

London To Killarney 1846

FAMILIAR AND ACCURATE HAND-BOOK

FROM LONDON TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY, GLENGARIFF, AND GOUGANE BARRA,

BY WAY OF BRISTOL AND CORK.

CONTAINING A FAITHFUL DESCRIPTION OF THESE PLACES. AND DETAILING EVERY EXPENSE NECESSARY TO TRAVEL WITH COMFORT AND ECONOMY.

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Voyage To Cork, Blarney Castle and The Environs.

The best time of the year for seeing the beauties of Killarney, is from the 20th of May to the 20th of June, for many reasons ; among others, the hotels are not so full, the weather not so hot, the gnats and flies not so troublesome to sketchers, and the cascades still full of water. September is often chosen by artists, on account of the beautiful tints with which the fading leaves are variegated ; but with this exception, the long summer evenings and delicious twilights of June, are but feebly atoned for.

Tourist ! or traveller ! I will suppose you come from London, intent upon beholding the beauties of Irish scenery ; it shall now be my happy province to show you how you may do so with the greatest convenience, and economy to yourself : not omitting to mention a single item that I can remember, which will add in any way to your comfort or personal delight : and above all, knowing the multitude of traps that are duly baited and set to ensnare the unwary one, and ease him of his loose cash, I will show you in the most simple manner, what to purchase, and what to avoid ; what are the fees of boatmen, the charges of buglers, and the expenses of hotels ; in order that before starting, you may calculate your expenses, yea, even to a six-pence.

I would recommend your coming straight by the Great Western Railway to Cork ; and not going by Dublin or Limerick ; you will find it too fatiguing, and the long English and Irish journeys very uninteresting, unless you have months at your command.

So, in the first place, you should write to the agent of the Cork and Bristol steamboats for a printed paper, containing a list of the days and hours on which the steamboats leave Bristol, on the particular month on which you start ; and if possible arrange your journey by the Railway, so as to go direct from the terminus to the Cumberland Basin on board the boat.

The time from Bristol to London is about four hours and a half, and the fares at present by the different classes, are thirty shillings, twenty-one shillings, and twelve shillings and six-pence.

If however the boat starts early in the morning, you will be obliged to come down by the train the previous afternoon ; and in that case, take the omnibus (one shilling) from the terminus to the Cumberland hotel (close to the Basin). If this hotel is full, the York Hotel close by, in Dowry Square, will answer your purpose. The boats are excellent, containing every accommodation for passengers ; and the fare is one pound twelve shillings and six-pence, including steward. The dinner is two shillings and six-pence ; and I recommend your dining on board if the weather be fine, as you will get a better dinner there than for the same price at the hotels. The passage generally takes from eighteen to twenty-four hours.

Cork is approached by a magnificent harbour, formed by the mouth of the Lee. Be on deck when the steward informs you the vessel is approaching the light-house, and a magnificent prospect will greet your eyes. You will pass in succession Camden and Carlisle forts, Crowning the opposite heights, Spike Island, on which are stationed several companies of marines, or infantry, Cove, the naval station of Ireland, where the boat will stop for a few minutes to disembark passengers, and Hawlbowlane, a small island, the depot for government stores. At Passage, a small town a mile further up the river, should the tide not serve, you will disembark ; and proceed by car to Cork, which is about six miles distant. The fare of a car is two shillings and six-pence, or in a public vehicle six-pence for each passenger. Should the tide serve, you will proceed up the river, keeping the Glanmire road to the right, and that from Passage to the left, until rounding Black Rock Castle, the steeples of the beautiful city appear in the foreground. The castle is a modern building, but it is famous as the spot from which William Penn embarked to found a new empire in the heart of the new world. When the vessel touches the quay, choose one from the numerous cars, whose drivers are vociferously appealing for the honour of your patronage, (fare one shilling,) and then a ticketed porter will, for six-pence, put your luggage in the vehicle. If you wish to go to the best hotel, particularly if you have ladies, drive to the “ Imperial ;” as there, if detained by wet weather, you have the advantage of an excellent reading room. “ Lloyd’s” Hotel holds the second place in Cork ; and the charges there are more moderate than at the “ Imperial.”

