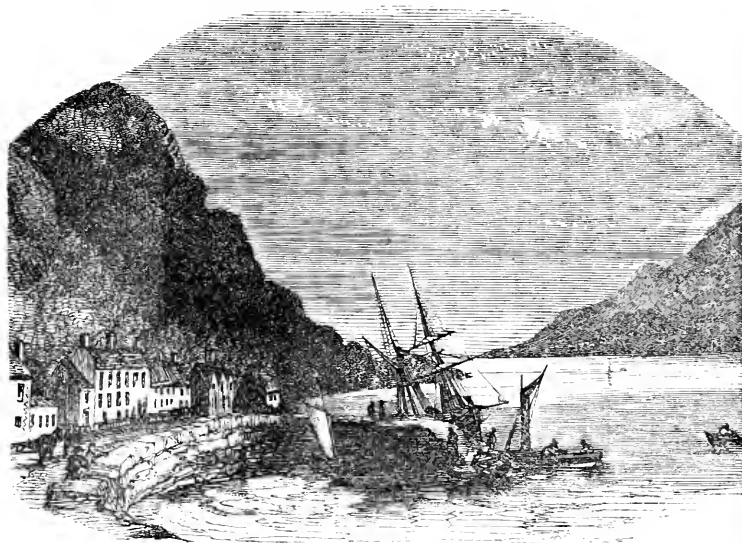
M'Gennis and his clan. Yet it has not passed away without a lament from the harp of one so worthy to sing its dirge—the “Wizard of the North:”—

Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Sliev Donard's oak shall light no more,
Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,
Tell maiden's love, or hero's praise!
The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,
Centre of hospitable mirth!

All undistinguished in the glade
Thy sire's glad home is prostrate laid;
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war,
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!

The sail from Warrenpoint is inexpressibly charming, combining, in infinite perfection, every element of beauty, if not of actual sublimity, in marine and pastoral scenery. But it is the bay—the inimitable Bay of Carlingford—which is the great lion of the scene, for all other beauties sink into insignificance beside the bright blue of these deep transparent waters. Right across it, directly opposite to Warrenpoint, is the beautiful little Church of Omeath, with a School-house nestling beside it, seen in our sketch of O'Hagan's Hotel, from the front windows of which is obtained a splendid prospect, singularly beautiful.

CARLINGFORD—abounding in some splendid memorials of an important past, and, on that score, most deserving of inspection, but quite out of our

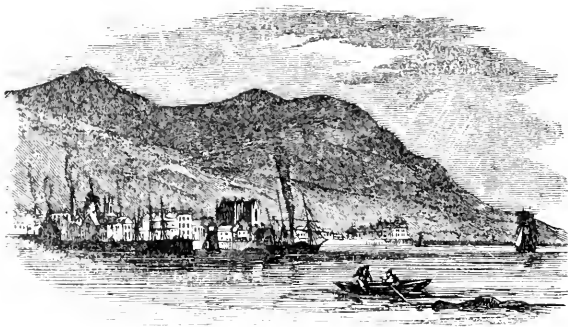


ROSTREVOR QUAY.

tourist's ticket track just now—belongs to the Marquis of Anglesey, and is celebrated for its oysters, superior to every other te staeous or crustaceous dweller in the deep. The fish is indescribably delicious—piquant and luscious—at once an incentive and a sedative to the stomach, simultaneously awakening and appeasing hunger, and almost realising the aspiration of the epicure in Pelham, when he sighed for “perpetual appetite—a digestive houri that should renew her virginity every time she was embraced.” If any one doubt this, all we say is—let him try.

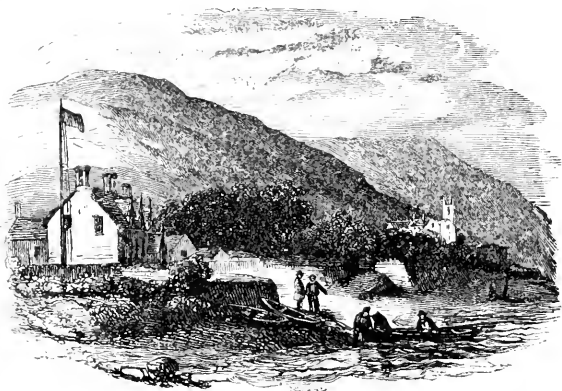
The sea scenery around the whole Mourne coast, up to Belfast Lough, has long been famous; and the inland beauties of the district, commencing at Newry, and extending as far and all about Lough Neagh, is of corresponding attractiveness. Newry, Warrenpoint, and the various towns, of

which there are probably not less than fifty all round the coast and in the inland of the fine county of Down (in which we are when we have crossed the Newry Water), is the subject of an useful illustrated volume, entitled, "Carlingford Bay, and the Watering Places in its Vicinity," to be had at



WARRENPOINT.

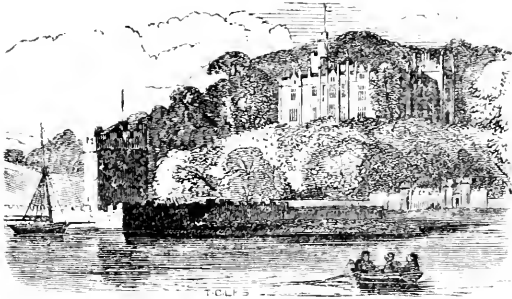
Greer's, in Newry. Among the places therein noticed are Newcastle, Banbridge, Tandragee, Rathfriland, Castlewella, Dundrum, Seaforde, Ballynahinch, Downpatrick, Ardglass, Strangford, Portaferry, Comber, Newton Ardes, Bangor, Hollywood, Antrim, Shane's Castle, Randalstown, Dungan-



OMAGH, OPPOSITE WARRENPOINT.

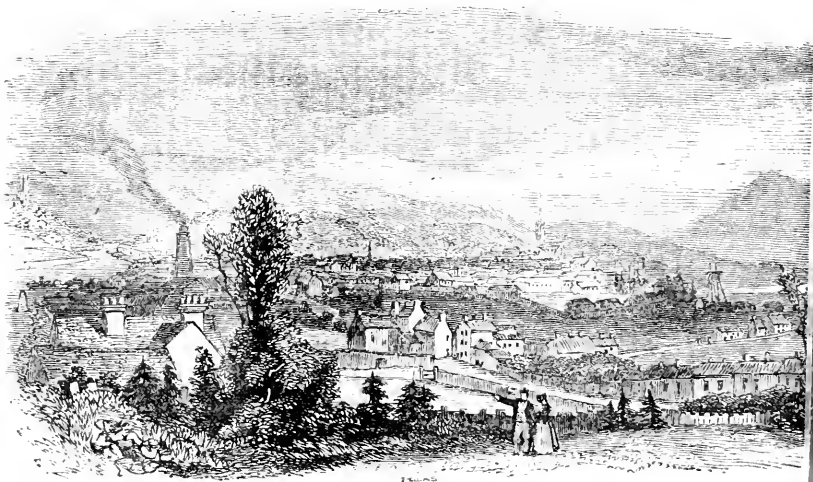
non, Charlemount, Armagh, and Markethill. All these and many more (north) might be fairly included in our present tour, as entitled to more or less consideration; but as it is impossible we could bestow the smallest paragraph upon each, and no adequate particulars on even the more promi-

ment, we must beg the reader to hurry forward to Belfast, first taking another view of the next largest town to it, and one which, when the bar at the mouth of Carlingford Bay shall be removed, as it long ago ought to have



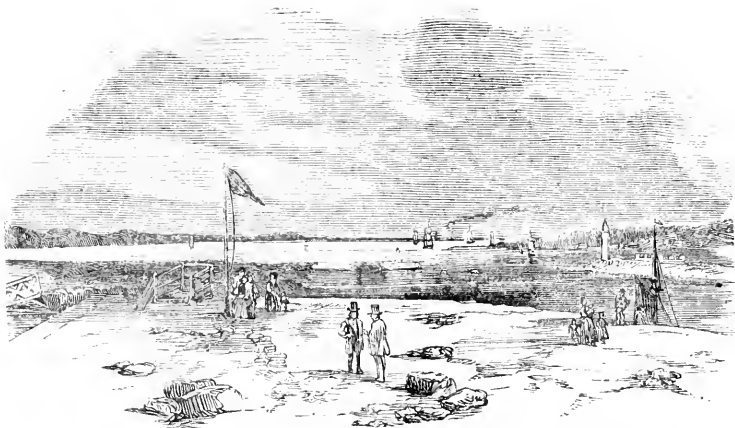
NARROW WATER HOUSE, NEAR NEWRY.

been. will fully keep pace in prosperity with the great Northern industrial capital of Ireland.

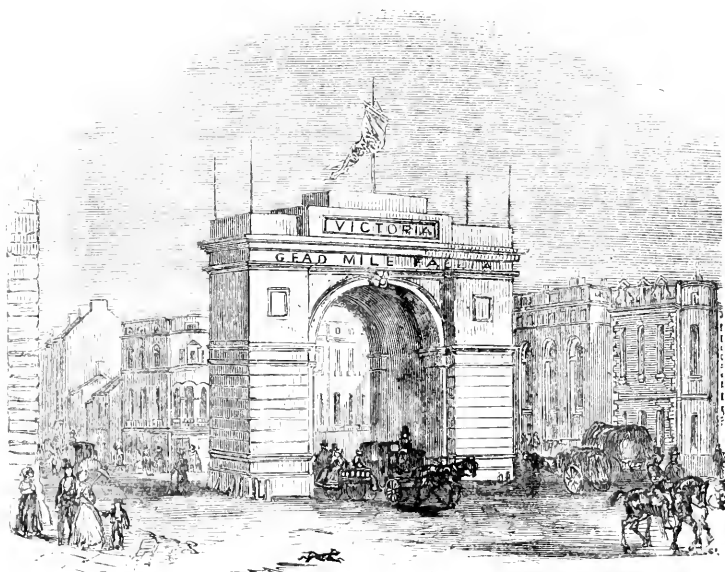


TOWN OF NEWRY, SECOND VIEW.

BELFAST.—Our arrangements not permitting of municipal details, we can attempt no description of so large and important a town as Belfast, on the Lough of the same name, and at the mouth of the Lagan. Every reader is



ENTRANCE TO BELFAST LOUGH, FROM OPPOSITE QUEEN'S ISLAND—CARRICKFERGUS, &c., IN THE DISTANCE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



SKETCH IN QUEEN-SQUARE, BELFAST. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

aware that, owing to its being the seat of the linen manufacture—but chiefly because of the self-reliant, public-spirited energy of its inhabitants, who overcame every disadvantage of an imperfect maritime position—it has become the most prosperous of all the towns in Ireland, and in bustle, activity, and methodical despatch of business, may challenge comparison with any of equal population in Great Britain. Its mills and factories, its crowded docks and wharves, impart an aspect combining the commercial and mercantile features both of Liverpool and Manchester; while there is an air of cleanliness, health, and breadth, that give decided advantage over the great Lancashire foci of trading animation. Its streets are, for the most part, well-built, and, as the modern Irish Athens, it necessarily has numerous edifices, worthy of its repute, devoted to educational and intellectual purposes, while its religious structures are many and fine. At almost any hotel the tourist will obtain, either gratuitously, or for a few pence, little books containing copious particulars of its rise, progress, population, and commercial and other statistics; and some of these publications embrace the leading peculiarities of the whole county of Antrim, from the shores of Lough Neagh to the extremity of the coast for many miles around, of course including the Causeway. With these facilities, it would be an unjustifiable waste of space here to give details which, at best, would be meagre and imperfect; and accordingly we commit the reader to the economic information just indicated, there being much more elaborate publications for those who can afford money to purchase or time to peruse them. We may add, however, that, generally speaking, the inhabitants being proud of their flourishing town, and all that pertains to it, and not less so of the beautiful scenery in its vicinage, are ever willing to put the visitor in possession of all local experience that may be of gratification to him. This is the case, too, with the manufacturers in the neighbourhood, and, indeed, of all engaged in flax preparation in the remarkable district of which Belfast is the head-quarters. The stranger, if not already familiar with it, as he ought from its publicity in industrial circles, will soon find that, like Atkinson's in poplins and tabinets, in Dublin, the leviathan name in the Belfast linen trade is Mulholland's, which family carries on the manufacture in all its gradations, except the weaving. An inspection of their establishments is the great object of the majority of visitors to Belfast, and at the inns the means of accomplishing it may be ascertained.

BELFAST TO THE CAUSEWAY.—The coast road and onwards by Coleraine, taking the inland road on returning, through Ballymoney and Ballymena, is usually preferred. Starting by the Belfast and Ballymena Railway at 6 A.M., we arrive at the Carrickfergus Junction in thirty minutes, through a well-cultivated country, skirting the banks of Belfast Lough to Carrickfergus, the county town of Antrim, the bold features of the coast becoming momentarily more prominent. Leaving the train at the Junction, and taking the mail-car for Ballycastle, the road to which partakes of the hilly character so peculiar to Down and this part of Antrim, we pass through Carrickfergus, where attention will be chiefly attracted by the castle commanding the entrance of Belfast Lough. A few hours may be spent with great profit in Carrickfergus; but if the tourist is impatient to proceed, and does not linger there, he arrives at forty minutes past nine at Larne, through some charming scenery. If in search of the picturesque, he will prefer the old hilly road, full of ruts and hollows, from Carrickfergus to Larne; but when time is an object, the mail-car route is most eligible. Near

Larne is a bold headland fronting the bay, where stand the interesting ruins of Olderfleet Castle, once the protection of the town; and here are also a Druidical altar and a rocking stone, with various other interesting remains. Two miles from Larne, are the Lallagh Braes amphitheatre of cliffs. From Larne to Glenarm the road traverses the margin of the sea, and on a clear day, particularly before the sun has raised ocean mists, one may catch glimpses of Argyleshire; while four miles west of Larne the lofty Agnew's Hill commands a magnificent view of the Scottish coast. Proceeding from Larne, the first object in the architectural way is Cairn Castle, or Carrigh Castle, to which is attached a legend, in the "Fair Rosamond" style, of the frail wife of the Prince of Breffni. The scenery now becomes more and more beautiful, and for about six miles, on a summer forenoon, offers a lovely alternation of land and sea, the facilities for enjoying the beauties of this romantic coast being lately extended by a new road.

GLENARM nestles within the embrace and at the feet of two majestic hills, where is a richly-wooded glen, fronting the ocean to the east, but protected from the bitter north and boisterous west winds by the hill of Nachore, 1,179 feet high. It may be set down as one of the model towns of its class, and is always remembered with pleasure by the tourist, who, having left Belfast by six A.M., reaches this place before half-past eleven.

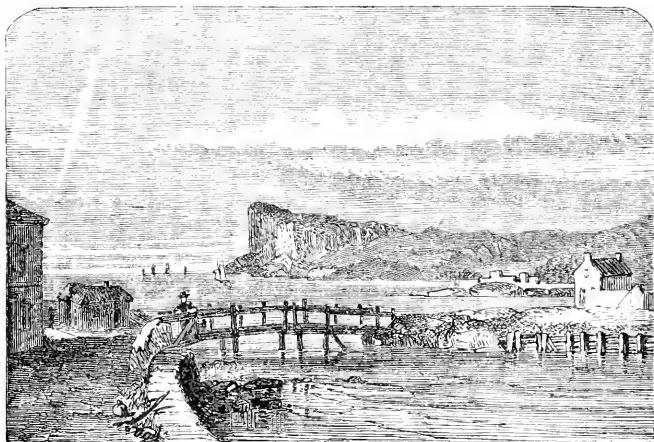
GARRON POINT.—Leaving Glenarm, catching a view up the glen which intersects the noble deer-park of the Earl of Antrim, we proceed to Cushandall, through the village of Cairnlough, where, if so minded, we can be well accommodated at a comfortable hotel established under the patronage of the present Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry. Here again the roads diverge, the new, along the coast, being level and comfortable, whilst the old pursues the very uneven tenour of its way over brae and hill, yet affording to the sketcher superior advantages from interesting points. Passing the demesne of Drumnasole and Nappan, and skirting the thriving plantations clothing the Nachore mountain, we come, after a drive of eight miles, to a very renowned spot in Causeway scenery, Garron Point, whence, in clear weather, miles on miles of the Scottish coast are brought within view. Even the Scottish mountains far inland may be seen, and the bold outline of the Mull of Cantyre is so clearly defined, that occasionally it seems not ten miles distant. The great local attraction of this spot is the view which its vicinity affords of the fine mansion and demesne of the late Marquis of Londonderry, for it is only the late one who was known as its owner.

RED BAY.—Rounding Garron Point, we enter upon the sublime mountains and sea scenery of Red Bay. Before us lies a vast expanse of water, which in summer sunsets reflects the bold outlines of the magnificent surrounding hills. At the entrance of one of the gorges of the mountain glens, dipping deeply into the recesses of the hills, and forming outlets for the streams which pour in cascades down from the highland spring, we find the ruins of an old church. Occupying a distinguished position at the side of what must have been the chancel of the building, is a tombstone, whose motto and inscription reveal the grave of the great chieftain, Shane O'Neill, the *Labh dhariy*, or Red Hand, the cognisance of this branch of his warrior family, being yet distinct.

