


1852

Irish Tourist's Illustrated Handbook for Visitors to Ireland in 1852

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R06.

THE
IRISH TOURIST'S
ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK

FOR
VISITORS TO IRELAND IN 1852.

WITH NUMEROUS MAPS.

THIRD EDITION
**BORD FAILTE
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1852.

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ABBREVIATIONS.

L. & N. W. Co.....	means	London and North Western Railway Company.
C. & H. Co.	"	Chester and Holyhead Railway Company.
B. L. & C. Junc. Co. ..	"	Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire Junction Railway Company.
M. S. & L. Co.	"	Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company.
M. Co.	"	Midland Railway Company.
Y. & N. M. Co.....	"	York and North Midland Railway Company.
Y. N. & B. Co.	"	York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company.
N. B. Co.	"	North British Railway Company.
L. N. Co.	"	Leeds Northern Railway Company.
N. S. Co.....	"	North Staffordshire Railway Company.
S. S. Co.....	"	South Staffordshire Railway Company.
S. Y. Co.	"	South Yorkshire Railway Company.
N. & C. Co.	"	Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Company.
L. & C. Co.	"	Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Company.
C. Co.....	"	Caledonian Railway Company.
A. Co.....	"	Aberdeen Railway Company.
S. & C. Co.	"	Shrewsbury and Chester Railway Company.
B. & E. Co.	"	Bristol and Exeter Railway Company.
S. D. Co.	"	South Devon Railway Company.
S. W. Co.	"	South Wales Railway Company.
E. P. & D. Co.....	"	Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway Company.

ROUTES BETWEEN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

ROUTE from DUBLIN to LONDON.

Miles.		* WEEK DAYS.						SUNDAYS.	
		Exp.		Mail.		Mail.		Mail.	
		1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2
	Dublindepart.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.		
6	Kingstown	8 30	12 30	7 0	12 30	7 0	12 30		
		9 0	1 0	7 30	1 0	7 30			
72	Holyhead	2 30	7 0	2 0	7 0	2 0	7 0		
97	Bangor	3 15	7 45	2 45	7 45	2 45			
111	Conway	3 45	8 12	3 12	8 12	3 12			
126	Rhyl	4 15	8 40	3 44	8 40	3 44			
140	Holywell	4 45	9 5	4 8	9 5	4 8			
143	Flint	—	9 15	—	9 15	—			
157	Chester	5 25	9 50	4 45	9 50	4 45			
178	Crews	6 30	10 41	5 34	10 41	5 34			
203	Stafford	7 20	11 49	6 26	11 49	6 26			
		—	a. m.	—	a. m.	—			
219	Lichfield	—	12 25	7 3	12 25	7 3			
225	Tamworth	7 42	12 42	7 15	12 42	7 15			
218	Wolverhampton	7 45	12 27	7 5	12 27	7 5			
232	Birmingham	8 15	1 12	7 50	1 12	7 50			
		—	a. m.	—	a. m.	—			
250	Coventry	12 50	7 57	8 55	7 57	8 55			
		—	p. m.	—	p. m.	—			
252	Rugby	—	1 43	8 20	1 43	8 20			
265	Weedon	—	2 13	8 42	2 13	8 42			
253	Wolverton	9 55	2 50	9 10	2 50	9 10			
288	Bletchley	—	3 5	9 22	3 5	9 22			
	Oxford	—	9 30	11 30	12 50	12 50			
335	London	11 0	4 50	11 0	4 50	11 0			

ROUTE from LONDON to DUBLIN.

Miles.		WEEK DAYS.						SUNDAYS.	
		Exp.		Mail.		Mail.		Exp.	
		1 & 2	1st	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2	1 & 2
	Londondepart.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.	p. m.			
	Oxford	9 30	5 0	8 45	10 0	8 45			
	Bletchley	7 55	4 15	5 45	10 0	2 30			
	Wolverton	9 20	5 25	10 11	11 22	10 11			
		9 35	6 15	10 24	11 35	10 24			
		—	p. m.	—	p. m.	—			
	Weedon	10 22	6 17	11 4	12 9	11 4			
	Rugby	11 35	7 0	11 31	12 34	11 31			
	Coventry	10 8	7 18	9 23	12 58	9 23			
		—	a. m.	—	a. m.	—			
	Birmingham	12 0	7 30	12 3	12 45	12 3			
	Wolverhampton	10 51	7 52	12 38	1 22	12 38			
	Tamworth	12 30	7 47	12 25	1 28	12 25			
	Lichfield	10 51	6 43	12 40	1 43	12 40			
	Stafford	1 0	8 23	1 12	2 16	1 12			
	Crews	1 40	9 3	2 3	3 8	2 3			
	Chester	2 55	9 55	3 6	10 25	3 6			
	Flint	—	—	3 34	—	3 34			
	Holywell	3 20	10 20	3 44	10 50	3 44			
	Rhyl	3 42	10 42	4 9	11 12	4 9			
	Conway	4 10	11 15	4 39	11 45	4 39			
		—	a. m.	—	a. m.	—			
	Bangor	4 35	11 40	5 4	12 10	5 4			
	Holyhead	5 45	12 35	6 15	1 35	6 15			
	Kingstownabout	10 0	6 0	10 30	6 0	10 30			
	Dublin	10 30	6 30	11 0	6 30	11 0			

FROM DUBLIN TO OXFORD.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., as above, reach Wolverton at 9.55 p.m. sleep there; and on the following morning leave at 8.0, and reach Bletchley Junction at 8.13 a.m.; leave Bletchley at 8.15 a.m., and reach Oxford at 9.30 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m.; reach Bletchley Junction at 3.5 a.m.; remain at Bletchley till 8.15 a.m.; reach Oxford at 9.30 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m.; reach Bletchley Junction at 9.22 a.m.; leave Bletchley at 11.30 a.m.; and arrive in Oxford at 12.30 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown on *Saturday* at 1.0 p.m.; reach Bletchley Junction at 3.5 a.m. the following (Sunday) morning. Remain at Bletchley until 11.40 a.m., when a train will convey passengers to Oxford, where it arrives at 12.50 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown on *Saturday* at 7.30 p.m., as above; reach Bletchley Junction at 9.22 a.m. on the following (Sunday) morning. Thence as route 1.

FROM OXFORD TO DUBLIN.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave the L. & N. W. Station, Oxford, at 7.55 a.m.; reach Bletchley Junction at 9.0 a.m., proceed from Bletchley by the Down Train, passing that Station at 9.20 to Blisworth, which is reached at 10.5 a.m. Passengers will remain here till 11.5 a.m. for the 9.30 a.m. Express from London (which conveys second class Passengers booked for Ireland at the same fares as by the ordinary Trains); arrives; reach Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave the L. & N. W. Station, Oxford, at 4.15 p.m.; reach Bletchley at 5.20 p.m.; proceed from Bletchley at 5.25 p.m. to Rugby, arriving there at 6.50 p.m. Passengers will here await the arrival of the 5.0 p.m. Express from London; reach Dublin the following day at 6.30 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave the L. & N. W. Station, Oxford, at 5.45 p.m.; reach Bletchley Junction

at 6.40 p.m.; leave Bletchley by the Mail Train from London, due at 10.11 p.m.; reach Dublin at 11.9 a.m. the following day.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave the L. & N. W. Station, Oxford, at 10.0 a.m., and reach Bletchley Junction at 11.15 a.m.; leave Bletchley at 11.22 a.m. by the 10.0 a.m. Mail from London; and arrive in Dublin 6.30 a.m. the following (Monday) morning.

ROUTE 2.—Leave the L. & N. W. Station, Oxford, at 2.30 p.m., and reach Bletchley Junction at 3.50 p.m. Remain there till the 8.45 p.m. Mail Train from London arrives, which is due at 10.11; arrive in Dublin at 11.0 a.m. the following day.

FROM DUBLIN TO LEAMINGTON AND COVENTRY.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., as per page 6; reach Rugby by the Trent Valley line at 8.40 p.m. At Rugby take the Train of the L. & N. W. Co. from London, which passes Rugby at 9.0 p.m. It arrives at Coventry at 9.30 p.m., and Leamington at 9.55 p.m. Second class Passengers booked in Ireland are conveyed by the Express Train from Chester to Rugby at the same fares as by the ordinary Trains.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., as per page 6; reach Rugby by the Trent Valley at 1.43 a.m. At Rugby take the 8.0 a.m. Train to Leamington, which arrives there at 8.35 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; reach Rugby at 8.15 a.m.; leave Rugby by the 11.20 a.m. Train of the L. & N. W. Co.; arrive in Leamington at 12.15 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*, as per page 6; reach Rugby by the Trent Valley at 1.43 a.m. Sleep at Rugby and proceed on the following morning (*Sunday*) by the 10.0 a.m. Train, which passes Rugby at 12.34 p.m.; reaches Coventry at 1.5 p.m., and Leamington at 1.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*, as per page 6; reach Rugby by the Trent Valley at 8.15 a.m. on *Sunday*. Proceed from Rugby at 12.34 p.m.; reach Coventry at 1.5 p.m., and Leamington at 1.30.

FROM LEAMINGTON AND COVENTRY TO DUBLIN.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave the L. & N. W. Station, Leamington, at 8.25 a.m.; reach Coventry at 9.0 a.m., and Birmingham at 9.55 a.m. Leave Birmingham at 12.0 noon, as per page 6, and arrive in Dublin at 10.30 p.m. Second class Passengers booked for Ireland are conveyed by this Express Train at the same fare as by the ordinary Trains.

ROUTE 2.—Leave the L. & N. W. Station, Leamington, at 6.55 p.m.; reach Coventry at 7.20 p.m.; then proceed by 5.0 p.m. Express from London, which passes Coventry at 7.25 p.m., as per page 6, and reaches Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following day.

ROUTE 3.—Leave the L. & N. W. Station, Leamington, at 8.0 p.m.; reach Rugby at 8.30 p.m.; then proceed by 8.45 p.m. down Mail, which passes Rugby at 11.31 p.m., as per page 6; and reach Dublin at 11.0 a.m. the following day.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Same as route 1 week days, arriving in Birmingham at 9.55 a.m.; leave Birmingham at 12.45 p.m., as per page 6; reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m. Monday morning.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Leamington at 8.0 p.m.; arrive in Birmingham at 9.25 p.m. Leave Birmingham at 12.3 midnight, as per page 6; and reach Dublin at 11.0 a.m. on Monday.

FROM DUBLIN TO WORCESTER, CHELTENHAM, GLO'STER, AND BRISTOL.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., as per page 6; reach Birmingham at 8.15 p.m.; sleep at Birmingham. On the following morning take the M. Co.'s Train at 8.0 a.m.; it reaches Worcester at 9.9 a.m.; Cheltenham, at 10.19 a.m.; Gloucester, at 10.36 a.m.; and Bristol, at 12.15 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., as per page 6; reach Birmingham at 1.12 a.m.; leave Birmingham at 2.10 a.m. by the Train of the M. Co.; reach Cheltenham at 3.55 a.m.; Gloucester, 4.10 a.m.; and Bristol at 6.0 a.m. This Train does not stop at Worcester.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; arrive in Birmingham at 7.50 a.m.; leave Birmingham by the Train of the M. R. Co. at 11.10 a.m.; reach Worcester at 12.6 noon; Cheltenham at 12.57 p.m.; Glo'ster at 1.13 p.m.; and Bristol at 2.50 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—The same as route 2 on week days.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown on Saturday night at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; arrive in Birmingham at 7.50 a.m. the following (*Sunday*) morning. Leave Birmingham at 5.0 p.m.; reach Worcester at 6.18 p.m.; Cheltenham at 7.28 p.m.; Glo'ster at 7.47 p.m.; and Bristol at 9.45 p.m.

FROM BRISTOL, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, AND WORCESTER TO DUBLIN.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Bristol by the Train of the M. Co. at 8.0 a.m.; Gloucester at 9.8 a.m.; Cheltenham at 9.23 a.m., and Worcester at 10.3 a.m.; arrive in Birmingham at 11.0 a.m. Leave Birmingham at 12.0 noon, as per page 6, and arrive in Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Bristol by the Train of the M. Co. at 3.0 p.m.; Gloucester at 4.30 p.m.; Cheltenham at 4.46 p.m., and Worcester at 5.40 p.m.; reach Birmingham at 6.45 p.m. Leave Birmingham at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6, and arrive in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following day.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Bristol by the Train of the M. Co. at 7.5 p.m.; Gloucester at 9.0 p.m.; Cheltenham at 9.15 p.m.; Worcester at 10.0 p.m.; reach Birmingham at 11.0 p.m. Leave Birmingham 12.3 a.m., as per page 6; arrive in Dublin at 11.0 a.m. the following day.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Bristol by the Train of the M. R. Co. at 6.45 a.m.; Gloucester at 8.39 a.m.; Cheltenham at 8.59 a.m.; Worcester at 10.0 a.m.; reach Birmingham at 11.30 a.m. Take the Train of the L. & N. W. which leaves Birmingham at 12.45 p.m. as per page 6, and reaches Dublin at 6.30 a.m. on Monday.

ROUTE 2.—Same Route as Route 3 on Week Days.

FROM DUBLIN TO EXETER, TORQUAY, AND PLYMOUTH.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Bristol.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m. and reach Bristol, as per page 7, at 12.15 noon the following day. Leave Bristol by the Train of the B. & E. Co. at 12.50 p.m.; arrive in Exeter 2.30 p.m.; leave Exeter at 2.40 p.m. per S. D. Co.'s Train, and arrive at Torquay at 3.50 p.m., and Plymouth at 4.50 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. and arrive in Bristol, as per page 7, at 6.0 a.m. Leave Bristol by the Train of the B. & E. Co. at 7.50 a.m., and arrive in Exeter at 10.40 a.m.; leave Exeter at 10.50 a.m. by the Train of the S. D. Co.; arrive at Torquay at 12.5 p.m., and Plymouth at 1.25 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and arrive in Bristol, as per page 7, at 2.50 p.m.; leave Bristol by the Train of the B. & E. Co. at 3.0 p.m., and arrive in Exeter at 5.5 p.m.; leave Exeter by the S. D. Co. at 6.5 p.m., and reach Torquay at 7.20 p.m., and Plymouth at 8.45 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on Saturday and arrive in Bristol, as per page 7, at 6.0 a.m. (Sunday); leave Bristol by the Train of the B. & E. Co. at 6.50 a.m., and arrive in Exeter at 10.20 a.m., and reach Plymouth at 1.25 p.m. No branch to Torquay by this Train.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, and arrive in Bristol as per page 7, at 9.45 p.m. Sleep at Bristol, and on the Monday morning, leave by the 7.50 a.m. Train arriving at Exeter at 10.40 a.m., and Plymouth at 1.25 p.m. No branch to Torquay by this Train.

FROM PLYMOUTH, TORQUAY, AND EXETER TO DUBLIN.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Bristol and Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Plymouth by the Train of the S. D. Co. at 6.25 p.m., Torquay at 7.35 p.m., Exeter at 9.0 p.m. It reaches Bristol at 11.50 p.m.; leave Bristol following morning at 8.0 a.m., as above; reach Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Plymouth by the Train of the S. D. Co. at 10.25 a.m.; Torquay at 11.20 a.m.; Exeter at 12.40 p.m.; reach Bristol at 2.35 p.m.; leave Bristol at 3.0 p.m., as above; reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following day.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Plymouth by the Train of the S. D. Co. at 12.0 noon; Torquay at 1.15 p.m.; Exeter at 2.40 p.m.; reach Bristol at 5.35 p.m.; leave Bristol at 7.5 p.m., as above; reach Dublin at 11.0 a.m. on the following day.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Plymouth by the Train of the S. D. Co. on Saturday evening at 6.25 p.m.; Torquay at 7.35 p.m.; Exeter at 9.0 a.m. It reaches Bristol at 11.50. Sleep at Bristol and leave at 6.45 a.m., as above; arrive in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following day (Monday).

ROUTE 2.—Same Route as Route 3 on Week Days, except that there is no departure from Torquay.

FROM DUBLIN TO NEWPORT, CARDIFF, AND SWANSEA, BY GLOUCESTER.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Gloucester.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m.; reach Gloucester at 10.36 a.m., as per page 7; proceed by the S. W. Co.'s Train at 12.30 a.m.; reaching Newport at 2.45 p.m.; Cardiff, 3.5 p.m.; and Swansea at 4.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. as per page 7; reach Gloucester at 4.10 a.m. Leave Gloucester by the Train of the S. W. Co. at 9.15 a.m.; reach Newport at 11.30 a.m.; Cardiff, at 11.53 a.m.; Swansea, at 1.45 p.m.

Route 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and arrive in Gloucester, as per page 7, at 1.13 p.m. Leave Gloucester at 3.0 p.m. by the Train of the S. W. Co., and arrive at Newport at 5.30 p.m.; Cardiff, 5.55 p.m.; and Swansea, at 7.50 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

Route 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*, and reach Gloucester, as per page 7, at 4.10 a.m. the following Sunday morning. Proceed by the 8.20 a.m. Train of the S. W. Co., and arrive in Newport at 10.45 a.m.; Cardiff, at 11.10 a.m.; and Swansea, at 1.20 p.m.

Route 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*, and reach Gloucester the following Sunday evening, at 7.47 p.m.; sleep at Gloucester; and on the following Monday morning take the 9.15 a.m. Train of the S. W. Co., as per Route 2 on week days.

FROM SWANSEA, CARDIFF, AND NEWPORT, TO DUBLIN, BY GLOUCESTER.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Gloucester and Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Swansea by the S. W. Co.'s Train at 6.20 p.m.; reach Cardiff at 7.50 p.m.; Newport, at 8.30 p.m.; Gloucester at 11.0 p.m.; sleep at Gloucester. Leave Gloucester at 9.8 a.m., as per page 8, reach Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Swansea by the S. W. Co.'s Train at 10.45 a.m.; Cardiff, at 11.55 a.m., and Newport at 12.15 p.m., and arrive in Gloucester at 2.30 p.m. Leave Gloucester by the M. Co.'s Train at 4.30 p.m., as per page 8, and arrive in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following day.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Swansea at 1.0 p.m. by the S. W. Co.'s Train; Cardiff, at 2.36 p.m., and Newport at 3.3 p.m.; arrive in Gloucester at 5.25 p.m. Leave Gloucester by the Train of the M. C. at 9.0 p.m., and as per page 8, reach Dublin at 11.0 a.m. the following day.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Swansea by the S. W. Co.'s Train at 12.30 p.m.; Cardiff, 2.20 p.m.; Newport, 2.44 p.m., and arrive in Gloucester 5.10 p.m. Leave Gloucester at 6.54 p.m. by the M. C. Train, and arrive in Birmingham at 9.45 p.m. Leave Birmingham at 12.3 a.m. (midnight), and arrive in Dublin, as per page 6, at 11.0 on Monday morning.

FROM DUBLIN TO WALSALL AND DUDLEY.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., as per page 6; reach Chester at 5.10 p.m. Proceed by the L. & N. W. Train at 5.30 p.m. It reaches the Bescot Junction at 8.53 p.m. There Passengers for Walsall and Dudley await the 9.0 p.m. Train of the S. S. Co., which arrives in Walsall at 9.30 p.m., and Dudley at 9.50 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m., and the Bescot Junction at 12.42 a.m. Change carriages. The Train of the S. S. Co. reaches Walsall at 1.20 a.m.; but there is not any Train to Dudley. On Sunday nights the Train neither goes to Dudley nor to Walsall.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe 5.34 a.m., and the Bescot Junction at 7.15 a.m. Passengers there await the Train of the S. S., which leaves Birmingham at 9.0 a.m. and reaches Bescot at 9.15 a.m.; Walsall, at 9.25 a.m.; and Dudley at 9.55 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—See Route No. 2, on week days.

Route 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. (*Saturday*), as per page 6; reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m. and Bescot Junction at 7.15 a.m. Passengers will here await the arrival of the 9.0 a.m. Train of the S. S. Co., which arrives at the Bescot Junction 9.20 a.m.; Walsall, 9.30 a.m.; and Dudley, 9.45 a.m.

FROM DUDLEY AND WALSALL TO DUBLIN.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Dudley at 11.0 a.m., and Walsall at 11.0 a.m., by the train of the S. S. Co., and reach Birmingham at 11.40 a.m. Proceed by Express Train of the L. & N. W. Co. from Birmingham at 12.0 noon, and thence as per page 6; arriving at Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Dudley at 4.45 p.m., and Walsall at 5.10 p.m., and reach Bescot Junction at 5.23 p.m. Change carriages and proceed by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co., which left Birmingham at 5.0 p.m., and which passes Bescot at 5.23 p.m. Reach Stafford at 6.10 p.m. Remain at Stafford till 8.23 p.m., when the 5.0 Express from London passes, and thence as per page 6; arriving in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Dudley at 11.50 p.m., and Walsall at 12.10 a.m., and reach Bescot Junction at 12.25 a.m. Change carriages, and proceed by the train of the L. & N. W. Co., which left Birmingham at 12.3 a.m., and which passes Bescot at 12.25 a.m. Reach Stafford at 1.6 a.m. Leave Stafford at 1.12 a.m., by the train of the L. & N. W. Co., and arrive in Dublin at 11.0 a.m., as per page 6.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Dudley at 10.5 a.m., and Walsall at 10.28 a.m., and reach Bescot

Junction at 10.33 a.m. Change carriages, and proceed by the train which left Birmingham at 10.15 a.m., and which passes Bescot Junction at 10.33 a.m. Reach Stafford at 11.25 a.m. Leave Stafford at 2.16 p.m., as per page 6; arrive in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following Monday morning.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Dudley at 8.30 p.m., and Walsall at 8.40 p.m. Reach the Bescot Junction at 8.48; thence as per Route 3 on week days.

FROM DUBLIN TO MANCHESTER via CREWE.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 6.25 p.m. Leave Crewe for Manchester at 7.10 p.m., and arrive there at 9.0 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m. Leave Crewe for Manchester at 2.3 a.m., and arrive there at 3.30 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; arrive in Crewe at 5.34 a.m. Leave Crewe for Manchester at 8.22 a.m., and arrive there at 10.10 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*. The route same as Route 2 on week days.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*; reach Crewe at 5.34 the following (*Sunday*) morning. Leave for Manchester at 12.27 p.m., arrive there at 2.20 p.m.

FROM MANCHESTER TO DUBLIN via CREWE,

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Manchester (London-road station), by the train of the L. & N. W. Co., at 11.35 a.m.; reach Crewe at 12.55 p.m. Proceed by the 9.30 a.m. Express Train from London, at 1.40 p.m., as per page 6; and arrive in Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Manchester (London-road Station), by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co., at 5.30 p.m.; reach Crewe at 6.20 p.m. Proceed by the 5.0 p.m. Express Train from London, at 9.3 p.m., as per page 6; arrive in Dublin at 6.30 the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Manchester (London-road station), by the train of the L. & N. W. Co., at 9.12 p.m.; reach Crewe 10.41 p.m. Leave Crewe at 2.3 a.m., as per page 6, and arrive in Dublin 11.0 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Manchester (London-road Station) by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co., at 11.15 a.m.; reach Crewe at 1.0 p.m.; arrive in Dublin at 6.30 a.m., as per page 6, on the following (*Monday*) morning.

ROUTE 2.—Same route as Route 3 on week days.

FROM DUBLIN TO LEEDS, HUDDERSFIELD, via CREWE AND STOCKPORT.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 6.25 p.m.; start for Stockport at 7.10 p.m.; reach there at 8.33 p.m.; change carriages; reach Huddersfield at 10.17 p.m., and Leeds at 11.10 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m.; sleep at Crewe; on the following morning leave for Stockport at 8.22 a.m.; arrive there at 9.50 a.m.; change carriages, and reach Huddersfield at 11.28 a.m., and Leeds at 12.15 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m.; Stockport at 9.50 a.m.; and thence as per route 2.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown on *Saturday* at 1.0 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m.; leave Crewe the following (*Sunday*) morning at 2.3 a.m., and arrive in Stockport at 3.24 a.m. There is a Train for Huddersfield only from Stockport at 3.30 a.m., arriving at Huddersfield at 6.0 a.m. Passengers can, however, proceed both to Leeds and to Huddersfield from Stockport at 7.30 a.m. This Train arrives in Huddersfield at 9.45 a.m. and Leeds at 10.45 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown on *Saturday* at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m. the following (*Sunday*) morning; remain at Crewe till 12.27 p.m.; arrive at Stockport at 1.55 p.m.; remain at Stockport till 6.20 p.m.; arrive at Huddersfield at 7.35 p.m., and Leeds at 11.0 p.m.

FROM LEEDS AND HUDDERSFIELD TO DUBLIN, via STOCKPORT AND CREWE.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Leeds by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co. at 9.30 a.m., and Huddersfield at 10.12 a.m.; arrive at Stockport at 11.30; change carriages; arrive at Crewe at 12.55 p.m.; leave Crewe at 1.40 p.m., as per page 6; arriving in Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Leeds by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co. at 3.35 p.m., and Huddersfield at 4.15 p.m.; arrive at Stockport at 5.25 p.m.; change carriages, and arrive at Crewe at 6.20 p.m.; leave Crewe at 9.3 p.m., as per page 6; arriving in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Leeds by the Train of the L. & N.W. Co. at 6.15 p.m., and Huddersfield at 7.4 p.m.; arrive at Stockport at 8.30 p.m., and Crewe at 10.41 p.m.; leave Crewe at 2.3 a.m., as per page 6, arriving in Dublin at 11.0 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Leeds by the Train of the L. & N.W. Co. at 6.0 a.m., and Huddersfield at 7.2 a.m.; arrive at Manchester at 8.35 a.m.; leave Manchester (London Road Station) at 11.35 a.m., and, as per page 6, reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following (Monday) morning.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Leeds at 6.45 p.m., and Huddersfield at 7.45 p.m.; arrive at Stockport at 9.25 p.m.; change carriages; arrive at Crewe at 10.41 p.m.; leave Crewe at 2.3 a.m., as per page 6, and arrive in Dublin at 11.0 a.m. (Monday.)

FROM DUBLIN TO HUDDERSFIELD AND LEEDS, via MANCHESTER AND WARRINGTON.

Note.—Through-Tickets are not issued further than Manchester by this route.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m.; reach Manchester (*Victoria Station*) at 7.40 p.m.; at 9.0 p.m. proceed by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co. and arrive in Huddersfield at 10.17 p.m., and Leeds at 11.10 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Passengers by this route, viz., leaving Kingstown at 1.0 p. m., will have to sleep at Chester. In the morning, the first Train from Chester to Manchester is at 4.50 a.m.; but should this be too early, take the 9.0 a.m. Train, which reaches Manchester (*Victoria Station*) at 10.35 a.m.; start at 12.15 p.m.; reach Huddersfield at 1.35 p.m., and Leeds at 2.35 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and reach Manchester at 6.15 a.m., leave Manchester (*Victoria Station*) at 6.40 a.m. by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co., and arrive in Huddersfield at 7.59 a.m., and Leeds at 8.55 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*, and arrive in Chester at 9.40 p.m.; sleep at Chester, and on the following Sunday morning leave at 8.0 a.m. by the Train of the B., L., & C. Junct. Co., and arrive in Manchester at 10.10 a.m.; leave Manchester (*Victoria Station*) by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co. at 8.30 p.m. and arrive in Huddersfield at 10.0 p.m., and Leeds at 11.0 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday, and arrive in Chester at 4.40 a.m., and Manchester at 10.10 a.m.; thence as in route 1.

FROM LEEDS AND HUDDERSFIELD TO DUBLIN via MANCHESTER AND WARRINGTON.

Note.—Through-Tickets are not issued further than between Dublin and Manchester by this Route.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Leeds by the train of the L. & N. W. Co. at 9.30 a.m.; Huddersfield at 10.12 a.m.; and arrive at Manchester (*Victoria Station*), at 11.20 a.m.; Leave Manchester at 1.30 p.m. by the train of the B. L. & C. Junct. Co.; reach Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Leeds by the train of the L. & N. W. Co. at 6.15 p.m.; Huddersfield at 7.4 p.m.; arrive at Manchester (*Victoria Station*) at 8.20 p.m.; leave by the train of the B. L. & C. Junct. Co. at 8.30 p.m.; arriving in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. (following morning.)

ROUTE 3.—NIL.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Leeds by the train of the London and N. W. Co. at 6.0 a.m.; Huddersfield at 7.2 a.m.; and arrive at Manchester (*Victoria Station*) at 8.35 a.m.; Leave Manchester (*Victoria Station*) by the train of the B. L. & C. Junct. Co., at 8.45 a.m.; and arrive in Chester at 10.29 a.m.; remain in Chester until 10.25 p.m.; reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m. (Monday morning.)

ROUTE 2.—NIL.

FROM DUBLIN TO YORK AND SCARBOROUGH, via LEEDS.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Leeds.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and arrive at Leeds, as per page 10, at 11.10 p.m.; sleep at Leeds; take the train of the Y. & N. M. Co. at 7.0 a.m. the following morning, and arrive in York at 8.45 a.m.; at 9.40 a.m. proceed to Scarborough; arrive at 11.40 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. and arrive in Leeds, as per page 10, at 12.15 p.m.; take the train of the Y. & N. M. Co. at 12.45 p.m., and reach York at 2.0 p.m.; proceed at 4.0 p.m. to Scarborough; arrive at 5.20 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m.; reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m.; Stockport 9.50 a.m. (where carriages are changed); Huddersfield at 11.23 a.m., and Leeds at 12.15 p.m.; thence as per Route 2.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown on *Saturday* at 1.0 p.m., following the Route to Leeds as per page 10. Arrive in Leeds at 10.45 a.m., the following (*Sunday*) morning; take the train of the Y. & N. M. at 6.5 p.m., and arrive in York at 7.30 p.m. This train does not go to Scarborough.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown on *Saturday* at 7.30 p.m., arrive in Leeds, as per page 10, at 11.0 p.m. on *Sunday* night; sleep at Leeds, and on the following morning proceed by the 7.0 a.m. train of the Y. & N. M., and arrive in York at 8.45 a.m.; proceed to Scarborough by the 9.40 a.m. train, and arrive there at 11.40 a.m.

FROM SCARBOROUGH AND YORK TO DUBLIN.

Note.—Through-Tickets are not issued further than between Dublin and Leeds.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Scarborough by the Train of the Y. & N. M. Co. at 10.0 a.m., and reach York at 11.20 a.m. Leave York at 12.0 noon; reach Leeds at 1.20 p.m., and arrive in Dublin, as per page 10, at 6.30 a.m. (following morning).

ROUTE 2.—Leave Scarborough by the Train of the Y. & N. M. Co. at 12.15 p.m., and arrive in York at 2.10 p.m. Remain in York till 2.50 p.m.; arrive in Leeds at 3.0 p.m.; and then proceed, as in Route 3, from Leeds to Ireland, arriving in Dublin at 11.0 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Nil.

SUNDAYS.—NIL.

FROM DUBLIN TO HARROWGATE, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, BERWICK, AND EDINBURGH via LEEDS.

Note.—Through-Tickets are issued only between Dublin and Leeds.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and arrive in Leeds, as per page 10, at 11.10 p.m. Sleep at Leeds. Leave Leeds on the following morning by the L. N. Co's Train at 8.0 a.m.; arrive at Harrogate at 8.40 a.m., and the Thirsk Station of the N. & B. at 9.40 a.m. Proceed by the N. & B. Train, which reaches Durham at 12.20 p.m.; Newcastle at 1.0 p.m.; Berwick, 4.10 p.m.; and Edinburgh at 7.50 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., and arrive in Leeds, as per page 10, at 12.15 p.m. (following day). Leave Leeds by the L. & N. at 1.15 p.m.; reach Harrogate at 2.10 p.m., and the Junction of the N. & B. at 6.0 p.m. Proceed by the Train of the N. & B., arriving at Durham at 8.25 p.m.; Newcastle, 9.15 p.m.; Berwick at 2.0 a.m. It reaches Edinburgh at 4.55 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and arrive in Leeds, as per page 10, at 12.15 (following morning.)

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*; arrive in Leeds, as per page 10, the following *Sunday* morning at 10.45 a.m. Leave Leeds by the L. N. Railway at 6.0 p.m.; arrive at Harrogate at 6.49, and the Junction of the Y., N. & B. at 8.25 p.m. Proceed by the 8.40 p.m. Train of the N. & B. Co.; arrive at Durham at 10.25 p.m.; Newcastle, 11.0 p.m.; Berwick at 2.25 a.m. Monday morning; and Edinburgh at 4.45 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*; arrive in Leeds, as per page 10, at 11.0 p.m. on *Sunday* night. Sleep at Leeds, and on the following Monday morning proceed by the L. N. Co's Train at 8.0 a.m., and thence as per Route 1, on week days.

FROM EDINBURGH, BERWICK, NEWCASTLE, DURHAM, AND HARROWGATE, TO DUBLIN via STOCKPORT.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Leeds and Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Edinburgh at 10.40 a.m. by the Train of the N. B. Co.; arrive in Berwick at 12.55 p.m.; Newcastle at 3.30 p.m. Leave Newcastle at 4.0 p.m. by the Train of the Y. N. & B.; Durham, 4.33 p.m., and reach the Thirsk Junction at 6.10 p.m. Change carriages, and proceed by the L. N., arriving at Harrogate at 7.0 p.m., and Leeds at 7.40 p.m. Sleep at Leeds, and on the following morning proceed at 9.30 a.m. from Leeds, and arrive in Dublin, as per page 10; at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Edinburgh at 5.55 p.m. by the Train of the N. B. Co., and reach Berwick at 8.10 p.m., and Newcastle at 10.45 p.m. Sleep at Newcastle, and leave on the following morning by the Train of the Y. N. & B. at 8.15 a.m. Leave Durham at 9.0 a.m., and reach the Junction of the L. N. at 10.50 a.m. Proceed by the Train at 11.0 a.m., and reach Harrogate at 11.50 a.m. and Leeds at 12.30 p.m. Leave Leeds at 3.15 p.m., and, as per page 6, reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Edinburgh at 10.40 a.m. on *Saturdays*; thence same Route to Leeds, week days. Sleep at Leeds. Leave Leeds on *Sunday* at 6.0 a.m.; reach Dublin at 6.30 on Monday morning, as per page 7.

FROM DUBLIN TO STOKE, UTTOXETER, BURTON-ON-TRENT, AND DERBY.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., as per page 6, and reach Crewe at 6.25 p.m.

Take the train of the N. S. Co., which leaves Crewe at 7.15 p.m., and reaches Stoke at 7.53 p.m., Uttoxeter at 8.42 p.m., Derby at 9.25 p.m. This train does not go to Burton.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m. Sleep at Crewe, and proceed on the following morning, by the train of the N. S. Co., which leaves Crewe at 7.50 a.m. It reaches Stoke at 8.30 a.m., Uttoxeter at 9.40 a.m., Burton at 10.30 a.m., and Derby at 10.45 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m. Thence as per Route 2.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*; reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m. Sleep at Crewe. Take the train of the N. S. Co. on *Sunday* morning, at 8.20 a.m.; reach Stoke at 8.58 a.m., Uttoxeter at 9.50 a.m., Burton at 10.20 a.m., and Derby at 11.30 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. (*Saturday*), as per page 6; arrive at Crewe at 5.34 a.m., the following *Sunday* morning, and thence as per Route 2.

FROM DERBY, BURTON-ON-TRENT, UTTOXETER, AND STOKE, TO DUBLIN.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Derby, by the N. S. Co.'s Train, at 10.0 a.m., Burton at 10.0 a.m., Uttoxeter, 10.45 a.m., Stoke, 11.38 a.m.; reach Crewe at 12.20 p.m. Proceed by express Train from London, which passes Crewe at 1.40 p.m. Thence as per page 6; reaching Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Derby, by the N. S. Co.'s train, at 6.40 p.m., Burton, 6.50 p.m., Uttoxeter, 7.25 p.m., Stoke, 8.15 p.m. Reach Crewe at 8.55 p.m. Proceed by the express train from London, which passes Crewe at 9.3 p.m., as per page 6; and reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—NIL

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Derby, by the N. S. Co.'s train, at 8.45 a.m., Burton at 9.0 a.m., Uttoxeter at 9.40 a.m., and Stoke at 10.30 a.m., and reach Crewe at 11.10 a.m. Leave Crewe, by the train of the L. & N. W. Co., at 3.8 p.m., and reach Dublin, as per page 6, at 6.30 a.m., the following (*Monday*) morning.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Burton, by the N. S. Co.'s train, at 2.0 p.m., Uttoxeter at 2.30 p.m., and Stoke at 4.0 p.m., and reach Crewe at 4.45 p.m. Remain at Crewe till 2.3 a.m., when the L. & N. W. train, which left London at 8.45 p.m. passes. Thence as per page 6; arriving in Dublin at 11.0 a.m. the following (*Monday*) morning.

FROM DUBLIN TO NOTTINGHAM AND NEWARK, via DERBY.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Derby.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and reach Derby as above, at 9.25 p.m. Sleep at Derby, and proceed on the following morning by the train of the M. Co. at 6.45 a.m., arriving at Nottingham at 7.35 a.m., and Newark at 8.40 a.m. Should this, however, be too early, there is a train which leaves Derby at 9.10 a.m., and arrives in Nottingham at 10.0 a.m., but does not go to Newark except on *Wednesdays*.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., and reach Derby at 10.41 a.m., as above. Proceed by the M. Co.'s train at 11.20 a.m., and arrive in Nottingham at 12.15 p.m.; and Newark at 1.20 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and reach Derby at 10.45 a.m., as above. Thence as per Route 2.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*, reach Derby, as above, at 11.30 on *Sunday* morning; leave Derby at 5.40 p.m., and reach Nottingham at 6.25 p.m.; Newark at 7.27 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*; reach Derby at 11.30 a.m., as above; and then as per Route 1.

FROM NEWARK AND NOTTINGHAM via DERBY.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Derby and Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Newark (M. Co.'s Station) at 9.5 p.m.; Nottingham at 10.0 p.m.; reach Derby at 10.45 p.m.; sleep at Derby; proceed by the N. S. Co.'s train the following morning at 10.0 a.m., as above; reach Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Newark (M. Co.'s station) at 4.40 p.m.; Nottingham at 5.35 p.m.; reach Derby at 6.15 p.m.; start from Derby at 6.40 p.m. by the train of the N. S. Co., and, as above, reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—NIL

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Newark (M. Co.'s Station) at 9.5 p.m. on *Saturday*; Nottingham at 10.0 p.m.; Derby at 10.45 p.m.; sleep at Derby; proceed on *Sunday* by the N. S. Co.'s train from Derby at 8.45 a.m., as above; reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m. on *Monday*.

FROM DUBLIN TO PETERBOROUGH via DERBY.

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Derby.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and arrive in Derby, as per page 13, at 9.30 p.m., sleep at Derby; proceed on the following morning by the M. Co.'s train at 6.0 a.m.; reach Syston Junction at 7.42 a.m., and arrive at Peterborough at 10.0 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., and arrive in Derby, as per page 13, at 10.45 a.m.; proceed by the train of the M. Co. at 11.0 a.m.; reach Syston Junction at 12.25 p.m., and Peterborough at 2.50 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m.; arrive in Derby as per page 13 at 10.45 a.m.; thence as per Route 2.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*, and arrive as per page 13 in Derby at 11.30 a.m. the following (*Sunday*) Morning; Proceed by the train of the M. Co. It arrives at Syston at 12.35 p.m.; leave Syston at 6.10 p.m.; reach Peterborough at 8.50 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*, and arrive, as per page 13, in Derby at 11.30 a.m., thence as per Route 1.

FROM PETERBOROUGH TO DUBLIN (via DERBY).

Note.—Through-Tickets are only issued between Derby and Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Peterborough by the Train of the M. Co. at 4.5 p.m., and reach Derby at 8.35 p.m. Sleep at Derby. Leave Derby at 9.30 a.m., as per page 13; reach Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Peterborough by the Train of the M. Co. at 12.20 p.m.; reach Derby at 3.30 p.m.; leave Derby at 5.30 p.m., as per page 13; arriving in Dublin at 6.30 the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—Nil.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Peterborough at 7.30 a.m. by the Train of the M. Co.; reach Derby at 3.10 p.m. Leave Derby as per page 13, at 6.40 p.m.; arrive in Dublin at 6.30 the following (*Monday*) morning.

FROM DUBLIN TO MACCLESFIELD.**WEEK DAYS.**

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 6.15 p.m.; leave Crewe at 7.15 p.m. by the Train of the N. S. Co.; and arrive at Macclesfield at 8.20 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m. Sleep at Crewe. Proceed on the following morning by the Train of the N. S. Co. at 7.50 a.m., and arrive at Macclesfield at 10.40 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., as per page 6; reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m. Thence as per Route 2.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown by 1.0 p.m. Boat on *Saturday*; reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m. Sleep at Crewe. Proceed on *Sunday* morning at 8.20 a.m. by the Train of the N. S. Co., and reach Macclesfield at 9.40 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown by 7.30 p.m. Boat on *Saturday* evening, and reach Crewe the following (*Sunday*) morning at 5.34 a.m. Thence as per Route 1.

FROM MACCLESFIELD TO DUBLIN.**WEEK DAYS.**

ROUTE 1.—Leave Macclesfield by the N. S. Co.'s Train at 10.30 a.m.; reach Burslem Junction at 11.3 a.m., and Crewe at 12.20 p.m.; the 9.0 a.m. Express from London passes Crewe at 1.40 p.m. Take that Train and arrive in Dublin at 10.30 p.m., as per page 6.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Macclesfield by the N. S. Co.'s Train at 7.10 p.m.; reach Burslem Junction at 7.53 p.m.; and Crewe at 9.0 p.m. The 5.0 p.m. Express from London passes Crewe at 9.3 p.m. Take that Train and reach Dublin at 6.30 the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—Nil.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Macclesfield by the N. S. Co.'s Train at 9.20 a.m.; reach Burslem Junction at 10.5 a.m.; Crewe at 11.10 a.m. The 10.0 a.m. Express Mail from London passes Crewe at 3.8 p.m. Take that Train and arrive in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. (*Monday*) morning.

ROUTE 2.—Nil.

FROM DUBLIN TO MANCHESTER via WARRINGTON.**WEEK DAYS.**

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m.; reach Chester at 5.10 p.m., as per page 6. Leave Chester by the Train of the B, L. & C. Junc. Co. at 6.5 p.m.; reach Warrington at 6.55 p.m.; Manchester at 7.40 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m.; reach Chester at 9.40 p.m. as per page 6. Sleep at Chester, and proceed the following morning by the Train of the B, L. & C. Junc. Co. at 9.0 a.m.; reach Warrington at 9.40 a.m.; Manchester, 10.35 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m.; reach Chester at 4.40 a.m. as per page 6. Proceed by the Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co. at 4.50 a.m.; reach Warrington at 5.30 a.m., Manchester at 6.15 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on Saturday; reach Chester at 9.40 p.m., as per page 6. Sleep at Chester. Proceed on Sunday morning at 8.0 a.m. by the Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co. It reaches Warrington at 8.40 a.m. There take the Train of the L. & N. W. Co. It reaches Manchester at 12.10 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Chester at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday; reach Chester at 4.40 a.m. Then as per Route 1.

FROM MANCHESTER TO DUBLIN via WARRINGTON.**WEEK DAYS.**

ROUTE 1.—Leave Manchester (Victoria Station) by the Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co. at 1.30 p.m.; reach Warrington at 2.16 p.m., and Chester at 2.55 p.m. Change carriages, and proceed by the C. & H. Co., as per page 6; and arrive in Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Manchester (Victoria Station) by the Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co., at 8.30 p.m.; Chester at 9.55 p.m. by the Train of the C. & H. Co., and arrive in Dublin, as per page 6, at 6.30 a.m. the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—NIL

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Manchester (Victoria Station) by the Train of the L. & N. W. Co., at 7.9 p.m.; it only proceeds as far as Warrington. There take the Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co., which leaves at 8.0 p.m., and arrives at Chester at 8.39 p.m. Leave Chester at 10.25 p.m., as per page 6; reach Dublin at 6.30 on Monday morning.

ROUTE 2.—NIL

FROM DUBLIN TO SHEFFIELD, LINCOLN, GREAT GRIMSBY AND HULL, via WARRINGTON, AND MANCHESTER.**WEEK DAYS.**

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and reach Manchester via Warrington, at 7.40 p.m. as above. Sleep at Manchester, and proceed on the following morning from the London Road Station at 6.30 a.m. by the Train of the M., S. & L. Co. It reaches Sheffield at 8.35 a.m.; Lincoln at 10.25 a.m.; Great Grimsby at 12.16 p.m.; and Hull at 12.20 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. Sleep at Chester, and take on the following morning the 9.0 a.m. Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co. to Manchester, which reaches the Victoria Station at 10.35 a.m., or the 11.45, reaching Manchester at 1.20. Proceed by cab or omnibus to the London Road Station; start at 11.30 a.m. for Sheffield only, and at 1.30 or 1.45 p.m. by the Train of the M., S. & L. Co., reach Sheffield at 3.50 p.m.; Lincoln at 5.51 p.m.; Great Grimsby at 7.0 p.m., and Hull at 7.25 p.m. Passengers can—by leaving Chester with the 4.45 a.m. Train of the B., L. & C. Junc.—reach Manchester (Victoria Station) at 6.15 a.m., and by then taking the Train from the London Road Station of the M., S. & L. Co. at 6.30 a.m., they will reach Sheffield at 8.35 a.m.; Lincoln at 10.25 a.m.; Great Grimsby at 12.16 p.m.; and Hull at 12.20 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30; reach Chester at 4.40 a.m. Leave Chester by the Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co. at 4.45 a.m. reach Manchester at 6.15 a.m. Proceed by cab or omnibus to the London Road Station; take the Train of the M., S. & L. Co. at 6.30 a.m.; that Train reaches Sheffield at 8.35 a.m.; Lincoln at 10.25 a.m.; Great Grimsby at 12.16 p.m.; and Hull at 12.20 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on Saturday; reach Chester at 9.40 p.m. Sleep at Chester. Proceed on the following (Sunday) morning from Chester at 8.0 a.m.; reaching Warrington at 8.40 a.m. There take the Train of the L. & N. W. Co., and arrive at Manchester (Victoria Station) at 10.10 a.m. Proceed by cab or omnibus to the London Road Station; take the Train of the M., S. & L. Co. at 1.30 p.m., for Sheffield only, arrive at 3.30 p.m. or at 4.0, reach Sheffield at 6.3 p.m.; Lincoln at 8.6 p.m.; Great Grimsby at 9.0 p.m. and Hull at 9.40 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on Saturday; reach Chester at 4.40 a.m. the following (Sunday) morning. At 8.0 a.m. take the Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co., as per Route 1.

FROM HULL, GRIMSBY, LINCOLN, AND SHEFFIELD TO DUBLIN, via MANCHESTER AND WARRINGTON.**WEEK DAYS.**

ROUTE 1.—Leave Hull (M., S. & L. Co.'s Station) at 6.0 a.m.; Great Grimsby at 6.0 a.m.; Lincoln at 7.25 a.m.; Sheffield at 9.27 a.m.; arrive at Manchester (London Road Station), at 11.33 a.m.; proceed by cab or omnibus to Victoria Station; leave by the Train of the B., L. & C. Junc. Co. at 1.30 p.m., as above, reaching Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Hull (M., S. & L. Co.'s Station) at 2.15 p.m.; Great Grimsby at 2.10 p.m.; Lincoln at 4.0 p.m.; Sheffield at 5.53 p.m.; arrive at Manchester (London Road

Station) at 7.49 p.m.; proceed by cab or omnibus to Victoria Station; leave by the Train of the B. L. & C. Junc. Co., at 8.45 p.m., as per page 15, arriving in Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—Nil.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Hull (M., S. & L. Co.'s Station) at 6.15 a.m.; Great Grimsby at 6.30 a.m.; arriving at Sheffield at 9.38 a.m.; leave Sheffield at 1.30 p.m.; arrive in Manchester (London Road Station) at 3.36 p.m.; proceed by cab or omnibus to Victoria Station; leave at 7.0 p.m., as per page 15; reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following (Monday) morning.

ROUTE 2.—Nil.

FROM DUBLIN TO DONCASTER.

Note—Through-Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Sheffield.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and reach Sheffield as per page 15, at 8.35 a.m. the following morning; leave Sheffield at 11.30 a.m. by the Train of the S. Y. Co. to Doncaster; arrive there at 12.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., and reach Sheffield as per page 15, at 3.50 p.m.; leave Sheffield at 5.45 p.m. by the S. Y. Co.'s Train to Doncaster, reaching there at 6.45 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and reach Sheffield as per page 15, at 8.35 a.m.; leave Sheffield at 9.0 a.m. by the Train of the S. Y. Co.; arrive at Doncaster at 10.0 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*; reach Sheffield as per page 15, at 6.3 p.m. on the following *Sunday*. Sleep at Sheffield, and proceed the following (Monday) morning at 9.0, as per Route 3 on week days.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*; reach Sheffield as per page 15, at 6.3 p.m. on the following *Sunday*. Sleep at Sheffield, and proceed the following (Monday) morning at 9.0 a.m. as per Route 3 on week days.

FROM DONCASTER TO DUBLIN via WARRINGTON AND CREWE.

Note—Through Tickets are only issued between Sheffield and Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Doncaster at 7.45 a.m., by the Train of the S. Y. Co.; reach Sheffield at 8.45 a.m.; leave Sheffield at 9.27 a.m., and thence as per page 15, arriving in Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Doncaster by the Train of the S. Y. Co. at 4.30 p.m., and reach Sheffield at 5.40 p.m.; leave Sheffield at 5.53 p.m., and thence as per page 15, arriving in Dublin at 6.30 the following morning.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Doncaster by the S. Y. Co.'s Train on *Saturday Evening* at 7.0 p.m.; reach Sheffield at 8.0 p.m.; sleep at Sheffield, and proceed on *Sunday morning* from Sheffield at 9.28 a.m., as above, arriving in Dublin at 6.30 the following (Monday) morning.

ROUTE 2.—Nil.

FROM DUBLIN TO LANCASTER, CARLISLE, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, PERTH, AND ABERDEEN.

Note—Through Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Edinburgh or Glasgow.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and arrive at Crewe at 6.25 p.m., as per page 6. Leave Crewe by the Train which passes at 9.0 p.m. It arrives in Lancaster at 11.44 p.m.; Carlisle, 2.25 a.m.; Glasgow, 7.10 a.m.; Edinburgh, 9.30 a.m.; Perth, 9.35 a.m.; Aberdeen, 2.35 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m.; arrive at Crewe at 10.41 p.m., as per page 6. Leave Crewe by the Down Mail Train, which passes at 2.3 a.m. It reaches Lancaster at 4.57 a.m.; Carlisle, 7.55 a.m.; Glasgow and Edinburgh, each at 12.40 p.m.; Perth at 2.58 p.m.; Aberdeen at 6.13 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m.; reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m., as per page 6. Leave by the Down Train of the L. & N. W. Co., which passes Crewe at 8.22 a.m.; it reaches Lancaster at 1.45 p.m.; Carlisle, 4.55 p.m. Leave by the Train of the C. Co. at 6.30 p.m., and arrive in Glasgow 9.50 p.m., and Edinburgh 9.30 p.m. Sleep in Edinburgh, and on the following morning take the Train of the E., P. & D. Co. It arrives in Perth at 9.15 a.m., and Aberdeen at 2.20 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown on *Saturday*, at 1.0 p.m.; reach Crewe at 10.41, as per page 6. Thence as per Route 2, on week days.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m., as per page 6. Leave Crewe by the L. & N. W. Train, which passes Crewe at 3.8 p.m. It reaches Lancaster at 5.59 p.m.; Carlisle at 9.0 p.m.; Glasgow at 1.30 a.m. (Monday); Edinburgh, 1.5 a.m.; Perth, 3.43 a.m.; and Aberdeen, 7.49 a.m.

FROM ABERDEEN, PERTH, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, CARLISLE, AND LANCASTER TO DUBLIN.

Note—Through Tickets are only issued between Edinburgh and Glasgow or Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Aberdeen at 2.33 p.m.; Perth, 6.30 p.m.; Glasgow, 8.17 p.m.; Edinburgh, 8.25 p.m.; Carlisle, 12.20 a.m.; and Lancaster at 2.49 a.m.; arrive at Crewe Junction at 5.34 a.m.; remain there till 1.40 p.m., when the 9.30 Express from London passes. Take that Train and arrive in Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Aberdeen at 2.33 p.m.; Perth, 6.20 p.m.; reach Edinburgh by the Train of the E. P. & D. Co. at 9.0 p.m. Sleep at Edinburgh. Leave Edinburgh at 10.45 a.m. (from Glasgow at 10.30 a.m.) by the C. Co.'s Train; reach Carlisle at 1.53 p.m.; Lancaster at 3.55 p.m.; Crewe at 6.30 p.m. Wait at Crewe the Down Express Train, which passes at 9.3, and arrives in Dublin at 6.30 the following morning, as per page 6.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Aberdeen at 6.6 a.m.; Perth, 9.25 a.m.; Glasgow, 11.50 a.m.; Edinburgh at 12.0 noon; Carlisle at 4.33 p.m.; and Lancaster at 7.25 p.m.; arrive at Crewe Junction at 10.41 p.m. There wait till 2.3 a.m., when the 8.45 p.m. Mail from London passes. Take that Train, and arrive in Dublin, as per page 6, at 11.0 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—As per Route 2 on week days.

ROUTE 2.—As per Route 3 on week days.

FROM DUBLIN TO NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE via CARLISLE.

Note—Through Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Carlisle.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and reach Carlisle, as per page 16, at 2.25 a.m. Remain at Carlisle until the 5.40 a.m. Train of the N. & C. Co., which reaches Newcastle 8.55 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., and reach as per page 16; Carlisle at 7.55; Leave Carlisle at 12.15 p.m., and reach Newcastle at 3.10 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and reach Carlisle at 4.55 p.m., as per page 16. Leave at 5.15 p.m., and reach Newcastle at 8.15 p.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*; thence same route to Carlisle as on week days. Leave Carlisle by the Train of the N. & C. Co. at 12.15 p.m., and arrive in Newcastle at 3.10 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*; reach Crewe at 5.34 a.m. *Sunday*. Leave Crewe at 3.8 p.m.; reach Carlisle at 9.0 p.m. Sleep at Carlisle, and proceed on the following (*Monday*) morning by the 5.40 a.m. Train of the N. and C., which reaches Newcastle at 8.55 a.m.

FROM NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE TO DUBLIN via CARLISLE AND CREWE.

Note—Through-Tickets are only issued between Carlisle and Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Newcastle at 6.15 a.m., by the train of the N. and C. Co. and arrive at Carlisle at 9.30 a.m. Leave by the train of the L. and C. Co., at 1.53 p.m.; arrive at Crewe at 6.25 p.m. Leave Crewe at 9.0 p.m., and arrive at Kingstown at 6.30 the following morning.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Newcastle at 1.20 p.m., by the train of the N. and C. Co., and arrive at Carlisle at 4.15 p.m. Leave Carlisle, by the train of the L. and C. Co., at 4.33 p.m., and reach Crewe at 10.41 p.m. Proceed at 2.3 a.m., by the train of the L. and N. W. Co., and arrive at Kingstown at 11.0 a.m. the following day.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Newcastle at 8.30 a.m.; arrive at Carlisle at 11.45 a.m. Leave by the train of the L. and C. Co., at 4.30 p.m.; arrive at Crewe at 10.41 p.m. Leave at 2.3 a.m., as per Route 2 on week days.

FROM DUBLIN TO SHREWSBURY.

Note—Through-Tickets are only issued between Dublin and Chester.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m., and reach Chester, as per page 6, at 5.10 p.m. Change carriages, and proceed by the train of the S. and C. Co., at 6.50 p.m., and reach Shrewsbury at 9.0 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m., and reach Chester, as per page 6, at 9.40 p.m. Sleep at Chester, and proceed on the following morning by the 8.55 a.m., train of the S. and C. Co., and arrive in Shrewsbury at 10.40 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m., and reach Chester, as per page 6, at 4.45 a.m. Remain at Chester till 9.0 a.m.; thence as per Route 2.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m. on *Saturday*, and reach Chester, as per page 6, at 9.40 p.m. Sleep at Chester, and on the following *Sunday* morning proceed by the 10.35 a.m. train of the S. and C. Co., and arrive there at 12.45 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m. on *Saturday*, and reach Chester, as per page 6, at 4.45 a.m. Remain at Chester till the departure of the 10.35 a.m. train for Shrewsbury, as per Route 1.

FROM SHREWSBURY TO DUBLIN.

Note.—Through Tickets are only issued between Chester and Dublin.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Shrewsbury by the S. and C. Co.'s Train at 12.35 p.m.; reach Chester at 2.45 p.m. Thence by the Chester and Holyhead Train, at 2.55 p.m., as per page 6, and arrive in Dublin 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Shrewsbury by the S. and C. Co.'s Train at 6.35 p.m.; reach Chester at 8.50 p.m. Thence by Chester and Holyhead Train at 9.55 p.m., as per page 6, arriving in Dublin at 6.30 a.m.

ROUTE 3.—NIL

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—As per Route 2 on week days.

