THROUGH THE GREEN ISLE

A Gossiping Guide to
The Districts Traversed by
the Waterford, Limerick & Western
Railway System

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED
Coumshinaun Lake, near Curraghmore Demesne.
Through the Green Isle;
A Gossiping Guide

To the Districts traversed by the Waterford, Limerick and Western Railway System.

By M. J. Hurley, F.R.S.A.,

Illustrated from Original Sketches

By T. O'Scully, B.A., B.E.

“A vision indeed of the Green Island. I seem to have formed a hundred new friendships, and created a hundred new interests. And in the distant past St. Patrick and St. Columba, the Ormondes and the Geraldines, have started into new life.”


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PREFACE.

A lengthy preface to a little book has been truly likened to a tedious grace before a slight repast. The only necessity for a preface in the present instance is to intimate to readers that the volume is not a Guide or Handbook in the ordinary acceptation of the term. A Handbook to the numerous places and objects of interest cursorily noticed would run to a very pretentious volume indeed. We have simply pursued the course of the Line through the South-East and West of Ireland, dealing as well with the notorieties associated with each locality, as with the natural and architectural features. Personality is often of much interest to the average tourist. Our attempt to break ground in that direction it is to be hoped shall not prove disappointing. The illustrations were, with two exceptions, drawn by Mr. O'Scully on the spot. The two exceptions in which we have had recourse to the camera are the specimens of Limerick
lace and the view of Garryduff. The authorities from which information upon different points has been gleaned, are quoted in a few instances only. The omission of numerous others is not intentional: accuracy in statements of fact is maintained as far as possible, but the gossiping plan of the production rather repels the formality of quoting authorities.

M. J. H.
MAP OF THE
Waterford, Limerick and Western
Railway
AND ITS COMMUNICATIONS.
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WATERFORD HARBOUR AND THE LOWER SUIR.

Approaching the Harbour of Waterford on the right, or County Wexford side, lies the long low peninsula of Hook. The palatial mansion of Loftus Hall, the family seat of the Marquis of Ely, and the Hook Tower Lighthouse at the extremity, lend interest to the promontory. Upon the left, or County Waterford side, is the watering-place of Dunmore East, at one time the station for the New Milford sailing packets, but now the happy possessor of only one daily mail conveyed by car from Waterford. A couple of miles further up, Creaden Head stands boldly out into the estuary of the Suir. Above the Head are the residences of Lady Carew and Sir Robert Paul, and a short distance away are the ruined walls of the once promising city of New Geneva. About the year 1784 a number of Genevese craftsmen, obliged to leave their own country, petitioned the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Temple, for permission to settle in some part of Ireland. Through his exertions, the Irish Parliament contributed £50,000 towards the expenses of their immigration, and the construction of a town for their reception; and to further encourage the Colonists, who were workers in gold and silver, an act was passed changing the standard of gold in Ireland. The act also provided for the establishment of an Assay Office, an Assayer, and a special set of hall marks for the work produced at New Geneva.
Dunbrody Abbey—Interior.
After an existence of six or seven years the industry came suddenly to an end, and the Genevese left the country. Different causes are assigned for this misfortune; some attributed it to the unreasonable rights and privileges demanded by the strangers, others allege that the Corporation of Waterford desired to annex the new city to their municipality. The place was occupied as a military station, in connection with the Rebellion of '98. In 1800 New Geneva gave birth to Samuel C. Hall, so well known through his delightful literary and artistic productions. His accomplished wife and collaborator was born in the same year, and was a native of the Hook district across the harbour.

Duncannon Fort commands the entrance to the harbour from a fine strategic position on the Wexford shore, but the improvements in its defensive machinery have hardly kept pace with the modern developments of the art of war. It was first garrisoned during the Armada scare in anticipation of an attack by the Spaniards. Subsequently in the days when

"The gallants of England were up for the king."

it successfully resisted the Parliamentary forces under General Ireton, but after the capture of Waterford it was compelled to surrender to the sturdy Roundheads.

En route to Waterford is passed the village of Arthurstown, Dunbrody Park, the property of Lord Templemore, also the villages of Ballyhack and Passage East, on the right and left hands respectively. This part of the harbour has been largely identified with the comings and goings of the English Sovereigns: here it was that Henry II. first set his foot on Irish soil, and from here five hundred years later James II. after the Battle of the Boyne fled from his dominions in such haste that the cable of the French craft which bore the refugee had to be cut and the anchor left behind. Finally, it was here that the only sovereign who came into the harbour in peace—Queen Victoria—spent the night of the 4th August, 1849,
when the Royal Yacht lay at anchor on the journey from Cork to Dublin. Her Majesty's impressions of the surroundings, as given in the Journal, will be of interest:—

"We entered Waterford Harbour at twenty minutes to four o'clock. The harbour is rocky on the right as one enters and very flat to the left. As one proceeds the land rises on either side. We found a little fort called Duncannon Fort, whence James II. embarked after the battle of the Boyne, and from which they had not saluted for fifty years. Further up between the little villages, one on either side, each with its little chapel picturesquely situated on the top of the rock or hill, we anchored. The little fishing place to our left is called Passage, and is famous for salmon. We had an excellent specimen for our dinner. Albert decided on going to Waterford, ten miles up the river, in the 'Fairy,' with the boys; but as I felt giddy and tired, I preferred remaining quietly on board, sketching. Albert returned after seven o'clock; he had not landed."

A few minutes steaming brings Buttermilk Castle in sight. This dilapidated ruin is supposed to have been the toll-house or watergate at which dues upon shipping were levied by the monks of the adjacent Abbey of Dunbrody. A view of this famous Cistercian ruin is obtained from the river. It was founded at the end of the twelfth century by Harvey de Montmarisco, Marshal of Henry II. After a lapse of seven hundred years the beautiful remains of Dunbrody are still an object of absorbing interest to students of Irish Archæology.

We have now reached a singularly picturesque portion of the journey, the confluence of the "Suire," which Spencer describes as

"Making way
By sweet Clonmel and adorning rich Waterford,"

with the rivers Nore and Barrow,

"To join in one ere to the sea they come."
On the right is the mansion and demesne of Snowhill, with its slopes wooded down to the water’s edge for a mile along the bank of the Barrow towards New Ross, and for a similar distance along the Suir towards Waterford. At the left hand stands the village of Cheekpoint, and behind, the wooded hill of Faithlegg, from the summit of which one of the finest views in the South of Ireland is obtainable. The confluence of the three rivers marks the division of three counties—Waterford, Wexford and Kilkenny. Further up is Faithlegg, on the left, and opposite is Bellevue House. In Bellevue were spent the earlier years of Richard Lalor Sheil, the eloquent supporter of O'Connell during the emancipation and repeal days. He afterwards took office as Master of the Mint, and ended his days as British Minister at Florence. He was accorded a public
funeral and the remains of the whilom Repeal agitator were borne back to his native country in an English ship of war. Springfield House, just above Bellevue, was, up to the time of his death, the seat of Major Purcell O'Gorman, whose gigantic figure and genial humour were so well known at Westminster while he represented Waterford in the Imperial Parliament. We are now within view of the city, and pass on the Waterford side, Ballinakill House, the residence of Mr. R. Dobbyn, in which James II. is supposed to have taken his last night's rest in Ireland. Close to the city is the suburb of Newtown, containing the paternal home of that distinguished soldier, Lord Roberts of Waterford and Kandahar. On the opposite side close to the river's edge is situated what is popularly known as Cromwell's Rock, rising within the grounds of Rocklands, the seat of Mr. J. N. White.
Waterford was founded by the Danes in the ninth century, and was subsequently extended by the Normans. Reginald's Tower, standing where the Mall branches off from the Quay, is the principal existing memorial of the days when the men of the North held sway in "Vatherfiord." This tower was erected in 1003, by Reginald, son of Sitricus, the Danish King. It has, since its foundation seen many changes, as a fortress, a royal residence, a mint and a bridewell; but by far the most interesting event with which it is associated, is the marriage of Eva, daughter of Dermot McMurrough, King of Leinster, to Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, which took place within its walls. These nuptials went a long way towards consummating the Norman conquest of Ireland. The tower is still occupied as a residence.
The principal modern buildings are a recently erected Training College for National School teachers, the Town Hall, the residence of the Protestant Bishop, two Cathedrals and the Courthouse. The latter building stands within its own grounds adjoining the pretty little Park. At the western end of the town, in the vicinity of the old wooden bridge are to be found the principal centres of local industry, the bacon-curing establishments. These are now four in number, and they still continue to turn out for exportation large quantities of the hams and bacon for which Waterford has long been famous. A wooden bridge connects the city with the northern suburb of Ferrybank, where the Joint Terminus of the Waterford and Limerick and Waterford and Central Ireland Railways is situated. The bridge was built at the end of the last century at a cost of less than £30,000, and the extent to which the original capital has been enhanced may be estimated from the fact, that the tolls now let at nearly £7,000 per annum. Up to some thirty years ago iron and timber shipbuilding was largely carried on in Waterford. This industry has entirely disappeared. Outside the regular cross channel services and the coal trade, carried on by coasting craft, the principal shipping trade comprises the importation of grain from the Black Sea, and the ports in the eastern and western coasts of America, and timber from Canada, the United States, Norway, &c. At one time ice was largely imported for the bacon-curing industry, but a younger son of modern science—the refrigerator—has elbowed our northern neighbours, with their merely natural product, out of the market.

Waterford was at one time celebrated for cut glass. The industry has been long extinct, but specimens of "Waterford glass" are now bought at high prices by collectors of antique curiosities.

Those who are interested in antiquities can indulge their taste in this ancient city. The course of the old walls may be traced, and many of the towers are still in good preservation.
The remains of the Franciscan Monastery, more recently known as the French Church, from having been used as a place of worship by the Huguenot settlement, are well worth a visit, and also a curious crypt under the deanery. Waterford boasts the nativity of Mrs. Jordan and Charles Kean, and the operatic stage is indebted to her for Vincent Wallace, the composer of “Maritana,” “Lurline,” &c. It was also the native city of Thomas F. Meagher, the gifted orator of the Young Ireland Party, who, as a soldier of fortune, attained the rank of Brigadier General in the army of the United States.
ON THE STRAND—TRAMORE.

TRAMORE.

This watering place is situated on Tramore Bay and can be reached by train, from Waterford, in fifteen minutes. It is becoming more popular every year, and is now generally known as the Irish Margate. The little town is situated on a declivity sloping towards the bay. From the lower portion of the town the Strand, with a breadth of 200 yards at low water, stretches away for three miles to the eastward. The vast expanse of sand is marked by one little monument placed there to perpetuate the pathetic tale of the loss, in 1816, of the troop-ship “Seahorse.” This vessel, when carrying home the soldiers of the 59th Regiment, who had survived the Peninsular Campaign, was driven ashore by a fearful storm, in which 292 men and 71 women and children perished. The two
sides of the bay, extending from either end of the Strand, are composed of steep cliffs, rising in parts to a height of 150 feet, their outer extremities being marked by two sets of tall white pillars—the pair at the eastern side denoting Brownstown Head, and the three at the opposite extremity are known as the “Metal Man.”

The coast scenery in the neighbourhood of Tramore is very fine; the bathing is excellent, and the general healthfulness of the place is attested by numerous cases of longevity amongst the inhabitants. Extensive improvements have been recently made in the sanitary arrangements and the water supply. Golf links have been laid out, and a race course second to none in the Kingdom provides lovers of the turf with three two-day meetings during the season.

The Strand exhibits extraordinary geological phenomena in the form of a peat bog, outcropping in several places through the surf and sand. This was evidently an ancient bog which subsided beneath the sea, possibly when the “buried city” of Bannow, some miles away, shared the same fate.
WATERFORD TO LIMERICK
AND THURLES

(R.) and (L.) signify respectively Right and Left, looking forward in the direction in which the train is travelling.

The Terminus of this Railway System is situated on the bank of the River Suir. After leaving Waterford the main line and its branches run through the Counties of Kilkenny, Tipperary and Limerick to the Towns of Clonmel, Thurles, Cahir, Tipperary and Limerick, which latter is 77 miles from Waterford. From Limerick its numerous branches radiate to all points of the compass through the Counties of Kerry, Clare, Galway, Mayo and Sligo, placing the tourist within a few hours journey of the famous Lakes of Killarney on the South and the Connemara Highlands on the North. Taking a seat in the train at Waterford Terminus, and looking forward, the traveller’s attention will be arrested by a steep hill (R.)—"Mount Misery"—so-called by Cromwell’s soldiers. For about a mile we follow the course of the Suir, upon the left bank of which is seen the picturesquely situated stronghold of the Ormonds, Granagh (pronounced, "Granny") Castle. In the days of the Commonwealth this still sturdy-looking structure was taken by the Colonel Axtel, whose name is notorious in connection with the trial and execution of King Charles. After crossing two tributaries of the Suir, a long range of hills, known as the Walsh Mountains (R.) appear. Beyond the first station—Grange—the river again becomes visible, also the Le Poer Tower,
rising prominently within the demesne walls of Curraghmore, the seat of the Marquis of Waterford. The walls of the demesne enclose some 4,000 acres. Curraghmore has been for a couple of centuries the home of the Beresfords, who have produced men variously distinguished as divines, politicians, soldiers, sailors and sportsmen. One of the Beresfords was in command when Marshal Soult was beaten at Albuera. Lord Henry, the third Marquis and the present Marquis, are two of the most prominent figures in the annals of Irish Sport. The family is now represented in the army by Lord William. He long ago earned the V.C., and is known as “Fighting Bill.” In the navy, Lord Charles Beresford is a name to conjure with. The incident at the bombardment of Alexandria, which evoked from the Admiral the signal “Well done, Condor,” is still fresh in the memory of the present generation, and will continue to maintain its place in the traditions of the service. The river at the next station—Fiddown—is spanned (L.) by a wooden bridge, which connects the Counties of Waterford and Kilkenny and gives access to the Railway from the village of Portlaw. After leaving Fiddown, the model village of Piltown (R.) adjoining Bessborough Park, the seat of the Earl of Bessborough, is passed. The late Earl was, for many years, a prominent figure in first-class cricket. An ancestor of his, General Ponsonby, fell at Waterloo. In connection with Waterloo, it is interesting to note, that not many miles from Bessborough there still lives—at Woodstock—Lady Louisa Tighe, who was present at the famous ball in Brussels on the night before the battle. Lady Louisa’s mother, the Duchess of Richmond, was the hostess on that historic occasion.

Tybroughney Castle (R.) close to the line, two miles from Fiddown, is attributed to King John, who dated some of his charters from here. The original building is still partly occupied by Mr. William Fitzgerald. Hitherto, our journey has been through the County of Kilkenny, but we now cross the border into the premier County—Tipperary.
CARRICK-ON-SUIR.

