From:

OBSERVATIONS
ON
THE STATE OF IRELAND

BY J.C. CURWEN
VOL. II

LETTER XXXVII

Lismore, Sept. 15. 1813.

[River Black Water – Lord Riversdale – Lismore – Fuel expensive – Duke of Devonshire – Castle of Lismore – Agriculture – Absence of profitable labor]

The happiness or misery of any community can never be viewed with indifference. The most superficial observer rejoices or sympathizes in the exterior appearances which are presented to his consideration. Happily possessed is that wealth, which has been obtained by promoting and extending the felicity of our fellow creatures - if it create envy in the bosoms of a few, it is secure of the respect and approbation which good men are ever ready to concede.

The activity and bustle that pervade Fermoy indicate its inhabitants to be in possession of at least a fair share of the comforts of life. Their personal appearance, and the respectability of their habitations, confirm the persuasion. The town is well situated; and when it is considered, as it really is, the creation of a single individual, in the short space of a few years, it produces not less admiration, than a desire that it should be attentively regarded by the great landed proprietors in Ireland, as an example worthy of imitation, and of what is capable of being done towards an augmentation of national consequence, and the comforts to which the lower orders of the people are so justly entitled. Contrasting the state of their idle, wretched tenantry, with that of the industrious and respectable inhabitants of Fermoy, could not fail of awakening their attention, not only to their own individual interest, but to the general welfare of the community.

Mr. M'Cassel, whose residence is near Fermoy, has the reputation of being a good farmer. Lord Riversdale has made great improvements at Rathcormack, and has extensively adopted the system of green crops. We did not observe a single field of clover in the course of the fifteen miles between Cork and Fermoy - the cultivation of the potatoes was all in lazy beds.

The banks of the Black Water are very beautiful: the southern side on which we travelled from Fermoy, is flat, the northern bold; both crowded with cottages. The hedges are formed principally of white-thorn, and thickly planted with timber. We were gratified with the appearance of much wood in various parts of our drive to Lismore. In the husbandry, there was nothing worthy of notice - the crops appeared to be light, and the harvest late. We observed some lands under the preparation of fallowing for wheat; a practice which had not occurred to us for a length of time. In this neighbourhood were seen many gentlemen's seats, and the cabins had the appearance of some interior comfort. The manner in which farming is conducted may generally be ascertained by the implements employed; the Scotch carts, made at Fermoy, are too large and heavy for the common horses of the country; a smaller kind of cart adopted in Cumberland, wou1d answer better here, and be more likely to come into general use with the small farmers: I prevailed on the Secretary of the Cork Institution to permit my ordering one to be sent to the Society, under an impression that, if the cost be admissible, it may remove the principal objection, as to the weight of the Scotch cart. The price of labor, when individuals are so fortunate as to have constant employment, is under a shilling a day. The want of inland navigation makes fuel dear. This must operate greatly, as I before observed, against the successful result of manufactories at Fermoy.

As we approached Lismore, we found the fields well laid out, and the hedges particularly fine. The pleasure thus called forth was not of long continuance: on our arrival here the town presented a scene of wretchedness and misery, which was distressing to beho1d - even in Ireland, where such appearances of poverty too often occur. What a contrast did this place present to that which we had just left?

It was impossible to survey the dirty and dilapidated buildings, without sympathizing in the general suffering. Fuel is scarce and dear; the turf is brought from a considerable distance, and appears to be of an inferior quality.

To behold a large community bowed down in hopeless indigence, cannot fail to inspire feelings of a most painful nature, in those who are but transitory visitors! What must be the effect of such a depression of character, on the proprietor of the soil? Especially one in the possession of extensive estates in England, accustomed to survey the comforts there, so widely diffused among his dependants. Report says, the Duke of Devonshire purposes to rebuild the Castle of Lismore, and restore it to its ancient grandeur. Situated on a lofty rock overhanging the Black Water, whose opposite bank is bold and well clothed with wood, with a beautiful and rich valley beneath, extending to Cappoquin, it possesses in its locale, all that is necessary to form a princely residence: to make it really so, a revolution must be effected in the condition of the surrounding inhabitants; or joyless will be the abode, where the eye may not venture to look beyond the limits of the palace, lest it encounter the misery of the surrounding people. A castle, as at present, in ruins, comports with a town in a state of decay. Restore the palace only, and the wretchedness of the place will be increased by the contrast. I sincerely wish the noble personage may continue his predilection for this spot, as

the probable consequences would be the adoption of measures that would stimulate to industrious pursuits all classes in its neighbourhood. The proudest distinction of nobility is the inclination and ability to augment the sum of human happiness - in the case before us, a prospective return of increased revenue, as well as the present indulgence of our finest feelings, proclaim the wisdom and humanity of the undertaking. The castle and its immense appendent domains are not the objects here most to be envied - the power of converting idleness and indigence into activity and independence, cannot be suggested to the mind without enviable expectations. Although the progress of improvements, generally speaking, is slow, yet means of accomplishing, at once, what under ordinary circumstances would require the duration of a long life to effect, sometimes occur. All the leases on this part of the Duke of Devonshire's property are now about to expire. When this circumstance is taken into consideration, with the time of life at which his Grace has succeeded to the honours and patrimonial estates of his family, what an opportunity offers itself for patriotic improvement, and giving an example for the imitation of others. Here might practices be easily established, which would have the effect of a school for teaching a better system of husbandry, and the management of all rural affairs. Hence might conviction be so forced on the incredulous, and diffused among the laborious orders, that no doubt would remain of their comfort becoming increased in the ratio of their exertions, and their happiness secured in proportion to the confidence they reposed in their employers, and their obedience and respect for the laws of the land. The Irish car, and the long handled shovel, would soon give place to the Cumberland cart, and garden spade, whilst every other approved implement, and species of management, by being there successfully brought into use, would rapidly be adopted throughout the country. To put the liberality of the project out of all doubt, a manufactory for such purposes on the spot would be a national benefit; where the industrious but indigent laborer might be supplied, at half-price, with the best adapted tool for the work on which he might be employed. The sacrifice of one thousand pounds by the landlord would soon save such a sum to each farmer as would repay any advance of rent, with which the lands in the neighbourhood of such distinguished and valuable improvements might be fairly charged. The labor of a horse would thus soon be saved on a moderate sized farm, the expense of which cannot be stated at less than fifteen pounds per annum - the substitution of the spade for the shovel would double the work of each individual, and lead the way to an advance of wages, and augmentation of comfort to the lower classes. Should it be objected, that, in a country where work is scarce, this improved mode would have the effect of throwing more individuals than at present out of employ - I beg leave to reply, that the increased demand of manual labor; consequent on the introduction of every species of improvement, would be greater than could be met by the facilities afforded in the use of the most appropriate tools. The importance of these objects is great, whether considered in a national or individual point of light, and not unworthy the serious attention of those in the most exalted stations. Would it not be a prouder distinction to have introduced the Scottish cart, and English spade, to the industrious husbandmen of an extensive district, than, by the ingenuity and agency of others, to have erected the finest Gothic structure in the empire? Deserved praise for the introduction of implements, to

facilitate manual labor, would exclusively belong to the proprietor; while the merits of the edifice would rest with the architect, and the admiration it creates lead on all occasions to the common inquiry – "Who gave the plan?" Objects of substantial utility are those which are most entitled to the commendations of mankind. Little minds are captivated by exhibitions - great ones by those actions which deserve the approbation of the wise, and the applause of the virtuous.

Although agriculture is entitled to a precedence in the employment of man, and ought to be the first consideration in every well-regulated state; yet I am now convinced, that it cannot be carried to its utmost profitable extent, without the support of manufactories and commerce; of the importance of which to the husbandry of every country, I was not so fully aware until I visited Ireland. The inhabitants of rich countries can alone afford to bring into cultivation poor ground. It is here the profits of the manufacturer would not only create a new market, and a further demand, but enable him to pay a higher price for the produce of the soil, than the cultivator can afford: and as the labor of a man has been found, on all ordinary occasions, equal to provide for his own wants, and those of his family; after every allowance which can possibly be made, there would remain in society, were it exclusively confined to agriculture, a great surplus population, the members of which would become a deadweight on the productive labor of the community, if manufactories in its neighbourhood did not afford them employment.

The present unfortunate situation of Ireland has proved to me, that cheap food is not the blessing which, by many, may be imagined: the greatest political alteration that could take place in this distressed country would be a dislike to potatoes, and a general preference in the rising generation to bread and animal food. I have formerly been an advocate for an extended growth and use of the potatoe, but have recently had cause to alter my opinion; and must now earnestly deprecate their becoming the staple article of food for the low classes in Great Britain, lest similar results to those which I witness in this country should follow. As a security against famine, the potatoe is invaluable; but as a mean for supporting the existence of man, without that exertion he ought daily to make for the preservation of his health and facilities, it is certainly not desirable.

Food having been demonstrated by Mr. Malthus to be the only limit to population; a country where the inhabitants would be content to live wholly on this root might support numbers of people beyond any calculation: e.g. fifteen Irish are maintained by the produce of the same extent of land required for the support of one English manufacturer; and, were the most improved modes of cultivating this vegetable resorted to by the cottiers, the disproportion would still be greater. A population thus produced seems to exceed all capital, and means of occupation at home.

As the happiness of those individuals who are not compelled to labor for their subsistence depends on pursuit - so with those who are obliged to labor in order that they

may live, it depends on employment. This is the first occasion which I have had of witnessing the absence of profitable employment among a redundant population, and I have no hesitation in declaring it, as my humble opinion, to be one of the great sources whence spring the miseries of Ireland.

Unquestionably, much relief may be afforded; but while the population proceeds as it does at present, unsupported by profitable labor, there seems no possibility of any remedy short of a radical reform, and that beginning in the higher orders, and gradually descending to the most subordinate classes.

The desirable alteration, if it could be effected, is that which would call the people into constant active employment, and make them sharers in those reasonable comforts of life, to which, as rational beings, they are so justly entitled. Adieu.

Letter XXXVIII

Dungarvon, September 15, 1813

[Dungarvon – Orchards near Cappoquin – Beautiful valley of Cappoquin – Captain Barnes – Good farming – Ferry at Dungarvon – Small farms – Irish tenantry – Subdivision of farms induces competition – Fertility of surface – Tithes a grievous tax]

Can you imagine a more piteous case than that of a poor exhausted traveller, who, after passing a whole day without refreshment, arrives at a town with a fine sounding name, which sent two members to the Irish parliament, and yet actually affording nothing on which the demands of hunger and thirst could be satisfied; but indifferent bread and worse tea - nor was this all: Sancho Pança observes,
"Blessed be the man who first invented sleep!" The filthy appearance of the beds precluded even this comfort. It seems strange that the political contests which have taken place in this borough should not have produced a better inn and accommodations.

I shall endeavour to banish the recollection of these momentary vexations, by making you, as far as I am able, a partaker of the pleasure, which the enchanting country through which we passed from Lismore afforded us. We were tempted to walk as far as Cappoquin, that we might at more leisure enjoy the scenery, which the beauty of the banks of the Black Water presented.

From the bridge at Lismore, which is a noble edifice, a very fine view of the castle is obtained; exhibiting the whole base of the majestic rock on which it is erected. The valley on the south side of the river, though confined, is extremely luxuriant. The hills rise boldly on the northern bank, and are covered with wood to Cappoquin, a distance of four miles. About a mile from the town, the orchards commence, and it is here the best Irish cider is made. There are several handsome seats of gentlemen, ornamented with timber, on the way to Cappoquin, the scenery of which is very picturesque.

Cappoquin is a neat small town, situated also on the Black Water, where the current of the river alters its course from, the west to the south. It is navigable for small craft from Youghal, and hence by means of a canal to Lismore. The Black Water at Youghal is reported to be a very beautiful stream, to which we can easily give credit from its appearance, on our drive from Fermoy.

On quitting Cappoquin by the Dungarvon road, we were highly pleased with the good order and neatness of a few fields, which could not have been better managed. We understood they belonged to Captain Barnes, whose credit as a farmer would be deservedly great in any country.

Nothing can exceed the beauty and richness of the vale from Cappoquin to Dungarvon; the soil is admirable, and the crops of grain very weighty. The breadth of the valley is from three to four miles, bounded on both sides by ranges of hills which are well enclosed, and cultivated to their summits; indeed the whole of this part of the country is well wooded. From Cappoquin, through the vale, is nine miles, and it is difficult to imagine any thing more delightful than the whole of this distance. As the sun set, his golden tints spread over the fields of harvest, and diffused a richness on every feature of the landscape. It was with much regret we perceived the night drawing on, as we could willingly have employed a few additional hours in contemplating the luxuriance of the scene.

There appeared to be much lime used in this district; we saw lime-kilns in all directions, and the limestone rock, frequently bursting out from the surface. Nature has here done much - man little - towards rendering this valley one of the most charming districts in Ireland. The cabins however are very wretched, very few acres under fallow, and no appearance of green crops. It was quite dark before we reached Dungarvon, when, to our dismay, we found the flowing tide very high, the bridge broken down, and the ferry-boat so ill calculated for the conveyance of horses, that, miserable as was the hovel on that side of the water, we preferred leaving them, to the risk of their being lamed in the dark. We ferried over to Dungarvon under no doubt of finding tolerable accommodations. - But- we do not complain without reason - nor claim pity for trifles which happily a few hours will terminate!

Thirty thousand pounds are said to have been expended by the late Duke of Devonshire in attempting to rebuild the bridge, and when on the eve of completion, the foundation gave way. The work is still proceeding, and, if ever finished, it will be a great benefit to the place. The contests in the borough have been very expensive; the interest at present is not in the Devonshire family.

The Nymph bank, lying off the shore, renders the situation of Dungarvon elegible for fishing; a number of small craft are employed in the transport of fish and potatoes to Dublin. The harbour is said to be difficult of approach; but when vessels are in it, the bason appears safe and commodious.

The town is small, and the streets narrow, - It is likely I may not have a better opportunity of giving you the result of my observations on the general state of the tenantry of the country.

The size of farms from fifteen to thirty acres would give an average of about twenty-two or twenty-three acres to each. Portions of these are again sublet to cottiers, whose rents are paid by labor done for the tenants; from whom they sometimes receive milk and some other necessaries. These running accounts are an endless source of dissatisfaction, of dispute, and of contention at the quarter sessions. In some of the most populous parts of Ireland, there is supposed to be an inhabitant for every acre, while the cultivation of the soil, as now practised, does not afford employment for a third of that population. In the north, where the linen trade has been established, the lower classes are weavers, which gives them a great superiority over the southern districts. The labor on the highways and great roads, for which such large assessments are made on the counties, afford, for a portion of the year, a great source of employment.

If the Irish have not the laborious habits of the English, it ought rather to be considered a misfortune, than to be imputed to them as blame. Industry is an acquirement of early life, and becomes strengthened and habitual by years. In a country where there is little demand and no encouragement for industrious exertions, it cannot be surprising that this habit is not acquired. The women also, having no vocation but that of attending to their families, are equally indolent, and thus the offspring of such parents are nursed in sloth and nurtured in idleness.

The minute subdivision of lands among the occupants is attended with many serious evils. The rents of these small sublet parcels become so high to the actual cultivators, as to preclude all profitable returns from their labour. It affords "too great a facility to marriage." The population becomes increased beyond the capital of the country employed in husbandry, and the supernumerary individuals are compelled to subsist on the produce of others labor, to which they have no power of contributing. The aggregate number of horses is greater than would be required, if the estates were distributed into rnoderately-sized farms; whilst the want of farming buildings, beside other disadvantages, prevents the accumulation of manure.

The laborers, with few exceptions, are all married. The farmers have no hired servants, of either sex, residing in their dwellings; this is another serious evil arising out of small farms. Ireland, which in extent is nearly equal to one-half of Great Britain, does not probably employ one-tenth of the agricultural servants.

The buildings on every farm, being erected at the expense of the tenant, are necessarily on the most limited scale, seldom more than a cabin, and this insufficient for the shelter of the family beyond their earliest days. As the children grow up, they are compelled to seek another establishment for themselves, and to hazard every consequence that may ensue. Alternative they have none. Such is the ruinous effects of small tenements, as far as they regard the individual occupiers. The interests of all parties suffer, and it would be for the advantage of the whole community to promote a radical reform of the present disreputable system. But how this is to be effected, as I have before observed, is the question?

To the proprietors of lands under long leases no temptation for any change can be offered. An increased rent could not be had on the consolidation of several small farms, while the expenditure in buildings, even if: that could be insured, would be inconveniently borne, and would be fatal to any idea of such an alteration.

The superior freshness and fertility of the soil enables the husbandmen in Ireland to obtain crops, with perhaps one-third of the manure which is required in Great Britain; were this not the case, the country must long ago have been excessively deteriorated. The richness of the surface resists all the efforts of man to sterilize it; for, however just may be the censure of want of exertion on other occasions, I must give the Irish credit for being very persevering in their endeavours for this purpose.

When a farm becomes vacant, the smallness of the capital required for its occupation contributes to the competition for it, and enhances the rent beyond all prudent calculation. The high prices of grain, with the privations to which the farming community restrict themselves, have enabled them, though not without difficulty, to pay their extravagant rents; but I cannot, without the most painful sensations, anticipate the consequences which must attend these poor creatures on corn falling to a fair level price; and, as this may reasonably be expected, the distress in every part of Ireland will then be inconceivable.

Happy would it be if the landed proprietors could be persuaded of the numerous evils which arise out of this minute subdivision of land. A view of the present misery, and the sad assurance of its daily increase, damps the pleasurable prospects, which otherwise would be afforded from a survey of the inexhaustible fertility of this glorious country. The spirit of agricultural improvement which, in converting barren wastes to fruitful districts, has so largely benefited the empire, can operate but partially in favor of Ireland. The whole system is radically wrong; the hope of its change for the better, remote. A failure in the potatoe crop, which Heaven avert! would nearly absorb the whole resources of the country to subsist its population; which, at the best of times, is burthensome, but by such a casualty may become destructive.

Tithes also are a grievous tax on the small farmer, two thirds of whose lands are generally under grain. In a farm of four hundred acres, about one hundred and fifty may be supposed liable to corn tithes; in small farms, the aggregate number of acres of which being the same, two hundred and sixty, or probably more, would be found subject to the like claim.

It is quite melancholy to dilate on such a system, but more so to witness its operations, without being able to suggest any practical means for alleviating the misery of so many millions of our fellow creatures. Adieu.

Letter XXXIX

Waterford, September 16th 1813

[Waterford – River Suir – Commodious quay – Exchange and coffee-room – Trade – Irish pigs – Bad state of pavement – Sir John Newport]

We were ready with the first dawn of day to quit Dungarvon, where neither rest nor refreshment was to be obtained. Though not much disposed to be in humour with the town, the harbour had claims on our attention. It is very spacious, and apparently very convenient for trade. Land near the borough lets for five pounds, that in the vale for three

pounds per acre. The tithes of some of the parishes through which we passed were divided between ecclesiastic and lay impropriators.

At the distance of about five miles from Dungarvon we left the vale, and ascended a ridge of hills of considerable height, which we crossed the whole country, through which our road lay for above twenty miles, was hilly; the soil but indifferent, and the cultivation of it worse. The population is not so redundant, yet the cottages are as poor as in most parts of Ireland. We stopped to breakfast at a half-way house, a small inn, where the landlord was considered a great farmer, occupying above one hundred acres, at a rent of forty shillings per acre; twelve shillings per acre is the tithe composition for wheat and potatoes; nine for barley and meadow, and six for oats. No fences, except with mounds, are here to be seen, and scarcely a tree. When within a mile of Waterford the land improves; near the city are a number of good houses, - bespeaking the wealth and consequence of the place we were approaching. King William is reported to have said, when he first got sight of Waterford, that it was a country well worth fighting for. Waterford is built along the west bank of the Suir, - a most noble stream. Close to its banks, the ground rises on both sides, leaving but a small space of flat ground along the river. In the old part of the town, the streets are steep and narrow; the quay is very spacious, and exceeds a mile in length; - the houses are good, and at its extremity is a very handsome modern street, in which are situated the Bishop's palace and the cathedral. The quay called to my recollection the Garonne at Boudeaux, though undoubtedly less magnificent; yet is it highly sufficient, and so commodious that ships of considerable burden lie afloat at all times within a short distance of it. An extensive range of warehouses has recently been built on land, which sold for this purpose after the rate of eight hundred pounds an acre; the ground rent for a tolerable good house on the quay amounts yearly to forty pounds, and lands near the town let for eight pounds an acre. The merchants have lately erected a very handsome exchange and coffee room, where strangers are admitted and received in the most liberal manner. The cathedral is a large building, but its exterior has a mean appearance; the palace, however, is a handsome and commodious edifice.

Waterford, as a commercial place, has an appearance of opulence, superior to any of the sea-ports we have visited. The breweries and distilleries are extensively employed; the slaughtering trade has greatly increased of late years; seventy-five thousand pigs have been exported to England in one year, to be there cured and dried. The agricultural produce alone, exported from Waterford, yearly amounts to three millions sterling; in 1776, Mr. A. Young states that fifty thousand casks of butter, containing a hundred weight each, were then sent from this port; at present that number is nearly doubled. The American and Newfoundland trades have been also considerable, and, in the event of peace, would probably revive. I was surprised to hear of the distance whence the Irish pigs are driven to Waterford; their length of leg in this case is advantageous; and it is possible, that, on this account, they may answer better than those breeds with shorter legs, and a greater disposition to become fat; but which would, probably, be incapable of performing such journeys. The Suir is navigable to Carrick. Through a great part of the town, the pavement

is extremely bad, owing, as we understood, to an existing dispute with the corporation; but as that has now terminated in an allowance of twelve hundred pounds per annum from the corporate body, it is presumed that, with the addition of eight hundred a year which the sweepings of the streets are estimated to yield, the pavement, in the course of a few years, may be completed.

Our plan was to have gone through Wexford and Wicklow; but the very unfavourable reports of the roads deterred us; and we were deprived of the gratification of seeing a most romantic and picturesque country, as well as some of the best farming in Ireland.

Hitherto we have travelled along the sea coast; we shall now take our leave of the shore, and have an opportunity of seeing something of the interior, where I am apprehensive every thing will be found in a worse state. We breakfasted with Mr. Peat: the coal trade makes a constant intercourse between this place and Cumberland.

Sir John Newport was from home; his absence I much regretted, as no man has a more extensive knowledge of the political situation of Ireland, or is more zealously attached to its interests; and few have rendered the country such important services. The beneficial measure, which allowed a free intercourse of grain, he very ably promoted.

We are most anxious to reach Dublin, where we fondly anticipate receiving tidings from England. In the last six weeks, we have been so fortunate as to have had but one thorough day of rain; and we have now travelled eight hundred and thirty miles; the narrative of which may not perhaps have been much less fatiguing to you, than the journey has been to yours, ever, &c. Adieu.

Letter XL.

Kilkenny, Sept. 18, 1813

[Wooden bridge at Waterford – Sir Henry Langrishe – Knocktopher – Sir John Flood's noble seat – Lime abundantly used – Kilkenny – Fields well enclosed – Kilkenny coal very offensive – Earl of Ormond – People ill-dressed]

The difficulty and delay of ferrying over, deterred us from crossing the Suir, though, by so doing, we should have saved six miles in our journey to the Royal Oak. The wooden bridge of Waterford is little inferior to that at Derry. Much of the country to Knocktopher is very poor, and but thinly inhabited. At a small village, about a mile from Knocktopher, we observed, in the churchyard, a rookery, which was the first we had seen in Ireland; elsewhere it might have proved a nuisance; here, most probably, it little interfered with the devotions of the parishioners.

Sir Henry Langrishe has a fine seat at Knocktopher; among his farming improvements I had the pleasure to see a small irrigated meadow of fiorin. We had now come twenty miles, and it was with difficulty we could procure a bait for our horses, which was a serious consideration, as we had yet ten miles to Kilkenny.

Sir John Flood's noble and extensive place is within two miles of Knocktopher. The farming, as far as we could judge from the quantity of land under green crops, seemed to be well conducted; and as the general soil of the country is of good staple, a farmer possessing capital makes such ground productive. The contrast between the farm under the direction of Sir John Flood and those which surround it, is conclusive evidence of the necessity of a due application of capital. Lime here seems to be abundantly used, and is burnt with Kilkenny coal.

We observed several mills on the different streams of water. The fabrication of cloth is pretty extensive, and the people had the appearance of being well employed. The coal of the country, though emitting an offensive smell, is drawn to a great distance, and much of it is consumed in the lime-kilns.

About seven miles before we reached Kilkenny we had a prodigious fine view of the extensive plain in which it is situated; the country is rich, tolerably well wooded, and abounds with gentlemen's seats. As we approached the town, we found the land well inclosed, and, the fences admirable. We had to regret the day so soon closed in. I should, however, do injustice to the exertions of one gentleman, were I to pass unnoticed, his castellated mansion. When the appearance of a country suffers no deformity by the operations of individuals, every one is privileged to exercise his own taste for its decoration.

The Irish town, or suburbs, as we should ca1l them, are, large, dirty, and comfortless, and, like most other approaches to the larger towns in Ireland exhibited much wretchedness. We found great bustle in the street, and every other indication of a populous place. The inn is not to be complained of but the noxious fumes from the fires are intolerably offensive. Kilkenny coal has long been celebrated as forming one of the wonders of Ireland, in its producing fire without smoke; which has long ceased to be a wonder in South Wales, whence the stone coal for drying malt is procured; it is a coal of very similar quality to that found at Kilkenny, and is applied in the same manner, and to the like purposes. Smoke from all matters in combustion is more or less offensive; but it is not to be compared to the oppressive influence of the sulphurous odour which poisons the air of this neighbourhood, and communicates its effluvia to all food with which it is dressed.

When once ignited, it burns bright and intensely for a number of hours without any perceptible smoke but, like the stone coal, it requires wood or charcoal, and is troublesome to light. The large coal alone is in use for domestic purposes; the small, like that in Wales, is applied to the purpose of burning lime. The price is fifty shillings the ton: I wished to have seen the mines, but finding they were five miles out of our road, and that a survey of them would cost us a dozen hours, I did not think them worth that sacrifice.

This has been a very fatiguing day. I shall conclude before we start tomorrow.

September 19.

The atmosphere of every part of the house was so saturated with the fumes from the coal, that I felt greatly oppressed, nor could much relief be obtained by opening the windows, as the external air was equally offensive; on this account a residence in Kilkenny can by no means be desirable.

On a cursory inspection of the town, this morning, we saw two or three good streets; at the extremity of one the Earl of Ormond has a noble palace. The cathedral stands on an eminence, and is in a tolerably good style of architecture. The part of it which claims most attention is the round tower, which is a very lofty and imposing feature. A considerable manufactory of coarse woollens is established here, and blankets are also manufactured of extraordinary lightness, and fineness of quality.

It being Sunday, the crowds of all ranks seen in the streets on their way to mass afforded a sample of the population, which is estimated at twenty thousand souls. The common people were observed to be ill dressed, very noisy, and many of them inebriated. We had not seen so much disorder anywhere but at Galway.

The situation of the inhabitants on the coast, I have no doubt, is superior to that of the interior; for though the general state of trade is not flourishing, still it creates some degree of activity, and furnishes employment to many who would otherwise be idle. We are now setting out for the Royal Oak, where we purpose to breakfast, and I mean there to employ my Sunday morning in discussing a question of vital importance: namely, the state of religious parties in Ireland. Adieu.