ROUTE 2.—NIL

FROM DUBLIN TO LIVERPOOL.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 9.0 a.m.; reach Chester at 5.10 p.m., as per page 6. Start from Chester by the Train of the B., L. and C. Junct. Co. at 5.45 p.m.; reach Birkenhead at 6.15 p.m., and Liverpool landing stage at 6.35 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Kingstown by the 1.0 p.m. Boat; reach Chester at 9.40 p.m., as per page 6. Start from Chester by the Train of the B., L. and C. Junct. Co. at 10.30 p.m.; reach Birkenhead at 11.0 p.m.

ROUTE 3.—Leave Kingstown at 7.30 p.m.; reach Chester at 4.45 a.m., as per page 6. Start from Chester by the Train of the B., L. and C. Junct. Co. at 4.50 a.m.; reach Birkenhead at 5.35 a.m., and Liverpool landing stage at 5.55 a.m.

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Kingstown at 1.0 p.m.; reach Chester at 9.40 p.m., as per page 6. Sleep at Chester, and proceed by the 4.50 a.m. Train of the B., L. and C. Junct. Co., and reach Liverpool landing stage at 5.55 a.m. Or should the 4.50 a.m. Train be too early, take the 9.0 a.m. Train on Monday morning, which arrives at Birkenhead at 9.35 a.m., and Liverpool landing stage at 9.50 a.m.

ROUTE 2.—Same as Route 3 on week days.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO DUBLIN.

WEEK DAYS.

ROUTE 1.—Leave Liverpool (landing stage) for the Train of the B. L. & C. Junct. Co. at 1.45 p.m. reach Chester at 2.50 p.m. Leave Chester, as per page 6, at 2.55 p.m., and arrive at Dublin at 10.30 p.m.

ROUTE 2.—Leave Liverpool (landing stage) for the Train of the B. L. & C. Junct. Co. at 8.45 p.m. arrive in Chester at 9.45 p.m. Leave Chester at 10.25 p.m., as per page 6, and arrive in Dublin at 6.30 the following morning.

ROUTE 3.—NIL

SUNDAYS.

ROUTE 1.—As per Route 2 on week days.

ROUTE 2.—NIL

COURSE OF POST FROM ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND TO IRELAND.

Letters and Newspapers posted at the Receiving Houses throughout London until 2.0 p.m. at the General Post Offices, Charing-cross, Cavendish-street, Lombard-street, and Stone's-end Borough, until 3.0 p.m., and at St. Martin's-le-Grand until 3.30 p.m., under ordinary circumstances, reach Dublin at 6.30 a.m. the following day, and are delivered at 8.30 a.m.

Note.—Letters and Newspapers from England and Scotland by this Mail, are delivered on *Sundays* in Dublin.

Letters for the interior of Ireland arriving by this Mail are forwarded (except on *Sundays*) by the Day Mails from Dublin, and are delivered that afternoon or evening.

Letters for this arrival in Dublin must be posted the *preceding day* not later than the times specified as follows:—

	Week Days.	Sundays.		Week Days.	Sundays.
Bristol, at.....	9.35 a.m.	Nil.	Hull.....	8.30 a.m.	Nil.
Gloucester.....	11.35 a.m.	Nil.	Sheffield.....	11.15 a.m.	Nil.
Cheltenham.....	11.45 a.m.	Nil.	Stoke.....	9.30 a.m.	Nil.
Worcester.....	1. 0 p.m.	Nil.	Huddersfield.....	11. 0 a.m.	Nil.
Coventry.....	6.30 p.m.	Nil.	Leeds.....	10.50 a.m.	Nil.
Birmingham.....	7.15 p.m.	Nil.	Warrington.....	3.15 p.m.	Nil.
Wolverhampton.....	7.30 p.m.	Nil.	Manchester.....	4.30 p.m.	4.30 p.m.
Oxford.....	9.30 a.m.	Nil.	Liverpool.....	7.30 p.m.	7.30 p.m.
Rugby.....	12. 0 noon	Nil.	Chester.....	9. 0 p.m.	9. 0 p.m.
Derby.....	5. 0 a.m.	Nil.			

Letters must be posted at the following Towns *the day but one* before their arrival in Dublin.

Macclesfield	10. 0 p.m.	10. 0 p.m.	Carlisle.....	10. 0 p.m.	7.20 p.m.
Edinburgh.....	7.20 p.m.	7.20 p.m.	Chester.....	9. 0 p.m.	9. 0 p.m.
Glasgow.....	7.20 p.m.	7.20 p.m.			

Letters posted at the Receiving Houses throughout London until 5.30 p.m., at the General Post Offices, St. Martin's-le-Grand, Charing-cross, Cavendish-street, Lombard-street, and Stone's-end, Borough, until 6.0 p.m., reach Dublin under ordinary circumstances at 11.0 a.m., the following day, and are delivered in Dublin at about 1.30 p.m.

Letters posted with an additional stamp at the Receiving Houses throughout London until 6.0 p.m., at the General Post Offices, Charing-cross, Cavendish-street, and Stone's-end, Borough, until 6.45 p.m.; at the General Post Offices, Lombard-street and St. Martin's-le-Grand until 7.0 p.m.; or with six additional stamps between 7.0 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. at St. Martin's-le-Grand and in the Special Letter Bag, at the Entrance at Euston Station, until 8.35 p.m. are forwarded by the Mail to Ireland that evening.

Newspapers for despatch by this Mail can be posted at the general Receiving Houses throughout London until 5.0 p.m.; at Charing-cross, Cavendish-street, Lombard-street, and Stone's-end, Borough, until 5.30 p.m.; and at St. Martin's-le-Grand until 6.0 p.m.; or by the payment of $\frac{1}{4}$ d. each Newspaper at St. Martin's-le-Grand between 6.0 p.m. and 7.30 p.m.

Note.—Letters and newspapers from England and Scotland by this Mail are not delivered on Sundays in Dublin.

Letters for the interior of Ireland, arriving by this Mail, are forwarded by the Evening Mails from Dublin (on Sundays as well as on week days), and are delivered the following morning.

Letters for this arrival in Dublin must be posted the previous day, on week days as well as on Sundays (except Oxford, at which letters must be posted on Sundays at 2.30 p.m.), not later than the times specified as follows:—

Bristol	5.40 p.m.	Sheffield	7.30 p.m.
Gloucester	7.30 p.m.	Stoke	7.30 p.m.
Cheltenham	7.45 p.m.	Huddersfield	5.45 p.m.
Worcester	7.45 p.m.	Leeds	6.30 p.m.
Coventry.....	9.30 p.m.	Warrington	8.30 p.m.
Birmingham	10. 0 p.m.	Manchester	7.30 p.m.
Wolverhampton	8. 0 p.m.	Chester	10.0 p.m.
Oxford	3.30 p.m.	Macclesfield	8.0 p.m.
Rugby	10. 0 p.m.	Edinburgh	11.15 a.m.
Derby	9.30 p.m.	Glasgow	11.0 a.m.
Hull	5.25 p.m.	Carlisle	4.15 p.m.

There is also a Mail from Edinburgh and Glasgow *via* Belfast on each week day. Letters and newspapers posted in Edinburgh before 2.30 p.m., and Glasgow before 5.30 p.m. are delivered in Dublin the following day about 7.0 p.m.

COURSE OF POST FROM DUBLIN TO ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Letters and Newspapers for England and Scotland posted at the Receiving Houses throughout Dublin until 11.0 a.m., or at the General Post Office, Sackville-street, until 12.0 noon, are delivered in London by the General Post Delivery the following morning (except Sundays), and are received for delivery at the following hours (on Sundays as well as on week days), at—

Bristol	6. 0 a.m.	Stoke.....	5.30 a.m.
Gloucester	4.15 a.m.	Huddersfield	7. 0 a.m.
Cheltenham	4.15 a.m.	Leeds.....	5.30 a.m.
Worcester.....	3.50 a.m.	Warrington	3. 0 a.m.
Coventry.....	2.30 a.m.	Manchester	4. 0 a.m.
Birmingham	2.20 a.m.	Chester *	10. 0 p.m.
Wolverhampton	4. 0 a.m.	Macclesfield	6. 0 a.m.
Oxford	8.45 a.m.	Liverpool	4. 0 a.m.
Rugby	1.55 a.m.	Edinburgh	1.15 p.m.
Derby	2.30 a.m.	Glasgow	1. 0 p.m.
Hull	6.56 a.m.	Carlisle	8. 5 a.m.
Sheffield	4.30 a.m.		

* Same day as posted.

Letters and newspapers posted in the interior of Ireland the previous evening (including Sundays) are forwarded by this dispatch.

Letters and newspapers posted at the Receiving Houses throughout Dublin until 5.0 p.m., or at the General Post-office, Sackville-street, and until 6.0 p.m. are delivered in London by the 12.0 noon dispatch from St. Martin's-le-Grand (Sundays excepted), and are received at the following hours at the subjoined Post-offices:—

	Week Days.	Sundays.		Week Days.	Sundays.
Bristol	2.50 p.m.	Nil.	Sheffield.....	6.0 p.m.	Nil.
Gloucester.....	1.23 p.m.	Nil.	Stoke.....	3.30 p.m.	Nil.
Cheltenham.....	1.20 p.m.	Nil.	Huddersfield.....	12.0 noon	12.0 noon
Worcester.....	12.6 p.m.	Nil.	Leeds.....	12.30 p.m.	12.30 p.m.
Coventry.....	9.0 a.m.	9.0 a.m.	Warrington.....	12.10 p.m.	Nil.
Birmingham.....	7.50 a.m.	7.50 a.m.	Manchester.....	8.45 a.m.	8.45 a.m.
Wolverhampton.....	7.20 a.m.	7.20 a.m.	Chester.....	5.0 a.m.	5.0 a.m.
Oxford.....	*12.23 a.m.	12.23 a.m.	Macclesfield.....	5.15 p.m.	Nil.
Rugby.....	8.30 a.m.	8.30 a.m.	Liverpool.....	6.5 a.m.	6.5 a.m.
Derby.....	4.0 p.m.	Nil.	Carlisle.....	9.0 p.m.	Nil.
.....	3.0 p.m.	Nil.			

* Except Mondays.

Letters and newspapers by this dispatch are not received at the Post-office, Glasgow, until 2.0 a.m., and at Edinburgh until 1.50 a.m. *of the day but one* after they are posted.

Letters and newspapers posted in time for the morning mails to Dublin are forwarded to England and Scotland by this despatch.

Letters and Newspapers posted for Edinburgh and Glasgow (on week days only) at the Receiving Houses throughout Dublin until 7.30 a.m., and at the General Post Office, Sackville-street, until 9.0 a.m., are despatched *via* Belfast, and reach Glasgow at 7.0 a.m., and Edinburgh at 10.0 a.m. the following day.

DELIVERY OF LOCAL LETTERS IN DUBLIN.

The Boxes close at the Receiving Houses throughout Dublin for Local Delivery at 7.30 a.m., 11.0 a.m., 3.0 p.m., 5.0 p.m.; at the General Post Office, Sackville-street, at 9.0 a.m., 12.0 noon, 4.30 p.m., 6.0 p.m. The delivery is completed in about an hour and a half after the closing of the Boxes at the General Post office.

FOREIGN LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

The Rates of Postage on all Letters and Newspapers sent to, or received from, abroad, are the same as in England.

HACKNEY CAR FARES IN DUBLIN.

1.—For a Drive from any place within the Municipal Boundary of Dublin direct to any other place within the same, without any delay, for not more than two persons, and not exceeding 42lbs of luggage, 6d.

For more than two and not more than four persons, and 42lbs. of luggage, or six persons without luggage, 10d.

* * *In the latter case, the Driver, if required, must bring the Employer back for the same Fare, if the delay does not exceed fifteen minutes.*

2.—Hackney Carriages may be engaged by time, either within or beyond the Municipal Boundary of Dublin, not exceeding the distance of seven Irish Miles from the Circular Road, at the rate, for the first hour, of 1s.

For every half-hour commenced after the first hour, 6d.

* * *But no Hackney Carriage is bound to a time engagement within the Municipal Boundary of Dublin beyond five consecutive hours, except by agreement.*



GLENGARIFF FROM GARNISH ISLAND.

R. 06.

THE

IRISH TOURIST'S

ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK

FOR

VISITORS TO IRELAND IN 1852.

WITH NUMEROUS MAPS.

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M'GLASHAN, SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

1852.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Irish Excursions.—Attempts are in progress to render Ireland during the coming summer a centre of many attractions. In the south of the island there will be the Exhibition of National Industry—in the north the Meeting of the British Association. Cork and Killarney, abounding at all times in such beauties of aspect and position as draw legions of tourists from the Thames to the Rhine and beyond the Alps, will give an additional lure; and we understand that the various railways and steam-boat companies have entered into arrangements to issue in London, and along the great lines, monthly tickets at very moderate rates, which monthly tickets will enable their holders to travel along any and every railway in Ireland, as well as to and from Dublin and London. These facilities will doubtless tend to divert some part of the vast stream of pleasure-seekers to the sister island.—*Athenæum*, May 8, 1852.

As an humble auxiliary to the accomplishment of some of the objects here enumerated, this little Handbook is offered. It makes no pretensions to literary merit of any sort, and it is not desired that it should be judged by any such standard. The design of its compilation has been, in the first place, to show the rapid, convenient, and economic means that now exist for travelling between every part of the United Islands; secondly, to point out, in brief terms, the more remarkable of the picturesque beauties of Ireland, with passing allusions to the historical and other associations of each place visited under the privileges of the Tourist Ticket; and, lastly, to draw attention to the vast field for enterprise

now existing in various portions of that country, for the safe and profitable investment of capital. It is hoped that the business arrangement of the contents will be found alike useful and novel, as enabling the reader at a glance accurately to compute his expenses in every particular before commencing his journey, and possessing him of all needful information essential to its satisfactory completion. The three larger maps are the latest and best of the districts they severally appertain to, and their copyright has been purchased from Mr. Preston White, C.E., to whose extensive and intimate local knowledge, and the promptitude with which he has rendered it available, the book owes much of whatever value it may contain. The honoured Irish name of Samuel Lover, appended to a few of the sketches which he has most obligingly contributed, will, doubtless, in the estimation of many with whom his versatile genius has so deservedly popularised him, help to recommend our little volume, and compensate for various short-comings in the letter-press. Obligations due to other parties are acknowledged in the introductory pages.

LONDON, *May* 13, 1852.

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

CHESTER TO HOLYHEAD.

Chester.—Railway Station.—Roodee Racecourse.—Saltney.—Hawarden Castle.— Halkin Mountain and Castle.—Flint.—Coleshill.—Bagillt.—Basingwerk Abbey and Offa's Dyke.—Holywell.—St. Winifred's Well.—Mostyn.—Rhyl and the Vale of Clwd.—St. Asaph.—Kinnel Park.—Conway.—Iron Tube.— Suspension Bridge.—Bangor.—Intended New Hotel.—Suspension and Tubular Bridges.—Moonlight Effects.—Telford and Burns, Romance and Reality.—Plás Newydd.—Marquis of Anglesey.—Holyhead.—Excellent Arrangements.—Resumé of the Chester and Holyhead Railway.	PAGE 1
---	-----------

CHAPTER II.

ON IRISH TRAVELLING, PAST AND PRESENT.

Introduction.—Causes of the avoidance of Ireland by English Tourists until lately.—Causes of present Popularity of Ireland as a field for the Tourist.— Ireland from the Traveller's Point of View.—The Chester and Holyhead Railway, and the Irish Railway System.—Character of Mr. Dargan, the great Irish Contractor.	8
--	---

CHAPTER III.

DUBLIN.

Dublin Bay.—Kingstown.—Dalkey and its Atmospheric Line.—The Kingstown Railway.—Irish Jaunting Cars.—Lord J. Manners upon Cars, and the "Castle."—General View of Dublin.—Dublin in Detail.	12
--	----

FIRST TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

FROM DUBLIN TO CORK.

	PAGE
The Great Southern and Western Railway from Dublin to Cork.—History and Character of the Line, and of its Chairman, Sir E. McDonnell.—Places along the Line.—Lucan and General Sarsfield.—Celbridge and Mr. Grattan.—Carton and the Duke of Leinster.—Lyons Castle and Lord Cloncurry.—Palmerstown and Lord Naas.—The Hill of Allen and Fingal's Hall.—The Grand Canal.—The Curragh.—The Nuns of St. Bridget.—Moore Abbey, and the Marquis of Drogheda.—The Barrow River.—Portarlinton and the Duke of Wellington.—Beet-root Sugar Manufacture, and Irish Mercantile Industry.—The Rock of Dunamase, Strongbow, and Cromwell.—Maryborough.—The Devil's Bit Mountains.—Prevalence of Ruins of Churches and Castles in the District.—Proofs of its Fertility.—Long Orchard and Richard Sheil.—The Rock of Cashel.—The Limerick Junction Station.—Mr. Dargan's connection with the Line.—Character of Mr. Lefanu.—Lord Derby's House and Demesne.—Tipperary.—Kilmallock, the Baalbec of Ireland.—Buttevant.—Sir Walter Raleigh and Spenser.—Mallow, the Clifton of Ireland.—The Blackwater.—Blarney Stone and Castle.—Songs of Father Prout, etc.	27

CHAPTER II.

CORK.

Cork.—Its Antiquity.—Its present Position.—The Streets.—Father Mathew, and its Great Men, past and present.—The Buildings.—The Suburbs.—The Harbour.—Queenstown	44
---	----

CHAPTER III.

FROM CORK TO KILLARNEY.

Various Routes to the Lakes.—Railway to Bandon.—Annals of the Town.—Recommendation to pursue the Coast Road to the Lakes.—The Scenery offers sufficient compensation.—Hotels at Skibbereen and Skull.—Mineral Riches.—Great field for Enterprise presented by the County Cork.—Magnificence of the Scenery.—Extraordinary cheapness of Provisions.—Excellent Society.—Capabilities of Crookhaven Harbour.—Road from Bandon to Bantry.—Scenery on the Route.	50
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

BANTRY AND GLENGARIFF.

Bantry Bay.—Historical Incidents.—Mountain Road to Glengariff.—Opinions of Mrs. Hall and Mr. Titmarsh.—Views from the Hill Road leading to Killarney.—Cromwell's Bridge.—Bridge constructed of the planks of wrecked French War Ships.—End of the first Two Days' Journey to the Lakes by this Route.	56
---	----

CHAPTER V.

FROM GLENGARIFF TO KILLARNEY.

	PAGE
Road to Berehaven full of Historical Incidents.—Ruins of the Castle of the O Sullivans.—Hungry Hill.—Effect produced by the Adrigole Stream.—Contiguous Mountain and Valley Scenery.—Valentia, the Knight of Kerry's Home.—Birth-place and residence of O'Connell.—Road to Kenmare.—Kenmare Town.—Lansdowne Lodge.—The Marquis in Ireland.—The Black-water and its Historians, Wilde and O'Flanagan.—Road to Killarney.—Glimpse of the Lakes.—Distant View of the Gap of Dunloe,	59

CHAPTER VI.

KILLARNEY.

Native Guides.—The Spillanes.—Their abilities.—Other classes peculiar to Killarney.—Pipers.—"Mountain Dew Girls."—Wood Ornament Sellers.—Beggars.—Likelihood of their Diminution.—Carmen.—Boatmen.—Extortion the exception, not the rule.—Hotels.—Recommendations with regard to arrangements for Lake Excursions.—Gap of Dunloe.—Echoes.—Black Valley and Upper Lake.—View of Eagle's Nest.—Old Weir Bridge.—"Meeting of the Waters."—Thackeray's Description of Torc Lake.—Copper Mine at Muckross.—Mr. Herbert and his praiseworthy efforts.—Lower Lake.—Ross Castle.—View of the Pass between Glenna and Tore.—Copper Mine.—Island of Innisfallen.—O'Sullivan's Cascade.—Bay of Glenna.—Lady Kenmare's Cottage.—Description of the Stag Hunts.—Ruins of Muckross Abbey.—The Reader now best left in the hands of the Guide.—Other spots yet to be noticed.	63
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

LIMERICK AND THE LOWER SHANNON.

Conveniences afforded for various Excursions.—Further favourable facilities in contemplation.—Railway to Limerick.—Uninteresting part of the Country.—Limerick City.—The Castle.—Reminiscences of the Parliamentary and Orange Wars.—Appearance presented by the City.—Manufactures.—Commercial Prospects.—Thomond Bridge.—Hospital.—Sir M. Barrington.—The Shannon, the Glory of Limerick.—Associations connected with the River	81
---	----

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LIMERICK JUNCTION.—TIPPERARY TO CLONMEL.

Tour through the "Golden Valley."—Cahir, and its Quaker Resident Proprietary.—The Earl of Glengall, Lord of the Manor.—The Town of Clonmel.—Historical and Literary Associations.—Bianconi and his Car-driving System	88
---	----

SECOND TOUR.

WICKLOW.

Wicklow, the Garden of Ireland.—Poetic Fancies.—Hints to the Tourist.—Necessity of seeking the advice of Mr. Quin, of Bray.—His valuable Hints.—Number of Guide-books.—The "Scalp."—Village of Enniskerry.—Détour into the Hills.—Lough Bray.—Swiss Cottage erected for Sir Philip Crampton.—Different beautiful Views.—Return to Bray.—Visit to Powerscourt.—Tinnehinch, the residence of the great Grattan.—Excursions to Loughs Tay and Dan.—Recommendations with regard to other Excursions	PAGE 93
---	------------

THIRD TOUR.

DUBLIN TO GALWAY, CONNEMARA, AND THE WEST.

A brilliant future in store for Galway.—Midland and Great Western Railway.—Difficulties of the undertaking, and triumph of engineering skill.—Mullingar.—Auburn, "the Deserted Village."—Athlone and its representative, Mr. Keogh.—Ballinasloe.—The Fairs.—Garbally and its proprietor, Lord Clancarty.—Galway.—Queen's College and Mr. Hardiman.—A scrap from his History.—Prospects from the establishment of a Packet Station.—Peculiar race of people.—Hints about Connemara tours.—Commercial considerations.—Fine field for investment.—Remarks of Mr. Twining.—Finale from the West.	114
--	-----

FOURTH, AND CONCLUDING TOUR.

DUBLIN TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY AND THE NORTH.

Historical retrospections.—Resumé of the Railways going North.—Balbriggan "Stockings."—Commencement of the Tour from Drogheda.—First acquaintance with the Boyne.—Drogheda.—Abbey of Monasterboice.—St. Boyne's Cross.—The Belfast Junction.—Louth.—Antiquities.—Dunleer.—Castlebellingham.—Approach to Dundalk.—Splendid aspect of the country.—Antiquity of Dundalk.—Historical resumé.—Jannt to Newry.—Forthill and its battle.—Rosstrevor.—Its historic, bathing, and scenic beauties.—Gastronomic exordium of Carlingford oysters.—Sea and inland beauties of the Mourne Mountain district and the County of Down	137
--	-----

SCALE OF HOTEL CHARGES.

Name of Hotel.	Proprietor.	Bed.	Breakfast.	Lunch.	Dinner.	Tea.	Supper.	Attendance.	Private Rooms.
		<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
ANTRIM.									
M'Quillan's	— M'Quillan	1 0	1 0	0 6	1 6	1 0	0 6	Optional.	...
Massareen Arms	— M'Nally	1 6	1 3 to 1 6	1 0	1 8 to 2 6	1 0	1 6 to 2	Optional.	6 0
ARKLOW.									
Wooden Bridge	J. Kilbee	1 6	1 8	1 0	2 to 3	0 10	...	1 0	No charge.
ARMACH.									
Charlemont Arms	J. Hughes	1 6	1 3 to 1 8	1 0	1 6 to 2 6	1 0	1 to 1 6	1 0	2 6
ATHLONE.									
Gray's Hotel	Lydia Gray	1 0	1 6	...	1 6 to 2	0 10
Rourke's	P. Rourke	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	1 6 to 2 6
Royal	W. Hare	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 3	1 3	No charge.
BALLYMENA.									
Adair Arms	J. Greer	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 3	1 6	1 0	2 6
Jellett's Hotel	— Jellett	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 6
BALLINASLOE.									
Craig's	— Craig	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 0	1 3	1 6
Gill's	J. Gill	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 0	Optional.	...
BALLYCASTLE.									
Royal	W. Nelson	1 6	1 6	1 0	1 6 to 2 6	1 0	1 0	1 0	No charge.
BANDON.									
Devonshire Arms	A. Loane	1 6	1 6	...	From 1 8	1 0	1 0	Optional.	...
BELFAST.									
Donegal Arms	J. Moore	2 0	2 0	1 to 2	2 6	1 6	1 0	1 3	2 6
Imperial	Charles Hurst	2 0	2 0	2 0	3 0	1 6	...	1 6	3 to 8
BRAY.									
Quin's	J. Quin	2 6	1 8	1 0	3 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	2 6 to 3 6
BRYANSFORD.									
Roden Arms	G. Read	1 0	1 8	...	2 0	1 3	1 3	...	1 6
BUSHMILLS.									
Reid's	S. Reid	1 0	1 0	0 8	1 8	0 8	0 8	1 0	2 6
CLIFDEN.									
Carr's	Mary Carr	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 0	1 6	5 0
Hart's	R. Hart	1 6	1 6 to 1 8	1 0	2 to 2 6	1 0	1 6
CLONMEL.									
Hearn's	D. Hearn	1 6	1 6 to 1 8	1 0 to 1 8	2 to 2 6	1 4	1 to 1 6	1 0	...

Name of Hotel.	Proprietor.	Bed.	Breakfast.	Lunch.	Dinner.	Tea.	Supper.	Attendance	Private Rooms.
		<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
COLERAINE.									
Clothworkers' Arms	T. Davock	1 6	1 6	...	2 0	1 6
Queen's Arms	J. Orr	1 0	1 3	0 9	1 6	1 0	1 3	1 0	...
CORK.									
Victoria	T. M'Cormick	1 6	1 6	1 to 2 6	2 6	1 6	3 0
Imperial Hotel	Mrs. Cotton	2 6	2 0	1 6	3 0	1 6	1 6 to 2	1 0	5 0
DROGHEDA.									
White Horse	A. Keappock	1 6	1 6	1 0	1 6 to 2 6	1 3	1 0	1 0	5 0
Railway	J. Kennedy	1 0	1 0	0 6	From 1	0 8	0 10
Imperial	T. Simcock	1 6	1 6	1 3	2 0	1 6	1 3	1 0	2 6
DUBLIN.									
Anderson's	M. Spadacini	2 2	1 6 to 2	6 to 10	1 6 to 2 6	0 6	6 to 10	No charge.	...
Bilton's	L. Hennekey	3 0	2 0	1 6	From 3	1 6	1 6 to 2	1 6	5 to 6
Hibernian	Geo. Nesbitt	2 6	2 0	1 6	2 6 3 0	1 6	1 6	1 0	3 to 5
The Gresham		3 0	2 0	1 6	3 0	1 6	1 6 to 2	1 0	6 to 8
Imperial	P. O. Toole	3 0	2 0	1 6	3 0	1 6	1 6 to 2	1 0	3 to 5
Morrison's	T. Baker	3 0	2 0	1 6	From 3	1 6	1 6 to 2	1 6	6 to 8
Shelburne	M. Burke	2 to 3	1 6 to 2	1 0	From 2	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 to 6
DUNDALK.									
Shakspeare	W. Shawcross	1 0	1 0	...	1 to 1 6	0 8	1 6
GALWAY.									
Madame de Ruyter	Charlotte de Ruyter	2 0	1 8	From 1 6	From 3	1 0	From 1 6	1 0	3 6
CLENARM.									
Antrim Arms	Mrs. M'Aulay	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 6	1 to 1 6	1 0	...	3 0
CLENCARIFF.									
Eccles's	T. Eccles	1 6	1 6 to 1 8	1 to 1 6	2 to 2 6	1 3	1 6	1 3	2 6 to 3
Royal	W. Roche	1 8	1 8	1 0	2 6	1 3	1 0	...	3 to 5
KENMARE.									
Lansdowne Arms	T. M'Carthy	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 6
KINGSTOWN.									
Hayes's	— Hayes	2 6	2 0	1 6	From 2 6	1 6	1 6	1 0	From 3 6
KILLARNEY.									
Hibernian	D. Sullivan	1 0	1 3	...	2 0
Kenmare Arms	T. Finn	1 8	1 8	...	2 6	1 3	3 to 5
Lake	T. Cotter	1 8	1 8	1 6	2 6	1 3	1 6	1 2	3 to 5
Muckross	W. Roche	1 6	1 6	...	2 6	1 3	1 0	1 0	No charge.
Royal Victoria	T. Finn	2 0	1 8	1 0	2 6 to 3	1 3	1 0	1 3	3 to 5
Tore View	J. Henly	1 6	1 6	...	2 6	1 3	...	ch. in b	...

Name of Hotel.	Proprietor.	Bed.	Breakfast.	Lunch.	Dinner.	Tea.	Supper.	Attendance.	Private Rooms.
KILKENNY.		<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Rose and Railway	T. Hewitson	1 0	1 6	1 6	2 0	1 0	1 3	1 0	...
Victoria	J. Callanan	1 6	1 6 to 1 8	1 to 1 3	2 0	1 to 1 6	1 to 1 3	1 0	...
KILLALOE.									
Hurdy's	— Hurdy	1 6	1 6	...	2 6	1 0	...	1 0	2 0
LARNE.									
Antrim Arms	J. Kilpatrick	1 0	1 3	1 0	1 6	1 0	...	1 0	2 0
King's Arms	J. Stewart	1 6 to 2	1 6	...	2 to 2 6	1 0	2 6
LIMERICK.									
Royal	— Cruise	2 0	1 8 to 2	1 3	2 6	1 4	...	1 0	2 6 to 5
MALLOW.									
Queen's Arms	Mrs. Condon	2 0	1 6	...	2 6	1 0	2 6
MULLINGAR.									
York	Mrs. M. Dibbs	1 0	1 6	1 0	2 0	1 0
ROSTREVOR.									
Queen's Arms	S. Hill	1 8	1 8	1 0	From 2	1 0	1 0	...	3 0
ROUNDSTONE.									
M'Aulay's	J. M'Aulay	1 6	1 2	0 8	1 6	0 10	0 10	0 6	...
WESTPORT.									
Eagle	R. Jefferys	1 6	1 6	1 0	2 6	1 0	1 6	...	2 0
TUAM.									
Daly's	J. Daly	1 6	1 6	...	2 0	1 0
Mitre Tavern	M. Mitchell	1 6	1 8	1 0	2 0	1 0	1 0
WICKLOW (COUNTY).									
Newrath Bridge Hotel	J. Hunter	2 0	1 8	1 0	3 0	1 0	1 0	1 0	...

BOATS.

At Killarney and Glengariff, the hire of boats is charged for according to the size of the boats, which is generally at the following prices:—

Two-oared per diem, 5s.; Four, do., 10s.; Six, do., 15s.

These charges include the boatmen's fee, but should they be out for some hours, it is customary to give them a dinner.

N.B. Tourists will please bear in mind that these prices have been supplied by the Hotel-keepers themselves, and that, should any attempt be made to charge the articles higher in their bills than is here stated, the Editor would feel greatly obliged if any person so overcharged would communicate with him at 52, Westland Row, Dublin—detailing the particulars.

NOTES FOR THE ANGLER.

The best angling in Ireland is to be had at the undermentioned rivers and lakes:—

COUNTY ANTRIM . . .	Rivers Bann and Bush, and Lough Neagh.
” CAVAN . . .	Lough Shelan.
” CLARE . . .	Rivers Shannon and Fergus, Inchiquin and Dromore Lakes.
” CORK . . .	Rivers Blackwater, Lee, and several small streams.
” DONEGAL . . .	River Erne, at Ballyshannon.
” FERMANAGH . . .	Lough Melvin, &c.
” GALWAY . . .	Ballinahinch, Spiddal, and Costello Rivers; Loughs Corrib, &c.
” KERRY . . .	Lakes of Killarney, River Blackwater; lake and river at Waterville.
” KILKENNY . . .	River Nore and King's River.
” KINGS . . .	Shannon, at Banagher.
” LIMERICK . . .	Shannon, at Castleconnell; River Meague.
” LONDONDERRY . . .	River Bann.
” MAYO . . .	River Moy, at Ballina; Lough Mask, and several other lakes.
” MEATH . . .	Rivers Boyne and Blackwater.
” SLIGO . . .	Loughs Gill, Arrow, &c.
” TIPPERARY . . .	River Suir and tributaries.
” WATERFORD . . .	Blackwater, at Lismore, &c.
” WESTMEATH . . .	Lakes Belvidere and Derevaragh; Lough Owall; River Inny, &c.
” WICKLOW . . .	Lake of Luggelaw; Lough Dan; Rivers Vartry, Avonmore, Liffey Head, and King's River.

The rivers and lakes in the county Wicklow are very numerous and abound with trout. The tourist who stops at Roundwood will have very good fishing in this locality. The river Vartry runs through the place, and within short distances are Lough Dan, Luggelaw, and the Churches' lakes. The first and latter are open to the angler; boats are to be had at a small remuneration. Luggelaw can only be fished by an order, not difficult to be procured, from Colonel Latouche. Char are also to be had in these waters.

The fishing in Westmeath is very superior to that of Wicklow, both in size and quality. The lakes which are in the immediate neighbourhood of Mullingar are very extensive, open to the angler and boats easily to be had. These waters are well stocked with trout—in size from one pound to eight pounds, and, in some instances, have been taken so large as fourteen pounds weight; there are also to be had both pike and perch: they are exceedingly plentiful and of very large size. In the rivers supplying and running out of those lakes

there is also very good fishing. This locality is very convenient for the angler, it being within a couple of hours' drive of the metropolis, the Midland Great Western Railway passing by Mullingar, at which place conveyances are always to be had at a moderate rate. At Castlepollard, there are likewise good lakes and rivers, the fish being very fine and numerous. Accommodation can be had here for the angler both at the hotel and with boats.

It is almost unnecessary to name the Shannon, it is so well known both for its salmon and trout fishing at Limerick (which has given its name to the finest hooks in the world), Castle Connell, Killaloe, and other towns along its banks. Every facility can be had. There are also a vast number of rivers from every direction running into it, in all of which excellent sport can be ensured. The trout and salmon fishing throughout nearly its whole extent is excellent, and the lovers of the gentle sport can obtain the right of fishing in any part of the river for a season by payment of a fee of 10s. for a "permit." At Killaloe is the eel fishery, celebrated as one of the best in Ireland. The period at which the lessee of the waters is allowed to fish is from the 10th of July to the 10th of the following January. Hurdy's Hotel at Killaloe, though limited in accommodation, is clean, comfortable, and very reasonable in its charges. It is good head-quarters for anglers; so is the picturesquely-situated hotel at Williamstown, twelve miles from Killaloe, on the Lough Derg portion of the Shannon.

Athlone is also good head-quarters for the lovers of fishing. Rourke's Hotel, situated close to the Protestant church in the town, is excellent. The landlord keeps his establishment with English cleanliness and neatness. The charges are very moderate. From Athlone, the tourist can proceed to Galway by railway (forty-nine miles) three times a day, in about two-and-a-half hours; fares, first class, 7s. 6d.; second class, 6s.

At Ballyshannon, the salmon fishing is very good; also trout are very plentiful. The tourist can either stop here or at Belleek. If at the latter, he is within an hour's drive of Lough Melvin, in which salmon and trout are alike numerous and fine.

The west of Ireland abounds with rivers and lakes; abundance of salmon and trout, particularly white or sea trout. The latter are exceedingly plentiful, and of large size, and afford excellent sport. In every fishing locality accommodation can be had; the scenery in many places both wild and romantic. Kerry is also a good fishing county. The lakes and rivers about Killarney are well known, and the angler cannot be disappointed here.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin there are some nice trout streams. Altogether, Ireland may be said to be unsurpassed by any country in Western Europe in attractions to the votaries of Walton. Our Guide incidentally glances at such of these waters as we approach in the course of our route; but here we may specially say that fishing tackle of every description, with practical judicious advice as to the use of the various flies used through the different seasons of the year, may be had of Messrs. Kelly and Son, Sackville-street, and Mr. R. Long, 14, Arran Quay, Dublin.

TOURS IN IRELAND, IN 1852,

COMMENCING ON MAY 17TH, AND TERMINATING ON OCTOBER 30TH.

THE Public is respectfully informed that arrangements have been 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.—

	FIRST CLASS.		SECOND CLASS.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
LONDON (Euston Station)	6	10 0	5	5 0
EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, HULL, BRISTOL, CARLISLE, OXFORD	6	6 0	5	5 0
WORCESTER, CHELTENHAM, GLOUCESTER	5	15 0	4	15 0
BIRMINGHAM, RUGBY, LEAMINGTON, COVENTRY, LINCOLN	5	5 0	4	5 0
WOLVERHAMPTON, HUDDERSFIELD, LEEDS, SHEFFIELD, DERBY	5	0 0	4	5 0
MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, STOKE, MACCLESFIELD	4	4 0	3	10 0
LIVERPOOL, CHESTER	4	0 0	3	5 0

These Tickets (which in no case are transferable) will be available for ONE MONTH, from the Date of Issue. They will enable the holders to proceed to Chester, thence to Bangor, Holyhead, and Dublin: from Dublin to Mallow, or Cork, situate on the Picturesque River Lee, and within ten miles of the celebrated Harbour, Dock Yard, and Naval Station of Queenstown (Cove); from Cork, or Mallow, to the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. Included in the Tour will be the New and Romantic Route of Kenmare and Glengarriff, which latter place combines some of the most Attractive and Magnificent Scenery in Europe.

The Tourist can remain, as long as convenient to himself, at Chester, Bangor, (for the inspection of the Britannia Tubular Bridge,) Holyhead, Dublin, Cork, Killarney, and Glengarriff, 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 the date of his departure therefrom.

Under arrangements which have been specially and exclusively entered into for the accommodation of English Visitors, the holders of each "Irish Tourist Ticket" is entitled (within the month it is available), on its production at the office of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, 52, Westland Row, Dublin, to have issued to him:—

I. A Ticket for a Four Days' Tour in the County of Wicklow, and embracing all its interesting Scenery, at the Price of 1l. 15s.

II. A Ticket from Dublin to Belfast, and back, (by Railway) for the Excursion to the "Giant's Causeway," First Class, 1l. 5s., Second Class, 1l.

III. A Ticket from Dublin to Galway, and back, (by Railway,) for the Tour through the Wild and Romantic District of Connemara, First Class, 1l. 10s., Second Class, 1l. 4s.

Every Purchaser of an Irish Tourist Ticket, will be presented gratis, with a Copy of the "Illustrated Irish Tourist's Handbook," which has been compiled solely with Reference to the above Tours. In addition to the usual Descriptions and Illustrations of the Scenery and Places through which he will pass, it will contain the fullest information of the Postal arrangements between every place in England, at which Tourist Tickets are issued, and all the principal places in Ireland, as also the most copious particulars respecting the Hotels, and the Scale of Charges for Rooms, Meals, Wines, &c., at each: the object being to enable Visitors to know as accurately as possible both their Travelling and Personal Charges, during the whole period of their sojourn in Ireland.

The Landlords of the Hotels have undertaken to leave no effort unspared on their part, to contribute to the comfort of their English Visitors; a glance at their Scale of Charges will show their extreme moderation.

The Curators of the Public Institutions in Ireland, and the Proprietors of the Parks and other objects of attraction, will have pleasure in granting every reasonable facility and accommodation, and at the Office of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, 52, Westland Row, Dublin, the fullest and most accurate information upon every subject connected with these Tours, will be afforded.

NOTE.—Persons desirous of visiting the North or the West of Ireland only, can take the ordinary Return Ticket from London, Birmingham, Manchester, Chester, or Liverpool, to Belfast or Galway. Those issued at London are available for Fourteen Days: Those from the other Stations for Seven. London to Belfast, First Class, 5l. 5s., Second Class, 3l. 15s., Galway, First Class, 5l. 15s., Second Class, 4l. From the other Stations at Proportionate Fares, for which, and for further particulars, see the London and North-Western, and Chester and Holyhead Railway Company's Through Time Bills, also Bradshaw's Railway Guide for each month, page 122, and Fisher's and Walsh's Irish Railway Guides.

THE
IRISH TOURIST'S HANDBOOK.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

CHESTER TO HOLYHEAD.

Chester.—Railway Station.—Roodee Racecourse.—Saltney.—Hawarden Castle.—Halkin Mountain and Castle.—Flint.—Coleshill.—Bagillt.—Basingwerk Abbey and Offa's Dyke.—Holywell.—St. Winnifred's Well.—Mostyn.—Rhyl and the Vale of Clwyd.—St. Asaph.—Kinmel Park.—Conway.—Iron Tube.—Suspension Bridge.—Bangor.—Intended New Hotel.—Suspension and Tubular Bridges.—Moonlight Effects.—Telford and Burns, Romance and Reality.—Plás Newydd.—Marquis of Anglesey.—Holyhead.—Excellent Arrangements.—Resumé of the History of the Chester and Holyhead Railway.

THOUGH Ireland is the subject-matter of these pages, the introductory stages of the journey thither abound in attractions unsurpassed in Great Britain; and were the scenic beauties of the sister-country less striking and diversified than they are, their eulogists might well dread the criticism of travellers fresh from an inspection of the most picturesque portions of North Wales. Chester itself, which we assume to be virtually the common starting-point for the great majority of those about to commence these tours, is unlike any other town or city in the United Kingdom; and the reader, if he has a particle of curiosity in his composition, will not have been within its precincts five minutes before he becomes vividly impressed with the desirability of making as minute an exploration as the time at his disposal is likely to permit, of its most quaint and curious peculiarities. The best preliminary to such an undertaking is to become possessed of a copy of the "Stranger's Companion in Chester," a useful little book, which will communicate all necessary details of such objects as one may reasonably hope to become acquainted with in the space of a few hours, at a very trifling outlay of time and money. While the reader is making the purchase recommended, we would suggest that he should invest another eighteen-pence in a similar little volume by the same author,

Mr. Parry (a name most honourably distinguished in numerous walks of Cambrian literature), entitled a "Railway Companion from Chester to Holyhead;" for with these the tourist may consider himself master of all necessary knowledge pertaining to the portion of the Principality about to be entered upon, and to the ancient Capital of the Marches to begin with. For parties, however, indisposed, from any cause, to seek other guidance than what our own "Handbook" may be expected to supply, we must briefly enumerate the more prominent objects needful to be particularised.

In the first place, then, let the traveller, on arriving in Chester, cast his eye on the walls. A single glance will convince him that he looks on a memorial of reverend antiquity, and instinctively a crowd of historical incidents will at once present themselves to his mind's eye. He will picture to himself the scenes incidental to the old border warfare of the Welsh and Roman, Saxon and Norman; and will marvel much how, amidst such stirring times as the present, these old walls, in a quiet agricultural county of peaceful England, "down by the river Dee," should have survived, when no ramparts are impervious to attack, and it is doubtful even if Gibraltar itself be any longer impregnable. Traversing the walls, still in a state of perfect preservation, and of which the citizens are justly proud, we come to the Castle, which was built by Hugh Lupus, in 1093, (who, almost about the same period, repaired the Abbey, which adorns another portion of the city,) to whom the place was given by his uncle, the Conqueror. It is now used as a prison and a garrison, and contains 30,000 stand of arms and 90 cannon; and is an object of great interest, without and within, from historic associations and cotemporary utility. Descending from this point into the town, we soon reach the main streets, which are distinguished by the soubriquet of "rows," the origin of which term is sufficiently accounted for in the peculiar shape of the houses, there being a line on both sides, running on a level with the street, and over them another set of shops, with piazzas in front, forming fine promenades, of which the citizens take advantage; nothing of the kind in street architecture being to be met with in any other portion of the United Kingdom. The whole city may be said to teem with attractions of historical interest; but we cannot linger on the threshold of our journey, and must take for granted that after viewing what may seem most alluring to him, the traveller will again wend his way back to the railway station, a magnificent structure of 1010 feet long, spanned by an iron roof 60 feet wide, designed by Mr. Wylde, C.E., and forming the entrepôt of the London and North Western, the Shrewsbury and Chester, the Birkenhead, Lancashire and Cheshire Junction, and the Chester and Holyhead lines.

While awaiting the time of departure for Holyhead, the traveller may find some amusement, and gain knowledge by observing the busy scene ever going on in this station. Once "off," however, attention will be directed to other subjects. The train rapidly shoots by the carriages and locomotives scattered up and down the

contiguous rails, and immediately comes abreast of the Roodee. Hereon are held the annual races, distinguished in sporting annals, and to whose éclat all local classes contribute largely; the present members of the city (Earl Grosvenor and the Hon. W. O. Stanley, second son of the first Lord Stanley of Alderley,) being subscribers to the stakes, according to time-honoured custom. Crossing the Dee, by the largest iron girder-bridge in the kingdom, we come to the Saltney station, (where the Shrewsbury railway wheels off to the left,) famous as being the place where a portion of the army of Henry II., in 1156, was routed by the Welsh under Owen Gwynedd; and further, on the right, (across the river, along which the railway runs parallel for several miles,) will be observed a large tract of land, comprising about 4000 acres, which has been reclaimed from the sea. A mile further we reach the junction with the Mold Railway, a branch line to Mold (the county town) containing 10,000 inhabitants, the majority of whom are employed in the neighbouring lead mines, which are remarkably prolific. Soon afterwards we pass Hawarden, with which are connected several historical associations, the most important of them being those relative to the famous compact between Mountfort, Earl of Leicester, and Prince Llywelyn, which proved so injurious to the interests of Henry III. The Castle was for many years in the possession of the House of Derby, and it will be interesting to the antiquarian to know that the Lord Montague, to whom was directed the obscure letter detailing the intended gunpowder plot, was closely related to the Stanley family. The estates were confiscated by the Puritans, in 1651, and purchased by Sergeant Glynne, from whom the present owner, Sir S. R. Glynne, Bart., (late M.P. for Flintshire,) is descended. His brother is the present Rector of Hawarden, the living of which is worth upwards of 4000*l.* per annum.

Buckley Church shoots next into view; and, proceeding onward we pass the Queen's Ferry, which (prior to the formation of the railway) was a place of great traffic, as lying midway between several important places in Wales and Liverpool. Forward, again, we reach the estuary of the Dee, which, in width here, vies with the mouth of any river in the kingdom. At this period of the journey we come into close proximity to the Halkin Mountain and its Castle, which forms part of the patrimony of the Marquisate of Westminster, and, by its mines, adds no little to the princely revenues of that noble house. Further on lies the famous old town of Flint, now a large entrepôt for coals from the neighbouring mines; but greater interest attaches to it, of course, from the fact that its castle was for some time the prison-house of the unfortunate Richard II., and the scene of many important events in connection with the rebellion of the Duke of Lancaster. It is likewise distinguished for having been several times besieged and retaken during the parliamentary wars.

A little onward to the right, we come to Coleshill, the scene of a very bloody battle between the army of Henry II. and the Welch, the fatal result of which determined that monarch to give up the project of conquering Wales. Passing Bagillt, remarkable for its

extensive lead works, we obtain a view of the ruins of Basingwerk Abbey, founded in 1131, by Randolph, Earl of Chester; and in the neighbourhood is the spot which marked the termination of Offa's Dyke, the famous entrenchment cast up by the Saxons, as a defence against the Welch, and extending along the borders to the river Wye. The next station we reach is Holywell, which is a very pretty little town, and is celebrated as possessing "St. Winifred's Well," with the history of which are interwoven many legendary romances. Wonders still appertain to the place, for there are many allegations made with regard to the potent medicinal properties of the waters. We next pass Downing, the seat of Lord Fielding, and come to Mostyn, which is a great place for collieries, and proximate to the residence of the Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn (son of the aged Lord Mostyn), member for the county. The hall is famous as being the place wherein the Earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry VII.), was nearly captured by a troop of King Richard's partisans.

Now passing in rapid succession, Hilbree Island, Point of Air lighthouse (a new iron structure, fifty-five feet above the level of the sea), a few villages, we soon reach Prestatyn. Near this place are lead mines of a very productive description; and on the neighbouring hill are seen the ruins of Dyserth Castle, which, it is alleged, was built by the ancient Britons. A little further on again lies Rhyl, which is resorted to during the summer months, in consequence of the facilities afforded for bathing; and another attraction, which invites visitors, is the neighbouring renowned Vale of Clwyd, the scenery of which is beautiful in the extreme. There is no more rising place on the British shores than Rhyl, and none is better entitled to it; its prosperity as a popular watering-place being unequalled of late years except by Lowestoft, on the coast of Suffolk, exactly on the opposite side of England. As the train rushes on, this beautiful vista of the Clwyd gradually fades away, and the eye of the traveller is attracted to the venerable ruins of Rhuddlan Castle and the square embattled tower of St. Asaph Cathedral, near which is Kinnel Park, the residence of Lord Dinorben, who derives his title from an ancient mansion in the neighbourhood. The late noble lord, very recently deceased, married as his second wife the daughter of Giles Blakeny Smythe, Esq., of Ballynatray, sister of the Princess of Capua, whose matrimonial embroilments made a considerable noise a few years back. We next approach Abergele, and further on to the right may be observed huge rocks, jutting out into the sea; these are known as the Orme's Heads, which have always been considered great features in the marine splendours of this part of the coast. Soon afterwards the train dashes through a tunnel, 1629 feet long, cut through hard limestone rock; and after emerging thence, and passing through a few unimportant places, arrives at Conway, crossing over the river through the celebrated iron tube, which, along with the other wondrous works that distinguish this railway, will be described when we reach the end of our present journey.

The town of Conway is peculiarly interesting, as being a perfect embodiment of the features of antiquity most beloved by tourists. It

is surrounded by walls which palpably attest a great age, and is ornamented by the storied castle constructed in 1283 by Edward I. Over the river is seen the magnificent suspension-bridge, built in 1822, by Telford, the engineer, at a cost of 40,000*l.* Journeying forward again, we soon come abreast of the giant and surge-washed mountains of Penmaen Bach and Penmaen Mawr. On the summit of the latter is an extensive fortress, built by the ancient Britons; go through two tunnels; pass Penrhyn Castle, (a very magnificent castellated edifice, and now the residence of the Hon. Colonel Douglas Pennant, member for the County of Carnarvon); pass the river Ogwen, gliding over a viaduct; hurry through two more tunnels; and finally emerge into Bangor.

As Bangor presents numerous points of attraction, many travellers will here make a halt for the purpose of viewing some few of them. In order to meet the convenience of the increasing number of visitors (for which the present hotels, the George and the Penrhyn Arms, excellent, commodious, and capacious as they are, will soon be found inadequate), the railway company are about erecting a large and magnificent structure, with 160 bed-rooms, in the first instance, and more to be added, as may be required, provision being provided for almost illimitable extension of this kind. The coffee and dining-rooms, &c., will be in proportion, on a commanding scale, and there will also be numerous detached suites of private apartments. In addition to every modern convenience, which luxury can command or ingenuity supply, there will be extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, laid out after designs by Sir Joseph Paxton, whose ingenuity will doubtless be stimulated to the utmost by the incentives derived from, and the immediate attractions of, the surrounding scenery. The hotel charges also will be regulated on a most moderate scale, the design of the company being not immediate profit, but to encourage travelling. This excellent plan, the details of which were given most fully at the last meeting of the directors, by the chairman of the company, Mr. Peto, M.P., who successfully illustrated the working of the principle by reference to Lowestoft, will doubtless conduce to the desired end; and, in return, the company may confidently reckon on receiving the thanks of yearly increasing myriads, who will thus have additional reasons for appreciating the inducements the beautiful locality already so abundantly holds out.

Beyond these natural charms, the most proximate objects of attraction will be found to be the Suspension and Tubular Bridges, which respectively produce in the beholder mingled emotions of awe and pleasure, and the feeling of surprise is maintained as long as the eye rests on these amazing structures. The former was long the great pontine engineering glory of England and wonder of the scientific world, until the still more unique and stupendous *chef d'œuvre* of Robert Stephenson well nigh eclipsed its marvels in the estimation of the million; but yet it is a miracle of elegance and utility, in the way of graceful adaptation to the precise purposes it was required for. In these days of locomotion, however, it

may be regarded rather as a poetic *souvenir* of the great engineering giant who erected it, than as an abiding contribution to the necessities of the present age; and, looking at it from such point of view, it may not be inopportune to say that, like Melrose—they who would view it aright must visit it by the pale moonlight—when its fairy-looking tracery, spanning the Strait, will be found to present a *coup d'œil* of softened beauty altogether perfect of its kind.

Let it not be supposed that there is anything incongruous in thus coupling romance and reality by bringing engineering and poetry into juxtaposition. In Telford's case, at least, it is pardonable; for the great projector successfully wooed the muse, many of his rhythmical compositions being inscribed to his friend Burns; and it is worthy of remark, that on the opening of the railway between Shrewsbury and Ludlow (the scene of "Comus"), on the 17th of last month, at a banquet given by the great contractor of the line, Mr. Brassey, one of the effusions of the bard and builder of the Suspension was quoted with vast *éclat*, composed in reference to Shrewsbury Castle, where he resided awhile during the construction of the great Holyhead mail-coach road, the verses being addressed to Burns, and beginning,—

"No distant Swiss with warmer glow
E'er heard his native music flow,
Nor could his wishes stronger glow
Than still have mine,
When up this rural mount I go
With songs of thine."

The dimensions of this Suspension Bridge, the greatest of Telford's great works, are—length, 1715 feet; height from the water, 153 feet; span of each arch, $52\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The road on the bridge consists of two carriage ways, of 12 feet each, with a foot-path of four feet in the centre. The chains, 16 in number, consist of five bars each. The total number of the bars in the cross section of the chain is 80, and the total weight of the iron-work is 4,373,281 pounds. With this brief digression we again hurry back to the railway station, and recommence our progress.

Soon after starting from Bangor, we are whisked through the Tubular Bridge (whereof presently), and emerge into the island of Anglesey, which gives the title of marquis to the noble owner of Plas Newydd, near which is a column erected as a memento of the many eminent services the British Murat has rendered to his grateful and admiring country. The portion of the line last traversed presents no very particular point of interest till we reach Holyhead, where the traveller will be agreeably struck by the completeness of the arrangements made by the railway company, for, without being disturbed from his seat, he is carried on to the pier; and it is worthy of note that all travellers by the day express trains for Ireland have their luggage put on board the company's steamers without charge. This convenient and agreeable method is also adopted towards those who come to Holyhead by the nine a.m. week-day boat from Kingstown; whereas from parties travelling by the mail-

boat a charge for embarking and disembarking luggage is invariably made. To those who may desire a short stay at Holyhead, which possesses attractions peculiarly its own, we can, with confidence, recommend the Royal Hotel, one of the completest establishments of the kind in the empire, presided over by Mrs. Hibbert, whose catering abilities have been the theme of all travellers by the London and North-Western Railway, to whom, on that account, recollections of Wolverton have ever been agreeable. Not only is she the *Generalissima*, as Sir F. B. Head, in the 'Quarterly Review,' and subsequently in his 'Stokers and Pokers,' so pleasantly calls Mrs. Hibbert, at Holyhead; but she is accompanied by her inimitable *corps* of handmaidens, whose Wolverton services, as administrators of refreshment, have been made the subject of deserved admiration all over the reading-world by the gallant and accomplished baronet who has worthily enacted their historian as aforesaid.

Having come thus far on our journey, it will not be amiss if we reflect for a moment on the history and the works of the great railway which we have traversed. Mr. Robert Stephenson commenced the operations on the line at Conway, on St. David's Day, 1845; opened for traffic as far as Bangor on the 1st of May, 1848; and soon afterwards to Holyhead, with the exception of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, which, as might be expected, took some further time to finish, thousands predicting that it never would nor could be completed. The evidences of engineering skill on the line are numerous, but we will confine ourselves to a very few words on the most important—those at Conway and the Menai Straits, on which volumes have been written, and will continue to be written as long as the highest order of engineering genius commands admiration. We should have before stated, perhaps, that, passing through the Conway Tubular Bridge, the train glides by the picturesque and venerable ruins of Conway Castle, and the grey and turretted walls of the old town; and on arriving at the station, (the architecture of which has been made to harmonise as carefully as possible with the antique and mouldering towers and broken arches of the surrounding ruins,) the visitor finds himself in one of the most picturesque spots in Great Britain. The interest which formerly attached to this bridge is now absorbed in the grander experiment of its neighbour at the Menai. The span over the river is 400 feet; length of tube being 412 feet, to allow 6 feet bearing each side. The width inside of each tube (two for the up and down train), is 14 feet; height, $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet at each end, gradually increasing to $25\frac{1}{2}$ feet in the middle, so as to lessen deflection of base of tube: weight of each tube, 1300 tons; height of bottom, above high-water, 18 feet. The section of the tube is rectangular, of wrought iron plates, from half an inch to seven-eighths in thickness, and of various lengths and widths, the greatest strength being in the middle. In its construction it exactly resembles the Britannia Bridge, regarding which it may be interesting to know that, by the original plan, it was intended to carry the line over the Straits on Telford's Bridge; but this elegant structure was not fitted to bear the strain and

vibration. After much deliberation and costly experiment, the present Tubular Bridge was designed,—a structure on similar principles having been erected, on a miniature scale, by Mr. Stephenson, on the Cambridge line. The entire length of the bridge is 1849 feet. The great Britannia Tower's foundations are laid on the Britannia Rock, in the centre of the Straits. On either side there are clear openings of 460 feet each to the two-side towers (62 feet by 52, and 190 high); and these are distant each 230 feet from the abutments on either shore—huge piles of masonry—that on the Anglesea side being 143 feet high, and 173 long. The tubes were floated by pontoons to their respective stations, and then raised by the power of hydraulic presses to their final positions. Each consists of sides, top, and bottom—all formed of long, narrow, wrought iron plates, varying in length from twelve feet downwards. Some weigh nearly seven cwt., and are among the largest it is possible to roll with any existing machinery. The total weight of wrought iron in each tube is 1600 tons. The tubes having been floated into their respective positions, the lifting chains were attached, and by Bramah's hydraulic press, these immense masses were raised to the required height. The machinery used for elevating the tubes formed great attractions in the Great Exhibition at London last year. The wing-walls at either end of the bridge terminate in splendid pedestals, and on each are two colossal lions *couchant*, of Egyptian design, like the bridge they ornament, on a gigantic scale, each 25 feet long, 12 feet high, though crouched, nine feet abaft the body, weighing 30 tons each, and each paw two feet four inches. There is said to be some intention of surmounting the central tower with a colossal figure of Britannia, 60 feet high. It only remains for us to add, that splendid steamers of unsurpassed speed and unequalled accommodations, the civillest of captains, and the most attentive of stewards and stewardesses, form an aggregate of all possible auxiliaries to the enjoyment of a swift and pleasant run of four hours, which lands you on the Irish shore.

