

## The Country Traversed 1854

### *The Tourists Illustrated Handbook for Ireland*

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#### SOUTHERN BLACKWATER.—MALLOW TO YOUGHAL.

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

Cappoquin House, seat of Sir R. Kane, is a fine mansion, in a lovely demesne, and affords a full view of the river. Two miles further down is Toureen, the delightfully-situated residence of a worthy coadjutor in the advancement of his native country, viz., Sir R. Musgrave, Bart., whose efforts to promote the interests of this district have been most beneficial. Near this is Drumroe, seat of Sir W. Jackson Homan, Bart. ; and nearly opposite is Dromana Castle, the noble residence of Lord Stewart de Decies, once that of the Desmonds, and now surrounded with most magnificent timber, rising immediately over the river, and bearing about it all that can be well imagined as appropriate to the stronghold of a great feudal baron, though some of the recent additions mar in a degree the line effect of the older part of the building. Adjoining the demesne is the pretty *petit* village of Villierstown, with its tasteful little church. Further down the river are the extensive plantations recently effected by Mr. J. Keily, and the fine demesne of Camphire, seat of Mr. Usher. At this point description may indeed be taxed to give the remotest idea of the quiet beauty of the scene.

Rowing with the gentle current, at the junction of the Bride with the Blackwater, six miles from Cappoquin, we pass the demesne of Headborough, on rising ground, seat of the Rev.

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

The tourist can proceed from Cappoquin by car to the picturesque town of Lismore, which is situated higher up this delightful river, and the first glance at which tells how fittingly it was called "Lismore of the Saints," for it is indeed an earthly paradise :—Noble trees, in endless diversity of foliage, snug homesteads, and a happy and contented population, in whose smiling faces we read the biography of the man whose name is in every mouth, and for whose welfare the simple peasant prays with fullest truthfulness of gratitude. The Devonshire property may be said to comprise all this district for thirty miles round. In his Grace's visits to this portion of his vast estates, nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the reception of this prince of landlords, whose anxiety for the welfare of his tenantry is evinced in the schools, dwellings, and in the places of public worship of every kind, for all persuasions alike, erected by his bounty. Indeed, the entire Devonshire estate in Ireland may be justly termed a great model farm. From the fine bridge over the Blackwater, erected by the duke at a cost of £9,000, nothing can surpass the beauty of the scenes, with the majestic old, yet modernised, castle, reposing loftily in the midst of venerable trees, and the gentle river flowing tranquilly at its base. One portion of the quadrangle is occupied by Mr. F. E. Curry, his Grace's principal agent, than whom no worthier representative could be found of so magnanimous a master. *Apropos* of the large window in front of Lismore Castle is an incident illustrative of the character of James II. In 1690, while sojourning here, the deposed king was brought to the window by his host for the purpose of viewing the scenery around. Finding himself on the balcony, at so vast an altitude, he was seized with a paroxysm of fear, and accused him whose house gave him shelter, and who secured him from his enemies, with the intention of hurling him into the abyss below. Lismore and the surrounding country were originally the property of Raleigh, from whom they were purchased by Robert Boyle, great ancestor of the houses of Devonshire, Cork and Orrery, and Shannon. Boyle, the great natural philosopher, a descendant of the purchaser, was born here. The name given to the invaluable astronomical instrument which he discovered is derived from the barony of Orrery, which constituted a portion of his title of Earl of Cork and Viscount Orrery. Congreve, the dramatic poet, was also born here, though Leeds is his reputed birthplace ; and here some of the noblest in the land have acted, in every sense, "The Way of the World." Lismore is an admirable point to start from, if the tourist should be anxious to see Mitchelstown Castle, said to be one of the finest baronial residences in the three kingdoms, scarcely any excepted. It is easily reached by good mountain roads across the Knockmeladown and Kilworth mountains, scenes of the exploits of Freney, the celebrated highwayman, drawn so admirably by Lever, in his "Knight of Gwynne." Another knight of the road also rendered this locality famous ; but Brennan had

none of the chivalry of his contemporary, and was nothing more than a mere robber. The former, though condemned to death, was pardoned ; the latter was hanged near Kilworth. From Mitchelstown—which is well worthy of a visit, not less on the score of its almost regal castle than of its astonishing caves—we may proceed by car to Knocklong station on the Great Southern and Western, already described.