CUSHANDALL TO FAIRHEAD AND BALLYCASTLE.—Passing and leaving to our right the beautiful and populous locality of Glenarriffe, we reach Cushandall. We may observe, that after passing Garron Point, the scenery

and geological features of the coast begin to assume the characteristic aspect of the basaltic structure which appears in such perfection at the Giant's Causeway. The various strata constituting the entire line of coast may be readily distinguished. Limestone and basalt in alternate layers, with occasional traces of columnar deposit, are more and more frequent the nearer we approach the Causeway. In the vicinity of Cushandall's pretty village may be traced the remains of an extensive ancient fortification. Tradition names it as the birthplace of Ossian; and, strangely enough, the oldest and most gifted sennachie and chronicler in the village is named Macpherson, suggestive of Churchill's lines:—

Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,
Whom English infidels Macpherson call.



FAIRHEAD, FROM BALLYCASTLE, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

Next is Cushendun, once called Newtown Glens, a collection of fishermen's cottages, to which lately have been added some good houses, with a few pretty villas. The next striking object is the magnificent viaduct of Glendun (cost £17,000), three noble arches spanning the valley of Glendun at a height of eighty feet in the centre. Far beneath winds the Awe Dun, or Brown River, its placid and silvery stream generally the reverse of brown; but when swollen by rains, it assumes the yellow turbid appearance which has conferred its generic appellation. The aspect of the glen from the valley beneath, with the bridge spanning its breadth at an airy height, exhibits a picture well worth the attention of the sketcher. In approaching Ballycastle, three miles to the west, stands the celebrated promontory of Fair Head, stupendously towering above the neighbouring headlands. Proceeding cautiously to the verge of the precipitous rock which beetles over the sea, one looks down with mingled feelings of awe and delight at the vast chasm, beneath whose floor is the purple ocean, heaving in ceaseless swell; whilst, springing from the depths of its waters, gigantic columns of nature's own indescribably beautiful order upheave their shafts at the face and sides of the cliff to heights averaging 200 feet.



A Vendor of Specimens.—The Highlandman's Bonnet, and the Chair in which the Giant sat while his men built the Causeway. Drawn by Mahony.

would give "general satisfaction," as each succeeding visitor would find new matter for research, new objects of wonder, and new themes of delight. We can readily imagine the feelings of a man endowed with high intellect, cultivated by study, and refined by communication with kindred minds, approaching and examining what may be called this *chef-d'œuvre* of Nature's most eccentric exactitude, for such it really is—caprice and accuracy contending for mastery. We can also suppose the cogitations of the materialist, who accounts for these wondrous formations by the laws of crystallization. But there the Causeway stands, in most minds creating astonishment as hostile to the theories of the learned as to the wild legend which gives the popular name to this extraordinary locality.

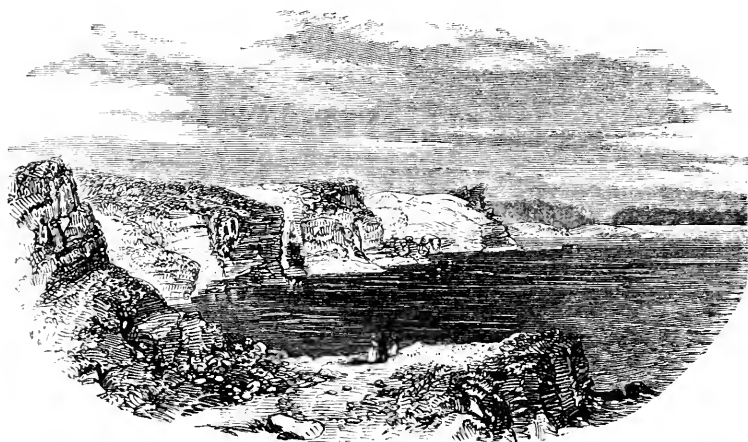
Accompanied by his guide, the tourist, leaving Ballycastle, proceeds

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—Having now arrived at the nearest spot to which a public conveyance can bring us to the great Lion of the North, the visitor should first secure his quarters in the principal inn, or in one of the other two small but cleanly and well-kept Ballycastle hostels; secondly, engage an experienced guide; if very old, so much the better; for he is sure to have a son, a grandson, or relative in the shape of a "boy," who may be fifteen or forty, but still a boy. The "man" is fraught with legendary lore anent the Causeway and its vicinity; whilst the "boy," generally speaking, is an athletic, obliging fellow, who will lend a hand at climbing a rock or treading a difficult path, and tell you a topographic tale as he tugs at the oar whilst conveying you from point to point on this amphibious expedition, for it would be nothing without the aqueous portion of it. Detailed description would be quite futile, within such limits as this book affords; besides, if there were as many descriptions of this unparagoned phenomenon as there are sides to its myriad pillars, not one



The Giant's Well, and Causeway Guide.

along the margin of the coast; and after a tramp of about three miles, passes the village of Ballinatoy, a little beyond which the shore takes a sharp turn to the right; and here, uplifting its spire-like rocks above the waves, appears an object that he will be immediately familiar with, from the countless drawings and engravings he has been seeing since childhood—the Islet of Carriekarede, separated from the main land by a channel twenty yards wide. The pathway on the main land gradually rises, until we approach the point opposite the island, where we arrive at the brink of a chasm sixty feet span, and at a depth of nearly a hundred feet, the green waves foam and dash against the beetling cliffs at either side, in awe-inspiring immensity and force. Across this chasm a rude bridge is thrown, constructed on the principle of the hide-ropes bridges in the Andes, and other parts of South America. Two stout cables in parallel lines, four feet apart, from rock to rock, athwart the gulf, are made fast to iron rings, morticed



SKERREY ISLANDS:—COON CAVE HEADLAND AND PORTRUSH IN THE DISTANCE; SEEN FROM THE STACKS. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

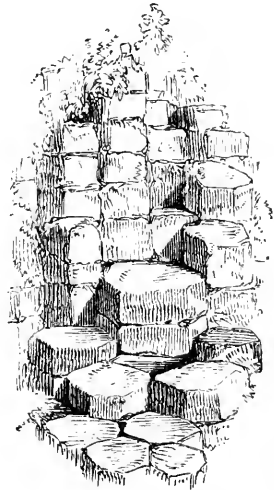
into the stone surface. Across these a series of planks are firmly lashed, giving stability to the structure as well as forming a footway. A pair of hand-ropes completes the swinging bridge—and swing it does alarmingly in stormy weather; but such is the effect of custom, that the fishermen and peasantry—men, women, and children—cross fearlessly day and night, in all weathers, often with heavy burdens. Mr. Barrow remarks, that “The only danger to be apprehended is the giving way of the ropes and iron rings to which they are fastened; should this happen, farewell to the unfortunate passenger. One heavy-built man crossed over in my presence, and the bridge bent and quivered at his every step in a fearful manner. He walked with a very hurried step, which, on questioning him, I learnt to be the only safe way. The man who drove me had accompanied some military officers to the bridge, one of whom, venturing to cross, became nervous, and would certainly have fallen over had he not been seized by the guide; so much

depends on strength of head. The fact was, becoming giddy by looking down, he stood still, on which the fickle bridge began to sway backwards and forwards and became so unsteady as to throw him completely off his guard. It was said that lady visitors had frequently passed it, of which I have not the least doubt, for where man dares, they seldom hesitate to follow."

From this to the Causeway the coast road presents, at every turn, fresh objects of interest. Rich views are obtained of Dunseverick Castle, also of the curious and most interesting spot, called the Pleskins, whilst many a jutting headland springs, as it were, from the bosom of the sea, amidst groups of basaltic rocks flung into a thousand shapes, and reflecting the sunlight in ten thousand tints.



GIANT'S GATEWAY, AT THE CAUSEWAY.



LADY'S CHAIR, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.*

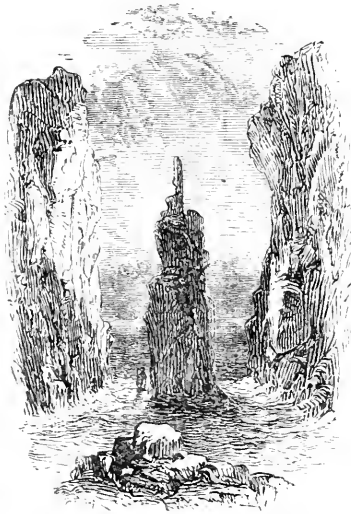
To view the Causeway with effect, and enjoy its varied aspects, true lovers of nature and the artist will not be satisfied with one hasty view of

* The spot here shown, as its name indicates, is a favourite one with Causeway visitors of the softer sex, for whom the guides have of course plentiful store of predictions of the philoprogenitive and matrimonial order current among all the tribe all over the world, whether in Antrim or Arabia. This, however, is not the spot sacred to the sybils described by Barrow, viz. :—"The only person I observed on the Causeway when I first descended, was an old woman, sitting by the spring of fresh water, with a whiskey bottle and glasses to mix that national spirit with the pure spring, and render it more palatable to her customers. On returning from my ramble, however, I perceived a young lady in a riding-habit, sitting down by the side of the fountain, waiting the return of some gentlemen who were examining the Causeway; the sight of whom, in this lonely spot, I am free to confess, drove all the pentagons and hexagons out of my head; and to escape from the chance of its being filled with something else, I was ungallant enough to take an abrupt departure."



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—THE CHIMNEY TOPS,—THE RIVER AND VALLEY HEADLAND, DRAWN BY MAHONY.

it and its surrounding wonders. They will see it at sunrise, when the dawn first flings kaleidescopic tints on those myriad groups of columns; at sunset, when the red light of departing day, alternating with deep shadow, brings forth in beautiful relief the outlines of each pillared mass; and, loveliest of all, when the summer moonlight flings its mystic lustre over a scene surcharged with endless shapes of grandeur and sublimity. The Causeway, as a whole, cannot, as already intimated, be properly seen or enjoyed from the land. The tourist will embark in one of the many row-boats in waiting either at the Causeway itself, or at the shore near the village of Ballinatoy; but previous to doing so, if at all nervous, it might not be amiss for him or her to throw a glance at the frontispiece of Thackeray's second volume, and learn therefrom that aquatic in Antrim



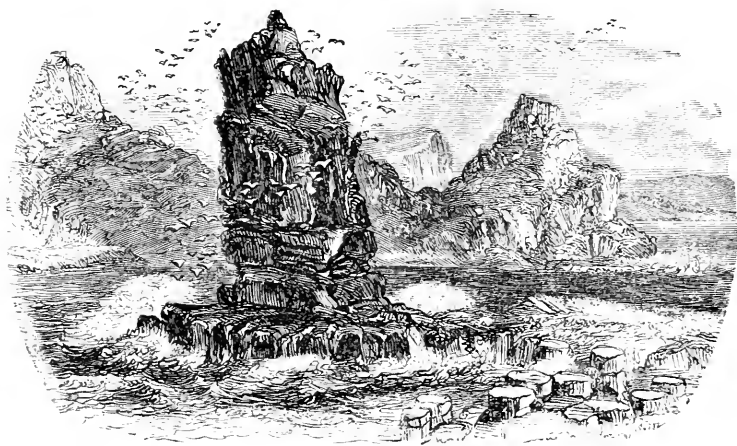
PORT COON.—LAND ENTRANCE TO COON CAVE.

are very different from what they are in Chelsea Reach, and that a Causeway boat is a much more grave craft than a Thames funny.

The usual route along which we are conducted by the guide brings us first to Dunseverick Castle, thence to the Cave of Port-coon, a cavern into which the sea rushes in fearful force, with a sound like thunder, the sides and roof coated with stalactites of a thousand forms and colours. Thence to the hillocks called the Stookans [thus denominated from their resemblance to "stacked" corn sheaves], from which point the Causeway is seen in all its beauty—its towering rocks and half-submerged columnar headlands rising abrupt from ocean-depths. Colonnades of perfectly formed basaltic pillars, thrown out in bold relief by the dark cliff behind the vast arches and seemingly half-ruined walls, rising to an immense height—fragments of columns, segments of seemingly-artistic design strewn about in wildest confusion—the

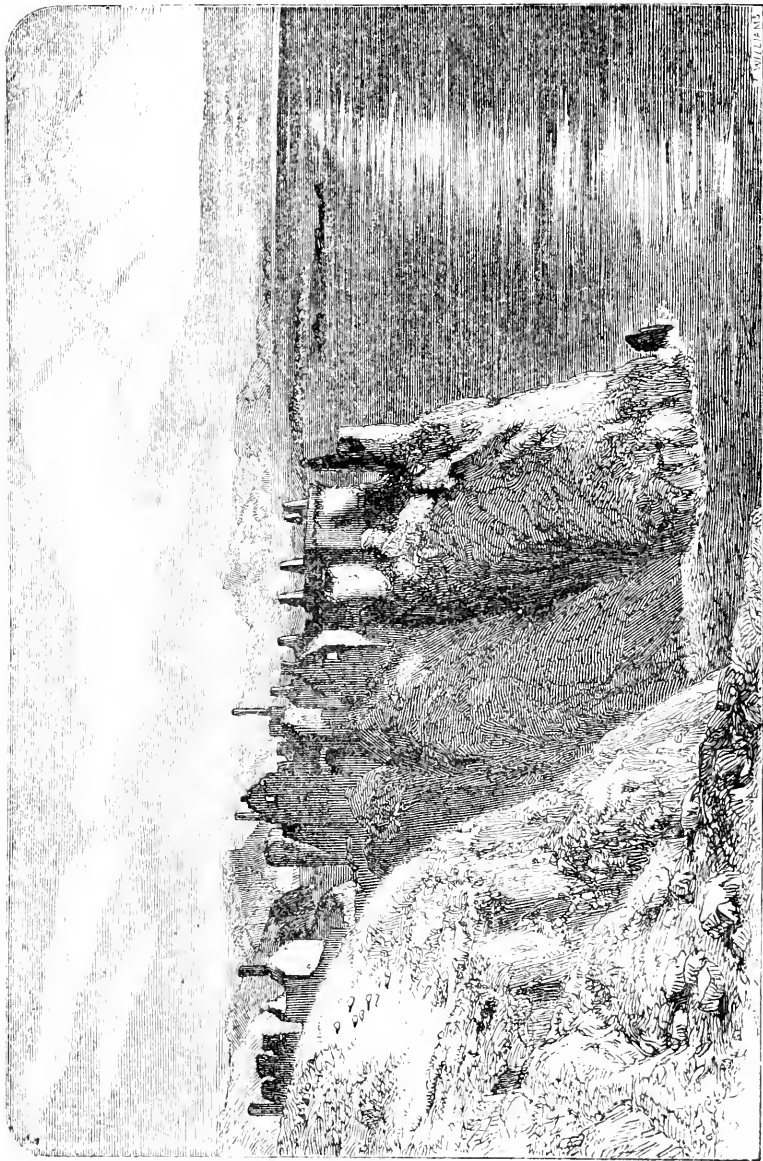
whole suggesting that here, indeed, if anywhere, must Jove and the earth-gods have fought their last fight; and that these are the ruins of the Titanic halls, wherein the rebellious sons of Uranus were overwhelmed—an idea not altogether incongruous, perhaps, in the presence of the next truly extraordinary specimen of basaltic formation, the Giant's Organ.

The phenomenon represented in the preceding large drawing by Mr. Mahony is one standing some distance from the cliff, consisting of three pillars, the tallest forty-five feet high, called the Chimney Tops, said to have been battered by one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, whose crew in the night-time mistook them for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle. The ship, according to tradition, was lost in the small bay on the other side, called from the circumstance, Port-na-Spania. Looking from this point, seaward, we perceive only a rock, which seems to be a continuation of the structure. Beyond it, to the east, is Sea-gull Island, a broad and high rock, generally almost covered by the birds which have given it a name.



