

Home Travels 1775
The British Tourist's,
Or
Traveller's Pocket Companion
Through
England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland
*Comprehending The Most
Celebrated Modern Tours
In The British islands
And Several Originals*

In Six Volumes
Vol 1.

The Third Edition, Improved & Much Enlarged

William Mavor, LL. D. &c. &c.

1809

To The
Right Honourable
Lord Francis Almaric Spencer.

My Lord,

PERMIT me to dedicate to you my Compendium of the BRITISH TOURISTS. I would not presume to offer what appeared wholly undeserving of your Lordship's protection ; nor attempt to obtrude on my readers in general, what I did not think was calculated, either to instruct, inform, or amuse. The public sanction has already been liberally bestowed on this work, and encourages me to hope, that I shall not solicit private patronage in vain.

Independent, indeed, of other considerations, it is with some propriety that I address the BRITISH TOURISTS to you. Your Lordship has adopted that plan, which I wish to see general among our patrician youths, of commencing your travels with your native country ; and it will give me pleasure to find, that these volumes are useful to you in future tours, and that they tend to encourage and promote a taste in others, to form an intimate acquaintance with the local circumstances of the British Islands, before they extend their views to the Continent.

On this day, my Lord, you have completed your twenty-first year ; and, from personal knowledge I can affirm, that your early life has given the promise of every virtue. May the period yet to come be very long and prosperous, and the sanguine hopes of your family and friends be fully realised !

I have the honor to be.
With sincere regard,
MY LORD,
Your Lordship's
Most faithful and devoted servant,
W. MAVOR.

Woodstock, Dec. 26, 1800.

Preface To The First Edition

IT was long a reflection on the national taste and judgment, that our people of fashion knew something, from ocular demonstration, of the general appearance of every country in Europe, except their own. “ PROXIMORUM INCURIOSI, LONGINQUA SECTAMUR [1], “ might with justice be applied to the great majority of Britons, who, from fortune or talents, were qualified to travel to advantage, only half a century ago. Yet, in whatever light we regard the British Islands ; whether as the cradle of liberty, the mother of arts and sciences, the nurse of manufactures, the mistress of the sea ; or whether we contemplate their genial soil, their mild climate, their different natural and artificial curiosities, we shall find no equal extent of territory, on the face of the globe, of more importance, or containing more various attractions, even in the estimation of those who cannot be supposed to be biassed by native partiality.

Roused, at last, from the lethargy of indifference about what was within their reach, and inspired with more patriotic notions than formerly, of the pleasure and utility of Home Travels, we have, of late years, seen some of our most enlightened countrymen as eager to explore the remotest parts of Britain, as they formerly were to cross the Channel, and to pass the Alps. Nor was mere amusement their only object in such perambulations and researches. While gratifying their own curiosity, or enlarging their own ideas, they appear to have been zealous to benefit and inform their country, by a close investigation of whatever could conduce to its interest or its credit, its happiness or its peace. The natives of the three kingdoms, now happily united, have been linked more closely in the social tie, by the intercourse which has thus taken place ; and the judicious and liberal sentiments promulgated, through the medium of the press, by a PENNANT, a NEWTE, and a SULIVAN, have manifestly tended to lessen prejudices, to obviate error, and to extend knowledge.

Improvements, also, in arts, agriculture, and domestic economy, have been freely imparted by ingenious tourists, to such as, without such aids, might long have been ignorant of their existence. By the frequency of communication, an acquaintance with the practices of the most dexterous in business, with the modes of the most refined in manners, has been rapidly diffused over the great mass of the people ; and the various tribes and classes of men, who are subject to the same government, however remotely situated, are now either animated by example, or stimulated by contrast. The great, but bigotted, JOHNSON, “ who was born the child of Prejudice, nor weaned at the hour of his death,” by his petulant remarks on Scotland, roused the pride of the natives into exertion, waked every generous passion in their breasts to excel ; and, perhaps, without intending it, proved himself one of their best friends [2]. The influence of one distinguished literary character accomplished more than all the force of power, or the suggestions of reason, could have done. Nor is JOHNSON a solitary instance of the potent effects which authors and travellers have on the public mind. Each has his circle of action ; and he, who studies to do all the service in his power to his country, and to mankind, is entitled to applause, however limited his sphere may be. The desire of contributing a mite to the public good, and of receiving the public approbation, gave rise to the present work, the utility and propriety of which rest on the subsequent solid grounds.

The various tours through Great Britain and Ireland, which have been published within the last thirty or forty years, amount to many volumes, and cannot be purchased but at a very considerable expence. Their authors, however, were not all men of equal talents, for observation or description ; nor are their works uniformly excellent or interesting, A

SUMMARY, it was conceived, might exhibit whatever is valuable, in several ; and that, for general readers, many retrenchments might take place, and many details be omitted, in all.