Approaching the town of Carrick-on-Suir a sight is obtained of its famous Castle (L.) The older portion belongs to the fourteenth century, but the extensive Tudor additions were made in 1565 by "Black Tom" Butler, the tenth Earl of Ormond. This noble found favour in the eyes of the Maiden Monarch, and if one may judge from the remains of their portraits in fresco, still traceable in the hall, and the countless repetitions of the Royal initials "E.R." in the mural decorations, we may fairly assume that her Majesty's admiration was reciprocated by the Black Earl. The banqueting hall shown in the sketch was last used on 2nd February, 1876, when 200 of the
Ormond tenants and retainers in this locality celebrated the marriage of the present Marquis with Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor, daughter of the Duke of Westminster. His Grace's invincible racehorse "Ormond," took his name from the Irish title. It is popularly believed that Anne Boleyn was born in this castle, some color being given to the tradition by the fact that Sir Thomas Boleyn's mother was daughter to the Earl of Ormond. The family name of the Ormonds was originally Walter, but Henry II. having made the dignity of Chief Butler hereditary the name Butler was adopted. The "Butlerage and Prizage" of wines was sold to the Crown for £216,000 in 1810. Since then the title has been Honorary Chief Butler of Ireland. We just have time to observe the modern Catholic Church with its fine campanile. A short distance beyond the station the line passes (L.) what remains of an immense spinning
Banqueting Hall, Carrick Castle.

factory, established by Messrs. Malcomson, in 1863, at a cost of £20,000. When in full work 800 hands were employed. It was closed in 1876, but just now a small portion of the vast premises is used in connection with the manufacture of condensed milk. Rejoining the course of the Suir the demesne of Coolnamuck is seen at the far side. From the woods on this property is said to have come the famous Irish oak which still forms the roof of old Westminster Hall. Our way is now through the glorious valley of the Suir. The beauty of the run for the next ten miles into the town of
Carrick Castle from the River.
Approach to Kilsheelan Bridge.

Clonmel, will be found to rival anything of a similar character in the United Kingdom. The river keeps company with the tourist for the greater portion of the journey. Along the opposite bank rises a continuous chain of richly wooded hills, through the gaps in which, here and there, an occasional glance can be had of the “Reeks,” and other of the loftier portions of the Comeragh Mountains.
Deep in the heart of these Mountains, in rock-bound seclusion, lies the weird and lonely lake of Coumshinaun. There, in a vast amphitheatre of dark and precipitous rock, the cold and gloomy waters lap the giant boulders round its desolate shores, and mirror the blackness of its prison walls towering aloft for 1400 feet or more. Seldom are its chill waves touched by a ray of sunlight; never has its bosom been stilled by the breath of winter, and as yet no plummet has fathomed the secrets of its depth. There can be no doubt as to the geological origin of this beautiful lake. The great terraced moraine, by which it is approached from the eastward, is clearly the work of the long vanished ice-cap that in distant ages overspread the land, flowing down the rocky slopes, carving and scooping the hard conglomerates, which mainly compose the central mass of these mountains, into the grand and impressive shapes they now present.

Kilsheelan Bridge on the Suir.
GLEN POER AND THE REEKS FROM THE TRAIN.
Leaving Kilsheelan Station, Gurteen-le-Poer (L.) the beautiful residence of Count de la Poer is soon passed. There is now obtainable an excellent view of Slievenamon (R.) The village of Kilcash and the Marquis of Ormond's shooting lodge can be noticed on the side of the hill. Like every place of any note Slievenamon is associated with an incident in the Lord Protector's tour in Ireland. In his progress across the shoulder of the hill Cromwell found many of his men exhibiting signs of discontent at the hardships of the march—the Board of Trade had not yet begun to exercise themselves about the safety of the travelling public. When a certain point was reached, the glorious prospect, including the most beautiful portions of South Tipperary, burst suddenly on his view. It was an inspiration to the old campaigner. He harangued his men
adopting for his text the now familiar words: “This is a country worth fighting for! !” Nothing short of a view from the hill itself, which rises abruptly in lonely grandeur from the plain, could enable us to realise how successfully the wily general played such a land of promise against the discontent of his Ironsides. The river Anner is now crossed, and soon after a passing glimpse can be obtained of Newtown Anner (L.) the residence of the late Ralph Bernal-Osborne, who made a reputation as a wit in the House of Commons. This property passed to the Duke of St Albans on his marriage with a daughter of the brilliant commoner. To the credit of his Grace, be it said that he thinks his Irish home sufficiently attractive to spend a considerable portion of the year at Newtown Anner.

Tickencor on the Suir.
The Ancient Seat of the Osborne Family.
Close to this residence of the Hereditary Grand Falconer lived quite recently a Mr. Clibborn, who kept up the royal sport. He had goshawks for ground game, merlins for blackbird hunting, and cormorants and otters for fishing.
Clonmel is the capital of the County. What is generally accepted as the history of this town is not altogether authentic. For our purposes it is not necessary to tell its story of siege by the Desmonds and defence by the Ormonds; how it was held for the Crown, or how it was won for the Commonwealth. The principal objects of antiquarian interest are St. Mary’s Parish Church, the Graveyard attached to which is partially enclosed by the remains of the Old Town Wall, and the Franciscan Church, which is partly a restoration of the Franciscan Abbey founded in the twelfth century. The Catholic Church of St. Mary in the Irishtown is a good specimen of modern Italian style. SS. Peter and Paul’s in
Glenary Stream in the Comeragh Mountains.

Gladstone-street is the other principal Catholic place of worship. In pre-railway times Clonmel was the head-quarters of the immense fleet of barges, which carried on an extensive trade with the port of Waterford. Clonmel has many undeniable advantages as a tourist centre. It is situated in the most picturesque part of a picturesque county. Walking and driving can be enjoyed in the greatest variety, whilst the boating gives access to some of the most exquisite river scenery in the kingdom. The angler will find Clonmel the most suitable centre for fishing the Suir and its tributaries. From Carrick almost to its source the Suir is looked upon as one of the finest salmon and trout rivers in Ireland. The best season for the main river is the summer and autumn, when first-class fly-fishing can be had on almost any part of it. The most accessible part is the reach down towards Kilsheelan and through Gurteen demesne, where it is preserved by the proprietor, Count de la Poer, whose courtesy, however, in granting sportsmen permission to fish is proverbial. The Anner and the Nire are two tributaries upon which excellent sport can be had. Portion of the former is preserved, but a permit can be obtained at a nominal charge. Fishermen will be interested in the following passage from one of the fraternity.
"A more enjoyable evening's fly-fishing can scarcely be had anywhere than along the Suir in this neighbourhood at the close of a July or an August day, when the river looks like molten gold, and the hills and woods are aglow with rich amber light relieved by deep brown and purple shadows; when the growing stillness of the evening is broken only by the soft splash of some heavy trout, a sound that becomes more and more frequent as the darkness grows, until the waters fairly boil with rising fish."

The cutlery manufactured by the Bradfords of Clonmel was at one time famous. Their razors have mown such Imperial and Royal chins as those of Napoleon I., George IV., Napoleon III., and Prince Albert. Formal appointments from the latter two found their way to this Tipperary town. The name of Charles Bianconi is closely associated with the fortunes of Clonmel. During the early years of the cen-
tury this young Italian print-dealer hawked his wares upon his back through the South of Ireland. His industry brought him success and the means, in 1815, to establish a car service between Clonmel and Cahir. The experiment succeeded, and from a small beginning sprang the well organised service which subsequently extended to 22 counties. The means of communication thus established brought great advantages to the community and an immense fortune to Bianconi. He ended his days at a pleasant seat on the banks of the Suir, where one of the old man's pleasures was to exhibit to visitors the pack with which he commenced his life in Ireland. Lady Blessington is another name which the older citizens delight to remember. A few of them can still point out the pool on the Suir known as "Lady Blessington's bath," but the
younger generation know little of the splendours of Gore House, or of the personality or genius of the Clonmel woman whom Lawrence painted and whom Byron sung.

So it is with their townsman Laurence Sterne. Poor Sterne! your classic pages in their worm-eaten covers of antique calf-skin have been relegated to the shelves of old-fashioned collections, and "Tristram Shandy" may be looked for in the twopenny box on the street hawker's barrow—they are not withal fit company for the tinsel clad productions which appeal to the reading tastes of the present day.

CLONMEL TO THURLES.

A branch line, called the Southern Railway, connects Clonmel with the main line of the Great Southern and Western at Thurles. Starting from Clonmel the line runs through a deep and picturesque gorge at "the Wilderness," a mile beyond which we notice the church of Rathronan (L.), standing on the summit of a hill. This pretty little church is associated with the Arbuthnot abduction, which caused such a sensation all over the United Kingdom in the year of grace 1854. At Rathronan House lived the Honorable George Gough, and in July of the year named there were there on a visit two sisters of Mrs. Gough, Laura and Eleanor Arbuthnot, two Saxon beauties from Surrey, and heiresses to boot. The beauty of Eleanor had carried the hearts of nearly all the men in the district, and the head of at least one of them—Mr. John Carden, of Barnane, a gentleman of good position, a deputy lieutenant and a grand juror of the county. This gentleman proposed
for Miss Arbuthnot, but was declined. He attributed the refusal to the interference of the lady's parents, and decided to carry her off by force. Accordingly, with an armed force, he met the Rathronan carriage coming from Sunday service at the little church. The carriage was stopped, but luckily the inmates were enabled to maintain a resistance until the alarm created brought sufficient help to compel Carden to retire. He attempted to escape, but was arrested near his own place, and at the following Assizes sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. His preparations for the abduction were of a most elaborate description, and are said to have cost him £7,000. His intention was to have carried the lady to the coast of Galway, where he had a steamer waiting for his orders. On the right hand we have prominently in view the sloping sides of Slievenamon. After passing through a short rock cutting we reach Grove (R.), the seat of Mr. Richard Burke, the Master of the Tipperary Hounds. In the broadest sense of the word Mr. Burke is the most popular Master of Hounds in Ireland; under his Mastership, and principally owing to his personal influence, hunting was carried on with the "Tipperaries" when sport was
rendered almost impossible with other packs. Not a little of the popularity is due to his reputation as a horseman. Some of the obstacles he has successfully negotiated or essayed have earned reputation sufficient to establish them as places to which embryo Nimrods devoutly make pilgrimage. It is no exaggeration to say that this M.F.H. rides as if he had a spare neck in the saddle. The town of Fethard (R.) soon appears. Its origin can be traced to the English invasion, and a substantial part of the walls, towers, and one entire gateway still remain to attest its former strength and importance. The remains of the Augustinian Abbey, founded in the thirteenth century, came, some time ago, back into possession of that Order, who have effected extensive restorations of the original design. The Protestant Church is also an ancient structure with some claims to archæological interest. The good citizens of this town, in Cromwell's time, are credited with the device of
placing churns in such a position—mouth forward—upon the walls as to create an impression among the besiegers that they had to deal with some formidable species of ordnance with which they had not yet made acquaintance. The ruse it appears was the means of securing from the Roundheads comparatively good terms for surrender. Some curious customs still survive here: When a corpse is being brought through the town it is carried round the pump which stands upon the site occupied by the old cross in former times. Within the last few years one of the old gates was removed. It was the portal by which Cromwell entered, and no corpse was ever, under any circumstances, carried through it. A few miles beyond Fethard, and approaching Farranaleen station, we observe (R.) the remains of Carrigeen and Knockkelly Castles. Approaching the next station—Laffan’s Bridge—the striking ruin of Greystown
Castle (R.) stands in an elevated position close to the line. The collieries at Killenaule are within two miles of Laffan's Bridge. The line next carries us through a turf bog, and keeping a look out at the right hand, we soon observe, rising gradually to a considerable height above the dark flat expanse of peat, an island of the softest and richest verdure that even the Emerald Isle can produce. This oasis is supposed to be the last resting place of Ireland's great builder, the Gobbaun Saer, to whose craft we are supposed to be indebted for the Round Towers, the Giants' Causeway, and other pre-historic erections. Close to the remains of the old church are two stones, believed to mark the graves of the Gobbaun Saer and his wife. At the other side of the line we notice Grallagh Castle and Killough Hill, and soon after emerging from "Horse and Jockey" station, the remains of Moycarkey Castle (R.) are passed close to the line. A few minutes' running brings us across the river Suir and into

**THURLES.**

Here we meet the main line of the Great Southern and Western. The town is a very old one, tracing its history back to a period before the Danish invasion, and the remains of some of the castles still denote the importance it must have attained in the course of succeeding centuries. The modern Cathedral of the Archdiocese of Cashel is the great object of interest in the town, and this beautiful structure is well worth visiting. The remains of Holy Cross Abbey, situated on the Suir, three miles from Thurles, forms one of the most interesting groups of ruins in the south of Ireland. It was a Cistercian foundation of the twelfth century, and the Board of Works have, within recent years, done much to preserve all that now remains of the beautiful structure. We now return to the main line.
Cahir Castle from the Railway Viaduct.
Beyond Clonmel about two miles is Patrick’s Well (L) near which formerly stood an immense distillery. St. Patrick blessed the well, and the superior quality of the water accounts for the selection of this site for a distillery. If St. Patrick’s act contributed in any way to the establishment of the whiskey factory, its disappearance can be very largely credited to the exertions of the great latter day apostle of temperance, Father Mathew. Proceeding on our journey we get in sight of the Galtee Mountains (L) and soon arrive at the next station.

CAHIR.

The early history of this pretty little town is bound up with that of the Butler family. The principal modern structures are an extensive convent of the Sisters of Mercy, the pretty little Protestant church close to the river, and the Catholic church with its decorated English tower. The great centre of interest in Cahir is the Castle. It is intimately associated with every event of local history. The Lady Margaret Charteris is the present owner and she keeps it in such an excellent state of preservation that one is inclined to doubt the chroniclers of its successive siege and capture by the armies of Essex, of Inchiquin and of Cromwell. The adjoining demesne of Kilcommon, through which the Suir pursues its picturesque course, is well worth seeing, and the visitor should extend his walk to “The Cottage,” about a mile distant from the Castle.

The large Cavalry Barracks, which figured so prominently in the great Tichborne trial, are situated about a mile outside the town.

The scene of the “Wedding of Ballyporeen,” so well known through the lyrical account of those famous nuptials, is not far from
Cahir, and quite near to it is Garnavilla, a place made familiar throughout Ireland for 50 years by Lysaght's famous song—

Have you been at Garnavilla,
Have you seen at Garnavilla,
Beauty's Queen trip o'er the green,
Lovely Kate of Garnavilla?