SEA-GULL ISLAND, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

The Causeway may be said to owe quite as much of its attraction to the splendours and sublimity of its approaches as to its own peculiarities, wonderful and unequalled though they undoubtedly are. The tourist having now explored the varied beauties of these, and having, we hope, been extremely fortunate enough to behold the *Fata Morgana*, or Mirage, which is not unfrequently to be encountered in this necromantic region, he may return by Bushmills, a handsome and rapidly-improving little village, containing a spacious and well-managed inn, and a distillery famous among consumers of the native, for its whiskey. It is of the Fairintosh description, indeed a legalised potheen, having all the strength as well as the empyreumatic taste and odour which characterise the illicit product. Returning southwards, we find, a couple of miles to the west, the ruins of Dunluce Castle, an edifice with whose surprising features every tourist is enraptured, and of which Mr. Barrow has left a vivid record of his impressions, as



W. J. L. 1851

DUNLUCE CASTLE, NEAR THE CAUSEWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

follows:—"Nothing could be more adapted to a scene in romance than the wild position of Dunluce Castle, perched as it is on the summit of a naked and lofty rock, surrounded by the sea, and cut off from the main land, except by a narrow stratum of rock or wall, that serves as a foot-bridge over a deep gulf, through which the sea roars below with a fearful noise. Traditional stories, indeed, are not wanting of the abduction and imprisonment of beautiful virgins by some O'Neill or O'Caahan or M'Mahon, or some other *Mac* or *O*, which O'Hallaron says are affixes of dignity and meaning, indicating the true Milesian breed, as demonstrated by an old Latin pentameter—

"Per *Mac* atque *O* tu veros eognoseis Hibernos :
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

The lines of Wordsworth, on Peel Castle, might be not inaptly fitted to this structure:—

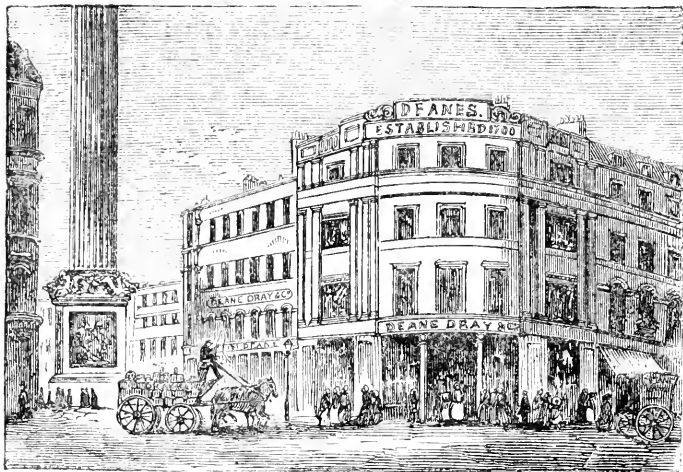
And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old Time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Lord John Manners also graphically says:—"Dunluce Castle is, without any exception, the grandest, romanticest, awfulest sea-king's castle in broad Europe: it stands on a great ledge of a cliff, separated from, rather than joined to, the main land by the narrowest of natural bridges, and overhangs the sea—that dark, chilling, northern sea—so perpendicularly, that how the towers and wall on the sea-side were built I cannot divine: what numbers of masons and builders must have fallen into that gloomy sea before the last loophole was pierced! The landward scenery, spite of good roads and modern improvements, is dreary enough now; what it must have been when those grim halls were first inhabited by Ulster chieftains, who can guess? There is no castle on the Rhine, or the Loire, or the Seine, or anywhere else that I know of, that can be compared with Dunluce for desolate awe-inspiring grandeur. The Causeway itself was quite tame and flat after Dunluce."

Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
The Giant's Pier the war of tempests braves,
A far-projecting, firm, basaltic way,
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal or immortal hand.

And now, reader, assuming that you have made something slightly approximating to an exploration of the three great features of the place, the Causeway proper, the Cliffs, and the Caves, and that you will return by the inland route, for the sake of diversity, nothing remains but, from this extremest point of northern Irish ground, to bid you farewell. Probably next year we shall present ourselves in still more imposing guise, and be enabled to include the beautiful and renowned region of Lough Neagh, now passed over in utter silence.

LONDON BRIDGE.



DEANE, DRAY, & Co.'s

CUTLERY, IRONMONGERY, AND FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1700. (OPENING TO THE MONUMENT.)

DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY

Has for more than 150 years received extensive and increasing public patronage. The stock, comprising Ivory, Bone, Horn, and Stag Handles, stands unrivalled in extent and variety; the prices are the lowest, and the quality of the steel the very best.

Deane's Monument Razors, and London-bridge Strops, are preferred by the best judges to any other. Their Pen and Pocket Knives, 6d. each, and upwards; and Ladies' Scissors of every description, are all of the finest quality.

ELECTRO-SILVERED DEANEAN PLATE.

This beautiful manufacture is celebrated for its peculiar purity and silvery whiteness; and as a substitute for silver (from which it cannot, by any test, be distinguished), is unsurpassed.

DEANE, DRAY, and Co. have always on sale Table and Dessert Spoons and Forks, in all the newest and most approved silver patterns; also Tea and Coffee Sets, Liqueur-stands, Cruets, Candlesticks, Cake-baskets, and every article usually produced in silver.

DRAWING-ROOM STOVES.

A Large and Handsome Collection of BRIGHT STOVES, for the Drawing or Dining Room, embracing all the newest designs, is always on sale in the Stove and Fender Department of DEANE, DRAY, and Co.'s Establishment. They have applied to these and other classes of Register Stoves patented improvements, economising the consumption of fuel, for which the highest testimonials have been given. DEANE, DRAY, and Co. also invite attention to their Improved COOKING STOVE, adapted for Gentlemen's Mansions, and all large establishments, with Kitchen Ranges of the best construction. In FENDERS and FIRE-IRONS they are constantly introducing every novelty, at the lowest possible prices.

IRON BEDSTEADS AND CHILDREN'S COTS.

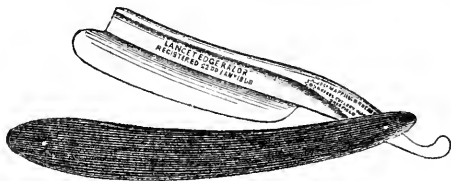
DEANE, DRAY, and Co. manufacture and supply every description of Iron and Brass Bedsteads, and have at all times a large stock of these articles on hand, together with Beds, Mattresses, Palliasses, &c. Priced Lists, with Drawings, sent, by post, free.

FAMILIES FURNISHING

May obtain, post free, on application, DEANE, DRAY, and Co.'s General Furnishing Priced List, enumerating more than 500 articles selected from the various departments of their Establishment, requisite in fitting up a Family Residence, including Table Cutlery, Electro-Plate, Lamps, Papier-Mâché Trays, Fenders and Fire-irons, Iron Bedsteads, Britannia Metal, Tin and Japan Ware, Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c., &c.

DEANE, DRAY, & CO., LONDON BRIDGE.

CUTLERY AND SHEFFIELD PLATE,
WARRANTED OF FIRST-RATE QUALITY.



JOSEPH MAPPIN AND BROTHERS,
Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

37, MOORGATE STREET,

L O N D O N .

90, JOHN STREET,

N E W Y O R K .

CRYSTAL PALACE, (SHEFFIELD COURT),

S Y D E N H A M .

Messrs. MAPPIN beg to inform Merchants, Shippers, and Foreign Buyers, that they always have an immense Stock of their Manufactures ready for IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT, at their London Warehouse, 37, MOORGATE STREET.

M E S S R S . M A P P I N

Are appointed Cutlers to QUEEN VICTORIA, and were honoured with a PRIZE MEDAL at the GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS in 1851, for the Superior Quality and Excellence of their Manufactures.

BY ROYAL



AUTHORITY

R. ATKINSON AND Co.

POPLIN MANUFACTURERS TO THE QUEEN,

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT,

THEIR EXCELLENCIES

THE LORD LIEUTENANT & COUNTESS OF ST. GERMANS,

AND THE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF ST. PATRICK,

31, COLLEGE-GREEN, DUBLIN.

ATKINSON and Co. beg leave most respectfully to return their grateful thanks to the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland, for the liberal patronage they have received: and take leave to say, that the same attention to Orders which has given such general satisfaction will be still persevered in, and the Poplins sent as usual, free of expense, to any part of Ireland; or to London, Liverpool, Bristol, Plymouth, or Glasgow, from whence they will be forwarded as addressed without delay.

A. and Co. have always in Stock a large variety of the under-mentioned Poplins, same quality as those for which they were awarded the PRIZE MEDAL of the GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS, 1851, and the GOLD MEDAL premium, by the ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY, at the late Exhibition of Irish Manufactures.

GOLD AND SILVER TISSUE POPLIN	BROCADED POPLIN VESTINGS
BROCADED DO.	FURNITURE TABOURETS
DOUBLE DO.	SILK FOR CLERGYMEN'S AND LAWYERS' GOWNS
DOUBLE WATERED & RIBBED DO.	RIBBON of the MOST ILLUSTRIOUS ORDER OF ST. PATRICK
FIGURED, PLAIN, AND PLAID DO.	BROCADED POPLIN SCARFS.
GOLD & SILVER TISSUE POPLINS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WAISTCOATS	

N.B.—Specimens for Inspection transmitted (per post, free) to any part of the United Kingdom.

31, College Green, Dublin.

TOURISTS VISITING DUBLIN CAN SEE THE WHOLE PROCESS OF FABRICATING IRISH POPLINS AT THE ABOVE ESTABLISHMENT

**Awarded a Prize
Medal at the New
York Exhibition
For Irish Bog Oak,**

IRISH BOG OAK ORNAMENTS.

**Killarney Wood
Connemara Marble
and Horse Hair
Ornaments.**



MANUFACTURER TO THE QUEEN, 13, NASSAU STREET, DUBLIN.

The magnificent bog oak-brooch, mounted in Wicklow gold and Irish gems, which was worn by Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, on the occasion of her second visit to our Irish Crystal Palace was manufactured by our enterprising fellow citizen Mr. Cornelius Goggin, 13, Nassau Street. The artistic taste and skill displayed in the manufacture of this Royal Irish Gem, must tend in an eminent degree to sustain the high character for which his establishment has been so famed.

CORNELIUS GOGGIN

Has the honour to inform the Nobility and Gentry that he has now on view exact copies of the above named

ROYAL IRISH GEM,

As patronized by her Gracious Majesty, which has been so universally admired by the distinguished visitors to his establishment. In respectfully calling the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Tourists generally, to his unequalled stock of

IRISH BOG OAK ORNAMENTS

In Antique and National Devices, executed in the first style of artistic excellence, mounted in native Gold and Silver, with Irish Gems, the produce of the country—viz., Diamonds, Amethysts, Beryls, Pearls, Malachite, &c., &c., all being warranted genuine, he would take this opportunity of returning his best thanks for the universal patronage he has hitherto received; and adding that he is fully determined, by the most unremitting attention, to maintain that high character which his Establishment has obtained for producing none but genuine goods, and worked by celebrated artists of acknowledged talent.

The following are the names of a few of the Nobility who have favoured his Establishment with their patronage:—

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge.
His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.
Her Grace the Duchess of Cleveland.
Her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.
Her Grace the Duchess of Wellington.
The Marquis & Lady Cecilia Conyngham.
The Marquis of Ormond.
The Marquis of Breadalbane.
The Marquis and Marchioness of Ely.
The Marquis and Marchioness of Thomond.
The Earl of Eglinton.
The Earl of Clare.
The Earl of Annesley.
The Earl and Countess of Bradford.
The Earl and Countess of Enniskillen.
The Earl and Countess of Erne.
The Earl and Countess of Lainsborough.
The Earl and Countess of Roden.
The Earl and Countess of Rosse.
The Earl and Countess of Mayo.
The Earl and Countess of Brandon.
His Excellency Count Walewski.

The Countess of Fingall.
The Countess of Clarendon.
The Countess of Lucan.
The Countess de Salis.
The Countess of Caledon.
The Dowager Countess of Caledon.
Her Excellency Lady Cowley.
Lord and Lady Palmerston.
Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide.
Lord Ward.
Viscountess Dungannon.
Viscountess Canning.
Lady Naas.
Lady Clanwilliam.
Lady Bective.
Lady Mary Bridgeman.
Lady Charlotte Bridgeman.
Lady Alan Churchill.
Lord Otho Fitzgerald.
Lord Ernest Bruce.
Sir John and Lady Young.
Sir Edward and Lady Blakeney.

GOGGIN, 13, NASSAU STREET, DUBLIN.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert explaining to the Prince of

VISIT OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY TO THE QUEEN'S SILVERSMITHS,



Wales and Prince Alfred the action of the Pall Clock.

SEASON, 1854.

A MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF

LADIES' COURT DRESSES,

A real treat for the admirers of Beautiful Costumes. The Group of Royal Children,

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA,

H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT, and the **DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER,**
which have been honoured with the highest encomiums.

THE SULTAN, ABDUL MEDJID.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER,

Taken from Life. The Hero of Matagorda, Sir Archibald Maclaine, Colonel of the Gallant 52nd Regiment, the Oldest and probably one of the bravest Officers in the Army.

A Variety of New Pictures, among which are two Gallery Portraits of

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON AND HIS QUEEN,

By Le Fevre, the Court Painter, have been added to the **NAPOLEON ROOMS**, acknowledged to be the largest collection of Relics of that great man, containing the celebrated Military Carriage, the Berlin, No. 12, taken at Waterloo, and the Carriage used at St. Helena, the last he ever entered.

"This is one of the best sights in the Metropolis."—THE TIMES.

Admission, 1s. Napoleon Rooms, 6d.

OPEN IN SUMMER from 11 in the **MORNING** till 10 at **NIGHT**.—**WINTER**,
from 11 till Dusk, and from 7 till 10.

MADAME TUSSAUD AND SONS'

BAZAAR, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A Certain Remedy for Disorders of the Pulmonary Organs: in Difficulty of Breathing, Redundancy of Phlegm, and Incipient Consumption, (of which Cough is the most positive indication,) they are of unerring efficacy. In Asthma, and in Winter Cough, they have never been known to fail.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES are free from every deleterious ingredient; they may, therefore, be taken at all times by the most delicate female, and by the youngest child; while the Public Speaker and the Professional Singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and consequently a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by **THOMAS KEATING**, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom.

N.B. To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "Keating's Cough Lozenges" are engraved on the Government Stamp of each box.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL.

*Copy of a Letter from the late COLONEL HAWKER, (the well-known Author on
"GUNS AND SHOOTING.")*

Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants,
October, 21st, 1846.

SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect I have experienced by taking only a few of your **LOZENGES**. I had a cough for several weeks, that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

To Mr. **KEATING**, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

P. HAWKER.

Patronized by Her
the
and all the



Gracious Majesty
Queen,
Royal Family.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

BY J. SPARKES HALL,

NO. 308, REGENT STREET, AND AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ELASTIC BOOTS.

These Boots require neither lacing, buttoning, nor tying; they may be put on and off in a moment, without trouble or loss of time. The constant annoyance of laces breaking, buttons coming off, holes wearing out, and many other imperfections in the ordinary modes of fastening, suggested the improvement which is now submitted to the public. No boot ever afforded such variety of play and motion to the feet and ankles, or corresponded so exactly to their natural and anatomical form.

This invention has been honoured with the most distinguished patronage; her Majesty not only patronises but wears the Elastic Boots, walks in them daily, and thus gives the strongest proof of the value she attaches to the invention.

They are also patronised by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge, the young Princes and Princesses, &c.

In all cases of weak or swollen ankles they are recommended by SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, DR. LOCOCK, and DR. CHAMBERS, who have given the inventor their patronage, and by wearing the Elastic Boots themselves, give the strongest testimonial to their superiority. Ladies', 12s; gentlemen's, 21s.

ELASTIC VULCANISED OVERSHOES.

Ladies', 8s. 6d.; gentlemen's, 12s.; children's, 4s. 6d.

DEPOT FOR IRISH MANUFACTURES,

233, REGENT STREET,

NEXT DOOR TO HANOVER CHAPEL.

LONDON.

SHOW-ROOMS are now open at the above Establishment, for LADIES' READY-MADE UNDER CLOTHING,

IN SUPERIOR IRISH NEEDLE WORK.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Dressing Gowns ... from	10	0	each.	Flannel Mantles ...	6 0
" Jackets ... "	8	6	"	" Shawls ...	5 0
Night Dresses ... "	3	6	"	Robes	10 0
Chemises... ..	2	0	"	Irish Point Robes...	35 0
Petticoats	3	0	"	" Caps	10 0
Drawers	2	0	"	Night Wrappers ...	2 0
Night Caps	1	9	"	Monthly Gowns ...	5 0
BABY LINEN OUTFITS.				Petticoats	2 0
Cloaks Embroidered from	19	0	"	Pinafores	1 3
Hoods Embroidered	7	6	"		

Irish Point and Guipure Laces in every Variety.

Every article marked in Plain Figures, at the Lowest Price.

THE CANADIAN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,

(Under Contract with Her Majesty's Provincial Government of Canada.)

COMPANY'S OFFICES:

No. 3, ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDINGS, NORTH JOHN STREET.

WILLIAM RUDD, Secretary.

STEAM TWICE A MONTH TO QUEBEC AND MONTREAL,

(During Summer.)

THE COMPANY'S FIRST-CLASS POWERFUL SCREW STEAM SHIPS

Ottawa, Capt. J. B. Atkins. **Erie** (new.)

Cleopatra, Capt. H. Salt. **Huron** (new.)

Charity, Capt. W. Paton. **Ontario** (new.)

Sarah Sands, (Chartered), Capt. W. Ilsley.

WILL BE DESPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:—

FROM BIRKENHEAD DOCK, LIVERPOOL,

FOR

QUEBEC & MONTREAL DIRECT,

On the 10th and 25th of each Month, from April to September inclusive; returning from Quebec on the 5th and 20th of each Month, from May to October inclusive; and once a Month during Winter between Liverpool and Portland.

EACH VESSEL CARRIES A SURGEON.

For Freight or Passage, or further information, apply to

LAMONT & McLARTY,

Liverpool, May, 1854.

21, Water Street, Liverpool

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

TO BOSTON AND HALIFAX,

Chief Cabin Passage, 25*l*.; Second Cabin Passage, 15*l*. Rate of Freight—3*l*. per Ton Measurement.