Impressed with this idea, and wishing to put that information within the reach of every class of his fellow subjects, which only few comparatively can now enjoy, the editor of the following volumes has selected, from the body of our Tourists, the most celebrated works, and has endeavoured to give a faithful view of the peculiar merits, and the most valuable contents of each ; not with the most distant design of superseding the use of the originals, but rather in the hopes, that the attention he has paid to them, will excite, or keep alive, the attention of the public ; and stimulate others, who have leisure or abilities, to tread in the same steps, and to follow the same examples. He has indeed personally visited a considerable number of the scenes which fell under his review ; and has taken the liberty to correct occasional oversights in his guides ; or, where new lights have been thrown on the subject, to avail himself of them, from every source he could command. Still, however, though it was his object to embrace a general assemblage of tours, in as many directions as possible, it was no part of his plan to be an universal topographer ; nor has he deviated from the routes of his authors. Hence a recurrence of the same objects was sometimes unavoidable ; but repetition has been carefully guarded against, where neither new information nor additional entertainment was supplied.

Of GENERAL DESCRIPTIONS of Great Britain, we have already had a plentiful crop, under different titles, most commonly copied from one another, without any valuable improvements, and frequently with such fidelity, as not to omit a single error. Such publications, if accurately compiled, are certainly of utility ; but allowing them to be ever so well executed, they are rather consulted, than read for pleasure. The general traveller, who attempts to include every thing, seldom accomplishes any thing, in a satisfactory manner ; and he never excites that lively interest which we feel, when we accompany a person, of any learning or taste, on a particular tour. We enter into all the views and sentiments of the latter ; we see as he sees ; we participate in his delights ; we sympathize in his disappointments ; and the impression he leaves on our mind is permanent and strong.

Besides, the present plan is not only more interesting, but also more novel, than any preceding one, of a similar tendency. It collects, into one focus, the scattered rays of information ; or, rather, it forms a galaxy of the blended lights, which distinguished Modern Tourists have thrown on the British Isles. Embracing, therefore, a subject of all others, the most delightful and instructive to a Briton, the editor confesses, his hopes are very sanguine of its success ; and, to insure this, neither labour, attention, nor expence, has been spared.

It has, however, been judged more expedient and beneficial, to extend the quantity of letter-press, and to give accurate, coloured maps, than to please the eye alone, by less useful embellishments. Almost all the antiquities and picturesque scenes of this country have already fallen under the graver, or the pencil. A few plates would, at best, have displayed poverty, or distracted the choice in selection ; and a large number could not be expected in a work, where cheapness and utility were the principal objects to be regarded.

ADVERTISEMENT

To The Third Edition.

The demand for a SECOND EDITION so speedily followed the publication of the FIRST, that the Editor was unable to introduce any considerable improvements. He has now, however, diligently revised the whole, and added several valuable TOURS, performed since the first appearance of his work ; and flatters himself, that, in its present enlarged and improved form, it will have fresh claims to the attention of HOME TRAVELLERS, and to the public patronage in general.—1807.

TOUR
IN
IRELAND,
BY
RICHARD TWISS,

Performed in The Year 1775

WHILE the romantic scenery of Scotland has attracted numerous travellers, who have favoured the public with their tours, Ireland has been seldom visited, or at least been seldom described. Mr. Twiss, indeed, was an experienced traveller, and capable of gratifying our curiosity to the full ; but his taste was peculiar, and Ireland was but little calculated for its indulgence.—Painting, music, and architecture, were the principal objects of his attention, while men, manners, agriculture, and commerce, were only slightly, or incidentally, noticed.

Ireland certainly possesses beauties that would recompence a more frequent and minute survey, than has yet been taken by scientific travellers, and we trust the period is speedily approaching, when a tour through that country will be reckoned both pleasant and instructive. As the great mass of the people advance in those arts that tend to polish life, and become emancipated from the dangerous and delusive influence of demagogues and priests [3], which an incorporate union with Great Britain will certainly effect, that island will deserve to hold a more distinguished rank in the scale of nations, and will feel and enjoy its native advantages.

But to have done with speculation, we now attend to Mr. Twiss.

That gentleman, after having travelled Over the greatest part of Europe, had long formed the design, he tells us, of visiting Ireland. Accordingly, in May 1775, he set out from London, and after a short stay in Bath, proceeded to Bristol, where he was entertained with a sight of the rib of a remarkable dun cow, killed by Sir William Penn. “ Both the knight and his *rib*,” says Mr. Twiss, “ are deposited in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe.

Receiving information at Aberystwith, that a small vessel was ready to sail for Caernarvon, our tourist, finding the wind favourable and the weather fine, prevailed on the master, by the promise of half a dozen guineas, to carry him directly to Dublin. Accordingly he embarked, and, after a pleasant passage of forty-three hours, landed at the metropolis of Ireland.