Biographical Note:

John Christian Curwen, 1756-1828

Curwen was a renowned agriculturist and parliamentarian, born 12th July 1756 in Cumberland. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge but did not take a degree. He became MP for Carlisle in 1786, and held the seat until 1812, and again in 1816-20. He represented Cumberland from 1820 until his death. He supported Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, and the repeal of the corn laws.

Curwen's interest in agriculture probably dated from a long journey through Europe. In 1805 he conceived the Workington agricultural society, which had a profound impact on local agriculture in the first half of the nineteenth century. His views on Ireland, where he spent time between 1813 and 1816, are set out in "Observations on the State of Ireland, Principally Directed to its Agriculture and Rural Population" (1818). He died at Workington Hall on 11th December 1828.

FROM CLOYNE TO YOUGHAL, LISMORE, FERMOY, MALLOW, CHARLEVILLE, TIPPERARY, CASHEL, KILDARE, AND DUBLIN.

From: Richard Colt Hoare's *Journal of a tour in Ireland A.D. 1806* (London; W. Miller, 1807)

MONDAY 28 JULY. The neighbourhood of CLOYNE not affording me a supply of post horses, the Bishop obligingly forwarded me to YOUGHAL, XII MILES. Open champaign country and well cultivated: enclosures small, soil apparently very rich. Passed through the demesne of Lord SHANNON, which is kept with greater neatness than any I have yet seen during my tour. The mansion is a large white house, with a pool of fine water on one side of it, and a ruined castle totally enveloped in ivy near it. The Village of CASTLE MARTYR[1], with its heat whitened houses adjoins the noble man's seat. Pass through the village of KILLEAGH, and catch a sight of the sea, with a rich valley on the right leading to it. The descent to YOUGHAL is rather steep, commanding a pleasing view of the BLACKWATER. Stopped at CAMPBELL'S Hotel in the principal street. The road from CLOYNE is rough in a few parts, but on the whole tolerably good.

[2]The Parish Church at YOUGHAL deserves notice. On entering the gates of the churchyard, a magnificent window, richly decorated with tracery work, suddenly meets the eye; but before I describe the *exterior* of this building, I shall make some remarks on the *interior* parts of it. The nave of the church has six pointed arches, supported on pilasters, with two transepts, and two side aisles. The southern transept forms a chapel, belonging to the DEVONSHIRE family. "According to SMITH, vol. i. p. III. this south wing was formerly called the Chauntry of our blessed Saviour. It was purchased from the

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[1] **Castle Martyr,* formerly *Bally Martyr*, was the seat of a branch of the *Fitz-Geralds*, called Seneschals *of Imokilly,* A. D. 1420*, 9th Henry V. James, Earl of Desmond* was constituted Seneschal of the *Baronies of Imokilly, Inchiquin, and the town of Youghal,* during life, by *James, Earl of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. From this, Earl of Desmond, the branch of the Fitz-Geralds had this title. In the year 1663, Castle Martyr was incorporated by the interest of the first Earl of Orrery, who erected it into a borough, with the nomination of the chief magistrate, recorder, town-clerk, etc. to the Earl and his heirs for ever, and with a privilege of sending two members to parliament.*

Smith's Cork, vol. I. page 125.

[2] The origin of this monastic building being rather singular, I shall transcribe the account of it from Mr. *Archdale's Monasticon*, p.80. A monastery was founded at Youghal, for Franciscans, in the year 1224, by Maurice FitzGerald, who, it is said, erected this house on the following occasion. Being about to build a castle in the town, and the workmen who were digging the foundation, on the eve of some festival, requesting a piece of money, to drink his health, be directed his eldest son to give it, who, instead of obeying, abused the said workmen, at which Maurice was so concerned, that he altered his design, and changed the castle into an abbey. The founder was Lord Justice of Ireland, in the years 1229 and 1232; after which, he retired to this monastery, where he took on him the habit of St. Francis; and dying the 8th of May, 1257, was interred there in the habit of his order. This was the earliest foundation in Ireland for the Order of St. Francis. Thomas, the second son of the founder, completed the building at his own expense, and dying, on the 26th May, A.D. 1260, was interred here; as were several other noblemen of the house of Desmond.

mayor and corporation of YOUGHAL, by the EARL of CORK, March 29, 1606, by which deed, he was not to molest the ancient burials in this place. He repaired the chapel, and in his lifetime, erected an handsome monument for his family, according to the taste of those times, in marble and alabaster." This nobleman is here represented in a recumbent posture, under an arched recess, leaning on his left arm, habited in long robes, and with a ruff round his neck: on each side is a female figure kneeling under a niche, supported by two Ionic pillars. Underneath the Earl's effigy, are small representations of his numerous progeny; and above it, is the effigy of his mother, leaning her left arm on a bible, and supporting her head. This tomb, which is painted, and in the Italian style of architecture, is in a very bad state of preservation.[3] In the same chapel are the rudely sculptured effigies of RICHARD BENNET, and ALIS BARRY, his wife, the last of whom, in the annexed inscription, is said to have been the first foundress of it, which being demolished in the time of the rebellion, and their tomb defaced, was reedified by RICHARD, Lord Boyle, Baron of YOUGHAL, who, to revive their memory, repaired this tomb, and had their figures cut in stone, placed thereon in the year 1619.
In the northern transept there is an ancient effigy in stone, apparently of an ecclesiastic, resting his head upon a cushion, with a bird in his hands, and a lion at his feet. The sexton's wife, who acted as my Cicerone, told me, that there was a similar figure immured under the staircase leading to the music gallery: there is also a slab tomb, decorated with a flowery cross, bearing date 1557; and a monument to the UNIACK family, 1761. In the same transept is an old Gothic font, disfigured by gaudy painting The church is well pewed, and neatly kept.

[4]Let us now consider the exterior part of this building. The western doorway is of the pointed Order; and over it is a small trefoil niche. The original windows that adorned this front are stopped up, and supplied by one of a more modern date. They were in three divisions, and of the lancet shape. A little to the north, but almost attached to the church, is a large square tower, which is now made use of as a belfry: a peculiarity (except in the instance of the round towers,) which I have not as yet met with, nor am able to account for. The outside windows of the northern transept have also given way to those of a more modern date, and have been closed up: they were of the lancet form, and four in number[4]. The outside window of the southern transept have shared the same fate: they differ materially in design from the opposite transept, being composed of two divisions, with three pointed windows in each. But the part of this building that will most attract the antiquary's notice, is that which is now in ruins, and made use of as a place of burial. The eastern window surpasses in good workmanship any I have seen in IRELAND: its tracery, surmounted by a Catharine-wheel ornament, is very rich. On the north side of this window is a beautiful sepulchral niche, the back and sides of which are decorated with trefoil compartments. On the surface of the wall above it, is an inscription in ancient characters,

HIC IACET……FLEMING.

I am not quite clear about the Christian name omitted, but it appears to me to have been GULIELMVS. On the south side of this eastern window (under which stood the alter) are three tall, and one small arch; the latter being nearest to the altar. I have before taken

[3] A full description of this tomb, and its inscriptions is given in Smith's History of Cork, vol.i, p.111

[4] This division of arches is rather uncommon; nor do I recollect having seen instances of the number four being applied to windows; three and four occur the must frequently.

notice of similar arches at ADAIR, &c. which I suppose to have been *confessionals* in the times of popery. The distribution of the windows on the outside of this ruined part of the church, is very irregular, but they all partake of the lancet form. Between the eastern end of the church, and the entrance to the churchyard, I observed the tombstone of DANIEL ADAMS, who died at the advanced age of one hundred and twenty-six years. The town of YOUGHAL is situated under the eastern declivity of a steep hill, and was formerly flanked by a high wall and turrets extending along its summit, of which some mutilated fragments still remain. It consists chiefly of one long street running north and south, is bounded by the River BLACKWATER on the east, and by high ground on the west: it is distant about a mile from the sea, and is a bustling, cheerful town, being much resorted to during the summer months, as a bathing place. The public rooms on the mall are pleasantly situated near the banks of the river. There is also a neat little theatre at the back of CAMPBELL'S Hotel. [5]It is said, that the potatoe plant was first introduced into Ireland at this place, by SIR WALTER. RALEIGH, who, together with tobacco, brought it from VIRGINIA; and that the person who planted it, imagining that the apples which grow upon the stalk, were the part to be used, gathered them; but not liking their taste, neglected the roots, till the ground being dug afterwards to sow some other grain, the potatoes were discovered therein, and to the great surprise of the planter, vastly increased. From such a circumstance, this valuable root, which in modern times affords almost the sole sustenance of the poor in IRELAND, took possession of the soil, and has ever since maintained its popularity.

TUESDAY 29th JULY. Having been strongly recommended to visit the BLACKWATER[6], I hired a boat with four men, and taking advantage of the tide, rowed up the river to CAPPOQUIN and LISMORE; the distance exceeds twenty miles. This river, which near YOUGHAL expands its waters into a spacious bason, begins at about the distance of two miles to contract its channel, and assume the character of a river instead of an estuary. Several vessels lay dry upon the shore, awaiting the return of tide to convey them, with their cargoes of sea sand, to CAPPOQUIN. This sand is supposed to possess a very fertilizing quality, and is made use of for manure. Some ruins appear on an eminence to the left, which I imagine to be those of KINCREW, noted in DR. BEAUFORT's' map, and which appertained to the *Knights of St. John of Jerusalem*. At the first bend of the river, the Castle of TEMPLE MICHAEL attracts the eye; a modern house, belonging to Mr. SMITH, is attached to it, and very happily fills up the centre

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[5] This playhouse was built by the landlord of the hotel, and is at the end of his stable yard. I found both house and players better than I could have expected in so small a town. The *orchestra* consisted of two *fiddlers*, who commenced the night's entertainment with the popular air of *God save the King*. The *gods* afterwards *ordered* their own favourite airs to be played; amongst which the *Grinder* and *Black Jake*, were received with great applause. My antiquated female *Cicerone* of the morning (the Sexton' wife) performed the office of *Orange Girl*, and the Clerk that of manager of the theatre. *Campbell's* Hotel is esteemed the best inn at *Youghal*, but the *York Hotel*, commanding a view of the *Blackwater*, is preferable in point of situation. Each house has chaises and post horses.

[6] The head of this river is in a swampy bog, near the Island of *Kerry*, from whence it proceeds to *Blackwater Bridge*, (where it is still but a small stream) and then to *Cullin*, about six miles; thence to *Bellydawly Drishane*, and so easterly to *Mallow*, where there is a fair stone bridge over it; it then proceeds to *Fermoy*, here it has a second bridge, and thus flows on, due easterly, to the County of *Waterford*. Smith's Cork, 'Vol, ii. p. 263, where may be found an account of its contributory streams.

compartment of a very pleasing landscape. Advancing a little further, a large mansion house belonging to a gentleman of the same name and family, appears on the right; and a bold. projecting island,[7] well wooded, and adorned with monastic ruins, occupies the middle of the picture: the *tout ensemble* forms a rich view, and composes well. Observe, on looking back, the contrast; on one side simple nature; rocks clothed only with fern rising above the surface of the river; on the other side, those rocks richly decorated with wood, and works of art. A castle, abbey, two mansion houses, a ferry,[8] and numerous salmon weirs, tend to animate the scenery; the left banks of the river are finely indented and wooded. This place is called BALLINATRAY. Two modes of fishing are adopted for taking salmon in the rivers of the south of Ireland, which are thus described by Mr. TIGHE, in his *Statistical Survey of Kilkenny*. "The fishing of the rivers is free by custom to the inhabitants of the shores. The country people catch salmon with a snap net, suspended between two cots, which are small boats, flat bottomed, narrow, equal at both ends and governed by paddles; two men are in each boat, one of whom conducts it; and when the fishers feel the net drawn, the boats are closed immediately."[9] The weirs on the BLACKWATER are not (like those at LIMERICK and many other places) flood weirs, extending across the whole river, but are fished only during the latter half of the ebb. The wings are staked and wattled, extend through that part of the river where there is least current, so as not to impede the navigation, and are only as high as half the flood water, where they meet in an angle; the fisherman has a seat elevated upon four framed posts, where he holds the net, and on feeling the salmon strike, collects his net, and draws him into his boat. The next reach of the river presents a rich outline of wood on the left, and hills covered with fern on the right, closed by others still more lofty at a distance; the monastic remains on the Island of MOLANA forming a pleasing object each way. In the next bend, the aestuary widens: see CLASHMORE woods on the right; cultivated lands on each side. The channel again contracts itself, and the surface of the waters is much enlivened by numerous cots employed in catching sa1mon. A ruined fortress (which my boatmen told me bore the name of STRANCALLY[10]) fills up the

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[7] This island was anciently called *Dar-Inis*, or the Island of *St. Molanfide*, now *Molana*. Upon it are the remains of an Abbey of Regular Canons, founded in the sixth century by that Saint, who was the first Abbot. In this abbey, *Raymond le Gros*, the English general, who, with *Strongbow*, contributed so much to the reduction of Ireland, is said to have been buried. Smith's Waterford, p. 43.
The Island of *Molana* is mentioned by *Archdale*, p. 695, and a series of its abbots from 506 to 1397. On the suppression of the monastery, Queen *Elizabeth* granted its possessions to *Sir Walter Raleigh*, who assigned them to the *Earl of Cork*.

[8] This ferry is found very useful, when by reason of floods and storms, that of Youghal cannot be crossed in safety.

[9] The curious boats, called coracles, as well as nets, are used in a similar way on the Welsh rivers.

[10] *Mr. Grose* in his *Antiquities of Ireland*, gives a view of this castle, and says, that it was formerly used by an *Earl of Desmond*, as a prison. He adds, "there is all hole cut through the rock, in the manner of a portcullis, down which be cast the dead bodies; and that a person, who had the good fortune to escape from this dismal prison, related to government the horrible practices committed there, who ordered both the cave and castle to be demolished. The cave is laid open, and half the castle blown up" *Grose's Ant.of lreland.* vol. ii. p. 37.

centre of the scenery. It is placed on a boldly projecting rock, and has an outwork. From whichever side you view it, either on sailing towards it, or on retiring from it, it is a pleasing and imposing object. The shores of the BLACKWATER now become less cultivated; wilder but not wooded; and the loss of STRANCALLY is to be regretted. A long range of well wooded shore now presents itself on the left, with DRUMORE Ferry, and vessels lying at anchor, From the inattention of its owner, a. vessel slipped its anchorage here, and sunk. This place, where my boatmen applied for some refreshment, is estimated to be eight miles from YOUGHAL. The fine line of wood is succeeded by high sedgy banks on the left, between which the River BRIDE discharges its waters into the BLACKWATER. See HEADBOROUGH upon an eminence to the left; a seat of the SMITH family. On coasting along these uninteresting banks, the eye is suddenly and very agreeably relieved by a distant view of DRUMANA, the seat of the late EARL of GRANDISON[11]. The mansion house, built upon an eminence, and surrounded by luxuriant woods, appears full in view; and the eye anticipates the pleasure it expects to derive from the contracted appearance of the channel through which the river seems to wind its course. These hopes, on a nearer view, are not disappointed; for, on approaching the demesne, the channel becomes very confined; and the mansion house rises perpendicularly from a bold rock completely covered with trees[12]. The character of the next bend of the river is richness; cultivated lands, decked with trees, and distant mountains. The back front of DRUMANA House presents itself in a very different point of view, and a large extent of well wooded hill adds much to the general beauty of the retrospect. See on the left TURlN, a seat of the MUSGRAVE family, where a modern

[11] The house was built on the foundation of an ancient castle that was formerly the chief seat of the *FitzGeralds* of the *Desies*, who were descended from *Sir Gerald*, second son to *James*, the seventh *Earl of Desmond*, whose family have been a long time settled here. *John Earlof Grandison*, enjoyed this estate in right of his mother, *Catharine Fitz Gerald*, the only remaining heir of that family. It is very boldly situated on a rock over the Blackwater: the castle, with all its furniture, being burnt down by the Irish, the present house was erected. Smith's Waterford, p.53. The *Desii* mentioned in the above note were a very ancient and powerful clan, from whom the Barony of *Desies* took its name. As their history is somewhat singular, I shall insert the account given of them by *Smith* in his *History of* Waterford, p. 3. "They were originally planted in *Meath*, and possessed a large tract of country near *Taragh*, called *Desie-Temragh*. From the remains of this family, the Barony of *Desie*, in the County of *Meath*, took its name. They drew their descent from *Fiachadh Suidhe*, eldest son to *Fedlimid* the Lawgiver, who was Supreme Monarch of Ireland, from the year 164 to the year 174. *Fiachadh* died in the lifetime of his father, and though he left issue, the crown descended in the line of his younger brother, to *Cormac McArt*, who began his reign in 254. Between him and *Aongus*, grandson to *Fiachadh*, who resented his exclusion from the monarchy, several severe battles were fought, and at length this prince, with his brothers and associates, the *Desii* were driven into *Munster*, where, either by force of arms or concession, they settled themselves, and became inhabitants of that tract of country, which extended from the *River Suire* to the sea, and from *Lismore* to *Credan-head*, comprehending in a manner all that territory, since called the County, of Waterford. And they gave it the name of Desie, in memory of their settlements of the same name in *Meath* ; and from this time, *Desie* in *Meath*, and *Desie in Munster*, were called *North* and *South Desie* and the latter also bore the name, in Irish, of *Nan Desie*.

[12] Though death has deprived *Drumana* of its noble proprietor, this neglected, but much to be admired spot, is frequently visited by water parties from *Youghal*, &c.

house is apparently attached to an old castle. A grand perpendicular mass of limestone rock attracts the eye on the right.
The town of CAPPOQUIN now opens with- the seat of Mr. KANE above it; a finely wooded dingle in front, backed by lofty mountains. See a ruined church on the left; flat islands, planted with willows. Quarries of limestone rock, one fine mass of which bounds the river on the left. The Village of CAPPOQUIN is situated on the right, which, combined with Mr. KANE'S well wooded seat, and a pointed mountain beyond it, form a charming *coup d'oeil*. Pass under a wooden bridge, where the river makes a sudden bend to the left: low banks on that side; extensive woods on the right. The river now winds its course within a channel still more contracted, (under the demesne of SALTIBRIDGE, inhabited by the CHEARNLEY family, but formerly the seat of the MUSGRAVES) with fine trees feathering down to the water's edge though the harmonious colouring of these luxuriant woods is much injured by the chilling and discordant tints of the Scotch fir. On looking back, the Village of CAPPOQUIN appears in a very favourable point of view; a fine theatre of wood, and a picturesque mass of rock on the right. We now come within sight of LISMORE and its distant woods; the line of bank which bounds the river on the left, is flat and sedgy; that on the right is good, and partially wooded. See an earthen work on an eminence to the left. Our boat being impeded in its further progress up the river by a lock, I took leave of it, and walked to LISMORE; distant about a mile and a half.
Though the scenery on the BLACKWATER, cannot by any means be compared with that on many of our rivers and aestuaries in ENGLAND: either with the WYE, in HEREFORDSHIRE, with the DART in DEVONSHIRE, or the TAMAR in CORNW AL; I am inclined to think it can not for the long continuance of, twenty miles, be surpassed, or even rivalled, by any other stream in IRELAND. It affords some good subjects for the portfolio, of which the most striking and best adapted to the pencil, are those at BALTNATRAY, STRANKALLY, and DRUMANA; but all must yield to LISMORE.
Various names as well as derivations have been given to LISMORE. Its modern appellation seems to have been taken from the fortification before mentioned, standing a little to the east of the town, and known by the name of ROUND HILL; Lis, in the Irish language, signifying a fort, and *mor*, *great*. It bore anciently the name of DUNSGINNE, from *Dun*, a fort or place situated on an eminence, and *sgein*, a flight, which seems to allude to the flight of ST. CARTHAGH to this place, before which it was named MAGH-SGIATH, or the *Field of the Shield*.[13] ST. CARTHAGH was founder and abbot of the famous Abbey of RATHENY in WESTMEATH, where he is said to have governed 867 monks, for the space of forty years. The annals of INNISFALLEN record, that A. D. 631, he was driven by King BLATHMAC, out of RATHENY, and the same year founded the Abbey of LISMORE; as also a school or university, which was famous for its numerous professors of the true philosophy, and stood in a higher degree of reputation than any other seminary in IRELAND[14]. The *Historian of Waterford*, says, "that

[13] In these derivations we may trace a great resemblance between the *Irish* and *British* languages. *Llys-mawr*, in *Welsh*, would signify the great court, or palace. *Dinas*, in *Welsh*, means a fort, of which the *Irish*, *Dun*, and the Latin, *Dunum*, added to the names of many Roman towns, such as *Sorbiodunum* (Salisbury) *Camalodunum* (Colchcster) &c. &c. are certainly corruptions. *Ysgain*, in *Welsh*, signifies a sprinkling, or scattering. *Sguyd* also in *British* implies a *Shield*.

[14] Concerning the ancient fame of *Lismore*, a writer of the Life of *St. Carthagh*, has these words: "*Lismore* is a famous and holy city, half of which is an asylum, into which no

in his time a traveller would hardly take this town to have been an university, a bishop's see, and much less a city; instead of its ancient lustre, the cathedral, the castle, and a few tolerable houses, intermixed with cabins, are all that now appear[15]."

Its appearance has not improved since the days of that author; and I question if the castle has not suffered from the trowel of innovation. SMITH has given the following account of its foundation, and various vicissitudes,

"The Castle of LISMORE is said to have been built by KING JOHN, and demolished by the Irish, in 1185, who took it by surprise. Being rebuilt, it was for many years the residence of the bishops, till MILER MAGRATH, Archbishop of CASHEL, and bishop of this see, some time before his resignation, in 1589, by the consent of the Dean and Chapter, granted to SIR WALTER RALEIGH, the Manor of LISMORE, and other lands, at the yearly rent of £13. 6s 8d. This castle soon afterwards fell into the hands of SIR RICHARD BOYLE, who purchased all SIR WALTER'S lands. He beautified the whole, and added many buildings to it, most of which were burnt down during the Irish rebellion; at the breaking out, whereof, it was closely besieged by 5000 Irish, commanded by SIR RICHARD BELING, and was bravely defended by the young LORD BROGHILL, third son to the EARL OF CORK, who, by his conduct and bravery, obliged the Irish to raise the siege[16]. In an apartment of this castle [which is now the property of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE] the celebrated philosopher, ROBERT BOYLE, was born.

This castle is situated on a rock, rising many feet perpendicular from the River BLACKWTER; and feathered with rich wood from its summit to the water's edge: in every point of view it presents itself as a bold and imposing object, and affords the best subject for the pencil of any building I have yet seen during my tour: a handsome stone bridge, built by the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE, contributes much to the general effect of this pleasing landscape. The ruins are both shapeless and graceless, bearing less the appearance of a castle, than of an antiquated mansion house. I have seen no situation where the want of the former is more to be regretted by the artist. At a short distance from the castle, up the river, is a salmon weir, which, like the generality of those in IRELAND, is very productive.

The parish church, which in former times could have boasted of its episcopal honours, is seated on a hill opposite the castle, and as well as the town and castle, has suffered many vicissitudes. In the years 812 and 820, the town was pillaged and spoiled: in 831 it was again sacked by the Danes, who in 833 repeated their ravages, and depopulated the town. In the year 913, the same people plundered the abbey, and in 915 renewed their depredations. In 978, the town and church were plundered by the OSSORIANS; and in 1095, the former was destroyed by an accidental fire. In 1116 the town and abbey were again destroyed by a general conflagration; and in 1138, they suffered the same disastrous calamity. In 1157, Lismore again fell a sacrifice to fire. I n 1178, it was plundered and set on fire by the English forces: and to complete the almost unparalleled ill fortune of this city, an accidental fire, in 1207, wholly consumed it, together with its churches. Such is

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woman dares enter; but it is full of cells and holy monasteries: and religious men, in great numbers, abide there; and thither holy men flock together from all parts of *Ireland*, and not only from *Ireland*, but also from *England* and *Britain*, being desirous to move from thence to Christ; and now the city is built upon the banks of a river, formerly called the *Nem*, but now *Avonmore*, that is the great river in the territory of the *Nan-Desi*, or *Desies*." Smith's *Waterford*, p. 27

[15] Smith's Waterford, p.28.

[16] Smith's Waterford, p.31. Many interesting particulars of this brave young nobleman, may be collected from "*Budgell's Memoirs of the Boyle Family*," 8vo. 1732.

the account transmitted to us by Mr. ARCHDALE, in his *Monasticon*: who has also given a series of its bishops from the year 588 to 1207.

From the few remains that at present exist of its ancient workmanship, we may perceive that it was executed in a good style of architecture. The eastern window was composed of three narrow compartments, half of which are now cut off by an Italian altar. On the south side of the altar are three other pointed windows; and two on the northern side, with a continuation of three more in the same uniform style. The choir bears the external appearance of a cathedral, in its throne, stalls, and pulpit; I say, the appearance only; as it was annexed to the See of W ATERFORD in the year 1363, so that the name only of its former dignity now remains, "*Stat nominis umbra.*" It has a nave, two transepts, and a choir: one large round arch, and two pointed ones, separate the nave from the choir, which has an organ. It contains some neat and simple tablets, with appropriate inscriptions to the memory of the MUSGRAVE and CHEARNLEY families, of SALTIBRIDGE; but I could discover only one antique tombstone, which forms part of the pavement in the nave, and appears to commemorate some bishop. The stone is decorated with a flowery cross, which divides it in to two compartments. On the left side, is the figure of a bishop praying: on the opposite side, our Saviour bound with cords; the motto of *Ecce Homo* at his head, and INRI at his feet: above each of the figures is an escutcheon of arms[17]. This formed the table of the tomb, and two other stones, corresponding in size, and placed in the pavement alongside it, formed the two sides of the tomb. The one represents six of the Apostles in a row, with three saints, of which I could only decypher the names of ST. CATHARINE and ST. PATRICK. The other represents the rest of the Apostles, with our Saviour on the cross, and a figure on each side of him. The whole are sculptured in bas relief, on a blue stone: the names of the Apostles and Saints are affixed to each; and the edge of the tombstone bears an inscription in old characters, but sufficiently perfect to be decyphered. The churchyard is thickly shaded with trees, and like the generality of those in IRELAND, crowded with gravestones, and badly taken care of.

A canal of communication has been cut from the river to some large storehouses, lately erected by the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE; but hitherto little use has been made of either. A new inn also has been built by the same noble proprietor, but on too large a scale for a town where there is no trade, and but little travelling. Opposite to it is a handsome building, which serves the different purposes of sessions, market house, and gaol.

WEDNESDAY 30th JULY. From LISMORE to FERMOY XV MILES, and to MALLOW XV more. A rich country, cultivated high up the hills. Pass by CASTLE RICHARD on the right, and descend to the banks of the BLACKWATER, about six miles from FERMOY; See MACOLLOP, with a ruined castle in the vale near the river, backed by fine orchards[18]. Skirt the vale for some time; strong crops of corn, neglected pastures: the banks of the river appear flat and uninteresting. Before I reached FERMOY, I observed two ruined castles on the right, which I suppose are those of CARRICKABRICK and LICLASH, mentioned in the *Iter*, page 361.