CHAPTER II.

ON IRISH TRAVELLING, PAST AND PRESENT.

Introduction.—Causes of the avoidance of Ireland by English Tourists until lately.—Causes of Present Popularity of Ireland as a field for Tourists.—Ireland from the Traveller's Point of View.—The Chester and Holyhead Railway, and the Irish Railway System.—Character of Mr. Dargan, the great Irish Contractor.

THOUGH this is the fifty-first year of the Union, and though the scenic charms of the sister country have been household words on Saxon tongue, or at least in Saxon type, for a far longer duration—within the last ten years only has Ireland attracted the attention

of the general Summer tourist. Separated from England by a sea, which rendered every passage of sailing vessels a matter of risk much too great to be incurred by the ordinary pleasure-seeker, Ireland remained a *terra incognita* for years after the period when the essentially English habit of summer wanderings from towns had become confirmed, and long subsequent to the time when, having seen every hill and valley in Cumberland, surveyed all Scotland, and made the mountain passes of North Wales absolutely beaten tracks, the restless migratory British race had planted their season colonies every half mile along the Rhine, the Loire, and the Danube. The steam-boats did not create the summer traffic of English in Germany and France, for it existed before steamers were seen in the Thames or in Dover harbour. But steam, which developed the travelling abroad, no doubt created the travelling in Ireland. Still however, even when a sea-passage from Holyhead to Dublin had become as safe and as rapid as a voyage from the Thames or Dover to Ostend, and when an enormous new trade was rising up between the two countries, this autumnal tourist commerce remained, for some years, exceedingly limited. English travellers commonly crossed the Channel with no intention to go farther than Dublin. A few ventured into Wicklow, still fewer got so far as Killarney. For this there were several causes. In the first place, even with all the advantages of steam communication to bridge the channel, there were political reasons deterring that influx of inhabitants of England which, in consideration of the wonderful natural beauties of the country, was to have been expected. In the next place, the facilities for seeing and enjoying Ireland commenced and ended with the steamer between the Mersey, or Holyhead, and Kingstown. The roads, except some few for the mails, were bad, the coaches scarce, the inns execrable; and though all these disadvantages are endured abroad, all proper tourist parties, *i.e.*, including ladies, would not readily face such difficulties in a country where their own language was spoken, only twelve hours distant from England, and where they had unexcitingly to consider themselves "at home." Good inns, good coaches, good horses, and the other *agrémens* of a tour, are affairs of slow growth; and, under only a gradual pressure, they have been called into existence very slowly in Ireland. But within the last ten years great changes, both commercial, political, and social, have taken place in this particular regard; and each season, for some years, has seen a large progressive increase in the number of Anglo-Irish tourists. The trade between the two countries compelled direct personal intercourse, Irish men of business visiting English men of business in England, and the Irish traffic therefore becoming quite as large as the English traffic between Dublin and Liverpool. English capital, directly and indirectly, became invested in Irish enterprises. Political differences relaxed and grew weaker, and the two peoples no longer viewed one another in the light of foreigners.

By degrees roads were improving, inns being built, and, thanks to Quin in the east, and Bianconi in the south and west, cars and

coaches becoming plentiful. A progress through at least those portions of the Emerald Isle was as pleasantly accomplished as a journey through Derbyshire or Cornwall. Then came the railroads in Ireland, and concurrently with the railways was constructed the great line between Chester and Holyhead. In the last two years as many strangers passed into Dublin from England as in any five years previously. It is obvious that had the long sea passage not been shortened, the pleasure traffic, if not the direct trade, between the two islands, would have been after all but slightly stimulated by the development of the national resources in Ireland itself. The Britannia Bridge was the link to connect adequately Celtic with Saxon advancement, and in that sense it may be truly said, that the Menai Straits, not the Channel, separated the sister countries.

The traveller will glance at Ireland now simply from the traveller's point of view, and doubtless thousands who read this "Guide" will desire to have some statistics to enable them to estimate accurately the present position and character of this, to them, completely new country which they are approaching. By most of those needing a "Guide" like this, Ireland will be regarded as a land of picturesque attractions, and frolic, and romantic associations; but the beautiful scenes about to be explored must not be gazed at as mere pictures; and some facts are, therefore, here pointed out as an introduction, which, contributing to correct conclusions, may enhance general gratification.

From the traveller's point of view Ireland is not to be considered politically or polemically, but socially and commercially. Two or three circumstances first attract his attention. Ireland now presents one of the most extraordinary social spectacles ever witnessed in the history of civilisation. She is in a transition state. On the one hand, her native population has, in ten years, been diminished directly 20 per cent., and indirectly, in the sense of having lost the natural increase, by 30 per cent. On the other hand, the ownership of her soil is changing hands; the old encumbered being succeeded by a new and unencumbered proprietary. And while these vast changes are going on, a railway system has arisen, which, in regard to the machinery for promoting the prosperity of a people, places Ireland next after England and Belgium in Europe. The labour market is thus eased of surplus hands who, in America, have found contentment and prosperity. Free capital is introduced for the development of agriculture. The railways present themselves to increase the value of the land in the districts which they traverse, to multiply the rural markets, to stimulate manufacture, to promote trade, and to put all Ireland in direct communication on the one coast with England and Scotland, and on the other shores with the buoyant and beckoning western world. Ireland, no doubt, is still reeling under the consequences of the famine of '46; but, looking to material resources only, it is obvious that no country in the world has at this moment more distinct prospects of an onward career. Everything is there, consequently, to be looked at with reference to those considerations.

The Irish railway system, the origin of the increasing English passenger traffic experienced last year, and further anticipated this year, will receive the first attention of the traveller in Ireland. That system, for symmetrical completeness, exceeds our English system. Lines run from Dublin, west, and through the centre of Ireland, to Galway, the new western port of the Atlantic, crossing intermediately the three great agricultural and market localities of Mullingar, Athlone, and Ballinasloe. The second great trunk-line runs in a south-westerly direction from Dublin to Cork; secondary and branch-lines connecting the main line with Carlow, Kilkenny, and Waterford, on the south-east: and with Limerick (thus opening up the whole Shannon navigation), on the west. A third great line, wanting but a viaduct across the Boyne, connects Dublin direct with Belfast—the conjoined Liverpool and Manchester of Ireland—Drogheda, Newry, and Dundalk, being linked; and from Dundalk westward to Enniskillen, and northward from Enniskillen to Londonderry, connecting lines are proceeding. Thus already every great city and town and every district in Ireland are benefited by railway communication; and besides those main lines, there are minor lines, existing or progressing, of which we will afterwards have to speak in detail. All these lines have been projected and carried out with a view to the continuous steady trade of the districts joined. But the traveller will not fail to see, that it so happens that the districts where trade traffic is to be sought are precisely the districts where the country is grandest and most beautiful, and where tourists are certain to travel. The line to Galway leads to Connemara, and to the wild picturesqueness of the Connaught coast. The line to Cork (the Great Southern and Western) in connexion with the South-Eastern, leads to Wicklow, to the Suir, the Shannon, the Blackwater, the Lakes of Killarney, and the magnificent bays of Kerry. The strictly commercial lines to the north bring the traveller to Rostrevor, the Ulster Lakes, and the Giant's Causeway. All, in fact, that the tourist in Ireland has heard of he reaches by rail.

Altogether the existing Irish Railway Interest, according to "Thom's Statistics" (an invaluable and indispensable manual to all who would acquaint themselves with the commercial, official, and general business-like bearings of Irish matters), comprises twenty-nine companies, with power to raise on shares 19,156,700*l.*, and to borrow 6,321,852*l.*, together 25,478,552*l.*, and to construct 1510 miles of railway. The amount raised to the 31st December, 1850, was, on shares 8,406,597*l.*, and by loans 2,360,311*l.*, total 10,766,908*l.* Of the amount borrowed, 130,950*l.* was at 6 per cent., 38,600*l.* at 5½, 1,498,215*l.* at 5, 103,226*l.* at 4½, 376,937*l.* at 4, and 212,383*l.* at 3½ per cent. 198,565*l.* only, of the share capital at that time raised, is entitled to a preferential dividend.

The amount expended by the companies to the 31st of December, 1850, was upwards of 10,750,000*l.* The length of railway open for traffic in December, 1851, was 614 miles. Excluding the Midland Great Western, which is hardly pertinent to the calcu-

lation, 214 miles of the length open may be considered as north, and 273½ miles as south of Dublin. The South-Western and South-Eastern system of lines is distinguished as affording the continuous railway communication, upwards of 250 miles in extent, that now connects the cities of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Kilkenny, and the important intermediate districts. The arrangements between the several companies thus comprised, for the uniformity and facility of working the through traffic, &c., are conducted on the clearing system, the accounts being adjusted in the Irish Railway Clearing House at King's-bridge station, Dublin, established for such purposes in 1848. The Northern system yet requires the construction of the viaduct across the Boyne, to furnish an unbroken road between Dublin and Belfast. The length in course of construction is 189 miles; the remaining 793½ miles have not been commenced, and a proportion of this mileage is not likely to be proceeded with. Much capital is absorbed in the unfinished portion of the undertakings; for about eight companies only have their lines completed, and the amount of unproductive capital is necessarily very considerable. The gauge (compulsory) is, with the exception of that of the Dublin and Kingstown railway, the same throughout Ireland; viz., the "middle," or 5 feet 3 inch gauge. The Dublin and Kingstown gauge is the English narrow, or 4 feet 8½ inches gauge. Of the individual lines we will speak separately, as well as of the gentleman to whose open-handed liberality and sagacious enterprise, not less than to his indomitable energy of character in the face of most discouraging prospects, the construction of the greater portion of them is mainly due. We allude to Mr. Dargan, the great Irish railway contractor, of whom the Irish people of all classes are most justly proud, and whose name the English reader who accompanies us in the subjoined tours, will find mentioned with gratitude and admiration wherever the development of Irish industry is the topic of conversation.

CHAPTER III.

DUBLIN.

Dublin Bay.—Kingstown.—Dalkey and its Atmospheric Line.—The Kingstown Railway.—Irish Jaunting Cars.—Lord J. Manners upon Cars, and the "Castle."
—General View of Dublin.—Dublin in Detail.

It is not our purpose to enact the part of a minute topographer of the Irish metropolis. "Frazer's Roadbook," issued by our Dublin publisher, wholly supersedes the province of any amateur cicerone; and is indeed so full and satisfactory in its information on almost all subjects necessary to be known by travellers in Ireland, that it deservedly ranks beside the very best works of an analogous nature

which Murray, the great London bibliopole, has rendered nearly as indispensable as a passport to all British tourists on the continent. Mr. M'Glashan has also issued a little work, entitled "Dublin and its Environs," with a map of the city and numerous engravings, which may be recommended with great confidence to such of our readers as purpose making any stay in the Irish capital, and the recommendation is not the less readily urged because it will entail no outlay that need alarm the most economic. To the instructive companionship of those faithful advisers and most pleasant associates, we accordingly commit such of our readers as the necessary meagre details of these pages will not satisfy; but probably the great majority of monthly ticket holders will be tolerably content with the data we are about to furnish, and a considerable portion of which we have epitomised from the sources just indicated, and many others, which we will acknowledge as we proceed.

The metropolis of Ireland, and the second city in the empire, is situated close to the shores of the picturesque bay to which it gives its name, and into which the river Liffey, intersecting the city, flows.

Dublin occupies the eastern termination of the great central plain of the island, which reaches from the Irish Sea to the Atlantic. It is watered by the Dodder, the Tolka, and the Slade; the Dodder falling into the estuary at Ringsend, the Tolka at Clontarf, and the Slade into the River Liffey, under the Royal Hospital: on the south, the Dublin hills, connecting with the mountains of Wicklow, form a magnificent back-ground, whether viewed from the city or the bay. The estuary of the Liffey or Dublin Bay is celebrated throughout the world. Some native enthusiasts, presenting the Italians with all the advantages of the climate of Italy, have insisted on the superiority of the Bay of Dublin over that of Naples.

The comparison is not very judicious, and those who, without the means of establishing an actual visual comparison, may desire to see wherein the want of resemblance consists, will find it set forth in the introductory chapter to the Irish Tour of the late Dr. James Johnson, physician to William IV., in which he demonstrates that there is scarcely a single point of similarity between the two localities or their accessories. Dublin Bay is beautiful, eminently beautiful, perhaps more so than any on the coast of Great Britain. But the excessively exaggerated praises bestowed upon it are necessarily productive of disappointment in those who see it for the first time; and as we shall probably show that there are many bays in Ireland at least its equal in every respect, we are anxious that the reader should not be carried away by the ordinary rhapsodies on this head, and thus commence the present tour with what could hardly fail to be feelings of mortification. Dublin Bay is semi-circular in outline, its diameter being about seven miles, and the pier, which extends from the Liffey to the lighthouse, a distance of three miles and a quarter, almost bisects it. This north side of the bay is faulty in the want of elevation. It presents to the eye, from Marino, Lord Charlemont's handsome residence, to Howth, a

mere flat line along the horizon, which is far from handsome. It is bounded on the north by the beautiful lands of Clontarf, which are strikingly terminated by the bold Peninsula of Howth; and on the south by the remarkable hill of Killiney and the rich environs running thence to the city. On the south side of the bay, beyond the shores, the eye is carried over a rich variety of villas, woods, and pastures, gradually rising to the hills which, on that side, bound the view; and on the west, the plantations which adorn the numerous seats appear to blend with the vast surrounding plain. These magnificent boundaries on either side, with the city in front, constitute, according to the eloquent writer in the "Handbook" (M'Glashan's), the general outlines of the glories of Dublin Bay. It is the pride of the citizens. Their villas along its shore have been built specially to enjoy its "looks out," and the invigorating breezes which blow in from it. In summer, yachts, chiefly owned by Irish clubs, and pleasure boats, crowd it; and the bathing-houses for ladies and gentlemen in its neighbourhood are some of the best in the world. Kingstown (originally Dunleary), on the pier of which you step from the Holyhead steamer, is named after George IV., just as lately, Cove (near Cork) has been named Queenstown, after Victoria; Celtic nomenclatures being freely sacrificed in honour of royal Saxon visits. Kingstown was little more than a fishing village when the first gentleman in Europe left it in 1821 for England. It is now part of Dublin, and may be said to include Monkstown, Bullock, and Dalkey, the latter place being very speedily reached (that is to say, in a few minutes) by the famous Atmospheric Railway (the only one now in the united kingdom), which every tourist should travel on before leaving Ireland. It is one mile and three quarters in length, and was opened for public traffic, as an extension of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, in 1844; and as it was the first, so it continues to be the only one in the empire worked on the same principle of traction. It is certainly not the least remarkable of all the Irish lions, and to those of a scientific turn of mind, would alone well justify a visit thus far at least into Ireland.

Kingstown harbour, designed by the late John Rennie, and intended by the Admiralty as a refuge for vessels frequenting the Irish Channel, was begun in 1817, and is now nearly completed. The area enclosed by the piers (the eastern 3500 feet, and the western 4950 in length,) is 251 statute acres; and in all respects the work is a great one. A quay, 40 feet wide, has been carried along the piers; and a wharf of 500 feet in length has been erected along the breast of the harbour, opposite the entrance, where, at all times, merchant vessels may discharge and receive their cargoes. The harbour is the commodious station of the English steamers. Streets, terraces, villas, and fine hotels, indicate the position and popularity of Kingstown as a fashionable watering-place. A few hours may be devoted to a ramble through the neighbourhood, to a trip to Dalkey, and to an ascent of the Killiney Hills, from which a splendid prospect of the harbour and of the country is to be obtained, with

the certainty of deriving profit and pleasure. Indeed, the view from this point, looking towards the bold promontory of Bray Head, in Wicklow, is one of the most striking in this part of Ireland.

Kingstown and its localities, however, should not interrupt the traveller on his way to Dublin, but may tempt him subsequently; and Dalkey should not be examined without the visitor having read fully the humorous stories which may be found in the "Handbook" of our Dublin publisher before adverted to, respecting the celebrated convivial club of Dublin citizens, some of them historical personages, who established the "Kingdom of Dalkey," under the "Emperor of the Muglins," who was elected here annually, and the ceremony was duly reported in the "Dalkey Gazette." But many an English reader is doubtless already familiar with the incidents of these comic convivialities, from the preface to Moore's last edition of his works, wherein the bard tells us how Incedon was, on one memorable occasion, knighted as "Sir Charles Melody" by the "August Muglins," who, the following morning, offered a large reward in cronebanes (Irish halfpence, so called) to the finder or finders of his Majesty's crown, which, owing to his having "measured both sides of the road" in his pedestrian progress on 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 have an opportunity of making an acquaintance with martello towers—once considered to be a potent repellant of external aggression, and which may again, probably, become popular as a specific against invasion, in connection with militia bills, and other bellicose parliamentary contrivances for keeping the foreigner abroad.

On landing from the steamer, the tourist will proceed to the Kingstown terminus of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway—a very elegant granite building. This line, in length six miles, was the first, and for many years the only railway constructed in Ireland. It was opened for public traffic in 1834, and became and continues one of the best paying lines, proportionate to its length, in the world. Its gauge, an exceptional one in Ireland, as already stated, is 4 ft. 8½ in.; and its cost, with appointments complete, has been about 63,000*l.* per mile. The passenger traffic is immense, especially in the summer, and the high dividends are perpetually provoking an agitation for a reduction of fares. There is nothing in the work or in the country traversed calling for special remark. The English tourist, however, will notice at once the difference in the Irish railway carriages, the second class being superior to those which he has been accustomed to on the English lines. Arrived at the Dublin terminus, a plain, but well-arranged station, at Westland Row, we first make the acquaintance of the Irish jaunting-car, national and peculiar in itself, in its horse and in its driver, and long dissertations on whose characteristics form prominent features

in every English description of Ireland. We shall not, however, follow precedent in this instance; but merely adduce the testimony of the noble Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests to the excellence of these vehicles. Lord John Manners, in his tour in Ireland during the famine, having occasion to visit his friend, Mr. Augustus Stafford, M.P., the present Secretary to the Admiralty, at his beautiful seat of Cratloe, County Clare, on the Shannon, near Cratloe Keel Castle and Cratloe Beg, two of the ancient towers of the O'Briens, says:—

“Having selected a good horse and car from the nearest stand in Sackville-street, and packed portmanteaus, servant, and self upon it, off we set for the West. To my fancy, there is no such agreeable method of travelling as this sort of posting; you enjoy the fresh breeze, have an uninterrupted view of the scenery, can jump off and on as you please, do as you like, and withal get over the ground very quickly. The distance and the pace at which one horse will take a heavily laden car are astonishing to an Englishman. Four of the stages I came were above eighty English miles; the first stage was twenty, which was done in two hours and ten minutes, the driver apologising for being so long about it, in consequence of the bad roads!”

On or in one of these vehicles (for there is the inside as well as the outside car, though the latter is the real generic machine,) the traveller will hasten to his hotel. While there, and before he commences his tour, we may turn over a short account of the city of Dublin. We will not attempt an antiquarian or historical sketch of the Eblana of Ptolemy. An antiquity of seventeen centuries is claimed upon data which have never been attacked by any native or alien Niebuhr; and as to the veritable, well-ascertained, modern history, it is sufficient to say that, at least since the time of Queen Elizabeth, the prominent annals of Dublin are inseparably interwoven with the history of England and of Ireland. The greatness and splendour of the city dated from the Hanoverian succession, about which time the lord-lieutenants became resident viceroys. Dublin grew not only into a flourishing capital, as the centre of political action, but a great port, and a considerable manufacturing town. It is a controversy, and of conspicuous interest, but now less and less heard of, whether Dublin has declined since the Act of the Union, whereby (in 1800) the native parliament was removed and incorporated in the imperial legislature. On that and other analogous points, all men will judge for themselves; as, though the statistics for the formation of opinion might not improperly be given in a book like this, we confine ourselves to the simple facts of the present day—now at least evidencing a still prosperous, busy, and beautiful city. Dublin is nine miles in circumference, and contains a population of about 250,000. On all sides will be met the proofs that this is a metropolis, not a mere provincial great town—proof derived from architectural and general civic features, which will speedily be confirmed with those who obtain the advantage of mingling in opulent and respectable Dublin society.

"I know no city," says the noble author of a "Plea for National Holidays," whom we have just quoted, "I know no city more aristocratic in its main features than Dublin, and can easily understand the constant lament over its shipless docks and carriageless streets: but it is not regal in its appearance; it has no Tuileries, no Escorial, no Holyrood, no Buckingham Palace even! Nothing can be meaner than the exterior of the present lowly barrack which houses the representative of royalty, and is dignified by the title of the 'Castle;' not that the reception rooms inside are paltry; on the contrary, the throne-room, the public drawing-room, and St. Patrick's-hall are noble apartments, sadly in want of new furniture and decorations, it is true, but therefore all the more in keeping with faded Dublin; faded indeed! I can't make out that her trade is at all increasing, and 'twas but the other day I saw in Birmingham, railway-carriages being made for several great Irish railroads—a manufacture which, from the cost and difficulty of sea conveyance (no steamer will take more than one carriage at a time), one would have thought might profitably have been set up in, and monopolised by, this throneless capital, more especially after the admirable specimens of Dublin work Mr. Hutton has turned out. Is it a fanciful conceit that would draw an analogy between the architecture and present fortunes of Dublin? Every chief street, well nigh every building, save the two cathedrals, date since the Revolution, and may be regarded as emblematic of the ideas and principles which then bore sway, and which produced, or, at least, boasted, an extraneous florid prosperity; those ideas and principles have now lost their quickening spell; but their stone impersonations remain preaching to silent quays and empty squares, the utter unreality of that system which strove to restrict all that was beautiful in architecture and the fine arts, all that was ennobling and honourable in ambition, all that was gentle and graceful in rank and power, all that was elevating and soothing in religion, to a proud and small majority set up above an ancient people by Dutch and English arms. Is it possible that life, and blood, and circulation, can come back to these Grecian corpses, these Italian torsi? Will the Cashel railway, or even the Holyhead acceleration, line the Custom House quay with ships, or fill the Linen Hall with goods on commission? I know not; but a fitting palace, an active and powerful viceroy, and the occasional presence of royalty itself, might unquestionably foster trade and stimulate commerce: and surely a people who possess such a taste for art as I saw manifested to-day, at the Royal Hibernian Exhibition, would not be inaccessible to arguments addressed to their eyes as well as to their reason."

Matters, however, have taken a very different turn since these remarks were written. The Holyhead acceleration *has* accelerated many things in Ireland, and it shall not be our fault if it do not accelerate many more, and in a speedier ratio than has yet been dreamt of. Lord John Manners is now one of a cabinet who might have sent, and who really have sent, an active and powerful viceroy

(Eglinton) ; and it is for him and his colleagues to say if they will not also accompany that benefit with those others, including the "occasional presence of royalty," which he considers essential to the prosperous administration of imperial policy in the capital of Ireland. Probably, also, his lordship's official experience has, by this time, helped to mitigate the surprise he felt at Irish locomotives being made in English factories ; at least he will have discovered many parallels to such singularities on either side of the Channel. For instance, Birmingham, the centre of the British iron district, can find no such bells as are cast by Mr. Murphy of Dublin ; the Yorkshire lakes and streams are fished with Limerick hooks, whose equal are not to be met in Sheffield. Spitalfields, nor Macclesfield, nor Norwich, can rival Irish poplin ; nor Nottingham the hosiery of Balbriggan ; nor Honiton, the lace of the capital of the Shannon ; and so on with numerous other matters. As to the dilapidated condition of the furniture of Dublin Castle, that is reformed altogether ; and the apartments are now in every way befitting the splendid hospitalities of which they are the scene, under Lord and Lady Eglinton, who, it is to be hoped, will have an adequate opportunity, during the current year, of demonstrating their loyalty and liberality by entertaining their Sovereign and her consort.

To supply a "general view," a panorama which moves rapidly, and includes the names at least of all the "lions," we quote again from the local "Guide" of our Irish publisher, viz. :—"We confess that we do not fear to institute a comparison between Dublin and any other city in the British Isles. True it does not exhibit the wealth and majesty of London, nor the grandeur of some portions of modern Edinburgh, and yet, as we have said, there are to be found in Dublin what the tourist will not see elsewhere—spacious squares and streets, beautiful quays and public buildings, for the most part judiciously placed, so as that none of the effect or beauty is concealed. Let us then place our guest on Carlisle Bridge, the finest of the bridges, crossing the intersecting Liffey, to receive his first impression. Northward stretches Sackville-street, one of the finest in Europe, wide and majestic, rising gradually until the view is broken, though not terminated, by the Nelson column, opposite which, on the western side, is the large and graceful façade of the General Post-office, and beyond in the distance, the Rotunda. Eastward the eye follows the course of the Liffey, as it rolls to the sea, and sees between the tapering masts of merchant vessels the magnificent pile of the Custom House. On the northern embankment, and on the southern, the buildings of the Corn Exchange and Conciliation Hall. Looking southward, two streets, wide and regular, with houses remarkable for their height and fine style of domestic architecture, meet the view, diverging from the same point. That to the west is D'Olier-street, terminated by a glimpse of the north-western side of Trinity College ; the other is Westmoreland-street, with the beautiful northern portico of the Bank of Ireland seen on the extreme right, the

northern wing of the College on the left, and the south-eastern extremity of College-green, with a peep at Grafton-street closing the view. Westward from the bridge the eye passes up the course of the river, confined by the walls of hewn mountain granite that form the frontage of the quays; a light bridge of metal spans with its single arch the water, and beyond that again is Essex Bridge, constructed of cut stone, with balustrades. The winding of the stream shuts from the view the course of these broad and beautiful quays; but as the visitor proceeds westward the view opens on him, disclosing the new Presbyterian church, the massive buildings of the Four Courts, the beautiful Roman Catholic chapel of St Paul, and still further the Royal Barracks, with the handsome esplanade in front to the river; and then the eye catches a view of the King's Bridge, and in the distance the Park, while on the southern side is seen the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham, Stevens' Hospital, the terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway, and the picturesque tower and gate leading to the Military Road; and then returning eastward, the high ground discloses numerous towers and spires of churches, and masses of buildings. Passing from Carlisle Bridge into College-green, we see westward fine houses, many of them built of granite, leading towards Dame-street; in front is the equestrian statue of William III.; on the northern side we get an excellent view of the Bank of Ireland, and, opposite it, the National Bank; while on the east is the noble front of Trinity College. As we proceed southward up Grafton-street, pause a moment, and look along the long line of granite dwarf wall, surmounted with tall graceful iron palisading which encloses the southern side of the College gardens and Park. Then proceed to Stephen's-green, one of the largest squares in Europe, being about an English mile in circuit, and containing, within the enclosure, an area of over twenty statute acres, which is tastefully disposed in walks and planted, having in the centre an equestrian statue of George II. The houses are varied in style and dimensions, which rather improves the general effect. On the western side is seen the College of Surgeons; on the southern the handsome front of the Centenary Methodist Chapel; and on the eastern St. Vincent's Hospital. Proceeding along the northern side by some of the finest mansions in the city, the houses of the Chancellor, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Hibernian United Service Club, and others, we catch, at the extremities of Dawson and Kildare-streets, a beautiful view of the College Park, the Library, and new buildings; and issuing from the square through Merrion-row, we turn northward, through Upper Merrion-street into Merrion-square. In extent this square is to be ranked next to Stephen's-green. The enclosure contains about twelve and a-half statute acres, and is most picturesquely laid out. The centre is considerably depressed, and the entire undulated and very tastefully planted—it is the most fashionable promenade of our city. The houses are uniform in appearance, and generally very fine. The south-eastern point affords a fine view. Southward the eye is directed through Lower and

Upper Fitzwilliam-streets, along the eastern side of Fitzwilliam-square, and Fitzwilliam-place, till the view is terminated by the beautiful mountains of the county of Dublin, rising, as if from the trees that border the Grand Canal. Eastward is seen the handsome portico of the church of St. Stephen, surmounted with its cupola, while to the west is the side of the square, terminated by the open esplanade forming the lawn of the Dublin Society, and bounded by the handsome eastern front of the Society's house. If time permit, we recommend you to pass to Fitzwilliam-square, which, though not so large as Merrion-square, is exceedingly neat and cheerful. Returning by the north-western exit from Merrion-square, you pass through Clare, Leinster, and Nassau-streets, by the handsome enclosure of the College Park, already mentioned, whence the view of the buildings, especially the library and new square, is extremely beautiful. Let us now from College-green go west, down Dame-street, and, passing through Parliament-street, pause a moment upon Essex-bridge; southward you get an excellent view of the Royal Exchange, and northward one of the longest vistas in the city stretches up Capel and Bolton-streets. If time does not permit this détour, we should recommend you to pass from Carlisle-bridge, up Sackville-street, into Rutland-square, a handsome and aristocratic square, terminated at one extremity by the Rotunda and Lying-in Hospital, and thence proceed eastward to Mountjoy-square, which is well-constructed and spacious. At the south-eastern extremity of this last opens a straight and noble street, Gardiner-street, running parallel with Sackville-street, and descending to the Custom-house, whose northern front forms a most striking termination to the vista. All this can be effected in a short time upon a car, which will be found a pleasant and convenient mode of seeing the city; and we would strongly advise the visitor, who proposes to spend any time exceeding two days in Dublin, to occupy part of his first morning in thus obtaining an idea of its arrangement and general aspect. There are a few other squares, viz., Wellington-square, south of Stephen's-green, occupying the site of the Coburg-gardens, and Queen's-square, off Great Brunswick-street, as also a handsome triangular esplanade, called Wilton-terrace, having in the centre a *jet d'eau*. It is situated on the northern side of the Grand Canal, between Leeson-street and Baggot-street, and will, when finished, be one of the most agreeable localities in the city."

The foregoing general description is vivid, and topographically well arranged. And having thus seen Dublin as a whole, as a city of wide and high streets, of palatial buildings, huge squares, greens, and enclosures, of wharves, of quays, ships, and business, and of splendid shops; with all its greatness, however, like other cities, having its abode of poverty, squalor, misery, and crime in that background which we willingly hide from the eye of the tourist: we come to Dublin in detail. Our sketches shall be very curt, in consideration of time. Dublin Castle, for its official and historical, certainly not for its architectural claims, demands the first attention. The present buildings constituting the Castle are of obviously modern and

ugly origin, the whole having been rebuilt since the end of the seventeenth century. The Castle is the Capitol of the Capital, the seat of government,—in a word, our “Treasury,” and “Downing-street,” and “Horse Guards,” in confused conjunction. Here the Lord Lieutenant resides, (in winter,) receives and entertains. Here the Secretary, and the Under-Secretary, and the subordinate host of officials carry on all the intricate work of a vast administration. In and around and at every point of the Castle the tourist will notice the prevalent presence of military; Dublin, in fact, having a more effective force in “garrison” than London. The Castle, it will be observed, is as a castle should be, nearly in the centre, and on the very highest ground of the city. The principal entrance is from Cork Hill into the upper court, which contains the apartments of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant in a quadrangle of somewhat imposing extent. The interior is far handsomer than the exterior promises. There are fine vestibules, grand staircases, a superb presence-chamber, and a ball-room, called St. Patrick’s Hall since the institution of the order of St. Patrick, of very noble proportions. The lower court of the Castle is still larger than the upper court, but is inferior in general appearance. On the north of this court are the Treasury, the Hanaper, the Register, and the Auditor-General’s Offices. At the south is the Ordnance Office, a back building; the Arsenal and the Armoury, containing arms for 40,000 men. The Castle Chapel, a very beautiful edifice, furnished in the richest Gothic ecclesiastical style, is well worth a visit. The building cost 42,000*l.* The remarkable painted glass windows are presents from Lord Whitworth some forty years since.

From the seat of government to the Courts of Law is a natural step. The Four Courts are on the King’s-Inns Quay, on the northern bank of the Liffey; and are an exceedingly fine pile of buildings. The “Great Hall,” the Westminster Hall of the place, is a circular apartment of 64 feet in diameter, from which proceed the entrances to the different courts, Bankruptcy Courts and “Masters’” Offices. This hall, very unlike Westminster, in the elaborate ornateness of its style, is the market-place of the law, a scene of wonderful bustle and excitement during the sittings, or, at least, used to be so before the forensic Hibernians began to experience, through the agency of the Encumbered Estates Court, that falling off in business which has left the English brethren of the long robe well nigh briefless, owing to the working of the new County Courts Bankruptcy Bills. The courts are large and commodious; and the tourist may venture in, if term be on, in the hope of catching a glimpse of some of the great judges who now occupy the always distinguished Irish bench.

Trinity College is not far from the Four Courts. The buildings of the University of Ireland are of great extent and beauty, and form perhaps the principal objects of the city. They consist of three spacious quadrangles, comprising, as separate buildings, the Chapel, designed by Sir W. Chambers, and in which prayers are performed morning and evening, at eight and half-past four o’clock

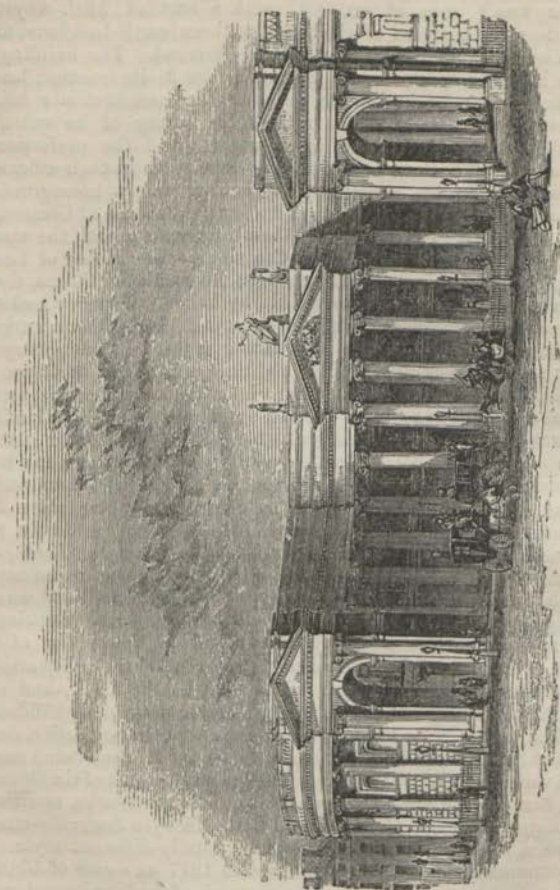
on week days, and at half-past nine and half-past four on Sundays, open to the public;—the Refectory, in the dining-hall of which are the well-known portraits of Flood, Burgh, Grattan, and other eminent Irishmen;—the Library, one of the finest rooms in Europe applied to that purpose, and containing 90,000 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 manuscripts, in particular relating to Irish history, including a copy of the Brehon Laws, Mary Queen of Scott's 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., &c.; 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 and partly enclosed in gardens, and what is called the College Park, a space of about 20 acres.

The Museum is open to all strangers presenting their cards, and among many other possessions of extraordinary rarity, it boasts of three of the most perfect skeletons of the great fossil deer of Ireland, just put up (two males and a female), and a series of horns of this mighty animal 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 Elizabeth, dates from 1592. Its privileges and endowments have been greatly increased by subsequent monarchs; and there are now on the foundation the Provost, seven Senior Fellows, twenty-three Junior Fellows, (besides four Fellowships, and six Fellowships and Lectureships recently founded by the College,) Professors of divinity, law, medicine, history, and mathematics, and of various ancient and modern languages, seventy-five scholars, and thirty sizar. The number of students has increased of late years, and now ranges between 1300 and 1400. The academic costume is, however, from the regulations suited to a town which is not merely a university, seldom met in the streets of Dublin. The University is open to all creeds; and not absolutely requiring residence, it is resorted to for degrees conferred after a certain number of the examinations, by many of the comparatively poor portion of the community. Unlike their brethren at Oxford and Cambridge, the Fellows are allowed the privilege of marrying, without being deprived of their Fellowships. This boon has been conferred by her present Gracious Majesty, and has been extensively availed of. The University returns two members to Parliament, namely, Mr. Napier, Irish Attorney-General, (a pupil in rhetoric of his celebrated countryman, Sheridan Knowles, author of "Virginus," the "Hunchback," &c.,) and Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Secretary to the Treasury, and formerly an eminent member of his Alma Mater.

The Bank of Ireland is close to Trinity College, fronted, indeed, by the fine area of College Green; and, hacknied as drawings of it are, still, in consideration of its unique beauty, we give a sketch,

though the only one which our arrangements of this portion of our "Guide" will allow us to supply of the Irish metropolis in this



BANK OF IRELAND.

year's edition. Great interest will be attached to this magnificent structure by the stranger, from the circumstance that here formerly assembled and debated the peers and commons of the Irish Parliament. The building was commenced in the viceroyalty of Lord Carteret, and in ten years it was completed; but it was found too small, and the new eastern and western fronts were

added. The whole was completed in 1794, at a cost of 95,000*l.*; and when, in 1800, the act of the Legislative Union was passed, the superb structure was purchased by the Bank of Ireland Company for the small sum of 40,000*l.*, with a rent of 240*l.* a year. Since then the business of the bank has been carried on here, and a bank establishment is all that is to be observed. The building is unique in this respect, that it is semicircular in its frontage, being constructed in reference to its peculiar site, and that site being the corner of a street. The remarkable beauty of its exterior is obvious to the least admiring observer, and the professional architects of all nations have rivalled one another in their eulogies. The interior, in its arrangements, betrays many incongruities. The cash-office occupies the side of the original House of Commons, which was consumed in 1797. A corridor runs round the space occupied by the former House of Commons. The House of Lords has undergone but very little change; instead of a throne, there is now a bad statue of George III., by Bacon. Those who have time may usefully investigate, in the Bank of Ireland, the curious and little understood process of printing notes. Extraordinary as it may seem, the original architect of this unique pile is unknown to fame, though many attempts have been made to trace his name. Several additions have been effected subsequently by Mr. Gandon, who was also employed on several other buildings in Dublin, partly in conjunction with Mr. T. Coolley, who preceded him, and to whom the Irish Metropolis is indebted for many of the more remarkable edifices we shall presently have to enumerate. Regarding Mr. Gandon, a capital joke is related. He was compelled to put a Corinthian portico to the entrance of the House of Lords, the building being Ionic. Their Lordships insisted on the *grand* style, though it defaced the beautiful edifice. While the architect was at work, some eye-glassed dandy of the aristocracy enquired mincingly, "What order is this portico, Mr. Gandon?" "The *order* of the House of Lords, and be d—d to them," replied the sulky artist.

The Custom House (which ranks next to the Bank, and cost 546,000*l.*) is a very extensive, modern, and appropriately handsome building, its fine river front, 375 feet high, 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 General Post Office (in Sackville-street) is also a very handsome building, in a totally different style. It was commenced in 1815, and finished in 1817, at a cost of 50,000*l.* Until within very recent years the dispatch of the four-horsed mails from this point was a most attractive spectacle to the Dublin loungers of an evening. There are many other public buildings giving grandeur to Dublin. The Royal Exchange, on Cork Hill; the Mansion House, (the residence of the Lord Mayor) in Dawson-street; the King's-Inns (of Court); Kilmainham Hospital, (the Chelsea Hospital of Dublin,) are all entitled to a brief survey, the more especially as between those different points the tourist will

obtain a very accurate perception of the character of the whole city. The less pretentious buildings, the Prisons, the Barracks, the Halls of the Scientific and Literary Societies, the Asylums, the Theatres, the Club Houses, and the Hotels, are all of an essentially metropolitan character. The Churches, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, are generally as fine as the churches of any other capital city in the world. No one should leave Dublin without a visit to St. Patrick's Cathedral, which abounds in the interest attached to antiquity.

And now civic Dublin having been tolerably well exhausted, suburban Dublin claims notice. And, first of all, a "car" will, in half an hour, explore all the charms of the Phœnix Park. The "Phœnix" adjoins the city on the west; is seven miles in circumference, and comprises an area of 1759 acres, enclosed by a stone wall, broken by seven handsome entrance lodges. Within the park are the Vice-Regal Lodge, the summer residence of the Lord Lieutenant, and a private domain of 160 acres; the Chief Secretary's Lodge; the Under Secretary's Lodge; and the Gardens of the Zoological Society, open every day on payment of 6d., and on Sundays, after 2 o'clock, at a charge of one penny:—the collection of animals is very fine; the grounds beautifully situate; and the place altogether one of the most magnetic in point of attraction within the whole circle of this most attractive city. The greater part of the park is flat, but there is variety in ravines, through which streamlets flow; a beautiful sheet of water, formed in the Lord Lieutenant's demesne, and extended to the Zoological Gardens; and the distant prospect of the imposing range of Dublin hills. The Wellington Testimonial, an obelisk, (and rightly characterised as being "as ungainly and ungraceful an example of bad taste as the kingdom could supply," cost 20,000*l.*) is the first object pointed out on entering the park from Dublin; and the next thing looked for is usually the locality of the "fifteen acres," a well-trodden piece of ground in the days of Irish duelling.

Among the suburbs, however, indispensable to be visited, Glasnevin is one, for several reasons. First the extreme beauty of its site, on the banks of the sparkling little Tolka, would alone justify a visit. Secondly, it is the Necropolis, or Père la Chaise, of the Hibernian metropolis, where lie the remains of Curran, 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 belongs to every country, and is "not for an age, but for all time." 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,) was possessor of the

ground on which the Botanic Gardens now stand; while in the vicinage is Finglass, of which the "Hermit" poet, Parnell, was the vicar. Close by, likewise, is Delville, laid out by Delany, the friend of Swift, who here not only wrote but printed some of his most satiric lampoons, which no one would run the risk of putting in type at a public press. Thirdly, the Botanic Gardens, already referred to—open two days a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, and to strangers from a distance every day—are probably unsurpassed in Europe, and constitute a most distinguished feature in the varied and alluring aspect of the Irish metropolis, and were greatly admired by the Queen and Prince Albert on the occasion of their late visit. A most excellent little Handbook to the Gardens (sixpence) is published by Mr. M'Glashan, in which not only all the necessary botanical information is conveyed, illustrated by engravings, but much biographical information, pertaining to the eminent characters we have been speaking of, is furnished; the whole being arranged with great simplicity and clearness, and suitable to all classes of visitors. Talking of hand-books, reminds us that since the appearance of our second edition, little railway maps that can be carried in the hat, yet are so beautifully executed, that even the smallest places are visible upon them, are now procurable, at a very low cost, at Mr. M'Glashan's, and also at the publisher's (Powell), of Westmoreland-street.

Another place which, though long "fallen from its high estate," still possesses traditional glories that will lure many a pilgrim to the now cracked shrine of once cracked heads, is Donnybrook; and as the immortal fair is held the last week in August, at a time when the influx of English visitors will probably be at its height, we must suggest a peep, though but "in a glass, darkly," at some little that is left of the "Donnybrook capers, which bother the vapours and drive away care." How far is embodied the spirit which still presides "on the green," we must leave the reader to judge for himself by a personal inspection of the saturnalia, which certainly is no longer characterised by the Milesian magic which enabled its votaries to "spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."

In brief, it may be said, that the walks and drives in the neighbourhood of Dublin, proceed on which side you will, are beautiful; and, no doubt, the charms of their locality are a great incentive to the pleasure-loving disposition which all strangers have noted as being a predominant trait in the inhabitants of the Irish metropolis, who, according to the very competent authority of Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, are the "tea-drinkingest" and "car-drivingest" people on the face of the earth.

[The holders of Irish tourist tickets, and English visitors to Ireland, by the kind permission of the Council of the Royal Dublin Society, can have tickets of admission, gratis, on application at the Chester and Holyhead Company's Office, 52, Westland-row, Dublin, to the Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin, the General Museum, the Agricultural Museum, and Museum of Natural History, the School of Design, and Statue Gallery of the Society; for those days on which they are not open to the general public.]

FIRST TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

FROM DUBLIN TO CORK.

The Great Southern and Western Railway from Dublin to Cork.—History and Character of the Line, and of its Chairman, Sir E. McDonnell.—Places along the Line.—Lucan and General Sarsfield.—Celbridge and Mr. Grattan.—Carton and the Duke of Leinster.—Lyons Castle and Lord Cloncurry.—Palmerstown and Lord Naas.—The Hill of Allen and Fingal's Hall.—The Grand Canal.—The Curragh.—The Nuns of St. Bridget.—Moore Abbey, and the Marquis of Drogheda.—The Barrow River.—Portarlinton and the Duke of Wellington.—Beet-root Sugar Manufacture, and Irish Mercantile Industry.—The Rock of Dunamase, Strongbow, and Cromwell.—Maryborough.—The Devil's Bit Mountains.—Prevalence of Ruins of Churches and Castles in the District.—Proofs of its Fertility.—Long Orchard and Richard Sheil.—The Rock of Cashel.—The Limerick Junction Station.—Mr. Dargan's connection with the line.—Character of Mr. Lefanu.—Lord Derby's House and Demesne.—Tipperary.—Kilmallock, the Baalbec of Ireland.—Buttevant.—Sir Walter Raleigh and Spenser.—Mallow, the Clifton of Ireland.—The Blackwater.—Blarney Stone and Castle.—The late Peter Purcell and his contributions to Irish progress.—Songs of Father Prout, etc.

Of the railway undertakings of Ireland, none is more important than the Great Southern and Western line, the main termini of which are Dublin and Cork. The metropolitan terminus is on the site originally suggested by Mr. Nimmo for the station of the Great Central Railway, and selected, for the convenience of traffic, at the extreme west of Dublin, contiguous to King's-bridge, and on the southern bank of the Liffey. This fine building is two stories high, with wings the height of the basement story, from which rise graceful clock towers; the whole faced with mountain granite: constituting one of the noblest of the modern architectural ornaments of Dublin, the appropriateness of the style to the purpose being perfect. The interior of the station nearly equals anything of the kind in England. An iron and glass roof covers the whole area of the station, an extent of two and a-quarter English acres, and this adaptation of glass to architectural requirements succeeds in rendering the whole space in which the passenger traffic is assorted as light and airy as the ground beneath the transept of the Crystal Palace. The arrangement of offices in the station is admirable. The Great Southern and Western Railway Company was incorporated by an Act which received the royal assent in 1844. This Act was for the construction of a railway from the City of Dublin to the town of Cashel, with a branch to the town of Carlow, authorising capital to the amount of 1,300,000*l.*, and to borrow 433,300*l.* Further acts for extensions to Cork and Limerick, and

to the River Lee, in the former city, were obtained on the 21st July, 1845, and the 16th July, 1846, respectively, and authorised additional capital of 1,300,000*l.*, and loans to the amount of 433,300*l.* On the 2nd July, 1847, a further amount of capital, 165,000*l.*, and loans, 55,000*l.*, was authorised by an Act then passed for making a branch from Portarlington to Tullamore. The sums thus authorised to be raised amount to, shares, 2,765,000*l.*; and loans, 921,600*l.*;—total, 3,686,600*l.* Subscription capital, under the first two acts, has been created by the issue of 50,000 shares of 50*l.* each, the calls upon which have been paid in full; and additional capital, of 312,500*l.*, in 50,000 one-eighth shares, bearing a preferential dividend of 6 per cent., has been subsequently created, and was legalised by an Act passed on 24th July, 1851, which likewise authorised the construction of docks at Cork; and further capital of 250,000*l.*, for that and other purposes. The company participated in the parliamentary loan, of 1847, to Irish railways, to the amount of 50,000*l.* It has purchased the powers of the Act of the Clonmel and Thurles Railway for 5000*l.*, and is authorised by the Act of the 16th July, 1846, to subscribe to the Irish and South Eastern Company 150,000*l.* (reduced by that company's act of 1849 to 90,000*l.*); the Killarney Junction Railway, 100,000*l.* (reduced by that company's act of 1851 to 60,000*l.*); and 100,000*l.* to the Mallow and Fermoy company, all which railways will communicate with the Great Southern and Western Railway. The length of lines from which acts have been determined is 248 miles, and 52 chains; and there are now open 188 miles for traffic. The works were commenced under the superintendence of Sir John Macneil, the first sod being turned by the Duke of Leinster, and the line was opened from Dublin to the Limerick Junction upon the 3d July, 1848, and to Cork on the 29th October, 1849; on the latter the chairman, Sir Edward McDonnell, being knighted by the late Lord Lieutenant, Clarendon.

Few men in Ireland have ever deserved a similar honour better than Sir Edward, who is, in all respects, admirably fitted for the onerous and responsible post he so worthily and valuably fills, as the president of a great commercial corporation, which exercises an immense influence upon the national prosperity and mercantile animus of the whole country. Himself largely engaged in trade, and in a branch of manufacture, too, whose success in Ireland peculiarly depends on the discernment of those concerned in it, we mean paper-making, he has risen to affluence and distinction by an energetic pursuit of private gain, which he has ever been ready to make conducive to the advantage of his fellow citizens, whose confidence he possesses and whose esteem he reciprocates. The largeness of his views in connexion with the future of the great company he presides over, and his skill and zeal in the administration of its immediate requirements, render him at once sanguine and cautious, and afford his friends and admirers all reasonable assurance that he will witness the full consummation of the anticipations he has always formed of this noble railway. Nor is any very protracted

longevity necessary to this realisation. He is still a young man, being considerably under fifty, according to the "Knightage," which authority adds, that he was married, in 1832, to a daughter of Sylvester Costigan, Esq. Great obligations are also eminently due to Sir Edward for his invaluable co-operation in the development of the principle involved in the idea of these tours; and we make no doubt, that all who may be brought in contact with him, *apropos* to the Great Southern and Western's relationship to the Cork Exhibition, will corroborate the justice of our description in characterising him as a high-bred Irish gentleman and first-rate man of business.

The Great Southern and Western Railway is admirably constructed, and a particularly easy and pleasant line to travel on; it passes for a considerable distance through the great central limestone field of Ireland, which, being very level, has afforded great facilities for constructing a railway; it will be noticed that, on the line leaving the limestone field, and getting into the clay slate formation, the works become of a rather formidable character, involving heavy cuttings, embankments, and viaducts, and a tunnel of considerable length.

There are various technical peculiarities in the line, which it is not necessary to detail, but the tourist will be struck with one remarkable characteristic—what may be called the straightness of the course. The line runs over the surface, so to speak, effecting in gradients what other lines effect in *curves* and cuttings, and pursuing, therefore, an unusually direct course from point to point. The direction is nearly exact south-west, the entire distance from Dublin to Cork being 165 miles, and the line runs through some of the finest counties, abounding in historical interest, in Ireland, Kildare, Queen's County, Tipperary, Limerick, and Cork, skirting the great central limestone plain, traversing a portion of the great Bog of Allen (part of the bog being actually crossed by rails laid on a floating bridge), and passing through the rich valleys of Leinster and Munster. There is no great cutting until within a few miles of Cork, but there are one or two stupendous viaducts and bridges. The stations about this line are remarkably neat and pretty. Distance-posts are placed at intervals of a quarter of a mile along the whole line.

We would here state that the tourist travelling in Ireland will do well to provide himself with a complete set of railway charts, presenting a panorama of the line, and affording a great mass of directly useful information respecting the country on each side of the lines of all the main companies. These charts, price sixpence each, like every other species of information pertaining to Ireland, whether topographic, historic, poetic, legendary, or statistic, are issued by Mr. M^cGlashan, Sackville-street, publisher of the "Dublin University Magazine," a monthly periodical of the highest character, which, in addition to all the general features common to "Blackwood," abounds in literary contributions on Irish topics nowhere else to be met with; and we take the present opportunity of recom-

mending any or all of the back volumes of the magazine as a most valuable accompaniment to the perusal of any Irish tour or guide.

The charts, which we should also state are admirably illustrated, furnish a very terse summary of the principal points of interest along the Great Southern and Western. Clondalkin, Lucan, and Hazel-hatch, are the first principal three stations, Hazel-hatch completing ten miles. As the line runs very 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 (spoken of before), and north the Royal Hospital, which building occupies the site of the ancient priory of the Knights Templars. Next, on the south, will be noticed the great works (locomotive department, &c.,) of the railway company, situated at Inchicore, where also, in connection with the works, are handsome rows of cottages, devoted to the drivers, stokers, and other persons in the employ of the company. Below Inchicore is seen Drymna Castle, an ancient stronghold of a once great Irish 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 his adherence to King James, and the title was not acknowledged till the thirteenth peer obtained a confirmation of his right to the barony in 1795.

On the opposite side, a little lower down, is Ballyfermot Castle and Church, dedicated to St. Laurence by the Templars. The village of Clondalkin is principally celebrated for the round tower standing here in a state of great preservation. It is 84 ft. high above the base (which is of solid stone), of rubble masonry; and measures in circumference 45 ft. Its extraordinary strength was tested some years back by the explosion of powder mills in its immediate neighbourhood, and which it stood uninjured. Lucan and Hazel-hatch present nothing of interest to the traveller. 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 still enshrined in the popular mind of Ireland in Banim's, Lover's, and other fictions of the day, 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. Celbridge Abbey, the seat of Mr. Henry Grattan, M.P., second son of the celebrated man whose name he bears, and the 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, is within four miles of the Celbridge station. The mansion, formerly the seat of the Talbots, commands a fine view, and is of a very princely character, on the Rye water. It was visited in 1849 by the Queen and Prince Albert, by whom it was

much admired; its collection of Claudes, Poussins, and several Dutch masters, including Holbein's "Earl of Kildare," being amongst the finest in Ireland. The house is also otherwise distinguished in this neighbourhood from its proximity to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth. Between Hazel-hatch and Straffan, the succeeding station, is seen Lyons Castle, the seat of the venerable and estimable Lord Cloncurry, who, though now in his eightieth year, is still animated by the same enthusiastic temperament and ardent love of country which have distinguished that long and eventful public life, and whose "Personal Recollections," lately issued by Mr. M'Glashan (1 vol. 8vo., 2d ed., 7s. 6d.), constitute one of the most interesting repertoires of political incident given to the present age, fruitful as it is in biographical literary experiences. The mansion, which is extensive, is built on the site of an ancient castle, destroyed by the O'Tooles. Within are collected many valuable works of art, chiefly accumulated by the illustrious owner during a residence on the continent.

Killadoon, situated on the north side of the rails, is the residence of the Earl of Leitrim, father of Lord Clements, the member for Leitrim, and late assistant Poor Law Commissioner. Below Straffan, on the south side, is the hill of Oughterard, 438 ft. high, the summit crowned by the remains of a round tower; and in the churchyard adjoining lie buried several of the Ponsonbys, prelates of Bishopscourt. At the 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 Palmerstown House, the seat of the Earl of Mayo, a representative peer, father of the Irish Secretary, Lord Naas, M.P. for Coleraine, by the only daughter of the Earl of Roden. At Osberstown, eighteen miles from Dublin, there is a rather deep cutting. Naas, one of the most ancient towns in Ireland, is here in the immediate neighbourhood, and is replete with historical interest of very remote as well as of comparatively modern times. It was 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 held their general Assembly. Near the town, forming a remarkable object, are the remains of Jigginstown, a building commenced on an enormous scale by the Earl of Strafford, the luckless vizier of the hapless Charles I. Naas, alternately with Athy, is the assize town for the County Kildare. It is situated in the centre of a fertile tract of country, and is a great market town. Past it runs the Grand Canal; and being, in addition, contiguous to the railway, it has of late years become a place of importance. At Naas, the line crosses the Liffey, pursuing its devious course to the capital by a handsome bridge, 270 ft. long, of eleven spans, each 19 ft. wide. Five miles further on, we reach the Hill of Allen, on the north side, the site of Fingal's or Almhin's

Hall, of Moore's song, commanding a wide prospect of that "Dismal Swamp" to which it has given its name. The scene of one of Ossian's poems is laid here, and it is the accredited retreat of Finn M'Coul.