The wonderful stalactite and stalagmite formations in the caves at Mitchelstown and the ruins of Ardfinan Castle can be reached by car, but the chief attraction within driving distance is

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

The drive from Cahir to Cashel occupies very little over an hour, and if, as is very likely, the driver is communicative, he will point out the principal places of interest on the road, including Killemnee, the seat of Mr. S. Burke, the village of New Inn, Rockwell College, etc. If, as is also likely, his proclivities are in any way sporting, he will tell—somewhat in sorrow, to be sure—of the days when the last-mentioned scholastic establishment formed the hunting quarters of the third Marquis of Waterford, during that nobleman's Mastership of the Tipperary hounds. He may perhaps remember how Lord Henry, in a wild freak, drove to the parsonage at New Inn about midnight, knocked up the rector, a gentleman who came prominently into the first class of the epigrammatic division of sporting parsons into Nimrods, Ramrods, and Fishing-rods—and carried him off in his night-shirt to Curraghmore—30 miles away. A short distance beyond Rockwell a cabin stands at the side of the road, towards which his lordship was one day riding. He sent some person forward to ascertain if any of the occupiers were within, and having received a signal in the negative,

He rammed down his hat and got home in his seat, and sent his animal straight at it. It was too much for the plucky pair: horse and rider went clean through the thatch roof. Perhaps it was the only roof-tree he was ever compelled to lower: his relations with his tenantry were of the happiest kind.
The first glimpse of “the Rock” is obtained when within a couple of miles of Cashel. The stately ruins crown the summit, and stand out in bold profile against the sky, presenting a singularly beautiful example of harmony in architectural composition. It is outside the province of a gossiping production to attempt anything like a detailed description of this venerable pile,—the greatest surviving monument of the high civilization attained in Ireland a thousand years ago. The rock itself rises abruptly to a great height, and the group of ruins surmounting it comprise the remains of Cormac’s chapel, roofed with stone; the Cathedral, a round tower and a palace. The place has been truly described as “at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality, where councils were held, where princes assembled, the scene of courts and synods.” When Edward Bruce came here a candidate for royal honours in the fourteenth century, he was deeply impressed by the regal magnificence of the place, as was also, five hundred years afterwards, his great countryman, Walter Scott.

There is an old story connected with the burning of the Cathedral by Gerald, the eighth Earl of Kildare, that has recently been verified by Lord Walter FitzGerald, from a contemporary manuscript and other sources. Gerald had a quarrel with the Bishop of Meath which led to the arrest of the Earl and to his imprisonment in the Tower of London. After two years’ incarceration he came up for trial before King Henry VII. and his Council. The Bishop of Meath commenced by accusing the Earl of sundry offences, and amongst others of forcing him from the sanctuary; the Earl answered that he was not sufficiently able to defend himself as the Bishop was a learned man, so was not he, and thus he might be able to get the better of him in an argument. Thereupon the King advised the Earl to select a counsellor, and anyone he chose he would surely get! the Earl replied that he doubted he would get the good fellow he would select. “By my
troth, thou shalt,” said the King; “Give me your hand on it,” said the Earl. “Here is my hand,” said the King, “and choose well, for thou art badly in need of a good one.” “I will choose the best in England,” said the Earl! “And who is that?” asked the King. “Marry! the King himself,” replied the Earl, “and by St. Bride, I will choose none other.” At this the King laughed, and, turning to the Council, remarked—“A wiser man might have chosen worse.”

After finishing with the Bishop of Meath’s complaints, the Bishop of Cashel eventually came forward, and accused the Earl of having burnt his Cathedral on the Rock of Cashel, and at the same time produced numerous witnesses to prove the fact! but contrary to their expectations, the Earl not only confessed it, but added—“By St. Bride! I never would have done it, but I thought the Bishop was inside.” This being said in front of the Bishop himself made the King laugh heartily, and he was so favourably impressed with the bluntness and frankness of the Earl, that on the Bishop of Meath irritably exclaiming—“Your Majesty must see all Ireland cannot rule this man,” the King at once replied, “Then he shall rule all Ireland.” Thus the Earl was restored to his honours and estates, and appointed Lord Deputy by letters patent dated the 6th August, 1496.

The ruins of Hore Abbey, within a short distance of the Rock, should also be visited.

Returning to the railway and resuming our journey from Cahir Station, we are carried over the Suir by a castellated viaduct. Leaving the river, we get a parting glance at the fine castle and the extensive milling concerns of Messrs. Going & Smith (L.) Adjoining the line at the other side are the ruins of Cahir Abbey. A little further on the train enters a deep cutting, and, after emerging, we are in sight of the moat of Knockgraffon (R.), where Tradition says that at least a score of the Munster kings were invested with the Provincial Crown.
Ruins on the Rock of Cashel.
There is no end to the curious legends associated with Knockgraffon, but things are changing, and the Folklorist need not be surprised if he hears that some latter-day archæologist—with possibly the aid of a steam navvy—is excavating what for centuries past has been a palace of the "good people."

We now part with the Suir (R.), which has kept near us for most of the journey from the Hook Tower, nearly sixty miles away. Approaching the next station, Bansha, Castle Mary (L.) is visible amongst the hills. Not far from the station, at a place called Thomastown (R.), was born a man whose fame, during the second quarter of the century, rivalled that of Daniel O'Connell. This was Theobald Mathew—the young Capuchin friar, whose energetic and largely successful efforts against the vice of drunkenness entitled him to the distinction of the Apostle of Temperance. Statistics are not much in our way, but a great deal of this remarkable man's biography may be condensed into a few figures. His crusade commenced in 1838, and in the year 1839 the spirits consumed in Ireland amounted to 12,296,000 gallons, and in 1842 the consumption fell to 6,485,443 gallons. Dr. Channing said—"History records no revolution like this; it is the grand event of the present day." Father Mathew's efforts were not confined to this side of the Channel: he administered the pledge to 600,000 persons in England and Scotland. We still meet some old folk who received, and are pardonably proud of having kept, "Father Mathew's pledge."

The hospitality dispensed at Thomastown during portion of the last century by Mr. Mathews, the then owner, was of such an extraordinary description, that an account of the establishment is well worth reproducing:—"At this place he built a spacious mansion, open at all times for the reception of respectable visitants, and surrounded by a demesne of 1,500 acres, laid out in the most tasteful and approved manner. The house contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with accommodations for servants, and each apartment was furnished with every convenience, even to the most
When a guest arrived, Mr. Mathews showed him his apartment, saying, 'This your castle; here you are to command as absolutely as in your own home; you may breakfast, dine, and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests to accompany you as may be agreeable to you.' He then showed him the common parlour, 'where,' he said, 'a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society, but from this moment you are never to know me as master of the house, and only to consider me as one of the guests.' During meals, Mr. Mathews took his seat, without any regard to difference of rank or quality. There was a large room fitted up exactly like a coffee house, where a barmaid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here such as chose, breakfasted at their own hours. It was furnished with chess-boards, backgammon-tables, newspapers, pamphlets, etc., in all the forms of a city coffee-house. A detached room was fitted up as a tavern, into which such of the guests as chose might retire after dinner, and regale themselves with an extra glass, though there was a moderate supply of wine always at the table in the ordinary. A waiter with a blue apron attended and helped every person to whatever description of liquor he liked, in the same manner as is practised in public houses, and as if each of the guests were to pay a share of the reckoning. Here, too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated, with the same noisy mirth as is customary in his city temples, without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family. Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling, and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement without injury to the purses of the players. There were two billiard-tables and a large bowling-green; ample provision was made for all such as delighted in country sports; fishing-tackle of all sorts, a variety of guns, with proper ammunition, a pack of buck-hounds, another of fox-hounds, and another of harriers, with twenty choice hunters in the stables for
those who were not properly mounted for the chase. So well was
every matter arranged, such checks were kept upon the domestics
who were of tried integrity, the articles of life were so cheap, the
demesne alone furnishing every article save that of wine, liquors,
and groceries, that the host's fortune was fully adequate to support
this generous and hospitable establishment. No confusion or
disorder ever arose from the multiplicity of visitors, as all was
conducted with the same ease and regularity as in a private family.
It was an established rule that all might depart when they thought
proper, without any ceremony of leave-taking, and the servants
were enjoined not to receive any perquisite, as it was considered
the highest insult if any offer of that kind were made. Attracted
by the wonderful accounts related of Mr. Mathews, the celebrated
Dean Swift resolved to visit him, and to be convinced that the
report was neither romantic nor exaggerated. When Mr. Mathews
learned that the Dean was on his journey, he immediately despatched
a coach and six which met him with a store of the choicest viands,
wines and other liquors, at the end of the first day's journey. On
coming within sight of the house, the Dean, astonished at its magni-
ficence, exclaimed, 'What, in the name of God, can be the use of
such a vast building?' 'Why, Mr. Dean,' replied Dr. Sheridan,
who was his companion on this occasion, 'there are no less than forty
apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied
at this time, except what are reserved for us.' 'Then,' said the Dean,
mournfully, 'I have lost a fortnight of my life,' the time which he
had promised to spend at Thomastown, adding suddenly, 'but there
is no remedy, I must submit!' Mr. Mathews received him at the
door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him
to his apartment, after some compliments, made his usual speech,
acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving
him in possession of his castle. Soon after the cook appeared with
his bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper, and the
butler, at the same time, with a list of wines and other liquors.
'And is all this really so,' said Swift, 'and may I command here as in my own house?' The gentleman beforementioned assured him that he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of the mansion than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. 'Well, then,' said Swift, 'I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests while I stay, for I think I shall hardly be tempted to mix with the mob below.' Three days were passed in riding through the demesne without ever seeing Mr. Mathews or any of his guests. On the fourth, Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathews in one of the finest speeches he ever made, expatiating on all the beauties of his improvements, with the skill of an artist and the taste of a connoisseur; and concluded by saying, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine if we do not pass our time agreeably.' So much was he fascinated with the place, and finding himself so happy, that instead of the fortnight which he had originally intended, he passed four months there, to his own satisfaction and to that of all who visited the place during that time.'

About three miles from Bansha the line runs through the well-preserved coverts of Kilshane, the property of Mr. F. W. Low, upon which a two-day battue has yielded as much as 500 pheasants, in addition to other game. From about here the locality of the Glen of Aherlow (L.) can be identified. This valley is several miles in length, and it is difficult to understand why it is not more familiar to travellers. The best way to visit it is to drive or walk from Tipperary across the Slievenamuck hills, a distance of about four miles. On reaching the summit of these hills a beautiful panorama is presented of the County of Limerick to the west, and the rich agricultural and grazing district of South Tipperary stretching away to the east and north. But the chief object of the journey, the view of the Galtees and Glen of Aherlow, presents a splendid
Galtee Mountains and Glen of Aherlow.
picture to the southward; the entire range of mountains are seen extending for eight or ten miles along the valley, and Galtymore rises grandly from a group of scarcely inferior peaks to a height of over 3,000 feet. The continuation of the road down to the Glen is one succession of beautiful glimpses, through the wooded slope, of peaceful vale and scarred and rugged mountain side. The river Aherlow, which winds picturesquely through the Glen, is an excellent trout stream. From this district comes General Massey, known as Redan Massey, from the daring which he displayed at the storming of that celebrated redoubt. Redan Massey is a name as familiar in the army as Charles Beresford is in the navy. The tower and spire of the Catholic Church of Tipperary (R.) attract attention from some distance, and drawing in to the station we pass close to the recreation grounds of the Grammar School (R.) The name of its founder, Erasmus Smith, is, in Ireland, a familiar one, by virtue of the large number of schools which owe their maintenance to his endowments. This good man was an adventurer under the Cromwellian Settlement, and in return for an “adventure” of £300, a grant of 666 acres was made to him in the fertile vale through which we are now passing. He held many thousands of acres in other parts of the country. The extensive military barracks (L.) at the station were built within the last 20 years, at a cost of £80,000. At the Limerick Junction we cross the Great Southern and Western main line between Cork and Dublin. Under favourable conditions the view of the Galtee mountains from this station is about the best that can be obtained from the railway. Leaving the Junction, the Catholic Parish Church of Sollohed (L.) is soon passed. Just here is the scene of an important battle, in which the Irish under Brian Boru and Mahon, King of Cashel, met the Danish forces under the command of Ivar. After a severe engagement the raven flags began to waver, and the Northmen were forced to retire upon Limerick, leaving three thousand men killed on the field. That stronghold was afterwards taken, looted, and burned by the successful Irish.
Beyond the next station, Oola, the chapel and rock of Ballyneety (L.) are situated some distance in from the line. This rock marks the spot where Sarsfield intercepted and blew up the siege train that was on its way to assist King William at the siege of Limerick. A few particulars of this incident are given later on. Passing the Pallas and Dromkeen stations there is nothing to note except the long range of cultivated hills (R.) lying between us and the valley through which the Upper Shannon pursues its course towards Limerick. Near Boher station Glenstal Castle (R.) is passed. It is the residence of Sir Charles Barrington, Bart. In the demesne at Glenstal there is an oak tree of large proportions, known as the Ilchester Oak, connected with which there is a very pretty little story. The story is fully told, and to a great extent authenticated, in the late Mr. W. R. Le Fanu’s "Seventy Years of Irish Life." It is shortly as follows:—

With Glenstal Demesne is incorporated Cappercullen Park, which a hundred years ago was the home of a widower, Squire O'Grady, and his only daughter. At the age of seventeen Mary O'Grady went to her first dance, and it is an unqualified compliment to her beauty to say that she was the prettiest girl at the Limerick Hunt Ball. Lord Stavordale, the eldest son of Lord Ilchester, who was stationed at Limerick with his regiment, also attended the ball, and was smitten by the charms of this beautiful Limerick girl. An attachment sprung up, and the attentions of the young soldier soon made it manifest to the old man that things were taking a serious turn. O'Grady, believing that Lord Ilchester would not look favourably upon such a union for his son, became uneasy about the engagement of his daughter's affections. In order to forestall trouble he wrote to Lord Ilchester, professing an interest in young Stavordale, and suggesting that as the latter was likely to get into a scrape, it would be well to have him removed. Lord Stavordale disappeared, and his father wrote to Mr. O'Grady thanking him for his kindly interference, adding that an old friend, Colonel
Prendergast, was going to Ireland, and would take an opportunity of conveying his lordship's thanks personally to the Squire of Cappercullen. Prendergast turned up in course, and was obliged to accept hospitality for the night. The Colonel's visit extended to a week, and as he was leaving he said something to O'Grady about his daughter's apparently failing health. O'Grady replied, in confidence, that she had been making a fool of herself about young Stavordale, but would soon forget him, and he declined to allow his visitor to mention the matter to Lord Ilchester. Thereupon Colonel Prendergast announced that he was Lord Ilchester, and that he should be proud of such a daughter-in-law. This little romance had the usual happy ending, the present Earl of Ilchester and the present Earl of Landsdowne being descendants of the union between young Stavordale and Mary O'Grady.