The town of FERMOY has undergone considerable alterations and improvements, since

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[17] These arms would ascertain to whose memory this tomb was erected, as well as its date.

[18] I find that this castle belonged formerly to the powerful family of the Earls of Desmond, one of whom, James, the Seventh Earl died there in 1462.

Mr. SMITH wrote his History of Cork. A magnificent pile of building on a hill adjoining the town, a spacious and commodious inn[19], a square and streets have been added, all the work of one spirited individual, Mr. ANDERSON. This town is seated on the banks of the River BLACKW ATER, over which there is a bridge of 13 arches; built (according to Mr. SMITH) in the year 1689, at the expense of £7500.

Leaving FERMOY, the river again makes its appearance, flowing in a serpentine course on the left, beneath the elevated terrace of the road. CASTLE HYDE, the seat of a family of the same name[20]; well wooded, well kept, and well hidden from the eye of the passenger by a high wall, that surrounds the demesne[21]. On looking back, see the ruins of a square tower, which I imagine to be CREG Castle, built by the ROCHES; a circular earthen work, with a vallum and fosse close to the road on the right; a ruined church, with a vault on the same side, and a rich vale with wood on the left.

The village of BALLYHOOLY, on the BLACKWATER, would have afforded some good subjects for my pencil, but a violent and incessant rain confined me to my carriage. Here are the remains of a castle, which belonged formerly to the ROCHE family, and on their forfeiture, came to SIR RICHARD ALDWORTH. Crossed the River AWBEG, leaving CASTLE-TOWN ROCHE at a little distance to the right[22]. Enclosures with

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[19] The landlord of this inn (*Skehan*) has printed the prices he charges for post horses to their different stages: an useful hint to travellers in a country where all charges in this line are made *ad libitum*, and are not regulated by the mile, but by the job.

[20] A gentleman of this family, *Sir Arthur Hyde*, was made a Knight Banneret, by Queen Elizabeth, for his gallant behaviour, and raising a regiment in England, at the time of the invasion by the Invincible Armada. Her majesty afterwards granted him near 6000 acres of land in this county, which came to the crown by the attainder of Gerald, Earl of Desmond.

Smith's Cork, vol. i. p.348.

[21] My friends who had pointed out to me this tour on the Blackwater, had unfortunately forgotten to apprize me of these tremendous barricadoes, and that the shores of the river could only be seen by an equestrian or pedestrian traveller.

Mr. Smith mentions a curious Druidical monument or cromlech, called *Labacally*, on the road from *Fermoy* to *Glanworth*, and a mile from the latter, due east. Vol ii. p.416.

[22] By the mistake of my postilion, I avoided this village, which has been represented as situated in a deep and picturesque glen, and bearing the remains of an ancient castle, belonging to the Roches, Lords of Fermoy, which they forfeited: of which transaction, Mr. Smith gives the following account: "This family was attainted and outlawed, for being concerned in the Irish rebellion of 1641, and lost their estate; though Maurice, Lord Roche, who was the forfeiting person, had a regiment in Flanders, and gave King Charles the Second a considerable part of his pay, during the exile of that prince; for which, and other services, he expected, upon the Restoration, to have his lands restored, and petitioned the king for that purpose, being then in a very poor way; but that prince did nothing more than allow a small pension to the family. The Earl of Orrery, in 1667, recommended this nobleman to the Duke of Ormond, saying, "It is a grief to me to see a nobleman of so ancient a family, left without any maintenance; and being able to do no more than I have done, I could not deny to do for him what I could do, to lament his lamentable state to your grace."

Smith's Cork, vol.i p.338.

hedges of furze, and miserable cottages; orchards still continue. Strong crops of wheat. See some ruins on the left; descend to the BLACKWATER; fine grove of trees in the vale beneath; a large gentleman's seat upon high ground across the river, well wooded; in a field to the right, I observed a circular earthen work; and in the same field beyond it, I saw (as I thought) some large upright stones; and another circular work in a field further on. I rested for the night at MALLOW, and found tolerable accommodations at the N EW INN .

I am just interrupted by a busy hum in the streets, an immense crowd following the mournful bier of a departed soldier. Cap, sword, and belt, lying on the coffin. Soldiers with arms reversed. Music playing the 104th psalm; an affecting sight: heard the vollies fired over his grave. Music-returns, playing a more cheerful tune.

The town of MALLOW is pleasantly situated on the north banks of the BLACKWATER, over which there is a bridge of several arches: on the same side of the river, and immediately adjoining the town, is the rich and well wooded demesne of the JEPHSON family, in which are considerable ruins of an old castle. SMITH informs us, that its name was CASTLE GAN, or the *Short Castle*, and records the following anecdote connected with its history. In the year 1641-2, Lord MOUNTGARRET marched with the Irish forces to MALLOW. The south castle was then committed by its owner, captain JEPHSON, to the charge of ARTHUR BETTESWORTH; and the north castle (the one I am now speaking of) was bravely defended by Lieutenant RICHARD WILLIAMSON, but was at length obliged to capitulate.

After the surrender of SHORT CASTLE WILLIAMSON went into a public house, with some of his men, and a few of the Irish, to drink; he had not sate long, when an Irish officer entered the room, with another man, who laid down a block, and a large broad sword; which apparatus starling WILLIAMSON, he asked, what they were for? And was answered, "to strike off his and his men's heads:" which was no sooner spoke, but WILLIAMSON snatched up the sword; with his left hand took hold of the Irish officer by the hair, and drew him to the very walls of the other castle, not far distant, where he gave him some kicks, and letting him go, entered the castle with his men. Vol.i. p.326. MA LLOW consists principally of one long street, and is much resorted to by company in the summer months, for the benefit of its medicinal springs, and the enjoyment of its pleasant natural situation.

THURSDAY 31st JULY. From MALLOW to CHARLEVILLE XV MILES. Open country, furze hedges, extensive view, and dreary mountains covered with heath on the right. I passed close to the ruins of BALLYBEG Abbey on the left, surrounded by a miserable village, and presenting nothing interesting in their outline[23], though the fragments still remaining seem to indicate a building of some importance. It once possessed a most curious equestrian statue, in brass, of its founder, PHILIP DE BARRI.

At a short distance from hence, and traversed by the public road, is BUTTEVANT, another mean village, but larger than the former. This merits the attention of the traveller. Its environs present many ruins, of which those of the abbey are the most conspicuous. Its name is said to have been derived from a word given in a battle fought near this place, by DA VID DE BARRI, who here overthrew the MACCARTYS, and cried out "*Boutez en evant,*" or push forward, which is at present the motto of the BARRYMORE family, who take the title of Viscount from this place. The foundation of

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[23] Philip de Barri founded a priory here for regular canons, following the rule of St. Augustin, and dedicated it to St. Thomas, the favourite Saint of that age; he endowed it in the year 1229, in remembrance of which, his equestrian statue in brass was erected in the church.
Archdale, p. 56.

the abbey is generally attributed to DAVID DE BARRI, in the reign of KING EDWARD THE FIRST, who lies interred in the choir[24]. Its inhabitants were conventual Franciscans.

The remains of this abbey testify its ancient grandeur and good architecture, differing in some particulars from any I have seen during my tour. The round arches, supporting the turret, are particularly elegant, being encircled in their whole outline by taper columns, divided by bands into different compartments: the same style of ornament decorates the windows. In the southern transept, is a handsome trefoil tomb; and both within the walls of the church and its precincts, are many inscriptions, some of which are old. Mr. ARCHDALE says, "that about the middle of the last century, the following inscription was visible on an ancient stone in the wall of the chapter house.

PHILIPPE DE LA CHAPPELLE GIST ICI,
DIEU DE SON ALME AY MERCY.

He also adds, that the walls of this monastery were finely painted in fresco. The area of the church is crowded with tombstones, and thickly strewed with fragments of coffins, bones, and skulls. I have before had occasion to remark this irreligious indecency, and in no place I have seen so little reverence paid to the dead; for here you may see coffins with skeletons exposed to public sight through the apertures of the stone; and coffins taken up unperished, to make room for fresh interments. The scene which presented itself to me, on entering these hallowed walls, struck me most forcibly; it was truly impressive, and all was in character; skulls, bones, and coffins, thick around me; the Sexton digging a fresh grave, and a hoary old man kneeling before the altar, with his rosary and cross in his hand, bewailing the loss of some dear relative, whose grave was at that time preparing to receive him, and whose coffin lay hard by.

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[24] Mr. Archdale expresses some doubt about the period of the foundation of this abbey, which is generally attributed to David de Barri, A. D. 1290. He thinks that an earlier date should be assigned to it, as he finds that William de Barri, in the year 1273, granted the whole church of Cathindufgan to the Prior of Buttevant. He adds, "that some are of opinion, that this house owed its origin to one of the family of Prendergast; but the monument of the Barri's being in the centre of the choir, confirms to them the honour of this foundation.

William de Barri, the ancestor of this family, was first settled at Marwrbeer in Pembrokeshire. He married Angharad, daughter of Nest, who was daughter of the illustrious Rhys ap Gruffyd, Prince of South Wales, and sister to Robert Fitz-Stephen, and Robert Fitz-Gerald. She had four sons, one of whom was the well known Giraldus de Barri, commonly called Cambrensis, or the Welshman. Robert, the eldest son, accompanied Fitz-Stephen into Ireland, in 1169, and was of great service to that chieftain in the reduction of Wexford. If we may credit the account given of him by his brother, in his Hibernia expugnata, p.763, he was a knight of so distinguished and amiable a character, that he was honoured with the title of Barri Mawr, or Barri the Great: from whom it was continued in the family of Barrymore. Being killed at Lismore, about the year 1185, his brother Philip de Barri, came over with a select body of men, to assist his uncle Fitz-Stephen, and Raymond le Gros, and to him is attributed the endowment of the Friary of Ballybeg, in 1229.

Lodge's Peerage, vol.i. p.287.

Under this abbey was a crypt, which is still accessible from the east, on which side runs a rapid stream. Many good subjects may be here found for the pencil, both within and without the walls of the monastery. On the N. West side of the church, stands a ruined tower, called CULLEN, and said to have been erected by an DESMOND, who retired thither. Mr. Smith informs us, that two other churches in the same churchyard; the one dedicated to St. BRIDGET, the other to the VIRGIN MARY; and that the whole town seemed formerly to have been an assemblage of churches and religious houses, which being dissolved, the town consequently went, with them, to ruins.

"The levelled town with weeds lies covered o'er,
The hollow winds through naked temples roar,
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd,
O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires."
POPE'S *Windsor Forest.*

The above lines of Mr. POPE have been most appropriately applied to BUTTEV ANT; for a more desert and melancholy village cannot be seen, or more fallen from its ancient state of opulence and monastick grandeur. It was called, in ecclesiastical books, BOTHAN; and by the Irish, and our poet SPENSER, KILNEMULLAGH. Its precincts were surrounded by a wall and gateways, and it enjoyed the privileges of an ancient corporation.

From the inconveniency attending a chaise and post horses, I could not visit an interesting and classical spot, not far distant from my road, KILCOLMAN, the residence of our poet Spenser, where he composed his poem of the *Fairy Queen.* As some future traveller, with horses and leisure at his command, may be desirous of visiting this spot, I shall transcribe the account which Mr. SMITH has given of it in his *History of Cork*, vol. i. p.333. "Two miles N .W. of DONERAILE, is KILCOLMAN, a ruined castle of the EARLS of DESMOND, but more celebrated for being the residence of the immortal SPENSER, where he composed his divine poem, the Fairy Queen. The castle is now almost level to the ground, and was situated on the N. side of a fine lake, in the midst of a vast plain, terminated to the east, by the County of WATERFORD mountains: BALLYHOWRA hills to the north, or, as SPENSER terms them, the Mountains of Mole: NAGLE mountains to the south, and the mountains of KERRY to the west. It commanded a view of above half the breadth of IRELAND, and must have been, when the adjacent uplands were wooded, a most pleasant and romantic situation; from whence, no doubt, SPENSER drew several parts of the scenery of his poem.

In July, 1580, ARTHUR, LORD GREY OF WILTON, was nominated to the Lieutenancy of IRELAND, and SPENSER was appointed his secretary. To the interest of this nobleman, and the patronage of LORD LEICESTER and SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, SPENSER probably owed the grant from QUEEN ELIZABETH of above three thousand acres of land in the County of CORK, out of the forfeited lands of the EARL OF DESMOND[25]. In this retreat, SPENSER contracted an intimacy with the celebrated

[25] The forfeited estate of this powerful Earl, is said by historians to have exceeded five hundred thousand acres: of which the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh, who by his activity, had greatly contributed to suppress the rebellion of Desmond, received a considerable portion amounting to twelve thousand acres. Todd's Life of Spenser, T. i. p. 52.

SIR W ALTER RALEIGH, whom he describes as sitting beside him on the banks of the MULLA, or AUBEG, listening to his musick.

"And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleas'd at it:
Yet, aemuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that remuled of many,
And plaid thereon: (for well that skill he con'd ;)
Himselfe as skillfull in that art as any."

His Biographer (MR. TODD) tells us, that in the year 1594, he was united In marriage to his ROSALIND, whose beauty and accomplishments he had celebrated innumerous sonnets; that in 1597, he returned from ENGLAND, with the expectation of passing the remainder of his days with his family at KILCOLMAN. In September, 1598, he was recommended by Queen ELIZABETH as a fit person to serve the office of Sheriff for the County of CORK; but in the next month, the rebellion of the treacherous TYRONE burst forth with irresistible fury, and occasioned the immediate flight of SPENSER and his family from KILCOLMAN. In the confusion attending this calamity, one of his children appears to have been left behind. The rebels, after carrying off the goods, burnt the house, and this infant in it. SPENSER arrived in ENGLAND, with a heart broken in consequence of these misfortunes, and died in the month of January following.
Todd's Life d Spenser, Tom.1. p. CXXIX.

"O early lost, what tears the river shed!
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre." Pope

Continuing my journey, I crossed a part of the BALLYHOORA hills, (which from their elevation hardly deserve the name of mountains) where an extensive prospect of uninteresting country, terminated by the GAULTY mountains, presents itself.
CHARLEVILLE. The fracture of a spring confined me to this dull town for the remainder of the day. Its appearance in former times, when honoured with the residence of the EARLS OF ORRERY, must have been very different[26]. From Mr: SMITH I shall extract the following account of it: "CHARLEVILLE, before called RATHGOGAN, a corporation erected at the expence and encouragement of ROGER, the first EARL OF ORRERY, Lord President of MUNSTER, who here kept his residential, and adorned the town with a magnificent house[27], to which he added noble gardens and a fine park.

Moryson, in his Itinerary, says, that the lands of the Earl of Desmond amounted, in English measure, to 574628 acres, which, upon his attainder, fell to the crown. Some part was restored to the offenders, and the rest was divided into seignories, granted by letters patent to certain English knights and esquires, who upon this gift, and the conditions whereunto they were tied, had the common name of Undertakers.

[26] There are two inns at *Charleville,* nearly opposite to each other, with post horses; the *Duke of York* on the left, the *Military Hotel* on the right; the latter of which appears the best, though I stopped at the former.

[27] The foundation of this house was laid on the 29th of May, 1661. His lordship, in a letter to the *Duke of Ormond*, 1662, says, "That he hopes, by his grace's favour, to get it made a borough, and have it bear the name of *Charleville*; ii being now called by the

This house was burnt down in the year 1690, by a party of King JAMES'S soldiers, with the DUKE OF BERWICK at their head, who, after he had dined in it, left it in a flame; which had this further aggravating circumstance, that, at the time of its being demolished, it belonged to LIONEL, the grandson of the nobleman who built it, who was then a minor, and upon his travels into foreign kingdoms; yet, as he was a protestant, and descended from ancestors who had been firm and faithful in. that persuasion, his house, his library, his papers, and all his goods, were piously devoted to the flames.
"Tantum religio potuit."
FRIDAY 1 AUGUST. From CHARLEVILLE to TIPPERARY XXI MILES. I passed through one of the old city gates of KILMALLOCK, and cast a longing eye on its interesting ruins. Rich and level country, cultivated with bere[28], flax, and potatoes, spotted occasionally with gentlemen's seats. I adopt the word spotted, because from the small plantations of trees with which they are usually surrounded, they appear like so many green spots on a surface otherwise destitute of foliage. See on the right, a square tower with projections at the top, tolerably perfect; a cemetery on the left, and close to it an earthen tumulus. I baited my horses and breakfasted at the little village of ELTON, near which is a well wooded seat of the GRADY family. The population of this district seems great, if I may judge from the numerous cottages dispersed over it; but they still bear the same miserable appearance and construction. The lofty range of the GAULTY mountains presents a rudely broken outline on the right.[29] On leaving ELTON, see an

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heathenish name of Rathgogan." His lordship adds, "I admit neither presbyter, papist, independent, nor, as our proclamation 'says, any other sort of fanatick, to plant there, but all good protestants; and am setting up manufactures of linens and woollen cloths, and all other good trades."

Smith's Cork, vol. i. p 303

[28] Bere is a species of bearded corn, of the bar1ey kind, but grows stronger and coarser, and ripens sooner than either wheat or barley.

[29] Mr. YOUNG, in his Tour, (Vol. ii.p.62.) gives a very animated account of this range of mountains, and strongly recommends them to the traveller's attention, in the following words: "Those who are fond of scenes in which nature reigns in all her wild magnificence, should visit this stupendous chain. It consists of many vast mountains, thrown together in an assemblage of the most interesting features; from boldness and height of the declivities, freedom of outline, and variety of parts; filling a space of about six miles by three or four. *Galtymore* is the highest point, and rises like the lord and father of the surrounding progeny. From the top you look down upon a great extent of mountain, which shelves away from him to the south, east, and west; but to the north, the ridge is almost a perpendicular declivity." There are several lakes on these mountains, which, from their regular and circular shape, are supposed to have been produced by volcanic matter. The glens also diverging from these mountains, contain many natural beauties, particularly the western one, which presents a fine cascade. Mr. Young concludes his description of this district, by recommending the following route to those whose curiosity may induce them to follow his steps. "A good line in which to view these objects, is to take the *Killarney* and *Mallow* road, to *Mitchelstown*, and from thence by *Lord Kingsborough's* new one, to *Skeheenrinky*, there to take one of the glens to *Galty-beg* and Galty-more, and return to Mitchelstown by the Wolf's Track, Templehill, and the Waterfall; or if the Cork road is travelling, to make Ballyporeen, (where there is an excellent inn) the quarter's and view the mountains from thence."

earthen tumulus on the left, and beyond it, apparently another of a flatter construction. Same style of country, neglected pastures, and disgusting hovels. A church in ruins upon an eminence to the right.
[Quere. Is it not built within an earthen enclosure? the rain prevented my viewing it.] Close to the road side, on the left, are the ruins of a spacious mansion, called DAMER'S COURT, the seat of the DAMER family, the head of which now bears the title of DORCHESTER. The roof of the adjoining chapel is falling in, and shortly will follow the fate of the neighbouring mansion house. In a field close to the road side on the right, I observed a large stone, with some smaller near it, which appeared to me to bear the marks of a ruined Cromlech; but a violent rain still confined me within my carriage. I mention these little particularities, as hints to travellers, who may have leisure and fine weather to examine if my suppositions are well founded. In travelling through a new country, the eye should ever be upon the watch: its soil, produce, character, all should be examined; and by the artist, every effect of light and shade; nay every stone, weed, or wall, may bear its proportionate degree of interest. Perhaps on no one occasion do the love and knowledge of drawing and painting, contribute so much to the amusement of those who cultivate them, as in travelling through a dreary country, unvaried by the beautiful irregularities and decorations of nature; for even there the eye of science will discover some latent beauties, some harmonious tints, some striking effects of nature.
I was detained at TIPPERARY some hours for want of horses, and was at last obliged to continue my journey to CASHEL with the same x miles.[30] The town of TIPPERARY consists of one long street; and I could not learn that it contained any objects worthy of the stranger's notice; nor is it, I believe, described in the *Iter*. The country in its neighbourhood improves somewhat, is better cultivated, and has more hedges. See on the right a large raised *tumulus*, with an attached outwork. THOMAS-TOWN is in the same direction; the seat of LORD LLANDAFF, surrounded by extensive plantations: see a nursery for forest trees: Happy would it be for IRELAND, if they were more frequent! On the left, are the ruins of a tower, within a gentleman's demesne. Cross the River SUIR at the village of GOOLDEN, where a round tower (but not one of the lofty species) composes well with the bridge, river, &c. and forms a good subject for the pencil. Another gentleman's seat on the left. The ROCK OF CASHEL opens to view; and bad cultivation reappears. At the CASTLE INN (RYALL'S) I found good accommodations.
CASHEL. The antiquary, the historian, and the artist, will experience a rich treat in viewing the ecclesiastical remains that still crown the ROCK OF CASHEL. A stone roofed chapel, a round tower, and a spacious cathedral, compose this varied and interesting group of buildings. The former most particularly claims our attention, being of a singular construction, and the best preserved edifice of the sort in IRELAND; it bears also a date of very high antiquity; its foundation being almost universally attributed to CORMAC, son of CULINAN, King of MUNSTER and Archbishop of CASHEL, who flourished at the beginning of the tenth century[31]. We have to regret that Mr. ARCHDALE, in his *Monasticon*, has passed over this building in total silence; and also that he has said so little respecting the more modern cathedral. Dr. LEDWICH has published a dissertation on the stone roofed chapels of the ancient Irish, with a particular

[30] The King's Arms Inn, (Read's) at the end of the town, is the best inn.
[31] To Cormac, are attributed two literary compositions; the *Pslater of Cashel*, and a Glossary: the former is often mentioned and extolled by Irish antiquaries, though its present existence is very doubtful: a part is said to have been preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford.

account of CORMAC'S Chapel, and a plan and section, which do not give a just idea of it; the perspective being false, and making it appear of larger dimensions than in reality it is. Speaking of CORMAC, he says, "that Irish romantic history tells us, that he was descended from OLLIOL-OLUM, King of MUNSTER, of the EUGENIAN race, and that he was proclaimed King of CASHEL A. D. 902, according to the annals of INNISFALLEN, exercising at the same time the archiepiscopal functions. That in 906, he was suddenly attacked by FLAN, King of MEATH, and by CARRIBHAL, King of LEINSTER, who plundered his country; that in 907, he defeated these enemies on the plains of MOYLENA in MEATH, but in 908, he was again invaded, and fell in a battle on the plain of MOYAILBE, not far from LEIGHLIN. But I rely more on the testimony of CARADOC of LHANCARVAN for his existence, than the plausible fictions of national writers; and I think that this Welsh Chronicler mentions his being slain by the Danes[32].

'This building was certainly the first, if not the only one, that in ancient times graced the summit of the ROCK OF CASHEL. Its walls and roof are entirely constructed with stone: the latter ridged up to an angle, in the form of a wedge[33]; a peculiarity which all the stone roofed chapels seem to have throughout Ireland. On entering this chapel from the southern side of the choir of the cathedral, you evidently perceive, that the southern wall of the new edifice bas intersected a part of the roof of the more ancient, one. A most curious Saxon doorway, decorated with the zigzag and bead ornaments now presents itself: over the arch is a singular device very rudely sculptured in bas relief, representing a man shooting at a beast with a bow and arrow. It is difficult to say, what animal this is intended to represent; it is of a large species, and has claws. The *soffit* of this arch is very elegant in its design and execution. Every lover of British antiquity, will be highly gratified with the first sight of this very curious chapel. Its roof is of stone, groined with square ribs, springing from short Saxon pillars with varied capitals. At the eastern end is a large recess, separated from the western part of the building by a very rich Saxon arch, ornamented with the grotesque heads of men and beasts, placed at certain intervals around the arch, from its base upwards. Within the recess, is another of smaller dimensions, which was intended probably for the altar. The walls of each are relieved by blank arches, and several grotesque heads appear in the ceiling. The pilasters in the nave of the chapel, from which the blank arches spring, have been richly decorated with different devices, but from the darkness that pervades the building, they cannot be

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[32] Ledwich, p.148. On referring to the old edition of the Welsh Chronicle, edited by Dr. Powel, I find the following passage: The Danes, about the yeare 905, entered into Ireland, and fought with the Irishmen, and slue Carmot, King and Bishop of all Ireland, and the sonne of Cukeman, a man both godlie and religious, and Kyrnalt sonne of Murgan, King of Lagines (Leinster.) But the original version of the Welsh Chronicle, printed in the Myryrian Archaeology, vol. ii. p. 484, differs somewhat from the above. Anno 905, "y buvarw Gorchywyl escob a Cormoc vrenhin ac escob holl Iwerddon. A gwr mawr y grefyd ay gardawt oed. Culennan alas yn yr ymlad hwnnw ac y bu varw Kyrrnallt vab Murcgan brenhin Laginensiu yn diwed yr ymlad." "A.D. 905, Gorckywyl, the Bishop, died, and Cormoc, King and Bishop of an Ireland; and he was a great man for piety and charity. Culennan was slain in battle, and Kyrnalt, son of Murcgan, King of Lagene, (Leinster) died at the end of the battle."

[33] There are many remains of these stone roofed chapels in Ireland, but none so rich in their construction and decorations as the one at *Cashel*. I have before noticed one at *Killaloe*; and there is another near *Dublin*, dedicated to *St. Doulach*, on the road to *Malahide*.

sufficiently distinguished. On the north side of this chapel, is a small room, into which you pass under the fine Saxon doorway, before described; where a niche in the wall is said to have sheltered the tomb of the royal and reverend founder. Opposite to this doorway, is another facing south, which must be viewed from the outside. Over the arch is the figure of a strange and unknown animal, having a cross marked on its hinder flanks. It was accidentally discovered during the late rebellion, in 1796, by some soldiers endeavouring to force a way into the chapel through the doorway which had been stopped up. The outside walls on the south side of the chapel, have blank arches, and pillars with grotesque heads, and a square tower attached to it. Over each recess in the chapel, there is a vaulted apartment, with a stone roof. On an impartial review of this building, I am inclined to think that too remote a date has not been ascribed to its foundation; its masonry, architecture, and ornaments, are certainly the production of a very early age; and the round tower was probably erected at or near the same period. It stands at the eastern angle of the north transept; and it appears very evident, that the walls of the cathedral were annexed to it at a subsequent period. This tower is very perfect, and has its stone roof entire; like the one before mentioned at CLOYNE, it had windows to light each separate floor, of which the signs are very perceptible by the projecting layers of stones: the original doorway was towards the south; this has been walled up, and another opened into the cathedral, from whence you may view the whole height of this curious lantern.