X On the opposite side of the line, on the south, is seen Great Council Abbey, the ruin of a magnificent priory, founded in 1202, and, when "suppressed" by Queen Elizabeth, handed over to Sir Edmund Butler, one of the progenitors of the illustrious house of Ormonde. A mile further on brings us to the Newbridge station, an extensive military depôt. Passing New Bridge, we enter on the "Curragh" of Kildare, a vast unbroken, bleak plain (404 ft. above the level of the sea), consisting of 4858 statute acres. This tract is the property of the Crown, and is appropriated to racing and coursing; its races being the great sporting events of Ireland. The adjacent proprietors have the privilege of grazing sheep on the Curragh; and on the southern margin are collected numerous villas and sporting lodges, "Jockey Hall" and "Turf Lodge" being the appropriate names of two of these residences. Several battles have been fought on the Curragh. The Volunteers assembled here in 1783, and in 1804 it was the scene of the encampment of 30,000 "United Irishmen." On the Curragh are numerous earth-works, most of which are pronounced to be of a sepulchral character. The Curragh was once a forest of oaks, and here was the famous nunnery of St. Bridget, founded by her in 584, and in which, ages after, was an old small building, wherein, it is supposed, the Nuns of St. Bridget kept the inextinguishable fire mentioned by Giraldus, and alluded to in that beautiful melody of Moore's, commencing—

" Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm."

Beyond the Curragh is seen the Red Hill of Kildare (attaining an elevation of 679 ft.). Passing through the Curragh, we arrive at Kildare station, Kildare town being seen southward. The town, which gives the title of Marquis to the Duke of Leinster, is small and poor, dignified only by some ecclesiastical ruins (including the tombs of the Geraldines), and also a perfect round tower, 132 ft. high, visible for many miles round. Three miles beyond Kildare, viz., near the 33rd mile-post, at Cherryville, the Carlow branch of the Southern and Western Railway turns off the main line. At Monastereven station, 37 miles from Dublin, we reach the verge of the county, travelling afterwards into the King's and Queen's Counties. The town of Monastereven (deriving its name from an abbey of the seventh century) is wholly the property of the Marquis of Drogheda, whose seat, Moore Abbey, is close by, historically famous as containing the hall in which the Court of Chancery was held by Lord Ely in the rebellion of 1641. The Barrow waters Monastereven, and the line crosses the river by a splendid viaduct, constructed

of bars of malleable iron, resting on three piers, nearly 500 ft. in length. Portarlinton and Maryborough are the next chief stations.

The former is a Parliamentary borough, now represented by Colonel Dunne, Clerk to the Ordnance; the "Port" being on the Barrow, which runs past the town, one of the neatest in Ireland. Portarlinton must ever command the interest of all travellers as containing the school in which the "young idea" of the Duke of Wellington was first taught to "shoot," together with that of his scarcely less illustrious brother, the Marquis of Wellesley; the "boys" coming to Portarlinton from their (now ruined) residence of Dangan Castle, near Trim, in the County Meath.

Six miles from Portarlinton station is the town of Mountmellick, close to which are situated the works of the Irish Beet-root Sugar Company, whose progress hitherto is pregnant with promise of results most important in the industrial resources of Ireland. The *Illustrated London News*, in its number of the 17th of April last, gave a sketch of the works, and some valuable statistics of the operations; and it may be presumed that the universal circulation and high character of that most excellent and unique publication will attract general and abiding attention among capitalists of all parts of the empire to an enterprise that seems peculiarly well adapted to Ireland, and likely to be largely remunerative to all who embark in it with adequate means, and a determination to give the undertaking a full and complete trial. To those who would go fully into the matter we recommend a pamphlet lately published by Mr. M'Glashan; but as indicative of the extent and variety of the data that have been accumulated, under official authority, for the formation of a sound and reliable judgment on this and a somewhat similar subject, we extract the following paragraph from a report by Sir R. Kane, as Director of the Museum of Industry, to the Chief Commissioners of Works, contained in the Miscellaneous Estimates presented to the House of Commons, the first week of the present month of May, viz. :—"The inquiry undertaken by direction of the Earl of Clarendon into the nature and products of the process of destructive distillation of peat, and the official report printed and laid before both Houses of Parliament. This report, embodying the results of a very extensive and laborious series of chemical analyses, has been found of much service in illustrating the real condition and prospects of an important source of manufacturing industry in Ireland. The investigation commenced last year into the composition and properties of the sugar beet as grown in Ireland, specially with regard to its use in manufacturing industry, has been continued, and just now brought to a satisfactory close. The inquiry has included 167 examinations of the juice of the beet and other bulbous roots, 90 complete analyses of the proximate principles of the beet, 45 additional determinations of sugar, 31 complete analyses of the soils and subsoils upon which the specimens of beet had been grown; also a number of experiments to determine the condition of the sugar in beet, and the nature of the other constituents of the beet juice."

Of the "satisfactory" nature of the investigation alluded to, it is perhaps sufficient to say that the article is already in commercial request, samples having been consigned for sale to Mr. Devitt, of the Dublin Commercial Buildings. The quality of the sugar is very much approved of, although the company had to overcome difficulties which they will not have again to contend with, not having before undertaken the manufacture of refined sugar. They are described as strong grainy sugars, similar to those imported from Demerara and St. Lucia. The duty has been assessed at the same rate as on the British colonial sugars, viz., 10s. per cwt. The manufactories of the company are placed under a system of excise *surveillance* similar to that exercised over distilleries, paper factories, &c.

Emo Park (the Earl of Portarlington's, head of the Dawson family,) is a new mansion (on the south), and considered to be the finest in Ireland; the demesne being celebrated for its deer and its artificial lake. The renowned rock of Dunamase is seen on the south, about here, standing out insulated. On the summit stood the stronghold (the ruins remaining) of Strongbow, which was afterwards the scene of many sieges, and finally demolished by Cromwell. The Rock commands an interesting prospect of the country to an almost inconceivable extent, being seen from a distance 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 an immense degree of tourist curiosity, especially amongst explorers of the memorabilia of the Anglo-Irish feuds and feudalism.



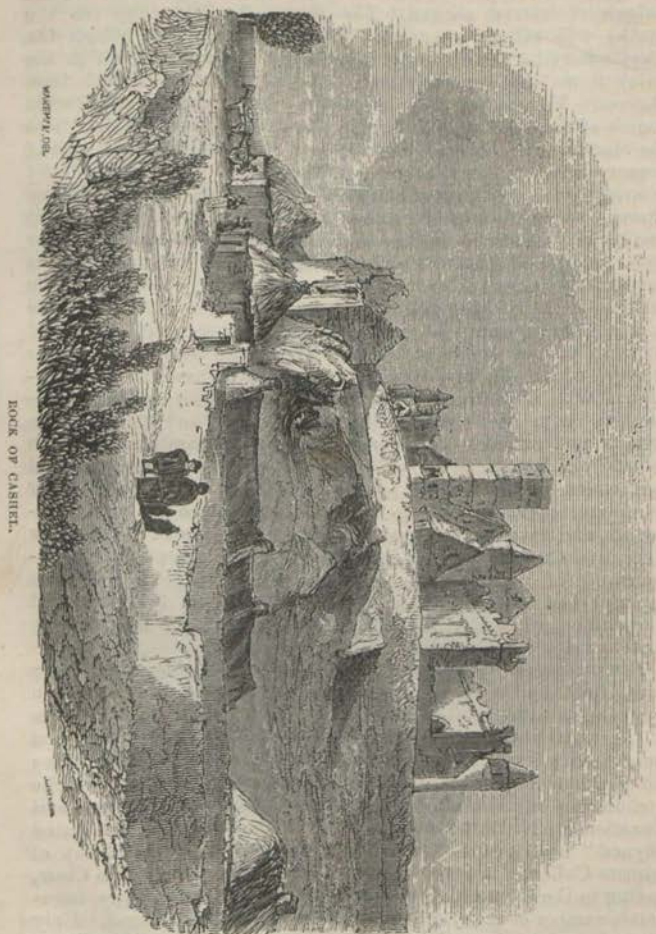
ROCK OF DUNAMASE.

Maryborough, which gives the title of Baron, (Constable of the Castle of Maryborough,) to the Earl of Mornington, the head of the Wellesleys, is the county town of the Queen's County; small, not prosperous, and unhappily situated in a flat, uninteresting country. The county gaol and the lunatic asylum (the latter covering 22

acres) are, however, fine buildings. From Maryborough to Bally Brophy (the latter 66 miles from Dublin) the line runs through an uninteresting country, principally bog, backed by the heights of the Slievebloom Mountains. Between Bally Brophy and Templemore (Tipperary) there is a far finer country to be seen, and objects of interest abound. The Devil's-Bit Mountains (on the north) will attract attention. These mountains, of which the Devil's-Bit (the name arising in a legend explaining itself in the title) forms the summit, rise to the height of 1572 feet from the sea. They spring from the verdant hills lying about Roscrea (north of the line, at Bally Brophy), and, sweeping circularly from the Slievebloom, range all the northern limits of the rich tract of country between Templemore and Tipperary. "One of the most interesting features," says the Chart of this line, "of the country through which the traveller passes, is the great number of ancient castles, either close to the line of railway, or at a distance on either side. After passing Bally Brophy, until we reach Dundrum, this is particularly remarkable. As we traverse the country of the O'Moores, the Fitzpatrick's, the Fogarty's, and the Butler's, we see such objects constantly—some in a state of fine preservation, and some in various stages of decay. The entire territory of Upper Ossory, which the line intersects, appears to have been encompassed with a continuous circuit of these castles, each communicating with and commanding those next to it, so as to form a perfect circle of defence around this "territory." Each "hold" has its special story; and those who have time may find amusement in the several legends which attach to each. Near Templemore, (which belongs to the Cardens, who are great benefactors, and have, at their seat, the Priory, remains of the Knights Templars' Castle,) is Templeboy, a village, in the immediate neighbourhood of which is Long Orchard, the seat of the most accomplished of all modern Irish tribunes, the late lamented Florentine ambassador, Richard Shiel, buried in the neighbouring churchyard.

The prosperous agricultural town of Thurles (eighty-seven miles from Dublin) is a very ancient one, on the Suir, and has been the field of many battles, the Danes having been defeated here in the tenth century, and the English settlers by O'Brien, and there having been divers conflicts in its neighbourhood during the parliamentary wars. 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. The next station, after Thurles, is Goold's Cross, leading to the town of Cashel. At this point of the country innumerable traces of ecclesiastical and feudal splendour abound. Holy Cross Abbey is three miles from Thurles; a splendid relic of church architecture; 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. East of Goold's Cross is the

celebrated group of ecclesiastical ruins, of which the centre is the Rock of Cashel—a regal fortress of the Kings of Munster, from an almost apocryphal period to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. The buildings now there have obviously been erected at



different eras. There is a round tower (ninety feet high) in perfect preservation; Cormack's Castle (Cormack was one of the kings); a

cathedral, a castle, a monastery. The story runs that, in 1101, the royal seat of the rock was dedicated solely to ecclesiastical purposes. The rock rises abruptly from the fertile plain to a considerable height above the town. At this place, Henry II. had the kingdom of Ireland confirmed to him by Pope Alexander, 1172, but the sanctity of this bequest did not afterwards prevent the Earl of Kildare, in the wars between the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds, burning the cathedral, with the excuse that "he would not have thought of committing such a sacrilege, but he was told of a certainty that the archbishop was in it." All the ecclesiastical ruins (of which there are many), in Tipperary, and, indeed in Ireland, sink into insignificance compared with those that crown the far-famed "Rock of Cashel."

"Here," exclaimed Shiel, in one of his addresses to the electors of Tipperary, "here my first cradle was rocked; and the first object that, in my childhood, I learned to admire, that noble ruin, an emblem as well as a memorial of Ireland, which ascends before us—at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality; where councils were held, where princes assembled; the scene of courts and of synods; and on which it is impossible to look without feeling the heart at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections." The town itself is unattractive, but the country about is rich; and, between Cashel and Tipperary, is situated another group of ruins, called the Abbey of Athassel, founded in 1200, by the "red earl," who was buried here, and whose tomb is still to be seen. From Goold's Cross to the Limerick Junction station twelve miles intervene, and the only point of interest passed is 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 Montealto, 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 through the instrumentality of the proprietors of Dundrum.

The *Limerick Junction* station is 107 miles from Dublin, and from this, the traveller to Limerick changes from the southern and western line on to the rails of the Waterford and Limerick line, Limerick being distant about twenty-three miles only from the junction. At and about the junction there are several points claiming notice. The town of Tipperary is only three miles distant. It lies in the very centre of the rich tract of land through which the line has been passing, and is watered by one of the Suir's numerous tributaries. The verdant and towering outlines of the Galtee mountains are easily discerned from the neighbourhood of the Junction. Arthur Young says they are certainly the finest of the Irish inland ranges, whether we regard their elevation, their appearance, or the generally fertile nature of their surface. Galtmore,

Deer

the highest summit, rises to an elevation of 3008 feet above the level of the sea. The land immediately near the station is the property of the Earl of Derby, having been purchased by him when Lord Stanley; and his mansion, a modern one, and erected by himself—Bally Kisteen—is visible from the rails. The house is neat; and surrounded by a finely-cultivated estate, in the midst of a grand country, and commanding fine 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 premier being as deservedly popular in one country as he is esteemed and admired in the other.

The land on either side of the rails, as the train hurries on, after a brief stay at the Junction, will continue to repay the rapid glance which alone the traveller can bestow, but which so very few of such wayfarers attempt to give. Knocklong is the first station after leaving the Junction behind. The bold hill of Knocklong, with the ruins of a church, and several castles, is 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, a place mentioned by Ptolemy 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 from Knocklong, on the north, is another ancient place, Hospital, (so called from the Templars, by whom a Preceptory was founded here in 1256, by Geoffrey de Marisco, and given as Kenmare Castle to Sir V. Brown,) a village with ruins of castle and church—privileges enjoyed by most of the villages in the fertile provinces we have been rushing through. About six miles from Knocklong (north) is Lough-Gur, a lake of four miles in circumference, containing several islands, which are crowded 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 circlets. Around the shores of the lake are to be seen a most extensive assemblage of supposed Druidical remains—stone circles, altars, and other rich rude monuments, some of them 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 moose deer.

On the other side of Knocklong is the famed glen of Aherlow, formed by the range of the Galtee mountains on the south, and that of the Slievenamuck on the north. The glen is very beautiful, and has been compared to the best of the glens of Wicklow. Kilmallock (124 miles from Dublin) has been called the Baalbec of Ireland. It is a mass of ruins, of every sort of ruin, at every stage of ruin. It has been a place of distinction from a period long anterior to the arrival of the Anglo-Normans: a round tower attesting a very ancient pre-eminence, and later ecclesiastical magnificence being indicated in the peculiar style of some of the ruins, of the early

Knocklong

Lough Gur
moose deer

Christian era of Ireland. Portion of a monastery, founded in the sixth century by St. Molach, is still to be detected. It was evidently a walled town before the English invasion of Ireland; and, under the Desmond branch of the native chiefs, the Geraldines, it was known as their chief city, and as a place of great strength. There are some stone mansions left, from the presence of which it is inferred that the civic splendour of the place was at its height subsequent to the reign of Queen Elizabeth—stone houses having then first come into use in towns in Ireland. The military history of Kilmallock is famous; the concluding chapters being sieges by Cromwell and the Duke of Berwick, the town giving the title of viscount to General Sarsfield, the devoted servant of the Duke's father and king. Outside the town, on the river, the Loobagh, are other ruins. Most conspicuously stand those of a Dominican abbey, founded in 1291. The hill of Ardpatrik, 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 the circumstance of some traces of gold and fossil remains having been found at Sunville, the old seat of the Godsals. Charleville is a neat little town, named thus euphoniouly by the Earl of Orrery (its original name was Rathgogan), in compliment to his master, Charles II. The earl built a splendid castle here; and the Duke of Berwick, in the war raised by James II., maliciously burnt the edifice 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.

Politico-biographical interest attaches to Charleville from the fact of its having been, at its classical school, that the celebrated Lord Avonmore, Baron Yelverton, first imbibed those scholastic predilections which helped to charm that congenial circle of which the immortal Curran was one of the brightest associates, and the almost sole survivor of which illustrious intellectual band is probably the venerable Lord Plunket. Six miles from Buttevant was the great Lisscarroll castle, now in ruins, which was built by King John, and was the vast stronghold of the Barrys. The change in the agricultural character of the country will be remarked here. We leave the rich champaign country and enter the hilly district, which extends westward to the Atlantic. The deep, rich, heavy, loamy soils, with their exuberant herbage, give place to more elevated lands, and less luxuriant vegetation; and the hills gradually rise and blend with the lofty mountain ranges. On rounding the Ballyhoura mountains, before we reach the Buttevant Station, an extensive view is obtained of their southern slopes and of the finely diversified country that extends eastward along their base.

Near Charleville, is the village of Mitchelstown, with the adjoining magnificent demesne of the Earl of Kingston; and between Mitchels-

town and Caher are the famous Mitchelstown caves, stalactite caverns of enormous extent. Buttevant, now mean and miserable, was once opulent and flourishing: numerous ruins telling the contrast, the abbey containing the remains of those who fell in 1647 at Knockninos, when Sir Alex. McDonnell (the "Colkitto" of Milton's sonnet, and "Ollistrum More," *i.e.*, "Alexander the Great," of Irish story,) was killed. 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, *Boutez en avant*, "Put Forward," in a fight with the McCarthys, gave this name to the town. The chief interest, however, of Buttevant, is, in the eyes at least of English tourists, its associations with the muse of the *Faërie Queene*. He who sang of "Mole, that mountain hore," and "Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep," resided at Kilcolman Castle, where he often received Sir Walter Raleigh, who, like himself, had obtained large grants of land, in this part of Ireland, from Queen Elizabeth. The castle of Buttevant is on the east of the town, rising from a rock, and overhanging the river Awbeg. When Spenser fled (in 1698), Kilcolman 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 included in Elizabeth's grant; but he forfeited them by his adhesion to James II. The lands were afterwards again restored to the family; but have long since passed away from them.

Mallow requires a somewhat detailed description; and we take the main facts from the admirably compiled "Handbook" of Mr. Fraser:—

Mallow, situated on the beautiful and romantic Blackwater river, is forty-three miles from Limerick, and twenty-one from Cork. It possesses no manufactures worthy of any particular classification, but has a good retail trade, and the weekly markets are well attended for butter and corn. It is one of the best country towns in the south of Ireland, and was resorted to in summer formerly by large numbers of opulent gentry; still attracting the citizens of Limerick, Dublin, and Cork, on account of the mineral waters, the properties of which are nearly identical with those of Clifton, being recommended chiefly for consumptive patients. The borough returns a member to Parliament, and its present member is Sir Charles Denham Orlando Jephson Norreys, Bart., the proprietor of the town, whose seat is in the neighbourhood. He has sat for the town since 1826, with the interruption only of the beginning of 1833, when Mr. Daunt was returned, because the present member would not pledge himself to the repeal of the union, but Mr. Daunt was unseated on petition.

Mallow, since the opening of the railways from Dublin to that town, and from Limerick to Tipperary, may be regarded, for nearly all Ireland, as the principal point of departure for Killarney. From Mallow to Cork the country is much diversified by hills and deep ravines, and consequently the cuttings and fillings are proportionally extensive. From the elevation which the lines of rail

generally maintain, good views, however, of the adjacent country on either hand are commanded.

From Dublin to Mallow the Great Southern and Western Railway, and from Limerick to Tipperary the Waterford and Limerick Railway run through the limestone plain which occupies 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 is at present the nearest Railway Station to Killarney, but in a few months there will be a railway between those two important tourist-towns. A company to make the "Killarney Junction Railway" has been formed, and has had an Act of Incorporation since 1846—the length of line authorised being thirty-nine miles, to extend from the Mallow station on the Great Southern and Western Railway to Killarney. Various circumstances have delayed the formation of the undertaking; but its construction is now proceeding with the utmost vigour. The chairman is Mr. John Pennefather—one of the directors of the Great Southern and Western, (which company has the power to subscribe 100,000*l.*, to amalgamate with, lease, or purchase the Killarney Junction;) and Mr. George Roe, also a Great Southern and Western director, is the deputy-chairman.

It is to the discrimination, energy, and influence of Mr. Pennefather (son of the celebrated judge), that the present construction of the line is due. Though comparatively young in undertakings of this nature, he is daily evincing the highest qualifications for the direction and management of such enterprises; and there can be small question that in the railway future of Ireland the name he bears will figure as eminently as it has already done in her judicial annals. He is fortunate in having allied with him, in the line we now speak of, a deputy-chairman of such deserved commercial celebrity, high social standing, and one so prominent in every attribute of exemplary citizenship, as Mr. George Roe, the proprietor of one of the greatest distilling establishments in the kingdom.

The Killarney Junction Line will be opened for traffic 1st of May, 1853. It is constructing by William Dargan, the Peto or Brassey of Ireland, who, from small beginnings, has risen to be the foremost man in the material and practical progress of his country. He is about fifty years of age; has been deservedly a very successful man—one of remarkable liberality in all his transactions, whose extent may be judged by the fact that at one time he had as many as 50,000 men employed under him. He has been applied to by numerous constituencies to represent them, but has in every case refused. He was the contractor for the first railway made in Ireland (the Dublin and Kingstown); and it is a proof of the remarkable sagacity and clear-sightedness of the man, that the directors, being on some occasion pressed to know the cost of making the line, applied to Dargan, who gave the figures in a few minutes. He adhered precisely to those figures when precise tenders were called for, and he got the contract some thousand pounds below any other person who tendered. He has since constructed the principal

portions of the Great Southern and Western, the Midland Great Western, the Belfast Junction, the Waterford and Limerick, &c. In fact, about four-fifths of all the railways constructed in Ireland have been made by him. The engineer of the line in question, Mr. Lefanu, is grand-nephew of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; but he fortunately combines with the wit and racy talent of his ancestor that practical ability which is rapidly raising him to the highest position in his profession.

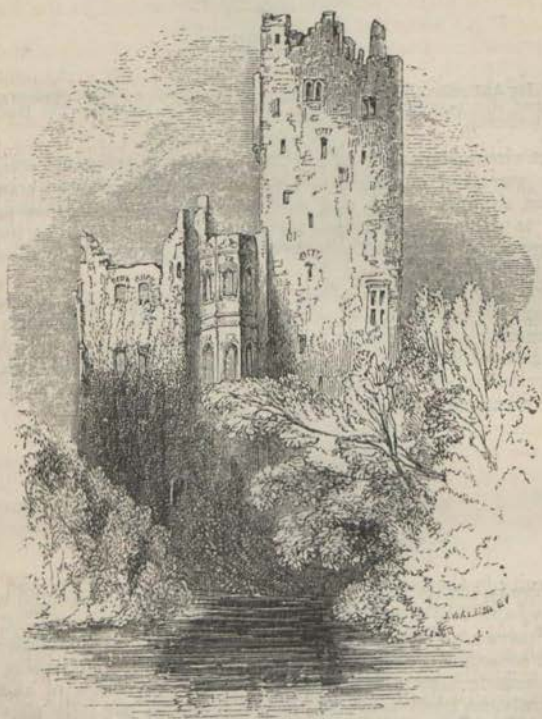
At present, good coaches run from the town of Killarney to Mallow, and complete the distance in about five hours. The road is not of a character to need description. Millstreet, a one-street town, is the only village of any pretensions along the line; and it is only to be observed from its situation, 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, the attention of the traveller will be drawn in a far greater degree than hitherto from the country to the railway itself. The viaduct over the Blackwater is a stupendous work, most honourable to the engineering skill and enterprise of Ireland; and from that point into Cork was obviously a heavy undertaking. The cuttings become numerous, and some of them very deep. Cork is entered by a tunnel, not yet completed, three-fourths of a mile long. The "fillings" balance the cuttings, however, and still good views are to be had of a country continuously replete with historical and legendary interest, though less attractive to the eye.

Blarney Station, four miles from Cork, ought not to be passed by without a slight sketch of the valley in which the far-famed village, with its groves and castle, and its kissing-stone, are situated. "When or how," says Mrs. Hall, in her delightful book upon the south, "the stone obtained its singular reputation, it is difficult to determine. The exact position among the ruins of the castle is also a matter of doubt, and the peasant guides humour the visitor, in respect to it, according to his or her capacity for climbing. He who has been dipped in the Shannon is presumed to have obtained in abundance the gift of that 'civil courage' which makes an Irishman at ease, and unconstrained in all places, and under all circumstances; and he who has kissed the Blarney-Stone, is assumed to be endowed with a fluent and persuasive tongue, although it may be associated with insincerity, the term 'Blarney' being generally used to characterise words that are meant neither to be 'honest or true.' The castle dates from the fifteenth century, and every step about the spot is hallowed by a legend. The exquisite climate, and the great beauty of the scene at Blarney, render it the favourite pic-nic resort of Cork parties." The works, station, &c., of the Southern and Western Company at Cork are on a large scale. It is the intention of the directors to proceed slowly with the works from Blackpool to the river Lee, that the development of the traffic may point out what further accommodation may be requisite.

hallow-
K. Lany

Blarney Castle is the seat of St. John Jeffries, a gentleman who has laboured unceasingly to introduce the most improved systems of agriculture, and is so eulogistically mentioned by Mr. Caird, in his late valuable work on the Agriculture of Ireland. The



BLARNEY CASTLE.

mention of this latter subject reminds us of a most material omission in the foregoing notice of this line, of one to whom agricultural, railway, and other improvements calculated to advance the interests of Ireland, owed more than probably to any man of his time—the late Mr. Purcell, whose memory is being regarded with more vivid gratitude and admiration each succeeding day, as the fruits of that industrial seed he sowed in so many ways are beginning to develop themselves throughout the length and breadth of the land he loved so well and served so substantially.

CHAPTER II.

CORK.

Cork.—Its Antiquity.—Its Present Position.—The Streets.—Father Mathew, and its Great Men, past and present.—The Buildings.—The Suburbs.—The Harbour.—Queenstown.

THE circumstance of the capital of Munster being not only the head-quarters of our southern tour, but also the scene during the present summer of the first "Great Exhibition" in Ireland, may seem to demand an ample description of the locality; but our arrangements compel us to apportion our space with equal impartiality and economy.

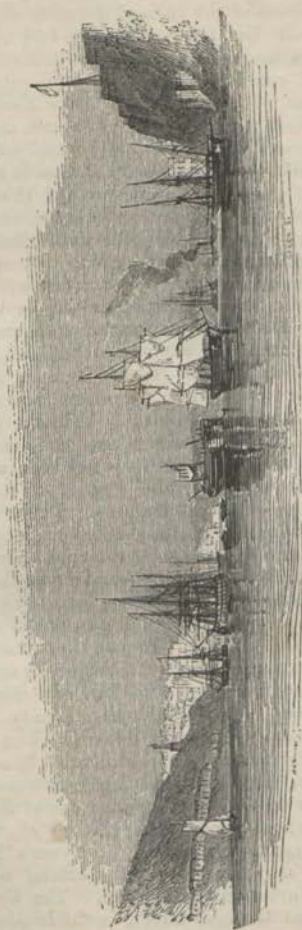
Cork, the shire-town of the county so called, and the second city in our kingdom in point of commercial importance, size and number of inhabitants, is situated at the head of the estuary of "the spreading Lee, that, like an island fair, encloseth Cork with his divided flood," as is said in the *Faëry Queene*, or, as a more modern bard describes it:—

"As crystal its waters are pure,
 Each morning they blush like a bride;
 And when evening comes grey and demure,
 With the softness of silver they glide.
 Of salmon and gay speckled trout
 It holds such a plentiful store,
 That thousands are forced to leap out,
 By the multitude jostled on shore."

The city is the central point in a valley of great extent and varied beauty, the Lee flowing through this valley to the sea. "This river," says a popular writer, "has its source in the mountain range which separates the counties of Cork and Kerry, and issuing from the romantic lake of Gougane Barra, after a course of about 40 miles, divides itself into two unequal branches one mile above the city, and again meeting, after a separation of nearly two miles, discharges itself into the ocean below Cove. The island, or rather group of islands, formed between the separation and junction of the river, constitute the principal portion of the present site of Cork.

"The more ancient, or walled city, however, occupied but two out of the entire number of islands, the rest, being low and marshy, and covered over in time of flood and high tides, were for several ages unoccupied. The increase of the city in wealth and importance since the revolution, led to the reclaiming of those wastes; streets have been gradually built upon them, and the intersecting channels arched over, greatly to the improvement of the salubrity of the city; and the once numerous cluster now forms but one extensive

island. It is connected with the main land by six bridges, beyond which the suburbs have, in course of time, grown to a considerable



CORK HARBOUR.

extent, and form, in point of fact, a most important portion of the city." This is a clear exposition of the topography of the city, and leaves little to be added. From north to south it is about two miles in extent; from east to west its breadth is about one mile; the north side of the city being the widest and best built.

Cork dates from the seventh century; local authority, claiming historical eminence, states that from the foundation of the first church in Cork, by its saint, Finbar, so named from his gray locks, down to the conversion of the bells of the same church into cannon, by Oliver Cromwell (in 1650), the city had undergone its full portion of the wars and calamities of the intervening periods. It is now, by general confession, the "beautiful city called Cork,"—a proverbial phrase. It has, however, like Dublin, in its back-grounds, a dense, dark side of poverty, disease, and misery. "To a stranger," Mr. Fraser well says, "the general appearance of Cork is very striking; and from many points of view it is really imposing. From the hills that limit the valley in which the principal part of the town is situated, the town itself, the river, and country immediately around, can be readily comprehended. But what appears at a distance so beautiful and imposing will not admit of a nearer survey." The commercial greatness of Cork will be indicated to the traveller both in the city itself, and as he steams down the superb harbour. This trading prosperity is maintained almost entirely by its great provision exports to England, live stock, eggs, salted provisions, corn, whiskey, tanned leather, and butter. But it has various other trades, of recent origin, and among the most noticeable of these is ship-building. Without referring to the antiquities of Cork, which, however, are sufficiently plentiful for the tastes of those travellers who have not been wearied along the railway route by the details of the Ireland of the past, we will glance rapidly at the principal features. There is bustle everywhere in Cork, on the quays, and in the streets; and the appearance of the public buildings attests a thriving city. Institutions, charitable, scientific, and literary, abound; and Cork is celebrated more than any other city in Ireland, or, excepting London, in the United Kingdom, as the birth-place of persons of eminence in the world of literature and the arts. Among the natives of Cork are—Barry and Butts, painters; Murphy, the Spanish traveller; General O'Leary; Miss Thompson, wife of Emperor Muley Mahomet; Wood, the antiquary; Townsend, the county historian; Dr. Maginn; Father Prout; Crofton Croker (Wilson Croker, of the *Quarterly*, is a Galway man); the Milikens; Sheridan Knowles; Hogan, the sculptor; Hastie, the Madagascar traveller; and last, but by no means the least, Daniel Maclise, one of the greatest of all modern painters, whose magnificent picture of "Alfred in the Danish Camp" is again the gem of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition. What may be termed the official edifices are few, but certainly they are remarkably fine. The County and City Court House, in Great George's-street, is the handsomest structure of modern date in the south of Ireland. The County Gaol, on the eastern road, (the County of Cork, be it remembered, is the Yorkshire of Ireland,) and the City Gaol, on the west bank of the Lee, are striking buildings from the roads, and are reported to be models of good management for order and economy. The New College, the "Queen's-College," is the great building of Cork, and

will excite much interest among English travellers for obvious reasons. The President, Sir R. Kane, is a man of European reputation. A building comprising a Museum and Dissecting and Lecture Rooms has been erected under the auspices of the late Lord Lieutenant and First Chancellor of the "Queen's University," and the structure has, in consequence, been named the "Clarendon Building."

The offices called the St. George's Steam Packet Company, on the quay, a point to and from which so much of the passenger traffic of Cork passes, is a pretty commercial building. We may also mention the Banks, in the South Mall, and the County Club House, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Custom House. The Churches, the Roman Catholic Chapels, and the Meeting-Houses of Presbyterians and Wesleyan Methodists, are numerous and handsome. The recently re-built Franciscan Friary Convent Church, between Cross-street and Grattan-street, will attract attention; and the Dominican Chapel, on Pope's Quay, will be worthy of a visit, for its connexion with the Rev. Theobald Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance," of whom the following brief particulars will be acceptable to some of our readers:—

Father Theobald Mathew, the Temperance Reformer, was born at Thomastown, October 10th, 1790. Having lost his parents early, he was adopted by his aunt, a lady of some means, and, at the age of thirteen, placed at the lay academy of Kilkenny. Here he remained for seven years, when, having a desire to enter the Church, he proceeded to Maynooth, and four years afterwards was ordained in Dublin. Before this period he had taken religious vows as a Capuchin, and he now entered upon his benevolent labours among the Irish poor, residing for some time at Cork. The pictures of misery produced by drunkenness, constantly presented to his sight among the Irish poor, deeply affected his mind, and he long revolved various plans for staying the moral plague. Meanwhile his arduous exertions, as a minister of religion, in comforting the poor and endeavouring to raise their condition, were daily strengthening his reputation. At length he determined to make the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks the lever with which to raise his degraded countrymen, and he commenced holding meetings, at first at Cork, where, twice a week, he addressed all comers upon the cause of their woes, the whiskey-bottle; and its remedy, the pledge. Acting upon an excitable people, already disposed to grateful attention to his counsels, he at once entered upon a career of surprising success, and hundreds of thousands of the most hardened drunkards enrolled themselves in his total abstinence society. The prestige and success now combining with the lustre of his personal character, rendered him an object of wondering veneration, and the pledge received from his hands became of almost sacramental virtue. He set out on a journey from town to town, and, his fame everywhere preceding him, his progress resembled a triumphal march. Tens of thousands welcomed him, the authorities paid him honour, and the pledge, with his blessing, was

universally demanded. At Nenagh he administered the pledge to 20,000 persons in one day; at Galway 100,000 received it in two days; between Galway and Loughrea, and on the road to Portumna, between 180,000 and 200,000 persons vowed to drink no more of the intoxicating cup. Having visited every considerable town of Ireland, he came to England on a like errand, and was received with joy. He has since visited the United States, whence he returned in the autumn of 1851. Father Mathew is descended from a good family; his brother was proprietor of a large distillery when Theobald entered upon his work of reform. He supported him with his purse while he could, for the good work ruined his trade, and he has been reduced to bankruptcy. Father Mathew himself has been brought to poverty and into debt by his benevolent exertions. To meet his wants, and pay a tribute to his worth, Government settled upon him an annuity of 300*l.*, a sum which, it is said, is only sufficient to pay the annual premium of an insurance policy held by his creditors as a security for his debts.

The bridges across the Lee are quite as fine as the Liffey bridges, and no one should leave Cork without a run up its "Broadway"—the Mardyke, at the west end of the town—a fine raised walk, a mile in length, and shaded by a double row of elms, on either side.

We are quite conscious of the incompleteness and numerous imperfections of this skeleton sketch of the "Beautiful City;" but we again beg to impress upon the reader that ours is not a topographical book, and must refer to Mr. Thom for statistics.

Having exhausted the city, the suburbs and the harbour will next engage the tourist. The outlets are magnificent. The best view of the city is to be obtained from an elevation to the north, called Barrack Hill. All the hills rising around are clothed with luxuriant foliage, adorned with beautiful walks, and studded with villas of the wealthy citizens, which command the whole valley of the Lee, whose latest laureate, the matchless Father Prout (Rev. F. Mahoney), has made its charms more than ever familiar to all English readers, in his inimitable "Shandon Bells," for which delightful lyric, as well as numerous others, including especially a polyglot version of the immortal "Groves of Blarney," pertaining to this tuneful vicinage, we refer to the Father's facetious fellow-Corkagian, Crofton Croker, in the "Popular Songs of Ireland," p. 236.

The roads leading to Blarney (which by all means should be visited), and to a place called Sunday's Well, and the upper and lower Glanmire roads, pass through and open up some of the most exquisite scenery in Ireland. Days might be enjoyed here: but a few hours, spent on a "good car," will enable the tourist to see nearly all the best "points" of the surrounding country. It is the noble harbour, however, that from which all the prosperity of Cork proceeds, which the traveller will be most anxious to explore.

There is a railway from Cork, through Blackrock, to Passage, opened in 1850, from which a steamer can be taken to Queenstown, (so called since Queen Victoria visited it, but formerly famous in

song and jest as Cove); or a steamer can be taken at Cork direct for Queenstown. Mrs. Hall, in her pleasant book, describes the impressions made upon her when entering Cork seawards. "The whole distance," she says, "to the landing-quay from the harbour's mouth, about twelve miles, is one continued scene of varied interest. To do full justice to the exceeding beauty of the River Lee is impossible. On either side, immediately after passing the harbour's mouth, numberless attractive objects in succession greet the eye, and the wild and the cultivated are so happily mingled, that it would seem as if the hand of taste had been everywhere employed skilfully to direct and improve nature." Moore, during one of his visits, called it "The noble sea-avenue to Cork;" and an Eastern traveller, with whom we journeyed, observed that "a few minarets, placed in its hanging gardens, would realise the Bosphorus." As we proceed along, 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. These hills are clad, from the summit to the water's edge, with every variety of foliage; graceful villas, and ornamented cottages, are scattered among them in profusion, and here and there some ancient ruin recalls a story of the past. A sail from Cork to Cove (Queenstown) is one of the rarest and richest treats the island can supply, and might justify a description that would seem akin to hyperbole. Its noble harbour, indeed, suggested the motto of the town arms, "*Statio bene fida carinis*"—the "*mala*," from the original Virgilian phrase, being omitted by a decidedly Irish freedom of interpretation.

The distant appearance of Cork harbour, from the seaward approach, is gloomy and rocky, but as its entrance between two bold headlands, scarcely half-a-mile apart, and crowned by fortifications, opens upon the river, its character undergoes a complete change; Queenstown, with the island of Spike forming a sort of natural breakwater, and several smaller islands, give variety to a noble expanse of sea that spreads out like a luxuriant lake. The harbour is one of the most capacious, as it is one of the most beautiful of the kingdom, and is said to be large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain. Queenstown is seen fronting the mouth of an harbour almost immediately after it is entered. It is built on the side of a steep hill, and rises from the water's edge, terrace above terrace, the more elevated parts commanding a magnificent bird's-eye view of the extensive anchorage. The harbour is diversified by other islands besides that of Spike (a convict depot), one of the most conspicuous being Haulboline, a depot for naval stores. Attention will be directed to Rocky Island, the government dépôt for gunpowder, stored in caverns excavated in the hollow rock. Leaving those islands to the left, as the voyager passes up the beautiful river, rounding a wooded promontory, the village and church of Monkstown come in sight. About a mile nearer the city is the village of Passage, where all large vessels discharge their cargoes. The next point is Blackrock Castle, famous in history as the spot whence William Penn

“went on ship-board,” to visit the New World. It should be understood that Queenstown, Passage, Monkstown, and the beautiful neighbouring glen of Glanmire, are to the citizens of Cork what Merrion, Kingstown, and Bullock are to those of Dublin. Queenstown has little actual trade, but its reputation for salubrity, admirable climate, and as an invalids' home, has been for some years on the increase, both in England and Ireland. During the war ^{Queen} it was a place of great bustle and importance. It was the station of an admiral, and the best harbour in the south of Ireland for the embarkation of troops ordered on foreign service; Wellington having embarked here for Portugal. It was also the rendezvous for merchant vessels to receive their convoy, and during the French war 600 sail of merchant vessels have been at anchor here at one time, and 400 sail have left under convoy in one day. Queenstown and its harbour is still a great victualling station, and the Cork establishments for the preparation of naval provisions are almost as vast as those at Greenwich or Portsmouth. A portion of the valuable and extensive estate of the Earl of Shannon, situated at the entrance to Cork harbour, is shortly to be sold in the Encumbered Estates Court; and as there is said to be a valuable lead mine upon it, doubtless it will command the attention of capitalists.

600
ships in
Cork Harb.

CHAPTER III.

FROM CORK TO KILLARNEY.

Various Routes to the Lakes.—Railway to Bandon.—Annals of the Town.—Recommendation to pursue the Coast Road to the Lakes.—The Scenery offers sufficient compensation.—Hotels at Skibbereen and Skull.—Mineral Riches.—Great field for Enterprise presented by the County Cork.—Magnificence of the Scenery.—Extraordinary cheapness of Provisions.—Excellent Society.—Capabilities of Crookhaven Harbour.—Road from Bandon to Bantry.—Scenery on the Route.

From Cork to Killarney there are several traditionally established routes, none without their special merits and charms. But as an ordinary tourist can find time to travel over only one of these routes, he very naturally decides upon taking the best; and the best, by universal confession, is that which brings him to Killarney, though somewhat circuitously, by the bays of Cork and Kerry, Bantry, Glengariff, and Kenmare. The roads between these points are hilly, difficult, and tedious; but, throughout they traverse a magnificent country, rich in past and present interest.

Leaving Cork, the tourist will proceed by the short line to Cork and Bandon, opened December, 1851. Bandon is a parliamentary borough town, represented by Viscount Bernard, son and heir of the Earl of Bandon, whose property we approach presently. It is not that property, however, but the Earl of Shannon's, which chiefly gives the parliamentary patronage, and as the latter nobleman's estate

in this neighbourhood is now in the market (and is seemingly a most desirable investment for an English purchaser), the political influence is made a prominent feature in the proposed transfer of the territorial proprietary. Lord John Russell sat for the borough for a short time just preceding the passing of the Reform Bill. The town itself is one of the neatest and comparatively most prosperous in the whole south. Beyond the usual retail trade common to all inland towns, it possesses some small manufactures of linen and camlet, and a little is done in cotton-spinning, blue-dyeing, tanning, and flour-grinding. The Bandon river, taking its rise about Dunmanway, is navigable; and by it timber and coals, as well as, by the railway, facilities for a considerable trade, are fully supplied. In the vicinity is Castle Bernard, the seat of the Earl of Bandon.

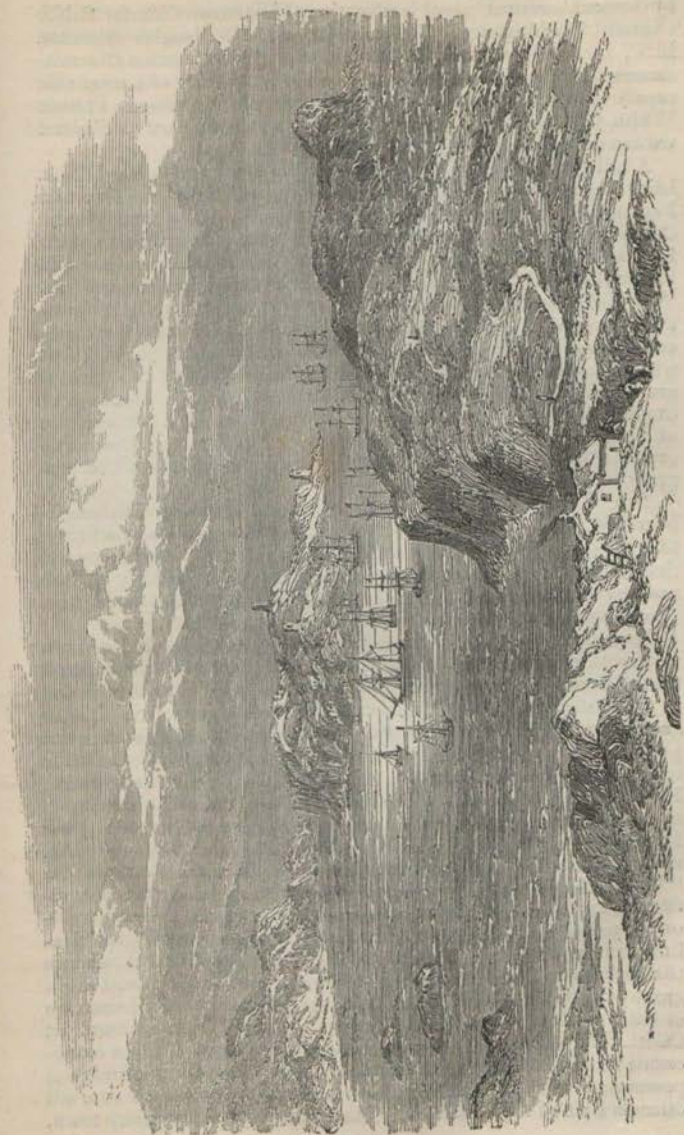
Immediately around Bandon the soil is of an excellent character, and the cultivation is on the highest scale: but, passing Bandon, on as far as Bantry, the country, though varied and naturally beautiful, is bleak, and the prevalence, owing to recent circumstances, of dilapidated huts and neglected land, will be observed with pain. In fact, the road lies through the too famous Skibbereen Union, the Union most afflicted in the period of the famine and partial famine of 1846 and 1847, and this will explain the appearances referred to as well as the absence of population—circumstances, there can be no doubt, of but temporary duration. It is worthy of remark, however, that there are two excellent hotels at Skibbereen, and two more at Skull, with admirable attendance and very reasonable prices.

And this leads us to offer a recommendation, which many readers of our little volume will do well to profit by, namely, instead of pursuing the ordinary tourist track from Mallow to Killarney, to descend south from Bandon to the coast, the scenery of which is comparatively little known, and will amply reward the explorer. The course we advise will also be found very economic if two or more persons hire a car at Bandon, which they may do at sixpence a mile, and proceed at their option along the shores of the Atlantic, almost every mile of which opens up new and ever-changing views of the most picturesque marine scenery, vast portions of the 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 Courtmacsherry, (in itself a perfect gem in the nautical landscape, the bay being one of the most lovely on the whole coast,) thence to Clonakilty, Roscarberry, 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. One remarkable peculiarity of this route is the extraordinary mineral richness with which the whole coast seems to teem; veins of copper cropping out in all directions, and attesting resources which openly cry aloud for development through the instrumentality of capital directed by experienced skill. The richness of which we speak seems to come to a focus in the neighbourhood of Crookhaven, to which we would therefore, especially invite attention as a field

for enterprise. A valuable estate is now in the market, forming a portion of this harbour, the property of John Hyde, Esq., of Castle Hyde, on which there is a copper mine of great value.

"The county Cork is universally described as the most peaceable in the south of Ireland. If any nervous Englishman has any fear of investing his capital in any of the other districts to which his attention is directed, here he need certainly have no such apprehension. Here he may put up his household gods with perfect tranquillity and peace of mind. And nobody could desire for them a more beautiful location. Almost every part of the county abounds in the picturesque; and in contrast with other parts of Ireland, there are portions of Cork which owe as much to the hand of man as to the bounty of Providence. The mansions and villas which adorn the river Lee all the way from Cork to Cove, the noble country seats and fair domains which line the Blackwater from Mallow to Youghal, might impress a foreigner with an idea of wealth and luxury of which Ireland at present has no conception."

Take, for instance, the district lying between Bandon, where the railway south of Cork ceases, to Crookhaven, which latter place itself would be worth a journey, if only for the sake of obtaining a peep at the famous Cape Clear, where the Atlantic surge is first experienced in all its majestic immensity by the western voyager. All this neighbourhood may be said to present a field for the profitable investment of capital, and for industrial enterprise not often to be met with. Amongst the leading advantages may be mentioned,—the existence of valuable copper mines, the proximity of excellent fishing grounds, extensive water-power, fine harbours and sea frontage, with inexhaustible supplies of sea sand and sea weed, the fertilising effects of which are well known. The climate is remarkable for its extreme mildness and salubrity, which, combined with the prevalence of westerly and southerly winds, renders this district peculiarly suitable for grazing. The soil is admirably adapted for the growth of flax and hemp,—crops which possess increased value from the important discoveries of the Chevalier Claussen, Schenck, and others. The harbours, headlands, and numerous bays on the coast present scenery of the most varied and attractive character; and there is scarcely any portion that does not present the most striking situations for marine villas and sporting lodges. The cheapness of provisions will be seen from the following list of prices:—Beef and mutton being only 3*d.* per pound; butter, from 7*d.* to 8*d.*; eggs, from 3*d.* to 4*d.* per dozen; chicken's, per couple, from 6*d.* to 8*d.*; turkeys, per couple, from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.*; turbot, about 1*d.* per pound; haddock, hake, and other fish $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* per pound; and all other descriptions of food equally cheap. There is excellent society in the neighbourhood, and the inhabitants are peaceable, industrious, and well disposed. This district has always been free from agrarian outrage. Crookhaven Harbour is a place greatly resorted to by shipping. From its extreme south-western position it is peculiarly suitable for a Transatlantic Packet Station or port of call. The strongest opinions have been expressed on this subject



CROOKHAVEN HARBOUR.

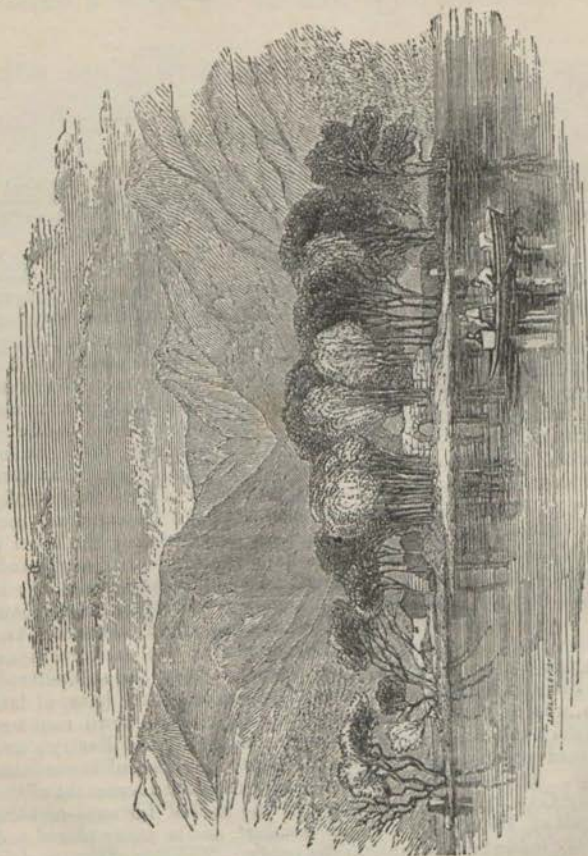
by several eminent naval authorities, Lieutenant Church, R.N.; Captain Washington, R.N., and Captain H. Mangles Denham, R.N., in the Report of the Transatlantic Packet Station Commissioners, lately published, all completely confirmatory of a most able report drawn up some two years before by Mr. George Preston White, C.E., whose valuable observations on this part of Ireland we are now incorporating with our text.

A railway has recently been projected to this port by Mr. White, being an extension of the line already opened between Cork and Bandon. The advantages which would ensue from its completion and the establishment of a packet station, are numerous and important; the tedious and dangerous navigation of the channel voyage would then be avoided, as well as a considerable saving of time and expense. The Mizen-head, or Cape Clear, is the first land generally made by the American Packets; Crookhaven would, therefore, be a most convenient harbour, as a port of call, as steamers might touch without altering their course. The fishing-grounds off the harbour are admitted to be amongst the finest in Ireland. There is an excellent market here, and vessels frequently come in for supplies of provisions. At the southern side of the harbour a valuable copper mine is being worked; the mineral discovered on the property being very rich.

The "Times" Commissioner, speaking of mines in this neighbourhood, says:—"It is a fact, which the Swansea sale lists prove, that the copper ores found in the mines of Cork are among the richest in the world; are nearly twice as rich in the quality of their produce as the richest copper mines in the world, and more than twice as rich as the richest copper mine in Cornwall."

Resuming now the course from which we broke off, when we invited digression from Bandon south to the coast, we proceed from Bandon to Bantry through Dunmanway by the route included in the tourist's ticket. The former town is 40 miles from Bantry and 20 from Cork. On either side of this direct road lie scenes and places of very great attraction. The river Gullane, on which the town of Macroom is situated, rivals the Lee in extent and beauty. From Macroom to Inchegeelagh (that is, "the Island of the Hostage"), the road opens up scenes of savage grandeur and beauty. Near Inchegeelagh is the Lake of Gougane Barra, in which the Lee, running thence to Cork, has its source. Gougane Barra is the "Holy Lake;" and it is visited as a spot of wild and stern magnificence, and as one of the strongholds—not yet quite surrendered—of superstition in Ireland for centuries. It is a scene of utter loneliness in a perfect amphitheatre of hills. The small island, whence the 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 Finbar, before he journeyed to found his great church at Cork. The waters of the well here were supposed to be consecrated: and to this lake 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. Dunmanway is a very pretty town,

but offers no point of interest. From this to Bantry, the road, for a great distance, lies along a plain; and, contrasted with the roads



COUGANE BARRA, THE SOURCE OF THE LEE.

continuing from Bantry to the lakes, this section of the journey is likely to be recollected with but slight pleasure.

CHAPTER IV.

BANTRY AND GLENGARIFF.

Bantry Bay.—Historical Incidents.—Mountain Road to Glengariff.—Opinions of Mrs. Hall and of Mr. Titmarsh.—Views from the Hill Road leading to Killarney.—Cromwell's Bridge.—Fridge constructed of the planks of wrecked French War Ships.—End of first Two Days' Journey to the Lakes by this Route.

THE far-famed Bay of Bantry appears, as it is approached, either by the coast route, through Dunmanway, or through Gougane Barra, a truly glorious scene. As it is neared along the dreary road from Skibbereen, a sudden turn, at the base of a rugged hill, opens up the whole bay to the view. In the distant back-ground are seen the Killarney mountains, Mangerton, and the Reeks; nearer rises Hungry Hill, (2251 feet high, and a principal sea-mark, having also a waterfall,) the Sugar-loaf, and the lengthened range of the Caher mountains, among which are said by the peasantry to be not less than 365 lakes—the number suggesting the logical legend that some good saint, of aqueous propensities, prayed for a pool for each day in the year. Within the bay, at the feet of the spectator, are seen small islands; the prettily situated town; and facing the town is Whiddy Island, crowned with its imposing fort, which commands the whole bay. The bay in length is about twenty-one miles; in breadth from two and a half to three miles; and its shores are landlocked by abrupt headlands. The town, or village, consists of two streets; but even this small place affords two excellent inns. Although the harbour is so fine, so commodious, and so sheltered, very little trade is carried on; and even the fisheries have, of late years, unaccountably dwindled. The road into the town runs immediately under the exquisite demesne of the Earl of Bantry; and this road presents a continuous though varying line of remarkable beauty. The seat of the Earl of Bantry (Deputy Lieutenant of the County Cork, and brother-in-law of the Earl of Listowel and the Marquis of Thomond,) is called Seacourt, and is nobly placed and as nobly rendered accessible to the public. The Bay of Bantry, few will forget, was occupied in 1796 by a French fleet, carrying 15,000 men, who were intended for the invasion of Ireland. The plan originated with Wolfe Tone, the agent of the United Irishmen, and the large force was commanded by the gallant and ill-fated General Hoche. The fleet was dispersed in a storm, and suffered greatly; and though a large squadron was re-collected in the bay, Hoche, on the ground that he had received no encouragement from the people, refused to venture on a landing. Richard White, Esq., for his exertions on that occasion against the enemy, was made Baron

Bantry, and presented with a gold medal by the city of Cork. He was subsequently advanced to the Earldom, with the second title of Viscount Berehaven, and was father of the present earl, whose



BANTRY BAY.

brother and heir is the Hon. William Henry Hedges, brother-in-law of Mr. H. Herbert, M.P., Muckross Abbey, Killarney, of whom we shall have to speak hereafter.

Between Bantry and Glengariff (on the opposite side of the bay) there is a fine mountain-road, sweeping through many superb scenes; and though Glengariff can also be reached by boat across the bay (seven miles), the overland route is generally preferred. Glengariff lies at the head of a narrow arm of the sea, running in from the northern end of the bay, marked in the maps as Glengariff Harbour. The road, round, from Bantry, lies along a range of hills, which spring from the bay and unite with the northern mountain ranges—the whole route offering an ever-changing panorama. North-west of Bantry is the mountain of the Priest's Leap, in connection with which there are endless legends to be told.

Glengariff, or rather the Rocky Glen, has been finely described by Mrs. Hall. 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, inclosed 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 the exquisite scene—the charm of a soft climate embracing every other—is obtained from the height of the hill 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 reward him. The village of Glengarriff consists of only a very few houses. They are collected round the hotel, a pretty white house, built against a hill, which rises high above it, and standing within a few yards of the clear water. From every point of view the bay is beautiful; but is most beautiful seen from the windows of the little hotel—a hostelry placed in a paradise, and which all are loth to leave—even for Killarney. The glen is the property of the Bantry family. The only antiquity in the immediate neighbourhood is an old bridge, now in picturesque ruin, which in ancient times, was on the high road to Berehaven. It is called "Cromwell's Bridge," and the tradition is, that it was built on an hour's notice by the order of



CROMWELL'S BRIDGE.