TO NEW YORK,

Chief Cabin Passage, 30*l*.; Second Cabin Passage, 20*l*. These rates include Steward's Fee and Provisions, but without Wines or Liquors, which can be obtained on board. Dogs charged 5*l*. each. Rate of Freight, 4*l*. per Ton Measurement. Freight on Parcels, 5*s*. each and upwards, according to size.

BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAM-SHIPS,

Appointed by the Admiralty to sail between

Liverpool and New York Direct, and between Liverpool and Boston.

Arabia, Capt. C. H. E. Judkins

Persia, Capt. Alexander Ryrrie

Asia, Capt. Edward G. Loft

Canada, Capt. James Stone

Africa, Capt. William Harrison

America, Capt. W. J. G. Lang

Niagara, Capt. John Leitch

Europa, Capt. Neill Shannon

Cambria, Captain W. Douglas.

The above named, or other Vessels, are appointed to sail from Liverpool every Saturday; from America, every Wednesday. These Steam-ships have accommodation for a limited number of Second Cabin Passengers. Apply, in Halifax, to SAMUEL CUNARD; in Boston, to S. S. LEWIS; in New York, to EDWARD CUNARD; in Havre and Paris, to DONALD CURRIE; in London, to B. J. FOORD, 52, Old Broad Street; in Glasgow, to G. & J. BURNS; or in Liverpool, to

B. & C. MACIVER,

14, Water Street.

TOURS IN IRELAND IN 1854,

Commencing 22nd May—terminating 30th September.

Arrangements have been again entered into by the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company with the principal Railway Companies in England, Scotland, and Ireland, by which First and Second Class

IRISH TOURIST TICKETS

WILL BE ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING STATIONS AND PRICES:—

	1st Class.	2nd Class.
London (Euston Station), Newcastle, Durham, Berwick...	6 10 0	5 5 0
Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Bristol, Carlisle, Darlington, Scarborough	6 6 0	5 5 0
Worcester, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Oxford	5 15 0	4 15 0
York	5 10 0	4 10 0
Birmingham, Rugby, Leamington, Coventry, Lincoln ...	5 5 0	4 5 0
Wolverhampton, Huddersfield, Leeds, Sheffield, Derby...	5 0 0	4 5 0
Preston	4 10 0	3 15 0
Manchester, Warrington, Stoke, Macclesfield	4 4 0	3 10 0
Liverpool, Chester	4 0 0	3 5 0

These Tickets (in no case transferable) will be available for ONE MONTH from Date of Issue. They will enable holders to proceed to Chester, thence to Bangor, Holyhead, and Dublin (*by the Express boats only*); from Dublin to Cork, on the picturesque River Lee, and within ten miles of the celebrated Harbour, Dockyard, and Naval Station of Queenstown (Cove). From Cork back to Mallow, and thence by the Killarney Junction Railway to the far-famed

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

The Tourist can remain as long as convenient at Chester, Bangor (*for inspection of Britannia Tubular Bridge*), Holyhead (*new Refuge and Ocean Steam Harbour*), Dublin, Cork, and Killarney; the only condition being, that his return to the Station in England or Scotland, at which he took his Ticket, must not be later than One Month from date of his departure therefrom.

SUPPLEMENTAL TICKETS FOR GLENGARIFF, CONNEMARA, AND GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Under arrangements, specially and exclusively entered into for accommodation of English Visitors, the holder of each IRISH TOURIST TICKET is entitled (*within the month it is available*) to have issued to him:—

1. At Offices of Dublin and Drogheda Company, Amiens-street, Dublin—Dublin to Belfast and back, for Tour to Giant's Causeway:—First Class, £1 8s.; Second Class, £1 2s. Available Seven Days.

2. At Offices of Midland Great Western Company, Broadstone, Dublin—Dublin to Galway and back, for Tour to Connemara:—First Class, £1 10s.; Second Class, £1 4s. Available Seven Days.

3. At Fishbourne's Offices, Bachelor's-walk, Dublin; Railway Station, Killarney; Imperial Hotel, Cork; and Victoria Hotel, Glengariff—For Tour between Cork and Killarney, via Cork and Bandon Railway, the Keimaneigh Pass, and Lakes of Gougane Barra and Inchageelagh, and vice versa, each day (Sundays excepted), 17s. 6d.

Every Purchaser of an IRISH TOURIST TICKET can be supplied, at a very moderate price, with a copy of THE TOURIST'S ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK. At the Office of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, 52, Westland-row, Dublin, the most accurate information upon every subject connected with these Tours will be afforded; also at J. Fishbourne's Coach-office, Imperial Hotel, Cork.

The Express Boats leave Holyhead about 5.30 p.m., and Kingstown about 9 a.m., daily (Sundays excepted). First Class Passengers *booked to or from Ireland* can travel by Express Trains at same Fares as the Ordinary Trains. Second Class Passengers *booked to or from Ireland* can travel by the 9.15 a.m. Express Trains from London and intermediate Stations, for same Second Class Fares as if booked by Ordinary Trains. They have also same privilege in returning by Express Trains in connexion with the 9 a.m. Express Boat from Kingstown, that leaves Chester at 5.25 p.m.; and is due in London about 11 p.m.

NOTE.—Persons visiting North or West of Ireland only, can take ordinary *Return Tickets* from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Chester, or Liverpool, to Belfast or Galway. Those issued in London available for Fourteen Days; those from other Stations for Seven. London to Belfast, First Class, £5 5s.; Second, £3 15s. Galway, First Class, £5 15s.; Second, £4. Other Stations at proportionate Fares; see London and North-Western and Chester and Holyhead Through Time Bills; Bradshaw's each month, page 122; and Fisher's and Walsh's Irish Railway Guides.

NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

CORK TO QUEENSTOWN & CORK HARBOUR

NINE MILES.

The 'River Steamer' Company's fast and well appointed Boats ply between

**CORK, PASSAGE, MONKSTOWN, AND QUEENSTOWN,
EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK,**

At the frequent hours stated in the Company's Time Bills, and at a very low and reduced rate of fares.

ENGLISH TOURISTS should not fail to visit the beautiful scenery of the RIVER LEE, including the LOTA DEMESNE, GLANMIRE VALLEY, BLACKROCK CASTLE, LOUGH MAHON, FOATY BAY, the TOWN of PASSAGE, the picturesque VILLAGE and BAY of MONKSTOWN, HAWLBOWLINE, SPIKE, and the MAGAZINE ISLANDS, and the Sea-port town of QUEENSTOWN, with its Noble Harbour. Extra Steamers run on Sundays, when pleasure excursions to Sea are made. Full particulars and information can be had at the Company's Office, MERCHANTS' QUAY, CORK, or of

JOHN DONEGAN, Agent.

CORK, BLACKROCK, AND PASSAGE RAILWAY, WITH STEAMERS TO QUEENSTOWN.

WEEK DAY TRAINS.

	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class.														1st & 2d Class.															
From Cork ...	8	09	010	011	012	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	0	930															
From Passage	8	30	9	30	10	30	11	30	12	30	1	30	2	30	3	30	4	30	5	30	6	30	7	30	8	30	9	30	10	30

SUNDAY TRAINS.

	1st Class.														1st and 2nd Class.										
From Cork ...	—	10	011	012	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	0	930											
From Passage.	—	10	30	11	30	12	30	1	30	2	30	3	30	4	30	5	30	6	30	7	30	8	30	10	0

Return Tickets will be issued on Sundays, available until the 9-30 Up-Train inclusive. Railway Steamers will ply as follows on Week Days, until further notice:—

From Queenstownat 9, 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, & 6½
From Passage at 20 minutes past 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5,

N.B.—On Sundays the first Boat will leave Passage at 10-15 a.m., and the last boat will leave Queenstown at 7 p.m.

Fares by Steamer to Queenstown and Passage—Aft. 2d.; Forward, 1d.

	1st Cl.	2d Cl.	3d Cl.
Railway Fares	0	6	0 4 0 2
Return Tickets on Sundays	0	9	0 6 —
Return Tickets are issued daily to and from Blackrock	0	6	0 4 —
Single Fares from Blackrock to Cork	0	3	0 2 —

JOSEPH DUNBAR, Secretary.

CORK, GLENGARIFF, & KILLARNEY,

VIA THE

CORK AND BANDON RAILWAY.

IMPORTANT TO TOURISTS.

The Directors of the Cork and Bandon Railway have the pleasure to announce that they have made arrangements with Mr. FISHBOURNE, the Coach Proprietor, to Book Tourist Passengers to Killarney this season, by

A NEW AND SPLENDID ROUTE,

Viz.,—CORK to BANDON by Railway, thence by road to CROOKSTOWN, by the beautiful LAKES of INCHIGEELA, the Romantic Scenery around the Holy Lake of GOUGANE BARRA, (the source of the RIVER LEE,) and through the celebrated Pass of KEIMANEIGH, round the magnificent BAY of BANTRY, to GLENGARIFF VALLEY, KENMARE HARBOUR, and KILLARNEY.

Tickets will be issued, and full particulars obtained, at the Cork and Bandon Railway Stations; J. Fishbourne's Offices, Bachelors' Walk, Dublin; Imperial Hotel Yard, Cork; Roche's Hotel, Glengariff; Railway Station, Killarney; or at the Company's Offices, 17, Gracechurch Street, London.

H. WILLIAMS WOOD,

SECRETARY.

WATERFORD & KILKENNY RAILWAY

TOURIST PASSENGERS TO IRELAND.

THIS SEASON

ARE particularly recommended to visit the beautiful and PICTURESQUE SCENERY along this line of Railway, embracing the celebrated and antiquated ruins of

JERPOINT ABBEY, DUNBRODY ABBEY, GRANNY CASTLE,

And several other Castellated remains well worthy of observation, The

TOWN AND CASTLE OF KILKENNY,

ITS FAMOUS MARBLE QUARRIES,

AND THE

HARBOUR & CITY OF WATERFORD,

Near which is the site of the battle (A.D. 1171), where Strongbow conquered the Irish Chieftains, and founded the Union of the Two Countries by his marriage with the beautiful Princess Eva, daughter of Dermot M'Murrough, King of Leinster, immediately after the battle, as depicted in

MACLISE'S MAGNIFICENT PICTURE

NOW EXHIBITING IN

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FULL PARTICULARS AS TO TRAINS AND FARES MAY BE HAD AND EVERY INFORMATION OBTAINED AT THE

STATIONS AT WATERFORD AND KILKENNY,

OR OF

WILLIAM SLADE PARKER,

SECRETARY.

17, Gracechurch Street, London.

CITY OF DUBLIN STEAM-PACKET CO.



THE ROYAL MAIL PACKETS.

SAIL AS UNDER WITH HER MAJESTY'S TWICE EVERY DAY :

Kingstown to Holyhead.	} <i>Dublin</i> } <i>Time.</i>	Holyhead to Kingstown.	} <i>London</i> } <i>Time.</i>
First Sailing at 1 p.m.		First Sailing at 1.30 a.m.	
Second Sailing at 7.30 p.m.		Second Sailing at 6 a.m.	

OR AS SOON AFTER AS THE MAILS ARE ON BOARD.

Kingstown to Liverpool.	} Dublin to Liverpool.
At 7 p.m.	
With Passengers only.	(Sundays excepted) about two hours before high water

Dublin to Belfast.

With Cargo and Passengers, on Tuesdays, returning on Thursdays.

RIVER SHANNON.

The Steam Packets of the Company ply regularly from

KILLALOE TO ATHLONE

At 9 a.m., taking Passengers intending to proceed to Dublin by the Train leaving Athlone at 6.15 p.m.,

ATHLONE TO KILLALOE

With Passengers arriving by the train from Dublin due in Athlone at 10 a.m., calling at Shaanon Bridge, Banagher, Portumna, and Williamstown or Dro-mineer. Cars and Coaches attend the Steamer to convey Passengers between KILLALOE and LIMERICK ; or separate cars can be had at moderate rates by parties wishing to visit CASTLE CONNEL, and the celebrated FALLS of DOONASS. On the LOWER SHANNON the Steamers ply between

LIMERICK AND KILRUSH,

Touching at Foynes Island, Glin, and Tarbert.

FOR HOURS OF SAILING SEE MONTHLY BILL.

Railway Passengers arriving in Limerick a quarter of an hour previously to the time of Sailing will be in time to join the Steamers.

NOTICE — *Gallagher's Cars await the arrival of the Steamers at Tarbert, to convey Passengers to Listowel, Tralee, and Killarney.*

Well appointed Vehicles meet the Steamers at KILRUSH, taking Passengers for and from KILKEE.

STEAM TO MADEIRA, TENERIFFE,

AND THE

WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

THE AFRICAN STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S

V E S S E L S :

Forerunner	W. H. Barnwell, Commander.
Faith	James Parsons, „
Hope	W. H. Bowen, „
Candace	W. E. Hawkesley, „
Ethiope	_____

CONVEY GOODS FROM LONDON TO

**BATHURST, SIERRA LEONE, MONROVIA, CAPE COAST
CASTLE, AND FERNANDO PO,**

Which must be on Board in LONDON, by the 16th, for the three latter, and
on the 17th for the two former Ports; and also the

ROYAL MAIL AND PASSENGERS

FROM PLYMOUTH,

On the 24th of each Month, at 3 P.M., to the aforesaid Ports, as well as to

**MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, GOREE, WHYDAH, BADAGRY, LAGOS,
BONNY, OLD CALABAR, AND CAMEROONS.**

Free Goods only, and heavy baggage, to be sent to the BRITISH and
FOREIGN STEAM WHARF, LOWER EAST SMITHFIELD.

The Company's Store Ships Statira, at Sierra Leone, and the Helena, at
Fernando Po, will receive produce for Shipment, by the Steamers, free of
any charge.

For further information apply in LIVERPOOL to Mr. HAMILTON LAIRD,
5, EXCHANGE STREET, WEST; in LONDON to Messrs. OGILBY,
MOORE, & COMPANY, 3, INGRAM COURT, FENCHURCH STREET.

Company's Offices, 3, Mincing Lane,

London, May, 1854.

NORTH OF EUROPE

STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY'S FIRST-CLASS

POWERFUL AND SWIFT STEAM SHIPS

WILL BE DESPATCHED FROM OFF THE

ST. KATHERINE DOCKS, LONDON,

FOR

Hamburg every Friday.

Gothenburg every alternate Friday.

FROM GREAT GRIMSBY DOCKS, LINCOLNSHIRE,

FOR

Hamburgh every Saturday.

F R O M H U L L , F O R

Gothenburg every Friday

Christiania & Christiansand every Friday.

F R O M L O W E S T O F T , F O R

Tonning weekly during the Season.

For further particulars apply, in London, at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, 84, KING WILLIAM STREET, or to C. MOLLER, 2, MUSCOVY COURT, TOWER HILL.

In GRIMSBY, to J. J. ANDREWS, Company's Superintendent, or to
CAMMELL and Co.

In HULL, to THOS. WILSON, SONS, and COMPANY.

In LOWESTOFT, to H. NOTTINGHAM.

In HAMBURG, to JAMES BRUNTON.

In GOTHENBURG, to J. W. WILSON.

In CHRISTIANIA to A. de C. CROWE.

In TONNING, to LEXOW and JANSSEN.

LIVERPOOL 'GOLDEN' LINE

OF

PACKETS TO AUSTRALIA.

FOR MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, AND ADELAIDE.

LANDING PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE ON THE WHARF, FREE OF CHARGE.

Ship	Commander.	Tons Reg.	To Sail.
MINDORO.....	G. CROWELL.....	1333	20th June
HERALD OF THE MORNING...	J. ATTRIDGE.....	1374	1st July
SOUTH CAROLINA	LESK.....	1700	To follow.
GOLDEN FLEECE (New Ship)		1800	To follow.
GUIDING STAR.....	J. JOHNSON	1475	To follow.
BRIDE OF THE SEAS	R. ELDER	1350	To follow.
MILES BARTON	W. KELLY.....	1034	To follow.

The above are all first-class Clipper Vessels, regular Traders, and are commanded by men of experience and ability, who will do all in their power to promote the comfort of Passengers.

EACH SHIP CARRIES AN EXPERIENCED SURGEON.

FOR PASSAGES, &c. APPLY TO

MILLERS AND THOMPSON,

4, DRURY-LANE, WATER STREET,

Liverpool

STEAM FROM LIVERPOOL TO BRAZILS

AND

THE RIVER PLATE.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN.

AND

General Steam Navigation Company's

NEW AND POWERFUL

S C R E W S T E A M S H I P S,

Imperador, 1,800 tons, } New Ships, building by Mr. John Laird,
Imperatriz, 1,800 tons, } to be ready in Aug. & Sept. respectively;
Bahiana, 1,700 tons, Capt. D. GREEN;
Lusitania, 1,100 tons, Capt. JAMES BROWN;
Brazileira, 1,100 tons, Capt. H. T. COX;

SAIL FROM LIVERPOOL ON THE 24TH OF EACH MONTH

TO

LISBON, MADEIRA, PERNAMBUCO, BAHIA, & RIO JANEIRO.