Another plan I might mention, is, that when the vessel arrives at Cove, should the tide not serve, the tourist might land, stay a night at Kilmurray’s Hotel, and proceed next day to Cork ; either by driving along the beautiful Glanmire Road ; or by water in one of the river steam-boats, which ply nearly every hour of the day to Cork.

Cork contains few public buildings to interest a stranger. Its chief attractions lie in the surrounding scenery. We recommend a stranger, if he stay in it for a day, after viewing the principal streets and quays, to hire a car, and pay a visit to Blarney Castle. It is four miles and a half to the west of Cork, and the drive is most interesting. The woman at the Lodge gate, for the fee of a shilling, takes you to the top of the castle to point out the “ Blarney stone,” so celebrated for the power it confers in the art of love-making and “ soft sawdor” ! From this you will also command an extensive prospect, and find yourself completely surrounded by the romantic “ groves of Blarney !” The other attractions of the place are the Rock Close, the Cromlech, the Lake, and the two rivers, one flowing in a contrary direction over the other. The castle has passed through many different hands. It was erected about the middle of the fifteenth century, and was formerly a strong-hold of the M’Carty’s. The dwelling-house attached to the old keep, formerly the residence of the Earl of Muskerry, has lately been pulled down. But the present proprietor, St. John Jefferies, Esq., contemplates with great good taste, its re-erection on its ancient site.

The best views of the city and river, are from the high grounds to the north, at Fair Hill, at the head of Blarney Lane, Ballinamought, Tivoli, Lota, Dunkettle; and on the south, from the summit of Lahena. The prospect here embraces Cork harbour, the vale of Cargaline, its river and castle, and is well worth the trouble of a journey. The vale of Glanmire also must not be forgotten.

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The Routes To Killarney.

Having now seen, and sojourned in Cork, and its delightful vicinities, it is time for us to point out the best way of proceeding to Killarney.

Two cars leave Cork for the Lakes, and one mail coach, daily. They travel by different lines of road ; that of the coach being much the most interesting.

The car leaves Cork at 8 o'clock A. M. from Patrick Street, and arrives in Killarney at four in the afternoon. It carries only a very small quantity of luggage. The fare at present is two shillings and six-pence, and six-pence to the driver. Unless there has been rain the day before to choke the dust, avoid the car by all means.

Supposing therefore we decide upon the coach, the Royal Tralee mail. It starts from the yard of the Imperial at eight A.M. The fare at present is six shillings out, and eleven shillings in, the coachman expects one shilling, but the guard is paid by government. It is necessary to secure your places the previous day. Stranger ! establish yourself comfortably on the box seat, if you can secure it, if not, behind the coachman with your face to the horses, and I will point out the objects of interest which we shall in succession pass. We leave Cork by the great Western road, passing the county jail, a penitentiary style of building, on the left, during the first half mile, and keeping the Lee to our right ; on whose banks, near the four mile post, we perceive the picturesque ruins of Carrigrohan Castle, built at different times during the Tudor era. At the five mile post you will drop the bag at the village of Ballincollig. It is the head quarters for cavalry and artillery in the county ; these troops being sent there, for the protection of the large powder mills which formerly belonged to government. [1]

Within half a mile further, to the left you pass the ancient castle of Ballincollig, built in the reign of Edward III., and one of James II.'s. strongholds in the south. Soon after which you cross the Lee by Inniscarra bridge. To your left the dismantled church of Inniscarra stands embosomed in a grove of antique elms. It is supposed to have been erected by St. Senanus of Scatterry, during the earliest period of Christianity in Ireland. About a mile higher up, from the heights near Ardrum church, the scenery of this neighbourhood for several miles, proceeding along the deep valley, through which the Lee winds, is of a highly beautiful and striking character. On the opposite bank of the river, about the ninth mile post, stands Castle Inch, the remains of an old fortress of the M'Carty ; and a mile west of this, still at the river side, the remains of the church of Inisluiage, another of the erections of St. Seranus. Soon after this we perceive the river Dripsy join the Lee, near which is the village of Dripsy, with its flourishing paper mills, situated in the centre of a richly wooded valley. Dripsy Castle is seen in the distance, and Dripsy Bridge is crossed. After passing Coachford, a rising village, nothing of interest occurring until we rejoin the Lee at Carrigadrohid, sixteen miles from Cork. Its course lies here between wooded hills, and its channel is frequently contracted between high beetling rocks, where the roar of the waters, in the time of a flood, is magnificent. Higher up, on a low crag in the middle of the stream, stands the castle ; built by the M'Carty's in the fourteenth century. In 1641 it held out against Oliver Cromwell ; but was taken after a stout resistance by stratagem by the troops of the Protector. Eight miles from this, without passing any further object of interest, we arrive at Macroom ; which stands on the Sullane, the largest branch of the Lee. It is a fair and market town, and contains eight thousand inhabitants. Its principle attraction is the castle. While the horses are changing, walk down the street to the Bridge ; from which you will have an excellent view of the edifice. The entrance gate is close to the Inn. It belongs now to the Hon. W. White, the second son of the Earl of Bantry, who resides in it. Many parts of it are very ancient, and it has undergone many changes incident to the civil wars. Its origin is involved in doubt, but it was probably built during the reign of King John, to command the ford across the river, and the pass into the north west.