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 of less antiquity, but entitled to notice. It crosses a diminutive brook in the little demesne within Lord Bantry's gates; and it is said to be constructed with the planks of the French war-ships, wrecked in the bay in 1797.

* * *Glengariff terminates the first of the two days' journey from Cork to the Lakes by this route.*

CHAPTER V.

FROM GLENGARIFF TO KILLARNEY.

Road to Berehaven full of Historical Incidents.—Ruins of the Castles of the O'Sullivans.—Hungry Hill.—Effect produced by the Adrigole Stream.—Contiguous Mountain and Valley Scenery.—Valentia, the Knight of Kerry's Home.—Birth-place and residence of O'Connell.—Road to Kenmare.—Kenmare Town.—Lansdowne Lodge.—The Marquis in Ireland.—The Blackwater and its Historians, Wilde and O'Flanaghan.—Road to Killarney.—Glimpse of the Lakes.—Distant View of the Gap of Dunloe.

THE road to the lakes from Glengariff lies across the peninsula, formed by the Bays of Bantry and Kenmare to Kenmare town; and thence, still through a mountainous country, to the town of Killarney. West of this road, as south of the road from Bandon to Bantry, are points, a reference to which may add to the interest of the route. The whole peninsula, or promontory, down to Berehaven, is a very wild and picturesque district, replete with historical associations, and studded with the ruins of castles and holds of the O'Sullivans—for centuries the lords of the soil of this part of the kingdom of Kerry. The mountains constituting the peninsula are generally comprehended under the names of Glengariff, Caha, and Slieve Misk. Hungry Hill is the highest; and it is from its precipitous acclivities that the Adrigole stream is thrown over a ledge of rocks 700 ft. in height, thus being the finest mountain cataract in the kingdom. When the river is swollen the effect is sublime. On the other side of Kenmare Bay, still west of the Killarney road, is the celebrated two lakes of Curragh, which, though known to anglers, are seldom visited by tourists; lost as these beautiful lakes are, so to speak, in the greatness of the reputation of the contiguous Killarney. Further on, a road is carried at the height of 200 ft. along the edge of the cliffs, forming the base of the Drung Mountain, which rises precipitously, facing the Atlantic, to the height of 2104 ft.; and this road commands for several miles a delightful view of the noble Bay of Dingle, and the Dingle Mountains beyond, presenting one of the most interesting portions

of all the sea-coast scenery in the British empire. In descending to the coast, at the head of a small bay forming the mouth of the Cahir river, we find the humble birth-place of the late Daniel O'Connell. Valentia harbour is a beautiful spot, and the most westerly European port; the island of Valentia being the property and seat of the Knights of Kerry. The front of the harbour is Cahirveen; and about sixteen miles thence is Derrynane, which was the hospitable home of O'Connell for many years before his death. From Derrynane can be seen the great Skellig rocks, known to all mariners. From every point of this coast the Atlantic, rolling and breaking on the headlands with tremendous power, is beheld in all its appalling grandeur. Lord John Manners says:—"Be it known to all tourists that the neatest, cleanest, and most comfortable little hotel in all Ireland is that at Valentia, kept by Mrs. Roper." And, at the risk of being deemed out of place, we must here give another extract from the same noble writer:—"The twenty miles from Kenmare to Glengariff form 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 bogmyrtle, long grass, maiden's-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 pictured 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 Brest or Plymouth."

The road now invariably pursued by vehicles (pedestrians and horsemen should take all roads), between Glengariff and Kenmare, is a new one, having been constructed by Nimmo, monuments of whose genius are frequently encountered in Ireland, and of whom we shall have more particularly to speak when we come to Connemara. Formerly there was but a mountain pass, with places impracticable to cars, which, in a way at once Roman and Irish, went straight forward up mountains and down mountains, indifferent to all difficulties. The new way winds along the various mountain ranges at a rate of ascent sufficiently easy for general traffic, and allows of admirable views of the splendid country which it traverses

In its progress, to avoid still heavier works, it passes under three tunnels, 600 ft. in length; and it approaches Kenmare by a suspension-bridge of 410 ft. in length. The large tunnel is the division between Cork and Kerry. The passage through the tunnel results in a great "effect." For miles up to the tunnel the tourist passes through cuttings or dark glens, and as he emerges from the darkness of the tunnel itself, he is dazzled by the grand and far-extending prospect which bursts upon him—a smiling valley dizzily deep below, where a broad and angry stream (the Kenmare river) is diminished by the distance into a mere streak of white, in the midst of green; far away again, more mountains rising, and enclosing the beautiful vale. Nearly the whole of the district, from this point to Kenmare, belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne, the property having come into the family with Sir Wm. Petty, who obtained the grant, and established a colony of Englishmen here in 1670. The country is well cultivated, and the duties of landlord admirably administered by the agents of the noble Marquis; but though the extent of the emigration of late years has deprived the picture for the present of much of that value it formerly had, numerous homesteads, and cottages, and villages, still cluster round the National School.

Kenmare is a neat, clean, little town, with an excellent inn. It is 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; is 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. As Mr. Fraser 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's agent, is close to the town. The Blackwater river flows into the bay; its course from Mallow thither being through a most delightful country.

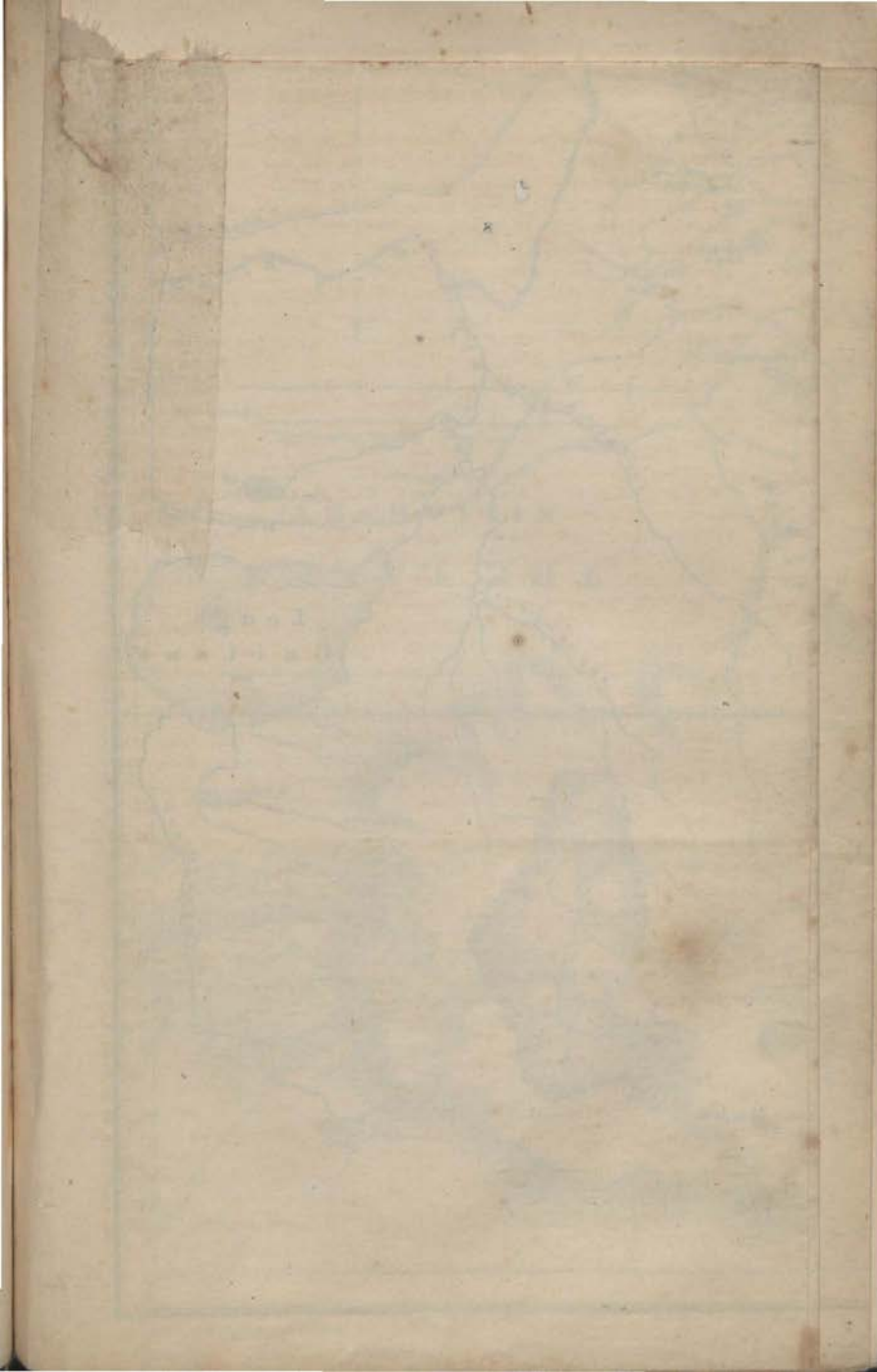
We here take this opportunity of correcting what, in the opinion of many Irish travellers who may have accompanied us thus far, will have appeared a most grievous omission, namely, the avoidance of any allusion to this famous stream, which deservedly ranks as the most beautiful of all the Irish rivers, not excepting the lovely Lee itself. Our limits, however, will not permit us to do more than briefly to state that, in the words of its eloquent annalist, Mr. O'Flanagan (to whose beautiful volume we earnestly recommend the reader)—

"The Blackwater, during its entire course, a distance of 75 miles, runs through a country rife with historic recollections, and diversified so agreeably, as to offer an abundant field to the lovers of the picturesque; whether he delights in the quiet landscape of wood and water—sunny slopes crowned by tasteful mansions—or prefers the bolder prospect of the rapid flood, foaming round the base of the rock, sustaining the solitary castle, the massive walls of which seem to mock time in their strength, and long destined to survive the

names of those who reared them. At one place the banks are richly wooded—at another the river glides through a plain of corn and meadow-land—now beneath frowning mountains, steep and barren—anon amidst fertile valleys. Memorials of the piety or chivalry of by-gone years are frequent along the river, and add to the natural beauty of the scene; while populous towns or quiet hamlets mark the abodes of men."

It may be necessary to caution the reader, that the *Blackwater* of Mr. O'Flanagan is not the *Blackwater* which forms an equally elegant and beautiful, and still more interesting volume, by Mr. W. R. Wilde, entitled "The Boyne and the Blackwater" (M'Glashan, 2nd edit.) and to which we shall have to refer when we enter upon the northern part of our trip; but the acquaintance with the southern Blackwater, of which we are now speaking, will be imperfect, even with the aid of Mr. O'Flanagan, unless the reader consult the admirable articles, entitled "The Lee and the Blackwater," published in the "Dublin University Magazine," in 1848, and now reprinted in a separate form, with additions, apropos to the expected visit of Her Majesty to the Duke of Devonshire's princely seat of Lismore Castle, County Waterford.

The road from Kenmare to Killarney is, for the first five or six miles, of the same character as that which has already been passed; but the rest of the seventeen miles is new, and soon the first glimpse is obtained of the Lakes. "Beneath us, on the left," says a vivid painter, "lies an extensive valley, through which the Roughty or Red River wends its way: beyond this valley is a range of splendid hills that separates it from Coom-Dourg, or the Black Valley; and as the eye glances beyond the eastern shoulder of this range, you observe in the distance the wild and dark Gap of Dunloe, now seen for the first time; and still further, towering above the Gap, the jagged outline of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, the great landmark of the surrounding distance; while to the east of the Gap you catch the outline of the Purple Mountains, beneath which lie the bright waters of the Upper Lake of Killarney." By degrees the Upper Lake becomes distinct; and as the road rounds, rock after rock, still high above the Lakes, the Middle and Lower Lakes break gently on the view. Then the road, winding, and at every instant opening up a new scene, begins to descend gradually; and it may be said, that before the town of Killarney is reached, already a panorama of the Lakes has been obtained.





CHAPTER VI.

KILLARNEY.

Native Guides.—The Spillanes.—Their abilities.—Other classes peculiar to Killarney.—Pipers.—“Mountain Dew Girls.”—Wood Ornament Sellers.—Beggars.—Likelihood of their Diminution.—Carmen.—Boatmen.—Extortion the exception, not the rule.—Hotels.—Recommendations with regard to arrangements for Lake Excursions.—Gap of Dunloe.—Echoes.—Black Valley and Upper Lake.—View of Eagle’s Nest.—Old Weir Bridge.—“Meeting of the Waters.”—Thackeray’s Description of Tore Lake.—Copper Mine at Muckross.—Mr. Herbert and his praiseworthy efforts.—Lower Lake.—Ross Castle.—View of the Pass between Glenna and Tore.—Copper Mine.—Island of Innisfallen.—O’Sullivan’s Cascade.—Bay of Glenna.—Lady Kenmare’s Cottage.—Description of the Stag Hunts.—Ruins of Muckross Abbey.—The Reader now best left in the hands of the Guide.—Other spots yet to be noticed.

WE will not attempt to describe the Lakes. We will not attempt “a guide” to them. Those who go to Killarney go to stay for at least two days; and their best “guide” is, when a survey and not a glimpse is contemplated, not a book, but one of the men who obtain their livings by hiring themselves out for the day as cicerones to the beautiful neighbourhood. These persons constitute a numerous class, all clever, ready, and intelligent, and some of them possessed of qualities which, through the books of literary tourists, have rendered them famous. Mrs. Hall, in her book, acts as the Plutarch of successive generations of distinguished “guides.” Two remain, and have always the preference with those who have heard anything of Killarney before visiting it. These are the Spillanes—father and son. The elder is a bugler (the bugle being indispensable to the guides for the purpose of awakening the echoes,) of the highest order, worthy to rank beside Koenig as an executant, and penetrated with the 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 *locale*. 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 the merit of being 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.

There are other classes peculiar to Killarney. First, there are the pipers; and chief of these is Gandsey, an old blind man, a true musician, and a genuine wit, whom every one should hear play before departing from the Lakes. Gandsey is accompanied and guided by his son, also an excellent musician. Next, there are the

"Mountain Dew Girls," vendors of whiskey and goats' milk, who meet the tourist at every turn, insisting upon his disposing of his small change in return for a glass of their mixed liquors. These girls are all poor, and the nature of their occupation compels what is regarded by the stranger as forwardness. But, as a class, it is notorious that they are women of excellent character; and this suggestion may induce kindly treatment of them, it being impossible to avoid or escape them. Then there are the arbutus wood ornament sellers—generally young girls, who travel about the Lakes, and in the vicinity of the hotels, carrying baskets crammed full of pretty nick-nackeries, manufactured in the town of Killarney, either out of the fine arbutus wood, which is so plentiful at the Lakes, or out of the Irish bog-oak, whose capacity for the formation of exquisite articles of *vertu* was made abundantly apparent at the Great Exhibition this time twelvemonths, many of the objects in the Irish Furniture Bog-oak Department rivalling the choicest specimens of Swiss and German handicraft, and commanding proportionate popularity and prices, as they undoubtedly deserved to do. The Killarney specimens are very cheap, and, regarded in the light of souvenirs of the Lakes, a large trade is thus carried on by these itinerants. Lastly, there are the beggars—certainly not peculiar to the Lakes—but abounding here, in the summer, from far and near, as to a great harvest. Let the tourist be warned: these are all impostors. Undoubtedly objects of charity are numerous in Killarney; and those desirous of indulging in charity can find the best means of being generally useful through the resident clergymen of the town. There is good reason, however, for believing that the annoyance to the traveller from these importunities will, this year, be considerably mitigated, as compared with past grievances of a like nature, owing to the exertions of Mr. H. Herbert, M.P., and others, to abate a nuisance which must be looked upon as the one great drawback to the full enjoyment of these otherwise delightful scenes. The tourist will see, also, much of the 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, and 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 here we may make a separate and distinct reference to the matter by observing that there are no less than five hotels at Killarney and in the neighbourhood; they are the Kenmare Arms and the Hibernia, situated in the town,—the Victoria, the "Lake," and the Muckcross Arms, at a short distance out of it, and nearer the Lakes. The principal—the Victoria, and the "Lake"—are about a mile-and-a-half from the town. Their situations are greatly in their favour; as, independent of the

beautiful views obtained from their windows, of the Middle and Lower Lakes, Innisfallen Island, &c., they are, besides, close to many points of interest. The Muckross Arms, at Cloghreen, about two miles from Killarney, is also conveniently situated: although it does not possess the advantage of presenting a view of the Lakes, it is nevertheless convenient, from its proximity to Muckross Abbey and domain, Mangerton, &c. The charges here are very moderate:—breakfast, 1s. 6d.; bed, 1s. 6d.; and dinner, 2s. 6d. At the Victoria, and "Lake," a little higher. All are admirably managed. We would recommend the tourist, pressed for time, to divide his patronage between these inns; as by so doing, much time may be saved in visiting points of interest. The landlords supply the boats, of which see tariff, at the proper place. Persons who wish to remain for any length of time at Killarney, will find no difficulty in procuring lodgings in the town. The Torc View Hotel, at a short distance from Killarney, is also well worthy of the patronage of the public, situated as it is in the centre of the Lakes' most beautiful scenery.

Those resolving upon a visit to Killarney should, in the first place, read some of the general descriptive accounts. The best, beyond doubt, with some material errors and defects, being the elaborately illustrated "A Week at Killarney, by Mr. and Mrs. C. Hall," and the authoritative, minute, complete, and accurate, though less descriptive, "Guide to Killarney and Glengariff," published by Mr. M'Glashan. Arrived at Killarney, and before setting out on the explorations, the map of the lakes should be studied, and thoroughly comprehended; and if the tourist should have 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 then have acquired a sufficiently general conception of the geography of the locality to enable him to connect the scattered references and narratives of the guides. On this head we account ourselves particularly fortunate in being able to present our readers with the very best map ever yet published. It has been most carefully reduced from the Ordnance Survey, by Mr. G. P. White, C. E., who acknowledges himself much indebted to the surveys of Mr. Nimmo and others for very valuable information, and therefore claims for it great accuracy. With respect to the names of places, the orthography of the Ordnance Survey has been followed in every instance; and as great pains were taken in the compilation of that work, it must be considered a high authority.

To possess our readers fully of the benefit of Mr. White's hydrographical experience on this spot, we have accompanied his map with the substance of his observations and advice relative to the best mode of traversing his footsteps "o'er mountain and o'er flood." Let it be remembered, that two days, at the very least, are necessary to see the Lakes; as a mere affair of physical labour, three days 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 long duration.

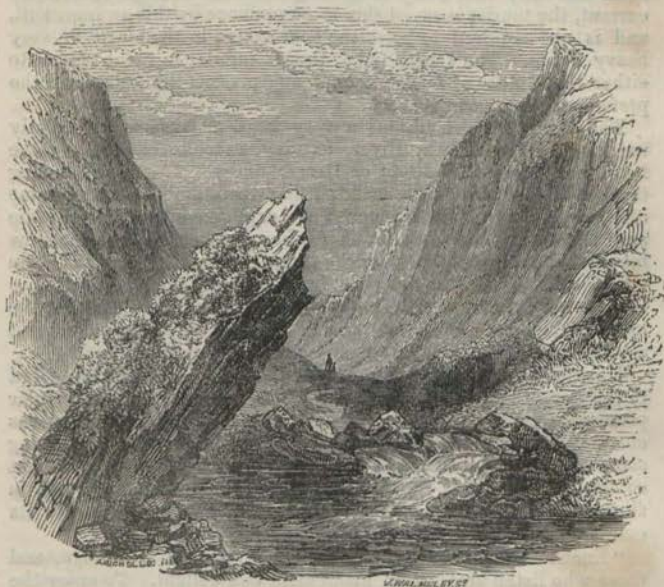
Where persons are unavoidably restricted to a single day, the best plan is to engage a pony and ride through the Gap of Dunloe, and order a boat to be in readiness at Lord Brandon's cottage on the Upper Lake, and go from thence to the Middle and Lower Lake. Indeed, under any circumstances, we would recommend 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; it is, besides, calculated to give 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, however, the weather prove favourable, for of course that is an important consideration, the following is perhaps the best route:—*First day.* Gap of Dunloe; Upper Lake; Ronayne's Island; 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 Torc Cottage, to Cloghreen. *Fourth day.* Ascent of Carran Tual, Mangerton, or Torc. *Fifth day.* Ride along for about ten miles the mail-coach road to Kenmare, visiting Derrycunibby and Torc 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.

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. There are many of its bends which display the wild romantic scenery of the Gap to the utmost advantage.

It appears literally as if this 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. There are several views in the Gap, which quite come up to one's idea of sublimity; it is altogether a most singular scene, and one which completely baffles description. It looks as if it were caused by an earthquake, or some other mighty convulsion of nature. The huge masses of rock which have rolled

down the sides have the effect of conveying 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 with which the tourist is assailed



PIKE—GAP OF DUNLOE.

under the name of "mountain dew," in which case it is "qualified craftily" with pottheen; and however disinclined he may be for this inspiring beverage on the outset of his journey, after riding through this Pass for a few miles he will not be insensible to its merits.

There are several very fine echoes in the Gap, and which the guide will not fail to awaken. On coming to its termination, and reaching the summit of the road, the Black Valley, or Commeenduff Glen, 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 the Black Valley and the Upper Lake. It is this extraordinary variety and contrast, with which Killarney abounds, that affords such intense gratification. Were the Gap perfectly devoid of interest, it would well repay to

ascend it, in order to obtain the magnificent views which this elevation presents. In the whole range of Killarney scenery, we question whether there is any finer than the views presented along this winding road, between the termination of the Gap and Lord Brandon's cottage. At the latter point, persons usually embark to view the scenery of the Lakes. This route possesses the advantage of having the current 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 this arrangement, and is not required to leave the boat except in the event of very heavy floods. The Upper Lake, though inferior in point of size to either the Middle or Lower Lake, many persons think deserves the preference in point of scenery.

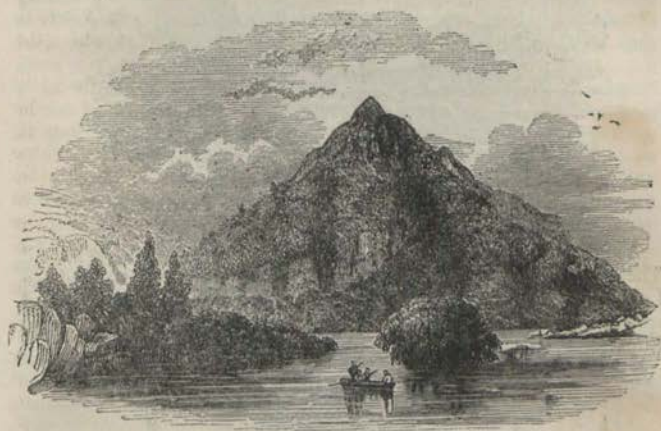
The Upper, which drains a very large district, is principally supplied by the Galway River, forming, near its entrance to the lake, the celebrated Cascade of Derrycunniby. The river, flowing through the valley of Commeenduff, likewise supplies a vast volume of water, which passes through the Long Range 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 most interest attaches is Ronayne's Island, being particularly striking.

Having coasted round the numerous bays of the lake, we proceed to the Long Range, the entrance to which is guarded by a singular promontory, Colman's Eye. The Long 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 which is 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, a number of musicians should be placed on the banks of the river, 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.”



EAGLE'S NEST.

Arthur Young says of the Eagle's Nest: "The approach 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."

On the accompanying map is shown 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 the Old Weir Bridge, composed of two arches, and which confines 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 have considerable experience, and persons need not be under any apprehension, except in times of flood. Indeed, unless acquainted with the channel, or previously informed by the boatmen, we are carried through so suddenly as to have little time for thought.



OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

A short distance from this bridge is the "Meeting of the Waters." There is here a divided channel, one leading to Glena Bay and the Lower, and the other to the Middle Lake. This is a sequestered spot of extraordinary beauty, and Scott, in company with Miss Edgeworth, in 1826, was particularly struck with it.



BRICKEEN BRIDGE.

As an opportunity will be afforded of examining Dinas Island, of which it is impossible to speak in too high terms, when visiting Muckcross demesne, it will not be advisable to land here, but proceed to examine the Middle Lake, also known under the name of Torc

and Muckross, quite different in its scenery from the other two, but nevertheless possessing considerable attractions, as will be readily inferred from Thackeray's description, viz. :—

“What is to be said about Torc 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.”

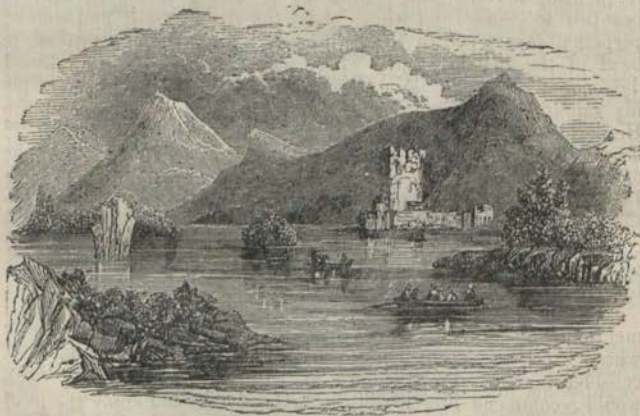
In the peninsula of Muckross, which forms one of the boundaries of this lake, a very valuable copper mine was at one time worked. It possesses several quarries, producing marbles of a great variety of colours. Mr. Herbert, M.P., the proprietor of Muckross, as also of a great portion of the adjoining property, has built a pretty cottage near the borders of the lake, from which excellent views of the surrounding scenery are obtained. This gentleman, who generously 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 one 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 war, and from whom also descend the Herberts, Earls of Powis. Mr. Herbert, who was 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 Conservative 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.

“Should the tourist have succeeded in seeing the various places mentioned above,” says Mr. White, the delineator of our map, and whose excellent description we have been condensing, “he may consider his first day's sojourn at Killarney well spent.” We would recommend him to return to his hotel, and enjoy the good things provided by the *maitre de cuisine*, for which the mountain air will prove an excellent piquant sauce.

The Lower Lake possesses so many points of interest that a full day ought to be devoted to it. The principal island is Ross, 158 acres, by far the largest in any of the Lakes. Its fine old castle was the last stronghold in Munster that surrendered to the parliamentary army. It was built about the 14th century by one of the O'Donoghues, whose successors resided here for nearly three

centuries afterwards, 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 Torc is particularly worthy of notice. There are also some splendid echoes, which strangers must not fail to call into action.

The castle was surrendered by Lord Muskerry, in 1652, to the parliamentary army under General Ludlow. There is only a small portion now remaining: the modern additions are not calculated to improve its appearance, which is to be regretted, as it is one of the most conspicuous objects in the Lower Lake. Ross Island, which is more properly a peninsula, being only separated by a stream from the main shore, forms a portion of Lord Kenmare's beautiful demesne; it is admirably kept, which is attributable to the good taste of the Countess of Kenmare, who takes much interest in it. The noble earl (Valentine Browne), is Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum, and Colonel of the Militia of the County. His lady is daughter of Sir R. Wilmot, Bart., of Osmaston, Derbyshire. 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,



ROSS ISLAND.

employed about forty years since to pump water from a very 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 as much as 40*l.* per ton, and the total sold for 80,000*l.* On the re-opening of these mines, several

rude implements formed of hard stone were discovered in the shafts, proving that they had been worked at a very early period, probably by the Danes, who have the credit of being great miners.

A short distance from Ross, and about midway in the lake, lies the Island of Innisfallen, no spot than which 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 vieing with the other in their laudations. Like its neighbour, Ross Island, it possesses considerable historical interest. It was selected by the monks, more than twelve centuries ago, as the site for an abbey, a portion of the ruins of which still exist. They showed their accustomed good taste in selecting so charming a spot.



INNISFALLEN ISLAND.

There is no part of Killarney where the timber grows so luxuriantly as on this favoured spot; the arbutus is particularly fine; this appears to thrive better in Killarney than in almost any other part of Great Britain, which is probably attributable to the mildness and humidity of the climate: it is calculated to excite one's surprise to see this tree growing out of clefts in the rock without apparently any soil. One of the peculiarities of the arbutus is, that the ripe and green fruit, also the pretty small white clusters of flowers which it produces, may be seen together on the same tree: the fruit is a small scarlet berry, about the size of a strawberry, from which it has derived its name. It is further remarkable from its being in its

highest bloom at the period when other trees display their nakedness at the fall of the leaf.

The next most remarkable object, O'Sullivan's Cascade, is on the shore, a short distance from Rabbit Island, on the side of Tomies 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 they are 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.

Passing near several islands, we proceed to the Bay of Gleng, and a more glorious scene does not exist, perhaps, in the whole vicinage of Killarney. 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, the flavour of which, it is said, is much improved by being roasted with skewers made from the arbutus, the advantages of which, Mr. White thinks, are rather imaginary than real; and he ought to be a judge, from his piscatorial *gout* having been cultivated on the luxurious finny phenomena of the glorious waters of Connemara.

One subject of interest remains to be noticed, viz., the far-famed stag-hunts, which usually are intended as a compliment to some distinguished visitor; and for a picture of which we must refer to one of these truly interesting exhibitions; we therefore gladly avail ourselves of the excellent description which Mr. Weld has given in his beautifully illustrated work.

"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 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 of the cannon, 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 of the mountains, 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 the 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



LADY KENMARE'S COTTAGE.

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."

According to the Ordnance Survey, the Lower Lake's extreme length is five and one-eighth, and greatest breadth three miles; Middle Lake two, and greatest breadth seven-eighths; Upper Lake two and a half, and greatest breadth half a mile.

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 of it have been written, thousands of sketches of it have been made, but no description that I have read, or sketch that 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."

The ruins of Muckross Abbey, which are situated in Mr. Herbert's beautiful domain, and which is a few minutes' walk from Roche's hotel, form one of the sights of Killarney, *par excellence*. "No one," says Inglis, "must visit Killarney without seeing Muckross Abbey. It is a very beautiful and very perfect remain, and contains



MUCKROSS ABBEY.

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 trunk of this majestic yew measures thirteen feet in circumference." The whole structure is in a state of good preservation, which is, in a great measure, attributable to the care taken

by Mr. Herbert to keep it as perfect as possible ; and certainly the way in which these restorations are carried out deserves the greatest praise.



ENTRANCE TO MUCKROSS ABBEY.

Of Muckross domain much has been said, but the most lengthened description would fail to give an adequate idea of its extraordinary beauty : it is of great extent, as it entirely encircles the Middle



MR. HERBERT'S COTTAGE.

Lake, the road round which is about eight miles in length. Of this domain the late eminent Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, on being

asked his opinion of it, said, that Louis XIV. might lay out a second Versailles, but that with all his revenue he could not make such a domain as Muckcross. Our space will not allow us to say more of the Island of Dinis, 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, Torc Lake, the Bay of Glenna, 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 ought on no account to start without, namely, a basket of provisions and a good oak stick; the former will be found an antidote for the mountain air, whilst the latter will prove invaluable in making progress. The proper routes, as we said before, will be pointed out by the guides, and we should recommend visitors not to proceed without one: in addition to thus saving much time, and probably avoiding inconvenience, they are capable of pointing out many beautiful and interesting views which otherwise would very likely escape the notice of a stranger. There are in this district so many who claim the privilege of acting in this capacity, that we question whether persons will be allowed to go alone, whether they like it or not. When visiting the Lakes, the constructor of our map says he has occasionally made his escape, as there are many scenes connected with Killarney which are so secluded and retired, that some persons prefer visiting them alone; and being of this class, he frequently rambled about *en solitaire*, which he was enabled to do from having a map in his hat, to which he often referred: it was therefore a matter of some astonishment to them that he did not lose his way.

Owing to the facility with which Mangerton may be ascended, it is that which tourists usually select in preference to Carran Tual, much higher. There is no reason, however, when time permits, why persons should not ascend both, as the views afforded by them are in reality very different. There is certainly no range of mountains at Killarney, or indeed in any part of Ireland, which can at all compare with the group known as the Twelve Pins, in Connemara, or the Killeries, which are in Joyce's country. But although these scenes are more sublime in character than anything which Killarney presents, yet its scenery possesses in an eminent degree beauty and variety of colouring, owing to the abundance of its timber, which would be in vain sought for in Connemara.

After some three hours' exertion in ascending Mangerton, the Devil's Punch Bowl is reached, a lake of considerable extent, at an elevation of 2206 feet above the sea: it occupies a deep chasm in the mountain, extremely cold, which may account for two singular circumstances which 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 Torc Cascade.

About 500 feet higher, we arrive at the top of Mangerton, and,

should the day prove a favourable one, a most charming view will be obtained, extending to the Shannon on the north, and including the bays of Dingle, Kenmare, and Bantry, on the south-west coast. A magnificent view is also obtained of Macgillicuddy's Reeks, which are seen to the utmost advantage from this point. To adventurous tourists, the best descent from the mountain is by Glenacappul, but on no account without a guide; besides, these mountains, from their great height, frequently become enveloped in mist.

Glenacappul, or the Glen of the Horse, from one of these animals having been precipitated down the cliffs, is quite unique in character, and is 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 it presents a scene of wild and savage grandeur, which completely baffles all attempt at description.

Having visited these points, it will be time to retrace one's steps, as, even from Cloghereen, the nearest place at which there is an hotel for visiting this mountain range, a distance of not less than twelve miles will have been traversed before getting back to this village.

Notwithstanding the numerous attractions which Killarney possesses, the drive along the Kenmare mail-coach road will not be esteemed as amongst the least interesting of them. It will not be



TOEC WATERFALL.

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 which this road affords between Killarney and Looscannagh Lough. One of the first points we come to, which is worthy of especial notice, is the glen through which the Galway River discharges a

large volume of water : it forms in its descent the celebrated cascade of Derrycunniby, 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 for Hyde's Cottage.

After passing the Eagle's Nest, the road winds round Torc Mountain, and finally leads us to Torc Cottage, near which is the celebrated cascade of that name : this waterfall is considered by many to be superior to either Derrycunniby 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 the top of which a most magnificent view of the lakes may be obtained,) Lough Guitane, and the scenery along the Cappagh 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 the somewhat celebrated Dunloe Castle, which, during the wars of Desmond, was an object of frequent attack.

Lough Guitane affords excellent fishing ; but this may be said with equal justice of the great Lakes, which abound in salmon and trout, and will afford to the lover of angling excellent sport, as he is allowed to fish in any of the lakes with a rod.

We now come to Lord Kenmare's domain and Flesk Castle, or, as it is now commonly called, Coltsman's Castle, after the gentleman who built it. Permission to see the former may be applied for at the lodge, and Mr. Inglis says—"The domain of the Earl of Kenmare is altogether lovely. Its lakes, and mountain views, and vistas are beyond praise. I think I have never beheld anything more captivating than the vista from the dining-room windows, when the declining sun, streaming from above the mountain tops falls slanting on the Lake, and on the bright velvet lawn that stretches to its shores." And with this extract, and referring to page 32 of advertisement department for a list of some particularly valuable publications of M^r Glashan's relating to the locality, we close our brief and most imperfect little sketch of the magic regions 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 haunts 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 wo'd Claude Lorraine in midnight dreams,
 Children of sunbeams and of crystal dews,
 And crags, and coves, and countless gushing streams,
 Winding through fern, and heath, and odorous copse,
 With glorious show the raptured soul confuse.

CHAPTER VII.

LIMERICK AND THE LOWER SHANNON.

Conveniences afforded for various Excursions.—Further favourable facilities in contemplation.—Railway to Limerick.—Uninteresting part of the Country.—Limerick City.—The Castle.—Reminiscences of the Parliamentary and Orange Wars.—Appearance presented by the City.—Manufactures.—Commercial Prospects.—Thomond Bridge.—Hospital.—Sir M. Barrington.—The Shannon the Glory of Limerick.—Associations connected with the River.

THE tourist has now seen a large portion of the south of Ireland, Cork, the great south-western bays and the Lakes; he will next contemplate a visit to Limerick and the Shannon.

At a trifling additional cost, the holders of Irish tourist tickets can make two interesting détours. First, his tourist ticket will enable him to proceed to the Limerick Junction Station on the Great Southern and Western Railway, 107 miles from Dublin. He can there purchase for 10*s.* 6*d.*, a ticket which will enable him to proceed by the Waterford and Limerick Railway to Limerick; thence, by the City of Dublin Company's steam-boat to Tarbert, and from Tarbert by Gallagher's cars to Killarney. To tourists wishing to see Cork, Killarney, and Glengariff first, tickets are issued at the Killarney Coach-office at the same price as at the Limerick Junction, for the journey from Killarney to Tarbert, and thence to Limerick; and from Limerick to the junction of the Great Southern and Western Railway, whence they can return to Dublin.

The second arrangement enables the tourist to purchase a first-class "through" ticket at Killarney for fourteen shillings. It will convey him, as just now stated, to Limerick; and thence, instead of returning by the Waterford and Limerick and the Great Southern and Western Railways to Dublin, he will be conveyed by a four horse car to Killaloe, distance fifteen miles; and from Killaloe by the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company's steamer to Athlone, eighty-four miles. The steamer starts every morning from Killaloe at nine o'clock, on the arrival of the four-horse conveyance.

The Waterford and Limerick line is intended to run between the two large towns of that name, forming a continuous line between Dublin, Tipperary, Clonmel, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, and connecting, across the south of Ireland, the two important rivers of the Shannon and the Suir. The half of this line between Tipperary and Limerick, twenty-five miles in length, was opened for traffic in May, 1848, and the remaining twenty-six, from Tipperary to Clonmel, on the 3rd of May in the present year.

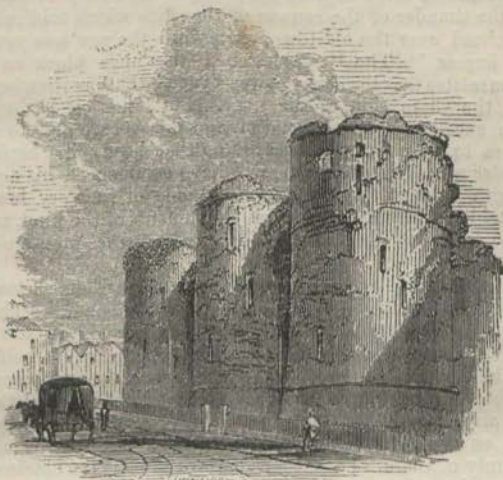
But first we must invite the tourist of this route to accompany us at least in print, from the termination of our last trip to that point,

the *Limerick Junction*, whence he would start, were his journey to be made direct from Dublin to Limerick; our description of the Southern and Western, as far as the Junction, of course, sufficing in both cases.

The line to Limerick crosses a not very interesting country. The stations passed are Oola, Pallas, Dromkeen, Boher, and Killoonan. A little past the Pallas station, Glenslate Castle, (a fine modern building) is seen, the seat of Sir Matthew Barrington, and is very prettily placed on the slopes of cultivated hills. Few names are better known in the south of Ireland than that of Sir Matthew, now in his sixty-second year, having been crown-solicitor for the Province of Munster since 1816, succeeding to his father as second baronet in 1846. The late Sir Joseph, in connection 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, who have been settled in the county for several generations. Near Boher is Mountshannon, the seat of the Earl of Clare, son of the famous John Fitzgibbon, Lord Chancellor Clare, so notorious in the political history of Ireland, anterior to and about 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." The railway mostly runs through the open valley, which is bounded on the north-east by the Slieve Phelim mountains, and on the south by an unconnected chain of verdant hills. The Limerick plain, as the district is called, though naturally very rich, is generally flat, undrained, and indifferently cultivated. The improved portions of the lower slopes of the Slieve Phelim mountains tend to relieve, in some part, the dreariness of this plain; while the beautiful fertile hills, on the opposite side, develop the most charming forms, and are considered amongst the best fattening pastures in Ireland. Approaching the Limerick terminus, an extensive building, which is the Lunatic Asylum, will be perceived. Near this, again, is the County Gaol, which is an establishment on a vast scale. The Terminus itself is a plain but convenient structure.

Limerick stands in low grounds, at an insulated division of the Shannon, eighty miles from the Atlantic, in the midst of the great plain. To the tourist Limerick is full of interest. It is "the city of the violated treaty," and the Shannon, on which it stands, is "the king of Irish rivers,"—"the spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,"—celebrated in the verse of Spenser. The charter of Limerick is as old as the time of Richard I.; its great castle was built by King John; and in strength and magnitude the place, from the earliest period, held the first rank of all the towns of Ireland, in the eyes of contending native or foreign princes and parties. In front of Limerick, in 1651, Ireton sat down before it, dying, at the end of a six months' siege, of the plague, and of mortification brought on by this, the first and only discomfiture of Cromwell's Ironsides, whom

he commanded. In 1690, William III., after the Battle of the Boyne, appeared before Limerick, then defended by the remnant of the Irish army, and summoned it to surrender. It held out, in the face of almost an unexampled assault, and under the 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 among every succeeding generation of patriot Irishmen. One of the chief features attending it was the magnanimity of its defenders in disdaining to avail themselves of opportunities that would have long protracted the siege, or, perhaps, com-



LIMERICK CASTLE.

pelled its being abandoned after they had entered upon negotiations for capitulating. There were, in fact, during the wars of the Revolution, two sieges. On the first occasion, the city was well supplied with troops and provisions: its fortifications were perfect, and the French fleet, in communication with the French general and troops (James's allies) within the town, rode triumphantly in the Shannon. At the end of twenty days, the English and Dutch armies, wearied out, raised the siege; but in 1691, greater forces were sent against Limerick, and though there was a splendid defence, under Sarsfield the celebrated and chivalrous Irish general, a surrender, at the end of about six weeks, had to be submitted to. The treaty was signed on the 3rd October, whereby the garrison was allowed 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 tinctured 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, the lordly and 'spacious Shenan spreading like a sea.' 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. But Limerick has much or modern excellence to be proud of, and proceed we now to address ourselves to some few of its merits on that head, first hoping that the reader who accompanies us will have commenced his acquaintance with Limerick at Cruise's Hotel, one of the very best, most comfortable, and most economic establishments of the kind, not only in Ireland, but in the United Kingdom, whether metropolitan or provincial.

The city resembles, in general appearance, a Flemish town. It is divided into "English Town," and "Irish Town." The Irish Town is on the bank—the English Town stands on the King's Island, an island formed by the Shannon, which divides half-a-mile above the city into two streams, the narrowest of the two being called the Abbey River; south of this again being what is called the New Town, airy, regular, and well-built. But there is also a populous suburb on the opposite side of the Shannon, beyond this island, in the County of Clare. The modern parts of the city are handsome and striking; the older portions have a look of decay, and are dirty. The population, including its immediate suburbs, is about 70,000, and the place is rapidly prospering. Limerick has been famous for several things besides the treaty. Limerick lasses, Limerick gloves, Limerick fishing-hooks, and Limerick lace, are familiar celebrities.

The accomplished Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, in his recent "Notes" says:—

"The designs and patterns of this beautiful Limerick lace, for which there is now an European demand, are almost entirely French, and the cost of production is considerably enhanced by anti-national fashion. Mr. Greaves, an eminent manufacturer, showed us a pattern, for which he went to Paris and gave 105 francs. Now, it does seem to me strange, that people who are so quick, have such a natural talent for drawing, and can manufacture so exquisite a fabric, should not be able, with a very little encouragement, to design their own patterns. Why, indeed, is there no school of design in all Ireland! Dublin, Belfast, and Limerick ought not to be less favoured in that respect than London, Birming-

ham, and York. Agitate, then, ye lace-manufacturers of Limerick, for a government school of design, and bow no longer to the capricious tyranny of French taste !”

Since these remarks were written much has been done in the direction indicated by his Lordship, but much more remains to be done ; and now that he is in the government it is to be hoped the needful stimulants he alludes to will be furnished, as well also as in respect to improved commercial tariffs in relation to linen, on which we have made some remarks in speaking of that commodity in the Belfast portion of our “ Handbook.”

The lace-manufacture is the great one of Limerick, but there are several other businesses carried on to a large extent, and bustle and activity will be noticed in the inhabitants. There are numerous flour-mills, distilleries, and breweries. It has a large export trade in provisions and agricultural produce. Its imports include the merchandise requisite for the supply of the city and the thickly inhabited and fertile districts of country by which it is surrounded. Vessels of 1000 tons can approach within five miles, and those of 400 tons can unload at the quays. Canals and railways connect Limerick completely with the rest of Ireland and England, and the projects for improving the navigation of the Shannon, upper and lower, being carried out, a great future is obviously in store for the town. The vast castle frowns down heavily upon the country around.

Thomond Bridge is a new work, built at a cost of 12,000*l.*, and replaces the old Thomond Bridge of King John, which was a very singular structure—a perfect canal over fourteen arches—and, according to the story, it cost no more than 30*l.* Wellesley Bridge, connecting the New Town with Clare, is a magnificent structure, designed by Nimmo. It is 40 feet wide, with five arches, each of 70 feet span. The most remarkable of the ancient edifices, after the Castle, is the large Cathedral, dedicated to St. Mary, and built on the site of the palace of O’Brien, King of Limerick. This cathedral was founded in 1180, but was re-adorned in 1490. Limerick is the head-quarters of the south-western military district ; and it has four barracks, and a large garrison. The “ Mont de Piété,” is an establishment founded by a Limerick citizen (Sir M. Barrington), in imitation of similar institutions on the Continent, for the purpose of obtaining funds for the support of the efficient Limerick Hospital. To this gentleman, Lord Monteagle, and others of the surrounding gentry, Limerick is deservedly indebted for all its improvements, and they are manifold.

It is impossible to mention the name of Lord Monteagle in connection with this district, without recording the testimony on all hands borne to his lifelong zeal and skilful success in procuring from successive administrations a recognition of the imperial importance of the Shannon, and obtaining considerable governmental aid in opening up some few, at least, of its many capabilities for traffic. A more eager, and withal a more judicious, friend to the promotion of the welfare of Ireland, in every form and by every

upright means, one more jealous of its honour, or more proud of the genius of her people, is not to be met with in the empire. His latest exertions have been devoted to the maintenance of the claims of Limerick, as a transatlantic packet harbour, the spot for the arrival or departure of the steamers being Foynes, about 20 miles lower down the river. The noble lord brought to bear, in favour of his theory, such an immense amount of engineering and nautical evidence of the highest character, that he is generally considered by professional authorities to have established as strong a case for Foynes as has been made out for any one of the rival Hiberno-American ports. It is not for us to say to which of the disputants preponderating merit inclines. We trust the day is not distant when the pretensions of more than one may be admitted by the partisans of the other, and that several harbours in Ireland will be able to boast of direct steam intercourse with numerous ports in the western world. In expediting that most desirable consummation, all now interested in, or who may profit by it hereafter, will remember with gratitude the name and zeal of the "Right Hon. Thomas Spring Rice, first Baron Monteagle of Brandon, a peer of the realm, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, and now Comptroller-General of the Exchequer." The debate in the House of Lords, on Monday, May the 4th, when the Earl of Derby on the part of the government, declared he had no intention of altering the present port of arrival and departure (Liverpool) for the American mails in favour of any Irish harbour (unless the extension of the submarine telegraph should render such change imperative) may be considered decisive, we fear, for the present of the controversy as regards the rival Irish harbours; but Lord Monteagle, in no way discouraged by this rebuff, moved for papers which he conceives will still further show the necessity for the course he recommends; and if, as he declares, he is able to demonstrate that a government engineer of great eminence undertakes to construct a vessel that will make the voyage from Ireland to Halifax in *five and a half days!*—he will compel the adoption of an Irish transatlantic port immediately, with or without the extension of the telegraph, though fortunately that extension is progressing as rapidly almost as could be desired.

Rightly indeed is the Shannon the glory of Limerick. It takes its rise in the mountains of Leitrim, and, running for a few miles as an inconsiderable stream, diffuses itself into a spacious lake, called Lough Allen. Issuing thence, it pursues its course for several miles, and forms another small lake—Lough Eike; again spreads itself out into Lough Ree—a vast lake, fifteen miles in length, and four in breadth. Thence it proceeds as a broad and rapid river, passing Athlone. Then, narrowing again, it reaches Shannon Harbour. Then it again widens into far-famed Lough Derg, the largest of the Shannon lakes—eighteen miles long and four broad (and most famous for its pilgrimages to Croaghpatrick). It progresses thence, to Killaloe, where it ceases to be navigable, until it waters the City of Limerick. From this point it flows, in a majestic volume,

to the ocean; flowing, altogether, a distance of upwards of 200 miles, from its source to its mouth, its mouth—between Loop Head and Kerry Head—being eight miles broad; watering ten counties in its progress; and affording facilities, were they properly developed, and assuming that markets are at hand, for commerce and internal intercourse such as are unparalleled in any other part of the United Kingdom. Speaking of the view 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 milkwhite foam dashing up the dark rocks, and falling through the bright air down to their green birthplace again. Thousands of seagulls, and a few cormorants wailing and shrieking, hovered around us, and fitly completed this glorious ocean picture.”

“For a long space, the course of the river,” says Mrs. Hall, “is so gentle that ancient writers supposed its name to have been derived from Seen-Awn, the Slow River; and for many miles between O’Brien’s Bridge, it rolls so rapidly along as almost to be characterised as a series of cataracts. At the falls of Killaloe it descends twenty-one feet in a mile; and above 100 feet from Killaloe to Limerick: and yet there is scarcely a single mill at work all that way. Its banks, nearly throughout its course, are of surpassing beauty; crowned with many ancient and historical ruins. Near Killaloe is Kincora, the old palace of Brian Boroo.”

Various points of the Shannon, entitled to at least a rapid visit, are easily reached from Limerick. Lough Derg is not distant, and, we again earnestly repeat, will amply reward a journey.

Lord Macartney, when embarking in 1791, for his government at Madras, thus addressed this noble river:—

— “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!”

The view of Tarbert, given in Milton’s “Seats of the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland,” engraved after a picture by Wheatley, refers to the embarkation of Lord Macartney, from the seat of

Edward Leslie, Esq., afterwards Sir Edward Leslie, Bart. ; and the railroad we have been traversing may realise his lordship's anticipations of the Shannon. And this literary allusion reminds us that it would be unpardonable to take leave of Limerick without mentioning that it was the birth-place of Gerald Griffin, one of the most graceful and most graphic of all modern Irish fictionists, as the readers of his beautiful novel of the "Collegians" will readily acknowledge ; a work which, with many others from the same pen, abound in most truthful delineations of the scenery of the majestic stream beside whose banks he mused his dreamy and blameless life away.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LIMERICK JUNCTION.—TIPPERARY TO CLONMEL.

Tour through the "Golden Valley."—Cahir and its Quaker Resident Proprietary.—The Earl of Glengall, Lord of the Manor.—The Town of Clonmel.—Historical and Literary Associations.—Blauconi and his Car-driving System.

THE Waterford and Limerick Railway, which, when completed to Waterford, will connect that fine city with the one we have just left (Limerick), has, as we have already stated, in the present month been opened to Clonmel, traversing the renowned "Golden Valley" of Tipperary, one of the most fertile districts in Europe, and one whose agricultural peculiarities every tourist in the least degree interested in farming pursuits, or qualified to judge of soils and crops, will delight to linger in ; though it does not present any very potent allurements to the ordinary run of holiday travellers, at least after the scenery we have just been exploring. That portion of our first tour which described the town of Tipperary and its neighbourhood, will suffice for our present purpose, till we come to Cahir, or Caher, a prosperous agricultural town, rejoicing in the double advantage, first, of a numerous, and of course, thriving Quaker resident proprietary ; and secondly, a lord of the manor whose management of his estates, and administration of the duties of his position, are in every way worthy of the sphere in which his lot is cast—we mean the Earl of Glengall. The castle is rich in stories of wars and sieges of many ages, and is now in admirable preservation, thanks to the munificence and good taste of the noble Earl, who is liberal in his admission of strangers to an inspection of its beauties, internal as well as external.

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 is a remarkably fine Irish county town, beautifully situated under the

Commeragh mountains on the Suir, and famous in all ages in all sorts of ways. It was the focus of fights innumerable in every age of Irish embroilment, and was 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 and imaginative people who dwell in their vicinity. But our business being with the men and the movement of the existing moment, we have to state, that Clonmel owes most of its modern prosperity, or at all events of its industrial celebrity, to the activity and enterprise of a single individual, and that individual a foreigner. And as the system which he inaugurated, and which conferred such inestimable benefits on the country of his adoption, is now being comparatively superseded—he himself assisting with all his original ardour in the institution of those new and better means of conveyance—we think it due to him to give a more extended publicity than has perhaps yet been obtained to the services he has rendered to civilisation in a sphere where, but for him, that advancement which now needs railways, would be yet very far from being attained. These considerations must be our excuse, if any be required, for the length of the annexed particulars of one of Ireland's greatest benefactors, and whose claims the men of Clonmel, at least, have endeavoured to recognise by repeatedly electing him their chief magistrate.

Clonmel has been rendered "famous" in modern Irish history by the successful exertions of this gentleman, of whom it is not too much to say, that he has done more to improve the condition of the peasantry and the country than any other person of our age. We refer to Mr. Charles Bianconi, and the travelling cars that bear his name. He is a native of Milan; and about the year 1800 voyaged to Ireland, first visiting Dublin, and subsequently settling in Clonmel, where he carried on the trade of a picture-dealer and cleaner, and frame-maker, but upon a very limited scale; for his resources were, at first, exceedingly limited. By habits of industry, prudence, and forethought, he contrived to save money, and became highly respected by his neighbours; and, his circumstances improving, he conceived the design of running a public car, that, by conveying passengers at a much less expense than the stage coaches, might answer the purposes of the comparatively humble classes. He ran his first car from Clonmel to Cahir, on the 5th of July, 1815, and shortly afterwards other cars to Limerick and Thurles. The experiment was very discouraging at the commencement: he was frequently for weeks without obtaining a passenger; but his energy and perseverance ultimately triumphed, and he has succeeded in obtaining a large fortune for himself while conferring immense benefit on the community, having preserved an irreproachable character and gained the respect of all classes. He has now,

running daily, forty-five double cars, that is, cars running up and from the same places, and travelling over 3600 miles daily. The number of these cars which convey the mail are eighteen up and eighteen down. The number of horses to each car is from one to four, according to circumstances. His cars vary in size, taking from four to sixteen passengers. He builds all his own cars, having a regular factory at Clonmel. They travel at the rate of from six-and-a-half to nine miles per hour. This variation of speed is chiefly in reference to the mail cars, according as there is a necessity for an early delivery. His charges average from 1*d.* to 2½*d.* per mile, according to the turnpikes, the quantity of business on the road, and the speed of the car (2*d.* per mile may be considered as a fair ratio). As an instance, we may take the case of Waterford and Kilkenny, which are equidistant from Clonmel (the three lie nearly at right angles). The charge to the former is 3*s.* 6*d.*; but to the latter, in consequence of the heavy turnpike tolls, it is 4*s.* 6*d.*, at the rate of 2½*d.* per mile. Passengers on these cars are much more comfortable than on the outside of the coaches, being furnished with dry and comfortable horse-hair cushions and aprons. In wet weather he never allows a car to go more than two stages without changing the cushions. They are also safer than the stage coaches, the feet of the passengers being only about eighteen inches or two feet from the ground; and it is scarcely possible for them to upset, the whole weight being outside the wheels at each side; consequently, the passengers on one side act as a counterpoise to those on the other. The fore-wheels are so low that they cannot go upon a high road, and if the bank is higher than the height of the fore-axle, which is only eighteen inches from the ground, it would come against the machinery. These cars are built of the very best materials, with patent axles, &c. The cost of a car to carry fourteen passengers is from 60*l.* to 70*l.*, and weighs from fifteen to eighteen cwt. For the last three years, the average price he pays for his horses is from 15*l.* to 18*l.* per horse. He attributes the regularity with which he carries on his extensive establishment to the high price he gives for his horses (sometimes it is over 40*l.*), which enables him to keep constantly a capital supply. The advantages which these cars have afforded are immense; for instance, in the interior of the country, from which farmers come to the little villages, they have only a few places for obtaining the commodities, and that at an enormous rate. But since the introduction of these cars, people in business, who hitherto were obliged to go to market at a very heavy expense, which prevented their doing so frequently, now find their way to the larger towns, and have been enabled to procure supplies at once from the first-cost market; and from the cheapness of bringing the articles home, they were enabled to reduce their prices considerably, and in those districts the consumption has, in consequence, wonderfully augmented, and shops or fresh sources of competition continually increase, thereby enabling parties to use articles hitherto inaccessible to them. A great saving of time is also effected; for example, it took a man a whole day

to walk from Thurles to Clonmel, the second day to do his business, and the third to walk back. Now, for 7s., he purchases two clear days, saves himself the trouble of walking sixty miles, and has four or five hours to transact his business. The cars of Mr. Bianconi travel through nearly every district of the South of Ireland—passing through no fewer than 128 towns. As yet, they have not found their way to the North. The mode of travelling is pleasant as well as safe: generally, the cars proceed at a rate to the full as rapid as the stage coaches, and persons of the highest respectability travel by them. They are planned precisely on the model of the common "outside jaunting car," peculiar to Ireland, which we have elsewhere described; but, as we have intimated, some of them are of sufficient size to carry eight passengers on a side. "During our visit to Clonmel," says Mrs. Hall, "a slight circumstance served to give us an insight into his character. Having gone over his establishment, we proceeded to examine his house and farm, a short distance from the town, where, by the way, he has a choice collection of pictures. We had a very pressing engagement, and as we were about to depart, we asked him how he had contrived to 'make so much out of so little,' observing that though his history must be deeply interesting, we could not stay to hear it. 'How much time have you to spare?' he asked. 'Just five minutes.' The car had conveyed us to the back entrance. He instantly rang the bell, and said to the servant, 'Tell the driver to bring the car to the front,' adding, 'that will save one minute, and enable me to tell you all within the time.' This was the truth, the secret of his success—making the most of time."