At Rio Janeiro the Mails, Passengers, and Cargoes intended for the River Plate will be forwarded by their new and fast Screw Steamer *LA PLATA*, which vessel will (after calling at Monte Video) proceed direct up to Buenos Ayres. She returns from Buenos Ayres on the 13th; Monte Video, on the 15th; and the Ocean Boats from Rio Janeiro, on the 29th of each month.

F A R E S :

LIVERPOOL to LISBON, 8 Guineas.		BAHIA, 35 Guineas.
MADEIRA, 17 Guineas.		RIO JANEIRO, 40 Guineas.
PERNAMBUCO, 30 Guineas.		RIVER PLATE, 45 Guineas.

Return Tickets issued to and from Lisbon for £15, available for four months from date; to and from Brazil at an abatement of 25 per cent., available for six months.

These steamers load in Birkenhead Dock, and Shippers will please order their goods to be sent direct to the Company's warehouse.

NONE CAN BE RECEIVED AFTER THE 20th OF EACH MONTH.

For Terms of Freight, &c., apply in PARIS to PRITCHARD & MON-
VERON; in HAVRE, to W. SLADE; in LONDON, to W. L. OGILBY,
MOOR & Co., Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street; in Manchester, to HUGH
LEMING, York Hotel-buildings; in SOUTHAMPTON, to CROSKEY
at Co.; or to the GENERAL BROKERS of the COMPANY, MILLERS
and THOMPSON, 4, Drury Lane, Water Street, LIVERPOOL.

THE CANADIAN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,

(Under Contract with Her Majesty's Provincial Government of Canada.)

STEAM TWICE A MONTH

TO QUEBEC AND MONTREAL DIRECT,

On the 10th and 25th of each Month, from April to November,
Returning from Quebec on the 5th and 20th of each Month;

AND ONCE A MONTH TO AND FROM PORTLAND DIRECT,

DURING WINTER.

THE COMPANY'S FIRST CLASS POWERFUL SCREW STEAM SHIPS

Ship.	Tons.	Captain.	Ship.	Tons.
Ottawa,	1274,	J. B. Atkins;	Erie,	2000, (new);
Cleopatra,	1451,	H. Salt;	Huron,	2000, (new);
Charity,	1239,	W. Paton;	Ontario,	3000, (new);

and the chartered steamer, **Sarah Sands**, 1300 tons, Capt. W. Ilsley;

SAIL FROM BIRKENHEAD DOCKS, LIVERPOOL,

WHERE EVERY FACILITY IS GIVEN FOR LOADING AND DISCHARGING.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

FIRST CABIN TWENTY GUINEAS.

SECOND CABIN... .. TWELVE GUINEAS.

Including Provisions, but not Wines or Liquors.

THIRD CLASS SIX GUINEAS.

Including Provisions properly cooked.

EACH VESSEL CARRIES A SURGEON.

*Freight of Measurement Goods, 60s. per ton, and 5 per cent. primag e
Coarse Goods, per agreement*

Goods for these vessels will be received at the Transit Sheds, Birkenhead Docks, and in Liverpool, at the Duke's Dock, at Shipper's risk and expense, and will be shipped according to priority of arrival.

For Freight or Passage apply to PATRICK HENDERSON & Co., Glasgow; or to LAMONT & McLARTY, Liverpool.

COMPANY'S OFFICES,

NO. 3, ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDINGS, NORTH JOHN STRETF,
LIVERPOOL.

WILLIAM RUDD, Secretary

THE LIVERPOOL

CELEBRATED

BLACK BALL LINE

OF

AUSTRALIAN PACKETS

SAIL FROM

LIVERPOOL EVERY FIFTEEN DAYS.

FARES, INCLUDING EVERY EXPENSE,

First Class, 45 Guineas;

Second Class, 25 to 30 Guineas;

Third Class, 18 to 20 Guineas.

THESE SPLENDID VESSELS CARRY EXPERIENCED
SURGEONS,

AND ARE UNDER THE SURVEY OF

HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO

JAMES BAINES, AND Co.,

6, COOK STREET, LIVERPOOL.

EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

From 1st of May the following arrangements of EXCURSIONS from London came into operation:—Family Tickets to

YARMOUTH AND LOWESTOFT,

available for 28 days. Fares:—First class, 32s.; second class, 25s.—with a ticket for one member of each family to and fro at greatly reduced prices. An Excursion from London at 1.30 p.m. every Wednesday and Saturday, to

CAMBRIDGE, YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, ETC.,

with option of returning within seven days. An Excursion to

IPSWICH OR HARWICH,

every Sunday, at 8 a.m., returning the same day. Fares, 7s. first, 5s. second, 3s. 6d. third class. An Excursion to

IPSWICH OR HARWICH,

by steam vessel from North Woolwich, in conjunction with 8.45 a.m. train from Bishopsgate, returning by train from Ipswich same day. Fares—6s., first class and saloon; 4s. third class and fore cabin.

For further particulars see placards or hand-bills, which may be had at Bishopsgate Station on and after 25th inst. By Order.

Coaching Superintendent's office,
Bishopsgate Station, 18th April, 1854.

THE

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPY.

Established 1825. Constituted by Act of Parliament.

Governor.—His Grace the DUKE of BUCCLEUCH and QUEENSBURY.

Deputy-Governor.—The Right Honourable the EARL of ELGIN and KINCARDINE.

Chairman of the London Board.—The Right Honourable the EARL of ABERDEEN.

ORDINARY DIRECTORS IN LONDON.

J. Le Breton, Esq., 3, Crosby Square.

J. Lindsay, Esq., 26, Lawrence Pountney-lane

T. H. Brooking, Esq., 14, New Broad-street.

John Griffith Frith, Esq., Austin Friars.

Alexander Gillespie, Esq., 3, Billiter-court.

Alex. Macgregor, Esq., Arlington-treet.

Secretary in London.—PETER EWART.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY is one of the oldest and most successful of the Scottish Life Offices, and the Directors attribute its high position in Public favour to the unremitting care bestowed on its management, to the liberality which has marked its dealings, to the facilities granted to its Policy-holders, and to the successful results of the business, as evinced by the division of Profits.

The Results of the Business for the year ended 15th November, 1853, were reported follows:

Number of Proposals for Assurance made to the Directors	- - -	1,059
Number of Assurance Policies issued, exclusive of annuity and other transactions	- - -	875
Sums proposed for Assurance	- - -	£555,544 7 0
Sums in Policies issued	- - -	£455,248 17 1
Premiums on New Policies, exclusive of Single Payments	- - -	£14,886 9 3
Claims by Death, exclusive of Bonus additions	- - -	£84,445 17 0
Addition to Accumulated Fund during the year	- - -	£125,761 1 10
Annual Revenue at 15th November, 1853	- - -	£205,035 6 2

The Results of the Business since 1845 were reported as follows:

Number of Proposals for Assurance made to the Directors	- - -	8,351
Number of Assurance Policies issued, exclusive of annuity and other transactions	- - -	6,608
Sums proposed for Assurance	- - -	£5,000,498 12 4
Sums in Policies issued	- - -	£3,961,215 17 3
Claims by Death paid, exclusive of Bonus additions	- - -	£491,210 14 4

[See next page.]

UNCHALLENGEABLE POLICIES AND FREE RESIDENCE IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

When a person formerly assured his life, he generally looked to the rate of premium, the prospects of bonus, and the general character of the office, but seldom gave attention to the "Terms and Conditions" of Assurance. Within the last few years, however, indeed since 1851, when this Company promulgated the system of "Select Assurance," admission to which renders policies indisputable and unchallengeable on any ground whatever, the question of "Terms and Conditions" has become a most important point of consideration, and the day is quickly approaching when no one will hold a policy from an office which does not give similar advantages. What a boon is it to heirs of entail, to borrowers of all descriptions, to marriage trustees, in short to all classes, to know that, whatever may happen, wherever the assured may go, the claim will be met at death, subject to one simple condition, that the annual premium originally stipulated be punctually paid.

ADVANCES ON THE SECURITY OF POLICIES-AND SURRENDERS.

The Directors have also been led to consider the position of the Assured with reference to Loans on the Security of their Policies, and to Surrenders, and in both these respects, they have lately adopted rules of the most liberal character, allowing surrender value on Participating Policies from the commencement of the Assurance, while the same sum which would be given for surrender will be given in loan without expense beyond the trifling stamp duty and at a rate of interest which landed securities alone command. Thus at present the rate of interest is $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the Directors have followed this course on the simple and unanswerable view, that the loan, being on the security of a Policy with the Company, and within its value, should not require a higher rate of interest than the security of land. With these facilities, no policy need be forfeited, except by carelessness, so long as the Assurance is of sufficient value to authorise an advance equivalent to the Premium.

CASES FROM THE BOOKS OF THE COMPANY, 1853, SHOWING THE BENEFITS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

On the 12th January, 1853, died A. B., aged 60, having effected an Assurance on his Life for 3,000*l.* on 15th Nov., 1851, when he was in perfect health. The sum assured, 3,000*l.*, has been paid to his Representatives. His payments to the Company were only two years' premiums of 184*l.*

On 1st January, 1853, died C. D., aged 44, having effected an Assurance on his Life for 600*l.* on 1st October, 1852, when he was in excellent health. His payment to the Company was one-half-year's premium of 11*l.* 10*s.*

These two cases show how complete and satisfactory such a provision is from the moment of a Policy being effected. The following cases will further illustrate the benefits the system with reference more particularly to Participation in the Profits:---

On 23rd February, 1853, died E. F., aged 56. He effected an insurance on his Life for 700*l.*, and there was added by the Company from the Profits 543*l.* 18*s.*, making Claim 1,243*l.* 18*s.*

On 19th July, 1853, died G. H., aged 80. He effected an Assurance on his Life in 1826 for 500*l.*, and there was added by the Company from the Profits 412*l.* 10*s.*, making the Claim 912*l.* 10*s.*

On 1st August, 1853, died H. B., aged 71. He effected an Assurance on his Life for 100*l.* in 1826, by Annual Payments of 7*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, and to the sum assured was added from the Profits 155*l.* 8*s.*, making the payment to his Representatives 355*l.* 8*s.*

Such examples could be much increased by quotations from the books, but the above cases are sufficient to illustrate the great benefits and advantages of the system.

Every information can be obtained at the Offices of the Company in London, Edinburgh or Dublin, or at the Agencies.

By order of the Directors,

WILLM. THOS. THOMSON, Manager.

PETER EWART, Resident Secretary.

EDINBURGH, 3, George-Street; LONDON, 82, King William Street;
DUBLIN, 66, Upper Sackville Street.

EDINBURGH LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established in 1823. (Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

CAPITAL, £500,000.

EDINBURGH: 22, GEORGE STREET. 11, KING WILLIAM ST. (City), LONDON,
GLASGOW: 59, St. VINCENT ST. 35, NORTH CUMBERLAND ST., DUBLIN.

PRESIDENT.—His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.

VICE-PRESIDENT.—Sir Graham Graham Montgomery, of Stanhope, Bart.

EXTRAORDINARY DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. Lord Justice General.
The Right Hon. Lord Rutherford.
Henry Lumsden, Esq., of Auchendoir.
Sir David Dundas, of Dunira, Bart.
Wm. Oliver Rutherford, Esq., of Edgerton.
A. Goodsir, Esq., Secy. to Brit. Linen Compy.
J. Cay, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff of Linlithgow.
James Hozier, Esq., of Newlands.
Captain Pringle Home Douglas, R.N.
C. Neaves, Esq., Solicitor—Gnl. for Scotland.
Jas. Mackenzie, Esq., Writer to the Signet.
George Mackintosh, Esq., of Geddes.

ORDINARY DIRECTORS.

John Elder, Esq., W.S.
Henry G. Dickson, Esq., W.S.
David Welsh, Esq., W.S.
James Brown, Esq., Accountant.
Richard Hunter, Esq., H.E.I.C.S.
George Hughes, Esq., W.S.
John Russell, Esq., P.C.S.
W. R. Baillie, Esq., W.S.
Christopher Douglas, Esq., W.S.
Arthur Campbell, Esq., W.S.
Archibald W. Goldie, Esq., W.S.
William Forbes, Esq., Advocate.

Medical Officer—James Mackenzie, M.D.

Auditor—Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq., Accountant. *Solicitor*—Jas. T. Murray, Esq., W.S.

Manager—Gilbert L. Finlay.

Secretary—William Dickson.

LONDON BOARD.

The Right Hon. the Earl Granville.
The Honourable Robert Dundas,
John Abel Smith, Esq., M.P.
Arthur J. Blackwood, Esq.
Francis Whitmarsh, Esq., Q.C.
John Phillipps Judd, Esq.

The Lord Alfred Paget, M.P.
John Anderson, Esq.
James Bonar, Esq.
Hugh Johnston, Esq.
Charles Staniforth, Esq., *Resident*,

Secretary—Frederick Chaplin.

Medical Officer—Robert Dickson, M.D., 16, Hertford Street, May Fair.

Bankers—Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smiths.

Solicitors—Messrs. Rowland & Hacon, 31, Fenchurch Street.

By Assuring in this COMPANY, the full advantages of Mutual Assurance are obtained, without its risks and liabilities. Nine-Tenths of the whole profits are divided among the Assured; and in some instances, the Bonuses already declared have exceeded the amount of the original insurance. Parties interested in Leases for Lives, may Insure all the Lives in one Policy. No charge for Stamps on Policies.

Specimen of Rates for insuring £100 on a Single Life.

Without Participation.				With Participation.	
Age.	One Year.	Seven Years.	For Life.	Age.	For Life.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
20	0 17 3	0 19 11	1 14 2	20	1 17 4
30	1 1 3	1 4 8	2 3 7	30	2 7 7
40	1 6 10	1 11 10	2 17 11	40	3 3 2
50	1 15 1	2 4 5	4 1 7	50	4 9 0
60	3 1 8	3 18 11	6 4 4	60	6 15 8

The benefits of the Participation plan of Insurance are exhibited in the following examples of Bonus Additions to Policies effected with this Company.

No. of Policy.	Age at Assuring	Sum Assured.	Bonus, 1835.	Bonus, 1842.	Bonus, 1849.	Total Sum now payable.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
560	67	100 0 0	16 12 0	29 1 0	82 1 0	227 14 0
488	62	1500 0 0	231 19 0	377 6 0	903 2 0	3012 7 0
266	60	300 0 0	50 2 0	72 10 0	168 16 0	591 8 0
9	54	1000 0 0	151 6 0	172 5 0	356 1 0	1679 12 0
2	47	2000 0 0	249 3 0	267 16 0	463 17 0	2980 16 0

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Established in 1836—Empowered by Act of Parliament.

**OFFICES, 37, CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
And 20 and 21, Poultry, London.**

Trustees.---Sir Thomas Bernard Birch, Bart., Adam Hodgson, Esq., S. Thompson, Esq.

DIRECTORS IN LIVERPOOL.

Chairman.---Thomas Brocklebank, Esq. *Deputy-Chairmen.*---Joseph Christopher Ewart, Esq., Francis Haywood, Esq.

Thomas Booth, Esq.; Francis C. Braun, Esq.; William Earle, Esq.; Geo. Grant, Esq.; F. A. Hamilton, Esq.; Thomas Haigh, Esq.; Robert Higgin, Esq.; George Holt, Esq.; Hugh Hornby, Esq.; George Hall Lawrence, Esq.; Harold Littledale, Esq.; William Lowe, Esq.; Alexander Macgregor, Esq.; John Marriott, Esq.; T. Sellar, Esq.; Charles Saunders, Esq.; J. Swainson, Esq.; Jas. A. Tobin, Esq. *Secretary.*---Swinton Boulton, Esq.

DIRECTORS IN LONDON.

Chairman.---Matthew Forster, Esq. *Deputy Chairman.*---George Frederick Young, Esq. Edward Barnard, Esq.; William Brown, Esq., M.P.; Sir William P. de Bathe, Bart.; William Ewart, Esq., M.P.; Frederick Harrison, Esq.; Donald Larnach, Esq.; Ross D. Mangles, Esq., M.P.; Hon. F. Ponsonby; John Ranking, Esq.; Edward Thompson, Esq.; Swinton Boulton, Esq., *Secretary to the Company.*

Resident Secretary.---Benjamin Henderson, Esq. *Auditors.*---T. B. Blackburne, Esq., and Daniel James, Esq. *Bankers.*---Bank of Liverpool, Union Bank of London. *Solicitors.*---Messrs. Swift, Wagstaff, and Blenkinsop, Union Court, Liverpool; Messrs. W. H. and C. J. Palmer, Bedford Row, London. *Medical Referees.*---*In London:* Alexander Anderson, Esq., F.R.C.S. *In Liverpool:* Robert Bickersteth, Esq.; James R. W. Vose, M.D. *Surveyor.*---John Stewart, Esq.

The Premiums received in the Fire Department in 1837 were 11,987*l.*, in 1842 were 23,804*l.*, in 1847 were 41,402*l.*, in 1852 were 98,655*l.* And on Life Policies amounted, in 1837 to 1,755*l.*, in 1842 to 3,163*l.*, in 1847 to 21,197*l.*, in 1852 to 50,800*l.*

By the First Act of Parliament obtained by the Company, it is expressly conditioned that the liability of the Shareholders under the Policies shall not be restricted by special contract or otherwise.