On leaving Macroom, we proceed to Millstreet, by a bleak wild country : and nothing of interest occurs to entertain the traveller, except that we pass through a defile of the vast mountain ranges that surround Killarney, and stretch toward the sea. About a mile from

Millstreet, we observe an old ruin called Kilmeedy Castle, of which little is known : but the plain on which it stands, with the purple mountain in the back ground, form a picture not easily forgotten. Millstreet is a poor town ; a few soldiers are quartered here, and a lively look out it must be for them. From this to Killarney the country gradually assumes a still wilder appearance. The vallies appear of greater depth, the mountains assume a bolder elevation, and Mangerton and Torc can soon be distinguished from their neighbours. Flesk Castle, built in the Tudor style, the seat of John Coltsman, Esq., is passed on our left ; and soon after we drive directly into the High Street of Killarney, and pull up before the Kenmare Arms, at half-past two P. M.

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The Victoria Hotel. Agadoc.

THE moment the coach stops, you are surrounded by at least one hundred waiters, shop-women, guides, car-drivers, and beggars. Disregard them all ; but having seen your luggage taken into Finn's Hotel, (the Kenmare Arms) inform the waiter that you want a car to the "Victoria." Mr. Finn is also the proprietor of the Victoria, and sends his customers there free of expense.

The road out of the town, leads past the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, over the river Deeneagh, and skirts to the right of Lord Kenmare's demesne, by the walls of which the Lakes are entirely concealed. After a drive of about a mile, we reach the lodge gate of the Victoria. The carman expects six-pence. Let the visitor choose his room, and make his toilet ; and while his dinner is preparing, stand in the lawn at the front of the hotel, and we will point out the different objects of the beautiful panorama spread out before him. At his immediate left, stands Lord Kenmare's demesne, stretching along the low wooded grounds, that skirt this side of the lake ; to the right Lakeview, and beyond it again, Grenà, the seats of John and James O'Connell, Esqs. The mountain immediately before you is Tomies, a little behind it is the Purple mountain ; while the tops of Glenà are seen still further to the left. Mac Gillycuddy's Rocks stretch away to the N. W. ; and the horizon is bounded to the right by the Tralee Range. The wooded Island, lying directly between you and the opposite shore, is Innisfallen ; and Rabbit Island is a little further to the right. The top of Ross Castle is seen over the trees, about a mile and a half distant ; while directly in rear of the hotel, rise the hills of Agadoc.

Having studied these objects separately, while the tourist is discussing his dinner, we will make a few remarks upon the general character of the scenery and country, which he is about to visit.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number; the Upper, the Middle or Torc, and the Lower Lake. They are divided by narrow channels, that between the Lower and Middle Lakes being only of a bridge's breadth ; and the Upper is separated from Torc Lake, by a romantic river called the Long Range. They are situated in the centre of a range of lofty mountains. Magnificent forest trees and evergreen shrubs run directly from the water's edge to the very summit of these mountains, forming one of the leading peculiarities of Killarney. The traveller will particularly notice the arbutus, which here from a shrub, becomes a forest tree ; intermingling every where its bright green leaves, with those of other trees, and often apparently growing from out the solid rock. He will also find great delight in observing the varying shadows on the mountains ; of the variety of which, there can be no adequate conception, the very same spot presenting a different aspect and colour, twenty times during the day. The only outlet for the waters of the lake, is the rapid river Laune at the north ; a channel along which they proceed to the Atlantic through the beautiful Bay of Dingle. In conclusion, with

regard to the three lakes, we may remark, that the Upper Lake is generally considered the most sublime ; the Lower the most beautiful ; and Torc the most picturesque. The Long Range leading to the Upper Lake contains a surprising combination of the three, and probably is not to be exceeded by any spot in the world.