Let us now consider the more modern parts of this group. The cathedral, still venerable amidst its ruins, and a most imposing object to all the surroundil1g country, owes its rise to DONALD O'BRIEN, King of LIMERICK, who in the year 1169, built a new church from the ground, still preserving the more ancient Chapel of CORMAC and the round tower, uninjured. In the year 1216, DONAT, Archbishop of the See, erected the town into a borough, and in 1320, it was encompassed by a stone wall. In the reign of KING HENRY V. A. D. 1421, being much decayed, it was repaired by RICHARD O'HEDIAN, Archbishop of the See; who also built a hall for the vicars choral. About the year 1495, this cathedral was burned by the EARL OF KILDARE, who, by this savage act, intended to wreak his vengeance on Archbishop CREAGH, whom he supposed to be within the walls at the time of the conflagration[34]. It was fortified during the civil wars, and in 1647, was stormed and taken by LORD INCHIQUIN. The performance of divine service continued within it till the year 1751 or 1752, when Archbishop PRICE unroofed the choir, and by thus exposing it to the effects of the weather speedily converted it into a ruin. On a more recent survey, by orders of Archbishop AGAR, who was desirous of restoring to the Rock its long lost religious honours, it was found to be in so ruinous a condition, that its reparation was deemed

[34] Mr. *Lodge*, in his genealogy of the *Desmond* family, relates on this occasion the following anecdote of *Gerald*, the eighth *Earl of Kildare*. Amongst other charges having been accused of burning the Church of Cashel, he readily confessed it, and swore, "*that he never would have done it, but that he thought the Archbishop was in it.*" This frank confession, and voluntary declaration of the most aggravating circumstance, convinced the King (*Henry VII.*) that a person of such natural innate plainness and simplicity, could not be guilty of those intrigues imputed to him: so that when the Bishop of *Meath*, his most inveterate accuser, concluded his last article with this sharp expression: "*you see what a man he is; all Ireland cannot rule yonder gentleman*;" the King replied, "*If it is so then he is meet to rule all Ireland, seeing all Ireland cannot rule him*;" and accordingly made him Lord Lieutenant, by patent, dated 6 August, 1496, restored him to his honour and estate, and dismissed him with many rich presents. Lodge's Peerage, vol. i. p. 86;

useless; upon which, a new church was erected within the town, in a more commodious, though less commanding, situation.
The ancient building presents a mixture of military and ecclesiastical architecture, by which its external appearance is rendered much more picturesque. It is more to be admired as a grand and well broken mass of masonry, than for the elegance of either its plan or decorations. The whole is of the narrow pointed order, and has the peculiarity of having no western portal, the entrance doors being placed to the north and south of the west window; the latter of which is only now open. The only monument worth recording, is that of Archbishop MACRATH, bearing date 1621[35]. It is placed against the south wall of the choir, and represents the effigy of this dignitary in a recumbent attitude, with his right hand upon his breast, and holding in his left the pastoral staff. On a tablet is this inscription.

MILERI MACRA TH ARCHIEPISCOPI CASHELLENSIS
ad viatbrem carmen.

Venerat in Dunurn *primo sanctissimus olim*
Patricius, *nostri gloria magna soli.*
Huic ego succedens, utinam tam sanctus ut ille!
Sic Duni *primo tempore Praesul eram.*
Anglia lustra decem, sed post tua sceptra colebam,
Principibus placui, Marte tonante, tuis.
Hic ubi sum positus, non sum, Sum non, ubi non sum.
Sum nec in ambobus, sum sed utroque loco.

Dominus est qui me judicat. I Cor! 1621
Qui stat, caveat ne cadat.

At his head is an escutcheon of arms, and at his feet is the figure of our Saviour on the cross, badly sculptured in bas relief.
On the south side of the cathedral, is an edifice called the Dean's Hall; and over the chimney is the following inscription, which my guide told me had puzzled many people; but its meaning is very evident.

F.S.E.T.E.H.ME.FIERI. FE…

These letters commemorate the persons who caused this chimney piece to be made, but the initial letters of their names are only recorded.[36] Between this building and the church, is a curious stone, elevated upon a large block, one side of which represents a crucifixion, and the other a figure commonly ascribed to ST. PATRICK.
The ruins of another large monastick building within the town of CASHEL are appropriated to modern uses; and there was a third religious house, called HACKET'S ABBEY, situated at the rear of FRIAR STREET, but now in ruins.
At a short distance from the town, and in a westerly direction, are the remains of HORE ABBEY, the most remarkable particular of which is the groined roof that supported the turret, and which is still in good preservation. It was originally founded for Benedictines,

[35] In my account of Lismore, I have had occasion to mention this same Archbishop.

[36] I should read this inscription thus: "FS *cf* E.H. *me fieri fecerunt*."

and was called ST. MARY'S ABBEY of the ROCK OF CASHEL; but the Archbishop, DAVID M'CARVILL, having dreamed, in the year 1269, or 1272, that these monks had made an attempt to cut off his head, he violently dispossessed them of their house, lands, &c. and gave the whole of their possessions to a body of Cistercian monks, whom he brought from the Abbey of MELLIFONT, in the County of LOUTH, and at the same time took upon himself the habit of that order. ARCHDALE, p. 650. This author has been as diffuse in the description of this abbey, as he has been neglectful in that of the cathedral.

The County of TIPPERARY abounds in monastick ruins, one of which, ATHASSEL, has been amply described by Mr. ARCHDALE, and by LEDWICH; it is situated about three miles S. W. of CASHEL.

CASHEL has also been much celebrated in history for the synod that was held there in the year 1172, the particulars of which, together with the heads of the constitutions established there, have been recorded by GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, in his "*History of Ireland," Book xii. Chapters 33 and 4*, and published in English by the Historian HOLLINSHED.

From CASHEL I made an excursion to the Abbey of HOLY CROSS, of which fame had spoken loudly; my expectations therefore were highly raised with the hopes of seeing a monastick building, superior in architectural splendour to any in IRELAND[37]. It is situated on the River SUIRE, about seven miles north of CASHEL, and at first sight, is by no means prepossessing in its external appearance, or natural accompaniments; neither will it afford one good subject for the pencil. The interior of the building claims our attention, not from the general architecture that pervades it, but from two rich monumental relicks, that differ in their plan from any I have seen either in ENGLAND or IRELAND. The first is a Gothic tomb very richly sculptured, with a projecting canopy of stone, supported by three trefoil arches, springing from taper columns of black marble; in the centre of one of which, is the figure of an angel praying. The soffit of the canopy is richly grained, and the base of this fine tomb is also richly sculptured. Some faint idea of its form may be collected from the sketch given by Mr. HOLMES, in his *Irish Tour*: but the pen and judgment alone of a CARTER[38] can do ample justice to its beautiful detail.

It has generally been attributed to DONOGH CARBRAGH O'BRIEN, KING OF LIMERICK[39], who founded the Abbey of HOLY CROSS, and who died about 1194.

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[37] I have frequently, during my tour, had cause to complain of the want of information, taste and judgment amongst the natives respecting similar antiquities, as well as natural curiosities: but it is the business and duty of a tourist, who in his travels combines the pursuits of amusement with that of information, not to give credit to every desultory account he may collect, but to see with his own eyes, and pronounce from his own judgement.

[38] Mr. *John Carter* of *London*, the most intelligent artist we have on the subject of British Architecture, vulgarly and improperly called Gothic.

[39] This illustrious personage, surnamed *Donal-more*, or *Donal the Great*, was proclaimed King of Munster in the year 1168; he died in 1194, but the place of his interment is not mentioned by Mr. *Lodge,* in his account of the family of *O'Brien*. I am inclined to think, that this tomb has been improperly attributed to him, as it does not bear in its architectural decorations the appearance of so old a date as 1194; neither do any of the bearings on the three escutcheons of arms, which are placed upon this monument, bear any resemblance to those of the *O'Brien* family.

But I have since been informed, by an able Irish Antiquary, that it belongs to the O'FAGARTY family; this doubt might be cleared by examining the escutcheons of arms that are placed upon the tomb.

The second monument is of a very singular design, and unlike any I recollect to have seen: it consists of a double row of Gothic arches, supported by twisted pillars. The space between them, as to length and breadth, seems to favour the idea of its having been appropriated to receive the corpse of the deceased; and where the ceremony of waking was performed by the monks. On one side an excavation is made for the reception of holy water. The base of this monument is richly decorated with trefoils and finials.

Though independent of the two monuments I have mentioned, there is little besides worth notice, some slight account of the building in general, may not prove unsatisfactory to my readers, especially as the *Abbey of Holy Cross* has been so highly extolled, and in my opinion so far above its deserts. The western window is of ordinary sculpture, and simple architecture. The nave has five round arches on the south side, and four of the pointed order on the north, with narrow side aisles; a wall runs across the nave, and a pointed arch, more ornamented in its workmanship, leads into the side aisles. The turret is supported by four broad pointed arches; the roof is groined in a style superior to any I have seen in IRELAND: in the centre of it, you see five holes, through which the bell ropes were most probably suspended. The eastern window corresponds exactly in form and design with those before mentioned at KILMALLOCK and CLOYNE. Opposite the monument vulgarly attributed to DONOGH O'BRIEN, is a black altar tomb, bearing a flowery cross on a slab, and an inscription on its edge in old characters: at the base, is a bas relief of our Saviour on the cross, with a female by his side in the act of praying. The northern transept (whose roof is also groined,) is divided into two chapels, in one of which is a window prettily designed, as well as a niche for holy water; and the fragments of an handsome altar tomb. The roof of the southern transept is likewise groined, and has its niche for the reception of holy water. In the south aisle, I observed the mutilated head of an abbot (small life) and numerous sculptured fragments: the keystones, from which the arches spring, are well executed, and decorated with various devices. These holy precincts are still appropriated to the offices of interment, but I did not observe the same indecencies respecting the dead, as I did in many other churches. According to vulgar tradition, there was a subterraneous communication between this abbey and the neighbourhood of THURLES. Mr. ARCHDALE, in describing this monastery, makes the following very just remark respecting its architecture, which, on viewing it, struck me also: he says, "The difference in the work of this monastery is very extraordinary: nothing could have been more highly finished than the steeple and chapels, which are built of marble and limestone; yet the nave, the aisles, and adjoining ruins, are miserably mean."

These ruins cover a considerable space, and are surrounded by a mass of most wretched cottages, built out of their mouldered remains.

The situation on the river is advantageous, and a bridge of communication adjoins the village and abbey. Nothing attracted my attention between CASHEL and HOLY CROSS, except a few of those raised earthen works, so common throughout IRELAND.

MONDAY 4 AUGUST. From CASHEL to JOHNSTOW'N, XVII MILES. PARKESTOWN, the seat of Mr. LANPHIER, on the right; near it the ruins of MOYCARKY CASTLE. Turf bogs, which had disappeared for some time, again show themselves; a ruined church on the left; roads excellent, and, according to the Irish phrase, "*as straight as a gun barrel*." Castle of BALLYBEG on the right, and a new built

church. Finding no post horses at LITTLETON Inn, I proceeded on my journey, through a flat, rich, and well cultivated country, over which many small forts or strong houses are dispersed. Breakfasted at JOHNSTOWN; inn good, and well supplied with post horses.

From JOHNSTOWN to DURROW, VIII MILES. Little variety of country, road good, but somewhat more hilly: pass by the Spa of BALLYSPELLAN on the right, where there are some neat looking cottages, a very unusual sight in Ireland.[40] Leave the County of TIPPERARY near URLINGFORD, a village formed of one long street, and crossing a small angle of the County of KILKENNY, enter Queen's County. See at a short distance to the left, the ruins of FERTAGH, where a priory was founded, under the invocation of St. KIARAN, in the 13th century, by the family of BLANCHFIELD, for Regular Canons, following the rule of St Augustin.

Through whatever country we direct our steps, the attention is naturally arrested at the sight of ruins. Whether military or monastick, they are equally interesting; but we wish to know their date, their founder, their history. A traveller like myself, in a strange country, where accurate information can neither be procured from the living, or from the dead, is exposed during his rambles to many inconveniences, and frequently suffers the mortification of leaving sights unseen that deserve notice, and of remaining ignorant of the history of many of those which fall in his way.

As the principal object I have in view, is to give a faithful description of those objects which have passed under my own immediate notice; as well as extracts from those authors to whom I have been able to procure access, I shall make no apology for laying before my readers Mr. Archdale's description of the religious establishment at FERTAGH; more particularly as it retains some monumental antiquities; in which line the generality of Irish churches are very deficient. "Their still remains here a small ancient chapel, in which is a large raised tomb, with the figure of a man in armour, rudely engraved thereon, his hands in a praying posture, and a dog at his feet; by his side was originally the figure of his wife, with an inscription on the cushion, which lay under his head; but this part of the tomb, now going to decay is broken into tow pieces, and the inscription rendered illegible by time[41]. This tomb is said to belong to the family of FITZPATRICK. Near to it is another monument, which appears to be a woman, with a singular hear dress, rising up on each side, as Bishop POCOCKE describes it, in two horns.

In the east wall is a small figure of our Saviour, very inelegantly executed; and a few yards west of the chapel, stands a round tower, much decayed, being cracked quite up from the door and wanting the top. It is about 48 feet in circumference, and the wall is three feet eight inches thick: the door, which is six feet by two, and ten from the ground, faces to the east; the inside is divided into five stories[42], at each of which is a resting place, formed

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[40] An account of this place, and the quality of its mineral spring, are given by Mr. Tighe, in his Statistical survey of the County of *Kilkenny*, p. 111.

[41] The Iter says, that this tomb bears the date of 1489.

[42] Mr. Tighe in his Statistical Survey of the County of Kilkenny says, the name of this place was *Fartagh na Geiragh*, a corruption probably of *Farta na Ancoiragh,* the burial place of the Anchorites, or Culdee Monks. *Feart*, according to *Humphrey Lluyd*, in his *Irish Dictionary*, signifies a grave. This author states the round tower to be 96 feet high; and says that it had *eight* stories and *seven* floors: the door opening on the first, is twelve feet from the ground, and looks towards the church; the wall at the door is three feet two inches thick: the upper story has four windows, whose tops are angular, and formed by two stones. I am inclined to think, that Mr. Tighe has made some

by the wall, sufficient to support a floor, and diminishing upwards; the neighbouring inhabitants say, this tower is 112 feet high, but it seems not to exceed 90.

Had I gained previous information about the antiquities of FERTAGH, it should not have been unvisited, for I believe I could hive approached it with my carriage. The road continues very good; fine crops of corn, country more clothed with wood; several round earthen works occur. A large old fashioned mansion house on the left, belonging to LORD ASHBROOKE, adjoins the town of DURROW, which is pleasantly situated on the banks of a small river, called by SMITH, the ERKIN, and has a good inn, with chaises and post horses.

The author of the *Iter*, records the following historical fact of this town. "DURROW is a small town, formerly part of the QUEEN'S COUNTY, but on coming into possession of the BUTLER family, who were perpetually harassed by the powerful sept of the FITZPATRICKS; the EARL OF ORMOND procured an act of parliament to make this estate part and parcel of the COUNTY OF KILKENNY, although surrounded by the QUEEN'S COUNTY; and the offending FITZPATRICKS being taken, were transferred immediately to KILKENNY; and there, removed from their connexions, they suffered the penalties of the law."

From DURROW to BALLYROAN, VIII MILES. Road very good. On the right, skirt DUNMORE, the demesne of the STAPLES family, and further on, pass WATER-CASTLE on the left, the seat of Mr. LYONS, prettily situated on the banks of a rapid stream, called the NORE[43], and in a well wooded valley. The mansion house seems to have been formed out of one of the old square castles. See on the left a long range of wood and rich country. What a sad contrast do the bogs make on the right! Pass through a village where neatness and symmetry seem to have been studied in the arrangement of the cottages; all the windows having a square label over them. Pasture lands increase, and the crops of corn become less vigorous. Good inn, with chaises and post horses.

From BALLYROAN to EMO INN, IX MILES. Road good. On the right is the well wooded seat of the PARNELL family, with ornamented pleasure grounds, in which a *rotundo* makes a conspicuous figure; architecture bad; columns too slender, and balustrade at top. See on the right, at some distance, the ruins of a castle very boldly situated on a rocky eminence[44]. This singular rock and castle, which, according to the best information

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mistake about the number of floors or stories, which I have never known to exceed five in any round tower I have yet seen; 'but this may be ascertained by examining the number of windows, as the upper story had generally four, and the under stories only one.

[43] This river and the *Barrow* take their rise in the *Slieve Bloom* mountains; and with the *Suir*, which rises in *Bendulf* mountain very near them, after watering a great extent of country, unite again below *Waterford*, and flow together into the sea: they are consequently and significantly styled the Sister Rivers, from their rise in the same district and reunion.

Survey of Queen's County, p.18.

[44] I am inclined to think this is the *Dunum* of *Ptolemy*, which he places in the country of the *Coriondi,* between the *Menapii* on the north, and the *Brigantes* on the south; he also fixes it on the southern banks, and near the source of a river called *Obaca*. *Dunamase Castle* bears the same relative situation to the River *Barrow*. Whoever consults the map of *Ptolemy*, will clearly see that his *Dunum* can never be transferred so far north as *Downpatrick*.

I could collect, well deserves the notice of the tourist, is thus mentioned in the Survey of the Queen's County:
"The Rock of DONAMASE, or DUN-NA-MAES, which signifies in the Irish language, the Fort of the Plain, is certainly a place of great curiosity, which nature and art had combined to render of the most formidable strength, before the use of artillery had been known. It is one of those hills which so peculiarly stand separate from the neighbouring chain, and being extremely steep, was naturally inaccessible on all sides but the south west, where was the entrance."
The plain alluded to in the original tongue, is the great heath, or height of MARYBOROUGH, which lies to the north-east of DUN, or the fortress, being a flat of considerable extent, and was the commonage that belonged to the fort after it became a manor.
This insulated rock was the residence of the Irish princes, who had a dwelling on its summit; and we find, that on the first arrival of the English, in the reign of KING HENRY THE SECOND, A. D. 1167, it was the principal residence of DERMOD MAC MURROGH, KING OF LEINSTER, at whose solicitation it was, that the English came as settlers into IRELAND. By the marriage of Earl STRONGBOW with EVA, only daughter of MAC MURROGH, this castle devolved to him as a part of her extensive inheritance. The Earl dying without issue male, his possessions descended to his only daughter ISABEL, who espoused WILLIAM MARSHALL, an thus gained the title of EARL OF PEMBROKE. Though he had five sons, who severally enjoyed this province, they all died without issue; and thus the inheritance was divided amongst his five daughters. WILLIAM DE BRAOSE, Lord of BRECKNOCK, by his marriage with one of them, gained possession of this district; and it afterwards descended to ROGER DE MORTIMER, who married MAUD, daughter of W ILLI AM DE BRAOSE. This noble/ man entrusted it, together with his lands in LEIX[45], to the confidential care of one of his vassals, named LAISAGH, going himself to ENGLAND, to support the interest of his sovereign, who was at that time threatened with rebellion at home. Soon after the Earl's departure, LAISAGH taking advantage of his absence, and the trust reposed in him, having raised a powerful clan, usurped the surname of O'MORE, a family that had some pretension to these estates, and declaring that he was the lawful heir to that family, seized on the whole country, and in one evening made himself master of eight castles, amongst which was this famous Fort of DUNAMASE. Having surprised the English garrison in it, he dismantled and destroyed it, as being the principal house of Lord MORTIMER in LEIX. The recovery of so important a place was anxiously sought for by the English, and in less than three years, it again came in to their possession by the fortune of war; but their interest was yet too weak in the country to withstand the numerous armies of the O'MORES, who retook it in 1344, but only held it for two years after; for being repossessed by Lord MORTIMER[46], together with his estates in LEIX,

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[45] *Leix*. An account of this district, its castle, abbey, &c. may be found in the *Statistical Survey*, p.62. In demolishing the old town and abbey, a sepulchral stone was found bearing this inscription in Saxon characters:

HIC JACET MALACHUS O'MORUS QUI OBIIT…

and is still to be seen in the gardens of *Lord de Vesci*.

[46] This cannot be the same Lord *Mortimer,* who by his marriage with *Maud,* daughter of *William de Braose*, gained the inheritance of *Leix,* for (according to *Dugdale*) he died in 10 *Edward I.* (A. D. 1282) and was buried in *Wigmore* Abbey, *Herefordshire.*

he determined to secure it, if possible, from future attacks, and then added such numerous works, as made it a place of impregnable strength.
The territory of LEIX and its castles, were vested in the possession of many masters, who resided at DUNAMASE, until the reign of JAMES I. when it was again repaired. In the rebellion of 1641, it was secured by the insurgents, as being a principal strong hold, from which they were dispossessed by a small body of English troops, who seized the fort, and defended it with great bravery, till SIR CHARLES COOTE relieved them. It afterwards capitulated to General PRESTON, but was retaken by the royal forces, and held by them till the year 1646, when OWEN ROE O'NEIL, an Irish chief, took it by assault, together with MARYBOROUGH, and five others of lesser note. After the expulsion of this chieftain, DUNAMASE, MARYBOROUGH, and all the dependent garrisons were surrendered to the forces of Colonels HEWSON and REYNOLDS, who were CROMWELL'S officers; and by them this important fortress was dismantled and blown up
A long and accurate description of the situation and fortifications of DUNAMASE Castle, has been given by SIR CHARLES COOTE, in his Survey of the Queen's County, to whom, as well as to DR. LEDWICH, [who has added a view and ground plan] I shall refer those of my readers, who may wish for more ample information respecting this interesting remnant of military splendour and antiquity.
Continuing my journey towards EMO Inn; see an extensive view from RATHEAN Common, and a small ruined castle on the right; join the great road leading to LIMERICK, TRALEE, and DINGLE. EMO-Inn is a single house, a good inn, and well supplied with post horses[47]; though I think I may apply to it, what was once said to a Cistercian monk, "*Albior exterius quam interius.*"
TUESDAY 5 AUGUST. From EMO Inn to KILDARE, X MILES. Road good and level; country uninteresting. At MONASTEREVAN, a village situated on the banks of the River BARROW, the demesne of the MARQUIS OF DROGHEDA occupies the site of a celebrated abbey, which was founded by ST. ABBAN, who granted it the privilege of a sanctuary; and here was kept the consecrated bell of ST. EVIN, which on solemn trials, was sworn to. In latter times the Abbot sat as a Baron in parliament. The situation is low, near the river; and the environs abound in bog. The first view of KILDARE is made conspicuous by its lofty round tower and monastick remains, situated on the ridge of a hill. Mr. ARCHDALE has been very diffuse in his annals of KILDARE, and has recorded a continued series of the abbesses from the year 520, to the period of its dissolution, as well as the numerous vicissitudes which the town underwent.
The foundation of this nunnery is attributed to ST. BRIGID, the illegitimate daughter of an Irish chieftain, who was born in the year 453, and at the age of 14 received the veil from the hands of ST. PATRICK himself, or from one of his immediate disciples. She founded a nunnery at KILDARE before the year 484, and about the same time an abbey

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He was succeeded in his title and possessions by his son *Edmund,* who died about the year 1297, leaving several children; of whom the eldest was named *Roger.* This powerful nobleman, for his rebellious practices, suffered an ignominious death upon the gallows in *Smithfield*, A. D. 1330. He was succeeded by his eldest son *Edmund,* who died in 1331, leaving *Roger* his son and heir, a minor of three years old, the same personage here mentioned as having regained possession of *Dunamase* Castle, and who died abroad, A. D. 1361, and was buried with his ancestors in *Wigmore* Abbey.

[47] At a short distance from Emo Inn, is the seat of Lord Portarlington.

was also founded, under the same roof, for monks, but separated by walls from the nunnery; which latter came afterwards into the possession of the Regular Canons of ST. AUGUSTIN. The nuns and monks had but one church in common, which they entered at different doors. ST. BRIGID presided as well over the monks as the nuns, and, strange to tell the abbot of this house was subject to the abbess for several years after the death of the celebrated founder, which happened in the year 523. She was interred here, but her remains were afterwards removed to the Cathedral Church of Down. Amongst the annals of this nunnery, I find that DERMOT MAC MURROGH, King of LEINSTER, in the year 1135, forcibly took the abbess out of her cloyster, and compelled her to marry one of his own people: and that in 1220, HENRY DE LOUNDRES, Archbishop of DUBLIN, put out the fire called unextinguishable, which had been preserved from a very early time by the nuns of ST. BRIGID: this fire however was relighted, and continued to burn until the total suppression of monasteries.

The ruins of this monastick building are at present very trifling, and adjoin the parish church; to the N.W. of which is a very lofty round tower, in good preservation, except as to its roof: its total height is stated at 130 feet, and that of its doorway at fourteen, from the ground. In the churchyard is a very large block of stone, once the pedestal of a cross, whose fretted fragments are lying on the ground near[48] it.

There were also in and near this town two other religious establishments. 1. The GRAY ABBEY, erected for Franciscans, or Grey Friars, in the year 1260, by Lord WILLIAM DE VESCY; but completed by GERALD FITZ MAURICE, LORD OFFALEY. 2. The WHITE FRIARS, or Carmelites, founded A. D. I290, by WILLIAM DE VESCY. This latter convent had, in the year 1320, a celebrated abbot at its head, whose fame was so great, that according to BALE, he swayed the councils of the whole Island: "DAVID O'BUGE, *in Hybernia tandem Carmelitarum summus praeses effectus, universam fere insulam, principes et episcopos, suo arbitratu dirigebat. Erat namque philosophus, rhetor, theologus, et utriusque legis in tota illa terra peritissimus, atque ita totius H.ybernicae nationis lucerna, speculum, ac decus a multis appellatus.*" "He was well versed in divinity, philosophy, rhetoric, and the canon and civil law, and was genera1Jy called the burning light, the mirror and ornament of his country."

Having breakfasted at KILDARE, we proceeded on our road to NAAS, X MILES. At a short distance from the town, we ascended the noted plain, called the CURRAGH of KIILDARE, which is a fine unequal down of short and sweet pasture, particularly adapted to the feeding of sheep, of which numerous flocks animate the whole extent of this vast plain, which is said to comprehend five thousand English acres. The author of the *Iter* says, that the modern name of KILDARE is derived from Chille-dair[49], or the *Wood of Oaks*, and that here was a large forest, comprehending the middle part of the present County of KILDARE; in the centre of which was a large plain, sacred to heathen superstition, now called the CURRAGH. Ancient authors also allude to this circumstance, and GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, in his *Topography of Ireland*, lib. ii. cap. 18, records a stupendous monument of stones situated on this plain, which, according to vulgar and fabulous tradition, was transferred from the extreme parts of Africa by the

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[48] Mr. Grove, in his Antiquities of Ireland, says, that within the south wing (now in ruins) are two sepulchral effigies, one of a Bishop in robes, another of Sir Maurice Fitz-Gerald of Lackugh habited in armour, with an inscription, and five escutcheons differently emblazoned. I missed seeing these antique memorials, by giving too much credit to my guide to the round tower, who told me, the church contained no old tombs.

[49] On consulting H. Lluyd's Irish Dictionary, I find these derivations: Currach, a plain; dair, quercus, cill, a church; but no meaning of wood appropriated to the word chille.

giants, from whom it took the name of *Chorea Gigantum*. It is also said to have had a *second* and a very distant removal, from IRELAND into the plains of *Wiltshire*, by the order of Aurelius *Ambrosis*, King of the Britons, and by the exertions of the Prophet *Merlin*. "Fuit antiquis temporibus in Hibernia lapidum congeries admiranda, quae et CHOREA GIGANTUM vocata fuit; quia Gigantes eam ab ultimis Africae partibus in Hiberniam attulerant, et in Kildariensi planicie tam ingenii quam virium opere mirabiliter erexerant. Unde et ibidem lapides quidam aliis simillimi, similique modo erecti, usque in hodiernum conspiciuntur, &c. &c. Juxta Britannicam historiam lapides istos Rex Britonum AURELIUS AMBROSIUS divina MERLINI diligentia, de Hibernia in Britanniam advehi procuravit, &c. &c.