At the British Association Meeting at Cork, August 19th, 1843, Mr. Bianconi was called on to read a paper, from which it appeared that his establishment then numbered 100 vehicles, including mail coaches and different sized cars, capable of carrying from four to twenty passengers each, and travelling eight or nine miles an hour, at an average fare of one penny farthing per mile for each passenger, and performing daily 3800 miles, passing through over 140 stations for the change of horses, consuming 3000 to 4000 tons of hay, and from 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of oats annually, all of which was purchased in their respective localities. He also added, "This establishment does not travel on Sundays, unless such portions of it as are in connection with the Post-office or canals, for the following reasons:—First, the Irish being a religious people, will not travel on business on Sundays; and, secondly, experience teaches me that I can work a horse eight miles per day, six days in the week, much better than I can six miles for seven days. This establishment is now in existence twenty-eight years, travelling with the mails at all hours of the day and night, and never met any interruption in the performance of its arduous duties. Much surprise has often been expressed at the high order of men connected with it, and at its popularity; but parties thus expressing themselves, forget to look at Irish society with sufficient grasp. For my part, I cannot better compare it, than to a man merging to convales-

cence from a serious attack of malignant fever, and requiring generous and nutritive, in place of medical treatment. Thus I act with my drivers, who are taken from the lowest grade of the establishment, and who are progressively advanced according to their respective merits, as opportunity offers, and who know that nothing can deprive them of this reward, and a superannuated allowance of their full wages, in old age, and under accident, unless their wilful and improper conduct—and as to its popularity, I never yet attempted to do an act of generosity or common justice, publicly or privately, that I was not met by manifold reciprocity.” He then said that a man found uttering a falsehood, however venial, was instantly dismissed; and this, consequently, insured truth, accuracy, and punctuality. There were 140 stations, each station having from one groom to six, or even eight; there are somewhere about 100 drivers, and the horses were about 1300. He advanced his drivers by placing them on more lucrative lines, where the certainty of receiving fees from passengers was greater. The drivers on the least paying roads received higher wages, their fees being low. The drivers could retire on a full pension, whether from age or incapacity, or sickness; and the orphan children of the grooms and others were educated by Mr. Bianconi, and afterwards filled the situation of their deceased parents. At the meeting, Signor Henrico Mayer “was proud as an Italian to hear a compatriot so deservedly eulogised, and although Ireland might claim him (Mr. Bianconi) as citizen, yet the Italians should ever with pride hail him as a countryman, whose industry and virtue reflected honour on the country of his birth.”

With these remarks, and wishing Mr. Bianconi length of days to see as great a development of prosperity in Ireland under the railway system (to which he is most earnestly contributing), as he himself helped to effect through the instrumentality of his cars, and as he is still doing as actively as ever, we now take our leave of the district of the majestic Shannon, and of the “Golden Valley” of Tipperary.

SECOND TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

WICKLOW.

Wicklow, the Garden of Ireland.—Poetic Fancies.—Hints to the Tourist.—Necessity of seeking the advice of Mr. Quin, of Bray.—His valuable Hints.—Number of Guide-books.—The "Scalp."—Village of Enniskerry.—Détour into the Hills.—Lough Bray.—Swiss Cottage erected for Sir Philip Crampton.—Different beautiful Views.—Return to Bray.—Visit to Powerscourt.—Tinnehinch, the residence of Grattan.—Excursions to Loughs Tay and Dan.—Recommendations with regard to other Excursions.

WICKLOW had ever been looked upon as the garden of Ireland in the slow old days of stage-coach travelling, and the almost universal introduction of the locomotive elsewhere, and its exclusion here, still leave it the inviolate paradise of the picturesque. And it is likely to remain so, 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 Railway:—

"Is then no nook of English 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?
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrest-head
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance:
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong."

It is true that a railway is now in progress into Wicklow; but even when constructed, it will still preserve the peculiar features of the country secure from the profanation apprehended by the same poet:—

"Heard YE that whistle? As her long-linked Train,
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and vales, and floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain."

For the purposes of the present tour, our head-quarters must be considered Bray, ten miles from Dublin; and which may be

reached either by proceeding as far as Dalkey, (by the Kingstown and Dalkey Atmospheric, in connexion with the Dublin and Kingstown line, as described in our first tour,) and thence by coach or car, or altogether by either of the latter vehicles, each mode being equally rich in variety agreeable to the traveller. Arrived at Bray, he has only to place himself unreservedly in the hands of Mr. Quin, the proprietor of the noble hotel which bears his name; and with the aid of our admirable map, every hour spent in this delightful district will afford a succession of enjoyments not to be surpassed in their way probably in Western Europe. Mr. Quin is to the south-east of Ireland what Bianconi is to the south-west,—the spirit of activity and enterprise in his sphere; and, like his father before him, is animated by a most meritorious desire to uphold, among the innumerable visitors of distinction who frequent his house, that repute for hospitable politeness and cordial civility towards the stranger, which are the proverbial characteristics of all classes of his countrymen. The projectors of the present excursionist undertaking account themselves eminently fortunate that an individual of such large experience and capacity in catering for the travelling public in Ireland, should have co-operated with them, as Mr. Quin has done, in a spirit of frank liberality and earnestness; and should have placed his extensive means and appliances at their disposal in contributing to the comfort and convenience of tourists this year, on terms that render Wicklow accessible to multitudes from England who would otherwise never have thought of making the journey thither.

The course proposed by Mr. Quin to be followed by those taking excursionist tickets for the Wicklow tour, is as follows:—

FOUR DAYS TOUR THROUGH COUNTY WICKLOW.

- 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 Bray.
- 2nd Day.—From Bray through Kilruddery demesne, through Bellevue demesne, Glen of Downs, Tinnepark 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 the Vale of Ovoca, Meeting of the Waters, Rathdrum, Vale of Clara, Seven Churches, Luggelaw, and by Sugar Loaf to Bray.

As Wicklow is a place with whose beauties one may advantageously become acquainted at hap-hazard, begin or end at which point of its compass you will, we recommend the reader to spread out our map before him; and, as in the case of Killarney, accompany

the footsteps of the gentleman who traced it; after which he can apply the information so derived, as to particular points of Mr. Quin's programme, where it may be needed. Adopting this plan, therefore, it will be necessary to make a slight retrograde movement before arriving, in due course, at Bray. Our description shall be very brief, and, in some part, in the words written to explain our map by its delineator. Guidebooks to Wicklow are even more numerous than those to Killarney, and it is scarcely possible to give the preference to any in particular. Generally speaking, unlike the majority of such publications elsewhere, the more copious they are the more interesting. *Our* difficulty, however, is compression; for we conceive that brevity here, if not exactly the soul of wit, is the spirit of usefulness; and this being our main and, indeed, only object, we shall endeavour to convey, in the most circumscribed space, what we deem it essential to say—trusting to Mr. Quin and our map to atone for all short-comings in the letter-press.

The first "beauty" on the Dublin side is commonly considered to be the "Scalp," by the road which enters the county of Wicklow



THE SCALP.

at that spot, and which, on leaving Dublin, traverses one of the most favourite suburbs of the city, crossing the Dodder at Miltown, and passing among a succession of villas, till it reaches Dundrum,

where commences the ascent of the Three Rock Mountain, (1763 feet);—this route commands fine views of the city and bay of Dublin, of the Hill of Howth, &c. The Scalp is a deep defile in the bosom of a mountain of granite. The distant Sugar-loaf and its sister mountains, are beautifully seen in the vista formed by the mountain's severed sides, under which the road passes.

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 one of whose descendants the village inn was kept not many years ago!

We must here make a *détour* into the hills to the west, where amongst many objects of great interest, the gloomy Lough Bray lies in the midst of a peculiarly lonely district; high up the mountain, from one of whose sides towers a bare and dark cliff, the Eagle's Nest. These sombre waters are enclosed between precipitous hills, except on one side, from which they are discharged into the valley of Glencree, where, uniting with the Glenslorane river in Powerscourt demesne, they pass through the Dargle into the sea near Bray. In the midst of this wilderness, at the moment when such a thing might be least expected—as if by enchantment—a beautiful Swiss cottage, with its *entourage*, rises to view, mocking, as it were, the desolation which everywhere reigns around. It was erected for Sir Philip Crampton, the distinguished surgeon-general, and father of



SIR P. CRAMPTON'S SWISS COTTAGE.

our ambassador at Washington, at the expense of the late Duke of Northumberland (brother of his Grace the present First Lord of

the Admiralty), who, when Viceroy, had been a guest of Sir Philip at a cottage which occupied this spot, but which had been accidentally burned.

The view from the road is magnificent, including Lough Bray, Sir. P. Crampton's Swiss Cottage, and endless succession of hill and dale, wood and village. Further to the west, in a dreary solitude, is the Poolaphuca waterfall (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, formed by the waters of the Liffey. A picturesque bridge spans the summit of the fall from rock to rock, the distance being sixty-five feet. Poolaphuca is the name given to a succession of cataracts 150 feet high and 40 in breadth, over which the Liffey is precipitated. The spectacle from the bridge is sublime, and always seen on entering the fine grounds on Lord-Miltown's side of the river. Poolaphuca is also accessible by the road leading from Luggalaw Lodge over the Sally Gap, or may be reached from the Seven Churches by the glen of Glendasan and Wicklow Gap.

But let us return to Bray, for a start to beautiful Powerscourt, environed with mountains, and possessing every charm of scenery which space, situation, hill and dale, wood and water, can confer. It has been the residence, for more than two centuries, of the noble Wingfield family, ever distinguished for a liberal attention to the improvement and prosperity of its tenantry. A private road leads through the demesne to Roundwood; strangers are allowed to use it, but an order from the steward is necessary. The spacious 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 Lord Powerscourt. To detail the various beauties of scenery with which this place abounds, would be impossible. The deer-park is marked by much grandeur of scenery. On the north and west are mountain ridges, wooded to the summit. A river winds through the valley over a rocky bed. The mountains meet at the western extremity of this vale, and form a grand amphitheatre of wood. The scene of the Waterfall is more than 100 feet in height, distant about two and a-half miles from the mansion. Whenever 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 of the glen and the sombre masses of surrounding wood assist to heighten. Nature has here, indeed, scattered her beauties with profusest hand. Regaining the public road, at the gateway near the parish church, is Tinnehinch, the seat of James Grattan, Esq., long the favourite residence of his immortal father, Henry Grattan. The house is situated at the base of a hill, which is richly wooded; 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.

We now pursue our way towards Roundwood, or Togher, to visit Loughs Tay and Dan, distant from it, respectively, six and three miles.

The village of Roundwood is a central point among the wonders of Wicklow, containing good accommodation for the tourist, and much frequented by anglers, in consequence of the abundance of trout in the neighbouring river, Vartrey. It is also the resort of sight-seeing pilgrims, who make it a resting-place on their way to the shrines of Glendalough. Loughs Tay and Dan lie at the head of the glen which connects Luggalaw with Lara. The former is nearly two miles in circumference, and is 807 feet above the level of the sea, fed by the



Annamoe, and countless rills which furrow its sides. Lough Dan, although not so compact, is still an object of much interest, chiefly

from the great apparent extent of mountain which bounds its sides : its length is nearly two miles, and its waters are 120 feet lower than those of Lough Tay.

An expanse of scenery, to which pen could not do justice, is seen at one view, from many points above Luggalaw Cottage, at the head of Lough Tay.

A glance at the map will show, that besides the one already described, there are two routes to these lakes, each of which takes its *point de départ* from Roundwood : the one leads from Oldbridge, along the right bank of Lough Dan, and under Lake View ; it crosses the Annamoe, at the head of the lake, and proceeds up the valley to Aghavourk ford, from which point a road leads to Luggalaw. Should the Annamoe not be fordable, a lane leads from Mr. Bourne's lodge to the high road. There is a boat ready on Lough Dan, by which it may be crossed. The approach to Luggalaw Lodge, the seat of Mr. La Touche, lies along the banks of the lake, the public road being regained at the Sally Gap entrance, a little to the north of the lodge. The pedestrian part of this excursion, about thirteen miles altogether, may be reduced to five and a-half, by taking a car to Oldbridge, and sending it round to the Sally Gap Lodge, or *vice versa*. It must be observed, that the public road lying between the northern and southern entrances to the domain of Luggalaw Lodge is, from its steepness, ill suited for carriages. It is, however, the one which most pleases the eye, from the beautiful views it commands.

The mountain districts in the neighbourhood of Lough Dan were the scenes of many daring exploits during 1798, and stories of the rebel General Holt and his well-armed band are still told by the guides. We next arrive at the hamlet of Annamoe, most beautifully situated on the Avonmore, or great river, which we lately traced on its exit from Lough Dan. A ruined water-mill in the vicinity of this hamlet is an object of interest from an accident which, in his youth, nearly deprived the world of the author of the "Sentimental Journey," as related by Sterne himself. Annamoe joins Glendalough Park : to the left of the road may be seen the ruins of Castle Kevin, the ancient residence of the O'Tooles.

From Annamoe the road lies through the southern portion of Glenavon, between lofty eminences, till we reach Lara—a village prettily situated at the confluence of the Glenmacanass river with the Avonmore. On a rising ground to the north is a ruined barrack, conspicuous in the landscape. Crossing the bridge of Lara, we enter the narrow road which leads to the gloomy valley in which stand the famous Seven Churches of Glendalough, hallowed in Moore's lyric version of the legend. Gloomy solitude shrouds this "city of the dead," celebrated in the early ages of Christianity, while Britain was still sunk in barbarism, for the splendour of its altars, and for the learning of its monastic community ! There are two lakes. The Lower is small, and filled only during winter. The Upper a mile in length, by about a quarter in breadth, and is 441 ft. about the level of the sea : Lugduff, Mullacap, and

Caimaderry, the surrounding mountains, being respectively 2148, 2176, and 2296 ft. The Upper Lake is fed by two streams: the Glenavla, which, when swollen, dashes down the gorge, separating Caimaderry from Lugduff, and forms a fine and graceful cascade; the other, the Powlanas Brook, crawls through a beautifully wooded dell in the demesne of Derrybawn. A little to the south, enveloped in wood, is the Powlanas Waterfall.

Passing over all biographical particulars of St. Kevin, we can merely say that he founded the Abbey of Glendalough, long resided there as abbot and bishop, and died in 618, at the uncommon age of one hundred and twenty years.

The Seven Churches, properly so called, are, Trinity Church, the Cathedral, the Abbey, St. Kevin's Church, Our Lady's Church, the Rhefeart Church, Teampull-na-Skellig; and for their extreme diminitiveness the reader is referred to that learned antiquarian (!), Titmarsh, as well as to the able work on Irish antiquities, lately published by Mr. Petrie, and particularised elsewhere. We reluctantly eschew all minutiae ourselves respecting these wondrous structures, and can only mention that the adjacent Round Tower is one of the highest and most perfect in Ireland, being 110 ft. high, and 51 ft. in circumference.

We must leave our engraving to speak of another of these



ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN.

archæological edifices, commonly known by the inappropriate appellation of St. Kevin's Kitchen, nearly parallel with the cathedral.

It may interest some of our readers to be informed that Sir

Walter Scott, in his visit in 1825, to the incomparably singular scene of Irish antiquities, as he designated the Seven Churches of Glendalough, sat for a considerable time before the ancient doorway of our Lady's Church, and expressed his admiration of, and wonder at, its character, in terms which, to the friends who accompanied him, and who were less enthusiastic antiquaries, seemed unaccountable. The Rhefeart, or Sepulchre of Kings, is situated near the Upper



CHURCH OF RHEFEART.

Lake, and so named from having been the place of burial for the princes of the family of O'Toole: it is now a confused mass of ruin. Teampull-na-Skellig—the Temple of the Desert—is situated in a recess of the mountain which bounds the Upper Lake on the south.

St. Kevin's Cell is situated above the Waterfall of Powlanas, and nearly between the two mountains of Lugduff and Derrybawn, and from it there is a magnificent view over the valley.

St. Kevin's Bed is on the south side of the Upper Lake, and is a cavity in the face of the nearly perpendicular rock, at a fearful elevation above the dark waters of the lake. Whether it was excavated by art, or was 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. Of the many legends associated with this singular spot, none equals in poetic beauty the Melody for which we are indebted to the genius of Moore, and known to the whole world. Description has been so "done to

death," that we would not attempt it if we could ; but, as we cannot, the less said the better.

To the south of Glendalough, and separated from it by the mountains of Lugduff and Mullacap, lies the valley of Glenmalure, which extends from the table-mountain to the first "Meeting of the Waters," a distance of eleven miles. This valley is traversed by the Avonbeg, which, descending from its source at the table-mountain, forms the Ess waterfall. It is fed by the mountain streams in



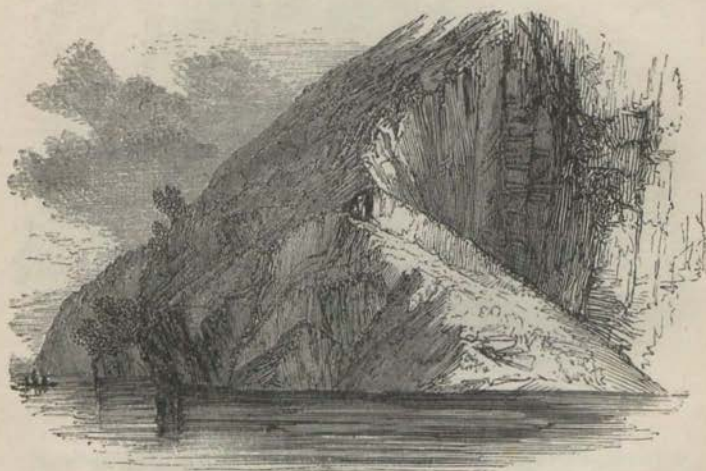
ST. KEVIN'S CELL.

its course through the valley, and, uniting with the Avonmore at Castle Howard, winds through the vale of Avoca towards the sea. The features of the lower part of Glenmalure, from Castle Howard to Strand-bridge, a distance of five miles, are full of graceful beauty: the glen is here of considerable breadth, and the summits of the mountains which bound it, rising one over the other, recede in the distance, producing the most beautiful effect; but from Strand-bridge to the Table-mountain, to which part of the glen the name of Glenmalure more properly applies, a distance of six miles, the scenery assumes the wildest and most savage character, the mountains on either side frequently rising to the height of over 2000 feet. Along the valley the military road runs. Three miles from Avoca is Whaley Abbey, erected on the site of an ancient monastery; in the demesne of the abbey various monastic ruins still exist. At Drumgoff Bridge, where there is a tolerable inn, commences the wildest part of the glen; rocky precipices impend over it on either side, till we reach the Table-mountain. Perhaps

there is no glen in Wicklow which, for savage grandeur, can compare with this portion of Glenmalure; nowhere do the mountains attain to such an elevation, nor are their outlines so boldly defined; nowhere do the profound repose and grandeur of nature overpower us with such emotions of awe and of sublimity.

In an historical point of view, Glenmalure possesses great interest. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this glen was the stronghold of Pheagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne, whose daring and importance are proved by the reluctant testimony of contemporary writers.

The Vale of Glendasan lies to the north of Glendalough; separated from it by a lofty mountain ridge, the road from Lara to



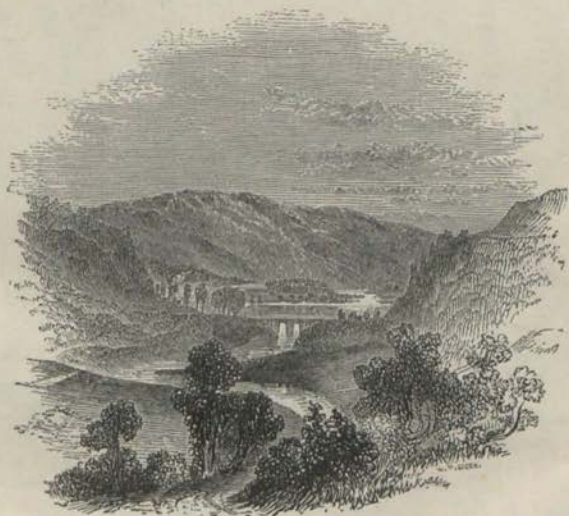
ST. KEVIN'S BED.

Poolaphuca waterfall traversing the glen. The most elevated point of the road is at Wicklow Gap, five miles from Glendalough, from which it commands a magnificent view. The lead mines of Luganure are situated in this valley.

Lugnaquilla, monarch of the mountains of Wicklow, lies to the south-west of Glendalough, and is 3039 feet above the level of the sea. Drumgoff Hill is the best point from which to commence the ascent. Having reached the top of Drumgoff, the bed of a mountain torrent guides us up a slope till we reach Kelly's Lough; near that point commences a steep acclivity, the most difficult part of the ascent; with this single exception, the route to the top of the mountain, though tedious, is easy. The view, in clear weather,

extends over five counties, and even the peaks of the Galtee mountains in the county of Tipperary, have been discerned from it. The descent may be varied by taking a northerly direction, which will lead into the Valley of Glenmalure; or, by following the course of the Little Slaney River, (rising the mountain,) into the Glen of Imale, ranking among the most beautiful in Wicklow, placed in the midst of Alpine scenery of the wildest kind, and deriving a peculiar charm from the contrast afforded by its civilised and cultivated character.

Lara is the central point from which radiate the valleys of Glendalough, Glendasan, Glenavon, Glenmacanass, and Clara. Having visited the former ones, we now proceed through the Vale of Clara



MEETING OF THE WATERS.

towards the Meeting of the Waters. The Vale of Clara, although presenting none of the sterner features of the scenery through which we have lately travelled, is in many places highly picturesque and beautiful, the Avonmore winding through it, plantations in many places bordering the water's edge. The impressions which this beautiful valley conveys are of a soft and pleasing kind, although here and there the wildness of nature intrudes, to diversify the generally sylvan character of the scenery.

Following the stream about a mile from Rathdrum, in the vale of Avon, is the demesne of Avondale, beautifully broken into hill,

dale, and precipice, and is covered with forest trees, planted by its former accomplished owner, Colonel Hayes, well known by his "Treatise on Planting."

Overlooking the Meeting of the Waters is Castle Howard, the lovely and celebrated seat of Howard Brooke, Esq.; overtopping the Avonmore, and commanding the most beautiful views. The Meeting of the Waters commences the Vale of Avoca, which extends, properly speaking, to the forest of Glenart, a distance of about four miles. The interest attached to the "Meeting of the Waters," which will endure as long as the language in which it has



VALE OF AVOCA AND SHELTON ABBEY.

been sung—gave rise to a controversy respecting the identity of the locality where the poet composed his melody. As there are two "meetings," one at Castle Howard, the other at the "Wooden Bridge," a question arose as to which was entitled to the honour—a difficulty which Moore is said to have settled, by pronouncing in favour of the former.

Towards Arklow, the river narrows and deepens, and the trees being more 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 Shelton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Wicklow, a Gothic structure, encompassed with a noble demesne. 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. James II., on his flight to Waterford, after the Battle of the Boyne, was entertained here. On the opposite side of the river, is the

forest of Glenart, and Glenart Castle, the residence of the Earl of Carysfort. The town of Arklow is of considerable antiquity. 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 founder of the Abbey. Cromwell took Arklow in 1649, and dismantled the castle, and the ruins may still be seen. In a battle fought in 1798, between the royalist troops and yeomanry and the insurgent army, the latter was defeated after a desperate resistance.

To the west of Arklow, at the foot of Croghan-Kinsella mountain, are the Wicklow gold mines, which were found unproductive, and are 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 Lagenian mine." They form the subject of one of O'Keefe's farces, and furnished Moore with one of his happiest metaphors. Further to the west is the small town of Tinehely, destroyed during the rebellion of 1798, but shortly afterwards rebuilt, and near it stood the ruins of Coolrass, the *Cosha*, it is believed, 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 Tinehely was in part rebuilt.

Four miles from Tinehely is Coolatin Park, the residence of Earl Fitzwilliam, well cultivated fields, and comfortable homesteads, abounding around it. 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 Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 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; Westminster Hall, it is said, was roofed from the same source.

At the assize town of Wicklow, distant from Dublin twenty-nine miles, there is little to interest the tourist. On a rock overhanging the sea are the remains 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.

To the left of the town is the rich valley of Glenealy, extending nearly to Rathdrum.

The village of Rathnew is to the north of Wicklow, in the midst of most pleasing scenery. Near it is Rosanna, a beautiful demesne of considerable extent, and shaded by an abundance of fine timber. This place derives its interest from having been the residence of the late Mrs. Tighe, the authoress of the well-known poem of "Psyche," to whose beauty Moore has testified in one of his earliest lyrics.

This poem was printed at a private press at Rosanna, but was not given to the public till after the death of Mrs. Tighe (who was married into the Grattan family), which occurred in 1810, at the early age of 37 years.

From Rathnew we proceed to Ashford, or to Newrath Bridge, at either of which places will be found excellent accommodation, on our way to the Devil's Glen. Nothing, perhaps, in Wicklow, pleases or astonishes more than this glen. Its roaring torrent, its



CASCADE IN DEVIL'S GLEN.

cliffs, its winding paths, presenting at every turn some new beauty that startles or delights; its waterfall, the magnificent forest trees which overshadow one of its sides, the huge masses of naked rock which impend over the other, "tottering to their fall," all, continues Mr. White, from whom we are quoting, present a scene inconceivably grand and beautiful.

At a short distance is the Glen of Dunran, producing a most striking effect, though one of the few glens in Wicklow destitute of water.

Newtown Mount Kennedy (famous in the rising of '98), is another central point for tourists visiting this highly improved portion of the county, and where very tolerable accommodation may be had. The demesne grounds present the most beautifully undulating surface



ENTRANCE TO DEVIL'S GLEN.



DEVIL'S GLEN.

and, besides forest trees, are covered with the arbutus, and other shrubs of a size not attained in any other part of Ireland.

Proceeding north, and leaving Altadore on our left, we arrive at the Glen of the Downs, near which is the beautiful village of



LADY ROCK.

Delgany, famous as the battle-field on which Sitric, chief of the Danes of Dublin, was defeated, with great slaughter, by Ugair Mac Dunluig, King of Leinster, in 1022.

The Glen of the Downs, one of the most beautiful creations of Nature, discloses a succession of the most picturesque views, to which the indentations of the mountain give a peculiar effect. At the bottom, almost hidden from view in its depths, a silver stream winds its course among rocks and shrubs. Through the "cool sequestered shade" of this valley we wander on, the precipices sometimes rearing themselves 600 feet above our heads, till we come



GLEN OF THE DOWNS.

full in view of the great Sugar-Loaf mountain—a gigantic barrier which towers over the northern entrance to the glen.

Belle-Vue, the seat of P. La Touche, Esq., includes one side of the Glen of the Downs. The mansion stands on the eastern slope of the ridge of hills which separates the glen from the sea. The marine prospect embraces the Caernarvon mountains, and the coast of Wicklow, including Bray and the other headlands. Within and without the house everything is in keeping with the magnificent scenery which we have faintly endeavoured to describe.

Approaching Enniskerry, we arrive at the Dargle, a glen formed by the approach of two mountains clothed with oak. The features of this remarkable place partake largely of the sublime, caused by its vast depth: the dense masses of green, interspersed with overhanging rock, which screen it from the light of day, and the hoarse sound of water, which foams, often unseen, among the rocks beneath. Nearly in the centre of the glen is a lofty crag covered with verdure, called the Lovers' Leap; it overhangs the torrent, and commands nearly the entire extent of this richly wooded dell, attached to which, of course, is a legend as romantic as the name. Many other points

also offer the most beautiful views, which have been lavishly recognised by pen and pencil.

We conclude, as we began, this faint and feeble outline notice of Wicklow, by repeating that the whole locality has been so done and



WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

overdone in description,—these descriptions are so accessible in every form, suitable to the means and taste of all classes of tourists; the country itself is so studded all over with attractions, almost

equally potent at every point of the compass; our map is fortunately so excellent and comprehensive; and, lastly, Mr. Quin and his assistants at the Bray Hotel are so competent and so willing to advise as to the best times and modes of seeing everything which the taste or convenience of particular travellers may not admit of inspecting in the order he has laid down for the holders of our tickets, that we present the foregoing pages rather as an index to more extensive information, obtainable from the various sources we have indicated, than as at all complete and satisfactory in itself, to



WATERFALL AT HERMITAGE.

any save those whom time will allow to make only the most cursory acquaintance with the captivating district embraced in the heading of this chapter.

Travellers who may have a day or two to spare beyond those four which, under Mr. Quin's guidance, will suffice to exhaust the beauties of Wicklow, multitudinous as they are, will do well to extend their rambles a little south, into the fine, and fertile, and prosperous county of Wexford, long a model county in its province for its orderly, contented, but high-spirited peasantry, its considerate and improving landlords, and the mercantile aptitude and success that distinguish its towns' population. The coach road traverses some of the most attractive and most famous portions of the whole country; and these are numerous, striking alike to the

seeker of the picturesque and the historic. The scenery of the Slaney, for several miles on the Dublin side of Enniscorthy (an excellent and thriving English-looking town at the base of Vinegar Hill, and on both sides of the river), is remarkably agreeable, and invariably extorts the praise of all travellers, no matter how enraptured respecting the sublimer scenes they may have just come from in the north. From Enniscorthy to Wexford, into whose bay the Slaney empties itself, the scenery continues to improve, as do the evidences of affluence, high tillage, and a numerous resident proprietary along its banks, all the way to the sea. The town of Wexford is not unworthy (judged by an Irish urban standard) to be the capital of such a county, probably the most English one in all Ireland, though its direct intercourse with Great Britain is not very considerable, being confined principally to a weekly steam communication to Liverpool; as there is no railway to Dublin or elsewhere. Wexford town, as the landing-place of the first English invaders in the reign of Henry II., has always commanded a large degree of the attention of the annalists of succeeding ages, and the more especially as it was previously conspicuous in the wars of the Danes. Our motive, however, in recommending it, does not partake much of an antiquarian complexion; but is attributable to a desire that as many of our English readers as possible should, in reaching the town, have an opportunity of seeing a county that may challenge a comparison with almost any of equal extent in the United Kingdom, in all those attributes an Englishman most delights to look upon in an agricultural landscape.



THIRD TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

DUBLIN TO GALWAY, CONNEMARA, AND THE WEST.

A brilliant future in store for Galway.—Midland and Great Western Railway.—Difficulties of the undertaking, and triumph of engineering skill.—Mullingar.—Auburn, "the Deserted Village."—Athlone and its representative, Mr. Keogh.—Ballinasloe.—The Fairs.—Garbally and its proprietor, Lord Clancarty.—Galway.—Queen's College and Mr. Hardiman.—A scrap from his History.—Prospect from the establishment of a Packet Station.—Peculiar race of people.—Hints about Connemara tours.—Commercial considerations.—Fine field for investments.—Remarks of Mr. Twining.—Finale from the West.

THE names of few places in the United Kingdom have of late been more familiar to the general ear than that of the ancient town of Galway, and none are associated with more vivid or better founded hopes of a prosperous future. Much of this is, no doubt, attributable to the large degree of publicity attached to its capacity for accommodating the expected mail-packet and other trade in connection with the anticipated establishment of an Anglo-American station on the western shores of Ireland. Much also to the fact of its being the head-quarters of that district to which the prescient eye of the statesman of his age was turned, as the source whence the regeneration of Ireland was to be augured from. But the chief and real cause of the prominence Galway has recently attained is the energy and perseverance of its people—worthily led by their indefatigable representative, Mr. A. O'Flaherty. While making sanguine but sagacious provision for the coming of that better time the vast natural resources of their geographical position warrant them in calculating upon, they have availed themselves of the means immediately within reach. Of these the first and chief is undoubtedly the Midland and Great Western Railway, traversing the whole centre of Ireland, from shore to shore, almost in a direct line, and nearly equi-distant from the northern and southern extremities of the island, bringing the metropolis into contiguity with Connaught. It was an admirable undertaking in conception, and certainly has been most admirably carried out by Mr. Hemans, the engineer to the Limerick and Waterford line already traversed, who has exhibited abundant evidence that he not only inherits the genius of his gifted mother, but an assiduity and constancy of application rarely found allied with such endowments. He is to be congratulated on the



ATHLONE.—DRAWN ON WOOD BY H. LOVER.

circumstance that the merits (and they are many and peculiar) of this line will be made apparent to a vast number of competent judges during the present year; for not only will there be unprecedented tourist travelling upon it, but the fact of the great Irish Agricultural Society holding their annual meeting at Galway this summer, will necessarily occasion at that town a vast aggregation of distinguished personages, many, no doubt, being perfectly competent to appreciate those works in the mode a scientific man most desires them to be tested. The line is $124\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and passes through Dublin, Kildare, Meath, Westmeath, Roscommon, and Galway. A good deal of the district out of Dublin may be said to have been described by us already. As we advance, the country is extremely varied, though much of it, no doubt, is monotonous, numerous bogs intersecting the line, rendered the construction in many parts very difficult, though at the same time interesting. Mr. Hemans adopted the plan of draining them completely, and hardening the upper crust, over which is a light framework of timber, on which the rails are supported, with the greatest firmness and security.

The first town of importance we reach is Mullingar, which derives considerable interest from the fact of its being the centre of a great agricultural district, and the assize, sessions, and chief police town of Westmeath. Eclat also attaches to it from the presence of a large military force, independent of which, however, substantial benefits accrue to Mullingar from the Royal Canal and the Midland Great Western Railway, both of which intersect it. Before we come to Athlone, the only object of interest worthy of passing notice—and that is worthy of a volume, and has been made the subject of several—is Auburn, “the Deserted Village,” in the immediate vicinity of which are the ruins of the birth-place of him who enshrined in undying song this “loveliest village of the plain.”

Soon after leaving these scenes of Goldsmith's childhood, we reach Athlone by means of a magnificent iron bridge (from the design of Hemans) over the Shannon. The view which is here obtained of the river and the lower portion of Lough Ree is of a nature to at once excite the admiration of the lover of the picturesque. Athlone itself possesses strong claims in that respect; and while rejoicing in past historical associations, also boasts of exercising a potent voice in the legislature of Great Britain, being worthily represented in parliament by William Keogh, Esq., the leader of the party now known in St. Stephen's as the “Irish Brigade.”

Among the many objects of interest in the town, the most conspicuous is the Castle, built by the early English settlers to overawe the “wild Irish” of the borders. As an additional defence, walls were constructed around it; but scarcely a vestige now remains. Though that memorial of past ages be swept away, the antiquarian will not fail to observe the house which served as the residence of one of William's best commanders in the wars of the revolution, General De Ginkle, during the siege in 1689. The military position of Athlone has been ever conserved since by all succeeding governments; and, at the present moment, it is a first-rate depôt for all

grades of soldiery, and in the armoury are deposited 15,000 stand of arms. We rejoice that the pencil of Lover presents us with a very charming sketch, expressly and obligingly taken for us, of the *locale* his pen had already helped to hallow, in some of his most recent and happiest fictions.

From hence to Ballinasloe there is nothing calling for remark, except the fine viaduct near the River Suck. Ballinasloe enjoys a world-wide renown for its famous annual October fairs, which are looked forward to with as much, if not more, anxiety by the agriculturists generally of the kingdom, as are the fairs of Leipsic by the German booksellers. In the immediate vicinity of Ballinasloe is Garbally, the seat of Lord Clancarty, a distinguished agricultural authority, and a most excellent landlord. With a praiseworthy generosity the noble owner has thrown open the house and gardens to the public, and every tourist should avail himself of the opportunity of viewing this beautiful demesne. After passing the villages of Kilconnel and Athenry, the train passes the Lough Athalia by a swivel bridge, which is the largest ever built, consisting of one length of 154 feet, and constructed with two steamboat ways of 60 feet each. This bridge leads into Galway, where, on alighting from the carriage, the traveller will not fail to be struck with the beautiful building which constitutes the terminus of the Midland and Great Western Railway. The hotel will also attract a large share of his attention, and accordingly he will observe the excellent arrangements already effected, and in contemplation, for the largely increasing traffic which is characterising the capital of the West.

As for the town itself, there are many points possessing peculiar attractions for the antiquarian, the historian, the politician, and the artist. There are numberless old buildings to interest the first; historical associations to engage the attention of the second; memoirs 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 possessed by Galway, the most conspicuous is the Queen's College, which is situated at the north-west of the town, 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. James 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 archaeological treasures of a country which already numbers him amongst her greatest scholars and her best citizens. His “Irish Minstrelsy” compliments his taste; his “History of

Galway" establishes his erudition. Fortunately, the Queen's College is now profiting by his personal services.

From Mr. Hardiman's history, we learn curiously enough what Galway anciently was. It looked out upon the Atlantic, and from its harbour a ship could sail right on for Spain. The Irish chiefs loved wine, and Spain supplied it. Ireland cured pork and butter, the best adapted for warm climates and the West Indies; and Spain took it in exchange for her sherries. A profitable trade was the consequence. Strength first offered security to merchants, and the 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. The prudent citizens 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, 14 miles distant, tell the story of its greatness and its fall, while 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 right merry and audibly happy.

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 marble 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, 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 these 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 "New World" or the "Great Britain." These, and others like them, will enter Galway Bay when there is trade for them, and that will not long be 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, news comes perhaps quick enough from the United States; but, let there be a war or an insurrection, and even the "Africa" or the "Pacific" 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, across the Channel and on to London, will tell Lord Derby 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



BUTTERMILK LANE, GALWAY.

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.

These remarks are offered in continuation of those that we have already made, in speaking of Lord Monteagle's efforts on behalf of a Shannon transatlantic port; and are, we conceive, a sufficient commentary on the speech of the First Minister, in reference to the retention of Liverpool as the only Anglo-American port at present. The only effect of that speech on the Galwegians will, we fully anticipate, be to stimulate them to perfect the telegraphic communication which his lordship clearly implies must, even in his judgment, revolutionise the whole existing system of mail-packet intercourse with America.

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 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 the annexed street view was taken on the shores of the Mediterranean or the Bay of Biscay. Yet see how the romance of old Iberian association, conjured up by the view, is outraged by the modern Milesian nomenclature in our view of Buttermilk Lane!

We have said that the human corresponds with the architectural aspect of the place. Who can doubt it that looks upon Lover's delineation of one of the itinerant street celebrities, long familiar to most of the inhabitants of that city, but now dead?



PATRICK O'FLAHERTY.

Or take Lover's specimen of the opposite sex—one of the fisher-

women of the Claddagh, a district as peculiar in Galway as Galway itself is peculiar to Ireland.



GALWAY FISHERWOMAN.

Might not this Arab-visaged being 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. But our space warns us that we must linger no longer in this fine and famous old town and prosperous new one; and 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.

Entering now upon the strange and beautiful region of Connemara, we must prepare our readers with a summary of the means of getting there.

Leaving Galway for Connemara, there is conveyance by stage-car, which, in the summer months, starts every morning at 9 a. m., for Clifden, passing through Oughterard and Ballinahinch, and arrives at Clifden at 4 p. m.; fare, 7s. 6d. This route commands a view of the finest mountain scenery in Connemara, and passes through the entire length of the Martin estates. At Clifden there is a good inn and moderate charges, kept by Mrs. Carr; post-cars and carriages to the former, 8d. per Irish mile.

Leaving Clifden, and taking the road to Westport, you pass through the district lately colonised by English settlers. A two-horse long car starts from Clifden for Westport three times a week, passing by the settlements of Mr. James Ellis, Mr. Eastwood, &c., &c., the latter situate in the valley and near the Lake of Kylemore, where there is a good inn, kept by a clergyman, twelve (Irish) miles from Clifden. Leaving Kylemore, you pass Killery Bay, reckoned the finest mountain scenery in Ireland; here there are several settlements, schools, &c, worth a visit. Shortly after



LYNCH'S HOUSE, GALWAY.

leaving this point, there is nothing of much interest to the tourist till he comes to Westport, a large town, with inns and hotels as good as in Dublin. The superb demesne of Lord Sligo, lying between the town and Clew Bay, is open to all visitors. Clew Bay contains 365 islands, affording a beautiful prospect.

From Westport to Achill there is no public conveyance, but good post-cars can be had at Westport and Newport, for 8*d.* per Irish mile. Newport is six (Irish) miles from Westport, and is an object of interest to the visitor from the flax-mills lately established there. From Newport to Achill Sound is seventeen Irish miles; there being a small inn at the Sound, where cars and horses and ponies can be had, and ferried over the Sound (100 yards across),

for use in the islands. The missionary settlement is nine miles from the Sound, and is 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.

Connemara, independent of the attractions of its magnificent and peculiar scenery, unlike anything else whatever in the British dominions, also possesses a very great interest in a commercial point of view. It offers at this moment a singularly favourable opportunity for enterprise and capital. One of the most extensive estates in the United Kingdom, situated in this district, is now in the market. We allude to the great Martin estates, which extend over an area of about 200,000 acres, and present many and very important advantages. There are likewise several very valuable properties adjoining, now waiting to be sold under the Incumbered Estates Commission, (Mr. D'Arcy's, Mr. O'Neill's, Mr. St. George's, and Mr. Blake's,) and which occupy, with the Martin estate, very nearly the whole of the district known as Connemara. It was to this part of Ireland that the late Sir Robert Peel alluded in his celebrated speech on the colonisation of Connaught. Mr. Eastwood of Liverpool, whose example was then held out as a subject for imitation, resides in the beautiful and prolific neighbourhood of Kylemore, as already stated, and has brought a large amount of land into cultivation, proving what may be done in Connemara with moderate capital combined with enterprise.

The whole of this 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 Wurrisebey 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.

The town of Roundstone was founded by Alexander Nimmo, the eminent engineer, whose premature death will long be regretted in the whole of this district. Most of the roads in this part of Ireland were laid out by him, and no one can fail to observe with what skill and judgment, who travels between Oughterard and Clifden. His reports on the harbours, the fisheries, and the waste lands of that district, are well worthy the attention of those who take an interest in such subjects and are to be found amongst the Parliamentary Papers.

We repeat there is now an opportunity, which does not exist to the same extent in any other part of Ireland, for carrying out the measures proposed by that lamented statesman already named. There is in the market, in this district, lying almost in a ring-fence, a territory—a positive principality—of nearly 300,000 acres, presenting a combination of advantages probably never before met with on anything like a similar scale. Amongst them may be mentioned capacious harbours, extensive sea frontage, almost unexampled water-power, inland and deep-sea fisheries of great reputation, a soil possessing numerous facilities for reclamation, and admitting of easy drainage; the shores abounding with inexhaustible supplies of the most fertilising manures, viz., coral-sand and seaweed.

“Though the general improvement of cultivation,” says Mr. Nimmo, in his Report, “of Connemara would seem an undertaking of the most arduous description, it is not without facilities which might, upon a candid consideration, make it appear a subject more worthy of attention than many others of the waste lands of the kingdom. On the whole, it appears to me, that the improvement of this district, so far from being difficult or hopeless, is a thing highly feasible, and if vigorously but steadily pursued, is likely to meet with fewer obstructions and greater ultimate success than perhaps any other part of Ireland.”

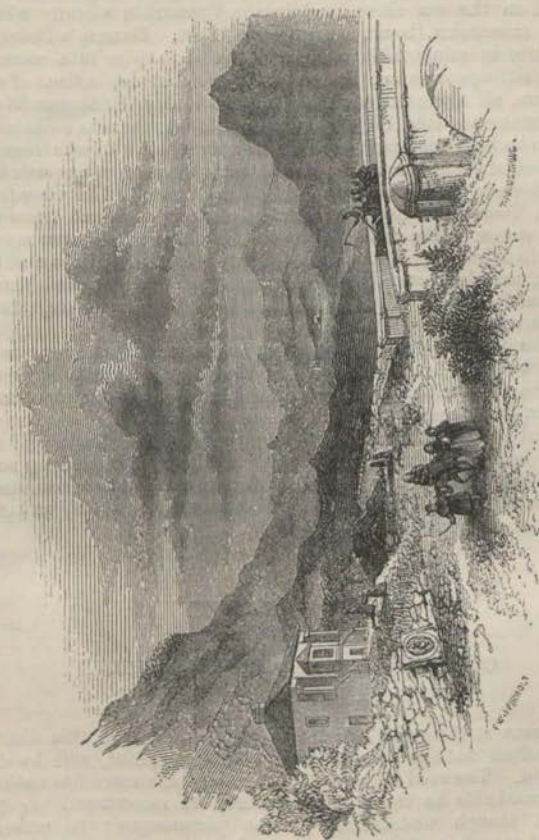
There is scarcely a portion of this district which does not possess excellent limestone, and from the circumstance of turf being so abundant, caustic lime, which is the best manure for peat soil, may be applied to the land at an expense not exceeding 6*d.* per barrel. The numerous lakes in this district, independent of their ornamental advantages, would materially assist in presenting great facilities for transporting lime, sea-sand, and seaweed to the land, and thus effect the work of reclamation. A tram-way would likewise be of essential service; from the abundance of stone it could be cheaply constructed.

In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* (April 1852), appeared a very able article, entitled “Investments for the Working Classes.” We feel that if these estates were purchased by a few English capitalists, some of these admirable suggestions might be carried out, not only with advantage to themselves but with infinite good to that class of farmers who have small sums of money to invest.

It is most gratifying to us to be able to state that many of the foregoing inducements and suggestions have already been, and are progressively continuing to be, acted upon. The number of English settlers are increasing, and with the best results both to themselves and the land of their adoption. The Society of Friends—the invariable pioneers in all works of civilisation and improvement—have set an amiable example in the person of Mr. Ellis (already mentioned), brother of the member for Leicester, who has indeed created an oasis in the desert. Mr. F. Twining, a near relative of the eminent London banker of that name, has likewise recently settled down in the district, and we cannot deny ourselves the

pleasure of transcribing a portion of a letter written by that gentleman when his attention was called to the subject-matter of these tours. The communication is distinguished by sound views and most judicious advice:—

“Cleggan, April 15th, 1852.—I ought to have answered your letter of the 7th before this, for the subject is one of much import-



HOTEL AT MAUME, CONNEMARA.

ance to this district. As you say, 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 can 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 the 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."

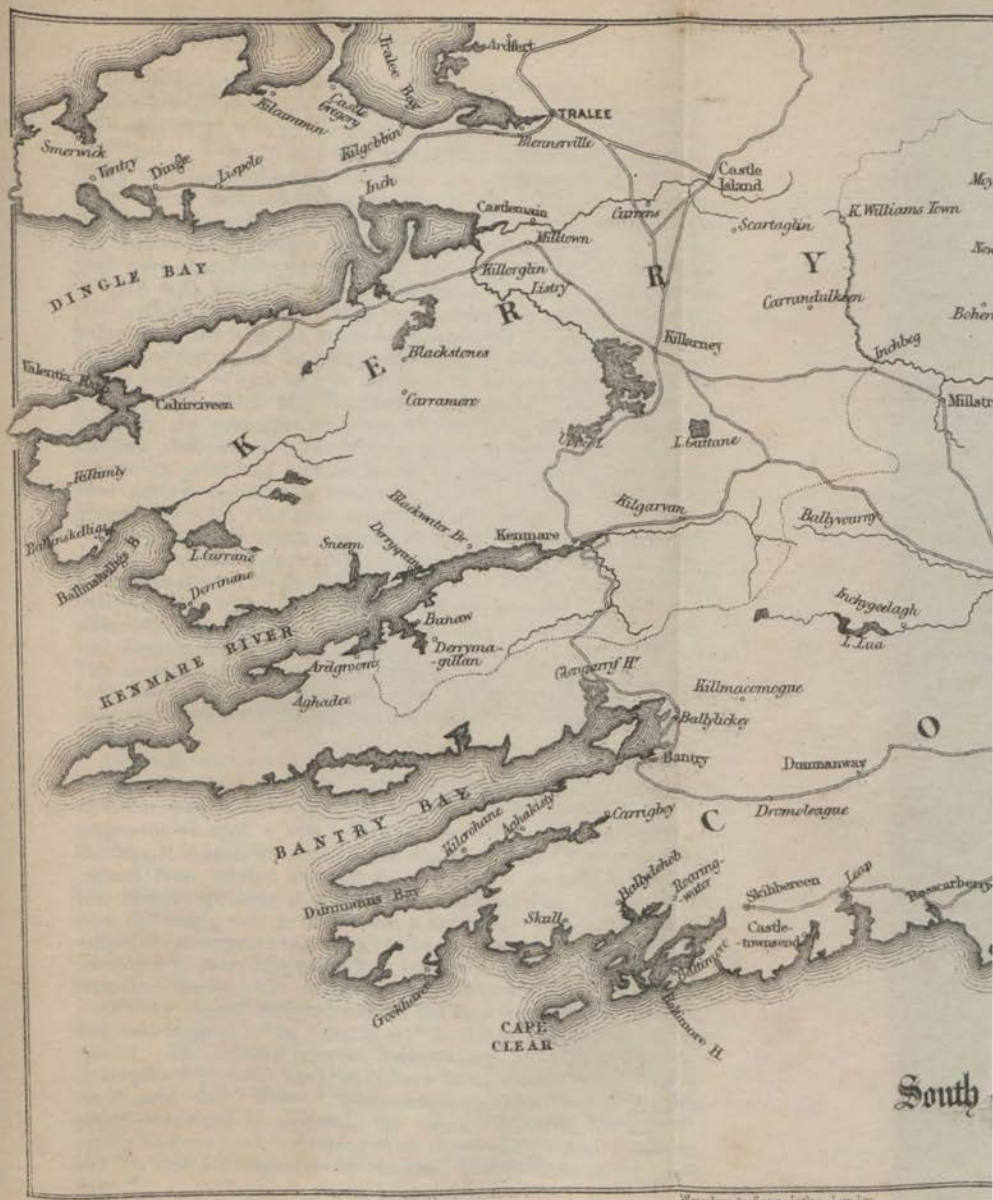
As the little mountain snugery, just named, is one repeatedly alluded to in the text, we have introduced our readers to it in the preceding page, without waiting their arrival at its precise whereabouts in due course.

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.

CONNEMARA AND JOYCE'S COUNTRY.

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 tracts 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, so mysterious to the London tourist. 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 25 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 being protected from the cattle browsing upon the young wood. A few miles further on the road brings us to Flynn's Half-way House, where ponies or cars may be obtained to explore this magnificent 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."

The lakes now become extremely numerous in every direction. At the beautiful Lough Garroman, on the south side, a pretty house was erected by the late Dean Mahon. Lakes Derryclare and Ballynahinch, with Lough Inagh, 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 Benna Beola, or Twelve Pins, are 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 house one would expect to meet with as the residence of the proprietor of such a vast extent of property. The old castle on the lake, it is said, was used by the famous Dick Martin to imprison persons who treated animals with cruelty. 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 incredible stories; but we leave that for others to do.

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."

Clifden owes its existence to the formation of the splendid coach road projected by the late Alexander Nimmo, thirty years ago. Sir Robert Kane, in his "Industrial Resources of Ireland," says, "Clifden, and the surrounding country, were, in 1815, in such a state of seclusion, that it contributed no revenue whatever to the State, and, up to 1822, its agriculture was so imperfect that scarcely a stone of oats could be got; in 1836, Clifden had become an export town, having sent out 800 tons of oats, and it produced to the revenue annually 7000*l.* From the expenditure in Connaught in seven years of 160,000*l.* in public works, the increase of annual revenue derivable from the province has become equal to the entire amount. This should not be called a grant of money, but the investment of capital with the realisation of enormous profits: an individual would most happily advance the money if he were allowed to appropriate a fourth of the returns. When Mr. Nimmo was engaged in the construction of these roads, his workmen were actually inconvenienced by the country cars conveying produce and objects of traffic even up to the spot which the engineers were at the moment commencing to render passable." "Let no traveller," says Inglis, "be in this neighbourhood without visiting Clifden Castle: the walk by the water side is perfectly lovely." Returning by the mountain road, the new views which the road disclosed he considered more Swiss in character than anything he had seen in Ireland. The mountain range behind Clifden—the Twelve Pins or Bennabeola—is almost worthy of Switzerland: in its outline nothing can be finer. Altogether he was greatly pleased with Clifden; and prophesied that it would rapidly rise into importance.

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 remind one of 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. The fastidious Pückler Muskau, in his interesting "Tour of a German Prince," dwells repeatedly on the occasional beauty of the female peasantry of Ireland; and to the



PEASANT'S (CONNEMARA) SPINNING-WHEEL.—DRAWN BY S. LOVER.

peasantry of no part of the island are his remarks more justly applicable than to those of the district we now speak of. The no less fastidious Cabinet minister, to whom we have frequently referred,

also says:—"In the redoubtable bog of Allen itself, as in Italy, the distant view was ever delightful. Finely-shaped mountains were never wanting for a background to a weird and noble picture, in which the various objects I have mentioned, ugly in themselves, and when viewed singly, blended with beautiful effect. Nor can any one fail to be struck with the air and carriage of the inhabitants of these dreary abodes. The wattled door of a wretched hut that boasts neither chimney nor window, opens, and out steps a stockingless Juno,—and I defy the most skilful Parisian modiste to invent a dress that shall become the bog of Allen, or the female cutters upon it, nearly as much as the existing fashion does."

But these compliments are peculiarly applicable to the peasantry of Galway and Connemara. 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 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, which we may introduce on another occasion; 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 "Angel's 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 few sketches now interspersed were taken on the occasion of Lover's Connemara visit, in September last, accompanied by Baron Liebig and his distinguished pupil, Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, president of the Liverpool College of Chemistry. The sketch of the romantically-situated structure on the opposite page was taken at the same time, possessing 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



BENVYLE CASTLE, CONNEMARA.—DRAWN ON WOOD BY SAMUEL LOVELL.

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 the preceding sketch being perhaps the favourite.

From Clifden, proceeding towards Roundstone, the country is desolate and dreary. Behind Roundstone, founded by Alexander Nimmo, whose memory will long be dear to its inhabitants, is Mountain Urrisbeg, which affords a good view of a country “more singular than beautiful;” the lakes being almost innumerable. Here resides Mr. Robertson, of Derrada Lodge, between Ballynahinch and Roundstone, who has done much good in this desolate part of the country, and gives considerable employment in his salmon fishery, as also in his extensive 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 in Connemara is about 3*d.* per lb., and fish is absurdly cheap: a large turbot for 6*d.* or 8*d.*; oysters about 6*d.* per hundred; and herrings, finer than upon any other of the coast, not even excepting the famous Dublin Bay herring, sold for about 10*s.* 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 Mewlrea, to the north of the harbour, is 2688 feet, the highest in the west of Ireland, and gives one the idea of being much higher than it is in reality,

from the circumstance of its 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 the northern side of the bay is Delphi, the shooting-lodge of the Marquis of Sligo, beautifully situated, and a boat may be procured at Leenane to visit it. The people here are literally starving, though the Killery Bay swarms with herrings and fish of all kinds; and every one knows that the shores of Galway have long been celebrated for excellent fishing-grounds, and have been, from time immemorial, resorted to by fishermen from all parts of the coast: notwithstanding the existence of such an abundance of fish, herrings are annually imported into Ireland from Great Britain. The fishery on this coast would alone prove sufficient to give employment to the whole population, if properly conducted, and if sufficient capital was forthcoming.

At Leenane, the road divides into two branches; the northern road leading to Westport, and the other to Maume Inn and Cong. To persons who cannot afford the time, this latter road is the one which 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 that portion of the county Mayo, known as Erris and Tyrawley: the coast scenery would prove a rich reward for the journey. Under such circumstances we would recommend persons to sojourn at Maume Inn, as it is a place most admirably situated for visiting Cong, Maume, Torc, and other points of interest in this district, of which the Rev. C. Otway says:—"I do not know any position in the British Isles so favourable as Maume Inn for observing within a limited compass, fine lake, river, ocean, and mountain scenery." The little inn itself affords comforts which the traveller would hardly expect to meet with in so remote a district. The southern portion of Erris, known as Ballycroy, will be recognised as the district described in Maxwell's most interesting work, the "Wild Sports of the West," as well as by the accomplished writer just quoted, in his "Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley."

From Leenane to Maume Inn is about nine miles. The road skirts along the side of the Bealanabrack River, which finally runs into Lough Corrib, and is a drive of very considerable interest. All writers on Connemara agree respecting the excellence of the Maume Inn, and Mr. White, who long sojourned at it, likewise adds his testimony in its favour. He arrived there at a season of the year

and at an hour when persons seldom leave their firesides, and was most agreeably surprised at the capabilities of the cuisine department. It was built by Alexander Nimmo, for the use of his assistants, and the present proprietor, Mr. Rourke, originally in his employment, is a most obliging and intelligent person, and will not fail to put tourists in the way of seeing anything of interest in the neighbourhood. It is being enlarged; and, through its aid, tourism in Connemara will become fashionable before very long.