The suburbs of Dublin consist chiefly of huts, called cabins, made of mud dried ; and chiefly without window or chimney. In such miserable receptacles, far the greater part of the natives of Ireland linger out a wretched existence.

A small piece of potatoe-ground is the usual appendage of each cabin. On this root and milk, the common Irish subsist the whole year, without tasting bread or meat, except at some festival. Whatever money the men can procure by their labour, or the women by their spinning, is usually expended in whilky, to the destruction of life and comfort.

Shoes and stockings are seldom worn by these wretched people ; and, in short, they seem more indigent, though not less contented, than the peasants of any other country Mr. Twiss had visited.

Even In Dublin, the poverty of the middle class of people is extremely apparent. There are many shops of the first figure that serve for two different trades ; and the whole stock of the petty dealers consists, perhaps, of a few eggs, a platter of salt, some pipes, tobacco, and pins.

The manufacturers of literature are equally conspicuous for their indigent shifts. The most wretched editions of books are printed on as wretched paper, and often sold at less than half the price of the originals, to obtain a few shillings profit, by tempting needy purchasers.

Two magazines are published monthly in Dublin; and eight newspapers issue daily or periodically from its presses, which, we are told, are curiosities both in their style and orthography [1].

“ During my stay in Ireland,” says Mr. Twiss, “ I frequently had an opportunity of experiencing that *kind of intellectual retrogradation*, mentioned by Dr. Johnson, *by means of which the more I heard, the less I knew*. Were I to say,” continues our tourist, “ that the Irish in general have obtained a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purposes of common life, it might be thought too severe, but when it is considered that they are lately emerged out of a state, which left them little leisure for the improvement of the mind, the above quotation may not appear totally inapplicable or invidious.”

The climate is extremely moist, and it generally rains for some hours four or five days out of the seven. To this moisture, and the temperature of the air, is owing the beautiful verdure which every where cheers the eye.

Bogs or morasses may naturally be expected in such a climate, and here they abound. They are not, however, entirely useless, as they furnish fuel for the inhabitants. In these bogs, some of which are of great depth, trunks of trees are frequently found, which have lain there many centuries, and various other articles of native and artificial produce an incontestible proof that the soil has grown to its present depth. The horns of the moose-deer, frequently dug up entire, and of vast dimensions, shew that this animal was once a native of Ireland. Several pairs of these horns are preserved in English as well as Irish museums, or in the mansions of the great.

Ireland is blest with a total exemption from venomous animals, or insects ; neither are there any toads, moles, or mole-crickets. Frogs, however, are plentiful, though they were not imported till after the revolution, and, according to the *sagacious* observation of O'Halloran, being of Belgic origin, it would seem they could only flourish under a Dutch prince,

For this peculiar exemption from noxious animals, it would be difficult to assign any reason that will appear probable. The Irish believe it is owing to St. Patrick ; but superstitious credulity is now out of date. Certain it is, that snakes imported into Ireland have always perished in a short time. Of peculiar customs, Mr. Twiss enumerates three. The first is that of having boiled eggs constantly at breakfast ; the second is the universal use of potatoes at every meal, which are eaten by way of bread ; and the third is that of forging franks, in which the ladies are said to be extremely adroit and ingenious. As an excuse, some allege that the members of parliament have given them leave to use their names, while others weakly imagine that there is no penalty annexed to this offence. “ I have seen more than one lady of rank,” says Mr. Twiss, “ counterfeit the signatures of many persons with such an exact imitation, that I must do them the justice to declare, that they could be scarcely distinguished from the originals.”

As to the natural history of the Irish species, we are told they are only remarkable for the thickness of their legs, especially those of the plebeian females.

St. Patrick is well known to be the tutelary saint of Ireland [2]. He was born about the middle of the fourth century ; and, it is said, he daily rehearsed the Psalter, with a great number of prayers, while, by way of mortification, he said fifty psalms every night, standing in water. He is reported to have been canonized for having illustrated the Trinity by the comparison of a blade of shamrock, or trefoil. In honour of this personage, Paddy is the popular Christian name of the Irish, as is also Teague, from Thadeus.

O’Halloran, in his History of Ireland, says, “ When surnames came into general use in Europe, those assumed by the Irish seem to have more dignity and meaning than such as were taken up by the neighbouring nations. A few instances will justify this assertion. O, Ui, or Mac, which signifies *the son of*, are prefixed to all Milesian [3] surnames of men, according to the old adage,

“ Per *Mac* atque *O*, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos ;
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.”

The partiality of a native may easily find “ dignity and meaning” in such expletives -, but we confess there seems to be no reason which will be generally allowed for the pre-eminence of the Irish in reflect to their appellatives.