By the above account, it appears that some of these stones were visible in the days of GIRALDUS. I regretted very much that I had not leisure to examine more minutely this extensive district, as from the experience I have lately had on our WILTSHIRE plains, I think I might have made some interesting discoveries. The tumuli dispersed over the plain, prove most evidently that it was inhabited in very early times, and if properly opened, their contents would throw a great light on the Irish History, and prove the connexion both in manners and customs of the tribes inhabiting Ireland and the western provinces of England.

Leaving the CURRAGH, see on the left, a large raised earthen work; cross the River LIFFEY, at NEWBRIDGE; road flat and good: richly cultivated country. Close to the roadside, near NAAS, is the shell of an immense unfinished mansion, called in the Iter JIGGINSTOWN house, said to have been built by the unfortunate EARL OF STRAFFORD, and intended as a country residence for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. A less desirable situation surely could never have been selected for a vice regal palace!

At N AAS there is a good inn, with a supply of post horses. This was formerly a town of great note, and honoured as a residence by the KINGS OF LEINSTER. On the arrival of the English, it was fortified, and many castles were erected, the ruins of which are still visible; and parliaments were held here: but it has suffered so much from the ravages of time, that it bears only the marks of its former splendour. Near it is one of those raised earthen works, vulgarly called raths.

From NAAS to RATHCOOL, VIII MILES. Road good and flat, but no variety of country; on the left, is the immured seat of Lord MAYO, called PALMERSTOWN; and on the right, those of Mr. NEVILLE and Mr. WOLFE, well sheltered by wood. At JOHNSTOWN is a good and quiet inn. See on the left the seat of Mr. PONSONBY.

From RATHCOOL to DUBLIN, VIII MILES. A large extent of flat Country opens towards DUBLIN, spotted with gentlemen's houses and plantations. About a quarter of a mile on the left of the road, is the fine round tower of CLONDALKI N, of which the following particulars are given in the *Iter*, p.205: "It is 84 feet in height, and built of stones each about a foot square, forming a circle of 15 feet in diameter; the walls are upwards of a yard thick, and about 15 feet above the ground, is a door, without any steps to ascend to it. The base is solid; towards the top, are four small oblong holes, which admit the light, and it is terminated by a conic covering. There are no steps in the inside, and whether there ever were any, admits a doubt. In the churchyard, near the tower, is a plain cross, nine feet in height, and consists of one stone."

A church was founded here in very early times, of which ST. CRONAN MOCHUA was the first abbot. It was spoiled and burned in the years 832, 1071, and 1016; and a palace of AMHLAIBH, King of the Danes, is recorded at CLONDALKIN.

Passing near KILMAINHAM Hospital, the Gaol, Canal, &c. I re-entered DUBLIN, highly gratified with the novelty which the Irish scenery and antiquities had presented to me, but regretting that sufficient time could not be spared to examine each more particularly in its detail.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare 1758-1838

Hoare was born on 9th December 1758, and was the only son of Richard Hoare. Following a private education, an inheritance from his grandfather, Henry Hoare, gave him financial independence. In 1783 he married Hester, the daughter of William Lord Henry Lyttelton. Following her death he decided to embark on a European tour and visited France, Italy and Switzerland.

In 1788 he embarked on a second tour visiting Holland, Germany, Austria and Italy. He subsequently carried out tours of Wales and ***in 1806 he visited Ireland.*** He subsequently published the 'Ancient History of North and South Wiltshire,' and became a fellow of the Royal Society and of the Society of Antiquaries. He died on 19th May 1838 and was buried at Stourton. Amongst his publications are the following:

- *'Description of the House and Gardens at Stourhead, Wiltshire, with a Catalogue of the Pictures,*
- *The Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales, A.D. 1188, by Giraldus de Barri,*
- *Journal of a Tour in Ireland, A.D. 1806,*
- *A Tour through the Isle of Elba,*
- *Hints to Travellers in Italy,*
- *Recollections Abroad; Journals of Tours on the Continent between 1785 and 1791,*
- *A Classical Tour through Italy and Sicily.*

From:

The
Irish Sketch Book
1842
William Makepeace Thackeray

Chapter III

From Carlow to Waterford

The next morning being fixed for the commencement of our journey towards Waterford, a carriage made its appearance in due time before the hall door; an amateur stage-coach, with four fine horses, that were to carry us to Cork. The crew of the "drag"' for the present, consisted of two young ladies, and two who will not be old, please heaven! for these thirty years; three gentlemen whose collected weights might amount to fifty-four stone; and one of smaller proportions, being as yet only twelve years old: to these were added a couple of grooms, and a lady's-maid. Subsequently we took in a dozen or so more passengers, who did not seem in the slightest degree to inconvenience the coach or the horses; and thus was formed a tolerably numerous and merry party. The governor took the reins, with his geranium in his button-hole, and the place on the box was quarrelled for without ceasing, and taken by turns.

Our day's journey lay through a country more picturesque, though by no means so prosperous and well cultivated as the district through which we had passed on our drive from Dublin. This trip carried us through the county of Carlow, and the town of that name; a wretched place enough, with a fine court-house, and a couple of fine churches; the Protestant church, a noble structure; and the Catholic cathedral, said to be built after some continental model. The Catholics point to the structure with considerable pride: it was the first, I believe, of the many handsome cathedrals for their worship which have been built of late years in this country by the noble contributions of the poor man's penny and by the untiring energies and sacrifices of the clergy. Bishop Doyle, the founder of the church, has the place of honour within it; nor, perhaps did any Christian pastor ever merit the affection of his flock more than that great and high-minded man. He was the best champion the Catholic church and cause ever had in Ireland: in learning, and admirable kindness and virtue, the best example to the clergy of his religion: and if the country is now filled with schools where the humblest peasant in it can have the benefit of a liberal and wholesome education, it owes this great boon mainly to his noble exertions, and to the spirit which they awakened.

As for the architecture of the cathedral, I do not fancy a professional man would find much to praise in it; it seems to me overloaded with ornaments, nor were its innumerable spires and pinnacles the more pleasing to the eye because some of them were [out] of the perpendicular. The interior is quite plain, not to say bare and unfinished. Many of the chapels in the country that I have since seen are in a similar condition; for when the walls are once raised, the enthusiasm of the subscribers to the building seems, somewhat characteristically, to grow cool, and you enter at a porch that would suit a palace, with an interior scarcely more decorated than a barn. A wide large floor, some confession-boxes against the blank walls here and there, with some humble pictures at the ‘stations’, and the statue, under a mean canopy of red woollen stuff, were the chief furniture of the cathedral.

The severe homely features of the good bishop were not very favourable subjects for Mr. Hogan's chisel; but a figure of prostrate, weeping Ireland, kneeling by the prelate's side, and for whom he is imploring protection, has much beauty. In the chapels

of Dublin and Cork some of this artist's works may be seen, and his countrymen are exceedingly proud of him.

Connected with the Catholic cathedral is a large tumble-down-looking divinity college: there are upwards of a hundred students here, and the college is licensed to give degrees in arts as well as divinity; at least so the officer of the church said, as he showed us the place through the bars of the sacristy-windows, in which apartment may be seen sundry crosses, a pastoral letter of Dr. Doyle, and a number of ecclesiastical vestments formed of laces, poplins, and velvets, handsomely laced with gold. There is a convent by the side of the cathedral, and, of course, a parcel of beggars all about, and indeed all over the town, profuse in their prayers and invocations of the lord, and whining flatteries of the persons whom they address. One wretched old tottering hag began whining the Lord's Prayer as a proof of her sincerity, and blundered in the very midst of it, and left us thoroughly disgusted after the very first sentence.

It was market-day in the town, which is tolerably full of poor-looking shops, the streets being thronged with donkey-carts, and people eager to barter their small wares. Here and there were picture-stalls, with huge hideous coloured engravings of the Saints; and indeed the objects of barter upon the banks of the clear bright river Barrow seemed scarcely to be of more value than the articles which change hands, as one reads of, in a town of African huts and traders on the banks of the Quarra. Perhaps the very bustle and cheerfulness of the people served only, to a Londoner's eyes, to make it look the more miserable. It seems as if they had no right to be eager about such a parcel of wretched rags and trifles as were exposed to sale.

There are some old towers of a castle here, looking finely from the river; and near the town is a grand modern residence belonging to Colonel Bruen, with an oak-park on one side of the road, and a deer-park on the other. These retainers of the Colonel's lay, in their rushy green enclosures, in great numbers and seemingly in flourishing condition.

The road from Carlow to Leighlin-bridge is exceedingly beautiful; noble purple hills rising on either side, and the broad silver Barrow flowing through rich meadows of that astonishing verdure which is only to be seen in this country. Here and there was a country-house, or a tall mill by a stream-side: but the latter buildings were for the most part empty, the gaunt windows gaping without glass, and their great wheels idle. Leighlin-bridge, lying up and down a hill by the river, contains a considerable number of pompous-looking warehouses, that looked for the most part to be doing no more business than the mills on the Carlow road, but stood by the roadside staring at the coach, as it were, and basking in the sun, swaggering, idle, insolvent, and out at elbows. There are one or two very pretty, modest, comfortable-looking country places about Leighlin-bridge, and on the road thence to a miserable village called the 'Royal Oak', a beggarly sort of bustling place.

Here stands a dilapidated hotel and posting-house: and indeed on every road, as yet, I have been astonished at the great movement and stir;- the old coaches being invariably crammed, cars jingling about equally full, and no want of gentlemen's carriages to exercise the horses of the Royal Oak and similar establishments. In the time of the Rebellion, the landlord of this Royal Oak, a great character in those parts, was a fierce United Irishman. One day it happened that Sir John Anderson came to the inn, and was eager for horses on. The landlord, who knew Sir John to be a Tory, vowed and swore he had no horses; that the judges had the last going to Kilkenny; that the yeomanry had carried off the best of them; that he could not give a horse for love or money. "Poor Lord Edward", said Sir John, sinking down in a chair, and clasping his hands, 'my poor dear misguided friend, and must you die for the loss of a few hours and the want of a pair of horses!'

"Lord what?" says the landlord.

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald," replied Sir John; "the Government has seized his papers, and got scent of his hiding- place; if I can't get to him before two hours, Sirr will have him."

"My dear Sir John", cried the landlord; "it's not two horses but it's eight I'll give you, and may the judges go hang for me! Here, Larry! Tim! First and second pair for Sir John Anderson; and long life to you, Sir John, and the Lord reward you for your good deed this day!"

Sir John, my informant told me, had invented this predicament of Lord Edward's in order to get the horses; and by way of corroborating the whole story, pointed out an old chaise which stood at the inn-door with its window broken, a great crevice in the panel, some little wretches crawling underneath the wheels, and two huge blackguards lolling against the pole, - "and that," says he, "is no doubt the very post-chaise Sir John Anderson had." It certainly looked ancient enough.

Of course, as we stopped for a moment in the place, troops of slatternly, ruffianly-looking fellows assembled round the carriage, dirty heads peeped out of all the dirty windows, beggars came forward with a joke and a prayer, and troops of children raised their shouts and halloos. I confess, with regard to the beggars, that I have never yet had the slightest sentiment of compassion for the very oldest or dirtiest of them, or been inclined to give them a penny; they come crawling round you with lying prayers and loathsome compliments, that make the stomach turn; they do not even disguise that they are lies; for, refuse them, and the wretches turn off with a laugh and a joke, a miserable grinning cynicism that creates distrust and indifference, and must be, one would think, the very best way to close the purse, not to open it, for objects so unworthy.

How do all these people live? one can't help wondering;- these multifarious vagabonds, without work or workhouse, or means of subsistence? The Irish Poor Law Report says that there are twelve hundred thousand people in Ireland, a sixth of the population, who have no means of livelihood but charity, and whom the state, or individual members of it, must maintain. How *can* the state support such an enormous burthen; or the twelve hundred thousand be supported? What a strange history it would be, could one but get it true, - that of the manner in which a score of these beggars have maintained themselves for a fortnight past!

Soon after quitting the Royal Oak, our road branches off to the hospitable house where our party, consisting of a dozen persons, was to be housed and fed for the night. Fancy the look which an English gentleman of moderate means would assume, at being called on to receive such a company! A pretty road of a couple of miles, thickly grown with ash and oak trees, under which the hats of coach passengers suffered some danger, leads to the house of D-. A young son of the house, on a white pony, was on the lookout, and great cheering and shouting took place among the young people as we came in sight.

Trotting away by the carriage-side, he brought us through a gate with a pretty avenue of trees leading to the pleasure-grounds of the house - a handsome building commanding noble views of river, mountains, and plantations. Our entertainer only rents the place; so I may say, without any imputation against him, that the house was by no means so handsome within as without, - not that the want of finish in the interior made our party the less merry, or the host's entertainment less hearty and cordial.

The gentleman who built and owns the house, like many other proprietors in Ireland, found his mansion too expensive for his means, and has relinquished it. I asked what his income might be, and no wonder that he was compelled to resign his house, which a man with four times the income in England would scarcely venture to inhabit. There were numerous sitting-rooms below; a large suite of rooms above, in which our

large party, with their servants, disappeared without any seeming inconvenience, and which already accommodated a family of at least a dozen persons, and a numerous train of domestics. There was a great courtyard surrounded by capital offices, with stabling and coachhouses sufficient for a half-dozen of country gentlemen. An English squire of ten thousand a year might live in such a place-the original owner, I am told, had not many more hundreds.

Our host has wisely turned the chief part of the pleasure-ground round the house, into a farm; nor did the land look a bit the worse, as I thought, for having rich crops of potatoes growing in place of grass, and fine plots of waving wheat and barley. The care, skill, and neatness everywhere exhibited, and the immense luxuriance of the crops, could not fail to strike even a Cockney; and one of our party, a very well-known, practical farmer, told me that there was at least five hundred pounds' worth of produce upon the little estate of some sixty acres, of which only five-and-twenty were under the plough.

As at H- town, on the previous day, several men and women appeared sauntering in the grounds, and as the master came up, asked for work, or sixpence, or told a story of want. There are lodge-gates at both ends of the demesne; but it appears the good-natured practice of the country admits a beggar as well as any other visitor. To a couple our landlord gave money, to another a little job of work; another he sent roughly out of the premises: and I could judge thus what a continual tax upon the Irish gentleman these travelling paupers must be, of whom his ground is never free.

There, loitering about the stables and outhouses, were several people who seemed to have acquired a sort of right to be there: women and children who had a claim upon the buttermilk; men who did an odd job now and then; loose hangers-on of the family and in the lodging-houses and inns I have entered, the same sort of ragged vassals are to be found; in a house however poor, you are sure to see some poorer dependent who is a stranger, taking a meal of potatoes in the kitchen; a Tim or Mike loitering hard by, ready to run on a message, or carry a bag. This is written, for instance, at a lodging over a shop at Cork. There sits in the shop a poor old fellow quite past work, but who totters up and down stairs to the lodgers, and does what little he can for his easily-won bread. There is another fellow outside who is sure to make his bow to anybody issuing from the lodging, and ask if his honour wants an errand done? Neither class of such dependents exist with us. What housekeeper in London is there will feed an old man of seventy that's good for nothing, or encourage such a disreputable hanger-on as yonder shuffling, smiling cad?

Nor did Mr. M-'s 'irregulars' disappear with the day; for when, after a great deal of merriment, and kind, happy dancing and romping of young people, the fineness of the night suggested the propriety of smoking a certain cigar (it is never more acceptable than at that season), the young squire voted that we should adjourn to the stables for the purpose, where, accordingly the cigars were discussed. There were still the inevitable

half-dozen hangers-on; one came grinning with a lantern all nature being in universal blackness except his grinning face; another ran obsequiously to the stables to show a favourite mare- I think it was a mare -though it may have been a mule, and your humble servant not much the wiser. The cloths were taken off; the fellows with the candles crowded about; and the young squire bade me admire the beauty of her fore-leg, which I did with the greatest possible gravity. Did you ever see such a fore-leg as that in your life? says the young squire, and further discoursed upon the horse's points, the amateur grooms joining in chorus.

There was another young squire of our party, a pleasant, gentlemanlike young fellow, who danced as prettily as any Frenchman, and who had ridden over from a neighbouring house: as I went to bed, the two lads were arguing whether young Squire B- should go home or stay at D- that night. There was a bed for him - there was a bed for everybody, it seemed, and a kind welcome too. How different was all this to the ways of a severe English house!

Next morning the whole of our merry party assembled round a long, jovial breakfast-table, stored with all sorts of good things; and the biggest and jovialest man of all, who had just come in fresh from a walk in the fields, and vowed that he was as hungry as a hunter, and was cutting some slices out of an inviting ham on the side-table, suddenly let fall his knife and fork with dismay. “Sure, John, don't you know it's Friday," cried a lady from the table; and back John came with a most lugubrious queer look on his jolly face, and fell to work upon bread-and-butter, as resigned as possible, amidst no small laughter, as may be well imagined. On this I was bound, as a Protestant, to eat a large slice of pork, and discharged that duty nobly, and with much self-sacrifice.

The famous 'drag' which had brought us so far, seemed to be as hospitable and elastic as the house which we now left, for the coach accommodated, inside and out, a considerable party from the house, and we took our road leisurely, in a cloudless, scorching day, towards Waterford. The first place we passed through was the little town of Gowran, near which is a grand, well-ordered park, belonging to Lord Clifden, and where his mother resides, with whose beautiful face, in Lawrence's pictures, every reader must be familiar. The kind English lady has done the greatest good in the neighbourhood, it is said, and the little town bears marks of her beneficence, in its neatness, prettiness, and order. Close by the church there are the ruins of a fine old abbey here, and a still finer one a few miles on, at Thomastown, most picturesquely situated amidst trees and meadow, on the river Nore. The place within, however, is dirty and ruinous - the same wretched suburbs, the same squalid congregation of beggarly loungers, that are to be seen elsewhere. The monastic ruin is very fine, and the road hence to Thomastown, rich with varied cultivation and beautiful verdure, pretty gentlemen's mansions shining among the trees on either side of the way. There was one place along this rich tract that looked very strange and ghastly - a huge old pair of gate pillars, flanked by a ruinous lodge, and a wide road winding for a mile up a hill. There had been a park once, but all the trees were gone; thistles were growing in the yellow sickly land, and rank thin grass on the road. Far away you saw in this desolate tract a ruin of a house: many a butt of claret has been emptied there, no doubt, and many a merry party come out with hound and horn. But what strikes the Englishman with wonder is not so much, perhaps, that an owner of the place should have been ruined and a spendthrift, as that the land should lie there useless ever since. If one is not successful with us another man will be, or another will try, at least. Here lies useless a great capital of hundreds of acres of land; barren, where the commonest effort might make it productive, and looking as if for a quarter of a century past no soul ever looked or cared for it. You might travel five hundred miles through England and not see such a spectacle. A short distance from Thomastown is another abbey; and presently, after passing

through the village of Knocktopher, we came to a posting-place called Ballyhale, of the moral aspect of which, the following scrap taken in the place will give a notion. A dirty, old, contented, decrepit idler was lolling in the sun at a shop-door, and hundreds of the population of the dirty, old, decrepit, contented place were employed in the like way. A dozen of boys were playing at pitch-and-toss; other male and female beggars were sitting on a wall looking into a stream; scores of ragamuffins, of course, round the carriage; and beggars galore at the door of the little alehouse or hotel. A gentleman's carriage changed horses as we were baiting here. It was a rich sight to see the cattle, and the way of starting them: Halloo! Yoop! Hoop! a dozen ragged ostlers and amateurs running by the side of the miserable old horses, the postilion shrieking, yelling, and belabouring them with his whip. Down goes one horse among the new-laid stones; the postilion has him up with a cut of the whip and a curse, and takes advantage of the start caused by the stumble to get the brute into a gallop, and to go down the hill. "'I know it for a fact," a gentleman of our party says, " that no horses ever got out of Ballyhale without an accident of some kind."

"Will your honour like to come and see a big pig ?" here asked a man of the above gentleman, well known as a great farmer and breeder. We all went to see the big pig, not very fat as yet, but, upon my word, it is as big as a pony. The country round is, it appears, famous for the breeding of such, especially a district called the Welsh mountains, through which we had to pass on our road to Waterford.

This is a curious country to see, and has curious inhabitants: for twenty miles there is no gentleman's house: gentlemen dare not live there. The place was originally

tenanted by a clan of Welshes; hence its name; and they maintain themselves in their occupancy of the farms in Tipperary fashion, by simply putting a ball into the body of any man who would come to take a farm over anyone of them. Some of the crops in the fields of the Welsh country seemed very good, and the fields well tilled; but it is common to see by the side of one field that is well cultivated, another that is absolutely barren; and the whole tract is extremely wretched. Appropriate histories and reminiscences accompany the traveller; at a chapel near Mullinavat is the spot where sixteen policemen were murdered in the tithe campaign; farther on you come to a lime-kiln, where the guard of a mail-coach was seized and roasted alive. I saw here the first hedge-school I have seen; a crowd of half-savage looking lads and girls looked up from their studies in the ditch, their college or lecture-room being in a mud cabin hard by.

And likewise, in the midst of this wild tract, a fellow met us who was trudging the road with a fish-basket over his shoulder, and who stopped the coach, hailing two of the gentlemen in it by name, both of whom seemed to be much amused by his humour. He was a handsome rogue, a poacher, or salmon-taker, by profession, and presently poured out such a flood of oaths, and made such a monstrous display of grinning wit and blackguardism, as I have never heard equalled by the best Billingsgate practitioner, and as

it would be more than useless to attempt to describe. Blessings, jokes, and curses trolled off the rascals lips with a volubility which caused his Irish audience to shout with laughter, but which were quite beyond a Cockney. It was a humour so purely national as to be understood by none but natives, I should think. I recollect the same feeling of perplexity while sitting, the only Englishman, in a company of jocular Scotchmen. They bandied about puns, jokes, imitations, and applauded with shrieks of laughter - what. I confess, appeared to me the most abominable dullness - nor was the salmon-taker's jocularity any better. I think it rather served to frighten than to amuse; and I am not sure but that I looked out for a band of jocular cut-throats of his sort, to come up at a given guffaw, and playfully rob us all round. However, he went away quite peaceably, calling down for the party the benediction of a great number of saints, who must have been somewhat ashamed to be addressed by such a rascal.

Presently we caught sight of the valley through which the Suir flows, and descended the hill towards it, and went over the thundering old wooden bridge to Waterford.

Chapter IV

From Waterford to Cork

THE view of the town, from the bridge and the heights above it, is very imposing; as is the river both ways. Very large vessels sail up almost to the doors of the houses, and the quays are flanked by tall red warehouses, that look at a little distance as if a world of business might be doing within them. But as you get into the place, not a soul is there to greet you except the usual society of beggars, and a sailor or two, or a green-coated policeman sauntering down the broad pavement. We drove up to the Coach Inn, a huge, handsome, dirty building, of which the discomforts have been pathetically described elsewhere. The landlord is a gentleman and considerable horse proprietor, and though a perfectly well-bred, active, and intelligent man, far too much of a gentleman to play the host well, at least as an Englishman understands that character.

Opposite the town is a tower of questionable antiquity and undeniable ugliness; for though the inscription says it was built in the year one thousand and something, the same document adds that it was rebuilt in 1819 - to either of which dates the traveller is thus welcomed. The quays stretch for a considerable distance along the river, poor patched-windowed, mouldy-looking shops forming the basement-story of most. of the houses. We went into one, a jeweller's, to make a purchase - it might have been of a gold watch for anything the owner knew; but he was talking with a friend in his back parlour, gave us a look as we entered, allowed us to stand some minutes in the empty shop, and at length to walk out without being served. In another shop a boy was lolling behind a counter, but could not say whether the articles we wanted were to be had; turned out a heap of drawers, and could not find them; and finally went for the master, who could not come. True commercial independence, and an easy way enough of life.

In one of the streets leading from the quay is a large, dingy Catholic chapel, of some pretensions within; but, as usual, there had been a failure for want of money, and the front of the chapel was unfinished, presenting the butt-end of a portico, and walls on which the stone coating was to be laid. But a much finer ornament to the church than any of the questionable gewgaws which adorned the ceiling was the piety, stern, simple, and unaffected, of the people within. Their whole soul seemed to be in their prayers, as

rich and poor knelt indifferently on the flags. There is of course an Episcopal cathedral, well and neatly kept, and a handsome Bishop's palace: near it was a convent of nuns, and a little chapel-bell clinking melodiously. I was prepared to fancy something romantic of the place; but as we passed the convent gate, a shoeless slattern of a maid opened the door - the most dirty and unpoetical of housemaids.

Assizes were held in the town, and we ascended to the court-house through a steep street, a sort of rag-fair, but more villainous and miserable than any rag-fair in St. Giles's: the houses and stock of the Seven Dials look as if they belonged to capitalists when compared with the scarecrow wretchedness of the goods here hung out for sale. Who wanted to buy such things? I wondered. One would have thought that the most part of the articles had passed the possibility of barter for money, even out of the reach of the half-farthings coined of late. All the street was lined with wretched hucksters and their merchandise of gooseberries, green apples, children's dirty cakes, cheap crockeries, brushes, and tin-ware; among which objects the people were swarming about busily.

Before the court is a wide street, where a similar market was held, with a vast number of donkey-carts urged hither and thither, and great shrieking, chattering, and bustle. It is five hundred years ago since a poet who accompanied Richard II in his voyage hither spoke of "Watreforde ou moult vilaine et orde y sont la gente." They don't seem to be much changed now, but remain faithful to their ancient habits.

About the court-house swarms of beggars of course were collected, varied by personages of a better sort; grey-coated farmers, and women with their picturesque blue cloaks, who had trudged in from the country probably. The court-house is as beggarly and ruinous as the rest of the neighbourhood ; smart-looking policemen kept order about it, and looked very hard at me as I ventured to take a sketch.

The figures as I saw them were accurately so disposed. The man in the dock, the policeman seated easily above him, the woman looking down from a gallery. The man was accused of stealing a sack of wool, and having no counsel, made for himself as adroit a defence as any one of the counsellors (they are without robes or wigs here, by the way) could have made for him. He had been seen examining a certain sack of wool in a coffee shop at Dungarvan, and next day was caught sight in Waterford market, standing under an archway from the rain, with the sack by his side.

"Wasn't there twenty other people under the arch?" said he to a witness, a noble looking beautiful girl - the girl was obliged to own there were. "Did you see me touch the wool, or stand nearer to it than a dozen of the dacent people there?" And the girl confessed she had not. "And this it is, my lord" says he to the bench; "they attack me

because I am poor and ragged, but they never think of charging the crime on a rich farmer."

But alas for the defence! another witness saw the prisoner with his legs round the sack, and being about to charge him with the theft, the prisoner fled into the arms of a policeman, to whom his first words were "I know nothing about the sack." So as the sack had been stolen, as he had been handling it four minutes before it was stolen, and holding it for sale the day after, it was concluded that Patrick Malony had stolen the sack, and he was accommodated with eighteen months accordingly.

In another case we had a woman and her child on the table; and others followed, in the judgement of which it was impossible not to admire the extreme leniency, acuteness, and sensibility of the judge presiding, Chief Justice Pennefather:- the man against whom all the Liberals in Ireland, and everyone else who has read his charge too, must be angry, for the ferocity of his charge against a Belfast newspaper editor. It seems as if no parties here will be dispassionate when they get to a party question, and that natural kindness has no claim, when Whig and Tory come into collision.