A few minutes' running brings us along by Killonan, where the branch to Castleconnell and Killaloe separates from the main line. A short stay at the ticket checking platform and we go on through the locomotive and carriage building works of the company to the terminus of Limerick—the City of the Violated Treaty.

LIMERICK.

Some historians claim for Limerick an antiquity going back before the Christian Era. At all events, there seems to be no doubt that our National Patron, St. Patrick, visited the locality in the fifth century, and founded the Church of Donoughmore, close to the present city. From its maritime position, Limerick naturally became an object of attention from those sailor-warriors who, a few
centuries later, contributed the material for so many chapters of Irish history. The raven, which, according to tradition, invariably preceded the Northmen, soon marked for their long war galleys a course through the intricacies of the Shannon. Even in those early days, and against such formidable opponents, the "Irishry" of Limerick gave earnest of the valour that was in them—a valour that has since writ the name of their city high in the records of martial Europe. During the Norman invasion Limerick was held alternately by the Irish and by the invaders, but King Donald having ultimately obtained possession demonstrated his patriotism by breaking down the bridge and burning the city to the ground, so that it should not afford refuge to the foreigners.

King John was the only English Sovereign who graced Limerick with his presence, and he left the citizens a substantial
souvenir of his visit in the castle still bearing his name and the old Thomond bridge that spanned the Shannon up to about 50 years ago.

In 1651, after a siege of six months, the city was surrendered to the Parliamentary forces under Ireton, that commander falling a victim to the plague in a short time after the capitulation. Full of confidence after his success in the north, King William anticipated no serious opposition when, in 1691, with the main body of his army he marched upon Limerick. His Majesty was, however, mistaken, for Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, was the inspiring spirit of the garrison, and the Jacobite standard floated defiantly from the tower of St. Mary's Cathedral. It was during this siege that Sarsfield having learned that a train of heavy artillery was on its way from Dublin conceived the idea of destroying it. For this purpose he left the city at night with a body of chosen horsemen and following the Clare bank of the Shannon to Killaloe he crossed the river. Having discovered the route by which the artillery were travelling and whereabouts they were likely to halt for the night, his men were placed in ambush. By some means they had ascertained that the pass-word to the enemy's camp was, strangely enough, "Sarsfield." Waiting until the night advanced a bit, he moved quietly upon the encampment until challenged by the Williamite sentries, whereupon his men, shouting loudly "Sarsfield is the word and Sarsfield is the man!" fell upon the astonished troopers. The dragoons taken so completely unaware were easily dealt with. The immense siege train with its guns and ammunition wagons were gathered together, and soon a terrific explosion bore to the beleagured city the gratifying news that Sarsfield's project had succeeded. By the twenty-seventh of August a large breach had been made in the walls, and on the afternoon of that day William decided to carry the place by storm. The storming party consisted of five hundred grenadiers, supported by ten thousand men. At a given signal the grenadiers rushed from the
trenches throwing their grenades. The Irish fell back gradually, and some of their assailants actually effected an entrance to the city. Here, however, Sarsfield reformed his troops, drove back the besiegers, and took up a position defending the breach. Again and again William’s men were led to the assault, but only to be hurled back as often from the walls of the devoted city. The spirit of the defenders began to fire their wives and daughters, who, seizing weapons from the prostrate forms of fallen kinsmen and
fallen foe, rushed bravely to the front, and by their heroic example stimulated the exertions of the garrison till, as the bard records—

"Each man became a match for ten."

It was by thus helping to drive back from the walls of their native city what were then the finest troops in the world that the women of Limerick secured for themselves a prominent place amongst the heroines of history.

Late in the evening a great final effort was organized by the King, but the genius of an illustrious soldier and the intrepid valour of his veteran warriors were alike unavailing: the victor of the Boyne was compelled to raise the siege and depart from before the city.

In the following year the city was surrendered upon perfectly honourable terms to General Ginkle. The treaty was signed upon the famous "Treaty Stone," still standing at the end of Thomond Bridge, and the terms were confirmed by William and Mary, but, to their lasting shame, the House of Commons declined to ratify some of the most essential stipulations, and Limerick has ever since been known as "The City of the Violated Treaty."

St. Mary's Cathedral and King John's Castle are almost contemporary erections, and after an existence of 700 years they still divide the chief attention of all who are interested in old Limerick. The Cathedral stands upon the site of King Donald's palace, and some authorities believe that the royal residence forms portion of the Episcopal Church. The original design has been greatly modified by additions and alterations. The square tower is 120 feet high, and the view from the top well repays the trouble of ascending. The story of the peal of bells in the tower is familiar to many readers, but it will bear reproduction here:

When the world was some centuries younger there lived on the Arno, near Florence, one Paolo Campanaro, who excelled his contemporaries in the craft of bell-founding. After a youth spent in industry he resolved to settle down to "an age of ease," but ere
he retired from the exercise of his craft, he wished to give some sign of thankfulness for his success in life, for

Paolo is pious and grateful, and vows as he kneels at her shrine,
To offer some fruit of his labour to Mary the Mother benign;
Eight silver-toned bells will he offer to toll for the quick and the dead,
From the tower of the church of her convent that stands on the cliff overhead.
The self-imposed task was accomplished, and an interval of peaceful retirement in the life of the bell-founder was succeeded by the outbreak of a fierce war. His wife, Francesca, and their children fell victims to the visitation, and the bells were borne away—none knew whither. Campanaro became a wanderer in search of his cherished bells, and in the course of his pilgrimage took passage in a ship bound for Ireland. Having arrived in the Shannon, the poet’s tale continues—

Twixt Cratloe’s blue hills and green woods, and the soft sunny shores of Tervoe,
And now the fair city of Limerick spreads out on the broad bank below,
Still nearer and nearer approaching the mariners look o’er the town,
The old man sees nought but St. Mary’s square tower with its battlements brown.
He listens—as yet all is silent, but now, with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear evening skies!
One note is enough—his eye moistens, his heart, long so withered, outswells,
He has found them,—the sons of his labours—his musical, magical bells.
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around him the sweet Arno shines,
His children—his darling Francesca—his purple-clad trellis of vines!
Leaning forward he listens, he gazes, he hears in that wonderful strain,
The long silent voices that murmur, “Oh, leave us not, father, again!”
’Tis granted, he smiles, his eye closes, the breath from his white lips has fled;
The father has gone to his children, the old Campanaro is dead!

During the occupation by the Cromwellian troops the bells were silent and the old arches resounded instead the tramp of Ireton’s war horses which were stabled in the sacred edifice. Many of the mutilated monuments still bear melancholy testimony to the iconoclastic doings of the Roundheads.

King John’s Castle, near Thomond Bridge, is considered one of the finest specimens of Norman military architecture to be found in the kingdom, and as such is worth a careful examination. The old city which stood in the vicinity of the castle and
cathedral was divided into two portions—the Englishtown and the Irishtown. The modern town had no existence until the closing years of the last century, when the formation of the present well designed and roomy thoroughfares commenced. These never fail to strike a stranger upon his first acquaintance with Limerick. In addition to the bridges and the docks, the public buildings include the Gaol, the Courthouse, the Asylum, and the Barrington’s Hospital. The latter so called after Sir Joseph of that name, who, with his son, founded and helped to endow this splendid institution, which forms such a lasting memorial to the humanity and munificence of the Barrington family. The splendid Catholic Cathedral of St. John, with its decorated English Gothic spire reaching an altitude of 280 feet, as well as the fine Redemptorist and the Jesuit Churches, are never omitted from the list of places worth visiting. Amongst the public monuments will be found one to the first Lord Monteagle, who represented the city in Parliament and was Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1835 to 1839; Viscount Fitzgibbon, who fell at Balaclava; Daniel O’Connell, Sir Peter Tait, and General Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. The monster dry goods establishments of Messrs. Cannock, Messrs. Todd, Messrs. McBirney, and the Warehouse Company are such as few will be prepared to find in provincial Ireland. The milling industry at the head of which are Messrs. Bannatyne and Sons, is a very important one, as is also the Army Clothing Factory, where several hundred operatives find employment. The Waterford and Limerick Railway Company under, the regime of the present Locomotive Engineer, Mr. J. G. Robinson, build their own rolling stock, in their Limerick workshops, thus forming an important element in the industries of the city. The Condensed Milk Company having a large factory at Lansdowne, is a comparatively new but very successful undertaking. The milk of some 10,000 cows contribute to the output from this establishment.
Specimen of Limerick Lace.
(Photographed from the actual production.)
A notice of Limerick without allusion to its bacon would be as incomplete as a description of Havana without any reference to tobacco. The one place is as closely associated with bacon as the other is with cigars, and epicures are nowadays equally discriminating about the brand of both luxuries. In this particular industry the bacon merchants of Limerick, Messrs. Shaw, Messrs. Denny, and Messrs. Matterson, have shown a disposition and an ability to maintain a place in the forefront of commercial enterprise that is rare—indeed unique—in the South of Ireland. Limerick made a name for its bacon in the old days when cargoes of ice had to be imported to maintain a proper temperature for curing purposes, and continues to maintain that name now when transit facilities have brought so many foreign competitors into the field. This has been done by availing to the fullest extent of the resources of modern science. Refrigerators have taken the place of the icebergs, and electric lighting had barely passed the theoretic stage when Mr. Shaw initiated it into the services of the bacon trade, and it is now adopted in all the factories. With the presence of such a spirit, Limerick can hardly fail to maintain a reputation for that matutinal luxury which, with all deference to the memory of poor Wendell Holmes, may be designated the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Messrs. Shaw have published a pamphlet describing the process of manufacture, and they are very willing to show visitors over their premises.

At one time Limerick produced gloves of so fine a quality that a pair could be packed into a walnut shell. The art by which they were produced is a lost one. Fifty years ago the beauty of Limerick Lace attained a world-wide fame. It is still made in the Convent of the Good Shepherd, and the exertions of Mrs. Robert Vere O'Brien are helping to restore it to its former popularity. The quality of the production is so excellent that it has been imported to Belgium and thence exported at four times the cost.
Limerick is exceptionally lucky for an Irish town in having a concise history which also serves the purpose of a modern handbook, at a popular price. The volume is entitled “Limerick and its Sieges,” by Rev. James Dowd, A.B.

Amongst its distinguished sons and daughters the name of the famous singer, Catherine Hayes, is prominent, and at the present day the name of Ada Rehan in the dramatic and of Joseph O'Mara in the lyric world, provide the good citizens with the means of airing their opinions and conceits upon matters affecting the stage.
Near Castle-Connell.

LIMERICK TO CASTLE-CONNELL AND KILLALOE FOR LOUGH DERG.

Leaving Limerick, the line to Killaloe takes us, for about four miles, towards Waterford. After passing Killonan Junction the Mulkern river is crossed. Lisnagry is the first station, but we shall not pause until we reach

CASTLE-CONNELL.

The remains of an old castle, from which the place takes its name, stands in an elevated position upon a rock near the river. It was a stronghold of the O'Briens, and still bears evidence of the rough usage it received during the Williamite and Jacobite war. The village of Castle-Connell is an exceptionally pretty one, and its situation in one of the most delightful spots on the Shannon has
Falls of Doonass.
made it a most popular resort of the good citizens of Limerick, who are within twenty minutes of it by train. The scenery upon the Shannon embraces some of the loveliest combinations of river, rock, and woodland, particularly about a mile below the village, where the course of the river runs through a host of rocky crags and immense boulders scattered broadcast in its path. Here they vainly essay to bar the hitherto calm-swift career of the "King of Island Rivers." At the first check to the royal progress the majestic wrath bursts forth, and, amid the tumult of a myriad imprecations, this huge volume of water rushes wildly onward, over the rocks and under the rocks and through them, in foam, in eddy, and in spray, a glorious picture of magnificent turbulence! The struggle continues for a considerable distance till the seething
river emerges in triumph from the contest and resumes again its course in stately quietude, not a ripple on its placid bosom to tell of its thunderous career through the famous Rapids of Doonass.

The principal seats in this favoured locality exhibit every mark of good taste and care, reflecting the greatest credit on their proprietors. The village has a chalybeate spring, but the demand upon its virtues is not at all so great as formerly.

Many places of interest may be visited by walking or by driving. Opposite to the Falls of Doonass is an old turret from which an excellent view of the rapids can be had, and in the same vicinity there is a holy well. The Clare glens and Glenstal castle and grounds are also well worth visiting. But in the eyes of the angler all these attractions sink into insignificance when compared with the facilities here afforded for the pursuit of his favourite sport. In his estimation Castle-Connell has no superior in Ireland or out of it. This is not to be wondered at when we find that a 30 lb. to 40 lb. fish is not an uncommon size, and that salmon of 50 lbs. and trout of 10 lbs. have been landed here. The salmon fishing is preserved, but all trout and pike fishing is free. Amongst the distinguished fishermen who have plied the angle in these waters are reckoned the late John Bright, Mr. Peabody, the philanthropist, Lord Randolph Churchill, and the present Earl of Dunraven. The fishing rods manufactured in Castle-Connell have made for Messrs. Enright & Son a world-wide reputation. These rods are in use and regularly supplied to different parts of the continent and of the United States, as well as to India, Canada, and New Zealand. Mr. John Enright is the amateur champion and holds the world’s record as a long distance fly-caster.

Before leaving we may remind visitors who desire to cross the Shannon at Castle-Connell that they are likely to avail of the services of a blind—absolutely blind—ferryman. He has been making the passage safely for many years, and none need hesitate about using the ferry under his control.
Killaloe Bridge on the Shannon.
Proceeding by train the next stop is at Birdhill, where a junction is formed with the Nenagh branch of the Great Southern and Western line. Leaving Birdhill we have a view of the Clare hills (L.) across the Shannon and Keeper Hill (R.) beneath which lies the course of the Nenagh train. Running into Killaloe the line joins the course of the river, beyond which is seen Clarisford demesne, and within it standing the palace of the Bishop of Killaloe.