Returning by car to Cappoquin, and continuing by the Blackwater—which loses some of its attractions at low water, as it is influenced by the tidal way about three miles below Lismore—a circumstance, however, forgotten in the varied beauties of shores replete with Rhine-like loveliness—we now proceed onwards towards Youghal, famous for its ruins, strand, and historic associations. To obtain a fuller view of the surrounding country, a *détour* to the west will well reward this trouble. After leaving the delightful scenery around the Lismore, we advance along the roads leading to Tallow, crossing the rich upland country between the Blackwater and the Bride. The well-planned road, kept in capital order, winds down hill by a series of gradual descents, with many occasional levels, whence may be obtained views of the rich spreading valley through which the Bride pursues its course, passing through Tallow ; at the opposite side of the valley, the high grounds stretch southward, forming the boundary of the luxuriant vale between Cork and Youghal. Tallow is situated on the Bride five miles above its confluence with the Blackwater, which is navigable for barges of 40 tons to within a short distance of the town, but the principal trade of the district is absorbed by Youghal. A short distance above the town. County Cork side of the boundary, stands Lissfinney Castle, residence of Captain Croker, once an important stronghold of the Desmonds. Further on are Kilmacon and Mageela Abbey, Carriglass, and Carrigeen, seats of Mr. G. Gumbleton and Mr. H. Peard. Three miles further up the valley are the interesting ruins of Conna Castle. From various spots in this direction superb mountain views are revealed, especially the towering summit of Knockmeladown, often covered with its diadem of snow, even in advanced summer. A rude cairn on the summit is pointed out as the sportsman's grave, where lie buried an eccentric local celebrity and his dog. From Tallow to Youghal the road is bleak and uninteresting, crossing a ridge of barren hills. Passing the magnificent *locale* of Garryduff, the scene alters for the better. Before us the bay and harbour of Youghal, with Cable Island in front, and the town, with its adjacent handsome villas, snugly embosomed within the harbour. Another mile or two, and we enter Youghal, one of the Irish seaports to which municipal privileges were granted by King John. It was formerly fortified, and sustained various sieges, Cromwell making it the head-quarters during his campaign in the South. It consists of one central thoroughfare, with various streets branching off, besides quays and wharfs. About the centre is the clock-gate (forming also the town prison), perforated by a lofty arch, which spans the central street, constituting what are called the North and South main streets. Amongst the dwellings are some beautiful specimens of quaint architecture ; not the least interesting the old College and older Collegiate Chapel, fitted up as a parish church. Here will be found some interesting monuments, amongst which is that of the first Earl of Cork. The Roman Catholic Church is a very fine building ; the houses of worship for other persuasions handsome and respectable. The town contains numerous schools, an Infirmary, a Lying-in Hospital, and, of course, a Union Workhouse, together with two excellent hotels and posting-houses—the Devonshire Arms and Campbell's the markets, moreover, being good and plentifully supplied. Amongst the antiquities in the immediate vicinity may be reckoned the picturesque ruins of the Dominican Friary, and the veritable dwelling built and occupied by Raleigh, now the property of Colonel Faunt. The surrounding grounds are limited, but contain many features of interest. The house itself presents a wonderful specimen of the solidity of the mason-work of a remote period ; indeed, exteriorly and internally, it is said to have suffered little change since it was the dwelling of its founder ; and may be considered, even at the present day, an authentic specimen of the plainest Elizabethan style. It having become necessary to make repairs in the interior some

years ago, a quantity of books and MSS. were discovered behind a wainscot, evidently a portion of the library of the scholar-knight. The little demesne is now called Myrtle Grove, containing indeed a perfect grove of real Eastern myrtles ; also the famous group of majestic yew-trees, spoken of during many generations, and originally planted, it is asserted, by Sir Walter himself. The greater part of the town, with much of country round, as well as the ground property in Tallow, Dungarvan, Lismore, &c., are all comprised in the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, who is the proprietor in fee of one half of the town of Bandon, with several vast tracts of land in other parts of the South. The trade of Youghal consists chiefly in the export of grain, butter, flour, and live stock ; and in the import of coals from Wales, and of timber and iron, with a variety of minor articles. A beautiful strand stretches along the margin of the sea to the westward for five miles, white, smooth, and even, and horse-races are frequently held on it. The environs upon the Blackwater side are in the highest degree interesting. A mile north of the town is the Wooden Bridge—a viaduct of 3,600 feet, of which nearly 2,000 feet is bridged—connecting Youghal with the opposite side of the estuary, and forming a ready communication with Dungarvan, at a cost of £20,000. Descending the river to Youghal by boat, the breadth of the stream, the wooded heights, and romantic glens at either side, combine to render this portion of the Blackwater highly attractive. Above Wooden Bridge to the left are the ruins of Rencrew Castle. Higher up still is Temple Michael, with its ancient demesne and pretty church. Further on is the wild wooded defile of Glendine, through which passes the road from Youghal to Cappoquin ; and Ballinatray, seat of Mr. R. Smith—a noble demesne, on the right bank of the Blackwater, the mansion in the centre of a splendid park, from which gorgeous views are obtained of inland and ocean scenery. In this park are the ruins of an old abbey, wherein the bones of Raymond Le Gros, friend and companion-in-arms of Strongbow, are said to be buried. Ballinatray is the birthplace of Miss Penelope Smyth, now Princess of Capua, and whose family feuds with her royal relatives are matters of much Neapolitan, not to say European, notoriety. The environs of Youghal, on the Cork side, are comparatively uninteresting, A large tract of bog (Ballyverigan), extending a considerable distance, gives the scene a flat and dreary character. The prospect in the distance is, however, relieved by the handsome demesnes and villas occupying the higher grounds, from which fine views may be had of Youghal Harbour, Cable Island, the strand, and surrounding coast.