The Irish language is still current among the lower classes of the community, but few of the higher retain its use. But few books are printed in this dialed of the Celtic, and these are only devotional tracts, for the instruction of the common people. The Irish tongue may justly be said to be the “ rude language of a rude people ;” yet Vallancey, who published a grammar of the Ibero-Celtic, characterises it as being free from the anomalies, sterility, and heteroclite redundancies, which mark the dialed of barbarous nations ; as being precise and copious, and affording those elegant conversions, which no other than a thinking and lettered people can use and require. This gentleman goes on to say, “ that the Irish tongue had such an affinity with the Punic, that it may be said to have been in a great degree the language of Hannibal, Hamilcar, and of Asdrubal.”

Having examined whatever he thought worthy attention in the environs of Dublin, on the 9th of July, Mr. Twiss set out from that city on his tour of the island. “ Towns,” says he,

“ which contain nothing in regard to painting, sculpture, architecture, or music, can claim little to be particularized, especially as it is not my intention to expatiate on the *natural history* of the corporations, nor on the traffic supposed to be carried on in those towns, the greatest part of which are properly petty villages.” After this declaration, it need not be matter of wonder if his remarks are few ; however, we shall attend to every thing interesting which he deigned to record.

In his way to Drogheda, he stopped at Swords, to examine a round tower, seventy three feet high. Drogheda is seated on the river Boyne, about a mile from the sea, and consists of two principal streets, which intersect each other at right angles. The town house is a handsome stone fabric.

About two miles from the town is a square obelisk, eighty feet in circumference at the base, and about one hundred and fifty feet high. It is charged with the following memorable inscriptions on the four sides, and unquestionably forms one of the grandest fabrics of the kind in Europe.

Sacred to the memory
of
King William the Third,
Who on the first of July, 1690, passed the river near this
place, to attack
James II, at the head of a Popish army, advantageously
posted on the
south side of it, and did on that day, by a successful battle,
secure to us,
and to our posterity, our liberty, laws, and religion,
In consequence of this action, James II.
left this kingdom, and fled to France.
This memorial of our deliverance was erected
in the 9th year of the reign of King George II.
the first stone being laid by Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset,
Lord lieutenant of the kingdom of Ireland.
1736.

This monument was erected
by the grateful contribution
of several Protestants
of Great Britain and Ireland.

Reinhard, Duke of Shomberg,
in passing this river,
died, bravely fighting
in defence of liberty.

First of July,
M, DC, XC.

Mr. Twiss next proceeded to Dunleer, through a country producing potatoes, wheat, flax, and oats. The inclosures are chiefly of loose stones piled on each other. Over the door of

many of the cabins is a board with the words GOOD DRY LODGINGS. “As I was sure that hogs could not read,” says our author, “I have avoided mistaking them for sties.”

The brass coins of the Isle of Man are current all along this coast. The beggars here frequently solicited a good halfpenny in exchange for a *rap*, or a counterfeit one, a kind of barter which would justly expose them to punishment in any other country.

In his progress, Mr. Twiss observed about a dozen bare-legged boys, sitting by the side of the road, and scrawling on scraps of paper, placed on their knees. It seems these lads had found the smoke of their school-room insufferable, and were glad to escape to the open air. “It might be better,” adds our tourist, “if the lower class of people throughout Europe were neither taught to read nor write, excepting such as discover evident marks of genius; those acquisitions only creating new wants, and exciting new desires, which, as they are seldom able to gratify, only lay the foundation of subsequent misery and disappointment [4].”

The bridles, stirrups, and cruppers, which compose the horse furniture of the peasantry, are only wisps of straw twisted. However, Mr. Twiss was fortunate enough to procure a steed with leather trappings, and on it he rode to Monesterboice, about three miles from Dunleer, to see the round tower at that place. It is no less than one hundred and ten feet in height, but one of the sides, at the top is dilapidated. Near it are three crosses: the largest, about eighteen feet high, is composed of two stones, said to have been imported from Rome. It is covered with bass reliefs, representing Christ, St. Patrick, St. Boyn, Adam, Eve, angels, and other objects; but through age they are much defaced. On another cross is a bass relief of a human figure sitting, with a dog on each side, resting on its hind legs.

Being obliged to seek shelter from a violent shower, our tourist entered a cabin, where the poultry familiarly perched on his knees to be fed. He afterwards found all the domestic fowls equally tame throughout the whole country.

After riding some way along the sea-shore, he arrived at Dundalk, and, having visited Lord Clanbrassil’s gardens, he proceeded to Newry, but found nothing to recompense his trouble.