Passing close to a small island on the Shannon there is time to notice upon it the remains of a stone-roofed oratory, supposed to be almost contemporary with the introduction of Christianity. Thanks to the laureate of the music halls, the town of Killaloe has been made familiar to the British public as a place in which the
cultivation of modern languages is carried on under considerable difficulties. Whatever the opinions of visitors may be upon this point, we can promise that if they come here in search of the picturesque they shall not be disappointed. The railway station is situated at the Tipperary side of the Shannon, which we must cross by a stone bridge of 13 arches to reach the town. The antiquarian will be sure to visit the Cathedral. The building outwardly is a rather plain specimen of the Early Pointed style, erected about the middle of the twelfth century by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, but within are some most beautiful specimens of ornamentation in stone. Quite close to the Cathedral is a small chapel surmounted by an exceedingly sharp stone roof. This structure is much older
than the Cathedral. A short distance above the bridge will be found the site of Kincora, the palace of Brian Boru (Brian of the Tributes), during whose reign this place was virtually the capital of Ireland. No evidence of its ancient glories is to be found on the site, and hardly a tradition remains with the present inhabitants, so we must rely upon the different chroniclers for such particulars as can be obtained. Judging from some of the tribute paid, Brian must have kept a truly royal establishment: one inventory includes such items as 150 butts of wine from the Danes of Dublin, and 2,000 cattle, 1,000 sheep, and 1,000 cloaks from Burren and Corcomroe. Amongst the recreations at Kincora chess must have occupied a prominent place, as we find that, when a visitor there, Maelmordha, King of Leinster, looking on at a game being played by Prince Murchad, suggested a move which lost the game on his Royal Highness. Recriminations ensued, and the King of Leinster terminated his visit abruptly. This trivial incident led to the combination between the Leinstermen and the Danes so completely annihilated at Clontarf by King Brian. Further we find that chessboards reached Kincora as tribute or perhaps presents. Eight hundred years ago this country was a holiday resort for distinguished visitors from the continent: In 1102 Magnus, King of Norway, spent the winter and spring at Kincora, and upon the occasion did a bit of "match-making" by having his host's daughter betrothed to his—the Norwegian's—son, Sigurd.

About a mile from Killaloe rises the hill of Craiglea, the glorious view from which extends from the Galway shores of Lough Derg to the far off confines of Cork. Lough Derg, which commences just at Killaloe, is about 25 miles long, and reaches in some places a breadth of 8 miles. It is studded with numerous islands, including the famous island of pilgrimage—Inniscaltra—where the remains of a round tower and seven churches will be found. The scenic beauties of Lough Derg can
be enjoyed by a steamer trip from Killaloe. This little town has the great advantage of combining the river scenery, in the midst of which it is situated, with the glories of the great lake in its immediate vicinity. As an angling centre Killaloe maintains a healthy rivalry to Castle-Connell for salmon and trout, whilst the lake fishing provides a greater variety of sport for followers of the gentle craft.

LIMERICK TO ENNIS AND TUAM.

Seated in the train for Ennis we retrace our course for a short distance towards Waterford, when the line commences a partial circuit of the city, giving us an excellent view of the two cathedrals and many other features of interest. About a mile from the terminus appears the ruined structure of "New Castle" (R), where King
William established his quarters during the siege. There are still told stories of the drinking feats performed by the Dutchman's officers "at the evening board," which, in the popular estimation, surpassed all their doings in the tented field.

At the same side of the line is Corbally, a pretty little district of villadom, occupied by the leading families of professional and commercial Limerick. The palace of the Catholic Bishop is also here. A railway bridge carries us across the Shannon into the County of Clare. From the first station, Long Pavement, there is a view of the wooded hills of Cratloe (R), which, from their proximity to the line for the next few miles, claim a large share of attention. The woods at one time sheltered a famous highwayman, named Freney. This fellow was something of a humorist; during a course of imprisonment he was visited by a certain insolvent banker, who expressed his satisfaction at seeing the robber in custody. The robber retorted—"You ought to be the last man in Ireland to say that, Mr. ———, for when the whole world refused your notes I took them!" The natural beauty of those hills is sometimes pleasantly diversified by the white canvas tents forming the training quarters of part of our National Guard—the Limerick Militia. From Cratloe station the broad waters of the Lower Shannon (L.) can be traced stretching away to the distant Beeves lighthouse. A mile beyond the station is Bunratty Castle (L). The dignity with which this feudal structure stands up after six centuries of time, and the vicissitudes of the Thomond wars, is marvellous. Indeed it is to-day in semi-military occupation as a barrack of the Royal Irish Constabulary. In the middle of the seventeenth century it presented an aspect such as few places in Europe could rival. The castle was of enormous size and strength, girt round by offices affording accommodation to a thousand men, and surrounded by a park of several thousand acres. The herd of deer was the finest in Ireland. The Papal Legate, Rinuccini, at that time, writing to his brother in Italy, said—"I have no
hesitation in asserting that Bunratty is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen. In Italy there is nothing like the palace and grounds of Lord Thomond—nothing like its ponds and park and three thousand head of deer.”

Approaching Sixmilebridge we lose sight of the Shannon. An old chronicler records that Sixmilebridge was once famous for trade, commerce and faction fighting. The trade and commerce are gone, and so is the faction fighting. Occasionally we meet a visitor who is disappointed at leaving Ireland without having seen a faction fight; he thinks this form of diversion still occupies a position in our social amenities somewhat corresponding with the inter-county cricket matches at the other side of the Channel. Alas! for the times of which Lever wrote and Lover sung; things are so much changed that nowadays Rugby football provides more
material for surgical and medical practitioners in twelve months than faction fighting, properly so-called, does in five years.

Leaving the next station, Ballycar, the country maintains its attractive appearance until we get in sight of the finely wooded hill and the Castle of Dromoland (L.), the seat of Lord Inchiquin, and the birthplace of William Smith O'Brien, the political chief of the Young Ireland Party.

Passing Ardsollus station the ruins of Quin Abbey (R) are seen. This Franciscan foundation dates from 1402. The tower, cloisters and other portions of the structure are well maintained, and outside the main walls can be traced the remains of a fortress, which some authorities attribute to a period prior to the twelfth century. With the dust of the peaceful Franciscans is here mingled the ashes of the famous "Fireball," Macnamara. This celebrity was, perhaps, the last of the class known in Ireland as "Fire-eaters." His record as a duellist ran into two score "principal" parts, whilst he acted as second in innumerable "affairs." They still sing his memory hereabouts—

There sleeps Shawn Buie cold, low and lone,
The great, the glorious Macnamara;
The heart and nerve that never shook,
The hand that left no mark unstruck.

Proceeding we arrive at Clare Castle, (L) a small town on the river Fergus. The river up to this point is navigable for vessels in the coasting trade. Clare Castle derives some importance from its position as the port of the county town Ennis. The castle from which the place is named was occupied by a military detachment till some few years ago.

ENNIS.

En route to Ennis, two miles further on, the train passes through the precincts of the ruined Augustinian Abbey of Clare (R), which is in an excellent state of preservation. The capital of
Clare has nothing of exceptional interest to commend it to the tourist. The principal modern edifices are the Catholic Church, the Diocesan College, the Courthouse and the Lunatic Asylum. The remains of the Franciscan Monastery, founded by Donagh O'Brien about 1240, attached to the parish church, form the principal attraction for the archæologist. When Sir Richard Bingham was Governor of Connaught this monastery was suppressed and the friars driven forth into Spain, France, Belgium and other places. He converted the conventual buildings into a courthouse, the refectory constituting the jail; and there, in 1586, the first assizes ever held in Clare were carried on. On the site of the old courthouse now stands a monument to Daniel O'Connell commemorating his election as member for Clare in 1828.
Mulready the artist, a distinguished Royal Academician, came from Ennis. His name is familiar to postage stamp collectors through the design for the "Mulready envelope," which is an indispensable item in a stamp collection with any pretentions. An incident in the history of Ennis during the seventeenth century, having a certain interest just now, is the account of a member of Parliament, named Garnier, at whose instance the goods of the constituents were seized in satisfaction of his claim for salary earned as their representative. The worthy burgesses were, however, able to shew that he undertook to bear the honours gratuitously, and thus secured the return of their property. From Ennis the West and South Clare Railways provide means for visiting Lisdoonvarna, Lahinch, Milt own-Malbay, the Cliffs of Moher and Kilkee, to the attractions of which we shall later on give attention.

Continuing the main line we soon notice the immense pile of limestone buildings, comprising the Lunatic Asylum (L). Further on is passed Ballyline, the seat of the Butler family, whose place of sepulture is a small island situated in a lake close to the line (R). Between the two next stations, Crusheen and Tubber, we cross a small river dividing Clare from Galway. About four miles beyond Tubber is Lough Cooter Castle (R.), the residence of Lord Gough. This magnificent Gothic mansion was built for the head of the Vereker family, Lord Gort. The design originated in this way: The Prince Regent and Lord Gort were on a visit at East Cowes Castle, the residence of Nash, the architect who remodelled Windsor Castle and designed the modern portion of that Royal residence. Lord Gort was so pleased with Nash's house that he expressed a wish for something similar on the banks of Lough Cooter. The host, as a good man of business, offered to provide a similar residence for £50,000; but before Lord Gort's desire was fully gratified the outlay ran to some £80,000. The Vereker family had not been long in the enjoyment of their princely mansion, when the "bad times," in '46 and '47, brought embarrass-
ment, and ultimately a sale of the castle, which is now the property of Lord Gough. It is interesting to add that the seat of the present Lord Gort is East Cowes Castle, adjoining Osborne, the very house that inspired his ancestor with the wish for a similar residence in his native County of Galway. The lake covers an area of eight square miles. It contains several pretty islands, and gives birth to the river Blackwater, a great part of whose course to the sea is subterranean. At some distance from the lake it forms a pool called "The Ladle," then disappearing under a steep rock to reappear further on in "The Punch Bowl" and so alternately through "The Churn" and "The Beggarman's Hole," it pursues its course to the sea. Approaching Gort station the surroundings of the Convent of Mercy (L) shew how the waters of this wayward stream have been pressed into the service of art for the embellishment of the neatly laid out grounds of that institution.

Coole Park, the residence of the late Sir William Gregory, is just outside Gort. The recent death of that gentleman gave fresh currency to a sensational Cabinet scandal, of Peel's time, by the publication in his Memoirs, last year, of a circumstantial version of the story. It was as follows:

"When Sir Robert Peel determined to repeal the Corn Laws he consulted a portion of his Cabinet. They were Sidney Herbert, Lord Lincoln, Sir James Graham and Lord Aberdeen, all of whom determined that the repeal of the Corn Laws should be kept a profound secret until the whole of the Cabinet had assembled. The same evening Sidney Herbert dined tête-à-tête with Mrs. Norton, the well known object of his attachment, and with whom he was infatuated. Before dinner was over she wormed out of him the secret of the Cabinet. After dinner she pretended to go to see a sick friend for a short time and returned in half an hour. In the meantime she had taken a cab and driven down to The Times' office and saw Barnes, the editor, and told him the Government were going to repeal the Corn Laws. Barnes said to her—'If you
have no proof I shall not detain you, but if you have you shall have a cheque for £500.' She gave him chapter and verse and returned to poor Sidney Herbert with the cheque in her pocket. The next day the announcement was made in *The Times* which astounded all England—this was on the 5th of December, 1845. The other papers disbelieved it. Lord Derby and the Duke of Richmond left the Government."

Within three miles of the town are to be found the Seven Churches of Kilmacduagh. This is a rather high sounding title for the group of unimportant ruins. They have, however, one claim to notoriety. The round tower overhangs its base considerably, thus providing the Green Isle with a rival to the celebrated Leaning
Tower at Pisa. Some of the guide books have given currency to the belief that Kilmacduagh round tower leans 17 feet from the perpendicular. This would be an almost impossible condition. From one particular point, however, the contour of the surrounding ground helps the spectator to the belief that the tower is actually falling.

About a mile beyond Gort station the train passes close to a fine ruin called Castletown Castle (L). Progressing through this part of the country we cannot fail to notice the frequency with which such old structures figure in the landscape.

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast,
These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the past!

At Ardrahan station Castle Taylor (L) is in view and quite close to Craughwell, the next station, is Ballymore (R) the residence of Lord Claremorris, who up to the end of the past season—1894-5—was master of the Galway Blazers. This hunt is one of the oldest and most famous in the Kingdom; the doings of its members afforded to Lever a mine of material which even such a master hand failed to exhaust. Authorities differ as to how the title "Blazers" originated. One version is that under an arrangement with the Ormonde Hunt the two bodies met at Birr on a certain day in each season. The rivalry between the horsemen in the field was continued after dinner. Hard riding conduced to hard drinking, and some of the post-prandial doings of the western squires would shock the propriety of this end of the century. One of those annual dinners wound up by setting fire to the house and burning it to the ground. The incendiariam was attributed to the Galway men and they were thenceforward known as "the Blazers."
Tuam Cathedral.
A few minutes brings the train to Athenry. Here we cross the main line of the Midland Great Western Railway which joins Dublin in the east with Galway in the west. Athenry is a very ancient town, being identified by antiquarians with Auterii of Ptolemy. A considerable portion of the walls remain, and the town is still entered by one of the old gates. The principal remains are the Norman Castle of the DeBerminghams and the ruins of the Dominican Priory and Church, which were repaired by the Board of Works a couple of years ago. The old stone cross in the market place is also an object of interest. A very uncommon sight can be witnessed here during the spring months, when a long row of carts, laden with seaweed, is drawn up in the streets. It gives some idea of the value at which labour may be assessed in this part of the country, to find that a load—one ton of seaweed—is worth about ten shillings, and that it sells for considerably less if the demand is limited. It must be borne in mind that a man, and probably some junior members of his family, and a horse have been occupied for one day in gathering and loading the product, and the next day it is carted perhaps a dozen miles to market!

Running from Athenry, at a distance of about five miles, we can, under favourable conditions, get a view of Lough Corrib (L), and drawing near to the next station, Ballyglunin, the Hill of Knockmoy (R), with the Abbey of the same name underneath, can be seen. Upon the summit of this hill there is a holy well to which regular pilgrimmages are made upon the patron or “pattern” day in each year. Two miles beyond Ballyglunin Station the large expanse of bog is relieved by the woods of Ballinderry (L), the demesne of Colonel Nolan, who is member of Parliament for the northern division of the county. A couple of miles further on at the same side is a hill called Knockma, beyond which is situated Castle Hackett, the seat of Mr. Percy B. Bernard. We soon arrive at Tuam.
TUAM.

Any claim to importance which this little town may have in the eyes of a casual visitor is derived from the fact that it is the seat of a Catholic Archiepiscopal and a Church of Ireland Episcopal See. The two Cathedral churches are modern buildings, but the Church of Ireland structure in the early English Gothic style possesses an exceptional interest inasmuch as that it has been designed with a view to embody in the new work the magnificent chancel arch of the twelfth century that formed part of the old church, which resembles the architecture of Cormac’s chapel at

Ruins at Kilbannon.
Cashel. Competent authorities upon church architecture are agreed that Sir Thomas Deane’s plan for this difficult combination was a most successful one.