After dinner, as the time is limited, we recommend a visit to Agadoe Church, situated on the top of the neighbouring hill, and from which the stranger will obtain his first view of the lakes. A guide is not necessary. On leaving the lodge of the Victoria, turn to the left, and pursue the road for three quarters of a mile ; when a lane to the right leads directly to the ruin. From this the view is most extensive, embracing a large portion of the Lakes in the direction of the distant Reeks, and Dunloe ; the whole range of Tomies, and Glenà ; and the vale and town of Killarney nearer in the foreground. The remains here consist of a small ruinous cathedral church, a round castle called the Bishop's Chair, and a round tower called the Pulpit. Their dates are probably about the twelfth century. Of the church, nothing is worthy of remark, save the doorway, which is a masterly specimen of the excellence of the ancient art of sculpture. Six successive mouldings of different patterns ornament its architrave; and though carved in a soft species of stone, still remain perfect specimens of a master hand.

The Round Castle was probably built as a defensive fortress to the church. It is fortified by a ditch and earthen ramparts. The masonry of the Round Tower is much superior to that of the other buildings ; it has never yet been thoroughly opened and examined. Climb to the top, and you will have a glorious view of Killarney and the neighbourhood. Of the disgusting state of the church little need be said. The thing speaks for itself, and calls loudly for a change. Coffins and skeletons, and skulls with hair and teeth, and all such frail relics of mortality lie about in all directions. Why are they not re-interred ? It has been asserted, that Lady Headley has not the power of preventing this shameful and disgusting exhibition. How is it then, that Mr. Herbert has restored Mueruss Abbey, formerly quite as bad. His receipt must be a valuable one to her Ladyship. By pursuing the road on the top of the hill towards Dunloe, you will soon arrive at Lady Headley's Lodge. There is nothing remarkable to be seen there, and my advice is to return the way you came and retire early, to be fresh for a hard day's work to-morrow.

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The First Day's Tour.

The Gap of Dunloe, And The Passage of The Three Lakes.

THE reason why we have chosen to visit the gap of Dunloe, prior to any other place in Killarney, is, that by doing so, the visitor in one day will pass generally over nearly the whole ground of his future expeditions ; and thus make himself acquainted with their whereabouts, and relative positions. Breakfast must be finished by nine, and the order of the day established. The first thing to be done, is to order a boat to meet you at the top of the upper lake. The charge for the boat is ten shillings, and five shillings for the men's dinner. And now how to get there. By looking at the map, you will see you are going round the head of the lower lake, between the mountains parallel to the lakes, until you meet the boat at Lord Brandon's Cottage. The whole distance is about thirteen miles, of which the car can only go eight miles and a half. The rest must be footed. If you take ponies you can go the whole way on them. The charge for the car is seven shillings and six-pence, the driver one shilling and six-pence, bugleman five shillings ; the ponies are five shillings each ; but then you want one for the bugleman. I recommend the car, and the dinner to be sent on in the boat. If you do not

care about a bugle to awaken the echoes, a guide is not necessary, the carman acting as such as far as he goes ; and then a mountain guide is always at hand for a couple of shillings. A riding habit is not necessary for ladies.