CAPITAL AND RESOURCES.

The amount of capital subscribed exceeds 1,500,000*l.*

1853.				1854.				
£198,072	10	0	Capital paid up, and in course of payment	£201,322	10	0
398,153	4	9	Accumulated Funds	463,402	8	3
<hr/>				<hr/>				
596,225	14	9	Together	666,724	18	3

INSURANCES AGAINST FIRE

Are undertaken on property of every description in the United Kingdom, the British Colonies, and in Foreign Countries; the Rates of Premium may be known on application. The Premiums in 1853 were 113,612*l.*

LIFE INSURANCE.

The Directors continue to receive proposals for the sale and purchase of Annuities, Endowments, Reversions and contingent Interests, and for Insurances on Lives. No Entrance or Admission Fees are required, nor is any additional premium charged to Officers in the Army or Navy, unless called into actual service. The following are amongst the advantages held out by the Company to persons wishing to effect Insurances on the Lives of themselves or others:—

Unquestionable Security, the property of all its Shareholders being the Capital of the Company. *Two Scales of Premiums*, one lower than those of most other Companies, securing the amount of Policy without any bonus; the other, lower than the Participating Scales generally adopted and carrying *guaranteed bonuses*, or entitling to *guaranteed reductions* in the future premiums, on a plan entirely new and peculiar to this Institution.

The New Business of 1853 produced in Premiums 6,913*l.* The Annuities paid by the Company exceed 9,000*l.*

Residences in the Australian Colonies, British America, and the United States, without extra charge. Great facilities for the payment of renewal premiums are afforded by the Company's extensive system of Home, Colonial, and Foreign Agencies.

AGENCIES.---The Directors are prepared to receive applications for Agencies in towns and districts in which appointments have not yet been made. No application will be attended to unless accompanied with unexceptionable references. Further information may be had on application at the offices of the Company, or to any of the Agents.

SWINTON BOULT, *Secretary to the Company.*

THE HOPE MUTUAL ASSURANCE AND HONESTY GUARANTEE SOCIETY.

*Legally Incorporated Guarantee Fund, £100,000. Principal Department
4, Princes Street, Bank, London.*

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

CHAIRMAN.

HENRY MORGAN VANE, Esq., Eaton Place, Belgrave Square.

VICE-CHAIRMAN.

Rev. JAMES WM. MASSIE, D.D., LL.D., Upper Clapton.

CHARLES DE BERGUE, Esq., Dowgate Hill, and Blackheath.

R. DOUGLAS, Esq., Carey Lane, and Stoke Newington.

LEWIS GLENTON, Esq., Blackheath.

HENRY PHILIP HOPE, Esq., Official Assignee, District Bankruptcy Court, Leeds, and Osmond Thorp Hall.

CHARLES GEO. KNOX, Esq., LL.D., Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, and Consistorial Court, Arthur Street, Belfast.

WALTER F. ROBINSON, Esq., F.R.G.S., Piccadilly.

ROBERT THEOBALD, Esq., Paternoster Row, and Kentish Town.

FREDERIC N. VANE, Esq., Jermyn Street, St. James.

WILLIAM WHITE, Esq., (Messrs. White and Son), Cheapside.

GENERAL MANAGER—HENRI CHRISTOPHER EIFFE, Esq.

AUDITORS.

RICE HOPKINS, Esq., C.E., Parliament Street, Westminster.

WILLIAM KENT, Esq., Paternoster Row, and Norwood.

ARTHUR MEE, Esq., F.I.B.A., Pall Mall.

MEDICAL OFFICERS.

NICHOLAS PARKER, Esq., M.D., Finsbury Square.

PRIOR PURVIS, Esq., M.D., Greenwich.

EDW. JOHNSON, Esq., M.D., Regent Street.

BANKERS.

Messrs. BARCLAY, BEVAN, TRITTON, & Co., Lombard Street.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. TERELL & CHAMBERLAIN, Basinghall Street.

ADVANTAGE OF ASSURING IN THIS SOCIETY.

The Hope Mutual Life and Guarantee Association is founded on the purely mutual principle, whereby any excess of premium charged beyond the actual risk is returned, with accumulations, to the assured or their representatives, in the shape of bonus additions, or diminished premiums. By its constitution, the views of all classes of assurers are accommodated, and, by means of the ample Guarantee Fund of £100,000, in addition to the accumulations of the annual income, their interests are protected and secured.

The business is conducted also upon the principle of low rates, without participation in the profits. The whole of the profits divided among the assured for LIFE, all of whom are proprietors, and possess control over the management, without responsibility.

Guarantee policies of fidelity of trust, in combination with life insurance, granted at little more than the simple rate for ordinary life. All policies indisputable, except in cases of fraud, and loans made to the policy holders. No charge to assured for medical fee, stamp duty, or any other expense, save the simple premium. The Directors give favourable consideration to proposals from diseased or non-select cases, at premiums proportioned to the risk, a system especially advantageous to parties whose health may have been impaired by over attention to business, foreign residence, &c. Prospectuses, forms of proposals for life, honesty guarantee, and loan, with every other information, may be obtained at the Society's Office, either personally or by letter.

By Order,

HENRI CHRISTOPHER EIFFE,

GENERAL MANAGER

LIFE POLICIES

WHICH MAY BE

ANTICIPATED IN SICKNESS.

The Public are invited to read the Prospectus of the new species of Assurance, combining LIFE and SICKNESS, now offered by the

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

which presents the following advantages over every species of Life Assurance hitherto adopted:—

A Life Policy is convertible into a *fund for support in sickness*, and by this means greatly increasing the value and utility of this species of prudent investment.

There is perfect security offered by an incorporated company, with an available capital, for every person subscribing.

A comparatively large sum payable at death, but open to be drawn upon previously, in case of sickness.

The full realization to a subscriber, or his family, of all he subscribes for:—by himself in sickness, should he require it; by his family should he not previously have anticipated it

Looked at from any point of view, such an adaptation of the principle of assurance must be seen at once to be sound and beneficial; and as having, therefore, the strongest claims on attention.

For a small increase in the periodical payment, a subscriber may assure the payment of from 2s. to 12s. per week, from and after the age of sixty-five for the residue of his life.

WILLIAM CARPENTER,

38, Arundel-street, Strand.

Managing Director.

THE CATHOLIC Law & General Life Assurance Company.

Incorporated under 7th and 8th Victoria, cap. 110.

8, NEW COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

41, WESTMORELAND STREET, DUBLIN

1, NELSON STREET, EDINBURGH.

AND 18, RUE TRONCHET, PARIS.

Established 1846.—Capital £200,000.

The general business of this Company comprises Assurances on Lives in every form; the purchase of Life Interests and Reversions; the sale of Immediate and Deferred Annuities; and the Endowment of Widows and Children.

The Company gives three-fourths of the profits to those assuring on the profit scale, and one-fourth to the proprietors. Interest, at the rate of four per cent. per annum, is allowed to the proprietors on the paid-up capital.

Persons may, without extra charge, pass from one part of the United Kingdom to another—and go to and from any part of Europe in time of peace.

The lives of Naval and Military Officers and Mariners Assured at moderate rates; also those of persons resident in India, or any other portion of the world.

All kinds of Assurance, whether for Life or terms of years, are effected for any sum, from 50*l.* to 5,000*l.*

Premiums may be paid yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, or by a single payment.

The Age and Interest will be at any time admitted on satisfactory proof.

It must be understood that the word "Catholic" is used strictly in the sense of "Universal;" for though the Founders of this Institution have certainly for their chief object the extension of the blessings of Life Assurance among the immense Catholic population of Europe, yet they do not exclude their brethren of other creeds from sharing the peculiar advantages offered by this Company. Others besides Catholics sit at the Board of Management, and are numerous among both Shareholders and Assured.

[Continued on next page.]

No. I. TABLE. *Annual Premiums for Assuring £100 on a Single Life, payable at Death.*

Age next Birth-day.	With Profits.	Without Profits.	Age next Birth-day.	With Profits.	Without Profits.	Age next Birth-day.	With Profits.	Without Profits.
15	<i>l. s. d.</i> 1 13 4	<i>l. s. d.</i> 1 10 7	31	<i>l. s. d.</i> 2 9 6	<i>l. s. d.</i> 2 5 4	46	<i>l. s. d.</i> 3 18 6	<i>l. s. d.</i> 3 13 10
16	1 14 1	1 11 2	32	2 11 0	2 6 9	47	4 1 2	3 16 6
17	1 14 9	1 11 11	33	2 12 6	2 8 2	48	4 4 0	3 19 3
18	1 15 7	1 12 8	34	2 14 1	2 9 7	49	4 7 1	4 2 6
19	1 16 4	1 13 5	35	2 15 4	2 10 10	50	4 10 4	4 5 9
20	1 17 3	1 14 2	36	2 17 8	2 12 10	51	4 14 2	4 9 7
21	1 18 1	1 15 0	37	2 19 6	2 14 7	52	4 18 2	4 13 7
22	1 19 1	1 15 10	38	3 1 6	2 16 5	53	5 2 6	4 17 11
23	2 0 0	1 16 8	39	3 3 7	2 18 4	54	5 7 1	5 2 6
24	2 1 1	1 17 8	40	3 5 10	3 0 4	55	5 11 10	5 7 3
25	2 2 1	1 18 7	41	3 7 10	3 2 6	56	5 16 11	5 12 4
26	2 3 2	1 19 7	42	3 9 10	3 4 8	57	6 2 5	5 17 10
27	2 4 4	2 0 8	43	3 11 10	3 6 10	58	6 8 3	6 3 8
28	2 5 6	2 1 9	44	3 13 11	3 9 0	59	6 14 4	6 9 9
29	2 6 10	2 2 11	45	3 16 0	3 11 4	60	7 1 0	6 16 4
30	2 8 2	2 4 2						

Prospectuses, Forms of Proposal, and every information promptly forwarded, on application to the Managing Director, at the Chief Office, 8, New Coventry-street, Leicester-square, London, or to any of the Company's Agents.

MICHAEL FORRISTALL, Esq., Managing Director.

Operatives' Assurance Branch.

BRANCH OFFICE:—2, EXETER CHANGE, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

In order to meet the wants of the great body of the people, various modifications have from time to time been made in the original system of Life Assurance. In accordance with this practice, the Directors of the "CATHOLIC LIFE OFFICE" have lately introduced a combined plan of HEALTH AND LIFE ASSURANCE, by which the most important advantages are secured to the less opulent classes of society; and by its means, besides making a provision for his family in the event of his death, the petty tradesman, industrious mechanic, and honest labourer, when laid on the bed of sickness, will be provided with efficient professional advice and attendance, in order to effect, so far as human skill can avail, his speediest possible recovery.

Table showing the amount which can be assured at Death, by persons of the under-mentioned ages, for the following (lunar) Monthly payments. The Assured to be entitled to Medical Attendance and Medicine during sickness.

Age.	Fourpence a Month.	Sixpence a Month.	Eightpence a Month.	One Shilling a Month.	One Shilling and Fourpence a Month.	Two Shillings a Month.
Under.	<i>l. s. d.</i>	<i>l. s. d.</i>	<i>l. s. d.</i>	<i>l. s. d.</i>	<i>l. s. d.</i>	<i>l. s. d.</i>
15	6 9 10	12 19 8	19 9 6	29 4 3	42 3 11	64 18 4
20	5 16 3	11 12 6	17 8 9	26 3 0	37 15 7	58 2 6
25	5 3 0	10 6 0	15 9 0	23 3 6	33 9 6	50 0 0
30	4 9 11	8 19 10	13 9 9	20 4 7	29 4 5	44 19 2
35	3 18 2	7 16 4	11 14 6	17 11 9	25 8 1	39 1 8
40	3 5 9	6 11 6	9 17 3	14 15 10	21 7 4	32 17 6
45	2 15 8	5 11 4	8 7 0	12 10 6	18 1 10	27 16 8
50	2 6 4	4 12 8	6 19 0	10 8 6	15 1 2	23 3 4
55	1 17 0	3 14 0	5 11 0	8 6 6	12 0 6	18 10 0
60	1 9 1	2 18 2	4 7 3	6 10 10	9 9 0	14 10 10

To suit the convenience of the assured, the premiums will be received either weekly, monthly, or quarterly. It may be necessary to state that the payments do not increase as the person grows older, but the same amount that is paid at the commencement is continued throughout life. Prospectuses, and every additional information, may be obtained at the Branch Office, 2, Exeter Change, Wellington Street North Strand, any Evening from Six till Eight o'clock.

JOHN MOLYNEUX, Superintendent.

NORTH BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY,

ESTABLISHED IN 1809.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION.

4, NEW BANK BUILDINGS, LOTHBURY, LONDON.

64, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

President.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K.G.

Vice-President.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF ABERCORN, K.G.
Chairman of the London Board.—Sir PETER LAURIE, Alderman.

Deputy Chairman.—JOHN I. GLENNIE, Esq.

Solicitor.—ALEX. DOBIE, Esq., 2, Lancaster Place.

Physician.—JOHN WEBSTER, M.D., F.R.S.

Secretary.—ROBERT STRACHAN, Esq.

1. The Premiums are moderately rated at all Ages, and may be so adjusted as to suit the objects and convenience of Assurers.

2. The sum Insured may be made payable to party himself on his attaining a Specified Age—or to his Heirs or Assignees at his Death—or, *alternatively*, to himself on attaining the Specified Age, or to his Heirs or Assignees, if he should die earlier.

EXAMPLE:—

	Annual Premium,
To secure £100 to the Assured, aged 30, on attaining the age of 35 ...	£3 5 0
To secure £100 to his Heirs at his Death	2 3 0
To secure £100 to himself if he attain the age of 50, or to his Heirs or Assignees if he die earlier	4 13 7

3. The Profits are allocated on the *Life Assurance principle*—each Policy drawing in proportion to the sum Insured, and the number of Annual Premiums paid during the period of Division. When it is remembered that the Bonus is declared as an addition to the sum insured, payable when the Policy becomes a claim, it is seen that the age of the assured is taken into account, for the present value of the Bonus varies with the age of the party. For example:—

A Bonus addition of £100 to the Policy of a person now aged 30, is worth in cash or present value	£31 6 8
Whilst a like addition to the Policy of a person now aged 60, is worth in cash or present value	58 19 2

By this mode of allocation, therefore, each one draws exactly the sum due to the Premiums he has paid, and gets the full and fair advantage of his longevity, at whatever age he insures, and to whatever age he may attain.

The Bonus declared for the Septennial Period ending 31st December, 1851, was at the rate of one and a quarter per cent. per annum on the sum insured, and on the previous Bonus additions, with a perspective Annual Bonus of one per cent.

Offices that divide their Profits on the Tontine principle may hold out the promise of larger bonuses, but the chance of attaining them is, of course, proportionally less.

4. Advances may at any time be commuted for a cash payment, or applied in reduction of future Premiums.

5. For the convenience of parties who wish to make their payments as small as possible for the first few years, one-half of the Premiums may remain on Credit for five years, or one-third during life; or, if preferred, the Insurance may be effected on any of the Company's ascending scales.

6. No extra charge for residence in British North America, the Cape, Australia, and parts of the United States, and no license except for the voyage.

7. Advances are made on Policies to the extent of their acquired value.

8. No Entrance Money charged.

9. Fees to Medical Referees, for Reports on Health of Lives proposed for Insurance paid by the Office.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDINGS, NORTH JOHN STREET & DALE STREET
LIVERPOOL; AND 29, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON

CAPITAL, £2,000,000, IN 100,000 SHARES OF £20 EACH.

TRUSTEES: John Shaw Leigh, Esq. and R. B. B. H. Blundell, Esq.

DIRECTORS, ETC., IN LIVERPOOL.

Charles Turner, Esq., Chairman.

J. Bramley-Moore, Esq. and Ralph Brocklebank, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

Michael Belcher, Esq.	Thos. Dyson Hornby, Esq.	Robert M'Andrew, Esq.
Thomas Bouch, Esq.	George H. Horsfall, Esq.	Wm. J. Marrow, Esq.
Michael Bousfield, Esq.	Richard Houghton, Esq.	Francis Maxwell, Esq.
David Cannon, Esq.	Edward Johnston, Esq.	George Maxwell, Esq.
Thomas Dover, Esq.	Roger Lyon Jones, Esq.	William Smith, Esq.
Rob. Ellison Harvey, Esq.	James Lawrence, Esq.	John Torr, Esq.
James Holme, Esq.		

Auditors: William Titherington, Esq., and John Dickinson, Esq.

Physician: Richard Formby, M.D. Surgeon: Hugh Neill, F.R.A.S.

Surveyor: Samuel Holme, Esq. Solicitor: Septimus Booker, Esq.

Manager and Actuary: Percy M. Dove, Esq.

DIRECTORS, ETC., IN LONDON.

Samuel Baker, Esq.	Edward Mackmurdo, Esq.	John Westmorland, Esq.
Robert B. Byass, Esq.	Daniel Henry Rucker, Esq.	
Richard Cooke Coles, Esq.	William Wainwright, Esq.	