A sum of about £18,000 was spent upon the Catholic Cathedral, a fine Gothic erection. Outside the Cathedral is a statue of the late Archbishop MacHale, who took a foremost part in public matters during the days of O’Connell. It was to Dr. MacHale that the immortal Dan so aptly alluded as “The Lion of the Fold of Judah.”

The Diocesan College of St. Jarlath is close to the Cathedral.

The ancient stone cross standing in the Square is to the archaeologist one of the most cherished relics of antiquity in the West of Ireland.

The Round Tower and other ruins at Kilbannon are about 1½ miles from Tuam, close to the recently opened line of railway to Claremorris. From Claremorris there is in course of construction by the Waterford and Limerick Company a line of railway through the counties of Mayo and Sligo to Collooney, 47 miles in length. When this line is completed we hope to give special attention to the new district which is being opened up.
LIMERICK TO ADARE AND FOYNES, AND TO TRALEE FOR KILLARNEY.

Leaving Limerick by this line the train moves at a comparatively slow pace for about half a mile, when its direction is changed and the pace improved until we find ourselves going at full speed towards the Kingdom of Kerry. The line runs through a rich country to Patricks-well, the first station, but there is nothing of importance to arrest attention until the railway bridge over the river Maigue is crossed, and the train pulls up at

ADARE.

When the natural beauty of its surroundings, its historic associations and magnificent ruins are considered, it is difficult to understand why Adare is not more generally known. Adare Manor is the seat of the Earl of Dunraven, the representative of the old Irish family, O'Quin of Inchiquin. His Lordship is well-known through his patriotic efforts on board the "Valkyrie" to re-capture the America Cup. The manor house is a stupendous structure in the Tudor style, standing within a richly-wooded demesne of some 2,000 acres, and close to the edge of the picturesque river Maigue. It was built by the present Earl's grandfather, and occupied twenty-one years in erection. The entire work was carried out by natives of Adare, under the superintendence of an Adare man, whose services are commemorated by the following inscription on the east front:

"In memory of James Connolly, of Adare, mason, and faithful servant of the Earl of Dunraven, and builder of this house, A.D. 1831 till his death in 1852."
Some idea of the proportions of the mansion may be formed from the magnitude of the entrance hall, which can be used as a ball room, for private theatricals, or any similar amusements. An organ of fine compass, having 44 stops and 2,353 pipes fails to suggest the least want of proportion as an article of furniture in this striking apartment. The fireplace, with huge logs blazing on its medieval fire dogs, as well as the minstrels’ gallery, the organ case, etc., were designed by Pugin. The Gallery is a still more magnificent apartment, being over 130 feet long. One item of its furniture is a set of elaborately carved oaken stalls from some continental cathedral. In a position corresponding with these, at the opposite side, is another set of stalls, carved by the natives of Adare village, in a style which cannot be distinguished from the art of the continental workmen. These native craftsmen also reproduced upon the oak panelling at the north side of the room a series of designs from the prints in the London edition, 1806, of Froissart’s Chronicles. It is an apartment well worthy of the art treasures which decorate its walls. Sir Joshua Reynolds contributes a portrait of the Earl of Ilchester—possibly the nobleman already referred to in connection with the story of the "Ilchester Oak" in Glenstal demesne. One of the three examples of Sir Peter Lely’s brush preserves for us the fair countenance of poor Mistress Nellie Gwynn, and such names as Murillo, Snyders, Van de Velde, and Salvator Rosa, sufficiently indicate the artistic scope and general character of the collection. The only way out of this most attractive house is under cover of a hackneyed apology: the full story of the gallery alone, with its pictures, sculpture, and various articles of vertu could not be exhausted within the compass of this little volume. We cannot, however, leave its precincts without mentioning the numerous cups, scattered through the different rooms, which have been won by the "Valkyrie." Lord Dunraven’s sporting proclivities have not been confined to the high seas: he has shot big game in the Far West, and many trophies of his skill with the rifle embellish
the walls of Adare Manor. His Lordship's book, "The Great Divide," has survived many of the more recent contributions to the sporting literature of the Wild West.

Desmond Castle, Adare Manor.

Before turning to the antiquarian remains we must say a word of the Geraldines. This powerful family were descended from Gerald Fitzwalter and Nesta, Princess of South Wales, and some scions of that alliance were prominent figures in the invasion of this country. They soon found a great deal in the temperament of the natives to be admired by such adventurous spirits as those Anglo-Norman war dogs. They mixed with and intermarried with the Irish, and in a short time came to be looked upon as "more Irish than the Irish themselves."
Ye Geraldines, ye Geraldines, how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad and rich Kildare, and English art disdained,
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle call
By Glyn's green slopes and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to Youghal.
What gorgeous shrines, what Brehon lore, what minstrel feasts there were
In and around Maynooth's grey keep and palace-filled Adare;
But not for rite nor feast ye stayed when friend or kin were pressed,
And foemen fled when "Croom Aboo!*" bespake your lance in rest.

Bearing in mind the conditions under which these men entered the country, it is not a little strange to find that so many edifices consecrated to the peaceful pursuits of religion owe their foundation, and for centuries their maintenance to a race whose attention was almost entirely occupied by the art of war. The successive Earls of Dunraven have devoted to the antiquarian remains at Adare all the care which their beauty and their extent deserve. Desmond Castle is the only specimen of military architecture demanding notice. The original structure dates from about the year 1200, but the fortunes of war will account for many of the modifications which manifest themselves in the remains. It is on record that a "great sumptuous and festive entertainment" was given here in 1312 by James Fitzthomas, who became first Earl of Kildare. The castle was in possession of the Desmonds, another branch of the Geraldines, from 1536 to 1583. It was probably from this occupation that it took the name by which it is still distinguished—Desmond Castle. The castle is situated in the demesne, the principal portion extending along the right bank of the river Maigue. The remains are quite sufficient to convince us that the place was one of no ordinary importance. The dimensions of the great hall are 75 feet by 37 feet. The entire structure was dismantled by Cromwell in 1656. Not far from the castle, and also within the demesne, are the remains of the Franciscan house and church. These are popularly known as the "Poor Abbey," pro-

* The war cry of the Geraldines.
bably from the fact that the Franciscans, or Friars Minor, are a mendicant order. It was founded by the seventh Earl of Kildare in 1464. The ruins consist of the church and cloister, and usual conventual buildings, and covered an area of about two acres. It was burned by the Earl of Inchiquin, who from his predilection to incendiarism was known as “Murrough of the conflagrations.” Within the cloister still flourishes an old yew tree, similar to that at Muckross Abbey, Killarney.

At the village side of the river are situated the White Abbey of the Trinitarians and the Black Abbey of the Augustinians. They are distinguished as black and white probably from the colours of
the habits worn by the respective orders. The White Abbey was founded in the thirteenth century by some Geraldine whose name has not come down to us. In 1811 the first Earl of Dunraven converted what remained of this abbey into a church for the Catholic community. It was very much enlarged and to a considerable extent rebuilt by the third Earl, and has been further embellished by the present holder of the title. Portion of the ruins was converted into a Convent for the Sisters of Mercy. The dovecot of the old monastery is still to be seen in the convent garden. The Black Abbey of the Augustinians was established at the beginning of the fourteenth century by the first Earl of Kildare. There are no particulars available of the history of this institution during its occupation. These extremely fine remains were given to the Protestant community as their parish church in 1807. The masoleum of the Dunraven family is situated in the cloister. In leaving the ruins we may well quote in regard to them what has been said of another locality remarkable for its monastic remains. "They throw the solemnity of religion and antiquity over the whole prospect, and by the exquisite beauty of the site afford a proof that the old monks who made a selection of this lovely spot for their monasteries, and who have lain for centuries in the mould of their green and luxuriant churchyards, were lovers of nature; and that when they left the noise and turmoil of the world, they had not relinquished those enjoyments which are not only innocent but may be accounted holy."

The early days of Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Collegians," upon which was founded the drama of the "Colleen Bawn," were closely associated with Adare, and its beauty inspired some of the most successful efforts of his muse.

Oh sweet Adare! Oh lovely vale!
Oh soft retreat of sylvan splendour!
Nor summer sun nor morning gale
E'er hailed a scene so softly tender.
A short distance beyond Adare station we get a glimpse of the woods of Currah Chase (R.), where resides Mr. Aubrey de Vere. This gentleman’s father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was the author of the drama, “Mary Tudor.” Owing to the identity of the names, the literary works of the son are confounded with those of the father. Sir Aubrey was an intimate friend of Wordsworth. We soon pass Cappagh Castle (R.), one of the many ruins with which the County Limerick is studded. At our other side there is a good view of the
hill to Knockfierna, near which the village and chapel of Ballingarry can be distinguished. The hill of Knockfierna acts as a weather bureau for this part of the country; an average member of the community can, by a glance at the summit, make a pretty fair forecast of coming changes. Knockfierna has also a widespread reputation as a home of the "good people," as the fairies are reverently called.

From Ballingrane Junction a branch line runs down to Foynes, 10 miles distant. At Ballingrane we are in the centre of the Palatine district. The Palatines are the representatives of part of 7,000 Lutheran Protestants who were driven from the Palatinate in 1709 by the French under Louis XIV. Queen Anne sent ships to convey them to England and North America. Lord Southwell settled a large number of them on his property in the County Limerick giving to each man, woman, and child eight acres of land, at five shillings per acre, for ever. In order to encourage the Protestant interest in Ireland, the Government agreed to pay their rent for 20 years, and supplied every man with a musket—a genuine Queen Anne, of course—to protect himself and his family. The Palatines were an industrious and thrifty race, and in every respect good members of the community. Many of the strange customs which they brought with them survived up to and even later than the middle of the present century, but now there is little to identify their descendants except such names as Sparling, Doupe, Scillitoe, Spackmann, Bominizer, etc.

There are a good many Palatines around Adare also, where once a year, on the first Tuesday in June, they hold what is called a Field Meeting inside the demesne walls. These meetings must have some connection with an old ash tree under which John Wesley preached to their ancestors. The tree is situated at the east end of the Franciscan Priory. Before continuing our journey into Kerry, we may run down to
These are the only stations on the branch. Askeaton is situated on the Deel, a few miles above the junction of that river with the Shannon. The Deel is navigable for small vessels to Askeaton, and just above the town its course is broken by a number of immense boulders, whose resistance forces the water into a series of cataracts. The principal attractions for sight-seers are the ruins of a fine Franciscan Abbey, founded early in the fifteenth century by one of the Desmonds. A large portion of this extensive structure still survives, and the cloisters are in an exceptionally good state of preservation. The castle standing near the bridge was a Desmond stronghold. Although the surroundings are not so beautiful as those of the castle at Adare, there is a certain sturdiness about what remains standing, as well as about the gunpowder-riven masses of masonry that lie scattered about, which cannot fail to suggest to the imagination of the spectator some of the stirring incidents of attack and defence known to these grey old walls. From the station can be seen Shanid Castle (L.)

**FOYNES.**

Foynes, the terminus of this branch line, is a place of some importance on the Lower Shannon. It has a pier to which vessels of large size can come. Monare, the residence of Sir Stephen de Vere, is situated on an island in the Shannon, just at Foynes. Mount Trenchard, Lord Monteagle's place, is close at hand, and a memorial cross to his Lordship's father occupies a prominent position not far from the station.

Returning to Ballingrane Junction, and resuming our journey towards North Kerry, we soon get a sight of the tower and spire of the Catholic Church of Rathkeale (L.) This church is a good specimen of decorated English Gothic, and the eminence upon which it is built helps to make it one of the most prominent landmarks in this part of Limerick. The river Deel flows through the
town, and after leaving the station we soon notice Castle Matrix Mills (R.), adjoining the old castle after which they are named. Some time ago a genuine gold collar of great antiquity was found in this vicinity. This find may have helped to remove some of the doubts as to the collar of gold with which Tom Moore invests Malachi in the song. Passing Cahirmoyle (R.), the residence of Mr. Edward W. O'Brien, the train pulls up Ardagh, a place of minor importance. Newcastle is soon reached. This place was, in old times, known as Castleroe, from a castle built in the twelfth century by the Knights Templars. The castle is said to be the last held by that body in Ireland, and, if report speaks truly, these gallant gentlemen were compelled to leave it on account of their irregular practices. The castle is now occupied by Mr. C. Curling, the agent on the Earl of Devon's estates, which are very extensive in this part of Ireland. The direction of the line is changed at Newcastle, and what has hitherto been the tail of the train is now the front. We are not far out when it becomes evident that the train is climbing an exceptionally steep gradient: we are, in fact, making our way to the top of Barnagh hill. When near the top we pass Garryduff (R.), the country residence of Mr. R. J. Ferguson, of Dublin. The design of this pretty little house, the site it occupies, as well as the manner in which the plantations upon the hills rising in the back ground have been laid out, all help to an effect with which we are not familiar in this country. Garryduff was built and planted over half a century ago by a former master of the Limerick hounds, Mr. Leake. The story is still told of this gentleman's funeral, at which, with the hunt servants, the hounds formed a rather unusual element in the cortège. Before reaching the deep rock cutting and tunnel at the top of Barnagh hill, we can see stretching away below us (L.) a vast expanse of the County Limerick. Leaving Barnagh, Devon Road station, the town of Abbeyfeale, and Kilmorna station are passed without providing anything of particular interest.
Ruins of Ardfert Abbey.
Approaching Listowel there is an appreciable improvement in the appearance of the country. Passing through some timber known as the Knight of Kerry's Wood, calls to mind an incident that occurred when the holder of the title, at the beginning of the present century, was presented to his sovereign, George IV. The King was disposed to show some affability to the representative of an ancient Irish family, and accordingly after the presentation his Majesty, affecting an intimacy with the history of the Knight's family, said, "Of course, I remember, you came in with Elizabeth." "No, your Majesty," replied the Knight, "we went out with Elizabeth."

Listowel is soon reached. It is situated on the river Feale, and is considered a very good market town. Here is the terminus of the very curious Lartigue, or single-rail line—the only one of the kind in this country. This railway runs to Ballybunion, a very popular watering-place, 10 miles away, on the Atlantic. The bathing at Ballybunion is claimed to be the best on the coast, whilst
the cliffs and the caves beneath them have many attractions for the geologist as well as the sight-seer.