The witness is here placed on a table instead of a witness box; nor was there much further peculiarity to remark, except in the dirt of the Court, the absence of the barristerial wig and gown, and the great coolness with which a fellow who seemed a sort of clerk, usher, and Irish interpreter to the court, recommended a prisoner, who was making rather a long defence to be quiet. I asked him why the man might not have his say. "Sure," says he, "he's said all he has to say, and there's no use in any more." but there was no use in attempting to convince Mr. Usher that the prisoner was best judge on this point; in fact the poor devil shut his mouth at the admonition, and was found guilty with perfect justice.

A considerable poor-house has been erected at Waterford, but the beggars of the place as yet prefer their liberty, and less certain means of gaining support. We asked one who was calling down all the blessings of all the saints and angels upon us, and telling a most piteous tale of poverty, why she did not go to the poor-house. The woman's look at once changed from a sentimental whine to a grin. "Dey owe two hundred pounds at dat house," said she, "and faith, an honest woman can't go dere," with which wonderful reason ought not the most squeamish to be content?

After describing, as accurately as words may, the features of a landscape, and stating that such a mountain was to the left, and such a river or town to the right, and putting down the situations and names of the villages, and the bearings of the roads, it has no doubt struck the reader of books of travels that the writer has not given him the slightest idea of the country, and that he would have been just as wise without perusing the letterpress landscape through which he has toiled. It will be as well then, under such circumstances, to spare the public any lengthened description of the road from

Waterford to Dungarvan, which was the road we took, followed by benedictions delivered gratis from the beggarhood of the former city. Not very far from it you see the dark plantations of the magnificent domain of Curraghmore, and pass through a country, blue, hilly, and bare, except where gentlemen's seats appear with their ornaments of wood. Presently, after leaving Waterford, we came to a certain town called Kilmacthomas, of which all the information I have to give is, that it is situated upon a hill and river, and that you may change horses there. The road was covered with carts of seaweed, which the people were bringing for manure from the shore some four miles distant; and beyond Kilmacthomas we beheld the Cummeragh Mountains, "often named in maps the Nennavoulagh," either of which names the reader may select at pleasure.

Thence we came to 'Cushcam,' at which village be it known that the turnpike-man kept the drag a very long time waiting. "I think the fellow must be writing a book," said the coachman, with a most severe look of drollery at a Cockney tourist, who tried, under the circumstances, to blush, and not to laugh. I wish I could relate or remember half the mad jokes that flew about among the jolly Irish crew on the top of the coach, and which would have made a journey through the Desert jovial. When the pike-man had finished his composition (that of a turnpike-ticket, which he had to fill), we drove on to Dungarvan; the two parts of which town, separated by the river Colligan, have been joined by a causeway three hundred yards along, and a bridge erected at an enormous outlay by the Duke of Devonshire. In former times, before his Grace spent his eighty thousand pounds upon the causeway, this wide estuary was called 'Dungarvan Prospect,' because the ladies of the country, walking over the river at low water, took off their shoes and stockings (such as had them), and tucking up their clothes, exhibited-what I have never seen, and cannot, therefore, be expected to describe. A large and handsome Catholic chapel, a square with some pretensions to regularity of building, a very neat and comfortable inn, and beggars and idlers still more numerous than at Waterford, were what we had leisure to remark in half an hour's stroll through the town.

Near the prettily situated village of Cappoquin is the Trappist house of Mount Meilleraie, of which we could only see the pinnacles. The brethren were presented some years since with a barren mountain, which they have cultivated most successfully. They have among themselves workmen to supply all their frugal wants, ghostly tailors and shoemakers, spiritual gardeners and bakers, working in silence, and serving Heaven after their way. If this reverend community, for fear of the opportunity of sinful talk, choose to hold their tongues, the next thing will be to cut them out altogether, and so render the danger impossible - if, being men of education and intelligence, they incline to turn butchers and cobblers, and smother their intellects by base and hard menial labour, who knows but one day a sect may be more pious still, and rejecting even butchery and bakery as savouring too much of worldly convenience and pride, take to a wild-beast life at once? Let us concede that suffering, and mental and bodily debasement, are the things most agreeable to Heaven, and there is no knowing where such piety may stop. I was very glad we had not time to see the grovelling place; and as for seeing shoes made or fields tilled by reverend amateurs, we can find cobblers and plough-boys to do the work better.

By the way, the Quakers have set up in Ireland a sort of monkery of their own. Not far from Carlow we met a couple of cars drawn by white horses, and holding white Quakers and Quakeresses, in white hats, clothes, shoes, with wild maniacal-looking faces, bumping along the road. Let us hope that we may soon get a community of Fakeers and howling Dervishes into the country. It would be a refreshing thing to see such ghostly men in one's travels, standing at the comers of roads, and praising the Lord by standing on one leg, or cutting and hacking themselves with knives like the prophets of Baal. Is it not as pious for a man to deprive himself of his leg as of his tongue, and to disfigure his

body with the gashes of a knife, as with the hideous white raiment of the illuminated Quakers?

While these reflections were going on, the beautiful Blackwater river suddenly opened before us, and driving along it for three miles through some of the most beautiful, rich country ever seen, we came to Lismore. Nothing can be certainly more magnificent than this drive. Parks and rocks covered with the grandest foliage; rich, handsome seats of gentlemen in the midst of fair lawns, and beautiful bright plantations and shrubberies; and at the end, the graceful spire of Lismore church, the prettiest I have seen in, or, I think, out of Ireland. Nor in any country that I have visited have I seen a view more noble - it is too rich and peaceful to be what is called romantic, but lofty, large, and generous, if the term may be used; the river and banks as fine as the Rhine; the castle not as large, but as noble and picturesque as Warwick. As you pass the bridge, the banks stretch away on either side in amazing verdure, and the castle-walks remind one somewhat of the dear old terrace of St. Germains, with its groves, and long grave avenues of trees.

The salmon-fishery of the Blackwater is let, as I hear, for a thousand a year. In the evening, however, we saw some gentlemen who are likely to curtail the profits of the farmer of the fishery--a company of ragged boys, to wit- whose occupation, it appears, is to poach. These young fellows were all lolling over the bridge, as the moon rose rather mistily, and pretended to be deeply enamoured of the view of the river. They answered the questions of one of our party with the utmost innocence and openness, and one would have supposed the lads were so many Arcadians, but for the arrival of an old woman, who suddenly coming up among them, poured out, upon one and all, a volley of curses, both deep and loud, saying, that perdition would be their portion, and calling them "shchamers," at least a hundred times. Much to my wonder, the young men did not reply to the voluble old lady for some time, who then told us the cause of her anger: She had a son, - "Look at him there, the villain." The lad was standing, looking very unhappy. "His father, that's now dead, paid a fistful of money to bind him 'prentice at Dungarvan: but these shchamers followed him there; made him break his indentures, and go poaching and thieving and shchaming with them." The poor old woman shook her hands in the air, and shouted at the top of her deep voice; there was something very touching in her grotesque sorrow, nor did the lads make light of it at all, contenting themselves with a surly growl, or an oath, if directly appealed to by the poor creature.

So, cursing and raging, the woman went away. The son, a lad of fourteen, evidently the fag of the big bullies round about him, stood dismally away from them, his head sunk down. I went up and asked him, "Was that his mother? " He said, "Yes." "Was she good and kind to him when he was at home?" He said, "O yes." "Why not come back to her?" I asked him; but he said, he couldn't. Whereupon, I took his arm, and tried to lead him away by main force; but he said, "Thank you, sir, but I can't go back," and released his arm. We stood on the bridge some minutes longer, looking at the view; but the boy, though he kept away from his comrades, would not come. I wonder what they have done together, that the poor boy is past going home? The place seemed to be so quiet and beautiful, and far away from London, that I thought crime couldn't have reached it; and yet, here it lurks somewhere among six boys of sixteen, each with a stain in his heart, and some black history to tell. The poor widow's yonder was the only family about which I had a chance of knowing anything in this remote place; nay, in all Ireland; and, God help us, hers was a sad lot! - A husband gone dead, - an only child gone to ruin. It is awful to think that there are eight millions of stories to be told in this island. Seven million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight more lives that I, and all brother Cockneys know nothing about. Well, please God, they are not all like this.

That day, I heard *another* history. A little, old, disreputable man in tatters, with a huge steeple of a hat, came shambling down the street, one among the five hundred blackguards there. A fellow standing under the sun portico (a sort of swaggering, chattering, cringing *touter*, and master of ceremonies to the gutter) told us something with regard to the old disreputable man. His son had been hanged the day before at Clonmel, for one of the Tipperary murders. That blackguard in our eyes instantly looked quite different from all other blackguards - I saw him gesticulating at the corner of a street, and watched him with wonderful interest.

The church with the handsome spire, that looks so graceful among the trees, is a cathedral church, and one of the neatest-kept and prettiest edifices I have seen in Ireland. In the old graveyard Protestants and Catholics lie together - that is, not together; for each has a side of the ground where they sleep, and so occupied, do not quarrel. The sun was shining down upon the brilliant grass - and I don't think the shadows of the Protestant graves were any longer or shorter than those of the Catholics. Is it the right or the left side of the graveyard which is nearest Heaven, I wonder? Look, the sun shines upon both alike, "and the blue sky bends over all."

Raleigh's house is approached by a grave old avenue, and well-kept wall, such as is rare in this country: and the court of the castle within has the solid, comfortable, quiet look, equally rare. It is like one of our colleges at Oxford: there is a side of the quadrangle with pretty ivy-covered gables; another part of the square is more modern; and by the main body of the castle is a small chapel exceedingly picturesque. The interior is neat and in excellent order; but it was unluckily done up some thirty years ago (as I imagine from the style), before our architects had learned Gothic, and all the ornamental work is consequently quite ugly and out of keeping. The church has probably been arranged by the same hand. In the castle are some plainly-furnished chambers, one or two good pictures, and a couple of oriel windows, the views from which up and down the river are exceedingly lovely. You hear praises of the Duke of Devonshire as a landlord, wherever you go among his vast estates: it is a pity that, with such a noble residence as this, and with such a wonderful country round about it, his Grace should not inhabit it more.

Of the road from Lismore to Fermoy it does not behove me to say much, for a pelting rain came on very soon after we quitted the former place, and accompanied us almost without ceasing to Fermoy. Here we had a glimpse of a bridge across the Blackwater, which we had skirted in our journey from Lismore. Now, enveloped in mist and cloud - now, spanned by a rainbow; at another time, basking in sunshine. Nature attired the charming prospect for us in a score of different ways; and it appeared before us like a coquettish beauty who was trying what dress in her wardrobe might most become her. At Fermoy we saw a vast barrack, and an overgrown inn, where, however, good fare was provided; and thence hastening came by Rathcormack, and Watergrass Hill, famous for the residence of Father Prout, whom my friend, the Rev. Francis Sylvester, has made immortal; from which descending, we arrived at the beautiful wooded village of Glanmire, with its mills and steeples, and streams, and neat school-houses, and pleasant country residences. This brings us down upon the superb stream which leads from the sea to Cork.

The view for three miles on both sides is magnificently beautiful. Fine gardens, and parks, and villas, cover the shore on each bank; the river is full of brisk craft moving to the city or out to sea; and the city finely ends the view, rising upon two hills on either side of the stream. I do not know a town to which there is an entrance more beautiful, commodious, and stately.

Passing by numberless handsome lodges, and, nearer the city, many terraces in neat order, the road conducts us near a large tract of some hundred acres, which have

been reclaimed from the sea, and are destined to form a park and pleasure-ground for the citizens of Cork. In the river, and up to the bridge, some hundreds of ships were lying; and a fleet of steamboats opposite the handsome house of the St. George's Steam Packet Company. A church stands prettily on the hill above it, surrounded by a number of new habitations very neat and white. On the road is a handsome Roman Catholic chapel, or a chapel which will be handsome so soon as the necessary funds are raised to complete it. But, as at Waterford, the chapel has been commenced, and the money has failed, and the fine portico which is to decorate it one day, as yet only exists on the architect's paper. St. Patrick's Bridge, over which we pass, is a pretty building; and Patrick Street, the main street of the town, has an air of business and cheerfulness, and looks densely thronged.

As the carriage drove up to those neat, comfortable, and extensive lodgings which Mrs. MacO'Boy has to let, a magnificent mob was formed round the vehicle, and we had an opportunity of at once making acquaintance with some of the dirtiest rascally faces that all Ireland presents. Besides these professional rogues and beggars, who make a point to attend on all vehicles, everybody else seemed to stop too, to see that wonder, a coach and four horses. People issued from their shops, heads appeared at windows. I have seen the Queen pass in state in London, and not bring together a crowd near so great as that which assembled in the busiest street of the second city of the kingdom, just to look at a green coach and four bay horses. Have they nothing else to do? - or is it that they *will* do nothing but stare, swagger, and be idle in the streets?

William Makepeace Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63) was born in Calcutta, the son of a British east India Company official. He was educated in England at Charterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge. He left without a degree and later entered the Middle Temple to studt law. In 1833 he became the editor of the periodical, the National Standard, but the following year he setteled in Paris to study art. There he met Isabella Shaw, whom he married in 1836. He returned to England in 1837 and began contributing articles to a wide variety of newspapers and journals. He went on to become a successful novelist, his most notable works being Barry Lyndon and Vanity Fair.
In 1842 he came to Dublin and followed a three month tour of Ireland.

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John P. Anderson
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Lord Tyrone at Curraghmore – Waterford..-Trade with Newfoundland.-The new church.-Passage to England delayed.-Mr. Bolton at Ballycanvan.- View from Faithleghill.-How to make cyder.-A rough passage to Milford Haven.-Badness and expensiveness of this route.

CURRAGHMORE is one of the finest places in Ireland, or indeed that I have any where seen. The house, which is large, is situated upon a rising ground, in a vale surrounded by very bold hills, which rise in a variety of forms, and offer to the eye, in riding through the grounds, very noble and striking scenes. These hills are exceedingly varied, so that the detour of the place is very pleasing. In order to see it to advantage, I would advise a traveller to take the ride which Lord Tyrone carried me. Passed through the Deer-park wood of old oaks, spread over the side of a bold hill, and of such an extent, that the scene is a truly forest one, without any other boundary in view than what the stems of trees offer from mere extent, retiring one behind another till they thicken so much to the eye, under the shade of their spreading tops, as to form a distant wall of wood. This is a sort of scene not common in Ireland, it is a great extent alone that will give it. From this hill enter an evergreen plantation, a scene which winds up the Deer-park hill, and opens on to the brow of it, which commands a most noble view indeed. The lawns around the house appear at one's feet, at the bottom of a great declivity of wood, almost every where surrounded by plantations. The hills on the opposite side of the vale against the house, consist of a large lawn in the centre of the two woods, that to the right of an immense extent, which waves over a mountain side, in the finest manner imaginable, and lead the eye to the scenery on the left, which is a beautiful vale of rich inclosures, of several miles extent, with the Sure making one great reach through it, and a bold bend just before it enters a gap in the hills towards Waterford, and winds behind them; to the right you look over a, large plain, backed by the great Cummeragh mountains. For a distinct extent of view, the parts of which are all of a commanding magnitude, and a variety equal to the number, very few prospects are finer than this.

From hence the boundary plantation extends some miles to the west and north-west of the domain, forming a margin to the whole of different growths, having been planted, by degrees, from three to sixteen years. It is in general well grown, and the trees thriven exceedingly, particularly the oak, beech, larch, and firs. It is very well sketched, with much variety given to it.

Pass by the garden across the river, which murmurs over a rocky bed, and follow the riding up a steep hill, covered with wood from some breaks, in which the house appears perfectly buried in a deep wood, and come out, after a considerable extent of ride, into the

higher lawn, which commands a view of the scenery about the house; and from the brow of the hill the water, which is made to imitate a river, has a good effect, and throws a great air of chearfulness over the scene, for from hence the declivity below it is hid; but the view, which is the most pleasing from hence, the finest at Curraghmore, and indeed one of the most striking that is any where to be seen, is that of the hanging wood to the right of the house, rising in so noble a sweep as perfectly to fill the eye, and leave the fancy scarce any thing to wish: at the bottom is a small semicircular lawn around which flows the river, under the immediate shade of very noble oaks; the whole wood rises boldly from the bottom, tree above tree, to a vast height, of large oak, the masses of shade are but tints of one colour, it is not chequered with a variety, there is a majestic simplicity, a unity in the whole, which is attended with an uncommon impression, and such as none but the most magnificent scenes can raise.

Descending from hence through the roads, the riding crosses the river, passes through the meadow, which has such an effect in the preceding scene, from which also the view is very fine, and leads home through a continued and an extensive range of fine oak, partly on a declivity, at the bottom of which the river murmurs its broken course.

Besides this noble riding, there is a very agreeable walk runs immediately on the banks of the river, which is perfect in its stile; it is a sequestered line of wood, so high on the declivities in some places, and so thick to the very edge in others, overspreading the river, that the character of the scene is gloom and melancholy, heightened by the noise of the water falling from stone to stone; there is a considerable variety in the banks of it, and in the figures and growth of the wood, but none that hurts the impression, which is well preserved throughout.

October 17th, accompanied Lord Tyrone to Waterford; made some enquiries into the state of their trade, but found it difficult, from the method in which the Custom-house books are kept, to get the details I wished; but in the year following, having the pleasure of a long visit at Ballycanvan; the seat of Cornelius Bolton, Esq; his son, the member for the city, procured me every information I could wish, and that in so liberal and polite a manner, that it would not be easy to express the obligations I am under to both. In general I was informed that the trade of the place had increased considerably in ten years, both the exports and imports. The exports of the products of pasturage, full one-third in twelve years. That the staple trade of the place is the Newfoundland trade; this is very much increased, there is more of it here than any where. The number of people who go passengers in the Newfoundland ships is amazing; from sixty to eighty ships, and from three thousand to five thousand annually. They come from most parts of Ireland, from Cork, Kerry, &c. Experienced men will get 18 to £25 for the season, from March to November; a man who never went will have five to seven pounds, and his passage, and others rise to £20 the passage out they get, but pay home two pounds. An industrious man in a year will bring home twelve to sixteen pounds with him, and some more. A great point for them is to be able to carry out all their slops, for every thing there is exceedingly dear, one or two hundred per cent. dearer than they can get them at home. They are not allowed to take out any woollen goods but for their own use. The ships go loaded with pork, beef, butter, and some salt: and bring home passengers, or get freights where they can; sometimes rum. The Waterford pork comes principally from the barony of Iverk in Kilkenny, where they fatten great numbers of large hogs; for many weeks together they kill here three to four thousand a week, the price 50s. to £4 each; goes chiefly

to Newfoundland. One was killed in Mr. Penrose's cellar, that weighed five cwt. and a quarter, and measured from the nose to the end of the tail, nine feet four inches.

There is a foundery at Waterford for pots, kettles, weights, and all common utensils; and a manufactory by Messieurs King and Tegent, of anvils to anchors, 20 cwt. &c., which employs 40 hands. Smiths earn from 6s. to 24s. a week. Nailors, from 10s. to 12s. And another less considerable. There are two sugar-houses, and many salt-houses. The salt is boiled over lime-kilns.

There is a fishery upon the coast of Waterford, for a great variety of fish, herrings particularly in the mouth of Waterford harbour, and two years ago in such quantities there, that the tides left the ditches full of them. There are some premium boats both here and at Dungarvon, but the quantity of herrings barrelled is not considerable.

The butter trade of Waterford has increased greatly for 7 years past; it comes from Waterford principally, but much from Carlow; for it comes from 20 miles beyond Carlow, for *6d.* per cwt. From the 1st of January, 1774, to the 1st of January, 1775, there were exported 59,856 casks of butter, each on an average one hundred weight at the mean price of 50s. Revenue of Waterford, 1751, £17,000.-1776, £52,000. The slaughter trade has increased, but not so much as the butter. Price of butter now at Waterford, 58s., twenty years average, 42s. Beef now to 25s., average, twenty years, 10s. to 18s. Pork now 30s., average, twenty years, 16s. to 22s. Eighty sail of ships now belonging to the port, twenty years ago not 30. They pay to the captains of ships of 200 tons, .£5 a month; the mate, £3 10s. Ten men, at 40s., five years ago only 27s. Building ships, £10 a ton. Wear and tear of such a ship, £20 a month. Ship provisions, 20s a month.

The new church in this city is a very beautiful one; the body of it is in the same stile exactly as that of Belfast already described: the total length 170 feet, the breadth 58. The length of the body of the church 92, the heighth 40; breadth between the pillars 26. The isle (which I do not remember at Belfast) is 58 by 45. A room on one side the steeple space for the bishop's court, 24 by 18 ; on the other side, a room of the same size for the vestry; and 28 feet square left for a steeple when their funds will permit. The whole is light and beautiful: it was built by subscription, and there is a fine organ bespoke at London. But the finest object in this city is the quay, which is unrivalled by any I have seen; it is an English mile long; the buildings on it are only common houses, but the river is near a mile over, flows up to the town in one noble reach, and the opposite shore a bold hill, which rises immediately from the water to a height that renders the whole magnificent. This is scattered with some wood, and divided into pastures of a beautiful verdure, by hedges. I crossed the water, in order to walk up the rocks on the top of this hill ; in one place, over against Bilberry quarry, you look immediately down on the river, which flows in noble reaches from Granny Castle on the right past Cromwell's rock, the shores on both sides, quite steep, especially the rock of Bilberry. You look over the whole town, which here appears in a triangular form; besides the city, the Cummeragh mountains, Slinaman, &c. come in view. Kilmacow river falls into the Sure, after flowing through a large extent of well planted country; this is the finest view about the city.

From Waterford to Passage, and got my chaise and horses on board the Countess of Tyrone pacquet, in full expectation of sailing immediately, as the wind was fair, but I soon found the difference of these private vessels and the post-office pacquets at Holyhead and

Dublin. When the wind was fair the tide was foul; and when the tide was with them, the wind would not do; in English there was not a complement of passengers, and so I had the agreeableness of waiting with my horses in the hold, by way of rest, after a journey of above 1,500 miles.

October 18th, after a beastly night passed on ship board, and finding no signs of departure, walked to Ballycanvan the seat of Cornelius Bolton, Esq; rode with Mr. Bolton, jun. to Faithleghill, which commands one of the finest views I have seen in Ireland. There is a rock on the top of a hill, which has a very bold view on every side down on a great extent of country, much of which is grass inclosures of a good verdure. This hill is the center of a circle of about ten miles diameter, beyond which higher lands rise, which after spreading to a great extent, have on every side a back ground of mountain: in a northerly direction, Mount Leinster, between Wexford and Wicklow, twenty-six miles off, rises in several heads, far above the clouds. A little to the right of this, Sliakeiltha (*i.e.* the woody mountain) at a less distance, is a fine object. To the left, Tory hill, only five miles, in a regular form varies the outline. To the east, there is the long mountain, eighteen miles distant, and several lesser Wexford hills. To the south-east, the Saltees. To the south, the ocean, and the colines about the bay of Tramore. To the west, Monavollagh rises 2,160 feet above the level of the sea, eighteen miles off, being part of the great range of the Cumeragh mountains; and to the north-west Slinaman, at the distance of twenty-four miles; so that the outline is every where bold and distinct, though distant. These circumstances would alone form a great view, but the water part of it, which fills up the canvass, is in a much superior stile. The great river Sure takes a winding course from the city of Waterford, through a rich country, hanging on the sides of hills to its banks, and dividing into a double channel, forms the lesser island, both of which courses you command distinctly; united, it makes a bold reach under the hill on which you stand, and there receives the noble tribute of the united waters of the Barrow and the Nore, in two great channels, which form the larger island; enlarged by such an accession of water, it winds round the hill in a bending course, of the freest and most graceful outline, every where from one to three miles across, with bold shores, that give a sharp outline to its course to the ocean; twenty sail of ships at Passage, gave animation to the scene; upon the whole, the boldness of the mountain outline; the variety of the grounds; the vast extent of river, with the declivity to it from the point of view, altogether form so unrivalled a scenery - every object so commanding, that the general want of wood is almost forgotten.

Two years after this account was written I again visited this enchanting hill, and walked to it, day after day, from Ballycanvan, and with increasing pleasure. Mr. Bolton, jun. has, since I was there before, inclosed forty acres on the top and steep slope to the water, and begun to plant them. This will be a prodigious addition; for the slope forming the bold shore for a considerable space, and having projections from which the wood will all be seen in the gentle hollows of the hill, the effect will be amazingly fine. Walks and a riding are tracing out, which will command fresh beauties at every step; the spots from which a variety of beautiful views are seen are numerous. All the way from Ballycanvan to Faithleg, the whole to the amount of 1,200 acres, is the property of Mr. Bolton.

Farms about Ballycanvan, Waterford, &c., are generally small, from twenty and thirty to five hundred acres, generally about two hundred and fifty, all above two hundred acres are in general dairies; some of the dairy ones rise very high. The soil is a reddish stony, or slaty gravel, dry, except low lands, which are clay or turf. Rents vary much, about the town very

high, from £5 5s. to £9, but at the distance of a few miles towards Passage, &c., they are from 20s. to 40s. and some higher, but the country in general does not rise so high, usually 10s. to 20s. for dairying land. The course of crops is,

1. Potatoes; the produce 40 to 80 barrels, 20 stones each. 2. Wheat; the crop 8 barrels, each 20 stones. 3. Oats ; the produce from 10 to 14 barrels. 4. Barley ; the crop 12 to 15 barrels. 16 stone each. 5. Lay it out; the better sort clover with the barley, and leave it for meadow.

1. Oats. 2. Wheat. 3.Oats. 4.Barley. One preparation is a slight burning of the furrows for wheat, after that ,vheat, they will sow barley, and then several crops of. oats. Also,

1. Potatoes. 2. Wheat. 3. Wheat. 4. Barley. 5. Layout.

1.Potatoes. 2. Potatoes. 3. Wheat. 4. Oats. 5. Barley. 6. Layout. The. second crop 10 barrels. Every house has a little patch of flax for making a little bandle cloth, but the quantity is not considerable.

The principal manure is a sandy marle they raise in boats on the banks in the harbour at low water; it is of a blueish colour, very soapy, and ferments strongly with acids: a boat load is 18 tons, and costs 6s. to 8s. a load. Most of it has shells. They lay it on for barley particularly, and get great crops, can in all see to an inch where spread. Sometimes it is laid on grass, and the effect uncommonly great, bringing up a perfect carpeting of white clover wherever laid. They lay five or six loads an acre, and the land is forever the better. They repeat it on the same land, and with great effect. They make composts of it with lime, and also hedge earth with good success. Lime they use also; lay from 100 to 150 barrels roach to an acre, which has a very great effect. On the stiffer yellow clays it does better than sand, but laid on all sorts, and also on grass land with good effect. Sea sand they use for potatoes, but it does not last more than for that crop. Waterford dung, and street sullage, 42s. the boatload of 18 tons. Clover has been introduced these 12 years; Mr. Bolton has sown it for many years with very good effect, so that he never lays down land without it.

The dairies are generally set at £2 5s. The dairyman's privilege to 40 cows is a cow and horse, and 2 acres and a cabbin, and he is allowed to rear one calf in ten; 100 acres to 40 cows ; they do not keep any hogs on account of cows. Price of cows, average £4 to £5. They are engaged to give two pottIes each on an average, putting all the milk together. Meadows let at £3 to £4 an acre for the hay.