In a survey of the county of Down, published in 1740, are these words: “As this whole country is remarkable for the number of its hills, which have been compared to wooden bowls inverted, or eggs set in salt, it thence took the name of Down, which signifies a hilly situation.” Mr. Griffith, in the letters between Henry and Frances, has a still more curious simile. He says there are not two hundred yards of level ground in the whole county; and that the green hills lie so close on each other, that they resemble codlin pies in bowl-dishes.

The succeeding day, our tourist rode ten miles along the canal, which joins Lough Neagh, passing eight sluices; and slept at Armagh, in the market place of which he saw a cross of two stones, with antique basso-relievos, representing our Saviour between the two thieves, and some elegant fret-work.

Though this is an archbishopric and the metropolitan see of all Ireland, it contains only a single church.

From Armagh he proceeded through Lurgan to Hillsborough. The nobleman, who takes his title from the latter town, has lately built here a neat and elegant church, at his private expence, adorned with a spire, an organ, and painted windows.

Passing Lisburne, Mr. Twiss arrived at Belfast, a regularly-built town, with broad and straight streets. It has a bridge over the river, consisting of twenty-one arches, Here Lord Dungannon has a seat [5].

Donaghadee is only sixteen miles distant from Belfast : it is the usual communication between Port St. Patrick in Scotland and Ireland, the channel which divides them being only eighteen miles wide, and the navigation generally safe and expeditious.

The next stage our tourist made was to Antrim, situated within half a mile of Lough Neagh. This lake, which is one of the most considerable in Europe, is about twenty miles long and twelve broad. The circumjacent country is so champaign, that the farthest opposite shore can be discovered from one end, and the whole has the appearance of an inland ocean. In boisterous weather, the waves break with great violence, and are reckoned more dangerous than those of the sea. On Ram Island, in this lake, is a round tower.

On the road between Antrim and Ballimony, our author saw another round tower at some distance. In these parts many copper coins were current, struck by tradesmen. On one was inscribed, “ I promise to pay the bearer two pence on demand, John Mac Cully, 1761 ;” and on the reverse, the representation of a beer cask, with the words, “ Brewer, 2 P.”

It seems the want of small change was formerly so great in Ireland, that several persons were obliged to make copper and silver tokens, called *Traders*, which they passed among their workmen and customers. In some places this resource has been the effect of necessity, but more generally of avarice, or the love of notoriety.

In the family of his landlord at Ballimony, Mr. Twiss found five generations living, an incontestable proof of the longevity of the natives, and of the salubrity of the climate.

Our tourist now proceeded on foot from the village called Bush Mills to the Giant’s Causeway, distant about two miles, and situated at the northern extremity of Ireland. “ It consists,” says Mr. Twiss, “ of about thirty thousand pillars, mostly in a perpendicular direction : at low water the causeway is about six hundred feet long, and probably runs far into the sea. The pillars are of different dimensions, from fifteen to twenty-six inches in diameter, and from fifteen to thirty-six feet in height. Their figure is chiefly pentagonal or hexagonal. Several, however, have been found with seven, and a few with three, four, or eight, sides, of irregular sizes. Every pillar consists of joints, or pieces, which are not united by flat surfaces, for, on being separated, one of them is concave in the middle, and the other convex.”

The stone composing this vast work of nature is a species of basalt, of a close grit and a dusky hue : it is very ponderous, clinks like iron, and melts in a forge. The pillars stand very close to each other, and, though the numbers of their sides occasionally differ, yet their textures are so nicely adapted, as to have no vacuity between them ; while each column retains its own thickness, angles and sides, from top to bottom.

These columnations are continued, with interruptions, for nearly two miles along the shore. That range of them, which is most conspicuous and nearest the causeway, the country people call the Organs or Looms. They are just fifty in number, the tallest about forty feet in height, and consisting of forty-four joints, while the others gradually decrease in length, like organ pipes.

Many other assemblages of the like basaltic columns, it is well known, exist in Europe. The principal are in the Isle of Staffa [6], in Dalmatia, and in Italy.

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From the Giant's Causeway, Mr. Twiss proceeded to Coleraine, a small neat town on the river Bann, over which is a bridge, and near it a cairn, or artificial mount, similar to those called Barrows in England.

These mounts are very numerous in Ireland, and were thrown up by the Danes, between the eighth and twelfth centuries. They are generally conical, but of various dimensions, some being only twenty feet high, while others are nearly one hundred and fifty, and of a proportionable circumference. The substance is either earth, or stones covered with earth. Many of them have been opened, and found to contain bones, trumpets, urns and other remains, ib that there is little doubt they were intended for sepulchral monuments.