Secretary to the London Board: J. B. Johnston, Esq. Solicitors: Messrs. Jenkinson, Sweeting, and Jenkinson.

Surgeons: Eusebius A. Lloyd, Esq. F.R.C.S., Surgeon at Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, and H. J. Sanderson, Esq., 29, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square.

Surveyor: John Belcher, Esq. Actuary: Percy M. Dove, Esq.

The Directors beg to announce that they continue to receive Proposals for Fire and Life Insurance. The large Capital of the Company, and the number and influence of its Proprietors, enable it to rank with the most eligible Offices in the Kingdom, with respect to the advantages offered to the Public.

FIRE BRANCH.

Persons assured by this Company are not subject to any covenants or calls to make good losses which may happen to themselves or others, nor do they depend upon an *uncertain fund or contribution*, the Capital Stock of this Company being an unquestionable Security to the Assured in case of Loss or Damage by Fire.

Fire Insurances of all descriptions will be effected at moderate rates of Premium. The Company will ever distinguish itself by its promptness in the Settlement of Claims.

No charge made for the Policy.

LIFE BRANCH.

Special Notice.

STAMPS ON LIFE POLICIES NOT CHARGED.

Attention is directed to the fact that to a definite extent Life Premiums are not subject to Income-tax, and that in certain cases Life Policies are exempt from the new Succession Duties.

Payment of Life Premiums never disputed except in case of fraud.

The important advantages afforded by the Company in the Life Branch will include the following, viz.---

1st. The Guarantee of an ample Capital and Exemption of the Assured from Liability of Partnership. 2nd. Moderate Premiums. 3rd. Large Participation of Profits by the Assured, amounting to *Two-thirds* of its net amount. 4th. Small Charge for Management.

[See next Page.]

Extract from J. H. Hartnoll's Letter to the President of the Board of Trade.

"I fear that the comments which have been made from time to time, in the *Post Magazine*, on the success of the *Royal Insurance Company*, have had the mischievous effect of creating a desire in many of the new *Life Offices* to 'try their luck' in the *Fire line*. Several engraftments of the kind have already been made, others are announced, and more are privately talked of. The results that are exhibited in most of the preceding summaries of accounts are not, however, very encouraging for such experiments. It is as hazardous to enter upon a '*Little Fire Insurance business*' as the good old Duke used to say it was to enter upon a '*Little war*.'"

PERCY M. DOVE, *Manager and Actuary.*

Prospectuses and every Information may be had on application at the Offices, or from the Agents in Ireland.

<i>Dublin</i>	.	T. K. Shaw & Co., 32, Dame-street.
	.	J. R. Curry, 3, Forster-place.
<i>Belfast</i>	"	Charley & Malcolm, 53, Donegal-quay.
	"	Francis Plunkett, St. Ann's-buildings, Donegal-street.
<i>Ballina</i>	"	T. McAndrew, Solicitor.
<i>Cork</i>	"	W. Ronan, South Mall.
	"	T. E. Hodder, 12, Merchant's-quay.
<i>Clonmel</i>	"	Thomas Hughes, Old Quay.
<i>Londonderry</i>	"	J. O'Neill & Co., 103, Foyle-street.
<i>Limerick</i>	"	R. Anglin, 49, George-street.
	"	M. O'Gorman, Upper William-street.
<i>Lismore</i>	"	T. H. Walker, Draper.
<i>Newry</i>	"	R. Greer, Bookseller, &c.
<i>Portaferry</i>	"	G. Johnson.
<i>Sligo</i>	"	J. Kidd & Co.
<i>Waterford</i>	"	J. W. Condell, 7, Mall.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH

NOW ESTABLISHED THROUGHOUT IRELAND,

In connection by Submarine Cable with the Company's English Lines.

CORK, QUEENSTOWN, KILLARNEY, WATERFORD, LIMERICK, TIPPERARY JUNCTION, DUBLIN, GALWAY, NEWRY, DUNDALK, DROGHEDA, and BELFAST, are thus placed in immediate communication with all parts of England and Scotland.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN	- - - -	College-green.
BELFAST	- - - -	Bridge-street.
CORK	- - - -	Georges'-street.
QUEENSTOWN	- - - -	Westbourne-place.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES IN ENGLAND.

LONDON	- - - -	72, Old Broad-street.
<i>(A few doors from the Royal Exchange.)</i>		
LIVERPOOL	- - - -	Exchange-buildings.
MANCHESTER	- - - -	Exchange Arcade.

Address not counted, and no charge made for portorage, (if within a mile.)

EDWARD B. BRIGHT, *Secretary.*

STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

CHIEF OFFICE,

No. 48, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

The STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY was Founded in the year 1843.

The advantages it offers to Assurers include all the benefits which have been developed during the progress of the system of Life Assurance, but the following deserve special notice :

1. Nine-tenths or Ninety per Cent of the Profits, ascertained every Five Years, divided among Policy-holders, having paid Three Annual Premiums ; and Policy-holders to the amount of £500 and upwards, are entitled to attend and vote at the Annual General Meetings. The Assured, by this arrangement, are made acquainted with the Management, State, and Prospects of the Society every year.

2. Policy-holders to the amount of £2,000 and upwards, for the whole of Life, are eligible for the Office of Director.

3. Thirty Days are allowed for the payment of the Premium, from the date of its becoming due.

4. Premiums may be paid Quarterly, Half-yearly, or Annually, as may best suit the convenience of the Assured.

5. Assured Persons (not being seafaring by profession) will be allowed to proceed in time of peace, in decked vessels, to any Port in Europe, and return, without extra charge or previous permission of the Directors.

6. No Claim Disputed, except in cases of palpable fraud ; an unintentional error will not vitiate a policy.

7. All Claims paid within Fifty Days of their being passed by the Board.

8. No Stamps, Entrance Money, or Fees of any kind, nor any charge made for Policies.

8. No Appearance before the Court of Directors required.

Prospectuses, &c., containing full Tables of Rates, Forms of Proposals, and every other information, will be forwarded (postage free) on application to any of the Society's Agents, or to the Secretary at the Chief Office.

By Order of the Board,

W. E. HILLMAN, ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.

CHARLES GLENNY,

MANUFACTURER OF BALBRIGGAN HOSIERY

TO HER MAJESTY & HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

Balbriggan House, 33, Lombard Street.

THE beautiful manufactures of Balbriggan were comparatively little known in England until the Great Exhibition of 1851, where Mr. Glenny obtained the Prize Medal, when the delicacy of the fabric of the hosiery and the beauty of the workmanship at once excited universal attention. Nor is it to be wondered at ; for so delicate and rich are the Balbriggan Stockings, that silk at once sinks into comparative insignificance by their side—the latter article possessing a degree of harshness in texture and appearance, from which these cotton products are entirely free.—*Morning Post.*

NEW REGISTERED PORTMANTEAU,

SOLE INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER

P. PHILLIPS,

30, St. MARTIN'S LANE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON,
Has many Compartments, all accessible, without occupying the space usual in Patented Portmanteaus.

P. P. respectfully solicits Ladies and Gentlemen to inspect his Stock of Portmanteaus, Deep Imperials, Overland Trunks, Gentlemen's Compendiums, &c., all of which are manufactured on the premises, 30, St. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS, LONDON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ORIENTAL, AUSTRALIAN, AND GENERAL STEAM AGENCY.

PARCELS, PACKAGES, & MERCHANDISE FORWARDED,
AND
PASSAGES ENGAGED TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

BAGGAGE SHIPPED.—INSURANCES EFFECTED, &c.

INDIA AND CHINA—Overland, 4th and 20th of every Month.

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PROSPECTUSES, with reduced rates from 2s. 6d. upwards, forwarded free, on application. Overland Guides, 3rd Edition, revised, with a Map, pp. 74, Price, 1s., per Post, 1s. 6d. Orders taken for every description of Indian and Colonial Produce and Manufactured Articles, and for Seeds and Plants from Tropical Climates.

G. W. WHEATLEY & Co. (late Waghorn & Co.),
156, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON;

OR BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS IN IRELAND,

DUBLIN—J. WALLIS, 25, Bachelors' Walk, and 13, North Wall, and at Galway, Tuam, Ballinrobe, Castlebar, and Westport.

BELFAST—J. E. RICHARDS, 22, Warning Street.

CORK—J. BESWARD, Jun., 29, Patrick's Hill.

PATENT PORTABLE WATER-CLOSETS, ON WISS'S PRINCIPLE.

UPWARDS of Thirty Years' labour and experience have not only established their superiority, but the decided conviction that they cannot be improved.

ROBERT WISS, the actual inventor and holder of the patent, feels justified in calling attention to the above, as the most simple and perfect article of the kind. Also Water-closets for fixing on the same principle, particularly recommended for the country and exportation, the machinery and cistern requiring no more room than is occupied by the seat. To be seen in great variety at the manufactory.—Plumbers' Work of every description executed in town and country.

ADDRESS—38, CHARING CROSS, NEAR THE ADMIRALTY, LONDON.

PHYTHIAN,

Wholesale Tea Dealer and Family Grocer,

430, WEST STRAND,

And 1, 2, & 3, King William Street, Adjoining.

CATALOGUES of Articles and Prices free on application. Families supplied at Wholesale Prices. A reduction of 3d. per lb. by the 6 lbs. bag, and 4d. per lb. by the Catty-box of 12 lbs. The Railway Charge paid for parcels of Tea and General Grocery, of Two Pounds in value, to all parts of the Kingdom.

PHYTHIAN, LONDON.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY,

OFFICES: 33, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

(Enrolled under 6 & 7 William IV., Cap. 32.)

Established Sept. 7, 1852, as a most eligible mode of investment, and for the purpose of aiding members of all classes to obtain cheaply and speedily the Freehold franchise in counties.

Trustees—Lord Viscount Ranelagh, Right Hon. R. A. Christopher, M.P., the Hon. Colonel Lowther, M.P., and J. C. Cobbold, Esq., M.P.

The list of Patrons, General Committee, and Board of Directors includes upwards of 100 Noblemen, Members of Parliament, Clergymen, and Gentlemen.

The advantages of the Society as one of the best investments of the day are as follow:—

1. There is not the slightest personal liability on the part of the members for any debts or engagements of the society; being thus free from any partnership responsibility, they only have to look to the payment of their subscriptions.

2. The prompt withdrawal of Shares is secured, whenever a member wishes to draw out his subscriptions.

3. The Society may be used as a Savings Bank, or as a means of acquiring land for investment.

4. The taking of lots on Estates bought for the Society is quite optional.

5. Rights of choice are acquired either by the Monthly Public Drawings, by seniority or date of membership, and by completion, that is paying up shares in full at once.

6. Rights of choice may be unexercised by the holder, who can sell them at a premium. Premiums have varied from 3*l.* to 150*l.* per 50*l.* share. A register of Rights for sale is kept at the office, open for public inspection.

7. Five per cent. interest is payable half yearly, one month after Lady-day and Michaelmas on completed shares which cost 52*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* each share.

8. Five per cent. interest is allowed on all subscriptions of a year in advance and upwards.

9. The profits of the Society are divided amongst the members at the end of every year. Six per cent. bonus was declared the first year, besides 7,800*l.* being put by as a Reserve Fund.

10. Any number of shares may be taken, and the payments may be made monthly, quarterly, yearly, or in any mode the member may think fit, provided they be not less than 8*s.* per month.

11. The Society is within the reach of all classes, whether for a large or a small investment.

12. Ladies and minors (with the consent of their guardians) may become members.

13. There are no fines on unadvanced shares.

14. Every conveyance of land is made out to the allottee free of every expense.

15. The Society will advance 4*l.* out of every 50*l.* share to a member who wishes to take a lot on any estate.

16. The cost of a mortgage to a borrowing member is only 30*s.*, with 20*s.* extra for registration in Middlesex and Yorkshire.

17. The choice of lots on estates is fixed by rotation, the order of rights being strictly observed.

18. The general accounts, and all matters relating to the proceedings of the Society, are laid before the members at quarterly and annual meetings, and are subject to their entire controul and approval.

19. Every facility is afforded to members in the appointment of responsible persons to attend to the letting and selling of lots, receiving rents, &c.

20. The principle of purchasing land wholesale, and of allotting it, and rendering the estate fit for building purposes, by constructing roads and draining the land, has been found by experience to produce the most profitable results to the members who have selected lots.

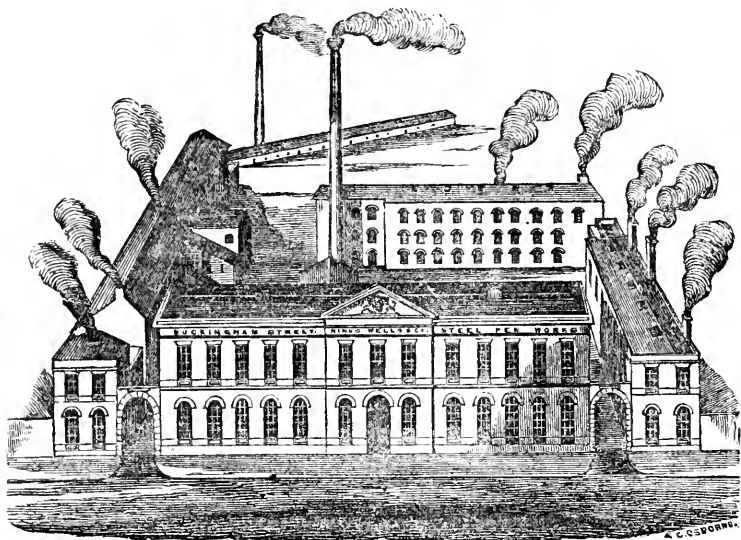
21. Up to the 1st of May, 1854, upwards of 9,000 shares of 50*l.* per share, representing a subscribed capital of 450,000*l.*, have been taken.

22. The year's payment in advance on one share is 5*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*: two shares, 10*l.* 6*s.*; three shares, 15*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; four shares, 20*l.* 11*s.*; five shares, 25*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; ten shares, 51*l.* 6*s.*; one hundred shares, 512*l.* 13*s.* Monthly payments on uncompleted shares 8*s.* per month, with 1*s.* every three months for quarterage. The first payment of a new member is 12*s.* 6*d.* which includes entrance fee, quarterage, and pass-book.

For Prospectuses, with a list of the Patrons, General and Executive Committee and Officers of the Society, copies of the annual and quarterly reports, balance sheet of 1853, and places of estates, apply to

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

BUCKINGHAM STREET STEEL PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.



HINKS, WELLS, & CO.,

PATENTEES,

STEEL PEN MANUFACTURERS,

12, 13, 14, BUCKINGHAM STREET,

BIRMINGHAM;

72, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON;

12, RUE MAUCONCIELLE, PARIS.

Messrs. H. W. & Co. have just succeeded in effecting several important improvements in the manufacture of Steel Pens, by which their rigidity, and their liability to corrode, have at length been overcome. They therefore beg to recommend to the notice of the Public their

PATENT AMALGAM QUILL SPRING PEN,

the action of which is precisely that of the Quill. The improvements already effected by Messrs. HINKS & WELLS have secured them the first place amongst the manufacturers of Steel Pens. They are now producing more than double the quantity of any other Pen-Maker in the world.

C. S. BUTCHER,
21, GREAT CHARLES STREET, BIRMINGHAM,
MANUFACTURER of all Descriptions of CROCHET and TAMBOUR NEEDLE-CASES, and every variety of HAIR-PIN BOXES. Importer of BERLIN FANCY BASKETS. PORTE-MONNAIES, CIGAR-CASES, RETICULES, &c.

Wholesale Dealer in Tooth, Nail, Shaving, and Hair Brushes, of every quality, and at every price. Tea Trays. Tea Caddies, Inlaid Writing Folios, Tortoiseshell and Pearl Card-Cases. Pearl and Ivory Tablets. &c.

Ladies' Companions, Leather Reticules, Pocket Books, Tablets, &c. &c.

**PATENT NOISELESS BRASS CORNICE POLES,
RINGS, BRACKETS, STAIR RODS, ETC. ETC.**

MANUFACTURED BY

MARTIN BILLING,

CHARLES HENRY STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON ESTABLISHMENT: 143, HIGH HOLBORN.

AGENTS:

DUBLIN—Todd, Birns, & Co., Drapers; Cannock, White, & Co.; M'Swiney, Delaney, & Co.; M'Berney, Collis, & Co.

CORK—J. Carmichael & Co.

LEEDS—Denby & Co., Drapers.

LIVERPOOL—J. Carmichael & Co.; M. Ellis, Bold-street; S. Cutter.

MANCHESTER—Messrs. Kendle, Milne, & Faulkner, Dean-street.

EDINBURGH—Taylor & Sons, Cabinet-makers, Princes-street.

To Purchasers of Window Cornice Poles.—Mr. Billing's Patent Noiseless Poles, Rings, &c., merit the earliest attention of Families Furnishing. The advantages they possess over the common ones are innumerable, and when seen must convince the most sceptical of their elegance, durability, and economy.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Among the many new inventions, the most useful is one by Mr. M. Billings of metal cornices, poles, rings, picture rods, &c., manufactured upon a new principle. The advantages claimed for these productions are of various kinds. The poles made in the ordinary way are entirely of brass tubing. Those in question are lined with zinc, the mandril rolling to which they are subjected hardening the outer surface and improving the appearance. The rings and rods are constructed in a similar manner. They are far superior in appearance and durability to those hitherto prevalent, and are in great demand."—*Times*, February 1st, 1853.