Returning to the main line, and continuing the journey towards Tralee, the river Feale—which is tidal to here—is soon crossed, and approaching the next station, Lixnaw, we notice (R.) a very
curious monumental structure erected to the memory of the third Earl of Kerry. Having left the station at Lixnaw, a group of ruins are soon observed (R.) Even a passing glance is sufficient to satisfy one that they form the remains of an important establishment. This was the ancient seat of the Earls of Kerry, and it is not surprising to find it recorded that in the middle of the last century the decorations of Lixnaw Castle included fresco reproductions of Raphael's cartoons, as well as other mural embellishments after some of the masterpieces at Hampton Court. The taste of the owner was also indicated by the ornamentation at the entrance, which included heads of Homer, Virgil, Milton and Pope. We are credibly informed that the grounds were beautifully laid out. An object of interest appears as we approach the next station—the remains of Abbeydorney (R.) This was a Cistercian foundation of the twelfth century, whose abbots were Lords of Parliament. Bluff King Hal granted the establishment, with several other abbeys and their appurtenances, to the eleventh Lord of Kerry.

**ARDFERT.**

The station is situated a couple of miles from the village. Although the place is usually visited from Tralee, by driving five miles, it will be as well to refer here to the remains which have earned a certain amount of fame for Ardfert. From the station there is a good view of the sea in Ballyheigue Bay and also of the Tralee mountains. Ardfert, like many other places, has the reputation of having at one time had its seven churches. The existence of the See of Ardfert can be traced back to the fifth century, and the remains of the Cathedral of St. Brendan, situated near the village, are sufficient to indicate the importance it had attained in the thirteenth century, when some portion of an earlier structure seems to have been incorporated with an edifice more worthy of advancing civilization. Portion of the cathedral was used as the Protestant place of worship up to about 20 years ago when their
East Window, Ardfert Cathedral.
present parish church was erected. Towards the end of the last century, a round tower, 120 feet high, which stood close to the cathedral, fell.

Within the demesne of Mr. W. T. Talbot-Crosbie stand the remains of a Franciscan monastery, dating from the thirteenth century, and much credit is due to the owner for the care which the ruin receives. Many travellers will be interested to know that the short-horn herd at Ardfert Abbey is considered by cattle-breeders one of the finest in the kingdom. Mr. Talbot-Crosbie’s annual spring sale is attended by breeders from all parts of the kingdom as well as the continent, and even from South America, and the average prices realized by his young stock have for years been the highest attained at any sale in the three kingdoms. It will stimulate the curiosity of even the uninitiated to learn the prices paid for some of the favourites of this Kerry herd: Mr. Talbot-Crosbie paid 1260 guineas for a heifer calf, “Ruby Marchioness,” at six months old; 805 guineas for “Foreign Queen,” and 1000 guineas for “Vesper Star.” This gentleman does not exhibit at public shows. We are now near the capital of the Kingdom of Kerry.

TRALEE.

Tralee is picturesquely situated at the foot of an extensive range of mountains—Bantreggan, the loftiest, reaching 2796 feet—and close to Tralee Bay. It is within 22 miles of Killarney, on the Great Southern line, and has communication with Dingle by a light railway. It has also a line of railway running by the chalybeate spring at a place called Spa—whose reputation goes back to the early years of the last century—to Fenit, where, for the accommodation of large ships and fishing craft, an excellent pier has been built. It is a great advantage to the fishing industry on this part of the coast to be in a position to transfer “the harvest of the sea” into the railway trucks for direct transmission to the various markets.
at the other side of the Channel. Very few features of antiquarian interest in Tralee have escaped the spirit of incendiarism which was so rife in all the Irish campaigns. We are told that during the last century the town depended largely upon the money spent at the Assizes and upon Parliamentary elections. The natives had got such a character for laziness, that those who were affected by complaints curable by the newly discovered Spa waters, showed very little enthusiasm about availing of its virtues. Things are changed nowadays, and the modern visitor to Tralee may calculate upon meeting men, professional and commercial, who can hold their own with any in Ireland—or perhaps out of it. The principal public buildings are the Court House, the Protestant and Catholic Churches. The latter is an exceptionally fine specimen of decorated English Gothic.

WEST AND SOUTH CLARE.

To the West, to the West, to the land by the sea,
Where the mighty Atlantic rolls into Kilkee.

The opening of the West and South Clare Railways, or, as the system is popularly called, the West Clare Railway, has placed within the reach of tourists generally many attractive places that hitherto have been visited only by persons intent upon making a prolonged stay for health or for recreation. The line is a narrow gauge one, and its headquarters are at Ennis. There are only two classes—first and third—and the carriages are of a very comfortable description. Taking a seat in the train at Ennis, and looking forward, we find ourselves running parallel to the line from Ennis to Athenry, etc. We soon diverge in a westerly direction and pass
the immense pile of limestone buildings forming the County Clare Lunatic Asylum (R.) Attention is next arrested by a beautifully timbered hill (R.), at the foot of which is Ballyalla, the property of Mr. William Stacpoole, and soon afterwards the train passes under the tall square tower, all that remains, of Ballygriffy Castle. The
course of the line is now through a wild, stony district, which is not relieved until Corofin Lake (R.) comes in sight. About a mile beyond Corofin station is Clifden (R.), the residence of Colonel Paterson, the picturesque surroundings of which form an exceedingly pleasant contrast with the preceding part of the route. The famous lake and castle of Inchiquin are not far from Corofin. When the train is slowing down for Ennistymon station, we pass close to the remains of Glen Castle (R.), perched on the summit of an elevated rock close to the line. The town of Ennistymon possesses an attraction in the beautiful cascades formed by the waters of the pretty river Inagh rushing over a series of steep rocky ledges. The demesne of Ennistymon House—the seat of Mr. Henry V. MacNamara—through which the Inagh runs, is the other attraction here, and no difficulty will be found in procuring admission to the grounds. Ennistymon is best known to travellers as the point from which the famous health resort

LISDOONVARNA

can be most easily reached. The trains arriving here are connected with “the Cheltenham of Ireland” by a regular car service at a modest fare. The drive occupies an hour, and at its termination the traveller may have his choice of several good hotels, or, if quieter quarters are preferred, suitable accommodation can be readily found in the village. Whether Lisdoonvarna is visited in search of health or for holiday recreation, visitors almost invariably leave it with the intention of returning on some future occasion. The spas are four in number, containing respectively iron, copper, magnesia and sulphur. The latter spa is close to the village, and there seems to be a greater demand upon its virtues than upon any of the others. We shall not enter into any scientific analysis or comparison of the waters with those of similar resorts: for all practical purposes it is sufficient to know that men with sound heads upon their shoulders have, when the functions of the body began to fail them,
made their way to Lisdoonvarna, and there under a combination of health-giving conditions—the waters, the ozone, the regular hours, and the regular meals—have had restored to them the blessings of health and energy. Sea-bathing is to be had about four miles from the village. In addition to the ordinary watering place pastimes there are many places of interest within walking and driving distance of Lisdoonvarna, such as Ballyvaughan, by the famous Corkscrew road, Blackhead, Mount Elva, the Cliffs of Moher, Lahinch, and Liscannor on the coast. In the remains at Kilfenora the antiquarian will find much to interest him. Portion of the old church is still used as a Protestant place of worship. The ancient cross, standing 15 feet high, is one of the most beautifully sculptured examples now remaining to us. Originally there were four of them standing on the roads leading to Kilfenora, and are supposed to have marked the limits within which lay jurisdiction could not intrude. The tombs and effigies are also interesting. Corcomroe Abbey, founded in the twelfth century, and for some time subject to the Abbey of Furness in Lancashire, is well worth visiting. Harking back to the train at Ennistymon and resuming the journey, we cross the river Inagh, and pass (R.) the residence of Mr. MacNamara already referred to. We soon get a sight of the sea in Liscannor Bay, on the far side of which the village of the same name is situated. At Liscannor there is accommodation for ships of a moderate size. Drawing into the station at

LAHINCH,
a good view is to be had of the surroundings of this improving watering place. Lahinch has always had some reputation as a seaside place, but it is only within the past couple of years that the circle of its visitors has expanded beyond ordinary proportions. Its improving prospects are attributable to the establishment of a Golf Club—under the presidency of Mr. A. W. Shaw, of Limerick—in connection with the excellent links which are attracting hither
Hotel at Lahinch Golf Links.
(Now Building.)
numerous votaries of that royal game. It was only within the past few years that golf obtained a footing in Ireland, but already it is evident that the game has come to stay. Golf is generally supposed to be of Scotch origin, but the historians of the pastime incline to the belief that it was imported from Holland. That it has been long a popular game north of the Border there is no doubt: four hundred years ago Parliament tried to put it down in favour of archery, and a century later there were numerous prosecutions for playing on the Sabbath; nor did the proprieties in the old days confine the wielding of a club to the sterner sex: we find that after Darnley's death Queen Mary Stuart went a-golfing. In order to promote the comfort of golfers and other visitors to Lahinch, a company has been successfully floated for the purpose of erecting a hotel after the Norwegian pattern. Our sketch of the structure, which is from the architect's plan, shows the handsome design, whilst we have the unanimous testimony of travellers in Norway as to the comfortable quarters to be found in these houses. Competent and disinterested authorities are unstinted in their praise of the links, and believe that in the early future Lahinch must be prominent amongst the leading golf centres in Ireland. At all events, the new hotel is a thoroughly practical step, and the gentlemen who initiated the project deserve the best thanks of all who have the interest of Ireland as a touring country at heart.

From Lahinch we can most conveniently reach

**THE CLIFFS OF MOHER.**

They are about four miles distant, and extend for over three miles along the coast. Upon first visiting them one is impressed by the solemn grandeur with which these stupendous bulwarks of the western coast rise to a height of 700 feet in a sheer mass against the wild waters of the Atlantic. The owner of the property has provided everything necessary for the convenience of visitors.
The Cliffs of Moher.
There is excellent accommodation for horses and vehicles close to the cliffs in an establishment specially designed for the purpose. Seats are fixed at the best points, and a parapet extends along the verge, thus reserving a place of safety for the annually increasing numbers who come to enjoy this glory of the western coast. A lonely rock rises from the sea to a height of nearly 200 feet. Viewed
from above its position is apparently close under the land, but it is really about 500 yards out in the sea. Upon this crag and the adjoining cliffs are the homes of myriads of sea birds. Some of the more adventurous spirits may, in fine weather, descend a difficult path to the foot of the cliffs, but this experiment should be indulged in only by experienced climbers, and in the company of a competent guide.

Returning to the train at Lahinch and continuing the journey southward, we retain a good view of the sea and Mutton Island, and get a glimpse of the small watering place called Spanish Point, and soon after we arrive at

MILTOWN-MALBAY.

This little town is much frequented during the summer months, when the sea bathing attracts numerous visitors. The appearance of the Spanish Armada, and the destruction of some of that famous fleet in the locality, invests this part of the coast with a never-failing interest.

In 1888, about the ter-centenary of the invasion, Mr. T. J. Westropp, M.A., published* some interesting notes on the ships lost on the coast of Clare. From these notes we learn that Sir Richard Bingham, who was Governor of the Province, issued stringent instructions for watching the Spanish fleet, and putting to death any of the crews that should land. On the evening of September 5th, 1588, the watchers from the towering cliffs of Moher observed two sails beyond Arran, and in the dim twilight

* In the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries.
fancied they saw others far out to sea. The sheriff, one Mr. Boëtius Clancy, with a large body of natives, encamped near Liscannor, and early next day it was found that one ship had anchored not far off in an exposed bay. A cockboat, larger than the British ones, and painted with a red anchor, broke away from the ship, but the boiling sea prevented its landing, and only some wreckage and an oil jar drifted on to the strand behind Liscannor. Later on the patron and purser (one Pedro Baptista, of Naples) landed, disguised as merchants, in the hope of procuring water; the purser was at once arrested, but the patron escaped. Upon examination, the prisoner stated that the ship was the galliass "Sumiga," and that the crew were perishing for want of water;
the master and four men having already died on the coast. In a few days afterwards other ships were seen in the offing, and one bore down the coast, and was driven by the storm into an angle of Malbay near Doonbeg. This one became a total wreck. Three hundred men perished, most of them being drowned, but some three score were killed by the natives or executed by Sir Turlough O'Brien. The ship hailed from St. Sebastian. Meanwhile a second ship attempted to follow the first (which, perhaps, had taken advantage of a high tide to pass inside Mutton Island), but just as it came opposite Tromaroe Castle it ran on a dangerous reef. The fierce currents rapidly broke it up, and a thousand men are said to have perished. All the inhabitants of the country side poured down to the coast for plunder. We are told that Cahane, the Coroner of Thomond, in the exercise of his authority, had much difficulty in inducing a boy to leave the wreck and carry a message to the Mayor of Limerick. The Sheriff, Sir Turlough O'Brien, and other prominent persons were meantime occupied in executing the Spaniards and rescuing the heavy guns from the ships. Many mounds are pointed out as marking the last resting places of the unsuccessful invaders. A massive table at Dromoland Castle—the seat of Lord Inchiquin—is, so far as we can ascertain, the only relic of the Armada ships wrecked upon the Clare coast.

Leaving Miltown-Malbay, and continuing our course by the sea, we shall, by the time we reach the next station, Quilty, be able to distinguish far away behind us the Arran Islands standing at the mouth of Galway Bay. The only great eminence to be seen is Mount Callan (L.), upon which, about a century ago, was discovered the first of those Ogham characters that since then have so severely exercised our learned antiquaries. From Doonbeg station we run through the immense turf bog that supplies a large quantity of fuel for Ennis, Corofin, etc., and it is even sent to Limerick by boat. From Moyasta Junction there are two lines, one to Kilrush, four miles, and the other five miles to
K I L K E E.

This was a popular watering place even in the days before the Locomotive made it so easy of access. The little town is situated at the head of Moore Bay—now generally called Kilkee Bay—the houses, following somewhat the lines of a crescent, stand close to the strand, which is nearly a mile in length. The bay is peculiarly formed—the sides expanding inside the narrow entrance. It is further protected against the fierceness of Atlantic storms by the projection from one side of a natural breakwater in the long flat ledge called the Duggerna rocks. Visitors, whether intent upon a long or a short stay, will find ample accommodation in the different hotels and in the numerous cottages. Bathing machines are provided on the strand, but are generally availed of by the gentler sex and the children—the lords of creation preferring a plunge into deep water near the Duggerna rocks. The atmosphere at Kilkee—ozone-laden from the broad Atlantic—soon provides the visitor with an appetite and an energy that largely conduces to a thorough enjoyment of what has been adjudged the finest coast scenery in the United Kingdom. The outer extremity of the bay at the north side is marked by "George's Head," the nomenclature coming from a palpable resemblance in the outline of the rocky projection to the countenance of one of our Kings George. The principal attractions are on the coast at the south side of the village, where the soft, springy turf along the cliffs makes pedestrianism a most pleasurable exercise. Duggerna rocks, already referred to, the Amphitheatre and Intrinsic Bay are soon reached. Intrinsic Bay is so called after a ship of that name, bound from Liverpool to New Orleans with a valuable cargo, which was wrecked here sixty years ago. Another melancholy incident is connected with one of the many flat rocks to be noticed sloping towards the water. Some years since a Colonel Pepper and a lady to whom he was about to be married were standing together on the rock when a wave of extraordinary
volume suddenly submerged it and carried them into the sea, from which nothing but portion of the lady's body was recovered.