An Irish writer, Mr. Boate, informs us, that in a cell under one of them, the bones of two dead bodies, entire, were found upon the floor ; probably the relics of a husband and his wife, whose conjugal affection had joined them in their grave as in their bed. Betides these tumuli, continues he, there is another sort of ancient work remaining in Ireland, called Danish forts or *raths*, easily distinguished from the cairns by being encompassed with ditches or intrenchments, and are for the most part natural hills fortified. Some of those are small, others contain from fifteen to twenty acres of ground. Some have but one wide ditch at the bottom, others two or three, divided by intrenchments ; some are hollowed at the top, others are contrived with a high, towering mount ; rising in the centre much above the fort, and commanding all the works below. Many of the larger have caves within them, that run in narrow, straight, long galleries, five feet high, and as many broad. The smaller forts are so numerous in the county of Down, that for many miles they stand in sight and call of each other.

Being ferried over the river Foyle, Mr. Twiss entered Londonderry, a city consisting chiefly of two streets, interfering each other, and in the central point is built an exchange, dignified with the epithet *royal*. The town walls are about a quarter of an hour's walk in extent ; but the place contains nothing particularly deserving notice, except some large drawings of the Giant's Causeway in the Bishop's Palace. Mr. Twiss's next stage was to Raphoe, and in his way to Donegal, he traversed bogs and mountains of no inviting appearance. At this place is a tolerable bridge of six arches, and a large ruinous castle. " I observed," says our tourist, " that most of the common people, especially the children, were infected with a cutaneous disorder, the common consequence of a want of cleanliness."

St. Patrick's Purgatory lies within a few miles of this place, in the midst of the small lake of Derg. At present little of this holy place remains, except the name.

Next day he visited Ballyshannon, a most romantic and beautiful place. It is a small town near the sea, with a bridge of fourteen arches over the river, which a little lower falls down a ridge of rocks, and at ebb tide forms one of the most picturesque cascades any where to be seen. It is rendered still more singular and interesting, by the principal salmon leap in this kingdom. Almost all the rivers and lakes in Ireland afford plenty of these fish at stated seasons. They generally descend to the sea about August, or September, and return in the spring months, to deposit their spawn on the sandy mallows of the rivers.

The salmon, in coming from the sea, are obliged to leap up this cascade at Ballyshannon, and it is scarcely credible to those who have not been eye witnesses of the fact, how these fish should be able to dart fourteen feet perpendicular, and, allowing for the curvature, at least twenty out of the water. Mr. Twiss remained several hours observing them. They do not always succeed at the first effort ; but when they are so lucky as to reach the top, they swim out of sight in a moment. As they do not bound from the surface of the water, it cannot be known from what depth they take their leap. The tail is supposed to be the chief auxiliary in this formidable adventure ; for in it the chief strength of the fish resides.

During their flight they are often shot, or caught with strong barbed hooks fixed to a pole, and instances have been known of women receiving them in their aprons. At high water the fall is inconsiderable, and the fish swim up the acclivity without bounding ; but frequently, even at low water, fifty or sixty perform their leaps in an hour. “ I placed myself on a rock on the brink of the cascade,” says Mr. Twiss, “ so that I had the pleasure of seeing the surprising efforts of these beautiful fish close to me, and at the bottom of the fall, porpoises and seals, tumbling and playing among the waves, and sometimes a seal carrying off a salmon under his fins.”

Eels are so abundant below the fall, that at certain seasons the small fry, or grigs, are caught in sieves, baked all together, and thus eaten. The salmon fishery at Ballyshannon is said to be rented at 1600*l.* a year, and yet the fish is sold at no more than a penny per pound, and six shillings per hundred.

Were these fisheries intermitted for a year or two, the fish would considerably increase both in number and magnitude. After the wars in 1641, when business in general was suspended for sometime, salmon have been caught at Londerry of six feet long, and were then sold, on an average, at six-pence a piece.

Leaving this town, where he was induced to remain four days, Mr. Twiss passed through the village of Belleek, and observed a succession of small cascades, which continued for nearly two miles. Shortly after he reached the hospitable feat of Sir James Caldwell, where he was agreeably entertained during a week.

Caldwell Castle is situated on the edge of Lough Erne, one of the most charming pieces of water in Europe. It is divided into two nearly equal parts, called the Upper and the Lower Lake, and just at the point of union is built the town of Inniskillen, on a small island.

The upper lake is twenty miles long, and nine in the widest part, containing, as well as the lower, many beautiful islands, some of a considerable size, well planted with trees, and inhabited. The greatest depth of the lake is forty yards : it has been twice frozen over within this century, except a small space in the middle, where the current is very strong.

The shores rise in gradual slopes, and are environed by sylvan mountains, the verdure of which is inexpressibly fine. The woods abound with game, and on the surface of the lake, myriads of aquatic fowls are continually sporting. In the water are found numerous species of excellent fish, in the utmost abundance. Perch is, however, by far the most numerous, for the shores of both the lakes are almost alive with them ; so that a child with a switch, a thread, and a crooked pin, may speedily catch more than he is able to carry away.