Let us suppose we are started, and pursuing the road to Laune Bridge, from the Victoria. We leave Lord Headley's Lodge to the right, and the entrances to Lake-View and Glenà on the left, and soon the bridge appears in sight. Within one hundred yards of it, a fine view may be taken of the fissure in the mountains called the gap, Dunloe Castle and the winding of the river, in the fore-ground. Crossing the bridge, we pass on the left the seat of the Hon. W. Mullins ; and pursue a straight road to the gap, through a wild, hilly, and boggy country. At one mile to the west of the lake, stands the castle of Dunloe, (on an eminence above the river Lee,) the modernized seat of Major Mahony. It was evidently constructed, for the double purpose of commanding the passage across either river, and the pass from the mountains, through the great defile, of which it must have formed the key. It was built by the O'Sullivan More, about 1213. It was frequently attacked during the wars of the Commonwealth, and the Earl of Desmond, and was finally taken by General Ludlow. The views from the battlements are very fine. In the vicinity of the castle, if you are curious in antiquities, you will see a singular cave discovered in 1838. It is in a field close to the road side ; and is a subterraneous chamber of a curved form, in fact the termination of a gallery. The walls are constructed in the ancient manner ; and several of the angles of the stones are inscribed with ogham characters. Human skulls and bones were also found lying about. And now we approach the gap, where you will be met by girls and boys carrying goats' milk and poteen, a horrid mixture ; which, if you wish to be well for the rest of the day, you will not touch. Every step that we advance up the mountain road, the scene increases in grandeur and solitude. The hill on one side is called " the Holly Mountain ;" on the other " the Bull." Soon we approach, and cross Black-stream Bridge. This spot to an artist, is abounding with matter for his pencil. On penetrating further into the defile, our admiration of the wild scenery, is gradually exchanged for a feeling of awe and loneliness, until a pass is reached, when there is room merely for the scanty road, and the little dark gloomy lake beside it ; the hills on either side ascending in steep perpendicular precipitous crags ; while masses of enormous bulk lie tossed about in all the terrific sublimity of chaos. This is the " Augur Lake," and here the car stops ; and here if you have not a guide, a mountaineer is sure to be at hand, who will lead you safely to the appointed rendezvous with the boat : here let " Spillane" sound his bugle, and here a man will be found waiting with a small cannon, for each discharge of which he expects one shilling, but gets six-pence, and quite enough ; one shot is sufficient. From this we begin to mount the winding path between the mountains, and our attention is soon arrested by two enormous rocks, flung almost across the narrow footway, and named by a fanciful peasantry the Turnpike of the Gap. From this spot a good sketch may be made. Proceeding, we reach the Black Lake, a widening of the river Lee, where another bridge is thrown across, which far from lessening, heightens the effect of this magnificent and solitary defile. About a mile further, we reach the head of the gap ; and on emerging from between the mountains, how grand the amphitheatre that opens to our view ! The vale of Comme Duff, the Black Valley, is spread out before us ! At the back we see M'Gillicuddy's Reeks ; and still nearer a silver stream pours down the mountain side, at the head of the valley, forming a rapid river in its progress to the lake. Here we could sit and rest, and never tire of gazing on this wild and glorious landscape, were it not a mile still before we reach the boat. We arrive at Lord Brandon's gate, and passing through his property, reach the appointed rendezvous ; we dismiss the guide, and seat ourselves comfortably in the boat, not sorry that the walking business of the day is over.

And now our oars are rapidly carrying us through the Upper Lake ; we are encompassed by mountains on every side ; bleak and barren, but mighty, in their grandeur.

Island after island do we pass loaded with luxuriance. The boatmen will probably challenge you to find " Coleman's Eye," the only entrance into the Long Range ; but this is

not an easy matter ; so lay no wagers with them upon it. The channel called the Long Range, is full of interest and beauty. The water is clear and rapid, and on either side it is amply wooded. About midway we reach the elevation called the Eagle's Nest ; when the bugle will soon awaken one of the most perfect of the Killarney echoes. A mile further is Old Weir Bridge, through which the water rushes with great rapidity. On shooting it, how delightful is the prospect before us ; so much the more so, from the contrast to the wild rugged scenery that we have just quitted. Here in front of us is Dinis Island ; round which the river divides into two branches, the one to the right leading into Torc Lake, and that to the left round the island into Glenà Bay. Passing under the wooden bridge, let us enter Tore ;[2] no pen can convey any idea of the unparalleled prospect that awaits our gaze. Torc Mountain, the most beautiful elevation of Killarney, rising almost perpendicularly before you ; its sides clothed to the very summit with magnificent forest trees. Land now at the rude quay on Dinis Island, and under the shade of the wide spreading beech, lay out the stores of the well lined basket ; and while enjoying a hearty dinner, you can gaze at the glorious scene before you, and never weary of its beauties. A cottage has been built on the island for the accommodation of parties, and a respectable woman who lives in it, will assist with hot water, boiled potatoes, or any other little requisites.