"NOISELESS BRASS CORNICE POLES, RINGS, &c.—We have had an opportunity of inspecting these articles, the subject of a recent patent by Mr. M. Billings. The invention is at once simple and effective. The cornice poles are composed of two metals, the combination having the effect of deadening the noise caused by drawing the rings across them. The rings are similarly treated, and the invention is equally applicable to picture rods, window laths, brackets, &c. It has also this advantage, that the article can never split, a fault very common under the old style of manufacture; and that it is susceptible of a richer polish and a more brilliant appearance."—*Birmingham Journal*, Nov. 20th, 1852.

**THE BEST MATTING AND MATS
OF COCOA-NUT FIBRE.**

The Jury of Class 28, Great Exhibition, awarded the PRIZE MEDAL to
T. TRELOAR, COCOA-NUT FIBRE MANUFACTURER,
42, LUDGATE-HILL, LONDON.

JAMES MATHERS,
PEG BOOT MANUFACTURER,
27, LOMBARD STREET, CITY,
LONDON.

The Neatness and Durability of PEG BOOTS, combined with the peculiar advantage of retaining their original shape until *entirely worn out*, render them far superior to Boots manufactured upon any other principle.

N.B.--NONE BUT THE BEST MATERIALS USED.
LASTS MADE TO FIT THE FEET.

LIGHT, CHEAP, AND DURABLE ROOFING.

CROGGON'S PATENT ASPHALTE ROOFING FELT

is perfectly impervious to rain, snow, and frost, and has been tested by a long and extensive experience in all climates. Saves half the timber required for slates. Can be laid on with great facility by farm servants or unpractised persons. Price 1d. per square foot.

CROGGON'S PATENT NON-CONDUCTING FELT,

for covering Steam-boilers and Pipes, saves 25 per cent. of fuel.

Samples and Testimonials sent by post, on application to CROGGON and Co., 2, DOWGATE HILL, LONDON, who also supply SHIP SHEATHING FELT, and INODOROUS FELT, for Damp Walls, and lining Iron Houses, to equalize the temperature.

**THE ORIGINAL DEPOT FOR DR. TOWNSEND'S
AMERICAN SARSAPARILLA,**

(The first Established in England.)

368, STRAND, OPPOSITE BURGESS'S ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,
ALSO AMERICAN WAREHOUSE

For Jerome's celebrated American Clocks in every variety, wholesale, retail, and in bond. Crockett's Patent American Leather Cloth, for the linings of carriages and the upholstering of furniture, wholesale and retail. India Rubber Toys and other American Goods, including Historic Works on New York, Virginia, Ohio, &c., on which the usual allowance is made to the trade. Orders by post punctually executed. Address J. MORLEY American Warehouse, 368, Strand London

JOHN CASSELL'S COFFEES.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, in his place in the House of Lords, last August, said, "he had learnt from the best possible authority, the head of the (Inland Revenue) Department, *that the Coffee of that man (John Cassell) had been repeatedly analysed, and found to be PURE.*" JOHN CASSELL quotes this testimony to prove that the Coffees he sells as unmixed with Chicory are *really* unmixed. But to those who wish to have a fine, rich, delicious beverage, he would say, use the mixed article; this will produce a "cup of really good Coffee."

The undermentioned are the prices of JOHN CASSELL'S Mixed Article. Attention to the *colour* of the labels is necessary, as dealers are prohibited from describing the weight, quality, or price in any other way:—

- John Cassell's Coffee, No. 1, (Pink label) 1s. 0d. per lb.
- John Cassell's Coffee, No. 2, (Blue label) 1s. 2d. per lb.
- John Cassell's Coffee, No. 3, (Lilac label) 1s. 4d. per lb.
- John Cassell's Coffee, No. 4, (Yellow do.) 1s. 8d. per lb.

The above are made up in Canisters containing one pound or half-pound each, or in air-tight packages of from four ounces to one pound each. Each package and canister bears a fac-simile of JOHN CASSELL'S signature.

FURTHER REDUCTION OF DUTY ON JOHN CASSELL'S TEAS.

A Further Reduction of Fourpence per Pound Duty on all Teas brought from China into this country having been made by Her Majesty's Government, JOHN CASSELL begs to congratulate the Public on the great advantage they now possess in procuring Teas of a more choice description and at greatly reduced prices.

A great advance in the import price of Tea has taken place since the previous reduction of Duty: in many cases equal to, and in others more than, the Duty then repealed. Notwithstanding this advance, JOHN CASSELL continued to supply his Teas without increasing the price to the consumer; and now he is determined that the Public shall have the full advantage of the amount of Duty at present repealed, both as regards reduced price and improved quality. His late arrivals, which are brought in under the new scale of Duties, are of such superior quality as must greatly extend the already widely extended popularity of his Teas.

JOHN CASSELL'S Teas which are in such great demand throughout the kingdom, on account of their rich and peculiarly delicious character, can now be had of his Agents throughout the Country, made up in Catty Packages from One Ounce to One Pound, at the following remarkably low rates:—

BLACK TEAS.

- John Cassell's Tea, No. 1 3s. 4d. per lb.
A genuine Congou.
- John Cassell's Tea, No. 2 3s. 8d. "
A carefully selected Tea, possessing great strength and flavour.
- John Cassell's Tea, No. 3 4s. 0d. "
A very choice Tea, Pekoe Souchong flavour.
- John Cassell's Tea, No 4 4s. 4d. "
A combination of fine and carefully cultivated Teas, possessing strength, richness, and delicacy of flavour.
- John Cassell's Tea, No. 5 4s. 8d. "
HOWQUA'S MIXTURE, to connoisseurs a real luxury.

The above Teas may also be had mixed with a portion of Green, at the same rates.

GREEN TEAS.

- John Cassell's Tea, No. 1 3s. 8d. per lb.
Bright leaf, fresh, and good flavour, Hyson kind.
- John Cassell's Tea, No. 2 4s. 8d. "
Fine choice picked Hyson.
- John Cassell's Tea, No. 3 6s. 0d. "
Finest true neavy pearl Gunpowder.

Each package and canister of John Cassell's Teas and Coffees bears a fac-simile of his signature, without which none are genuine.

JOHN CASSELL'S Teas and Coffees are sold by one Agent in most towns throughout England and Ireland, and appointments are still made where there is not one already; for terms apply to 80, Fenchurch Street, London, or to the Wholesale Depot for Ireland, 69, Dame-street, Dublin,

COMFORTS FOR CAMPAIGNING.

Waterproof Tents and Ground Sheets—Military Camp Beds and Pillows—Compressible Sponging Baths—Air Cushions—Life Belts—Portable India-Rubber Boats—Cloth Bottles and Drinking Cups—Waterproof Epaulette Coats, Capes, Boots, and Leggings,

Made of the only Proofing safe in all Climates.



CORDING'S WADING BOOTS

Are superior to anything hitherto made for the comfort of ANGLERS and SNIPE-SHOOTERS. They are light, pliable, and never crack; impervious to water for any length of time, and require no dressing to keep them in condition.

CORDING'S WATERPROOFS

Have been tested for several years; their general use by the Nobility and Gentry of the United Kingdom, and the Officers of the Army and Navy in all parts of the world is a guarantee of their service and durability. They are made of various fabrics, suitable for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear, and are acknowledged by those who have used them to be the best and only ones to be relied on in all climates.

Yachting Jackets and Trousers—Leggings, Petticoats, and Sou'-Westers—Travelling Knee Wrappers—Driving and Travelling Gloves.

A LARGE STOCK OF WATERPROOFS ON HAND, AND ANY ARTICLE MADE TO ORDER.

CAUTION.—All Genuine Goods are Stamped with the Name,

J. C. CORDING,

231 STRAND, FIVE DOORS WEST OF TEMPLE BAR.

MARION'S RESILIENT BODICE

AND

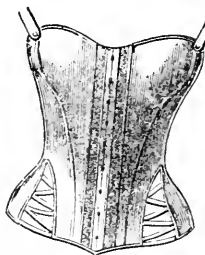
CORSALETTO DI MEDICI.

Patented in England, France, Belgium, & Austria.

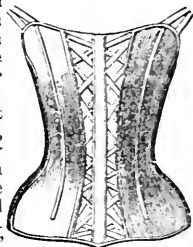
FIGURE 1.—Front view of the Corsaletto di Medici, having resilientis in conformity with the movements of respiration.

FIGURE 2.—View of the Back of the Resilient Bodice and Corsaletto di Medici, with the resilientis in imitation of the natural arrangement of the muscles, and corresponding therewith in the movements of the body

1



2



"It affords us great pleasure to observe the goodly array of our medical brethren who have borne testimony in favour of the above useful invention—a beautifully elastic corset—than which we conceive nothing can be more desirable and complete."—*Editor of the Medical Circular.*

"We think few who have seen it will be disposed to disagree with us, when we assert that it is infinitely superior to anything of the kind which has yet been introduced for the same purpose, and in point of style and workmanship it is alike unexceptionable."—*Editorial notice in "Le Follet," the Leading Journal of Fashion.*

THESE unique inventions combine FIRMNESS with ELASTICITY; they fasten easily in front, fit closely, and retain the original symmetry of their adjustment. Their beautiful resilient action, elegant appearance, and anatomical correctness, have already won for them the highest admiration. They are judiciously adapted to every varying condition of the female form, and are suited to every age, figure and habitude. Ladies in health, convalescents, and invalids, wear them with equal satisfaction and advantage. In addition to the oblique transverse resilientis are lateral elastic insertions, from the arms to the hips, and down the sides of the fastening, whereby the due balance of the figure is sustained, and the tension equalised under all muscular and respiratory activity. Under the open transverse work, quilted silk, fine flannel, or coutil, is inserted, enhancing the beauty of the attire, preventing chilliness in the back, favouring free exhalation from the skin, and promoting the general health.

The gores of elastic resilientis in the lower part of the front, each side the fastening, given in the Corsaletto only, and are its distinguishing feature of variation from the Bodice. The Corsaletto has the preference in the estimation of medical men: its peculiar construction conferring the utmost ease and pliancy over a region of the human frame unceasingly mobile to the internal vital activities, the habitual compression of which creates indigestion, disturbs the action of the heart, and exercises a debilitating influence on the general health.

Bodices of plain Coutil or Jean, with cotton elastic resilientis, from 14s. to 20s. (children's 4s. to 11s.), and Corsalettos, 21s. Fine Silk Elastic resilientis are used in Bodices of best single Coutil, 21s., Corsalettos, 25s.; and Bodices of best Double Coutil, at 25s.; Corsalettos, 3 1/2s. Extra fine qualities in similar proportion. Side lacings added when required, 3s. 6d. extra.

FINE LIGHT QUALITIES MADE UP FOR INDIA.

Enlarged Prospectus, with Tinted Illustrations, details of prices, explicit directions and papers for self-measurement, &c., sent free on receipt of two Stamps for postage.

Every article carefully made, well finished throughout, and of guaranteed durability.

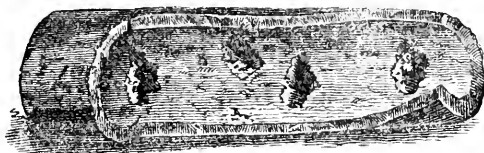
ALL COUNTRY ORDERS SENT FREE.

LADIES' RESILIENT SUSTAINING BELTS, of fine elastic woven silk, self-adjusting, without fastenings, and affording an agreeable and unvarying support in any temperature. These belts are highly prized by all Ladies who have used them. They will wash without injury, and are very durable. Also, a judicious assortment of Ladies' Belts constructed on a practical knowledge of the varied necessities for support. Prices, from 21s. to £3 3s.

MESDAMES MARION AND MAITLAND,

PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS, 54, CONNAUGHT TERRACE, HYDE PARK, LONDON; AND AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

WATER POISONED BY LEADEN PIPES.



"The above Engraving represents accurately a section of a leaden pipe, which was employed for a short time in conveying water from a well on the grounds of Mr. Dick, of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. The original section of the pipe is $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter, and 5-16 inches thick. A great part of the internal surface is corroded by the action of the water; but, as shown in the drawing, four deep excavations have been made, and another is shaded out of view by the manner in which the section of the pipe has been cut. The water has cut these deep pits almost through the pipe, and not only upon the portion which we have illustrated, but has formed similar chasms throughout the entire length.—*Expositor.*

DURABILITY OF GUTTA PERCHA TUBING.

Many inquiries having been made as to the durability of Gutta Percha Tubing, the Gutta Percha Company have pleasure in giving publicity to the following letters from parties who have had it in use for a considerable length of time:—

From Sir Raymond Jarvis, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.
(SECOND TESTIMONIAL.)

"March 10th, 1852.

"In reply to your letter received this morning, respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for pump service, I can state, with much satisfaction, it answers perfectly. Many builders and others have lately examined it, and there is not the least apparent difference since the first laying down, now several years. I am informed that it is to be adopted generally in the houses that are being erected here."

From C. Hacker, Esq., Surveyor to his Grace the Duke of Bedford,
Woburn Park.

(SECOND TESTIMONIAL.)

"Office of Works, Woburn Park, Jan. 10th, 1852.

"Gentlemen,—In answer to your inquiries respecting the Gutta Percha Tubing for Pump Suctions I find that the water has not affected it in the least, although it will eat lead through in two years. We have adopted it largely, being cheaper than lead, much easier fixed, and a more perfect job."

Every variety of Gutta Percha articles, such as Mill Bands, Tubing, Soles, Sheet, Pump Buckets, Fire Buckets, Bosses, Union Joints, Flasks, Bottles, Bowls, Chamber Vessels, Toilet Trays, Curtain Rings, Galvanic Batteries, Talbotype Trays, &c., &c., manufactured by the Gutta Percha Company, and sold by their wholesale dealers in town and country.

SUBMARINE AND SUBTERRANEAN TELEGRAPH WIRE INSULATED WITH
GUTTA PERCHA.

N.B.—The Company's Illustrated Circulars, with Instructions for Joining Tubes, &c., and for securely attaching Gutta Percha Soles, will be forwarded (post free) on receipt of four postage stamps.

THE GUTTA PERCHA COMPANY,

PATENTEES,

18, WHARF-ROAD, CITY-ROAD, LONDON.

THE ROYAL CRYSTAL WAREHOUSES, 61 & 62, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 58 & 59, Paternoster Row,

Are now Open for business upon a scale of Grandeur and Magnificence hitherto unattempted in the Commercial World. One visit to this vast Palace of Industry will convince all who may honour the

LONDON MANTLE AND SHAWL COMPANY,
with their patronage, of the great advantages derivable from purchasing at their warehouses

**British and Foreign Shawls, Silks, Mantillas,
and Dresses,**

at Manufacturers' Prices, from the simple and economical Morning Costume to the most elaborate and costly Oriental productions. Ladies inspecting the

CRYSTAL SALOONS OF THE COMPANY

may depend upon civility and every attention from the experienced Assistants of the Establishment, and will not in any case be importuned to purchase contrary to their wishes.

GLACE STRIPED AND CHECKED SILKS,

The full robe of 12 yards, 1 Guinea. 33,000 yards richest quality, 1*l.* 10*s.*, much under value.

ECOSSAIS POULT DE SOIES,

1*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* the robe of 12 yards width. Black, Glacé, Moiré, and Broché Silks, Satins, &c. 1*l.* 15*s.* to 3*l.* 3*s.* the 12 yards width. 1,870 richest Moiré Antique and Brocaded Silks, 2*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* to 5*l.*

Muslin Barege Sylphide Tissue, and Fancy Robes.

French Printed Muslins, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 12 yards. Rich Organdie ditto, chintz patterns, 12*s.* 6*d.* Swiss Cambrics, 4*s.* to 6*s.* the dress, warranted fast colours. French Barege, 12*s.* 6*d.* to 18*s.* 6*d.* the flounced robe, of 16 yards. Several thousand useful robes, 10*s.* 6*d.*, worth 18*s.* 9*d.* Copper-plate engravings and patterns sent free on application to the Company.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SHAWLS, MANTILLAS, ETC.

9,700 Paisley Scarf Shawls, woven in one piece, 1 guinea. Several thousand pure Cashmere, 2 guineas. 29,700 Barege Tissue Shawls, 15*s.* 9*d.*, all one price.

INDIA, CHINA, CRAPE, GRENADINE, & SYLPHIDE SHAWLS,
in endless variety. The Mantle Department is replete with every novelty, amongst which may be seen the

Celebrated TOGA, forming Four mantles in one,

and six of the most Superb and Costly Designs, as chosen by

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

Engravings of the Fashions sent post free on application to the

LONDON MANTLE AND SHAWL COMPANY,

MANTLE AND SHAWL MANUFACTURERS TO THE QUEEN,

Royal Crystal Warehouses, 61 and 62, St. Paul's
Churchyard, and 58 and 59, Paternoster Row,
LONDON.



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