No spot in Europe perhaps exceeds this lake, as a scene of diversion, to fowlers and anglers ; nor is the beauty of the situation inferior to its richness in natural products. Several seats embellish the shores, among which Castle Hume is most conspicuous.

“ While straying along its solitary margin,” says Mr. Twiss, “ I felt a kind of pleasing melancholy. I then compared the beauties of this with those of other lakes I had seen, such as Loch Lomond in Scotland, the lake of Geneva, and the classic lakes near Naples ; and though I afterwards saw the celebrated lake of Killarney. Lough Erne did not suffer by the comparison.”

The necessaries of life are remarkably cheap in this vicinity : salmon may be had at 6s. per hundred, and the other kinds of fish for the mere trouble of catching them. A couple of rabbits will fetch only 3d. and a turkey or a goose one 1s. while ducks and fowls are sold from 2d. to 3d. a piece. Butcher’s meat is worth from 2d. to 3d. halfpenny a pound ; and a barrel of potatoes, of forty-eight stone, cost only, at this season, the trifling sum of 1s. though the average is certainly from 8s to 10s.

Whisky, the general poison of the country, is sold at 1s. per quart ; wines are dearer in proportion, but excellent ; and grocery wares are by far the most expensive articles of living.

As house rent is extremely moderate, persons of small fortunes might here enjoy life in the utmost comfort, for there can scarcely be a spot more suitable for domestic retirement ; but who can forego the sweets of society, and be content to vegetate in dull tranquillity ; who can divest themselves of the love of those scenes where they have been born and passed their happiest years, where they have formed the most agreeable connections, and participated in the highest pleasures mankind can taste, without a pause, without a pang ! We are constantly envying the unexpensive, the calm and sequestered retreats, where men live to themselves, and their immediate connections alone ; but few of us would wish to tear ourselves from all that binds us to society, and settle on the banks of Lough Erne, in dull obscurity. Yet happy might those be, who had the good fortune to be born here, if they felt the *amor patriæ* more strongly than they do, and were satisfied with living on their own estates, instead of squandering them away among strangers, to the impoverishing of their country, and the degradation of themselves.

After our tourist had been complimented with several fishing and musical parties on the lake, his kind host, Sir James Caldwell, lent him a six-oared barge, to convey him to Inniskillen, distant by water about fifteen miles. This town is joined to the mainland by two bridges, one of six, and the other of eight arches. Its name implies the Island of the Shilling, perhaps from the circular figure of its site. Here Mr. Twiss remained two days, during which he visited the Isle of Devnish, about three miles off, where he saw the most perfect round tower in Ireland. It is exactly a circle, and sixty-nine feet to the conical covering, which rises to the height of fifteen more. Its circumference is forty-eight feet, and the walls are upwards of three feet thick. The door is elevated nine feet above the ground, and there are seven square apertures to admit the light. The whole edifice is very neatly built of stones, about a foot square, with scarcely any cement ; “ yet the inside,” says our author, “ is as smooth as a gun barrel.”

Near this tower are the venerable ruins of an abbey, built in 1449. The soil is most exuberantly rich, and as a proof, land is let at 50l. an acre.

Here Mr. Twiss was informed of some local customs among the common people, particularly respecting courtship and marriage, which, though curious enough, are not singular, as the same are found among the vulgar in North Holland, and among the Americans in Massachusetts's Bay. It seems the enamoured youth, instead of "living on a smile for years," is quickly permitted, without scandal, to visit his mistress in her chamber by night, and if they agree, a marriage immediately takes place ; if not, they part, perhaps to meet no more ; According to our ideas of propriety, such an intercourse could not take place without censure ; but we forget that habit reconciles us to all things, and that the most criminal, are frequently those who apparently shew the most fastidious delicacy in their public manners

While Mr Twiss was at Inniskillen, he heard much of two caverns, about seven miles distant, which determined him to visit them ; but he confesses the disappointment he experienced, and cautions future travellers from listening to the silly and exaggerated accounts of persons, who, having just vegetated on the spot. where they were born, suppose every thing wonderful that has met their very limited observation.

Bidding adieu to Lough Erne and its charming scenery, our tourist proceed to Swanlingbar, a small village, with a mineral spring, that changes the colour of silver, and tastes like Harrowgate water. This place, during the summer months, is the resort of the gay and the valetudinary a though the accommodations are but indifferent.

Journeying on through Killishandra to Granard, as more agreeable objects for remark, it seems, were wanting, Mr. Twiss noticed numbers of the people, especially of the fair sex, sitting before their doors in the sun-shine, with their heads in each others laps, performing the charitable office of ridding them of vermin.

Near Granard is a large rath or mount, with four circular intrenchments ; and from the summit is a delightful varied prospect of land, and numerous small lakes.

