

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

#### SECOND TOUR — DUBLIN TO CORK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Between Hazel-hatch and Straffan (succeeding station) is seen Lyons Castle, seat of the late estimable Lord Cloncurry, who expired, in his eighty-first year, last November, at his marine residence, Maretimo (on the Dublin and Kingstown Railway). The extensive mansion

is on the site of an ancient castle destroyed by the O'Tooles. Within it valuable works of art were accumulated by the late illustrious owner, during a residence on the continent.

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

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

NAAS, a most ancient town, is in the immediate neighbourhood, replete with interest as the residence of the kings of Leinster before the conquest of Ireland. Councils and parliaments were held here between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries ; and within the town is a rath, on which the " states" of Leinster are said to have had their General Assembly. Near Naas, which, alternately with Athy, is the assize town for County Kildare, in the centre of a fertile tract of country, are the remains of Jigginstown, a building commenced on an enormous scale by Strafford, the luckless vizier of the hapless Charles I. The Grand Canal, which runs past Naas, being also contiguous to the railway, has lately become of importance. At Sallins, two miles from Naas, the line crosses the Liffey, in its devious course to the capital, by a handsome bridge, 270 feet long, of eleven spans, each nineteen feet wide. Five miles further north is the Hill of Allen, sight of Fingal's or Almhin's Hall, of Moore's song, commanding a wide prospect of that " Dismal Swamp" to which it has given its name. One of Ossian's scenes is laid here, and it is the accredited retreat of Fin M' Coul ; but there are two Hills of Allen, one east, the other north of Kildare.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The ancient and now prosperous agricultural town of Thurles, on the Suir (87 miles from Dublin), has been the field of many battles, the Danes having been defeated here in the 10th century, and the English settlers by O'Brien, and there having been divers conflicts in its neighbourhood during the parliamentary wars. Our space and arrangements will not permit of details of its present characteristics; and all we can find room to say is, that it is the seat of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Cashel, and contains numerous religious and educational edifices pertaining to the same faith; the celebrated “Synod” having been held here in 1850, under the presidency of Primate Cullen. Next station is Goold's Cross, leading to Cashel. At this point innumerable traces of ecclesiastical and feudal splendour abound. Holy Cross Abbey, three miles from Thurles, is a splendid relic, said, according to an undisturbed tradition, to have been built as a depository for a fragment of the holy cross, presented to one of the O'Briens, the abbey being founded and endowed by Donald O'Brien, king of

Limerick, in 1182 ; and its superior being a mitred abbot, with a seat in Parliament as Earl of Holy Cross. The building is cruciform, consisting of a nave, chancel, and transept, with square belfrey at the intersection of the cross. In each transept are two chapels, beautifully groined. Between these and the south transept is a double row of three-pointed arches, supported by twisted pillars two feet from each other, and having a similar pointed arch in front. The choir arch within the church is not, as is usual, beneath, but in advance of the tower. The steeple rests on four beautifully-groined arches, connected in the centre by ogives passing diagonally from their angles, and the roof of the choir is similarly ornamented. East of Goold's Cross, eight miles distant, on the Cashel section of the line, stand the town and famous ROCK OF CASHEL, which, though out of the tourist's route, cannot be well left behind without a visit ; but perhaps it will be better to defer the " City of the Kings" till our returning from the south.

Twelve miles intervene from Goold's Cross to LIMERICK JUNCTION Station, the only point of interest passed being Dundrum, near which is the seat of Lord Hawarden, one of the largest private parks in this part of Ireland, and also famous for its deer, as is very appropriate that it should be, seeing that the noble owner traces his descent, or, at least, the heralds do for him, from Eustace de 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 by the proprietors of Dundrum.

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

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

Six miles north of Knocklong is LOUGH-GUR, 4 miles in circumference, containing several islands, one with ruins of the stronghold of the Desmonds, the last of which romantic race is said to have been made captive on one of those watery circlets. Around the shores are most extensive supposed Druidical remains—stone circles, altars, and other rich rude monuments,

some of gigantic dimensions ; and beneath these Titanic *débris* of an elder world have been found, in the adjacent bog, the prodigious bones of the long-extinct Irish deer. On the south shore is an old church, from which are seen many of the massive Druidical remains, and a passage leading between high piles of these stones. Not far from it is an apparently sepulchral chamber, thirteen and a half feet by six, formed of large stones, with a roofing of huge flags, and popularly known as Diarmod and Grain's Bed.

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

KILMALLOCK (124 miles from Dublin), called the Baalbec of Ireland, is a mass of ruins, of every sort of ruin, at every stage of ruin. It had been distinguished long anterior to the arrival of the Anglo-Normans : a round tower (notwithstanding mediæval restorations) attesting very ancient pre-eminence, and later ecclesiastical magnificence being indicated, in some peculiar ruins, of the early Christian era of Ireland. It was a walled town before the English invasion, and was known as the chief city of the Desmond branch of the native chiefs, the Geraldines, and of great strength. Some stone mansions are left, from which it is inferred that the civic splendour of the place was at its height anterior to the reign of Elizabeth. Its military history is famous, the concluding chapters being sieges by Cromwell and the Duke of Berwick. Outside the town, on the river Loobagh, most conspicuously stand the ruins of a Dominican abbey, founded 1291. The Hill of ARD-PATRICK, with its stump of a mouldering round tower, is seen from the line south of Kilmallock and Mallow (145 miles from Dublin). There is but little on which to pause here, unless we note some gold and fossil remains having been found at Sunville, the old seat of the Godsals. CHARLEVILLE is a neat little town, called thus euphoniouly by the Earl of Orrery (original name Rathgogan) in compliment to his master, Charles II. The earl built a splendid house here ; and the Duke of Berwick, in the war raised by his father, James II., maliciously burnt it down. The manor now belongs to the Earl of Cork and Orrery, who, a descendant of the celebrated philosopher, Robert Boyle, is a soldier who has seen much service—a general in the army, having been at Flanders, Valenciennes, and Dunkirk ; also in the expedition under Lord Moira in 1794, and having been with Abercromby, at Alexandria, 1801.