There are few sheep kept, no great flocks. The poor people plough with four horses, sometimes six: gentlemen generally with spayed heifers or oxen. Land sells at 19 and 20 years' purchase; it did sell at 23, and the fall has been owing to the failure of credit in 1771 and 1772.

Tythes. Potatoes, Wheat, Barley, and Oats, 5s. to 6s. Cows,2d. Sheep, 6d.

The poor people spin their own flax, but not more, and a few of them wool for themselves. Their food is potatoes and milk ; but they have a considerable assistance from fish, particularly herrings; part of the year they have also barley, oaten, and rye bread. They are incomparably better off in every respect than twenty years ago. Their increase about

Ballycanvan is very great, and tillage all over this neighbourhood is increased. The rent of a cabbin 10s an acre with it, 20s. The grass of a cow a few years ago, 20s. now 25s. or 30s.

An exceeding good practice here in making their fences is, they plant the quick on the side of the bank in the common manner and then, instead of the dead hedge we use in England on the top of the bank, they plant a row of old thorns, two or three feet high, which readily grow, and form at once a most excellent fence. Their way also of taking in sand banks from the river deserves notice: they stake down a row of furzes at low water, laying stones on them to the heighth of one or two feet; these retain the mud, which every tide brings in, so as to fill up all within the furze as high as their tops. I remarked on the strand, that a few boat loads of stones laid carelessly, had had this effect, for within them I measured 12 inches deep of rich blue mud left behind them, the same as they use in manuring, full of shells and effervesced strongly with vinegar.

Among the poor people, the fishermen are in much the best circumstances; the fishery is considerable; Waterford and its harbour have 50 boats each, from 8 to 12 tons, six men on an average to each, but to one of six ton, five men go. A boat of eight tons costs £40, one of twelve, £60. To each boat there is a train of nets of six pair, which costs from £4 4s. to £6 6s., tan them with bark. Their only net fishery is that of herrings, which is commonly carried on by shares. The division of the fish is, first, one-fourth for the boat; and then the men and nets divide the rest, the latter reckoned as three men. .They reckon 10 maze of herrings an indifferent night's work; when there is a good take 40 maze have been taken, 20 a good night; the price per maze, from 1s. to 7 ., average 5s, Their take, in 1775, the greatest they have known, when they had more than they could dispose of, and the whole town and country stunk of them, they retailed them 32 for *Id.* 1773 and 1774 good years. They barrelled many; but in general there is an import of Swedish. Besides the common articles I have registered, the following are, pigeons, 1s. a couple. A hare, 1s Partridges, 9d. Turbots, fine ones, 4s. to 10s. Soals, a pair, large, 1s, 6d. to Is. Lobsters, 3d. each. Oysters, 6s. per hundred. Rabbits, 1s. to 1s. 4d. a couple. Cod, 1s. each, large Salmon, 1 ¼ d. to 2d.

A very extraordinary circumstance I was told, that within five or six years there has been much hay carried from Waterford to Norway, in the Norway ships that bring deals; as hay is dear here, it proves a most backward state of husbandry in that northerly region, since the neighbourhood of sea-ports to which this hay can alone go, is generally the best improved in all countries.

Mr. Bolton has improved a great deal of waste land, that was under furze, heath, and wood. He first grubs it, which costs for the woody part, £3 or £3 3s. and for the furze, 20s. Then levels all holes, &c. and clears it out of rocks, at the expence of 20s. an acre. Upon this he dungs and plants potatoes in the trenching way upon a part, and upon the rest fallows and limes it, and sows wheat, 100 to 150 barrels an acre, produce seven to ten barrels an acre. Then sands it for oats or barley, 15 barrels of barley, and 12 of oats. In this way he has done 300 acres, which was not worth more than 5s. an acre: now lets at 30s. In making this very noble improvement, he divided the land into well-proportioned fields, and surrounded them with very noble fences; double ditches, with a parapet bank between, planted on both sides with quick, and on the top with a double row of oak, elm, ash, or fir; many of these were planted 36 years ago; they are now in very great perfection, so thick and fully grown as to be impervious to the sight, and to take, when viewed at a distance, the appearance of spreading

woods. Nothing could be done in a completer manner, and the quantity over more than 300 acres, uniting with many orchards planted at the same time, give his domain and its environs a richness of landscape not common in Ireland. I could not help much admiring it when on the water; from some parts of the river the effect is very beautiful.

Mr. Bolton cannot be too much commended for the humane attention with which he encourages his poor cottar tenantry; he gives them all leases, whatever their religion, of 21 or 31 years, or lives: even the occupier of two acres has a lease. It is inconceivable what an effect this has had: this is the way to give the Catholics right ideas. I was for three weeks a witness of a most spirited industry among them; every scrap of rough rocky land, not before improved, they were at work upon, and overcoming such difficulties as are rarely to be found on common wastes: many spots, not worth 5s. an acre, they were reclaiming to be well worth 25s. and 30s. The improvement of this part of Mr. Bolton's estate may be guessed at when I mention, that on only 600 acres of it, there have been built, in six years, 40 new houses, many of them handsome ones of stone and slate. For cabbins, barns, &c. he gives timber for the roofs.

In 1751, Mr. Bolton being in England, where observing the cultivation of turnips for sheep, he introduced them on his estate on his return, and had hurdles made for penning sheep on them, and did it with much success ; after the same journey also, he introduced horse-beans for feeding his horses, mixed with oats : he did it for twenty years together, and with the greatest success. Turnip cabbage he has tried also for sheep, and found them to do exceedingly well. One turnip cabbage sown the beginning of April, and not transplanted, weighed 13lb. top and bottom. An experiment on carrots I viewed, of which Mr. Bolton, junior, has since favoured me with the following account.

"When you were here, I shewed you a few beds of carrots, which were pulled the beginning of this month; I measured the ground, and when the carrots were cleaned and topped, I saw them weighed. The ground measured fifteen perches, plantation measure, which produced 36 hundred and six stone of carrots, besides allowing 4lb. to every hundred for dirt, though they were very clean and dry. The produce is 156 barrels, and 16 stones to an acre (20 stones to the barrel) and beyond anything I could have imagined; and I am certain, had the carrots been hoed and thinned as they ought, the product would have been much greater. The tops were given to pigs; they seemed to like them better than any thing else. These fifteen perches are part of a field, which, in 1774, had been highly manured with dung for potatoes. In 1775, the roots of the weeds (of which there were a great quantity, particularly couch grass and crow-foot) were burned, and the ashes and some blue sand spread, and it was sown with turnips. The latter end of March, these fifteen perches were dug, and about the 16th of April sown with a pound of carrot-seed; they were twice hoed, to destroy the weeds which came up very thick."

In the winter of 1775, Mr. Bolton fed 10 working horses on bull potatoes, twice a day on oats, and once on potatoes; the potatoes given always at night; the quantity to each horse 1 ½ peck of small ones; and at the other two feedings, half a peck each of oats. He found that they fattened the horses very much, and did exceedingly well on them. Value of the potatoes, 3s. a barrel. The culture of rape and turnips has been tried in this neighbourhood also by Mr. James Wyse, merchant, of Waterford.

In the beginning of June, 1774, Mr. Wyse ploughed lightly with a winged plough, and burned the surface of near four acres of land, which had not been tilled for many years. He spread the ashes, and manured the ground with 12 boat loads of the blue sand, which is taken from the banks of the river at low water, each boat load containing 20 tons. Then ploughed and harrowed it once; and such of the clods as were not thoroughly burned and pulverized after harrowing, he turned with the grassy side down to hinder their growing. About the middle of August he sowed with rape; a little more than half a bushel to an acre. It was cut the latter end of June, 1775, and produced 48 barrels, of sixteen stones to the barrel, which sold for 16s. per barrel, and the straw to a tallow-chandler to burn for ashes, for 48s. The straw, or haulm, of rape, is sold for twelve-pence for each barrel of seed it produced. The beginning of July, 1775, Mr. Wyse ploughed and harrowed the ground; about the 20th of July sowed it with turnips, which, on their coming up, were immediately destroyed by the fly. About the middle of August harrowed the ground, and sowed turnips again, which were also destroyed by the fly. Mr. Wyse imagines the great number of flies were occasioned by the oiliness and richness of the ground, (caused by the putrefaction of the leaves and blossoms of the rape) and the moisture and warmth of the weather. About the middle of October, the grass came up so rich and luxuriant, (though not sown with grass seed) that Mr. Wyse would not suffer it to be ploughed for tillalge, as he had intended. The latter end of June, 1776, mowed it, and it produced three tons of hay per acre; sold for 34s. per ton. The sand and carriage of it cost about thirty shillings per boat load; ploughing, burning, harrowing, sowing, cutting, &c. about four guineas per acre. Rent of the land thirty Shillings an acre. In 1775 Mr. Wyse ploughed seven acres, which he prepared in the same manner (except sanding) and sowed it with rape; it grew very well till the great frost and snow fell, which was remarkably severe, and which injured it very much, together with the moisture of the ground, occasioned by springs in the land, and heavy rains, which succeeded the frost and snow; the produce per acre, about half the quantity of the former year; sold at the same price. Mr. Wyse recommends narrow ridges for low moist ground. He thinks a large quantity of ashes to be a chief means of ensuring a plentiful crop. The land does not require manure after rape for wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, &c. but will not answer for a second crop of rape.

Mr. Bolton, junior, having mentioned a neighbour of his, who had drawn up a memoir upon making cyder, from considerable experience, at my request wrote to him for a copy of it which I have since received, with his permission to insert it in this work

The following is an abridgement of the account.

"Let apples of every species hang till they are ripe, and begin to drop; let them be gathered perfectly dry, and if convenient, in the heat of the day, when warmed in the sun; when gathered let them lie in heaps for one, two, three, or four weeks, according to their degrees of firmness, so as to undergo a moderate fermentation; let the moisture be carefully wiped off, and each species separated (if the quantity of fruit in your orchard be sufficient to admit it) and then ground in a mill, or pounded in troughs; but the first the best method, because less of the pulp is broke, and the liquor will flow clearer from the bags; by pressing the fruit of each distinct species so separated, the cyder will undergo one uniform fermentation.

When the fruit are sufficiently broke for pressing, let them lie forty-eight hours before they be pressed; this will add to that deep richness of colour, which to the eye is pleasing in

cyder; then let the fruit so broke, having stood forty-eight hours, be pressed in hair cloth bags; as the juice is thus pressed out, let it be poured into large vessels, usually called keeves, to undergo the fermentation; three of these vessels are necessary in every orchard, one to contain the liquor in its state or course of fermentation, while a second is filling from the press, and the third to contain the pummage before it be pressed; three keeves, containing five or six hogsheads each, will serve for an orchard that yields sixty or seventy hogsheads of cyder. The expence of these vessels made of double boards, hooped with iron, or strong ash hoops, will not be very considerable; if the weather should prove the fermenting keeves should be covered with bags, &c, in order to quicken the fermentation, which will be compleated in six or seven days if the weather be temperate, provided no new or unfermented cyder be put into the keeve, which above all things should be carefully avoided; when the fermentation is over, the liquor will be fine, and should then be racked off into very clean hogsheads, smoaked with brimstone matches; the hogsheads should not be bunged or stopt close till all symptoms of fermentation cease; and in three weeks or a month it should be a second time racked, still observing to smoak the hogsheads with brimstone then the hogsheads should with the greatest care be very closely stopped; the keeves must be entirely emptied before the new pressed cyder is poured into them. The great secret in making good cyder, is to prevent or mitigate its fermentations, the first excepted; and nothing will so effectually do this, as repeated racking from the foul lee.

Do not press wildings 'till Candlemas, or until they begin to rot; and when the juice is pressed out, let it be boiled in a furnace for one hour, before it be suffered to work or ferment, and that will greatly soften the acrimony of its juice."

Mr. William Atkinson, of Mount Wilkinson, near Ballycanvan, seems to be very attentive to the orchard husbandry; from two acres he had twenty-one hogsheads of cyder, and the same year reaped twenty barrels of wheat under the trees, a produce little short of £50, or £25 an acre; three and a half barrels of his apples (each 6 bushels) made a hogshead of cyder. A common practice here in planting orchards, is to set cuttings, three or four feet long, half way in the ground, of the cackagee, jergonelle, or any set that grows rough and knotty in the wood; they call them *pitchers,* they rarely fail, and yield well and soon.

Mr. Bolton carried me to the houses of some fishermen on the harbour, one of whom had planted around his cabbin for shelter, three years ago, some willow cuttings, the growth of which amazed me; I measured them 21 feet high, and not crooked or bending like common sorts, but strait as a fir. I took half a dozen cuttings with me to England, to compare it with the sorts common with us.

October 19th, the wind being fair, took my leave of Mr. Bolton, and went back to the ship; met with a fresh scene of provoking delays, so that it was the next morning, October 20th, at eight o'clock, before we sailed; and then it was not wind, but a cargo of passengers that spread our sails. Twelve or fourteen hours are not an uncommon passage, but such was our luck, that after being in sight of the lights on the Smalls, we were by contrary winds blown opposite to Arklow sands; a violent gale arose which perfectly blew a storm, that lasted thirty-six hours, in which, under a reefed mainsail, the ship drifted up and down wearing, in order to keep clear of the coasts.

No wonder this appeared to me, a fresh-water sailor, as a storm, when the oldest men on board reckoned it a violent one: the wind blew in furious gusts; the waves ran very high; the cabbin windows burst open, and the sea pouring in set every thing afloat, and among the rest a poor lady, who had spread her bed on the floor. We had however the satisfaction to find, by trying the pumps every watch, that the ship made little water. I had more time to attend these circumstances than the rest of the passengers, being the only one in seven who escaped without being sick. It pleased God to preserve us; but we did not cast anchor in Milford Haven till Tuesday morning the 22d, at one o'clock.

It is much to be wished that there were some means of being secure of packets sailing regularly, instead of waiting till there is such a number of passengers as satisfies the owner, and captain; with the post-office packets there is this satisfaction, and a great one it is; the contrary conduct is so perfectly detestable, that I should suppose the scheme of the Waterford ones can never succeed.

Two years after, having been assured this conveyance was put on a new footing, I ventured to try it again; but was mortified to find that the Tyrone, the only one that could take a chaise or horses (the *Countess* being laid up) was repairing, but would sail in five days; I waited, and received assurance after assurance that she would be ready on such a day, and then on another; in a word, I waited twenty-four days before I sailed; moderately speaking, I could, by Dublin, have reached Turin or Milan as soon as I did Milford in this conveyance. All this time the papers had constant advertisements of the Tyrone sailing regularly, instead of letting the public know that she was under a repair. Her owner seems to be a fair and worthy man, he will therefore probably give up the scheme entirely, unless assisted by the corporation, with at least four ships more, to sail regularly *with* or WITHOUT passengers; at present it is a general disappointment; I was fortunate in Mr. Bolton's acquaintance, passing my time very agreeably at his hospitable mansion; but those who, in such a case, should find a Waterford inn their resource, would curse the Tyrone, and set off for Dublin. The expences of this passage are higher than those from Dublin to Holyhead: I paid,

A four-wheel chaise ……..	.3 3 0
Three horses……	3 3 0
Self…….	1 1 0
Two servants……	1 1 0
Custom-house at Waterford, hay, oats, &c…….	2 1 7
Ditto at Pembroke and Hubberston……	.3 0 0
Sailors, boats, and sundry small charges……..	1 15 5
	£15 5 0

Biographical Note:

Arthur Young, 1741-1820

Arthur Young was born in London, on 11th September 1741. In 1758 he left school, and was apprenticed to Messrs. Robertson of Lynn, with a view to his subsequent employment in Messrs. Tomlinson's counting-house. He compiled political pamphlets, beginning in 1758 with 'The Theatre of the Present War in North America.' He also wrote four novels, 'The Fair American,' 'Sir Charles Beaufort,' 'Lucy Watson,' and 'Julia Benson, or the Innocent Sufferer.' In 1759 he published 'Reflections on the present State of Affairs at Home and Abroad.' In 1761 he started a monthly magazine, 'The Universal Museum.' He subsequently became a farmer and in 1765 he married Martha Allen. He produced accounts of various tours to improve his income .

In 1776 he went to Ireland and kept a journal of his tour which he subsequently lost. In 1777 Lord Kingsborough invited Young to become his agent in Cork at £500 a year, with a house at Mitchelstown. Young moved to Ireland, but following a disagreement with his employer he returned to England in 1779. In 1780 his 'Tour in Ireland' was published and it's attack on the bounty on land carriage of corn to Dublin led to half the bounty being abolished in the next session of parliament.

In 1785 Young was consulted by Pitt upon his Irish proposals. In 1789 he made his final journey to France. He was an eye-witness at Paris and Versailles to the first scenes in the French revolution, and describes them vividly. In 1792 appeared the 'Travels in France during the Years 1787, 1788, and 1789' He died in London, on 20th April 1820

From: **Researches in the South of Ireland**

By T. CROFTON CROKER

THE RIVER BLACKWATER

"The grassy court—- the mossy wall—
Vault—barbacan—and turret tall—
With weeds that have o'ergrown them;
Though silent as the desert air,
Yet have their eloquence, and bear
Mortality upon them.

Yes !—these are talismans that break
The sleep of visions, and awake
Long silent recollections;
That kindle in the mental eye
Romantic feelings long gone by,
And glowing retrospections."

Anonymous.

THE scenery of the Blackwater, where it falls into the sea at Youghall, is bold and rocky; but the character gradually changes to one of richness and fertility. In the progress up this river, at every bend made by the course of the boat, attractive objects are continually presented to the eye, or renewed and improved by a change of position. Several ruins, to each of which historical or traditionary recollections are attached, overhang its banks; some clothed in ivy rising out of wood, whilst others appear sternly elevated on a naked point of rock; these are agreeably relieved by many seats and hamlets scattered on the shore, and the distant Galtee Mountains form a noble termination.

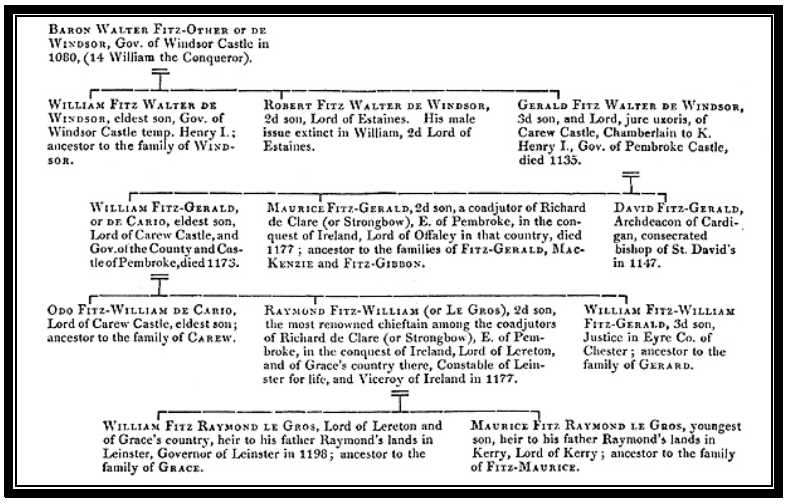
Rincrew is the first ruin approached from Youghall; it stands on an eminence immediately over the river, and may be distinctly seen from thence. It is reputed to have belonged to the Military and Religious Association of Knight Templars, and being forfeited to the crown, was granted, in 1586, with Strancally, Ballynatra, and other lands, to Sir Walter Raleigh, who afterwards disposed of his Irish estates to the first Earl of Cork. I have been told that the river here is fished and navigated by means of small square boats called corracles, similar to those used in Wales, composed of basket work and covered with skin or oil cloth; of these we saw none, but passed more than one bark of fragile texture and pigmy dimensions, in which a rosy-checked lass tugged stoutly at the oar.—A boat, sharp pointed both at bow and stern, and somewhat resembling a canoe, attracted our particular notice; it was guided by two young countrymen with paddles, and kept alongside our barge for about three miles, though the movement of the paddlers, when compared with that of our boatmen, appeared playful and insignificant.

The castle of Temple Michael, at present a complete section of a heavy square tower, is about a mile from Rincrew, and adjoins the house of Mr. Smith, situated close

to the river, which here spreads into an extensive sheet of water, and formerly encompassed an island, called Dar Inis or Molana.

On this island, recently united to the main land, some ivied walls induced us to leave our boat, but they did not present a subject worth sketching; as some hand, certainly not that of an artist, has been busy here clearing away congenial weeds and brambles, and the fragments of ancient tombs have given place to a grassy neatness. This destruction of monuments is the more to be regretted, from popular tradition naming Molana as the burial place of Raymond le Gross,* to whose personal skill and bravery the conquest of Ireland is mainly owing, and of whom Giraldus Cambrensis has left us so noble a character. A modern tablet has been put up in the interior, with an inscription recording the circumstance. In Archdale's Monasticon may be found the names of many abbots, with some particulars relating to the monastery of the little island of Molana.—According to Smith, it was founded by St. Molanfide, for regular canons, in the sixth century, and, being forfeited, was amongst the lands granted to Sir Walter Raleigh.

This genealogical curiosity, compiled from original and authentic documents, will no doubt be acceptable to many.



* The descent of the original founders of the families of Windsor, Carew, Grace, Fitz-Maurice, Gerard, Fitz-Gerald, Mac-Kenzie and Fitz-Gibbon, in the *male* line from their common ancestor, Baron Walter Fitz-Other de Windsor, the patriarch of the house of Windsor and of these its younger branches.

Ballinatry, the seat of another Mr. Smith, is close to Molana;— from the water the gardens appear conspicuous, and seem laid out in the taste of the last century. In the next reach of the river, the remains of Strancally Castle break boldly on the view: Strancally was one of the strong holds of the Desmond family, and the atrocious cruelties committed in this castle called down the particular vengeance of Elizabeth's government, by whose orders it was blown up; the forcible effects of the explosion may still be easily discerned in its shattered fragments; and it is probable, the semi-destruction of Temple Michael was effected by the same means and at the same period. Our boatman pointed out the mouth of a passage excavated in the rock, which is reported to have communicated with a dungeon, stained by

"Many a foul and midnight murder"—

and from whence the bodies of slaughtered victims were precipitated into the tide. Numerous arbitrary and despotic acts of the Earls of Desmond are minutely related to the present day by the peasantry; and if an impartial history of their times could now be drawn up, it would present a catalogue of tyrannical and savage deeds, at the mention of which humanity must shudder.

Drumana, recently the seat of the Earl of Grandison, is placed on a precipitous rock above the water, some distance, and at the opposite side from Strancally. The present house was built on the site of a castle that belonged, with those already described, to the Fitzgeralds, and is the reputed birth place of the long lived Countess of Desmond, the number of whose years approached so near those of old Thomas Parr. This wonderful lady, being deprived of her jointure by the attainder of the Earl of Desmond, at the advanced age of one hundred and forty, crossed the Channel to Bristol, and, traveling to London, solicited, and obtained relief from James First. In this part of the country her death is attributed to a fall whilst in the act of picking an apple from a tree in the orchard at Drumana.

Drumana, richly surrounded with wood, is decidedly the most beautiful picture on the passage to Lismore. Strancally is more striking, as part of the ruin still retains nearly its original height, and the dark stateliness of its "time tinted" walls bestows an air of desolation and solemnity which the adjacent scenery is calculated to increase, the appearance of the ground being barren and neglected.

"Brown, in the rust of time—it stands sublime,
With over hanging battlements and towers,
And works of old defence—a massy pile !—
And the broad river winds around its base
In bright unruffled course." —

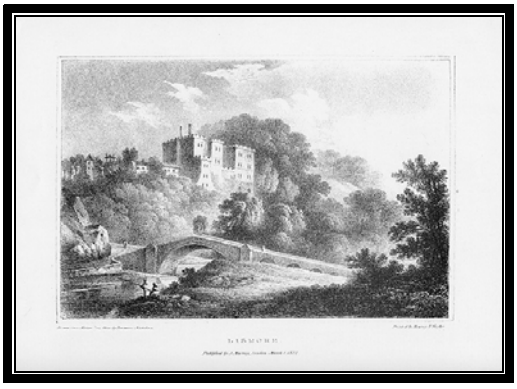
The views of Drumana, on the contrary, exhibit the strongest marks of industry and improvement. Extensive plantations meet the eye in every direction, and the distance is closed by a range of mountains with a particularly well-shaped outline. The loftiest of these is Knockmeledown; its height is reckoned at two thousand seven hundred English feet above the level of the sea, and, on the top, Major Eeles,* of eccentric memory, lies buried, with his horse and gun beside him. About Drumana for some space, rocks and trees bang beautifully over the water, and form a variety of delightful combinations.

* This gentleman resided many years at Youghall, and was author of some tracts on electricity.

Proceeding forward, the village of Affane appears on the right, remarkable in Irish history from having been the scene of a severe conflict, about the middle of the sixteenth century, between the clans of Butler and Fitzgerald, in which three hundred of the latter were killed, and ‘their leader (Gerald, Earl of Desmond) wounded. An anecdote of this fight is related by many writers, remarkable for the dignified and spirited retort of the wounded Desmond, who was made prisoner, and as his antagonists were bearing him on their shoulders from the field, a leader of the Ormond party rode up, and exultingly exclaimed, “*Where is now the great Earl of Desmond*?” when raising himself, indignantly he replied, “*Where, but in his proper place, on the necks of the Butlers*!” The lands of Affane are said to have been given by Garret Fitzgerald, for a breakfast to Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced cherries into Ireland, and, according to Smith, first planted them here, having brought them from the Canary Islands.

Two miles farther is Cappoquin, a neat village, with a pretty church spire, rising above a cluster of cabins, and wearing altogether a more inviting aspect than most Irish villages can boast: here is the first bridge across the Blackwater, and although wooden, of some antiquity, as an act was passed to repair it in the reign of Charles the Second.

At Cappoquin, the course of the river changes from due east to due south, which direction it follows between eleven and twelve English miles, when it falls into the sea at Youghall, about sixty miles from its source; Ptolemy calls this river the Daurona, and the Irish name of Awin-dubh or the Black River, used by Spencer, probably originated in the peculiar strength and gloominess of its reflections, an effect we observed more than once during our excursion. The depth of the Blackwater is unequal, and the navigation impeded by beds of gravel. Lord Orrery in his Letters speaks of a communication by water to Mallow, a distance of forty miles, for boats of tolerable burthen; but this at present is impossible beyond Lismore, even for the smallest craft. Some years since, a canal was commenced above Mallow, and extensive remains of the undertaking are to be seen in that neighbourhood; to pecuniary causes the failure of this plan is attributed, and no effort has since been made to obtain the important advantage of inland water carriage.



From Cappoquin to Lismore the banks of the river become still richer and more close; magnificent ash trees dip their waving branches in the stream, and have attained a surprising growth and beauty. Within about two miles of Lismore, the frequent stoppages occasioned by locks induced us to land, and pursue the remainder of the way on foot; a walk of increasing beauty brought us within view of its fine castle, rising out of trees, above an extensive bridge with numerous arches, and one of striking dimensions. Of this approach the annexed drawing by Miss Nicholson will convey a correct idea.