Passing through Edgeworth town, Ballymahon, and Athlone, of which he takes no notice, except that there is a bridge, over the Shannon, at the latter, our tourist arrived at Ferbane, from whence he made an excursion, of six miles, to see another bridge over the Shannon, built in 1759. It consists of nineteen arches, is fifteen feet broad and four hundred long, and is neatly constructed of stone.

Three miles from this bridge, are the ruins of seven churches, with two round towers, the largest of which is broken towards the top, but the smaller is in pretty good preservation. Here are also two stone crones, each composed of a single stone, inserted into a large square one, serving as a pedestal. Some basso-relievos appear on one of them.

That noble river, the Shannon, the most capital of any that washes an European island, rises from a spring among the mountains near Swanlingbar, falls into Lough Allen, a fine expanse of water, runs through Lough Ree, a lake of about fifteen miles long, and beautifully diversified with islands, and shortly after enters Lough Derg, of still superior extent, and in which there are fifty islands scattered, one of which, called Holy Island, contains the ruins of churches and the round towers just mentioned. The Shannon then continues its course to Limerick, distant sixty-three miles from the sea, all which way it is navigable. Its whole course is one hundred and ninety-one miles, and its fall, in the first hundred and twenty-eight, is not less than one hundred and fifty-one feet.

“A species of trout, called gilderoy, are caught here, and also in the neighbouring lakes, with a gizzard resembling that of fowls.” So says our author ; and, with ridiculous descriptions of this singular trout, some would-be-naturalists and philosophers have played on credulity, or amused the more intelligent !

In the little town of Birr, Mr. Twiss passed a day. In the centre of this stands a stone column of the Doric order, on the top of which is placed a statue of William Duke of Cumberland, in a Roman habit, cast in lead, and painted of a stone. colour.. It was erected in 1747, at the expence of an individual.

Proceeding through Nenagh, he passed by what are called the silver mines, and soon arrived at Limerick, a moderately large city, containing three churches. The quarter, called the Irish Town, is filthy and mean beyond description ; but some of the other parts are by no means despicable, especially about the quays.

Half a mile above the city, the river Shannon forms an island three miles in circumference, on the south part of which the English town is built ; and, though sixty-three miles from the sea, vessels of three hundred tons can ascend hither with safety. The Communication with the Irish town is by means of a bridge, and with the county of Clare by another, neither of which is noticeable for its elegance or the style of its architecture.

In the opinion of the natives, however, Limerick appears to possess many beauties. Mentioning the custom-house, one of their historians says, “ when strangers land here, this structure cannot fail to make a seasonable impression on them of the rise and grandeur of this city.”

After a short stay, our tourist made an excursion of nine miles on the Cork road, to examine three circles of stone, supposed of druidical origin. They stand near the small lake of Gur. The principal circle is one hundred and fifty feet diameter, and consists of forty stones, of which the largest is thirteen feet long, six broad, and four thick. Other similar circles are to be seen in different parts of Ireland.

From Limerick, Mr. Twiss went to Adare, a little pleasant village, dignified by the ruins of several churches and convents, rendered venerable by the clasping ivy that keeps their fragments together. From thence he passed through Newcastle, and, after traversing some bleak and barren mountains, arrived at Castle Island, From thence he made an excursion to Tralee and Ardfert, and, again traversing naked mountains, arrived at the small town of Killarney, where incessant rain confined him for several days.

[1] In whatever depends on taste and adventure, It is reasonable to suppose many revolutions must take place ; and we by no means think that our author’s account of diurnal or periodical literature is now applicable.

[2] St. Patrick was a native of Scotland ; not but Ireland has produced many saints of her own.

[3] Plin. Epist.

[4] Why had not the reflections of Twiss the same effect on the Irish ? It was, because the mass of the people was too much depressed by poverty, and sunk in ignorance, to feel the stings of shame, or the calls of honest ambition. A happier era, for Ireland has now commenced. May the rising sun of its prosperity gradually reach the meridian, and be long before he begins to decline !

[5] In this View we are friends to Catholic Emancipation.

- [6] Politicians are much divided in regard to the education of the poor. We confess ourselves advocates for a general diffusion of learning. The more enlightened a nation is, the less liable it is to be misled by faction, or sunk in barbarism. It is a mistaken notion that ignorance is most easily governed. Contrast Ireland and Scotland, at the present moment, for a confirmation of this position.
- [7] Mr. Twiss mentions one James Magee, a printer, who might be considered as the principal curiosity of Belfast. From the humble occupation of a tailor, by dint of genius, he made types, ink, paper, and the press, and, after securing an easy fortune, he left the business of a typographer to his sons.

The British tourists ; or, Traveller's pocket companion, through England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Comprehending the most celebrated tours in the British Islands (1809)

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