#### LIMERICK, THE LOWER SHANNON, AND THE SUIR.

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

Approaching Limerick terminus, is the extensive Lunatic Asylum, and near it the County Gaol, on a vast scale. Arriving at the terminus, a car or omnibus conveys us either to Cruise's long deservedly celebrated hotel, or "The Clare," a very admirable one, and both as reasonable as excellent.

The City of Limerick presents, on one side, the aspect of a new and flourishing place of business—well-built streets, fine residences, and modern improvements ; on the other, wretched and squalid poverty, dilapidation, and ruin. It is, in point of population and mercantile importance, the fourth city in Ireland, being to the west what Cork and Belfast are to the south and north. It stands on the Shannon (80 miles from the Atlantic), "the King of Irish rivers"—"the spacious Shenan spreading like a sea"—celebrated in Spenser. The charter is as old as Richard I. ; its great castle was built by John ; and in strength and magnitude the place, from the earliest period, held first rank of all towns of Ireland in the eyes of contending native or foreign princes and parties. In front of Limerick, in 1651, Ireton sat down, dying (at the end of a six months' siege) of the plague, and of mortification brought on by this, the first and only discomfiture of Cromwell's Ironsides, whom he commanded. Like the majority of Irish cities near the sea, which gave facilities for invasion, the Danes settled here in the ninth century, and continued its masters until their final overthrow at Clontarf, by the Irish, under Brian Boroihme, on Good Friday, April 23rd, 1014. After their expulsion, the place became the seat of the kings of Thomond, to the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion. The Castle is perhaps one of the most interesting portions of its antiquities—erected to protect the conquerors from the native Irish. [1] It consists of seven massive towers of great solidity, and bids fair to endure for centuries, it being now partly a barrack. The manufactures are limited, being principally fish-hooks, gloves, lace and blonde netting ; but so famous for these that every city in the kingdom has a "Limerick" factory of its own. Nay, lace manufactured in this city has been exported to Belgium, sent back as Mechlin, and sold for four times the price it could have been purchased for where it was originally made—and this, too, to persons who piqued themselves on their judgment in these matters.

The Cathedral, for a building of its immense age, continues in extraordinary conservation ; its massive walls and venerable tower still remain. Long after its foundation it was further benefited by Donough O'Brien, who died 1207. Its bells are said to have been cast by an Italian, and placed in the *campanile* of a convent in his own country. He had many children, who fell in the wars between Francis and Charles, and lost three sons at Pavia. The sound of his own bells was the music of memory to his lonely heart. Change, revolution, and war came on, the bells were removed, and the Italian was desolate. Staff in hand, he left his lowly home in search of their music. On an autumn evening, in 1559, an old man was seen in the stern of a boat in the Shannon, when the bells of the Limerick Cathedral pealed out the hour of evening prayer. Rapture was their sound to his rapt soul ; and, midst the contending influences of joy and sadness, the aged wanderer folded his arms over his weary heart, and expired :—such is the legend. During the last siege, the steeple had a large gun placed on the top of its tower, and was plied with extraordinary effect. The gunner was ultimately killed, but Ginkle fired no longer against the church. Vessels of 400 tons can now float alongside the quay ; lightly-laden emigrant ships of largest tonnage beside the wharf. During the works by the Shannon Commissioners, here and elsewhere in the river, were discovered antique remains, including human skeletons of gigantic proportions, fossil horns and bones of the Irish elk, cinerary urns, spear-heads of bronze and stone, bronze swords, armlets, and fibulae of gold, &c., and forwarded to the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Besides the Cathedral, Limerick contains the Protestant churches of St. John's, St. Munchin's, St. Geogr's (a chapel of ease), and the Episcopal chapel attached to the Blind Asylum ; eight Roman Catholic churches and chapels ; various dissenting congregations ; several free schools ; six bridges ; a Chamber of Commerce, Custom-house, banks, and numerous fine buildings. It is the head-

quarters of the military in the south-west ; and there are two infantry barracks, one for cavalry, and another for artillery. Of late Limerick has been considerably improved, chiefly by the exertions of Sir Matthew Barrington and Lord Monteagle, in whose honour a handsome column has been deservedly erected, surmounted by a statue of his lordship.