Our view, already given, will help to impress it on the memory of those who have visited it, and to recommend it to those who have that pleasure to come.

To the lover of the angle there is perhaps no part of Great Britain where so much sport is likely to be afforded as in Connemara. In Lough Corrib is found the Gillaroo trout, which is remarkable from the circumstance of its possessing a gizzard, and so encomiastically described by Sir Humphry Davy, in his "Salmonia." He had never met with gillaroo trout 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 Lough Neagh, Lough Erne, and Lough Mask; and is sometimes said to weigh from fifty to sixty pounds.

Glancing at the accompanying map, one is astonished at the immense proportion which the lakes and rivers bear to the land. Lough Corrib alone contains 44,000 acres, and measures in extreme length about twenty-seven miles. Lough Mask, which is divided from Lough Corrib by a narrow neck of land of about two miles in breadth, contains an area of 22,000 acres, and is ten miles in length. A short canal connecting these two magnificent expanses of water will shortly, we believe, open out to the district a still-water navigation of over forty miles in length, presenting a coast-line of over one hundred miles, and will possess the further advantage of affording an opportunity of lowering the water of Lough Mask to the level of Lough Corrib, which difference amounts to about forty feet, and which would, according to Mr. Bald, leave dry a great portion of Carra and Mask. It would further drain the district through which the River Robe passes, and would afford an effectual fall to the waters of the interior districts of not less than two hundred square miles. The lowering of the water of Lough Mask would give a drainage to more than 150,000 acres of an inland country. Mr. Bald estimates the water power of Lough Mask and the small Lough Carra, as equivalent to 2034 horses working twenty-four hours, which, under sluice and dam, working twelve hours a day, would be 4064 horses, which would be equal to eighty-one steam engines of fifty-horse power each. The regularity of water power makes it (independent of the saving of cost, which Sir Robert Kane estimates at 30% per horse-power per annum) much more valuable, when steadiness of motion is required, than steam power. A short canal is now in course of execution between Lough Corrib and the sea, which, when completed, will be of incalculable advantage to this region.

The water-power of the district is not confined to Lough Corrib and Lough Mask. The whole country is studded with lakes and rivers in every direction, which could easily be rendered navigable. In fact, as Mr. Nimmo has remarked in his able report on this district, there is no portion of it distant more than six miles either from the sea or some navigable lake.

Here we are perforce compelled to pause. We would most willingly ask the reader to accompany us still further into the wilds of the west, towards the north, and, if possible, into the almost untraversed regions of Gwydore and the mountains of Donegal; but our rapidly narrowing limits warn us to conclude. 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 of Ireland, that district in particular included in the large and excellent map accompanying this portion of the letter-press. There, 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.

Illustrative of the experience of a most competent authority, we subjoin an extract from a letter recently addressed to the leading journal by an officer in her Majesty's service, who, though he has concealed his designation under the pseudonym of Cincinnatus, is, we have reason to believe, Lieutenant-Colonel Kitchener. He says:—

“Driven from the army, in which I was Lieutenant-Colonel, by illness, and seeking health by travelling in Ireland, I was struck by the advantages of purchasing under the Encumbered Estates Bill. I found a property beautifully situated, but in a wretched state of farming, with a number of small tenants. I bought it at ten years' purchase. My first step was to get rid of the tenants off that portion of the land which I determined to commence improving and farming. There was half-a-year's rent due directly after the purchase: this I forgave them; paid their rates and charges; and bought their crops by valuation. From such as wished to go to America, I took their stock also by valuation; and for those who preferred taking other farms, I allowed their cattle to remain on my land until they found one. By these means I got all the land I wanted without any trouble, generally receiving the blessings of those who are represented in England as ready to murder under similar circumstances. Some of the smaller tenants still occupy their houses, work for me as labourers, and are well contented: I pay them 8*d.* a day; but most of my work is put out by the piece. I average 75 men and 50 women daily; the former are employed in draining, making roads, knocking down fences, and other general improvements; the latter in weeding, carrying turf, and picking stones. They are under the management of a Scotch steward, and are very amenable, but require much looking after, as they are inclined to be lazy. I purchased the land last autumn.

*Emmet 422 a
a tract of land in 1850.*

I put in my spring corn principally with the spade, and my crops are now looking well. The lands of this country are most fertile; 40 to 60 tons of green crops per Irish acre are to be obtained by decent farming; stones for drainage, brick earth, water-power for machinery, and turf, are on the land, and my produce can compete (by water carriage) in the London market with those 100 miles off by rail. The rates and charges upon land, if but a few English would come over with capital to employ the poor and improve the land, would dwindle into nothing. 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. We have nine or ten neighbours within visiting distance. I 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 improvable to an enormous extent; doing good in your generation, and able to laugh at free trade! I do not advocate the purchase of land without the intention of residence and improvement; but I am so confident of the advantages to be derived, that I am intending to stake all I am worth in the venture."



CONNEMARA PRASANT.—DRAWN BY S. LOVER.

FOURTH, AND CONCLUDING TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

DUBLIN TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY AND THE NORTH.

Historical retrospections.—Resumé of the Railways going north.—Balbriggan "Stockings."—Commencement of the Tour from Drogheda.—First acquaintance with the Boyne.—Drogheda.—Abbey of Monasterboice.—St. Boyne's Cross.—The Belfast Junction.—Louth.—Antiquities.—Dunleer.—Castlebellingham.—Approach to Dundalk.—Splendid aspect of the country.—Antiquity of Dundalk.—Historical resumé.—Jaunt to Newry.—Forthill and its battle.—Rosstrevor.—Its historic, bathing, and scenic beauties.—Gastronomic exordium of Carlingford oysters.—Sea and inland beauties of the Mourne Mountain district and the County of Down.

WE now enter upon our last tour, and greatly regret that space will not allow us to do it anything like adequate justice, even as compared with what we have been enabled to render the preceding trips; though in point of the number and importance of the towns about to be passed through, the scenic beauty, or past interest of the district, at least fully double the limits already occupied would be needed to convey a moderately intelligible idea of what it is desirable the traveller should be apprised of.

To the historian it is pregnant with materials of the 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 and Drogheda 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 very considerable portion of the district indicated in the foregoing paragraph is traversed by railway, and within the month from the issue of our little book, all the large towns on the eastern Irish sea coast, together with many others lying immediately inland, will be linked in one continuous chain, the only break being the yet incomplected viaduct across the Boyne at Drogheda. The unfinished portions of the now fast progressing lines coupling Dundalk with Newry, and Newry with Belfast, and the connection thence to

Ballymena (the railway starting-point for the Causeway) will then be completed, and in good working order.

The Dublin and Drogheda was one of the first of the Irish lines ; and being of very easy construction, passing along the comparatively level shore for a great part of the way, and being for the most part extremely well managed as regards fares and accommodation, it helped to popularise all the contiguous projected lines in Ireland (of which there were many), at a time when, but for such stimulant, the necessary English capital to bring the various schemes before Parliament would not have been forthcoming. The country between Dublin and Drogheda is pleasant, but somewhat monotonous ; and for a description of its attractions, which are numerous, though not eminently so on the score of the picturesque, we must refer to the local guide published by Walsh, and obtainable for a trifle at all the stations. The one of these whose name will be most familiar to English ears, is Balbriggan, whose "stockings" excited such admiration at the Exhibition last year, and thereby most materially helped to acquaint the general public of Great Britain with the existence of an Irish manufacture whose combined delicacy of fabric and beauty of workmanship deservedly place it beyond competition in Europe. The demand for these productions is immensely increasing in London, forming the principal staple of the Irish Work Society in Regent-street—an association of benevolent ladies (Lady Monteagle being one of the most active), who obtain a sale at a profit merely defraying expenses, for such work as may be furnished by the Irish peasantry in their cottages ; and the amount of good thus effected, directly and indirectly, is beyond all computation.

For our purposes, the interest of the present tour may be said to commence at Drogheda, where we first make the acquaintance of the Boyne.

Those who would linger on the scenery of this river, for the sake of historic associations, will of course provide themselves with all the necessary accounts of the memorable incidents of the battle : that in Mr. Wilde's "Boyne and Blackwater," already referred to, is about the most accessible to the general traveller, as it is also much the latest and far the best, and contains, moreover, a plan of the field, and various pictorial illustrations of the most celebrated spots in the district. Another exceedingly good one, and not a little curious from its adoption of military opinions rather different to those generally entertained, is that in Banim's novel of the "Boyne Water ;" and though a work of imagination is not exactly an authority on such points, still the reader will find much suggestive matter in the one referred to, and put in a shape more attractive than a mere dry narrative. But it is to the forthcoming third volume of Macaulay (who has also lately personally explored the whole *locale* of the conflict) that the reader's anticipation will necessarily be turned ; and fully participating in the general eagerness, we do not intend to trespass on the province of the historian in this respect, for reasons sufficiently obvious, and pass now to more business-like considerations.

Drogheda is a large and thriving sea-port, pleasantly situated on the Boyne, about four miles west of the Irish sea, and by railway, twenty-nine miles north of Dublin. The ground rises from the river on both sides, and the houses, overtopping one another, show to great advantage. It was long strongly fortified, and, like most other old walled towns, the houses were huddled together, within the protection of the fortifications, with little regard to street architecture; so that the older portions do not present a single graceful line of buildings. But of late great improvements have been made; the quay and some of the streets contain many handsome and commodious houses; the principal thoroughfares are well built, and of urban character; and the large grain stores, spinning factories, breweries, and public buildings, with the various suburban villas lining the acclivities of the hills on either side, with the bustle of the harbour, and the brown river bearing on its now peaceful waters numerous sailing and steam vessels, give to the place an animated and prosperous appearance. The motto on the seal of Drogheda is, "Deus præsidium, mercatura decus;" and heartily do we wish that they may long have cause to say, "God is our safeguard, and merchandise our glory!" The trade of Drogheda is considerable, and increasing; the exports of grain, cattle, and provisions, which the country around—being one of the richest and best cultivated in the kingdom—plentifully supplies, give abundant employment to some score of schooners and brigs, and six splendid steamboats, all belonging to the port.

The town (formerly called Tredagh), is generally included in the county of Louth, but is also considered a county and town in itself, and sends one member to Parliament, Sir William Meredith Somerville, Under-Secretary to the Home Office, in Lord John Russell's administration.

Three miles from Drogheda, on the left, are the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Monasterboice; two chapels; a round tower, now 110 ft. high, but formerly much higher, the top having been struck off by lightning. It beautifully diminishes from a base of eighteen feet, in the manner of a Tuscan pillar. 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 in him, he will, either before or immediately after visiting Monasterboice, of course consult the celebrated work, entitled, "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 as an infallible authority on the much disputed question of Round Towers, as we have already intimated, and a very superfluous intimation it is to all who are in the least conversant with such topics.

The works in progress for carrying the railway across the Boyne at Drogheda (to be completed by this time twelvemonth), are an object of great interest to all travellers in this neighbourhood; and most

deservedly so, even if judged by the standard the tourist will be disposed to set up, who has accompanied us on the Chester and Holyhead portion of our journey.

As soon as we quit the precincts of Drogheda, and get upon the Belfast Junction Railway (fifty-five miles in length, constructed by Sir John Macneile), we enter Louth, the smallest county in Ireland, but very fertile and pleasant, and abounding with many remains of antiquities. It may be justly called the heart of the old English Pale, and is filled with old castles, forts, raths, and a variety of objects, bearing evident marks of grandeur and great antiquity, which bring vividly before us the recollection of the mighty events of bygone years.

Eight miles north of Drogheda is Dunleer, a small post and market town, with no remarkable feature, save its large old church and Catholic chapel. Dunleer is now insignificant and without trade—the mere residuum of decayed importance, notwithstanding the improvements of the landlord, Mr. R. Montesquieu Bellew, M.P., whose family was among the first Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland, and has always been, in that quarter of the empire, of distinction and opulence.

We now enter the village of Castlebellingham, so famous for its ale, upon the banks of the Clyde, sweetly embosomed among trees, and consisting of some score of Elizabethan cottages and pretty houses, covered with ivy and fragrant eglantine. It has a neat church, and a well-conducted hotel, with an extensive brewery. At a little distance, on the left bank of the Lagan water, is a pretty rural seat of varied beauties, surrounded by huge old trees, the mansion of Sir Alan Bellingham. Inglis, and other writers of a like character, are rightly unanimous in pronouncing the condition of the tenantry of the Castle Bellingham district a model of order, plenty, and contentedness.

Approaching Dundalk, the scenery becomes still more beautiful; the northern shore of the bay, covered with romantic seats and picturesque plantations, the steep acclivities of Trumpet Hill, and other Alpine hills and ravines, crowned with tall trees; and away to the east, a series of beautiful glens and vales at the southern skirts of the lofty and boldly declivitous mountains, whose majestic masses bound the prospect: while, far to the right, the level or slightly undulating plains wear one pervading aspect of luxuriant fertility.

Dundalk is built upon a low flat expanse of marshy ground, bounded on the north by the estuary of the Castletown River, and flanked on the west by the demesne of Lord Roden, the excellent lord of the manor, who has a fancifully constructed cottage in the town. The town parks occur both north and south, and contribute to the soft beauty of the landscape by their hedge-row lines of trees. From an ancient tumulus near the town, crowned with a small building, a delightful view is obtained of Dundalk, the Bay, and the rich and beautifully varied surrounding country. The town consists of one long street, intersected with several smaller ones.

Dundalk, anciently called Dundelgan, in the poems of Ossian, and even later, claims a high antiquity. The Anglo-Normans when pushing their invasion northward, under De Courcey, fought here a stoutly contested battle with the Irish; in which, some authorities allege, the Norman Knight was so successful as to take and keep possession of the town. A different version is given in the Irish annals, where we find it recorded, that in the reign of Henry II., a chieftain of Argial had provoked the resentment of John De Courcey by destroying one of his ships, laden with stores and provisions, near Newry, and massacring the crew; in consequence of which, a battle was fought near Dundalk, in which the English were defeated. Immediately after the invasion, Bertram de Verdon received a grant of the town and its vicinity, and he constructed walls, and fortified the town, which, as the northern frontier of the English Pale and the key to Ulster, was a post of great importance, and the scene of some momentous struggles. In the reign of Edward II., Dundalk was a royal city, and was the last in which a monarch of Ireland was actually crowned and resided. Edward Bruce, soon after his descent upon Ireland in 1315, stormed and took Dundalk, which he afterwards made his chosen residence; and here he was solemnly crowned King of Ireland, and maintained for two years the dignity and regal pageantry of a court, until, in 1318, on the hill of Foighard, he lost his crown and his life. In 1566, and again a few years later, it successfully resisted sieges from the Irish, under the O'Neills. In the rising of 1641, it was held by the Irish, but, after an obstinate resistance, was captured by Sir Henry Tichbourne. In 1649, General Monk, afterwards Lord Albemarle, held it for the king, but in consequence of some insubordination in the garrison, was forced to surrender it to Lord Inchiquin. In 1689, it was strongly garrisoned for James II., but it was abandoned on the approach of William's forces, under General Schomberg. About the year 1747, Viscount Limerick, to whom the town then belonged, removed eighteen or twenty ruinous remains of small castles or defensible towers, which had been the chief domestic buildings in the ages of warfare, and replaced them with a number of unwarlike modern structures. The family of Hamilton were created Barons of Claneboy 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. The town is prospering, and promises to do so progressively, as the commercial spirit of its people so well entitles it to do.

Leaving Dundalk for Newry, a distance of ten miles, we pass through a fertile district of considerable beauty, studded with gentlemen's seats. Two miles northward of Dundalk, we turn, a few furlongs off to the left, and ascend the hill of Foighard, the last scene in the eventful and romantic drama of Edward de Bruce's life. The hill, which is called Forthill, is crowned with a Danish rath, and the ruins of a small ecclesiastical edifice. Around this rath, on the morning of the 28th of May, 1318, stood the

war-worn soldiers of the Scottish chief; and no more animating prospect could stimulate their flagging spirits; and nerve anew their hearts, than the rich country stretching in boundless amplitude at their feet, whose possession was to reward the victors.

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. It is, however, as the head-quarters to Rosstrevor, the most celebrated watering-place in Ireland, that it is chiefly resorted to; and on that head we must make a few remarks.

In the opening of the "Irish Watering Places"—one of the most interesting professional works which a non-professional reader can possibly peruse—published by M'Glashan, Dr. Knox says: "Without any desire to deprecate the Continental bathing-places, there are many reasons for giving a preference to our own, except where an aperient water like that of Pulna is considered indispensable. A small class of the community excepted, the expense alone of visiting a Continental watering-place must prove an insuperable objection, which will apply, although not quite to the same extent, to the fashionable spas of England; for, though the cost of reaching them is less, that of living is greater than abroad. Yet, as an invalid cannot be comfortable anywhere on the Continent without a carriage, which is for him almost an article of necessity, the expenditure of a family even there cannot be less than about 800*l.* a year. To this we may add—loss of time, unaccustomed diet, unknown languages, irregularity in letters, and separation from those whose society is so necessary to the sick, and so soothing in the hour of suffering and impending dissolution. The cases are not numerous in which we cannot find all that is necessary at our native springs. Pure air, scenery wild, beautiful, and magnificent—cheapness of expenditure, general facility of travelling, competent medical advice in almost every place the stranger may visit, are surely no slight inducements, even if there should be some lack of the full comfort of the hotels of England."

All these latter remarks are peculiarly applicable to the place we are now about to speak of, and which is reached within a couple of miles (as far as Warrenpoint) by the short line from Newry.

Rosstrevor contains about 200 well-built houses, cottages, and villas, many fitted out for bathers who flock to it in the season. Here merchants, lawyers, and others of the wealthy classes, who tread on the heels of the aristocracy, retire to spend the evening of their days, in the calm seclusion of this romantic retreat. It is highly fashionable in summer and autumn for the gentry of Ulster, and even of Leinster, and ere long will be so to many from far greater distances. It is bounded on the one side by the thickly-wooded Sliev Ban and other mountains, and on the other by the softer captivation of cultivated slopes and rich meadow holms, covered with plantains, and studded with elegant villas. A late graphic writer says of Rosstrevor, "The landscape is bounded in like a beautiful picture, and the variations of the scenery heighten

and relieve each other. The rugged and heathy tops of the mountains are finely contrasted with the rich meadow-lands that skirt their sides and bases—the dark wood with the blue waters—and the massive ruins of other days with the lighter architecture of modern times." There is no trade and no bustle here. Many of the houses on the seaward side turn their backs upon the street, and front the delicious sea-breeze. It has, altogether, an aristocratic and exclusive appearance; still it is a spot of surpassing attraction. Near the centre of the town, between the main street and the shore, stood formerly the massive castle of Rory M'Gennis, a kinsman of one of the Lords of Iveagh, who formerly owned this region, and to whom Rosstrevor owes its origin. A stranger would now search in vain for the ruins of this ancient castle, for scarcely a vestige has been suffered to remain; you could hardly trace the spot, where stood, within the memory of the present generation, the ruined walls that once re-echoed to the wassailry of the bold 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, Clondeboy! thy friendly floor
 Shév 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 strangers' sons enjoy
 The lovely woods of Clondeboy!"

Rosstrevor, while completely screened from the cold north and east winds—so deadly to the consumptive—by its mountainous amphitheatre, enjoys the mild and salubrious southern breeze. The air is free from the unwholesome humidity of more southern climes, and good roads, made of limestone, dry up the damp very quickly after rain. Therefore those who come here in search of health can enjoy the warmth of the mid-day and evening sun, dry pure air, regular exercise in the most delightful walks, and scenery almost beyond compare.

Nothing could be more easy than to extend this description of Rosstrevor almost to any length, either by amplifying what we have already said, or importing the sayings of others who have gone over the same ground. "Beautiful Rosstrevor—the Montpelier of Ireland—is a spot," says a recent writer in an English periodical, "to which the most hackneyed travellers who visit it give the preference over nearly all others in the world. The sail across the Bay from Warren Point 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 unequalled, the inimitable Bay of Carlingford, that is the great lion of the scene, for all other beauties sink into

insignificance beside the bright blue of these deep transparent waters. The immense basin, extending, perhaps, twenty miles in circumference, is so completely land-locked by the mountains on either side, that, although a stiff wind may blow while crossing it, scarcely a ripple disturbs it, as it lies—

Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs at the sun.

Rosstrevor—beautiful Rosstrevor, as 'the concurrent voice of all tourists pronounces it to be—is not only the abode of peace and loveliness, but is perhaps the most salubrious spot in the three kingdoms—the air being at once mild and bracing, and acting almost as a specific for more complaints than any one place mentioned in Dr. Grenville's 'Spas of Europe.' What would not thousands of dyspeptics, hypochondriacs, and invalids of all sorts, who now in vain seek health and tranquillity in the noisy, dirty, bustling, suburban-looking, and thrice cockneyfied Welsh and English watering-places, give to know of the existence of this little Elysium! It is as yet unpolluted by the stream of frowsy match-making dowagers, with antiquated daughters, intent only on husbandcide; and free of all the usual loungers, sharpers, and equivocal of both sexes, who make up the summer population of the average run of these localities."

As the Carlingford oysters are famous for their superiority over every other testaceous or crustaceous dweller in the deep, which contributes to the creature comforts of the lord of the creation;—as they are everywhere *heard* of throughout England and Ireland, though the *rare* Carlingfords are but seldom *seen* far away from home, it will be expected that we shall relate something of their distinctive characteristics. The fish has an indescribably delicious flavour—piquant and luscious—at once an incentive and a sedative to the stomach—simultaneously awaking and appeasing hunger, and almost literally realising the aspiration of the epicure in *Pelham*, when he sighed for "perpetual appetite—a digestive hour that would renew her virginity every time she was embraced." A Carlingford oyster is considerably larger than a real London "native" in the best condition; and, unlike the latter, its sweetness and delicacy increase in proportion to its size. The colour of the centre is of that creamy glittering white observable in a plump London "native," with smaller beard—which, by the way, is not by any means coarse or unpleasant, and is seldom removed by the most fastidious. There is no peculiarity about a Carlingford oyster that requires a peculiar taste to determine its immeasurable superiority over everything of a similar kind—none of the *haut-gôût* of incipient putrefaction which gives its relish to some species of game in the estimation of *gourmets*. Any one who has ever tasted an oyster of any sort must give the preference a thousand times over to those of Carlingford—a place which, we should imagine, must have been the Gunter's or Verey's of the submarine world of the heathen

mythology, when Thetis and her Nereides gave cold collations to Neptune and the briny gentlemen of his suite.

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

Newry, Warren Point, and the various towns, of which there are probably not less than fifty, all round the coast and in the island of the fine county of Down (in which we are when we have crossed the Newry Water), has lately been made the subject of a useful illustrated volume, entitled, "Carlingford Bay, and the Watering Places in its Vicinity." Among the places therein noticed are Newcastle, Loughbrickland, Banbridge, Gilford, Tandragee, Scarva, Poyntzpass, Tuscan's Pass, Rathfriland, Castlewellan, Dundrum, Seaforde, Ballynahinch, Downpatrick, Saul, Struel, Killough, Ardglass, Strangford, Portaferry, Killileah, Killinchy, Mount Stewart, Comber, Newton Ardes, Bangor, Hollywood, Antrim, Shane's Castle, Randalstown, Castledawson, Coal-Island, Dunganon, Moy, Charlemount, Armagh, and Markethill.

In reality, all these and a great many more (north) might be fairly included in the scope of our present tour, as entitled to more or less consideration; but as it is obviously impossible that within limits such as ours we could bestow the smallest paragraph upon each, and no adequate particulars on even the more prominent, we must beg the reader to hurry forward with us to Belfast, the metropolis of the north of Ireland, one of the most remarkable towns in the empire, rivalling the most prosperous in England in its growth, and commercial and mercantile success; but chiefly important to our purposes as being the head-quarters of all who make the marvellous Giant's Causeway the object of their exploration.

BELFAST, AND THE FLAX AND LINEN DISTRICT OF ULSTER.

As we have already repeatedly stated that our little book makes no pretension to topographical minuteness, and is necessarily of the most sketchy character, we have small apology to offer for dismissing Belfast in the most concise terms, and merely supply the following laconically-arranged particulars from Sharpe's admirable "Gazetteer," (issued during the present year), being the best abridgment our space will afford. It may be considered perhaps as a sort of heading to the chapter we hope next year to record as having been read in the statistical section of the British Association, for whose meeting in the Irish Athens on the first of September next, immense preparations were being made at the time of our going to press, with every prospect of results worthy of a town that has progressed more than any other in the empire

probably, during the last ten years, and which evidently has a brilliant future immediately before it. Mr. Sharpe describes Belfast as :—

“The first town and second port in Ireland for trade, in a flat but healthy spot surrounded by hills, where the River Lagan falls into *Belfast Lough*, was destroyed by Edward Bruce in the fourteenth century; forfeited by the O’Nials and given by James I. to Lord-deputy Chichester; much improved by the Earl of Strafford, and visited by Queen Victoria 1849. Returns *two* members to parliament (since James I), the bounds including Ballymacarret in *Down*, across the river,—number of electors 4701 (and 10½ houses 3160), and chief influence with Marquis of Donegal. Staple manufactures of linen and cotton, the shipping and other branches of trade; has 8 churches, 35 chapels, viz. 21 Presbyterian (one has a good Doric portico), 8 Methodist, 4 Roman Catholic (one being the cathedral of *Down*), 1 Independent, 1 Quaker; County Court House (building); House of Correction for 300 (like Pentonville), on a site of five acres; horse and foot barracks; commercial buildings (near the old Exchange), built 1822 for 20,000*l.*, with an Ionic front, a news and assembly rooms, etc., where Chamber of Commerce meet; Custom-house; Northern, Belfast, and Ulster Banks; 2 Branch Banks; Savings’ Bank (105,347*l.* from 4569 depositors in 1848), loan fund; White and Brown Linen Halls, which the Queen went to see; literary, rhetorical, statistical, history, fine arts, natural history, and botanical societies (the last has a garden on the river, and the first a good museum), knowledge society (library of 8000 volumes), music class on Hullah’s system, mechanics’ institute; music hall, theatre; northern, union, rowing, and rifle clubs; “Donegal” and other hotels; 29 flax, and 13 cotton mills,—several corn and flour mills, 12 breweries, 2 distilleries, foundries and tan-yards, 4 ship-yards, ropes, sail-cloth and felt factories, vitriol works, &c.; Queen’s five-arched bridge, built 1841 for 27,000*l.* (on the site of a twenty-one arched bridge built 1686, 2562 feet long), New Bridge (built 1831) and another; May’s, and Castle-place, and eight other markets; royal academical institution, or college, founded 1810, partly supported by public grants, with two schools (the Academy and Lancasterian) 400 students, and teachers of classics, mathematics, arts of design, English, French, Spanish, Italian, &c.; academy (1786 by Dr. Crombie), under a principal, with teachers of classics, mathematical, logic, natural history, philosophy and history, oriental and modern languages; new Queen’s *College* (under the act of 1845), built 1846-9, on a site of ten arches, by C. Lanion in the Tudor style, 300 feet long, with a tower of 80 feet, a great hall, lecture rooms, laboratory, and museum, library, botanic garden,—is under a president and vice-president, with professors in Greek, Latin, and history, and English literature, modern and Celtic languages, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, logic, natural history, geology, civil engineering, agriculture, anatomy, medicine, surgery, midwifery, materia medica, law, jurisprudence, and political economy; and has 30 junior scholarships

of 24l., and 10 senior of 40l.; Ulster Teachers' Association, Sunday School Union, and about 70 schools of all kinds; general hospital, district lunatic asylum for 250, deaf and dumb and blind asylums, female penitentiary, fever and lying-in hospitals; master mariners' association, seamen's friend society, destitute sick servants' friend, and other benevolent societies; poor-house (founded 1774), and Union workhouse. The Living of St. Anne, *Vicarage*, value 504l., patron, Marquis of Donegal; church, built 1784, has a conspicuous copper roofing and wood spire. Steamers run to London, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Fleetwood, Whitehaven, Carlisle, Stranraer, Ardrossan. The first English Bible published in Ireland was printed here in 1704, and the "Belfast News Letter," in 1737, which still circulates along with six other newspapers. Dr. Edgar began the Temperance movement here in 1828. Divis-hill (1567 feet high) and Cave-hill (whence a railway of three miles takes stone to the quays) command fine views; Giant's Ring Druid circle is near,—also Ormeau, Marquis of Donegal, who takes title of earl from the town,—and many other seats; and the *rosa hibernica* is a native."

The great industrial feature of Belfast is, of course, the linen manufacture, the leviathan name of the trade being Mulholland's, and the one with which the stranger soonest becomes familiar in connection with this all-important staple. "Mr. Mulholland," says Lord John Manners, "is the largest flax and linen manufacturer in Belfast, and carries on the manufacture in all its gradations, except the weaving. The first stages of preparing the flax are performed in his mills; the yarn is then woven into linens at the people's own cottages, and then bleached at the works. One yard of flax is, in six operations, produced into 13,000 yards. No young people under fourteen years are employed in these mills, and thus all trouble from the educational clauses of the Factory Act is avoided. Mr. Mulholland's chief markets are in the West Indies and South America, where linens are preferred for nearly every article of dress. The passion entertained by the Spanish race in both worlds for linens is remarkable, and Mr. Mulholland was anxiously hoping for a revision of the Spanish tariff, which would open that important market to a legitimate supply of Irish goods. Will it be believed that his ordinary annual expenditure for coloured paper and other ornaments wherewith to decorate the bales and packages, is five thousand pounds! The Courtrai flax is esteemed the best, the Dutch next, and then the Irish, but the latter is principally used. Considerable attention is paid to the social and moral welfare of the workpeople in this establishment, and several of the best public charities of Belfast have been originated by one member of this remarkable firm."

We quote this passage for the purpose of expressing a hope that at the approaching Belfast meeting of the British Association, facts will be brought forward to show more strongly than ever the pernicious effects of the existing tariff, alluded to by his lordship, and which *still* exists; for there has been no modification whatever in

our commercial relations with Spain, as regards the terms on which our linens are admitted into the Spanish ports, whether in British or Spanish vessels, the tariff of 1849 being in full force. But, considering the position which his lordship now fills, it can obviously be only necessary to recall to him his own opinions, in order to promote the necessary reforms through our diplomatic representatives at the court of Madrid, with whose court and the means of influencing it, no one is better acquainted than his lordship. There is, at this moment, a strenuous effort being made to induce English, and especially Irish, emigrants to settle on the crown lands of certain portions of Spain, on the banks of the Guadalquivir, near Seville, extraordinary immunities and inducements being held out, at least upon paper. The Spanish government could not give a more satisfactory proof of their sincerity in this negotiation, than by at least relaxing those unwise impediments which retard the interchange of the industrial products of the Peninsula and Ireland.

Speaking of linen, necessarily suggests a reference to flax, and we have great pleasure in copying the following extract from the government report of Sir R. Kane, just laid before Parliament, as to the progress the cultivation of that all-important article is now making:—"The inquiry directed by his Excellency, the Earl of Clarendon, into the nature and condition of the process lately proposed for improving the manufacture of flax, and for adapting the flax fibre to be used as a substitute for cotton, has been commenced, and during the autumn a series of experiments were conducted at the extensive flax establishment of Mr. Dargan, by whose spirited co-operation peculiar facilities for trials on a large scale were given. The results obtained were of much interest, but still further and more varied experiments will be required before satisfactory conclusions can be finally arrived at."

We certainly should not take leave of Belfast without a glance at the flax-growing district, of which it is the capital. Accordingly we make a step backwards, for the purpose of quoting the very competent, and now very influential, authority already cited, as to the condition of some portion of the country included in the last few pages. His lordship, when travelling northwards from Armagh, by the western shores of Lough Neagh (which we are especially sorry to be unable to describe and illustrate as we had intended,) said:—"The fields in this neighbourhood are generally small, but admirably tilled; one, an acre in extent, was pointed out to me, on which forty pounds' worth of oats was grown last year by a small shopkeeper in Caledon. Hear this, ye English philosophers, who talk of small farms being the ruin of Ireland! I am quite persuaded that it is not to small farms, but to sub-letting, that the agrarian misery of Ireland is owing; the small holdings in this country are models of agricultural industry and prosperity. On our return, we rode through Lord Caledon's park, watered by the Blackwater; and I must express here again my astonishment at the 'greenth' of this part of Ireland. It is not uncommon for a meadow to be fed off

till June, mown in September, and then fed off again; or to be mown in July, fed off in August, and then mown a second time in the autumn."

Advancing further to the north, the noble tourist continues, with instructive pleasantries:—

"The road, as far, at any rate, as Garvagh, is very interesting. Slieve Gullion, and other mountains, form a noble background to a landscape, radiant and rich with green meadows, purple bogs, upland farms nestled among orchards, and spruce little towns, such as Crookstown, and Moneymore. This is the kingdom of the Companies, and a well-ordered kingdom it is: you rub your eyes as visions of trim hedge-rows, painted wooden gates, stone farm-houses, with gay gardens in front, well-built, well-drained streets, spacious town halls, picturesque school-houses, &c., flit before you. Of these corporations it cannot be said they have no souls, stomachs all the world allows them to possess: the '*amari aliquid*' which disflavours this fountain of contentment is the non-individuality of such excellent landlords. 'I hate a neighbour,' said a gentleman of the north of England to me one day, speaking of the forfeited Derwentwater estates, 'who can't give one a bed and a bottle of claret;'—but for all, tenants, tradesmen, peasants who sit under them, there is no room to doubt these great London companies are excellent landlords. Coleraine, the capital of this Cockney kingdom, is prettily situated on the Bann, the banks of which above the town are well wooded. It was dark long before I reached Coleraine, and the view out of my window, up and down the stream, broke upon me with a pleasant surprise. Go where you will in Ireland, you are sure to find hospitality and kindness, and so I found myself next day established under a most pleasant roof near Port Stuart, a neat modern little bathing-place, the Kilkee of the north; much of the land round it, close to the sea-shore, has quite recently been brought into cultivation; one tract was pointed out now dotted with farm-buildings, corn-stacks, &c., which only three years ago was a desolate abode of conies."

Apologising for this digression, we shall now suppose that the traveller has examined Belfast for himself, with such light as he may have obtained on the spot; and we proceed to supply him with a few links in the chain necessary to conduct him to what is confessedly the most stupendous, most enigmatical, and most astonishing natural wonder in Europe. In doing so, we are enabled to submit to him a choice of two routes, the particulars respecting which have expressly been prepared for this little book within a few days of our going to press, so that the information may be relied upon as both most accurate and most recent, and in every way perfectly trustworthy.

TO THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY FROM BELFAST. COAST ROUTE.

THE route usually taken by tourists from Belfast is by the coast road to the Giant's Causeway, from thence to Coleraine, and then to return to Belfast by the inland coach road, by way of Ballymoney and Ballymena; leaving the Belfast station of the Belfast and Ballymena Railway by the 6 o'clock morning train, which arrives at Carrickfergus at 7.15 a.m. (where the mail for Ballycastle, a small town, within eleven miles of the Causeway, meets this train); Larne, 9.40 a.m.; Glenarm, 11.20 a.m.; Cushendall, 1.40 p.m.; and Cushenden, 2.20 p.m. The car fare is 4s. 6d. From this town there is no regular conveyance to the Causeway, but private cars can be procured at a charge of 8d. per mile.

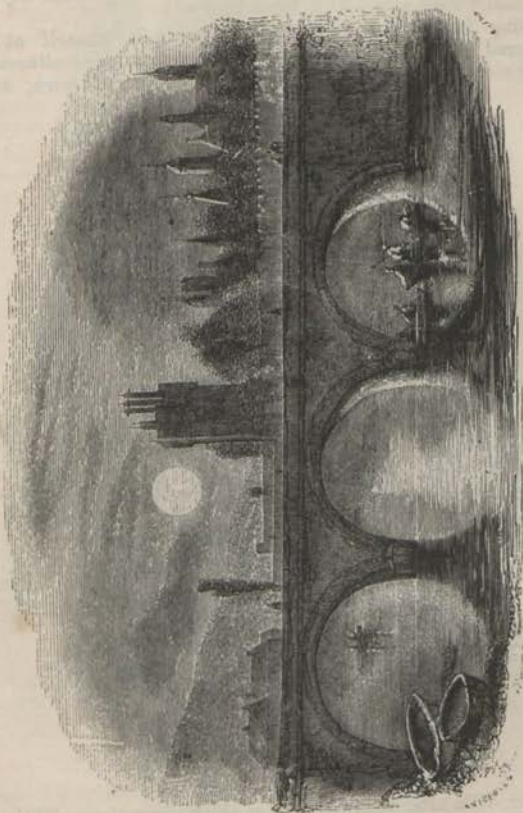
Arriving at the Causeway, the tourist will find the very best accommodation at the Causeway Hotel, as also at Carrickfergus, Larne, Glenarm, and Ballycastle. From the Causeway the traveller should return to Belfast by way of Coleraine, the distance to the latter place being eight miles, which must be posted at the rate of 8d. per mile. The mail-coach leaves Coleraine at 1.45 p.m., arriving at Ballymena in time for the 5.15 p.m. train for Belfast, where it arrives at 6.45 p.m. The fares by mail-coach from Coleraine to Ballymena are, outside, 3s. 6d., inside, 5s. By railway, from Ballymena to Belfast, 1st class, 4s., 2nd class, 3s., 3rd class, 1s. 6d. The ordinary coach from Coleraine to Ballymena leaves at 6 o'clock in the morning, arriving at Ballymena in time for the 10.5 a.m. train, to Belfast, where it (the train) arrives at 11.35 a.m. The fares by the coach to Ballymena are outside, 2s. 6d., inside, 4s.

Cars leave the Carrickfergus station for Larne and Glenarm every day, at 10.30 a.m. and 5.10 p.m.; returning from Glenarm every day, at 6 a.m., and arriving at Carrickfergus in time for the 10.55 a.m. for Belfast.

THE INLAND ROUTE.

THE Inland Route is *via* Ballymena, Ballymoney, and Coleraine, returning by way of Ballycastle and Carrickfergus. Leaving the Belfast Station of the Belfast and Ballymena Railway by the 6 a.m. mail train, the tourist arrives at Ballymena at 8.15 a.m. The Coleraine Mail Coach meets this train, by which the traveller will proceed by way of Ballymoney to Coleraine, arriving there at 11.30 a.m. As there is no regular conveyance between this town and the Causeway, the tourist will have to take a private car, by which he will proceed to the Causeway, a distance of eight miles. There is no difficulty whatever in obtaining private car conveyance

throughout the north of Ireland at 6*d.* per mile. As before stated, every hotel accommodation is to be had at Bushmills, the post-town for Giant's Causeway. The return to Belfast will be by the coast road, the tourist having to take a special car to Ballycastle, a distance of eleven miles. The mail-car leaves Ballycastle at 8:20 a.m., Cushenden, at 10:30 a.m.; Cushendall, 11 a.m.; Glenarm, 1:30 p.m.;



GLENARM CASTLE.

Larne, 3:20 p.m.; Carrickfergus, 5 p.m.; arriving at the Carrickfergus Junction in time for the 6:23 p.m. mail train for Belfast, where it (the train) arrives at 6:45 p.m. The fare, by car, from Ballycastle to Carrickfergus Junction is 4*s.* 6*d.*; by railway to Belfast, 1st class, 9*d.*; 2nd class, 7*d.*; 3rd class, 4*d.*

The ordinary coach leaves Ballymena on the arrival of the train, leaving Belfast at 4:35 p.m. ; arriving at Ballymoney at 8:20 p.m. ; and Coleraine at 9:30 p.m.

We now supply a further brief epitome of some of the more remarkable features of the district just traversed, and which also has the merit of embracing a few of the many points with which those who have previously gone over the ground in the ante-railroad days will more readily recognise :—

Leaving Belfast for Carrickfergus, he finds himself at once transferred to the midst of a landscape of surpassing loveliness. On the one side, the sea, bounded by the mountains of Down, and on



GABBON POINT, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

the other, villa after villa rising from thick plantations. With every turn of the road some new beauty is discovered, and even the humblest cottage has an air of neatness and comfort. A recent writer compares the Lough of Belfast and the scenery on the way to Carrickfergus with the Bay of Naples, and gives Belfast the preference. At Whitehouse, three miles from Belfast, there remains a house in which William the Third slept after landing at Carrickfergus. A little further on is the village of White Abbey ;

and, at a short distance from Carrickfergus, is the site of a once considerable monastic establishment founded in 1242. Carrickfergus' fine old castle, erected in the twelfth century, consists of a massive



DOON POINT, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

keep, fortified by towers, and built upon a rock which projects into the sea: the castle presents an appearance as conspicuous as it is formidable.

Leaving Carrickfergus, the traveller, in search of the picturesque, will prefer arriving at Larne by the mountain road. Passing over a most mountainous district, the views of scenery from various points

more than make amends to the enthusiast for the toil of the journey. The coach road is about ten miles, and passes Kilroot Point, at which Thurot landed in 1760. Larne is a thriving country town, and a convenient harbour, with a population of 3000. The Antrim coast road from Larne to Glenarm (eight miles) has many features of interest to the scientific tourist. It is one of the most important public works undertaken in Ireland for a long space of time. Entering Glenarm, the traveller will be delighted with the beauty of the adjacent country. Standing at the entrance of a valley, the sides of which stretch away and widen as they extend inland, and sheltered by woods of the demesne of Antrim Castle, Glenarm may be said to be one of the most romantically situated villages in the kingdom. The castle is a noble mansion, and the grounds around it are kept in beautiful order. On the way to Cushendall, and three miles from Glenarm, stands the village of Cairnlough, which, however, is not peculiarly remarkable; but from thence to Nappan there is some magnificent scenery through which the road is cut; and when we say that all the scenery of the district we have now entered upon is in keeping with the gateway thus opened into it, the marvels of the region will be perhaps guessed at in some small degree from our illustration.

Another prodigious "sea-lion" of the scene invites the adventurous traveller a-main again, beyond the famous Fair Head, on to the Island of Rathlin, or Raghera, which teems with natural wonders of endless variety, the *Fata Morgana*, or Mirage, being said to be of not unfrequent occurrence, especially off the point presented in our illustration.

Rounding Garron Point we come upon Red Bay, than which nothing could be more sublime. Stupendous mountains, splendid waterfalls, and deep valleys, command the utmost admiration. It has been justly styled Switzerland in miniature.

Ten miles distant from Glenarm is the neat village of Cushendall, at one time called Newton Glens. Next is Cushenden, a fishing town, three miles from Cushendall. Ballycastle, twelve miles from Cushendall. The valley of Glendun presents a noble work of art. The road is carried by a viaduct of three arches, and eighty feet in height in the centre, above the river Dun. The scenery from the viaduct is magnificent, and descending to the bottom of the valley the effect of this splendid work is indescribable. Three miles west of Ballycastle is the celebrated headland called Fair Head.

Alighting at a short distance from it, and proceeding to the verge of the precipice, a degree of awe steals over the mind when viewing its stupendous columns, some of which measure 200 feet in height. The total height of the precipice is 630 feet. Between this and Ballycastle nothing remains to be noticed. From Ballycastle, proceeding to the Causeway, the first object of interest is the Island of Raghera, the scenery of some portions of which is exceedingly grand. Caves are numerous in the island, especially on the northern shore, one of which sheltered Robert Bruce in 1306.

Carrick-a-Rede is remarkable for the suspension bridge of ropes, and a plank of but a few inches wide, put up during the season of salmon fishing. Those who are accustomed to cross it do so without fear, although to a stranger the depth (ninety feet) causes giddiness and dread. Proceeding onwards, the by-road verges into the main one near Ballintey. After leaving which, we come upon Dunseverick Castle, on a lofty rock, and built about the eleventh century. Bushmills is only one mile from the Causeway. There has lately been fitted up a very commodious hotel. The place itself is remarkable for excellent whiskey, and a few bottles will be no bad souvenir of the place.

To describe the Giant's Causeway would be futile; no words



CARRICK-A-REDE, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

could convey anything like an idea of that celebrated monument of Nature's mighty grandeur. Nothing then remains to note save the inland road by which we return to Belfast. The customary route is from Bushmills to Coleraine, six and a-half miles, on the Bann. Coleraine, celebrated for linen, was incorporated by charter in the

year 1614, and returns one member to Parliament. The celebrated Salmon Leap is close to the town, and one of the most productive in the kingdom. Leaving Coleraine, Ballymoney is six miles and a half. Ballymena is fourteen miles distant from Ballymoney, and one of the principal seats of the linen manufacture. The Moravian settlement at Gracehill will afford much gratification to the tourist. The high road from Portglenone to Ballymena passes close by it. Randalstown is seven miles and a half from Ballymena. The great attraction to it lies in Earl O'Neill's princely domain of Shane's Castle, the woods of which for more than three miles skirt the shores of Lough Neagh, and is almost universally admitted to be one of the most beautiful spots in the kingdom. Four miles from Randalstown stands the town of Antrim, which alone would warrant a lengthened notice. Templepatrick is the last stage on the route from the Causeway to Belfast. Close to it is Castle Upton, the property of Lord Templeton. It is supposed to stand upon the site of a preceptory of the Knights Templars, and was erected in the reign of Elizabeth. Leaving Templepatrick, we proceed towards Belfast, and as we approach it, much splendid scenery breaks upon us.

We have abridged the greater portion of these last four paragraphs from a compendious and most useful little "Guide to the County Antrim," given to the frequenters of that excellent establishment by the proprietor of the Imperial Hotel, Belfast, which we have much pleasure in recommending to the notice of our readers.

Of the Causeway, in fact, it 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 noble critic whom we have quoted, but who, however, was not apparently in his usually amiable mood, observes :—

"What shall I say of the Causeway? There are three promontories running into the sea on a level with the waves, or nearly so, composed of upright blocks of stone, each, it may be, a yard in circumference, hexagonal, pentagonal, octagonal, and one or two nonagonal in shape; some of the cliffs too are fluted in this manner, with columns thirty feet high, resembling at a little distance the pipes of an organ. A very steep and narrow track took us from the Causeway to the summit of the cliffs, an ascent of about 300 feet, and a walk of a couple of miles along their edge to the Pleaskin Rock, of which our guide was unnecessarily proud. For the most part of the time it rained furiously, so that it was only now and then we could obtain a fair view of the dark creeks, and bold rocks, and strange formations of whinstone, which diversify this mysterious coast. Let me, before leaving the Causeway, express an honest indignation at, and abhorrence of, the obscene crowd of guides and boatmen, who, regardless alike of entreaties and threats, continued to dodge our steps and mar our pleasure, until we ascended from their harpies' cave."

These guides are indeed a peculiar plague of the Causeway, for

they waylay you miles before you reach the final objects of your journey, and well-nigh overwhelm you with proffers of all sorts of information, as well books and views of nearly every spot within leagues, as verbal dissertations on the geological and all other attributes of the neighbourhood. You cannot very well, therefore, avoid becoming possessed of some of this flying literary information, which at least has the merit for the most part of being cheap, if not extremely accurate. We need therefore be at small pains to sum up the little we have now got to say, seeing how superabundant are the materials for supplying our short-comings, though indeed under any circumstance we should not attempt a description of that which volumes innumerable have left altogether inadequately described, as the writers never fail to tell you when they have finished.

We should perhaps have before stated that the first part of the coast where the peculiar columnar basaltic formation of the Causeway scenery begins to strike you, is just beyond the town of Larne, where, on Island Magee (not often visited except by the more enthusiastic class of tourists), you encounter the Gobbins.



THE GOBBINS, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Attractions now multiply so fast, that the mere enumeration of the leading ones would make a formidable inroad on our pages, merely if presented in a tabular or catalogue form. After visiting the Pleaskin, which is generally considered as really *the* Causeway proper, and of which our illustration (p. 159) conveys as good a notion as probably can be derived from anything short of actual inspection, an excursion always eagerly pressed upon the traveller, and one, perhaps, longest remembered by him, is a visit to Port Coon Cave.

One of the most admired and characteristic objects on the whole of the Causeway Coast is, however, the "Giant's Organ."



GIANT'S ORGAN.



PORT COOK CAVE.

Of the spot represented on this page, it has been as truly as beautifully said,—“It is impossible for painter to pourtray, or imagination to conceive, a walk of more sublime beauty than that along the headlands from the Causeway to the Pleaskin. See the



THE PLEASKIN, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Pleaskin from the water if you can, but do not fail to see it by land. Seat yourself in Hamilton's Boat, and look down upon the galleries, the colonnades, the black irregular rocks, the stratum of many columns, and the *débris* of a sloping bank that meets the

waves, and is clothed here and there with verdure of all hues and qualities. May you see it, as we did, when cloud and sunshine are chasing each other; when the gulls and sea-birds look like motes floating from the ocean to their haunts in the wild cliff—when we looked down an abyss of the most surprising beauty, not at the time remembering that from where we sat to where the ripple kissed the strand, was a depth of three hundred and fifty-four feet."

A lesser phenomenon, but scarcely less praised, is one standing some distance from the cliff, consisting of three pillars, the tallest being forty-five feet high, and called the Chimney Tops.

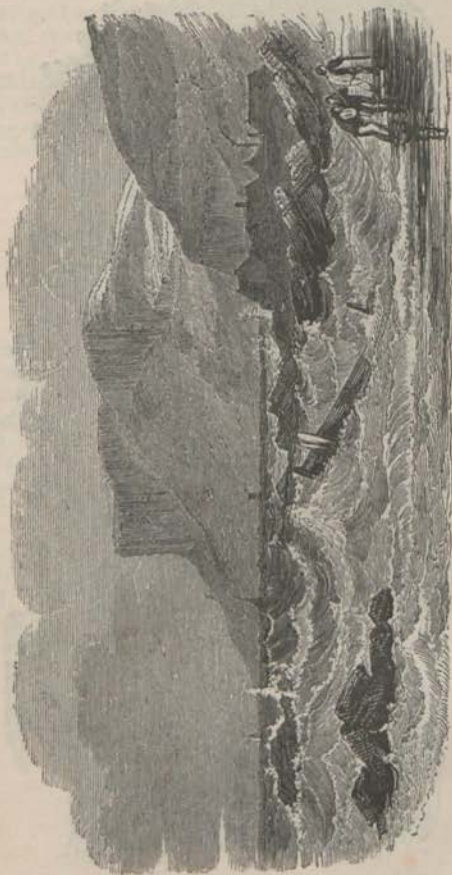


CHIMNEY TOPS, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

These Chimney Tops, according to Mr. Hall, were 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 to it a name.

Returning towards the main land, and soon after rounding the promontory, we come to a place called the Salt Pans, our

drawing of which is significant of the calamities that too often occur on these terrible shores.



THE SALT PANS, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

The final wonder of this wondrous coast which is generally dwelt upon, is that in the annexed engraving, and certainly is not an unfitting finale to the weird panorama we have been contemplating.

We regret that we are unable to supply a drawing of an edifice with whose surprising features every tourist is enraptured, and of

THE STAGE, GIANT'S CAIRNWAY.



which one of the last who has visited it, and left any record of his impressions, 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, in 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, nothing remains but, from this extremest point of northern Irish ground, to bid you farewell. Our materials having swelled far beyond the dimensions we originally proposed, the necessity of compression has caused the latter part to be sadly curtailed of its fair proportions. We regret that this is inevitable; but probably next year we shall present ourselves in more imposing guise, and with enlarged pretensions to public support. However imperfect our performance, we trust that our attempt has not been wholly unworthy of the subject. If, through its humble instrumentality, the beautiful districts it treats of should attain increased popularity in Ireland, and become at all known as they deserve in England, we shall be satisfied. We hope that all within the sphere of our circulation will aid, each as he best may, in the fulfilment of our design.

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INDEX.

	PAGE		PAGE
AHERLOW Glen	38	Cincinnatus	135
Annamoe	99	Clifden	128
Arklow	105	Clondalkin	30
Athlone	115	Clonmel	88
Avoca, Vale of,	105	Coleraine	149
		Connemara	121, 126
B.		Conway	4
BALBRIGGAN stockings	138	Cork	44
Ballinasloe	117	Crookhaven	51
Ballinahinch	127	Curragh, the	32
Ballycastle	154	Cushendall	154
Bandon	50		
Bangor	5	D.	
Bank of Ireland	22	DALKEY	15
Bantry	55	Dargan, William	12, 41, 148
Barrington, Sir Matthew	81, 85	Dargle, the	110
Belfast	145	Devil's Glen, the	107
Beet-root sugar	33	Donnybrook	26
Bianconi, Charles	89	Drogheda Railway	138
Blackwater River	61	Drogheda Town	139
Blarney	42	Dublin	13, 16
Boyne, the	138	Dublin Bay	13
Britannia Bridge	5-7	Dublin Castle	20
Buttevant	39	Dunamase	34
		Dundalk	140
C.		Dunloe Gap	66
CAHIR	88	Dunluce Castle	162
Car, the Irish	15		
Carlingford oysters	144	E.	
Carrickfergus	152	EAGLE's Nest, Killarney	68
Cashel, the Rock of,	35	Ellis, James	124
Castle Bellingham	140	Emigration, the Irish	10
Charleville	39	Erris and Tyrallowy	133
Chester	1		

F.	PAGE	L.	PAGE
FLAX and linen trade	147	LARNE	154
Flint	3	Lee River	44, 49
Frazer's Handbook	12—18	Liffey River	18
		Limerick	81
G.		Limerick lace	84
GALWAY	117	Linon of Belfast	147
Giant's Causeway, the	150, 154	Lough Bray	96
Gillaroo Trout	134	Lough Corrib	134
Glasnevin	25	Lough Dan	98
Glen of the Downs	110	Lough Mask	134
Glenarm	151, 154	Lover, Samuel	116, 130
Glendalough	99	Lugnaquilla Mountain	103
Glengariff	57		
Glenmalure	102	M.	
Glendun Valley	154	M'GLASHAN, James	29
Golden Valley, the	88	M'Donnell, Sir Edward	28
Goldsmith, Oliver	116	Mallow	40
Gougane Barra	55	Manners, Lord John, 15, 84, 147, 148, 156	
Great Southern and Western Railway	27	Maume Inn	133
		Mathew, Father	47
H.		Mangerton Mountain	78
HARDIMAN, James	117	Menai Suspension Bridge	6
Hemans, G. W.	114	Meeting of the Waters	104
Herbert, H. A.	76	Midland Great Western Rail- way	114
Hibbert, Mrs.	7	Mold	3
Holyhead	6	Monteagle, Lord	85
		Mountmellick Sugar Factory	33
I.		Muckross Abbey	75
INNISFALLEN Island	73	Mulholland of Belfast	147
Joyce's Country	126	Mullingar	116
Ireland, condition of	8		
		N.	
K.		NAAS	31
KANE, Sir Robert	128, 148	Newry	141
Kenmare	59, 61	Nimmo, Alexander	123
Keogh, William	116		
Killarney Junction Railway	41	O.	
Killarney, Lakes of	62	O'CONNELL	25, 59
Killeries, the	132	Otway, Rev. C.	133
Kingstown	14	Oughterdard	126
Kingstown Railway	15		
Kitchener, Lieutenant-Colonel	135		

	PAGE		PAGE
P.		Seven Churches, the	99
		Shane's Castle	156
PARRY, J.	2	Shannon, the	86
Phoenix Park, Dublin	25	Sharpe's Gazeteer	145
Peasantry, Connemara	128, 136	Shelton Abbey	105
Petrie, George	130, 139	Shillelah	106
Poolaphouca	97	Stag Hunt at Killarney	74
Powerscourt	<i>ib.</i>	Stephenson, Robert	5
Prout, Father	48	T.	
Q.		TELFORD	6
QUEENSTOWN	48	Thackeray, M. A.	70, 127
Quin, John	94	Thom's Statistics	11
R.		Tighe, Mrs.	106
RAILWAYS, the Irish	10, 15, 27, 41, 81, 114, 138	Torc Waterfall	79
Renvyle Castle	131	Trinity College, Dublin	21
Rhyl	4	Twining, F.	124
Robertson, Mr.	132	V.	
Roden, Earl	140	VALENTIA	59
Ross Island	71	W.	
Rosstrevor	142	WATERFORD and Limerick Rail- way	81
Roundstone	123	Wexford County	112
Roundwood	98	White, G. Preston	66
S.		Wicklow County	93
ST. KEVIN'S Church	100	Wilde, R.	138
Scalp, the	95		

THE END.