Lismore is recorded to have been one of the most distinguished seats of learning in Ireland, and the existence of numerous monasteries and colleges here is boasted by modern authors on the faith of early annalists. The traveller, however, who expects to find remains of ancient building at Lismore, will feel disappointed, as few if any vestiges of its former greatness are now to be discerned. From the earliest period its history presents a catalogue of destructive conflagrations, and these, in some measure, account for its being almost totally destitute of ancient edifices. In the seventh century, Lismore is described as a famous and holy city, full of monasteries and cells, the resort of pious men from Britain, and half of it an asylum into which no woman was permitted to enter. It is, however, chiefly memorable from the council held by Henry II in 1172. Take the words of old Matthew Paris, which have occasioned so much discussion: "*Rex, antequam ab Hibernia redibat, concilium congregavit apud Lismore, ubi leges Angliae ab omnibus gratenter sunt acceptae et juratoria cautione praestita confirmatae.*"

At present, Lismore is a small and inconsiderable town, though a bishop's see, united to that of Waterford in 1363. The cathedral has nothing attractive in exterior appearance; about a third part has recently been fitted up for service, in the florid Gothic style, and the carving of the oaken throne, pulpit, desks, and stalls, together with the entire effect, superior to any thing similar that I remember having seen in Ireland.

The entrance to the castle is under an old gateway, with towers, from whence a level walled avenue, shaded on one side by a row of aged and stately pine trees, leads to a second gateway, over which are sculptured the arms of the Earl of Cork, with the often quoted motto, "God's providence is my inheritance." This is the entrance into an extensive court yard, the north and east sides of which, if not recently erected, are so disguised as to have a modern appearance.

A tame eagle was pluming his feathers in the sun beside the door of the castle, and the sight of that monarch bird in its present situation, chained to a slight wooden perch, seemed a fine emblem of the wild and lawless spirit of feudal days, controlled if not subdued by the power of civilization, beyond the reach of which it had long soared in proud and fancied security. There was no difficulty in obtaining permission to see the interior. A book lay on the hall table where strangers write their names, and a servant is in attendance to conduct them from room to room. The guide, though particularly civil, was totally ignorant of any anecdotes connected with the place; in vain I inquired for the apartment consecrated by the memory of the philosophic Robert Boyle, who was born here; for that, where the feeble monarch James II is said to have started back from the window, appalled at beholding its height above the river; or for any of those places identified with Raleigh or Broghill. Had I not been previously aware of the association of these names with Lismore Castle, I should have gone through its chambers with as little interest as through those of any other well furnished house; in fact, it is no more, and the local association of such sacred titles as soldier and statesman, philosopher and poet, is never once recalled to the memory, a visionary charm that should be religiously preserved. Little will therefore be found attractive in Lismore Castle, beside the natural beauty of its situation. It was built by King John when he visited Ireland in 1186, and four years after destroyed by the Irish, who regarded, both with fear and jealousy, the construction of every English fortification. On being rebuilt, Lismore Castle became an episcopal residence, until granted with the manor and other lands, at the yearly rent of 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, to Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom Lismore is indebted for the foundation of a free school. From Sir Walter, this estate past into the possession of the first Earl of Cork, and in the rebellion of 1641, the castle was bravely defended by his third son, Lord Broghill, against the Irish. The conclusion of a letter from that young nobleman to his father on this occasion has been much eulogized: "*My Lord*," says the gallant writer, "*fear nothing for Lismore, for if it be lost, it shall be with the life of him that begs your lordship's blessing, and*

styles himself, your lordship's most humble, most obliged, and most dutiful son and servant,"
"Broghill."

The manuscripts in Lismore Castle are frequently referred to by Smith, but I could learn nothing respecting them; my inquiries were answered by a positive assurance that no such collection ever existed; but from Dr. Smith's character for correctness, as well as from the internal evidence of such parts as have been printed in his works, there can be no doubt of their authenticity. These manuscripts appear to have been title-deeds and letters of the Boyle family, the latter replete with extensive historical and biographical materials relative to the intrigues and troubles of 1641, and it is to be hoped were removed and are preserved by order of the Duke of Devonshire, the present possessor of the castle.*

The visitor of Lismore should make a point of seeing Balleen, the seat of the Rev. Dean Scott, about a mile distant from thence. By the kindness of Lady Listowel, Miss Nicholson was furnished with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Scott, and an evening ramble in these charming grounds was one of much enjoyment.

The Blackwater is here deep, and though rapid, pursues its course quietly, gliding amidst knotted stumps and twisted roots that skirt the banks, and which with the trees appear to have resolved as with one consent to grow in the most romantic forms imaginable. Every group might become a study for the pencil, and the river, like a black mirror, is of that dark, transparent quality, which I have frequently observed to reflect forms even more distinctly than they appear. The opposite woods and "castled eminence" of Lismore give additional beauty to the scene, and its magic is completed by the lulling sound of the river murmuring amongst distant weirs.

"the fretful melody
Of water, gurgling through the rugged weir,
Brought on the breeze."

Between Lismore and Fermoy the carriage road is indifferent, and the character of the Blackwater less worthy the notice of the pictorial tourist. We explored one wild glen called Ballydouve, three miles from Lismore, where a few miserable cabins (if I may speak paradoxically) stood in lonely association; an adequate idea of the wretchedness of these habitations can scarcely be formed from description. From these hovels the smoke of the turf fire has seldom the option of escape by a chimney, in default of which it issues from the door; sometimes they possess a window, but this is a luxury not general. The floor is bare earth, so uneven that the four legs of a chair are seldom of use at one time, and baskets and utensils lie around in an indiscriminate litter; a pig, the wealth of an Irish peasant, roams about with conscious importance, and chickens hop over every part like tame canaries. Such is a picture of dwellings within twenty miles of the principal trading city in Ireland. Few of the smoke dried inmates understood English, and I was not only surprised, but shocked, at finding the deplorable want of comfort exhibited in the condition of these poor people. A wooden bridge was constructing across the river at the time of our visit, and it is to be hoped that the increase of communication may be conducive to improvement.

* On the death of Richard, third Earl of Burlington, and fourth Earl of Cork, in 1753**,** the most considerable part of that nobleman's estates both in England and Ireland devolved upon his daughter Lady Charlotte Boyle, who married, in 1748, William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

The dilapidated towers, or, as they are called, castles of Liclash and Carrickabrick, are at opposite sides of the Blackwater, within a short distance of Fermoy, a town indebted for its importance to the extensive barrack and mail coach contracts of the late Mr. Anderson. At the last peace, the government works were discontinued, and the military withdrawn; since when, its rapid prosperity has as rapidly declined. A spirit of industry and enterprise no longer animates the place; the once busy inhabitants have comparatively relapsed into indolent habits; and with the speculations of Mr. Anderson, the vital strength of Fermoy seems to have departed.

About a mile and half distant is Castle Hyde, the seat of Mr. Hyde, to whose ancestor, a grant of six thousand acres of the Earl of Desmond's forfeited ground was made by Elizabeth, as a reward for his military services in England, during the commotion caused by the "invincible Armada." The lyric production of a drunken cobler, descriptive of Castle Hyde, is so popular as to require notice, which its originality perhaps merits, and also from the well known song of the Groves of Blarney being an acknowledged imitation of this composition, of which the following quotation may serve as a specimen.

"The bees perfuming—the fields with music,
As you rove down by th' Blackwater's side.
The trout and salmon, play at back gammon,
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde."

Rising behind Fermoy is seen the mountain of Cairn na Thierna, in English the Lord's heap, a name expressive of the Cairn or heap of rude stones on its summit, a monument of remote ages, and generally believed to mark the burial-place of some primitive chief.

To enjoy, indeed to see the scenery of the Blackwater between Mallow and Fermoy, a tract dignified by the name of the garden of Ireland, frequent detours must be made from the carriage road as it is otherwise impossible to form an adequate idea of the adjacent country. Sir Richard bare complains feelingly of this circumstance.

The grounds of Castle Hyde join those of Creg, the residence of Colonel Stewart, which are laid out in good taste, with steep and shadowy walks beside the river, and contain an old castle that formerly belonged to the family of Roche, feudal lords of the district of Fermoy.

Two miles beyond Creg is Ballyhooley, an inconsiderable village, dignified by the ruins of another and more extensive castle of the Roches, standing on a rock with the present parish church, and the remains of the ancient one — a combination seen to great advantage from Convamore, the domain of Lord Ennismore, whence it affords an excellent subject for the pencil; as these structures give a poetic relief to the massive richness of the surrounding wood which overhangs the winding course of the river.

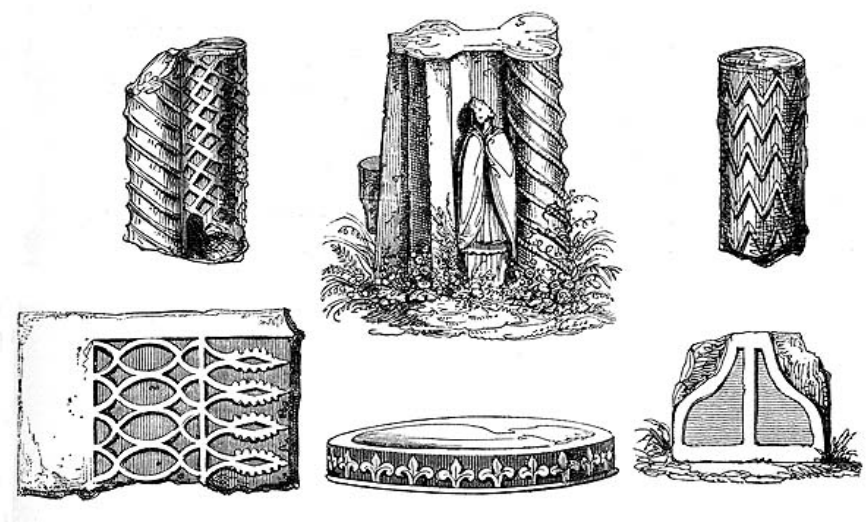
About a mile above Convamore, the Awbeg, named by Spencer the Mulla, meets the Blackwater, and their mingled currents glide onward beneath the rocky cliffs of Renny, part of the estate granted to that poet. On the low ground between the conflux of these rivers are the venerable remains of Bridgetown Abbey, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and founded by the Roche family, who at various periods added considerably to its endowments. In 1375, Thomas, the Prior of Bridgetown, was selected to proceed to England, in compliance with a writ of Edward III, directing that chosen persons should be sent from Ireland to advise on the' government of that kingdom, and other important matters. This circumstance and the demolition of a bridge by Cromwell, from whence its name was derived, are the only historical facts recorded of Bridgetown Abbey. It contains few monuments of importance, except one on the south side of a large chapel near the

site of the altar. It is a Gothic arch, of light and elegant proportions, within a considerable and heavy projection. The extreme wildness of construction in this arch is remarkable, the termination of one side being square and massive, the other slight and sharp. Irregularity seems to have been the designer's chief object, and yet an uniformity of effect is preserved. About the middle of the corner moulding, on the altar side, a head in high relief is most unaccountably placed, without any thing similar to correspond as a balance, and an inverted armorial shield, charged with one fish (the present Roche arms are three) is deeply marked in outline on the front of this monument, supposed to be that of the founder, Alexander Fitz Hugh Roche, but no vestige of an inscription can be discovered.

In a small chapel parallel to and adjoining the greater one, there is another tomb belonging to the same family, simply inscribed

A .D. 1634
THEOBALD. ROCH.

and in both chapels numerous architectural fragments and gravestones lie scattered on the ground. Amongst these fragments, some grotesque corbels and pieces of highly wrought tracery were to be seen. On many of the old grave-stones was sculptured a cross, enriched in various ways by means of intersecting circles and fleurs de lis; several were without lettering, but on such as had a legend, it generally ran along the border; I observed one in the great chapel covered with a Latin inscription, in the Roman character, but so oddly confused that I was totally unable to decipher it, although every letter and many words could be distinctly made out, some of the words mingled with the ornamented cross, attached to which were two busts in bas-relief of the rudest workmanship. Of these uncouth works I have copied the most striking, together with a few architectural remains which I observed lying on the ground.



"Thus in a corner of some ruin'd pile
Lie name and titles—fragile to the touch
Of curious linger, that perhaps may try,
Once in an age, those antique characters
And rudely chissel'd chyphers to explore,
Perhaps in vain !—Yes, poor Ephemera,
This is the end of all your hoped renown,.
To be forgotten, and unknown!"

The cloisters and refectory may be traced without difficulty; the former is now a naked square court used as a ball alley by the neighbouring peasantry.

Leaving the Blackwater, and following the course of the Awbeg through a wild and rocky glen, for about a mile and a half, we reached the village of Castletown Roche. Its appearance was romantic, and, comparatively speaking, cleanly; the greater part is built upon the side of a thickly wooded eminence, crowned by an ancient embattled tower, that rises with an air of command. Through the valley, or rather glen, beneath, ripples the Awbeg, whose natural beauty is enhanced from the endearing appellation applied to it by Spencer in his Fairy Queen,

"And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep."

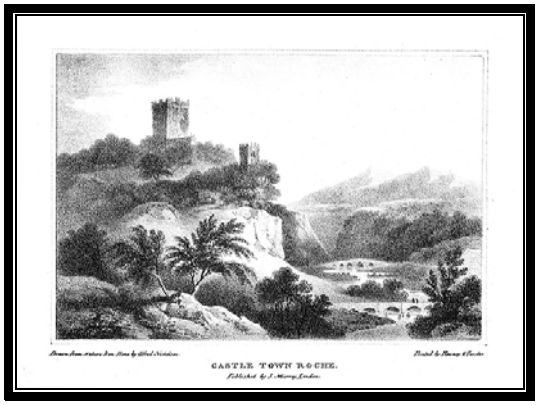
The village church is modern, and without pretensions; from a stone imbedded in the outside wall, I copied this inscription:

ORATE

PRO BONO STATU
DOMINI MAURICI
ROCHE VICECO
MES DE FERMOY ET
DOMINE ELINORIE
MAURICI ET
PRO ANIMA EJUS
ANNO DOMINI 1585.

The castle is conspicuous at a considerable distance; the present owner is Mr. Widenham, who recently resided in an adjoining house. It was formerly the chief seat of the Roches, whose loyalty having fallen under suspicion in Elizabeth's reign, Sir Walter Raleigh was instructed to secure the head of the family, an enterprize of considerable difficulty and danger, which he executed with extraordinary calmness and resolution. The policy of this act has been stigmatized as treacherous and disgraceful; but in whatever light it may be viewed, the personal courage and self-possession of Raleigh appear still the same.

Being aware that Fitzgerald, the Seneschal of Imokilly, at the head of seven or eight hundred men, intended to intercept his march, Raleigh left Cork, with a small troop of only ninety, so unexpectedly, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, that he escaped any engagement, and arrived at Castle Town Roche the next morning. Alarmed at the



approach of English soldiers, a show of defence was immediately made by the inhabitants, that subsided when Raleigh, attended only by six men, confidently advanced to the castle gates, and requested permission to speak with Lord Roche, who, though surprized at the visit, received him with apparent cordiality; and while Sir Walter detained that nobleman in conversation on indifferent matters, the men admitted with him contrived to give the entire of Raleigh's party entrance, each of whose muskets, we are told, was loaden with two balls. Lord Roche, perceiving his castle occupied by an over-powering force and resistance impossible, addressed Sir Walter with increased kindness, ordered refreshments for his men, and invited him to dinner. After the banquet, Raleigh informed his entertainer of the cause of his coming, and exhibited a commission for his apprehension. Lord Roche made some slight remonstrances, but ultimately surrendered; and Sir Walter, with the same promptness of manner that had already proved so eminently successful, carried his noble prisoner, together with his lady, across the mountains to Cork the same night, which proved dark and stormy in the extreme, and thus again escaped encountering the Seneschal of Imokilly. But the charge of disloyalty against Lord Roche proved unfounded, and he afterwards became distinguished for his support of the English cause in Ireland, three of his sons and many of his followers having lost their lives in the service of Elizabeth.

During the rebellion of 1641, the greater part of the estates of this family were forfeited, and Maurice Lord Roche was attainted and outlawed, having refused a composition offered by Cromwell. His lady, in 1649, defied the parliamentary forces, and heroically defended Castle Town Roche for some days, until compelled to surrender by a heavy fire from a battery raised in a field on the opposite side of the river, still called the Camp Field, and from whence Mr. Nicholson's drawing was made.

Lord Roche's attachment to Charles II, with whom he is said to have shared his pay derived from a military command in Flanders under a foreign government, was only rewarded on the restoration of that monarch, after considerable delay, by a trifling pension, notwithstanding the impressive memorial of Lord Orrery* in his behalf to the Duke of Ormond, and the exertions of the latter nobleman and Lord Clanrickard to obtain an adequate remuneration for conduct so loyal and so generous.

It is a melancholy fact, that after the Restoration, Lord Roche, with a wife and six children, were reduced to such abject poverty that it is stated they would have starved had it not been for the private charity of individuals.

Necessity, therefore, and the loss of ancient wealth and honours, seem to have compelled this family, like many others, to enter into the service of continental powers, in which they distinguished themselves on various occasions. About the middle of the last century, a lineal descendant, employed by the King of Sardinia, became particularly conspicuous for his bravery, in sustaining at Casal, with only six hundred men, a siege of thirty-two days, against a body of twenty-five thousand; and on his capitulation, as a tribute to such gallant conduct, the French and Spanish generals received him in the most complementary manner.

The eccentric Sir Boyle Roche was a scion of the Fermoy family; he was, for several years, a member of the Irish parliament, and so renowned for his propensity to blunder, that as many bulls are attributed to him as witticisms to Curran, or puns to Lord Norbury; Sir Boyle however possessed, in addition, a large share of shrewdness, and his absurdities have often quelled the storm of political debate, when the eloquence of the most highly gifted orator would have but augmented the tempest.

From Castle Town Roche we returned to the Blackwater, and visited Clifford, the seat of Mr. Martin, about a mile beyond Bridge-town, and midway between Fermoy and Mallow. The Blackwater, if not flooded, may be forded with safety beneath the house, from which circumstance, and a large limestone rock that overhangs the river, it has received the appropriate and descriptive name of *Cliff-ford.*

Highly cultivated and improved, planted with peculiar taste and care, and surrounded by picturesque objects, it is difficult to conceive a more fascinating spot. The house is small, and completely concealed by trees; from a tablet in the hall, I transcribed these beautiful lines:

" Parva domus! nemerosa quies
Sis tu quoque nostris hospitium laribus
Subsidium diu: postes tuas Flora ornet
Pomonaque mensas."

* The following letter, addressed to the Duke of Dorset by Bishop Boulter, Lord Primate of Ireland, is preserved in his Correspondence: -

"Dublin, 22d June, 1731.

"My Lord,

"The lady that waits upon your Grace with these is relict of Lord Roche, as he was commonly called, whose ancestor was attainted and lost his title and a large estate about the rebellion of 1641. His late Majesty was pleased to give him a pension here during his life—I think it was £200 per annum, which I believe was the only support of him and his family. Since his death, his widow, being destitute of support, made application to his present Majesty for a pension, for the maintenance of herself; and, as I understood by her, my Lord Carteret gave her hopes, that his Majesty would grant her request; but, as nothing is yet done in it, she thought proper to go over to England to solicit in person. I believe she has some friends there who will assist her with their interest, but as your Grace's good will must be of the greatest service to her, I humbly recommend her to your Grace to help her to somewhat that may be a subsistence for her, since I am fully persuaded she is at present without one. As for the particulars of her case, I refer your Grace to her own relation.

"I am, &c."

Rambling through the domain, we came to a retired rocky hollow, containing an urn of considerable size, upon a proportionate pedestal, and shaded by trees so closely planted as to cast, even at noon-day, a congenial monumental gloom. I have heard that the hospitable owner of Clifford erected this urn, intending his heart to be deposited in it after his death, which the inscriptions on the pedestal seem to confirm.*

In the path along the river side, from Clifford to Killavullan Bridge, pasturage, wood and water are finely arranged in the landscape, and form a luxuriant contrast to a heathy, barren-looking mountain that ascends behind the ruined castle of Carrignaconny (the Rabbit's Rock) and its surrounding plantation. Carrignaconny was the estate of Sir Richard Nagle, attorney general to James II., and speaker of the House of Commons, whose bigotry has been condemned by all parties, and even reproached by James himself.

The pass of Killavullan is singular and romantic; on the descent to it are some ruins, called Monanimy, reputed to have belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. After crossing the bridge, the road winds round a mass of steep limestone rock, in which are natural caverns, used as habitations by the peasantry. One of these was the dwelling of the village smith, the light from whose forge threw a broad and vivid reflection across the road, that lay in the solemnity of deep shadow. The evening closed in so fast as to urge our rapid advance towards Mallow, and the remark before made on the difficulty of obtaining correct information respecting distance, may be illustrated by giving a dialogue verbatim, which occurred on our walk:-

"How far is it to Mallow?"
"Och! I don't know."
"Do you live there?"
"Is it at Mallow? I do."
"Do you think it two miles from hence?"
"Indeed, and two miles would not take you to Mallow."
"Is it ten miles?"
"It is not; it may be four and a bit—when you get over the mountain you will be there in less than no time."

* Monunientum hocce
Diis minibus R. M. posuit
A. D. 1790

_____

Quisquis hoc sustulerit
Aut jusserit: ultimus
Suorum moriatur.

_____

Linquenda tellus, et domus et placens
Uxor: neque harum quas colis arborum
Te, praeter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

_____

Vivus seu mortuus
Cor hic quiescit
Quiescat!

_____

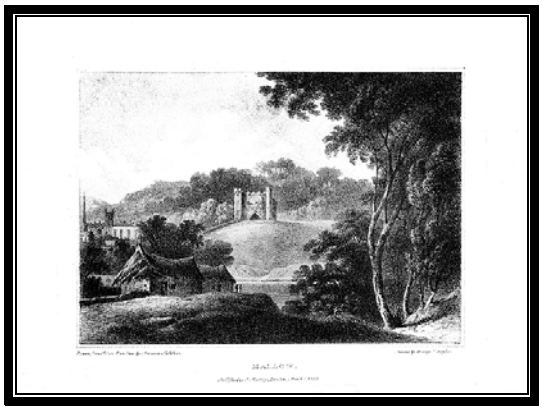
Inveni portum, spes et fortuna valete:
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.

_____

Rockforest, Sir James Cotter's seat, and Carrig, that of the Franks family, on opposite sides of the Blackwater, were passed in twilight; but our "weary way" was cheered by a magnificent sun-set.

Mallow has been called the Bath of Ireland, not from any striking resemblance between the buildings of these towns, but from a similarity in the society—invalid water drinkers, and those who, with moderate incomes and easy dispositions, prefer passing through life in the gaiety of a genteel circle, to exertion or study.

Pleasure is therefore the object pursued by the inhabitants of MalIow, and the morning visit and nightly assembly, to those who are of listless habits and fond of amusement, would doubtless make the place very agreeable. Strangers of respectability require but a slight introduction to receive attention; and the genuine kindness and hospitality shown by the residents to such, must long be remembered with gratitude. The appearance of the town is ancient and irregular; there are some good modern houses in the upper part, but the lower principally consists of mean looking shops, with old fashioned projecting windows over them; the first floor is let as lodgings, which enables the shopkeepers to pay heavier rents than I apprehend the sale of their goods would justify, as the trade of Mallow is necessarily very limited. It has a well built, though a narrow bridge, mentioned as the only one across the Blackwater, in 1666, by Lord Orrery, who recommended the repairs of the castle that commanded it. Under some of its arches are several most unaccountable inscriptions which I can make nothing out of. The walls of a castle still remain in the grounds, and close to the dwelling house of Mr. Jephson, to whom the proprietorship of Mallow has descended from Sir John Jephson.



The district of Mallow was part of the forfeited Desmond property, and bestowed by Elizabeth on Sir John Norris, Lord President of Munster, whose memory has been embalmed by Spencer, in a sonnet addressed to him with a copy of the Fairy Queen.

"Whose warlike prowess, and manly true courage,
Temper'd with reason, and advisement sage,
Hath fill'd sad Belgia with victorious spoil,
In France and Ireland left a famous gage,
And lately shak'd the Lusitanian soil."

Sir John Jephson having married the daughter of the lord president, the estate was granted to her heirs by letters patent, in the reign of James I.

Lord Strangford has inscribed his translation of Camoens to the late possessor (his kinsman), for many years the representative of Mallow in parliament; the present

member is Mr. Wrixon Beecher, whose recent marriage with Miss O'Neill has deprived the stage of that accomplished and amiable actress.

Mallow was the scene of a smart conflict, in the commotions of 1641, and also of 1690.* Lord Montgarret marched into it with the Irish forces in February, 1642, when the town "consisted of two hundred English houses, thirty of which were strongly built and slated," beside its two castles.

In the census taken this year (1821,) the number of the houses is stated to be 607, and the inhabitants 4,146.

A walk with stately trees beside a canal leads to a tepid spa. It has a neglected appearance, from which may be inferred, that the salubrious effects of this fountain are not now held in so much estimation as some years back, when I recollect the Spa Walk mentioned as the favourite promenade, and much praised for its neatness.

The spring is estimated to discharge twenty gallons per minute, and the temperature of water at about sixty-eight degrees of Fahrenheit. The taste I found soft and rather agreeable.

Miss Nicholson's drawing of Mallow was made from the suburbs on the south side, whence the castle appears, backed by trees of well varied forms; but the chief entrance to the town is through rows of wretched cabins, every way calculated to create an impression unfavourable to the place. The vicinity abounds with gentlemen's seats, which possess an aspect of comfort and elegance, but the surrounding hovels create a melancholy comparison.

The new line of road between Cork and Limerick passes through Mallow, and is of noble proportions; the principal point considered has been an uninterrupted level, to accomplish which, the road is carried round the base of hills and over the intervening glens on bridges having much the appearance of aqueducts; but too little attention has been paid to the convex formation, and the construction of drains for carrying off the water, a matter of importance when we consider the lowness of situation, as well as the general wetness of the Irish climate. It would also be an improvement if the stones used in the repairs were more broken than at present, and distributed in a more careful and judicious manner.

A long time is now required to produce a proper surface, as it takes many months to effect an union between large lumps of stone, thrown together without the aid of gravel or smaller pieces to fill up the interstices; and one side, much cut up, and with numerous ruts, is travelled in preference to the other covered by a rough and heavy coat of stones. The old roads in Ireland were invariably constructed over the highest points of ground, and, until lately, a journey was performed by a series of ascents and descents. Road making, or rather jobbing, at one period (and that not very remote), formed a regular matter of traffic to the country gentry, who, being generally on the county grand jury, had influence in obtaining presentments. It has been facetiously said that the Irish squires of the rack-rent school usually bequeathed a law-suit and a score of mortgages with the estate to their eldest son, and left their road contracts as a provision for the younger children—to be serious, the fact of the misapplication of large sums of money voted to improve the country by roads, that might facilitate the conveyance of produce and means of travelling, is notorious.

* "On the 17th September, 1690, Colonel Donap was detached with directions to burn the bridge at Mallow, which he performed, and brought an account that a party of Rapparees to the number of three thousand were not far off, when Major Fittinkhoft was immediately sent out with a party of one hundred horse and fifty dragoons, who completely routed them, leaving nearly three hundred dead on the field, and getting many silver hilted swords, and some fine horses amongst the plunder."—*Story*, vol. i. p. 140.