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

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

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

Hag's Head point, varying from 300 to nearly 600 feet above the waves, displaying all the wonderful variety of precipitous ravine and sea-worn caverns, with here and there hollow amphitheatres, their pinnacles of jagged rock presenting the appearance of ruined walls of some vast Gothic cathedral, whose floor is the ever-changing mosaic of the green ocean, over which everlastingly rush white-crested waves, flinging foam amidst the lofty pinnacles, and leaving their spray glittering in a thousand gems on the tangled sea-weed. This part of the Shannon would amply repay the tourist, at least for a week ; but the scenery may, in some degree, be enjoyed within two summer days. Lord Macartney, when embarking in 1791, for his government at Madras, thus addressed this river, and probably, ere long, the railroad we have been travelling, and the expected establishment of the Atlantic Station, may realise the noble aspiration :—

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

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

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

Nothing very particular, as essentially differing from the scenery between Tipperary and Cahir, invites our notice between Cahir and Clonmel, the terminus of our present trip. Clonmel, a remarkably fine Irish comity town, beautifully situated under the Comeragh mountains on the Suir, famous in all ages in all sorts of ways, was the focus of fights innumerable in every stage of Irish embroilment, and the principal scene of the rising in '48. Saints uncountable and unaccountable were born here, and not a few sinners, of whom perhaps it will suffice to name Sterne and Lady Blessington, whose errors have at least been gilded by the rarest genius in the one case, and by beauty and accomplishments as rare in the other. Ruins, of course, are in profusion all round, and history and tradition to give them an eternal freshness in the minds of the susceptible people in their vicinity. But our business being with the existing moment, we have to state, that Clonmel owes much of its modern prosperity and industrial celebrity to a foreigner, Mr. Charles Bianconi, a native of Milan,

who, about 1800, visited Dublin, and subsequently Clonmel, as a picture-dealer and cleaner and frame-maker, on a very restricted scale, for his resources were exceedingly limited. He saved money, became highly respected, and conceived the idea of running a car, that, at less expense than the stage, might answer the comparatively humble classes. He ran his first vehicle from Clonmel to Cahir, July 5th, 1815, and shortly after others to Limerick and Thurles, frequently for weeks without a passenger, his energy ultimately triumphed, and he has obtained a large fortune, while conferring immense benefit on the community, preserving an irreproachable character, and gaining the respect of all classes, as shown by his repeated election as chief magistrate of Clonmel. His name is a household word in all Irish mouths.

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

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



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

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

KILKENNY, which well justifies its renown, possessing architectural beauty, civil and ecclesiastical, not surpassed in Ireland. Standing on the steps of the terminus, we see the vast Lunatic Asylum, the tower and steeple of the churches of St. John and St. Mary, the new Catholic chapel at the base of the railway embankment, and the huge proportions of the Catholic cathedral in the distance. From this point is also seen that which divides with the old Cathedral of St. Canice the principal interest of the locality, " Ormoud Castle," the princely seat of the Butlers ; than which nothing can be finer than the appearance this baronial residence presents, irrespective of its historic associations. The gallery possesses many gems of art ; but, perhaps, everything in Kilkenny must yield precedence in the eyes of the artist to the two full-lengths of Charles and Henrietta, taken from life by Vandyck ; and as we read the fitful fortunes of the house of Ormond in the effigies of the ill-fated Stuarts, to whose interests it was so closely wedded from Edgehill to the Boyne, we may also see upon the walls a pictorial history of the past 200 years. There are two fine Correggios, and a number of noble portraits. The general features of the interior of this princely home are characteristically superb. Next comes that most perfect of all our ancient ecclesiastical edifices, the Cathedral of St. Canice ; and, with a recommendation to the tourist to spend as much time in Killkenny as possible, so as to view the Dominican, or Black Friary, and a number of other attractions in the neighbourhood, we now proceed by train on the Irish South-Eastern *en route* for Dublin.

Passing the towns of Gowran, Bagnalstown, and Milford, we join the Carlow branch of the Great Southern and Western at Carlow ; and after passing the stations of Mageeney and Athy, in the midst of a most beautiful country, reach the Kildare station, on the main line, from which point we arrive in Dublin within an hour.

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

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

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