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

Near Charleville is the town of MITCHELSTOWN, with the adjoining magnificent castle and demesne of the Earl of Kingston, now in the Encumbered Estates Court, like the patrimony of so many other patricians. Between Mitchelstown and Caher are the famous Mitchelstown Caves—stalactite caverns of enormous extent. Buttevant, now mean and reduced, was once opulent and flourishing—numerous ruins telling the contrast—the abbey containing the remains of those who fell in 1647 at Knockninoss, when Sir Alexander M'Donnell (the "Colkitto" of Milton's sonnet, and "Ollistrum More," *i.e.*, "Alexander the Great," of Irish story) was killed. Buttevant Abbey is perhaps one of the most attractive objects journeying onward to Cork. The symmetry and grace which still adorn its faded glory and ruined beauty, call forth warm praise. Greatly admired are the remains of a priory, founded 1290 by the Barrys, earls of Barrymore, who held the manor (now belonging to Lord Doneraile, a representative peer), and whose war-cry against the M'Carthy's, *Boutez en avant*, "Put

Forward !” gave this name to the town. The chief interest, however, of Buttevant, at least to English tourists, is its association with the *Faerie Queen*. He who sang of “ Mole, that momitain hore,” and “ Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep,” resided at Kilcolman Castle, where he often received Raleigh, who, like himself, had obtained large grants in this part of Ireland, from Elizabeth. The castle of Buttevant is on the east of the town, rising from a rock, overhanging the Awbeg. When Spenser fled, in 1598, 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 granted to Sir Walter ; but forfeited them by his adhesion to James II. They were again restored to the family, but have long since passed from them.

MALLOW, on the romantic Blackwater, forty-three miles from Limerick, twenty-one from Cork, possesses no particular manufactures, but has a good retail trade, and the weekly markets for butter and corn are well attended, being one of the best country towns in the south. It was much resorted to in summer formerly by gentry, and still attracts citizens of Limerick, Dublin, and Cork, on account of the mineral waters, whose properties are nearly identical with those of Clifton—recommended chiefly for consumptive patients. It returns to Parliament Sir C. Denham Orlando Jephson Norreys, Bart, proprietor of the town, who has sat since 1826, except the beginning of 1633, when Mr. Daunt was returned, because the present member would not favour repeal ; but Mr. Daunt was unseated on petition.

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Cork and The Scenery of The Lee.

BLACKPOOL TERMINUS AND SUBURB.—As the train hastens to its destination, we look to the right and catch a view at intervals of the deep and tortuous glen on the Mallow road, and of the lofty viaducts thrown across it, and shortly afterwards enter the temporary terminus at Blackpool, where a corps of well-trained officials and a courteous station-master minister to all reasonable topographic curiosity. Here our tourist first makes acquaintance with the real Irish carman, a very distinct genus from the Dublin vehicular homo. In the southern Jehu there is a national peculiarity still more strongly developed among that variety of their craft called “Jingle Boys,” in the items of an original humour and ready wit, and also in a willingness to oblige (and to appropriate as a passenger) “the strange gentleman,” occasionally vociferously urging their good offices and attention to luggage in a manner bewildering to the new comer, whom we would recommend, after he leaves the train, not to be too precipitate in departing from the terminus. A word to the station-master, Mr. O’Sullivan, and a good car-driver will be pointed out ; or, better still, you and your luggage will be conveyed by omnibus to one of the principal hotels. Few things surprise even the experienced travellers more than these cars or jingles. Mr. Barrow was peculiarly struck with them, and not less, too, with their proprietors, though a stranger to no known mode of progression in any part of Europe. He says, “They are very numerous in the streets ; indeed, I can scarcely imagine how so many can answer the purpose of the owners. The charge is sixpence from any one part of the town to another. Besides these, there are plenty of travellers, as they are termed, which carry in the same manner for one shilling : they very much resemble Brighton flies. You can form little idea of the anxious endeavours displayed by the jingle-men and traveller drivers to secure a fare. From the moment the slightest intimation is made, or a supposed intention of engaging a vehicle, one is immediately beset on all sides with open mouths, proclaiming the superiority of their respective jingles, and pointing to their miserable horses, so much on a par that it would puzzle the most learned in horse-flesh to come to a decision. To do so, however, is a matter of necessity, for so long as you hesitate you are almost torn to pieces, but the moment you have fixed upon your jingle, the squabbling is at an end.” Nevertheless, we recommend the omnibus, and so would Barrow, had such pieces of comprehensive utilitarianism been in vogue at the period of his “Tour round Ireland” a dozen years ago.

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

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

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