But see ! the setting sun warns us not to linger too long in this fairy land ; we must re-seat ourselves in the boat, and passing under Birkeen Bridge, we enter the Lower Lake ; pull round the bay of Glenà ; beautiful Glenà, of which more anon ; hold converse with its echoes ; then away across the lake, where the awaiting tea at the Victoria will be found truly refreshing after the toil and travail of the day.

N. B. Should you only have one day at your command, after leaving Glenà, visit Ross Island, Innisfallen, and O'Sullivan's Cascade ; and then you may safely say you have seen the chief attractions of the Lakes ; though few I hope will be satisfied with so hurried an inspection.

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Ross, Innisfallen, and O'Sullivan's Cascade.

THIS will be a less toilsome day than the preceding one ; being devoted to objects nearer at home—the islands of Ross and Innisfallen.

Let us again seat ourselves in the boat by ten o'clock ; the dinner as before accompanying in the basket. We row into the middle of the Lower Lake, towards a rock, known by the name of O'Donaghue's prison ; rounding this, we enter Ross Bay, and come full in sight of the castle. Directly under the battlements we land, at a convenient quay, built by Lord Kenmare ; and proceed to examine the ruin. The castle was built in the 14th century, by the O'Donaghue, one of the chiefs of the district. During the great rebellion, the castle of Ross was held by the Irish, as a military fortress. But in 1652, General Ludlow, in command of the parliamentary army in Ireland, laid siege to it ; and having launched large rafts upon the lake, the garrison were frightened into a surrender. According to the size of the party, six-pence or a shilling is expected by the woman who opens the door of the keep. Let us mount the battlements, and enjoy the panoramic view that gladdens the eye all around. From no other place can the surrounding scenery be seen to greater advantage. And here again from a spot near the boathouse, the effect of a bugle, on a calm day, with the mouth directed to the castle, is truly wonderful. The first echo is returned from the castle, the second from the ruins of Agadoo, the third from Mangerton, and afterwards innumerable reverberations are distinguished, which appear like the fading brilliancy of an extremely multiplied reflexion, lost by distance and repetition. On leaving the castle, a delightful walk leads round the

island ; entering the gate of Lord Kenmare's pleasure grounds, a well laid out shrubbery walk leads to the nursery gardens, at the entrance to which is a cottage ornée, built for the use of the forester. One of the nurserymen, expecting a six-penny fee, will be in attendance, and will point out a beautiful specimen of the deciduous Cyprus, and several of the weeping elm in the gardens. Seats are placed in every spot where the best views are to be found. An hour passed in walking round the island, will be an hour pleasantly and profitably spent ; and curiosity maybe gratified by inspecting the surface of the once famous copper mine, the debris of which is scattered in profusion on the western shore. Let us rejoin the boatmen, and direct them to pull gently round the island until we enter Castle Lough bay, and row among the numerous rocks and islands with which it is studded. Then we stretch away again for Glenà, stopping ever and anon to seize some delightful sketch, or listen with rapture to the mountain voices. At Brikeen bridge we can enjoy a passing peep at Torc Lake ; then coasting along the bay, we pass Darby's garden, and Innisfallen lies directly before us. We land at the rude quay, and having selected a spot on which to lay the cloth, while discussing the " minutiae" spread upon it, we shall proceed to give you some information about the island.