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101	W. J.
102	W. J.
103	W. J.
104	W. J.
105	W. J.
106	W. J.
107	W. J.
108	W. J.
109	W. J.
110	W. J.
111	W. J.
112	W. J.
113	W. J.
114	W. J.
115	W. J.
116	W. J.
117	W. J.
118	W. J.
119	W. J.
120	W. J.
121	W. J.
122	W. J.
123	W. J.
124	W. J.
125	W. J.
126	W. J.
127	W. J.
128	W. J.
129	W. J.
130	W. J.
131	W. J.
132	W. J.
133	W. J.
134	W. J.
135	W. J.
136	W. J.
137	W. J.
138	W. J.
139	W. J.
140	W. J.
141	W. J.
142	W. J.
143	W. J.
144	W. J.
145	W. J.
146	W. J.
147	W. J.
148	W. J.
149	W. J.
150	W. J.
151	W. J.
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153	W. J.
154	W. J.
155	W. J.
156	W. J.
157	W. J.
158	W. J.
159	W. J.
160	W. J.
161	W. J.
162	W. J.
163	W. J.
164	W. J.
165	W. J.
166	W. J.
167	W. J.
168	W. J.
169	W. J.
170	W. J.
171	W. J.
172	W. J.
173	W. J.
174	W. J.
175	W. J.
176	W. J.
177	W. J.
178	W. J.
179	W. J.
180	W. J.
181	W. J.
182	W. J.
183	W. J.
184	W. J.
185	W. J.
186	W. J.
187	W. J.
188	W. J.
189	W. J.
190	W. J.
191	W. J.
192	W. J.
193	W. J.
194	W. J.
195	W. J.
196	W. J.
197	W. J.
198	W. J.
199	W. J.
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FOLEY'S UNIVERSITY HOTEL,

31, WICKLOW STREET, DUBLIN,

FIFTEEN DOORS FROM GRAFTON STREET, LEFT SIDE.

Gentlemen arriving from the Country or per Steamer can be comfortably accommodated at the above Hotel.

GOOD DINNERS FROM ONE SHILLING.

BEDS ONE SHILLING PER NIGHT.

EVERY OTHER CHARGE EQUALLY MODERATE.

RADLEY'S HOTEL,

11, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

E. EGGINTON

BEGS most respectfully to acquaint Commercial Gentlemen that he has OPENED the above HOTEL, so long established by the late proprietor, Mr. JOHN RADLEY. Visitors will find this a most comfortable Hotel, situated in the very heart of the City, adjoins the Commercial Buildings, Banks, Public Offices, &c.; on very reasonable terms, as cannot fail to give satisfaction.

COMMERCIAL ROOMS—SHOW ROOMS.

GOOD BED-ROOMS AT 2s. PER NIGHT, INCLUDING SERVANTS.

THE
GRESHAM HOTEL,
SACKVILLE STREET,
DUBLIN.

THE NOBILITY and GENTRY are respectfully informed, that a considerable outlay has been made to increase the comforts of the HOTEL, and in addition to the improved family arrangements, the COFFEE ROOM offers as perfect and splendid accommodation as can be obtained at any Club House in the United Kingdom.

The Charges continue upon the same Moderate Scale as that which has secured so kind a continuance of Public Patronage.

ANDERSON'S ROYAL ARCADE HOTEL,

BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, SOUP, DINING, AND
SUPPER ROOMS,

Nos. 32 & 33, COLLEGE GREEN, AND Nos. 4 & 5, SUFFOLK STREET,

DUBLIN.

ENTRANCE IN SUFFOLK STREET AND COLLEGE GREEN.

C. SPADACCINI, PROPRIETOR.

List of Prices.

	<i>s. d.</i>		<i>s. d.</i>
Breakfast, Tea and Eggs	1 6	Ox Tail Soup, per Bowl	0 10
Do. with Cold Meat	1 9	Giblet, and other rich Soups	0 10
Do. with Chop or Steak	2 0	Gravy Soup	0 6
Luncheon of Cold Meat	0 6	Mutton Broth	0 6
Do. Mutton Chop	0 6	Mutton Broth with Chop	0 10
Do. Steak	0 10	Kidney, Bread, and Potatoes	0 6
Mock Turtle Soup, per Bowl	0 10		

DINNERS.

	<i>s. d.</i>
Off Joint, with Vegetables, Cheese, Roll, and Butter	1 6
Do. do. (if with Soup)	2 0
Do. do. (if with Fish)	2 0
Do. do. (if with Soup, Fish, and Joint)	2 6
Do. do. (Poultry, Bacon, or Ham)	2 0
Do. do. (with Soup and Fish)	2 6
Do. do. (of Steak or Chops)	1 8
Do. do. (of Cutlets)	1 8

WINES.

	<i>s. d.</i>
Finest Old Port and Sherry, per bottle	4 6
Champagne	7 6
Claret	7 6
Madeira	7 6
Moselle	6 0
Hock	7 6
Hermitage	6 0
Sauterne	7 6
Burgundy	7 6

Brandy, Hollands, Whiskey, Rum.

BEDS, 2s. 2d. PER NIGHT, INCLUDING SERVANTS.

HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATHS.

THREE FIRST CLASS BILLIARD TABLES.

CLARENCE HOTEL,
6, WELLINGTON QUAY, DUBLIN.

Airy Bed Rooms, 1s. per Night.

SERVANTS CHARGED IN THE BILL.

THE Proprietor begs to call the attention of Tourists to this Hotel, which has undergone a considerable enlargement, and is carried out in the best English style. Cleanliness, combined with moderate charges, is the principle of this Establishment. The Commercial Room is light and airy, in front of the River Liffy.

COFFEE AND PRIVATE SITTING ROOMS FOR FAMILIES.

P. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

April 27, 1852.

WALSH'S
"GREAT WESTERN" FAMILY AND
COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
1 & 2, BOLTON STREET, DUBLIN.
J. MALONY, Proprietor.

THE "GREAT WESTERN" has recently undergone a complete alteration, and every care has been taken to adopt all modern improvements, with a view of securing to Travellers and Families every accommodation; of evincing the Proprietor's solicitude to merit a continuance of the distinguished and extensive Patronage which has been accorded to him since this Establishment has been under his management; and of sustaining to the fullest extent the high reputation it has for many years enjoyed.

Bed-Rooms fitted up with every attention to comfort, 2s. a night, including all Servants. Breakfasts, from 1s. 3d.; Dinners, from 1s. 8d.; Evening Tea, 1s.; Suppers, from 1s.

A NIGHT PORTER IN ATTENDANCE.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,

DAWSON STREET, DUBLIN,

GEORGE NESBITT, PROPRIETOR.

THE central position of this fine Hotel peculiarly suits it to the accommodation of Travellers, who will find it provided with every comfort.

The charges will be found at page xii.

An Omnibus (free of charge) attends the arrival and departure of the Railway Trains from and to Cork, Limerick, Killarney, Wexford, Waterford, Clonmel, Thurles, Kilkenny, Carlow, Kildare, Newbridge, &c., &c.

WARM BATHS ALWAYS READY.



REYNOLDS'S HOTEL,

11 & 12, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET,
DUBLIN.

THE SITTING ROOMS & COFFEE ROOM OF THIS HOTEL
BEING ALL FRONT,

AND ITS SITUATION IN SACKVILLE STREET,

Make it peculiarly adapted for the accommodation of

TOURISTS,

WHILE THE CHARGES WILL BE FOUND VERY MODERATE:

Printed Lists of which are kept for the Information of Visitors.

MACKEN'S HOTEL,
No. 12, DAWSON STREET, DUBLIN.

ESTABLISHED IN 1791.

THE numerous and respectable Visitors of the above Establishment are respectfully informed, that the Proprietor has added to and considerably improved its capabilities, and has modified the charges to the times.

Families and Gentlemen who have not hitherto availed themselves of its comforts, are respectfully solicited to give it a trial.

DONEGAL ARMS,
FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

THIS old-established and extensive Establishment is very desirably situated for Travellers, being in a central situation, in the best part of the town. Every accommodation that an Hotel can afford is supplied here of the best, and on the most reasonable terms.

FIRST-CLASS SERVANTS ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE.

CASTLE PLACE, BELFAST.

OMNIBUSES IN CONSTANT ATTENDANCE.

POST-HORSES, CARRIAGES, & CARS ALWAYS IN WAITING.

April, 1852.



MUCKROSS HOTEL, KILLARNEY.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

MUCKROSS HOTEL.

WILLIAM ROCHE, PROPRIETOR.

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 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 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 these truly lovely lakes, at the foot of Mighty Mangerton, within ten minutes' walk of Tore Waterfall, on the unrivalled road to Glengarriff, 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 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. To prevent any annoyance from the numerous runners who constantly surround travellers on their arrival by the public conveyance, Mr. Roche's Cars are in constant attendance to convey parties to and from his Establishment, free of expense.

His Boats, which are always allowed to be the best, will be found suitably manned.

The Angler will also find advantage, Fishing Boats not being charged for.

Extensive Coach-houses and Stabling for the accommodation of Families travelling by their own conveyances. N.B. No charge for Sitting-Rooms.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

LAKE HOTEL, CASTLE LOUGH.

THOMAS COTTER, PROPRIETOR,

Begs respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry of the United Kingdom that he has added several suites of Sitting Rooms and Bedrooms to the LAKE HOTEL; these, with his other numerous rooms, are now fitted up in a very superior style of elegance and comfort, and commands

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 the banks beneath its windows. It commands an extensive view of

THE VARIED AND ROMANTIC SCENERY OF THE LAKES,

THE MOUNTAINS OF TORC, GLENA, TOMIES, AND THE REEKS,

THE IVIED TOWERS OF ROSS & LOFTY MANGERTON,

AND THE

WOODED SHORES OF MUCKROSS,

FORMING

ONE OF THE GRANDEST PANORAMIC VIEWS IN IRELAND.

The demesne, which is walled in, is beautifully wooded, the Pleasure Grounds are tastefully laid out, and the Walks are adorned by the Arbutus and those plants indigenous to Killarney.

Adjoining Castle Lough is the far-famed Muckross, the seat of H. A. HEARNE, 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 Muckross Abbey. Visitors 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 realised.

Cotter has first-class Two, Four, and Six-oared Boats, for which there are fixed charges.

A well-appointed Omnibus and Cars attend the arrival of the Coaches to convey Passengers to and from the Hotel, free of expense. A first-rate Posting Establishment attached to the Hotel.

Cotter pledges himself to pay every attention to the personal comforts of those who honour him with their patronage. Terms moderate.

SERVANTS ARE CHARGED IN THE BILL OF THE HOUSE.

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

N.B. The Conveyances between Glengarriff, Bantry, and Killarney, pass the gate daily, and take up and set down Passengers to and from the Hotel.

LIMERICK.

MOORE'S ROYAL MAIL COACH HOTEL.

THIS Establishment presents peculiar advantages to the Tourist and Traveller, the Proprietor having used every exertion to combine the highest degree of comfort with economy.

The extensive and distinguished patronage which this Hotel has received is the best guarantee of its character. The apartments reserved for families will be found to possess all the comforts of home.

Foreigners will be supplied with every information they may require, in the French or Italian languages.

COACHES

TO

KILLARNEY, TRALEE, GALWAY, & ENNIS

Start from the door, and an Omnibus is in attendance at all the trains.

Holders of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Tickets will be conveyed free of expense from the Railway Terminus and to the Steamboat Quay.

N.B. Apartments in the branch of this establishment at Kilkee may be engaged by letter to the above address.

LIST OF CHARGES.

Breakfasts, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 8d.; Dinners, 1s. 8d. to 2s. 6d.;

Teas, 1s.; Beds, 1s. 6d.



IMPERIAL HOTEL, CORK.

To Tourists in Ireland, & Visitors to the Great
Irish National Exhibition.

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 Beds this year 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.

HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATHS
ALWAYS READY.

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



LANSDOWNE ARMS, KENMARE.

LANSDOWNE ARMS HOTEL, KENMARE.

T. M'CARTHY, PROPRIETOR,

Begs leave most respectfully to inform the Tourists of the United Kingdom, that he has at considerable expense fitted up his Hotel for the accommodation and comfort of strangers during the ensuing season and pledges himself to use the most unremitting attention to make his Hotel as comfortable as possible to all those who may favour him with their patronage.

T. M'Carthy begs also to inform Tourists that the scenery around Kenmare possesses considerable attractions hitherto unknown to strangers, the Lakes of Cloncee, Glenmore, and Gleninchiquin, with its stupendous waterfall, stand pre-eminent for the splendour and gorgeousness of their scenery.

The drive to these romantic lakes winds along the picturesque shore of that beautiful estuary, the Kenmare River; or should the Tourist prefer it, they can be visited by water.

To attempt a description of the enchanting scenery of these lakes within the compass of an advertisement would be impossible, for to appreciate their beauties they must be seen.

T. M'Carthy's Posting Establishment is always well supplied with Carriages, Cars, and Horses of the very best description.

N.B. A well appointed Three Horse Car runs between Killarney and Glengariff, stopping at this Hotel for half an hour to allow the passengers time to lunch.



THE IMPERIAL HOTEL,

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF COMMERCIAL GENTLEMEN AND PRIVATE FAMILIES,

DONEGAL PLACE, BELFAST.

Continues to be conducted in the same style and manner which gained for it, from its commencement, the distinction of being the **FIRST HOTEL IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.**

THE DRAWING AND SITTING ROOMS

Are Superbly Furnished, having a **PIANO-FORTE** IN EACH.

THE COFFEE ROOM,

For the reception of Private and Professional Gentlemen, is Tastefully and Fashionably Fitted-up.

THE COMMERCIAL ROOM

Is confessedly **THE BEST IN IRELAND**, being not only completed with every comfort and convenience for Commercial Gentlemen, but is the only one in Belfast **KEPT EXCLUSIVELY FOR THEIR USE**; and

THE BED ROOMS

Are furnished in the Newest Style of Fashion, combining comfort with Elegance.

There are also

COMMODIOUS SHOW-ROOMS,

SET APART FOR THE USE OF COMMERCIAL GENTLEMEN.

*** Notwithstanding the admitted superiority of the "IMPERIAL," and the many advantages it thus possesses,

THE CHARGES ARE STRICTLY MODERATE.

HOT, COLD, & SHOWER BATHS.

LIVERY STABLES, POST HORSES, CHAISES, CARS, GIGS, ETC. ETC.

Gentlemen whose time may be limited, will find Despatch and Economy at

THE IMPERIAL CAFE AND RESTAURANT,

Attached to the Hotel (entrance by Castle Lane only), where

BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DELICIOUS SOUPS, DINNERS, COFFEE, &c.,

may be had at all hours of the day, and at a minute's notice.

N.B. This Hotel has Omnibuses in attendance, at all times, to convey Travellers and their Luggage to and from the Railways and Packets.

SIMCOCK'S
IMPERIAL COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL,
WEST STREET, DROGHEDA.

AN OMNIBUS ATTENDS THE ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF EACH
 TRAIN AT THE DIFFERENT RAILWAY STATIONS.

POST HORSES,
 Open and Close Carriages, Pair and Single Horse Cars,
 ON HIRE BY THE MILE, HOUR, OR DAY.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

THE OLD HIBERNIAN HOTEL.

(LATE GORHAM).

Visitors to the Lake will find every comfort and accommodation at this Establishment, at the following low charges:—

Beds per Night	1s. 0d.
Breakfast	1s. 3d.
Dinner	2s. 0d.

NO CHARGE FOR SITTING ROOMS.

BOATS, CARS, PONIES, AND LIVERY ATTACHED, EQUALLY LOW.

JELLETT'S HOTEL,
BALLYMENA.

THE Proprietor of this Establishment begs to inform Tourists and other Travellers visiting Ballymena, on their way to the Giant's Causeway, &c., that he has so enlarged his Posting Establishment, as at all times to be prepared with

GOOD POST-HORSES,

**HANDSOME BRITZKAS, PHAETONS, INSIDE AND OUTSIDE
 JAUNTING-CARS,**

And at once convey them from the Train at the shortest notice and without any delay.

His larder and cellar will always be well provided with such necessaries as will insure them every comfort in the Hotel.

His Prices will be found moderate.

Mercantile Travellers will be provided as usual with such accommodation as they may require. He hopes by strict attention on his part and that of his servants to insure a continuance of that patronage he has hitherto so fully enjoyed.

BALLYMENA, 24th April, 1852.

ROURKE'S HOTEL, ATHLONE.

IN returning his sincere thanks for the decided preference and support which this Establishment has received since its opening, the Proprietor takes this opportunity of respectfully announcing to his numerous patrons and the public that he has recently added considerably to the extent of his accommodation, and begs to assure them that the same unremitting attention to the comfort of his guests which has secured to him so large a share of public support, will still continue to be paid to EVERY DEPARTMENT, especially to what he believes to be the great desideratum of Tourists and Travellers,

A Cleanly and Well-aired Bed-Room.

In addition to

A COMMODIOUS COFFEE-ROOM,

THERE ARE

PRIVATE ROOMS FOR FAMILIES,

Fitted up with every attention to COMFORT and CLEANLINESS.

A well-appointed Omnibus attends every Train and Steamer, and conveys Passengers to and from the Hotel FREE OF CHARGE.

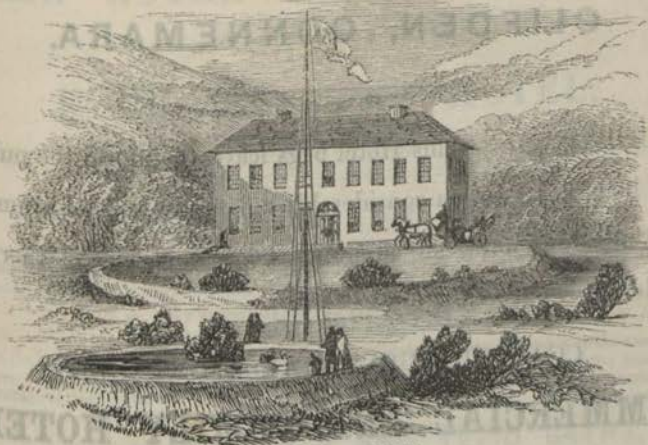
The Posting Establishment is as usual supplied with

FIRST-RATE POST-HORSES AND VEHICLES,

AND CAREFUL AND RESPECTABLE DRIVERS.

LOCK-UP COACH-HOUSES, ETC.

N.B. There is excellent Fishing in the Lake and Shannon.



ROYAL HOTEL, GLENGARIFF.

ROYAL HOTEL, GLENGARIFF.

—◆—
WILLIAM ROCHE,

PROPRIETOR OF THE MUCKCROSS HOTEL, KILLARNEY,

Takes leave most respectfully to announce to Tourists, that he has, at an immense expense, and at the request of several influential friends, as well as with the growing wants of the locality, now erected a first-class Hotel on the banks of the unequalled Bay of Glengariff; the site, he flatters himself, if equalled, stands unsurpassed in Europe.

In addition to its natural attractions, Mr. R. has also the pleasure to inform Tourists that in connection with the beautiful walks through the Hotel grounds, are those of the noble demesne of "White's Castle," which adjoins, and to which all visitors at the Royal Hotel (by kind permission) have free access.

As a Marine Residence, the Royal Hotel stands unrivalled; the sea washes up to the grounds, on which Mr. R. has erected Bathing Boxes for the convenience of his Visitors, and in order to do away with the disagreeable necessity of breaking in on the tour, and thereby losing a day, he has entered into arrangements with the coach proprietors for making the Royal Hotel (instead of Bantry) head quarters, from which, for the future, all the public conveyances will be dispatched. The Boating and Posting departments are replete with every requisite for comfort and convenience; the *cuisine* is under the superintendence of a professed man-cook, and Mr. R. promises that no effort shall be spared on his part to render the Royal Hotel all that can be desired in a first-class establishment.

N.B. Families or Single Gentlemen boarded on reasonable terms, from 1st of November to the 1st of May.

See Frontispiece to this book for a view of the Royal Hotel, and surrounding scenery from Garnish Island.]

**CARR'S HOTEL,
CLIFDEN, CONNEMARA.**

THE Proprietor of this Hotel begs leave to inform the public that he has this season considerably enlarged his Establishment by the addition of an adjoining house and offices, thereby rendering it one of the most

COMMODIOUS AND COMFORTABLE
COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTELS
IN THE
WEST OF IRELAND.

On the arrival of the different Trains at Galway,
**BIANCONI'S WELL-APPOINTED CARS AND
COACHES**

Start for this Hotel, from which a Car leaves every day, passing
through

KYLEMORE, KILLERIES, &c., for WESTPORT.

Good Post-Horses and Cars can be had at this
Establishment.

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 TOMIES, 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 Boats gratis.

HART'S HOTEL,

CLIFDEN, CONNEMARA.

THE above Establishment, which has been lately remodelled and undergone thorough repairs, in order to increase its comfort and accommodation, is situated

**WITHIN ONE MINUTE'S WALK OF THE MAIL
COACH AND CAR OFFICE,**

On the opposite side of the street.

It has the full benefit of the accommodation afforded by the public conveyances, while it has neither the bustle nor annoyance generally attending a Coach or Car Office.

Attention to the comforts of Tourists or Travellers will be particularly regarded.

PRIVATE FAMILIES CAN HAVE

SEPARATE SITTING-ROOMS ON MODERATE TERMS.

The Proprietor can give permission for Shooting and Fishing
over an extensive district.

WELL-APPOINTED CARS TO ORDER, WITH SOBER, INTELLIGENT
DRIVERS.

The Principal Hotel in Galway
 IS THE
CLANRICARDE ARMS, KILROY'S HOTEL,
 EYRE SQUARE.

ESTABLISHED IN 1810,

BY ITS PRESENT PROPRIETOR,

IN this Establishment the Tourist will find every comfort that can be sought for. Parties visiting Galway, and the Tourist *en route* for

THE INTERESTING WILDS OF CONNEMARA,

will find this Hotel the most convenient, as it affords the necessary comforts and accommodation; having in connection

Mr. BIANCONI'S COACHES & CARS,

The following of which leave the Hotel daily:—

THE LIMERICK DAY COACH AND ROYAL MAIL CAR,

HEADFORD AND WESTPORT CAR,

TUAM AND SLIGO CAR,

DOUGHTERARD AND GALWAY ROYAL MAIL COACH AND CAR.

Tourists will here find the best and only comfortable
 POSTING ESTABLISHMENT IN GALWAY,

WHERE

Good Post-Horses, Open, Close Carriages, and Cars,

Are to be had, with Careful Drivers, all on reasonable terms.

LIVERY STABLES AND LOCK-UP COACH-HOUSES.

* * * The Charges of this Hotel are exceedingly moderate, and every attention paid the Stranger.

KILROY'S HOTEL, April 10, 1852.

To Tourists, &c.

COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

JOHN HUNTER,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

NEWRATH BRIDGE HOTEL,

One Mile from the town of Ashford, and Two from the Devil's Glen,

Takes leave to apprise Tourists, &c., that in addition to the usual accommodation of the Hotel, he has added a complete

POSTING ESTABLISHMENT,

INCLUDING

Superior Phaetons, Cars, &c., with Careful Drivers, ready at all hours.

The Situation being in the midst of the

MOST DELIGHTFUL SCENERY of the COUNTY of WICKLOW,

Termed by Mrs. Hall, in her popular work on Ireland,

"THE GARDEN OF WICKLOW,"

ADmits OF DAILY EXCURSIONS TO

LUGGELAW, SEVEN CHURCHES, VALE OF AVOCA,

(COMPRISING SHELTON ABBEY),

BALLYARTHUR, CASTLE HOWARD, DUNRAN, BELLEVUE, &c.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CLARENDON

Recently sojourned at the Hotel, and on leaving expressed their entire approbation of its arrangements, its beautiful situation, &c.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, LONDONDERRY.

BENJAMIN GREER

Respectfully invites the patronage of Tourists visiting the maiden city to his Hotel, which will be found replete with every requisite for their accommodation.

The high character the Imperial has so long maintained is a guarantee that every attention is paid to the comfort and convenience of its guests. The charges will be found equally moderate with any other first-rate Hotel.

A conveyance is always in waiting on the arrival of Trains and Steamboats.

THE LOWER SHANNON AND KILKEE.

MOORE'S HOTEL, KILKEE.

TOURISTS purposing to visit the delightful Scenery of the Western Coast are respectfully informed that this Establishment has been fitted up in a style that will insure them all the accommodation and comfort of a city hotel. And every exertion is used by the Proprietor to secure from each individual a confirmation of the character his house bears.

N.B.—An Omnibus attends at the Quay in Kilrush. Mr. Moore being desirous to offer inducements to English Tourists to visit Kilkee, will convey, free of expense, all holders of Tourist's Tickets of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company.

MOORE'S HOTEL,
WELLINGTON SQUARE, KILKEE.

April, 1852.

RODEN ARMS, BRYANSFORD.

GEORGE READ

Begs leave to return his best thanks to the Nobility and Gentry who have hitherto so kindly patronised his Establishment. Tourists visiting

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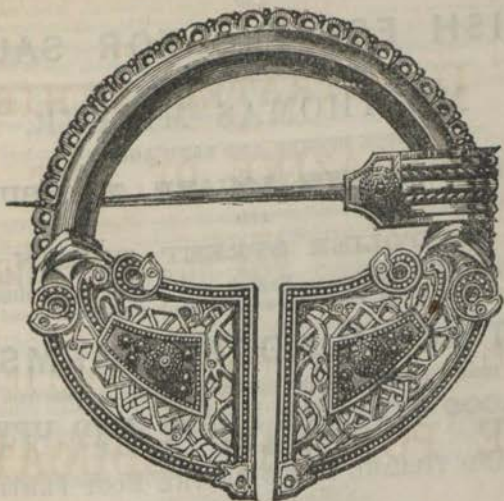
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J. CASSELL, 9, LA BELLE SAUVAGE YARD, LUDGATE HILL; and all Booksellers.

*All Purchasers will be entitled to a Copy of the Illustrated Pamphlet on the
Antique Jewellery of Ireland.*



ROYAL ANTIQUE BROOCHES.

"Lieutenant Colonel Phipps begs to enclose to Messrs. WATERHOUSE & COMPANY a cheque in payment for the two Tara Brooches for HER MAJESTY which accompanied their letter of the 10th instant.—*Osborne, August 25, 1852.*"

WATERHOUSE AND COMPANY

HAve the honour to inform their Patrons and the Public that they have now on view exact copies of the two Brooches recently manufactured for Her Gracious Majesty.

WATERHOUSE AND COMPANY have also a stock of IRISH ANTIQUE BROOCHES similar to those manufactured by them for the Great Exhibition, and which have been so universally admired. These Brooches are now the most fashionable ornaments in town, and are all faithful copies of the Irish Antiques. They have been registered, so that the patterns cannot be pirated or manufactured by any other Establishment.

At the close of the Great Exhibition, Her Majesty's Commissioners selected some of the most beautiful articles in the Exhibition for the purpose of forming a Museum for the School of Design. WATERHOUSE AND COMPANY are happy to state that four different patterns of their far-famed Brooches were purchased for that purpose.

WATERHOUSE AND COMPANY,
Her Majesty's Jewellers
25, DAME STREET, DUBLIN.

IRISH FARMS TO LET
AND
IRISH ESTATES FOR SALE.

MR. THOMAS MILLER,

STOCK BROKER AND LAND AGENT,

6, ST. ANDREW'S SQUARE, EDINBURGH,

AND

24, D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN,

RESPECTFULLY intimates to English and Scottish Agriculturists that he has at present on his List, and is empowered by many of the Nobility and Gentry to LET upwards of

TWO HUNDRED FARMS,

Situating in various Counties in Ireland, and ranging in size from

50 to 1000 STATUTE ACRES AND UPWARDS;

COMPRISING

GRAZING AND TILLAGE LANDS OF THE MOST FERTILE KINDS,

AS WELL AS

MOUNTAIN PASTURES.

Many of these Farms are exceedingly well circumstanced, and have on them

Gentlemanly Residences or Good Comfortable Houses,

AS WELL AS

CAPITAL FARM OFFICES;

And where these are not sufficiently commodious, arrangements will be made by the Proprietors for building suitable Houses and Offices. Among those Farms is one of about 500 Acres, nearly 200 Acres of which have been embanked from the tidal river Suir. This Farm is unsurpassed by any lands in Great Britain or Ireland, the alluvial soil being thirty feet deep, composed of the richest ingredients, and is perfectly inexhaustible. The whole of these Farms are in the hands of the Proprietors, and immediate possession may be had of most of them.

The Rents of Farms are low, not averaging *one half* the rents paid in England or Scotland for similar lands.

Mr. MILLER can arrange for locating Parties of Farmers in the same neighbourhood, and can make references to the comfortable positions of many English and Scotch Farmers settled in Ireland through his agency.

Farmers intending to take lands will find it of the greatest importance to bring with them, or at least be ready to give, *undoubted references as to respectability and capital*. The amount of capital requisite fully and comfortably to stock and cultivate a good Irish Farm is from £7 to £10 per Irish acre, equal to £5 10s. to £8 per Scotch acre, or £4 5s. to £6 per English acre. Enterprising and skilful agriculturists will receive every encouragement from proprietors.

Mr. MILLER will give every information and facility to farmers on their arrival at his Office in Dublin, and will furnish them with orders to view any Farms they may wish to see, and he makes NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER to Farmers. The cheap Tourists' Tickets which are now issued, *via* Holyhead, afford excellent opportunities and give ample time for Farmers to visit Ireland and look at lands.

The soil of Ireland is very fertile, and for the most part lying on limestone rock, and abounding in marl, limestone, sand and gravel. The climate is mild and genial; the grass is luxuriant, and the green crops are unsurpassed in size and weight. Ireland is intersected in

every direction by railways, navigable rivers, and canals, and the rates charged for the conveyance of cattle, sheep, and grain are extremely moderate. Excellent harbours abound on the sea coast. The roads throughout the country are better than those of England or Scotland, and there is almost an entire absence of toll-gates. Excellent market towns are everywhere met with, and numerous fairs are held throughout the kingdom. There is neither Income nor Property-Tax, no taxes on Houses, Servants, Horses, Dogs, or Carriages. The Poor-Rates are rapidly decreasing; labour is very cheap, indeed far too low for the comfortable support of the peasantry; farmers who give tenpence or a shilling a-day to men, and sixpence to women, are looked up to with deep gratitude, and received with open arms. Even the most remote part of Ireland is within twenty-four hours of England or Scotland.

IRISH ESTATES.

MR. MILLER respectfully calls the attention of English and Scotch Capitalists who are desirous to make investments in property, to the many

BEAUTIFUL ESTATES FOR SALE IN IRELAND,

WITH PARLIAMENTARY TITLES,

THROUGH THE INCUMBERED ESTATES COURT,

And to the very large returns which these Estates will yield per annum on the purchase moneys as compared with similar sums invested in properties in England or Scotland. Among these properties Mr. Miller would particularly point out the very

IMPROVABLE ESTATE OF CONG,

SITUATE BETWEEN LOUGHS MASK AND CORRIB IN MAYO AND GALWAY

THE SHIP CANAL

Uniting those Loughs passing through part of the lands. This property contains

7770 STATUTE ACRES,

WITH

A YEARLY RENTAL OF £2120 19s. 4d.

And will be sold either whole or in lots. It is situate in a most interesting, romantic, and peaceful district, and contains the magnificent remains of the Abbey, as well as the rich Abbey Lands of the Abbot of Cong; the Stone Cross of Cong, the Island of Inchagoill, said to be the burial place of St. Patrick. There are cavernous under-ground rivers, and the river Cong is famous for Salmon and Trout Angling.

A MINE OF SULPHUR AND COPPER

Of great promise has been lately discovered on part of the property.

RENTALS AND PARTICULARS

Of this, and of all other properties for sale in the Incumbered Estates Court, may be obtained at Mr. Miller's Offices, or will be forwarded by him free of all expense except postage.

Mr. MILLER'S LIST OF IRISH FARMS TO LET

AND

ESTATES FOR SALE,

Price Sixpence, may be obtained at; or will be forwarded from his Offices,

6, ST. ANDREW'S SQUARE, EDINBURGH,

[AND

24, D'OLIER STREET, DUBLIN.

IRISH FRIEZE.

THE CELEBRATED ZEPHYR FRIEZE,

SAME AS ORDERED BY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.
 HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT.
 THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
 THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.
 THE EARL OF CLARENDON, &c. &c.

THE CELEBRATED WATERPROOF RUMSWIZZLE.

AND

SAXON PADDY CLOTH.

Tourists in Ireland, anxious to procure any of the above Goods, among which are the same (with many additions) as those I exhibited at

THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

are respectfully informed that they will get each description true and genuine at my Ware-rooms, being myself the Original Designer of the Three Last Improvements in Irish Frieze, of which others in the Trade, under various Names, are now seeking to derive a benefit for themselves.

THE CELEBRATED

EMBROIDERED CLOTH MANTLES,

Superior to any ever before introduced, and which I had the honour of furnishing to

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON, THE
 COUNTESS OF CLARENDON, &c. &c.,

will well repay the curiosity of Ladies of the Aristocracy by an
 Inspection.

LUKE DILLON,

WOOLLEN DRAPER,

7, PARLIAMENT STREET.

MANSFIELD'S EMPORIUM,

32, WESTMORELAND STREET,

DUBLIN.

HENRY MANSFIELD invites Tourists and Parties visiting Dublin to an Inspection of the above Establishment, where they will find the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Useful and Fancy Articles in the kingdom,

COMPRISING

**LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING
CASES,**

WORK BOXES,

AND WRITING DESKS.

BIBLES,

PRAYER BOOKS, & CHURCH SERVICES,

IN PLAIN AND THE MOST ELEGANT BINDINGS.

STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, UMBRELLAS,

WALKING CANES, &c. &c.,

AND EVERY ARTICLE FOR THE

TOILET, DRAWING-ROOM, AND WORK-TABLE.

32, WESTMORELAND STREET,

DUBLIN.

J. WARD,
CUT GLASS MANUFACTURER,
 IMPORTER OF BOHEMIAN GLASS,
 GENERAL EXPORTER,
 WHOLESALE DEALER IN CHINA, EARTHENWARE, &c.,
40, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

J. W., being largely engaged in the Export and Wholesale Trade, is prepared to receive Orders from Merchants, Dealers, Captains, and others, to any extent, upon liberal terms, at prices that will be much to their advantage. J. W.'s stock of first-class Goods, kept for the retail trade, is very extensive, affording an abundance of choice either for the useful or ornamental furnishing of a cottage or mansion.

The following Articles are of Good Quality:—

Half-pint Pressed Tumblers, from 3s. to 4s. 6d. per dozen.

Half-pint Cut Tumblers, from 4½d. each and upwards.

Cut Wines, of good quality, from 3½d. each.

Cut Decanters, two quarts and two pints, for 7s. the set.

Glass Water Jugs, 2s. 6d. each.

Dessert Service, of eight dishes, for 14s.

Pressed Sugars and Creams, from 6d. each.

AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF CHINA.

Burnished Gold Tea Sets, from 10s. 6d. per set.

Ditto Breakfast Cups and Saucers, 10s. 6d. per dozen.

Blue Figure and other Patterns Tea Cups and Saucers, 1s. 3d. per half dozen.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF EARTHENWARE.

Willow Plates, largest size, 1s. 9d. per dozen.

Ditto Ditto, size smaller, 1s. 6d. per dozen.

Toilet Sets, in great variety, from 4s. 6d. per set.

Dinner Sets, 30s. per set.

Bohemian Glass Ornaments, from 6d. each.

French China Ditto, from 6d. each.

N.B.—If you travel England over, you will not find another establishment equal to this for VARIETY, QUALITY, and CHEAPNESS. Orders from a distance must be accompanied by a remittance or a satisfactory reference.

Observe—**J. WARD, 40, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL.**

THE INCE-HALL COAL AND CANNEL COMPANY,

HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO DELIVER THEIR SUPERIOR

HOUSE COALS AND CANNEL,

AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE CONSUMER, CARTAGE FREE,

WHEN WITHIN THREE MILES OF THE SEVERAL YARDS OF THE COMPANY, AT

CROWN STREET, LIVERPOOL,
COMMERCE STREET, BIRKENHEAD,
DEMEAN STREET, SEACOMBE,

Respectfully solicit the continued support and patronage of the Public.
A List of the Prices may be had on application at the several Offices of
the Company.

Orders posted or sent to the Company's Offices,

RUMFORD STREET, LIVERPOOL,
BRIDGE STREET, BIRKENHEAD,
DEMEAN STREET, SEACOMBE,

WILL BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH PAYMENT, FIVE PER CENT.

COALS FOR EXPORT.

Best Steam Coal, large and round	7s. 6d.	} in Stanley or } North Docks.
Ditto, screened	7s. 0d.	
If carted to Docks north of Custom-House, 6d. per ton extra.		
Ditto south of Custom-House, 1s. per ton extra.		

HOUSE AND GAS CANNEL, GAS COALS AND SMITES' COALS

AT USUAL PRICE.

2½ per Cent. discount allowed for Cash Payment.

WILLIAM LAIRD, GENERAL MANAGER.

COMPANY'S OFFICES, 7, RUMFORD STREET.

VISITORS AND PARTIES FURNISHING
 ARE INVITED TO INSPECT
 THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK OF WARRANTED
CABINET FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY,
 LOOKING GLASSES, BEDDING, &c.,
 AT



LIVERPOOL.

Workshops and Timber Sheds—Church Lane and Back Bold Street.

The Goods are manufactured by ourselves expressly for our customer trade, and are marked in plain figures, the selling prices, that buyers may see the *advantage, security, and satisfaction* they derive by entrusting their orders to us.

COUNTRY, EXPORT, and TRADE orders promptly executed, and no charge made for packing.
 U. & A.'s NEW PRICE LIST and FURNISHING GUIDE may be had on application.

SWITZER, BEATTY, AND CO.
91,
GRAFTON-ST.

**WOOLLEN DRAPERS, TAILORS, & GENERAL CLOTHIERS,
91, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN.**

This House is Established for the purpose of
SUPPLYING THE HIGHER AND MIDDLE ORDERS OF SOCIETY
with the Best Goods, made up by First Class Workmen,
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

THE READY MADE DEPARTMENT

is constantly Supplied with every Article of Dress, made up in the same Style as if Specially Ordered.

GLASS! GLASS!! GLASS!!!

WHERE CAN YOU BUY GOOD AND CHEAP GLASS? THE REPLY IS, AT
THOMAS SMITH'S,
48, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL,
 AND
101, DEANSGATE, and KING STREET,
MANCHESTER.

He being an extensive Manufacturer of Cut Glass, the Public have the advantage of purchasing direct from the maker, thus saving the large profits of the retail dealer. His long standing in Liverpool is a sufficient guarantee to warrant all Goods being of first-rate quality, and are offered at such prices as bid defiance to all competition.

T. SMITH respectfully solicits a trial of all those who may be in want of such Goods; they will effect a *saving of at least from 30 to 40 per cent.*, by making their purchases at his Establishments, and the quality of the Goods equal to any house in the trade.

The Stock comprises rich Cut Dessert Dishes, in great variety; Cut and Engraved Decanters; Claret and Water Jugs; Table Crofts; Wine Coolers; Finger Basins; Hock, Liqueur, Wine, and Champagne Glasses; Rummors, Tumblers, Salts, Tea, and Pickle Bottles; Liqueur Bottles and Frames; and every other description of Flint Glass that is manufactured; Table Services in China, Ironstone, &c. &c.; a great variety in Dessert Services; Toilet Sets, in all colours, and every description of Earthenware that is manufactured; an endless variety of China, Tea, and Breakfast Sets; Papier Mâché Trays, Waiters, Tables, Portfolios, Card Racks, Hand Screens, &c. &c.; Japan Trays, of all shapes and patterns; Hot Water Jugs; Metal Tea and Coffee Pots; a splendid assortment of China Vases, from 6d. to 10l. each. Bohemian Glass, of all colours, shapes, and patterns; Lustre Shades and Stands; and a matchless variety of other useful and ornamental Articles, too numerous to describe; in fact, it is only by a visit to his Establishment the public can form any idea of the enormous Stocks, and the astounding low prices. One trial will be a sufficient proof.

LIST OF PRICES

	s.	d.
Splendid Table Services, to dine 12 persons	30	0
700 handsome Cut Glass Dessert Sets of Six Dishes	12	6 usually sold at 40s.
1,000 Sets rich Cut Decanters, two quarts and two pints	7	0 per set.
1,200 Half-pint Tumblers, handsome patterns	3	0 per dozen.
10,000 Half-pint Ditto, cut patterns	4	0 per dozen.
17,000 Wines, cut	3	0 per dozen.
3,000 Ditto, cut different patterns	3	6 per dozen.
1,000 handsome Wines	1	6 per dozen.
Water Bottles, with Glasses, from	7d.	to 1 0
200 Butter Coolers	2	0 each.
3,000 Glass Egg Cups	0	14 each.
Candle Ornaments, six different colours	0	2 each.
300 Tea Sets, China, burnished gold	10	6 per set.
400 Ditto ditto, rich patterns	15	0 per set.
2,000 Half-dozen, china	1s.	to 1 4 per half-dozen.
Papier Mâché Tea Trays, three to the set, exquisite workmanship	14	0 per set.
Gothic Iron Tea Trays, ditto ditto	6	0 per set.
Ditto ditto, 50 patterns	3	0 per set.
Bread Baskets	4d.	to 0 6 each.
Large Waiters	3d.	to 0 4 each.
Cruet Sets, three rich bottles	10d.	to 1 0 per set.
700 Handsome Plain and Gilt Toilet Sets, at one half the usual prices.		

GLASS MADE TO PATTERN, AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Goods packed free of charge, and delivered free of expense within six miles of either Liverpool or Manchester. Goods lent out on hire. Packages and experienced Packers sent either in town or country. The trade supplied. Shipping orders punctually attended to.

Please be careful in copying the address—

48, BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL,
 (One Door from the Corner of Concert Street.)

T. S. deems this caution requisite, as there are parties in the same street, who pretend to compete with this Establishment.

MANCHESTER ADDRESS—101, DEANSGATE, and KING STREET, opposite the Star Hotel.

CABBURN'S BALSAM AND PILLS.

FOR THE CURE OF

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SPINAL AFFECTIONS.

Pains, Contractions, Paralysis, Lumbago, Pains in the Kidneys, Groin, and Joints, Swelling, Acute Pains in the Flesh, as Tic-Douloureux, &c., Scalds, Internal Injuries produced by Straining, Falls, or



Over-exertion, Burns, Loss of Strength, Weakness, Stiffness, Distortion, and Cramp of the Limbs and Joints, Difficulty of Breathing, Piles, Stings of Insects, Venomous Bites, &c.

Also, generally of Minor Complaints, as Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Wounds, &c.

The Right Honourable the EARL OF ESSEX.

From the good effects experienced by his lordship, the Earl of Essex, under acute and protracted pain, Mr. CABBURN has had the honour to receive the patronage of that noble family, as may be seen from the order given below.

"Lady Essex requests Mr. Cabburn will send four large Bottles of his Balsam, and four large Boxes of his Pills, by post or railway, to CASHBURY PARK, HERTFORD."

IRELAND.—"ELM PARK, LIMERICK.—Lord Clarina presents his compliments to Mr. Cabburn, and has the pleasure to enclose him a cheque on Messrs. Coutts and Co., which will liquidate his account. Lord Clarina has derived infinite benefit from the medicines in a very severe attack of Rheumatism in his chest, shoulders, and back."

Recommendation from the Rev. G. A. COCKBURN.

"To Mr. Cabburn,—Sir, in common fairness, it is due that I should offer you my testimony to the value of your medicines, viz.—CABBURN'S BALSAM AND PILLS. I had seen the Advertisement, but disregarded it as one does those sort of things, until about four years ago my child suffered severe pain in her face, depriving her of sleep night after night, causing me much distress. Our medical gentleman failing to relieve, I sent for a Bottle of Balsam, and from the application of which the excess of pain gave way at once. We applied it whenever a recurrence threatened; and I can safely say, from that hour she never had a broken night's rest. In due time all cause of pain was removed; from that time I have never been without it, regarding it as one of my most essential stores. It has relieved scalds and rheumatism; also those scourges of the nursery—women's bad breasts, &c. I have used it in every kind of pain, from infant bruises to the severe contusions of adults, pained and swollen extremities of the bed-ridden aged. I have given it to all ages and sexes; while it has seldom failed to do good, I am sure it has never done harm. I fearlessly assert that in nine-tenths of village ailments, Mr. Cabburn's Balsam is a specific; so seldom do I fail, that, far and near, they come for this extraordinary Balsam; and for some four years I have seen the extraordinary effects produced by the application of it among all kinds of sufferers, and I most strongly recommend it to my brother clergy especially—as a cheap, safe, and efficacious remedy for much suffering. I shall be ready to answer any person addressing me on the subject, and give you full liberty to make any use of the letter.

"I am, Yours, &c.,

"G. A. COCKBURN, Rhasherowther Rectory, Pembroke."

* * * The Autographs and recommendations of many Reverend and other Gentlemen, Physicians, and Medical Practitioners, as also one from an Auditor-General, General Andree, Captain de Butts, son of General de Butts; likewise other Officers of distinction at Madras and various parts of India, may be seen at Mr. Cabburn's Dispensary, King's Cross, London, as also in his Pamphlet, (which contains important information), and will be sent as requested upon the receipt of Three Postage Stamps.

The Balsam in Bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s.; and the Pills in Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., may be had at the Dispensary, King's Cross; also of Messrs. Barclay, Edwards, Hannay, Sanger, Sutton, Johnston, Newberry, Willoughby and Co., and of all Patent Medicine Vendors.

RIMMEL'S HYGIENIC PERFUMERY,

CERTIFIED BY DR. URE, F.R.S. &c.

TO CONSIST OF THE PUREST AND MOST SALUBRIOUS INGREDIENTS.

I HAVE examined the series of Preparations for the Toilet as made by E. RIMMEL, 39, Gerrard Street, Soho, entitled "Hygienic Perfumery," consisting of Nos. 1 and 2, Toilet Soaps; 3, Toilet Vinegar; 4, Pommade; 5, Hair Wash; 6, Dentifrice; 7, Cosmetic Lotion. These Articles are all of the purest and most innocuous quality, and incapable of injuring the most delicate skin or complexion. They are perfectly salubrious in reference to the general health, and not liable to produce the baneful effects too often caused by common perfumes.

ANDREW URE, F.R.S.,

Professor of Chemistry and Analytical Chemist.

London, 25, Keppel Street, 13th April, 1852.

PRICES OF RIMMEL'S HYGIENIC PERFUMERY.

	PER CAKE.
No. 1. Rimmel's Hygienic Toilet Soap	6d.
2. Rimmel's Extra Fine Ditto	1s.
3. Rimmel's HYGIENIC TOILET VINEGAR TO SUPERSEDE EAU DE COLOGNE	2s. 6d. AND 5s.

AS EXHIBITED

AT THE

CLASS XXIX,



IN THE FOUNTAIN

Crystal Palace,

NO. 3.

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| 4. Rimmel's Hygienic Pommade, perfumed
with Flowers | 1s. |
| 5. Rimmel's Hygienic Hair-Wash | 1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. |
| 6. Rimmel's Hygienic Dentifrice | 1s. |
| 7. Rimmel's Hygienic Cosmetic Lotion for
the Complexion | 2s. & 3s. 6d. |

The Public, to avoid imposition, are requested to see that each Article bears the Signature of the Sole Proprietor,

EUGENE RIMMEL,

39, GERRARD STREET, SOHO, LONDON,
AND 19, BOULEVARD DE LA GARE D'IVRY, PARIS.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists in the United Kingdom.

AGENTS FOR IRELAND.—DUNLIN: Kirtland, Niblett, Birch, Worn, Birkbeck, Guillaume, Lynch, Ford, O'Hanlon, Lawrence, Pruvot, Madden, and Black. COBK: O'Leary, Pigott, Keating, and Constant. LIMERICK: Byfield, Dallas, O'Keefe, and O'Shaughnessy. BELFAST: Page. ARMACH: Fulton. FERMOY: O'Meara.

THE PEOPLE!

THE Greatest Scholars, Poets, Orators, Philosophers, Warriors, Statesmen, Inventors and Improvers of the Arts, arose from the People: if we had waited until Courtiers had invented the art of printing, clock-making, steam navigation, railways, and a thousand other inventions, we probably should have continued in darkness to this hour.

HYAM

rose from the ranks of the People, and behold the wonders he has achieved in

CLOTHING!

What used to be a luxury for the exclusive advantage of the rich only, is now attainable by all classes of society; and the great reforms he has effected, not only in the charge for apparel, but the superiority of it, places him in the same position as all other Great Reformers of the Age.

HYAM'S STOCK OF OVER-COATS

is remarkable for their Style and inimitable Cheapness.

		£1 1 0
	A fine quality of Cloth.....	1 6 0
DRESS COATS.....	Very superior ditto.....	1 10 0
	Extra Superfine ditto.....	2 2 0
	Saxony Wool, very fine ditto.....	2 5 0
	The finest quality manufactured.....	0 17 6
		1 1 0
WALKING COATS	A very serviceable Cloth.....	1 10 0
	Very superior quality of Cloth.....	0 10 6
	From the best article made.....	0 14 0
SUMMER STUFF OVERCOATS.....	Mixed Alpaca.....	1 1 0
	Quite a new material, very light.....	1 10 0
SUMMER CLOTH OVERCOATS.....	Lete, Satarah, and fine Ladies' Cloth.....	1 14 0
	Britannia and Venetian Cloth.....	0 8 6
	Alfred Cashmere.....	0 12 0
TROUSERS.....	Fancy and Plain Angolas.....	0 16 0
	Deer Skin and Cross Ribs, quite new.....	0 18 6
	The choicest West Country Laplands.....	
	Clergyman's Oxford Doeskin.....	

B. HYAM

Begs distinctly to state that Goods made by him can only be obtained at his place of business,

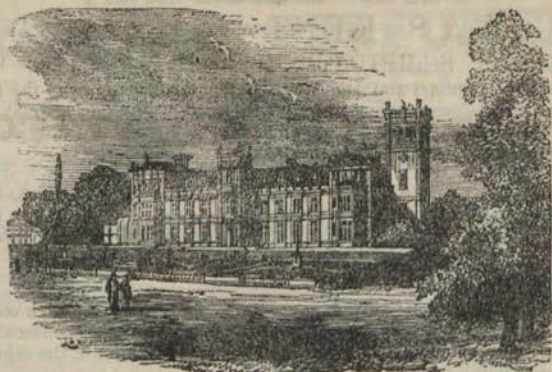
30, DAME STREET, DUBLIN,

And at his various Establishments in the following Towns:—

London	86, Oxford Street.	Birmingham	23, New Street.
London	36, Gracechurch St.	Bristol.....	42, Wine Street.
Manchester	86 & 88, Market St.	Leeds	42, Briggate.
Liverpool...	97, Lord Street.	Glasgow.....	48, Argyll Street.
Liverpool ...	9, Whitechapel.	Hull.....	17, Market Place.

LOWESTOFT.

Enthron'd upon an ancient hill it rests,
Calmly it lifts its time-worn head; and first



Of all Old England's busy towns, whispers
Its orisons, and greets the rising morn.

SOMERLEYTON HALL, NEAR LOWESTOFT.

LOWESTOFT is the Easternmost Point of England, and the nearest to the opposite Continental Coast, being but ninety miles from the Texel. It is the port of arrival and departure (twice a-week) of the powerful first-class Steamers employed in the increasing trade with the North of Europe, *via* the New Route to **DENMARK**, and will consequently be the *entrepot* of the traffic thither on the completion of the **SWEDISH AND NORWEGIAN RAILROADS**, now in rapid progress. Lowestoft is distant from **NORWICH** twenty-three miles, on the **EASTERN COUNTIES AND NORFOLK LINE**. It abounds in all the *agremens* of a desirable **MARINE RESIDENCE**—picturesquely situate, surrounded by a beautiful country, possessing facilities for Bathing unsurpassed on the British Coast, and enjoying other salubrious advantages that specially recommend it to the Faculty. Its unexampled progression in population and extension within the last few years speak to its popularity among the Gentry and Middle Classes of **NORFOLK** and **SUFFOLK**, by whose families it is frequented. Its **PRIVATE EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS** are numerous and excellent, and some of them peculiar—as, for instance, **COLVILL HOUSE**, on the Saltwater Lake Lothing, an Institution for **IMBECILE CHILDREN** of the **UPPER CLASSES**, conducted by Dr. **FOREMAN, M.D.** The cost of living is extremely moderate, and the inducements to the casual visitor or permanent resident are many and varied.

THE HAND-BOOK TO LOWESTOFT,

Profusely Illustrated, price **ONE SHILLING** (post free, 6d. extra), may be had at the London (Bishopsgate), and all the Stations of the Eastern Counties; from **COTES**, Librarian, 139, Cheap side; **RUSHMER**, or **CROW**, Booksellers, Lowestoft; or from

S. HOWETT, ROYAL HOTEL, LOWESTOFT.

CHOCOLAT A LA FRANCAISE.

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The Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, though not authorised themselves to erect the Hotel, will promote it to their utmost ability. Besides facilitating the acquisition of the site, their Directors have agreed, with the approbation of a General Meeting of the Company, to allow to the Proprietors of the Hotel a Commission on the Fares of all Passengers to or from the Hotel, which, though not an absolute guarantee, will have the effect of ensuring a return of £7 per cent. on their outlay; and it has been agreed that an equal number of the Directors of the Railway Company shall be associated with the Directors of the Hotel Company in the promotion and management of the Hotel.

A Deed of Settlement will be framed as nearly as possible in the same terms as that under which the Euston and Victoria Hotels have been erected, which have been so prosperous and conducted with such mutual advantage in connection with the London and North-Western Railway Company.

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The amount of Capital has been fixed, and has been divided into shares of £6 each, so as to enable them to be offered to the Shareholders of original Stock in the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, who have been promised a preference in the Allotments.

It is intended in the first instance only to proceed with buildings, the completion and furnishing of which are estimated not to exceed £80,000; the remaining Capital will not be called for unless circumstances shall hereafter appear to require an increased outlay.

An Instalment of £1 per Share will be payable immediately on the Registration of the Company; a Second Instalment of £1 in October, 1852; a Third Instalment of £1 in April, 1853; a Fourth in October, 1853; and the remainder as required; no Instalments being of greater amount than £1, and there being an interval of at least six months between each Call.

Applications for Shares in the Form annexed are to be made on or before the Twelfth day of June, 1852, to R. S. MANSEL, Esq., Chester and Holyhead Railway Offices, Chester.

TO THE PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS OF THE BRITANNIA
HOTEL COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN—I hereby request you to allot me Shares of £6 each in the "BRITANNIA HOTEL COMPANY," and hereby undertake on your allotting me the same, or any part thereof, to execute the Deed of Settlement of the Company, and to pay the amount of the said Shares, according to the Covenant for such purpose to be contained in the said Deed, and according to the Prospectus of the Company.

Dated this _____ day of _____ 1852.

Name in full _____

Address _____

BRITANNIA HOTEL COMPANY.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the BALANCE of SHARES, if any, in the above undertaking, not taken up by Holders of Original Stock in the Chester and Holyhead Railway on or before the 1st day of June next, will after that date be allotted to general applicants.

Application in accordance with the above Form must be sent in, addressed to the Secretary on or before the 12th day of June next.

ROBT. S. MANSEL, *Secretary.*

Chester and Holyhead Railway Office,
Chester, May 29, 1852.

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To meet these demands it is intended to combine and establish a rapid and more frequent communication between London, Manchester, Liverpool, and all the principal parts of England, and the principal ports and cities of the North of Europe, by means of express steamers running in connexion with express trains.

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Other ports of departure will be added to these as the public convenience may require.

From these ports express steamers will run in combination with express trains, by which will be conveyed mails, passengers, specie, and merchandise, from London and the south-eastern parts of England, and from Manchester, Liverpool, and all parts of the north and west of Great Britain, for Rotterdam, Antwerp, Ostend, Hamburg, Bremen, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, and all ports of the north of Europe.

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To Rotterdam in	11 hours.
Antwerp	12 "
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To Toning	26 hours.
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Christiana	50 "
Gottenburgh	50 "
Copenhagen	46 "

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To Hamburg	32 hours,
Copenhagen	46 "
St. Petersburg	120 "

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To Antwerp	20 hours.
Rotterdam	19 "
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M. Berwick

DUNBAR

Dalkeith

EDINBURGH

Lanark

PEEBLES

Melrose

SEIKIRK

JEDBURGH

Abwick

DUMFRIES

NEWCASTLE

GLASGOW

CARLISE

DURHAM

Appleby

Darlington

Scarborough

E A

Fleetwood

YORK

Leeds

Huddersfield

Sheffield

Retford

Hull

Grimsby

Manchester

Stockport

CHESTER

Mold

Crewe

LINCOLN

Nottingham

Cantham

STAFFORD

Lackfield

BIRMINGHAM

Wolverhampton

WARWICK

WORCESTER

HEREFORD

MONMOUTH

GLOUCESTER

Cheltenham

BATH

BRISTOL

Cardiff

TAUNTON

EXETER

DORCHESTER

Salisbury

WINCHESTER

Southampton

DERBY

Leicester

Coventry

Rugby

NORTHAMPTON

BUCKINGHAM

OXFORD

Reading

CULDFORD

MAIDSTONE

CHICHESTER

Southampton

NEWPORT

ISLE OF WIGHT

Peterborough

HUNTINGDON

CAMBRIDGE

Bedford

Chelmsford

Colchester

Southampton

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