Innisfallen, above all others, is " the Island" of the Lakes. To a mind seeking retirement and repose from the tumult of the world, it presents in its softness and tranquillity, a retreat equal to the most ardent aspirations. It is a little surprising that a spot, such as this, should not fail to attract the attention of the early clergy, to whose care for themselves is attributed the erection of the abbey in the 7th century, a few ruins of which are still left on the island ; little else is known of it. A small ivied oratory, detached from the abbey, and converted into, and called " the banqueting house," stands amid the shade of trees above the cliff, near the general landing place. Its antiquity and original purpose may be recognised in its handsome Romanesque doorway, which is seven feet high, and three and a half feet broad, A gap in the southern wall commands a splendid view of Torc, Ross, and Mangerton. In one part of the island a holly is shewn, the circumference of whose stem measures fourteen feet. In another place a large tree has made its way completely through the centre of a monumental stone in the vicinity of the monastery. At this most remote extremity of the island a projecting rock, overshadowed by an aged yew, is designated the " bed of honour." The romantic legend whence this name is taken, I leave the guide to narrate ; as well as innumerable others which tradition has attached to these spots. An inspection of the island may be briefly and agreeably performed, by means of a walk laid down nearly parallel with the shore. The coasts are indented with several small bays, and the whole surface of the island is delightfully varied into miniature hills and dewy dells. Plantations of the finest forest trees, are intermixed with numerous thickets of evergreens and other shrubs, among which, as usual, the arbutus is pre-eminent. [3] The glimpses obtained of the surrounding landscape from the openings, are of the happiest character ; presenting all the riches of waving woods, a noble spread of water, and the magnificence of its vast mountain boundary. With this description " sweet Innisfallen, fare the well !" for we must resume our place in the boat : the next point of attraction being O'Sullivan's cascade, situate at the foot of Tomies, about a mile and a half on the opposite side of the lake. Landing at the quay, we at once enter the thick woods that line the mountain side ; and while we ascend the winding path the noise of the waters, dinning in the forest, is heard. Gradually the murmuring becomes more distinct, but the cause is hidden by the thick umbrage of overhanging trees, and creeping plants. A few paces further we find ourselves at the foot of one of the most beautiful cascades it is possible to conceive ; hurling itself in wild force over the rocks, and dashing from a height of upwards of eighty feet, over the broken cliffs, in three distinct stages, each following the former, in quick succession. Underneath the shade of a overhanging rock is O'Sullivan's Grotto, a retreat overhung with shrubs. Here on a rustic bench

" Fronte sub adversâ scopulis pendentibus antrum
vivoque sedilia saxo"

we may sit a while, and luxuriate in the voice of stream and headlong flood. Then away across the lake again, landing at the Victoria Quay about five P.M., when the men will probably petition for the price of a cup of coffee (six-pence each) professing to be all tee-totallers.

And now my friend you have seen all that is worthy of your attention at this part of these delightful regions. Many guide books, and amongst others, the legend loving and fanciful Mrs. Hall, propose a trip to the Carragh Lakes, about sixteen miles distant. I advise you not to go ; unless you intend to sojourn in these parts at least a fortnight. The tourist, passing rapidly through, will be poorly repaid for a great deal of trouble, in comparison with the many beautiful objects all around, which he can never find sufficient time to admire. You will see the remaining lions of the place to much greater advantage, by staying at the Herbert Arms, at Cloghereen; so order your bill and a car to take you there, (fare three shillings,) at once.

(Charges of the Victoria. Dinner 2s. 6d. Tea 1s. 6d. Bedroom 2s. Breakfast 1s. 8d. Sitting room with wax lights, 5s. Whiskey punch per glass, 6d. Servants 2s. per diem. Mr. Finn, makes no charge for a boat after four o'clock. The only expense is 1s. a head for the hire of the men.)

A walk through Lord Kenmare's grounds will give you great satisfaction ; and the car will meet you at the other gate, near the entrance of the town. As a small model, the park is one of the most perfect in the kingdom. The private pleasure gardens are not generally shown to strangers. If you now wish to purchase any of the nicknackeries made of the different woods, arbutus, holly, yew, and sycamore, this will be found a good time to do it. There are several shops in the town for their sale ; where you will be asked generally much more at first than their real value. I recommend the little shop opposite the Kenmare Arms, kept by the widow Neate and her daughters, as I have always found better articles, and a fairer price asked there, than at the other shops. It is as well to add that dark olive green, and variegated reds are the prevailing colours of the arbutus ; though in the shops they will assure you that every article they have is made from that tree alone. After a pleasant drive of two miles along a shady road, passing the lodge gates of many a wealthy seat, we arrive at the village of Cloghereen, where an excellent hotel will be found, and every accommodation for travellers, anxious to explore the remaining beauties which nature has lavished on this favoured spot.

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Mucruss, Glena Torc Cascade.

To day we shall not require a boat ; our work all laying in wood and forest dell. I propose to visit Mucruss Abbey ; walk through Mucruss demesne ; meet the car at Birkeen Bridge ; drive through Birkeen and Dinis Islands ; dine at Glenà Cottage, and return in the cool of the evening to visit Torc Waterfall, and the view on the ascent above it. Order a car to meet you at Birkeen Bridge at one o'clock ; supposing you start yourself at ten. Neither bugler or guide are absolutely necessary. The gate of the demesne is close to the door of the hotel, fifty yards to the right after leaving the door. Entering it, we soon perceive the ivied walls of the abbey above the luxuriant foliage surrounding them. The abbey is kept locked, but on making your presence known, a boy soon admits you, and shows you round the ruin, (fee six-pence). The abbey was founded by the M'Carty's, in 1440, for conventual Franciscans. In 1602 it was repaired by the Roman Catholics ; but soon after suffered to go to ruin. It consists of a nave, choir transept, and cloisters ; with every other apartment to render it a complete and comfortable residence. The cloisters are even now perfect ; and few people, after examining these beautiful relics of antiquity, will forget the impression their sombre shades threw upon the

mind. In the centre of the court stands a majestic yew, whose sheltering branches are flung across the sacred battlements, so as to form a perfect canopy ; many is the legend told of it. In the centre of the choir, a large modern tomb covers the vault in which in ancient times were interred the mortal remains of the M'Carthy More. Close to this tomb, but on a level with the earth, is a slab which formerly covered the vault. It is without inscription ; but bears the arms of the Earl of Clancare. Several other ancient inscription stones upon the walls demand attention. Leaving the abbey, a delightful path, called the Rock Walk, leads past Mr. Herbert's residence, direct to Birkeen Bridge. The house is in the Elizabethan style, but the situation does not appear well chosen. After passing the house we soon reach Torc Lake, and keep along the shore the whole way to the bridge; enjoying at every step fresh views, as the different " peeps" appear between the thick trees which line the shore. Mounting the car at the bridge, we drive by a forest path through Birkeen and Dinis Islands ; noticing particularly the wonderful size of the arbutus, reigning here monarch over oak and ash and all other lordly trees. The path leads to the shore opposite the quay of Glenà, there you will generally find a boat to take you across the narrow passage ; if not, drive to Old Weir Bridge, and a footpath will be found leading to Glenà Cottage. If you have not brought a salmon with you, you will be pretty sure of a fresh one here, to be dressed on arbutus skewers. Cooked in this way, it has a most delicious and superior flavour. The house was erected by Lady Kenmare for the accommodation of strangers, in one of the forest glades close to the shore. Her own cottage ornée stands but a short distance away, in happy keeping with the beautiful and graceful scene ; and the walks and gardens that surround it are so formed, as in no way to detract from its simple beauty. The mountain of Glenà, clothed to luxuriance with the richest evergreens, looks down upon this enchanting valley. The name of Glenà signifies the " Glen of good fortune ;" and fortunate indeed is he who more than once in his life can visit, and linger in these inviting spots. The good housewife at the cottage will provide you also with butter and potatoes ; her fee is one shilling a head, but if the party exceed five, five shillings will be an ample remuneration ; fish of course not being included, its price being from four-pence to six-pence per pound. Let us at last leave ; for in our journey home, we have still another treat in store. Driving about a mile and half on the Kenmare road from Old Weir Bridge, we shall reach the lodge gate of Torc cottage. As we stop we hear the roar of the waters, but do not see the cascade. The woman of the cottage keeps the key that admits you within the grounds, and expects a fee of six-pence. Ascending a winding path, it is not until you are under the fall, that its magnificence bursts upon the sight. To describe it further would be impossible. Close to it you will perceive a winding path, leading up the side of the mountain. Mount it, and seated on a rustic bench you will enjoy the most glorious prospect, in my opinion, to be found in this neighbourhood ; and if the evening be fine, it will not be until after sunset, we shall be able to finish the remaining mile, between the waterfall and the Herbert Arms. Car for the day, five shillings, driver two shillings.

A familiar and accurate hand-book from London to the lakes of Killarney

Author : Killarney

Language : English

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Edited and uploaded to www.augty.org

February 12 2013