Mere prose entirely fails to convey an idea of the impressively grand forms in which Nature here reveals herself. Through the medium of her most potent forces she has been constructing a vast gallery, league after league of which we may traverse, and still at each turn find endless variety in the colossal handiwork of countless ages. At one point we find this magnificently wild coast marked by some grotesque projection of gigantic proportions, and at another by a deep cavity, at whose entrance wind and water clamour for admission in tones compared to which the thunders of Jove are a mere lullaby. Next we come upon a solitary rock standing sheer up out of the sea, reminiscent of some day, beyond the ken of antiquarian research, when, after centuries of struggle, the mighty forces of ocean prevailed, and the intervening land
disappeared beneath the blue waters. The largest of these rocks is known as "Bishop's Island," upon which are the remains of a cell and an oratory. The buildings are attributed to St. Senan. The pasture on the top of this and some of the others is used in summer for the maintenance of a few sheep. Most of the natives are expert climbers, and when a couple of them have got to the top, they can, with comparative ease, haul the sheep up from the boat below. Taking them down is a far more difficult operation: in descending, one of the men must accompany each animal, and the frantic efforts of the latter to get free from the tight pressure of the rope adds materially to the peril of the descent. Upon such occasions spectators assemble and watch with admiration the efforts of those hardy cragsmen, who, for the sake of a couple of months grazing for two or three sheep, perform feats that would do credit to any prominent member of the Alpine Club.

The principal cave is accessible from the water, the entrance resembling a Gothic arch about 60 feet in height. The remains of Dunlicky Castle, perched at the edge of the cliff, form a prominent landmark in the district. It was once in the possession of the MacMahons, but we have no authentic account of its occupation. Tradition maintains that it was the home of one of those sea rovers with whose deeds we used to sympathise when reading a metrical account of their adventures. The most extensive view in the
locality is from Look-out Cliff: it embraces the mountains of Kerry, the estuary of the Shannon and Kilrush to the south, the limitless Atlantic to the west, and the Connemara mountains beyond the Arran Islands on the north. The more distant glories of the coast, including Carrigaholt Castle, the extraordinary natural bridges
of Ross and Loop Head, we are compelled to leave for some future occasion.

Mr. Alfred Austin, whose name is so well known in literary circles, and who has been spoken of in connection with the vacant Laureateship, concluded his experiences of a tour in Ireland last year, contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine," as follows:

"I noticed one gesture, one attitude, as common as the gorse itself, the gracefulness of which would be observed if one met with it even in Italy or Greece. As you drive along the rudest parts of Ireland, there will come to the open doorway of a thatched hut a woman, bare-headed, bare-footed, very quiet and patient of mien, and she will raise her hand, and with it shade her eyes, while she gazes on you as you pass. Then she will return to the gloom of her narrow home. When I think of Ireland, now that I have visited it, I seem to see a solitary figure, that emerges at moments from a settled twilight of its own to gaze, but with shaded eyes, at the excessive glare and questionable march of English progress."

**KILRUSH**, the other terminus at this end of the line, can be reached in a short time. It is situated at the mouth of the Shannon, and close by are the famous round tower and other remains on Scattery Island. This island was the retreat of St. Senan, whose antipathy to the fair sex has been chronicled by Tom Moore in the melody "St. Senan and the Lady." Kilrush is the principal seaport in Clare, and has steamboat communication up the Shannon to Limerick.
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(LATE SAMUEL BOYD.)  (LATE BOYD & GOODWIN.)
ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXCURSION TICKETS

From SOUTH WALES

TO

South and West of Ireland

(INCLUDING KILLARNEY),

Via NEW MILFORD and WATERFORD,

Will be frequently issued during the Season

FROM GREAT WESTERN STATIONS,

AS UNDER:—

PADDINGTON  GLOUCESTER
SWINDON   NEWPORT
CIRENCESTER  CARDIFF
STROUD    SWANSEA
CHELtenHAM

CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS

Are issued every Friday in the Reverse Direction up to 30th September, 1895, from the principal WATERFORD & LIMERICK STATIONS to above-named Stations and to TENBY.

For particulars as to Fares, Trains, &c., apply to Stations, or to

F. VAUGHAN, Traffic Manager.
TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS.

* 1895. *

TOURIST TICKETS FROM ENGLAND AND WALES AND PRINCIPAL STATIONS IN IRELAND, ARE ISSUED TO LIMERICK, KILLALOE, (FOR LOUGH DERG) CASTLECONNELL & LISTOWEL.

CIRCULAR TOURS With Killarney and West Coast of Ireland.

WEEK-END TICKETS TO ABOVE-NAMED STATIONS & OTHER PLACES.
TOURIST BOOKINGS

have been arranged from the Stations in

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND WALES,

named in the following list, with

LIMERICK, KILLALOE

(For LOUGH DERG),

CASTLECONNELL AND LISTOWEL

(For BALLYBUNION.)

The issue of Tickets will continue until 31st October.
IRELAND.


ENGLAND AND WALES.


For particulars as to Fares and Routes see Tourist Programmes, issued by the following Companies:—
Great Western Railway; London & North Western Railway; Midland Railway; Lancashire & Yorkshire Railway; Manchester, Sheffield & Lincolnshire; Chester Lines’ Committee; Great Northern (Ireland); Great Southern & Western, and Dublin, Wicklow & Wexford.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

DIRECT TOUR.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY

TOURIST TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR TWO MONTHS WILL BE ISSUED to 31st October, 1895, inclusive,

by Great Western, Waterford & Limerick, & Great Southern & Western Railways, via New Milford, Waterford, Limerick Junction & Mallow.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FROM</th>
<th>Lakes of Killarney, via Waterford &amp; Limerick Junction</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1 class &amp; Saloon.</td>
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<td>LONDON</td>
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<tr>
<td>Banbury</td>
<td>105 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bath</td>
<td>88 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Basingstoke</td>
<td>110 6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cheltenham</td>
<td>93 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chippingham</td>
<td>75 0</td>
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<td>Dudley</td>
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<td>Gloucester</td>
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<td>Hereford</td>
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<td>Kidderminster</td>
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<td>Leamington</td>
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<td>Leominster</td>
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<td>Newport</td>
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<td>Oxford</td>
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<td>Plymouth</td>
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<td>Pontyypool Rd.</td>
<td>73 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Reading</td>
<td>105 0</td>
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<td>Salisbury</td>
<td>105 0</td>
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<td>Shrewsbury</td>
<td>75 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stourbridge</td>
<td>73 0</td>
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<td>Stroud</td>
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<td>Swansea</td>
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<td>Swindon</td>
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<td>Taunton</td>
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<td>Warwick</td>
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<td>Warwick</td>
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<td>Wellington</td>
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<td>Weymouth</td>
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<td>Windsor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wolverhampton</td>
<td>105 0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Worcester</td>
<td>73 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yeovil</td>
<td>105 0</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Tourists have the privilege of breaking the forward and return journeys at the following intermediate Stations, if such places are on the direct route to the Station to which their Tickets have been taken.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Abergavenny</th>
<th>Bristol</th>
<th>Gloucester</th>
<th>Malvern</th>
<th>Shrewsbury</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bath</td>
<td>Cardiff</td>
<td>Haverfordwest</td>
<td>Neath</td>
<td>Swansea</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bridgend (for Southern-down &amp; Porthcawl)</td>
<td>Carmarthen</td>
<td>Hereford</td>
<td>Newport</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Chepstow</td>
<td>Llanelly</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Pontypool Road</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

and in Ireland at Waterford, Clonmel, Cahir, Tipperary, Limerick Junction and Mallow.

Passengers from places north of Pontypool Road can travel either via Aberdale or via Newport and Cardiff, either going or returning.

Passengers stopping at any but the authorised Stations will be charged the full Ordinary Fares.

**NEW MILFORD.**

The South Wales Hotel, immediately adjacent to the New Milford Terminus of the Great Western Railway, is pleasantly situated on rising ground, overlooking Milford Haven. Ornamental grounds intervene between the Hotel and the Station, so that although sufficiently near for conveyance, the Hotel is far enough away from the Station to prevent the Raflway traffic being an annoyance. The Hotel contains spacious Coffee Room, Private Sitting Rooms, and Billiard Room.

**F. VAUGHAN, Traffic Manager.**
WATERFORD STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

TOURIST ROUTES.

Bristol to Waterford, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Waterford to Bristol, Tuesdays and Fridays.
Liverpool to Waterford, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Waterford to Liverpool, Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
Bristol to Wexford, Fridays. Wexford to Bristol, Tuesdays.

New Ross and Waterford, Daily (Sundays excepted).
Duncannon and Waterford, Daily (Sundays excepted).

Best routes for Watering Places of TRAMORE and DUNMORE, CLIFFS OF MOHER, LAHINCH, KILKEE, CURRAGHMORE, the beautiful Irish seat of the Marquis of Waterford, BESSBOROUGH, the residence of Earl of Bessborough, WOODSTOCK, residence of Colonel Tighe, Kilkenny, famed as the ancestral home of Marquis of Ormonde. The surroundings of these palatial residences are extremely beautiful and will well repay a visit.

The BLACKWATER, fitly called "The Irish Rhine" and the famous Cister-cian Abbey of MOUNT MELLERAY may be easily reached from Cappoquin—a Station on Waterford, Dungarvan & Lismore Railway—a few miles distant from Waterford.

Average Sea Passage, Bristol or Liverpool and Waterford is only 14 to 15 hours. Fares are low. Excellent Passenger Accommodation is provided.

The termini of Waterford & Limerick, Waterford & Central Ireland, and Waterford, Dungarvan & Lismore Railways are only 5 minutes drive from Steamers.

Berths secured and every information given by Agents at

BRISTOL—Waterford Steamship Co. Offices, 68 Queen Square and Cumberland Basin.
WEXFORD—Waterford Steamship Co. Offices, Custom House Quay.
NEW ROSS—Waterford Steamship Co. Office.
DUNCANNON—Waterford Steamship Co. Office.

AND AT
WATERFORD—Waterford Steamship Co.'s Head Offices, The Mall.

WATERFORD STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.—Lower Shannon Service.
Sailings between LIMERICK and TARBERT and KILRUSH every week-day during Summer.

For particulars of Sailings see Monthly Sailing Lists; and every information respecting any Sailings mentioned in this page may be obtained at addresses given below :

Lower Shannon Steamship Office, KILRUSH.
Lower Shannon Steamship Office, TARBERT.
Lower Shannon Steamship Office, KILDYSART.
Lower Shannon Steamship Office, LIMERICK (Mount Kennet's Quay); or at any of the Offices of THOS. COOK & SON for the above services.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

Summer Holiday Tours

BY THE NEW AND POWERFUL STEAMERS OF

The Clyde Shipping Co., Limited,

HAVING FIRST CLASS PASSENGER ACCOMMODATION.

Regular Sailings.

Waterford to Glasgow and Greenock  every Tuesday.
Waterford to Belfast         ,, Saturday.
Waterford to Cork              ,, Thursday.
Waterford to Plymouth           ,, Wednesday.
Waterford to Southampton, Newhaven & Dover  ,, Saturday.
Waterford to London, via Southampton  ,, Saturday.
Glasgow and Greenock to Waterford every Monday & Thursday.
Belfast to Waterford         every Tuesday.
Cork         to Waterford         ,, Friday.
Plymouth    to Waterford         ,, Monday.
Southampton to Waterford       ,, Saturday.
London      to Waterford         ,, Friday.
Limerick    to Glasgow          ,, Friday.
Glasgow and Greenock to Limerick  ,, Monday.

Circular Tours.

Tickets for Tours by Steamer and Rail, connecting places of interest in England, Ireland, and Scotland are issued at very low rates during the season. For Fares, Bills of Sailing, Tourist Guides, and all further information, apply to

CLYDE SHIPPING Co., Ltd.

Belfast, Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Plymouth, Southampton, Newhaven, Dover; 138, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; Greenock, or

21, CARLTON PLACE, GLASGOW,
ONE OF THE BEST HOTELS IN EUROPE.

The Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin.

Centrally Situated, Electrically Lighted, Hydraulic Elevator, MODERATE TARIFF, Excellent Cuisine.
CRUISE'S ROYAL HOTEL, LIMERICK.

The Oldest Established First-class Hotel in the City.

Visitors will meet with every attention. Charges Moderate.
Ladies' Drawing Room. Smoking and Billiard Room.

Particular attention to the Cuisine and Cleanliness of the House, which has recently been improved on modern principles.

JAMES FLYNN, Proprietor.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SHANNON HOTEL,  
CASTLECONNELL.

Do not leave Ireland without seeing that charming spot—CASTLECONNELL!!

Grand Scenery, Walks, Drives, Boating, Splendid Fishing.

HOTEL—THE SHANNON,  
Mrs. K. ENRIGHT, Proprietress.

See the "SHANNON RAPIDS,"  
About 15 minutes walk from the Hotel.

IMPERIAL HOTEL,  
WATERFORD.

The best Hotel in the South of Ireland; patronised by the Aristocracy, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen; has been enlarged by the addition of a New House, and re-furnished in modern style. A new Smoke Room, together with Rent and Stock Rooms have also been added. The Sanitary arrangements throughout are perfect and have been certified by Mr. Phillipson, of Dublin.

The Wines are carefully selected, and the Cuisine is under an experienced Chef. Particular attention is given to cleanliness and comfort.

K. J. MURRAY, Proprietress.
THE ADELPHI HOTEL,
WATERFORD.

This is one of the most beautifully situated Hotels in the South of Ireland; it commands a full view of the River Suir, the unrivalled Quay of Waterford, and the most picturesque scenery about the city.

The Sitting Rooms, . . . .
Ladies' Coffee Rooms, .
. . . . and Bedrooms

Are large, lofty and commodious.

There is also a well-appointed Billiard Room, and a comfortable Smoking Room.

Families, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen who appreciate comfort, cleanliness and careful attention, combined with moderate charges, will find in this Hotel all that is desirable.

An Omnibus attends the arrival and departure of the Trains and Steamboats.

David Keogh, Proprietor.
GARRYOWEN BACON FACTORY.

SHAW'S

CELEBRATED LIMERICK

BACON & HAMS,

Sausages, etc.

Can be had in all the Cities

and Principal Towns

in Ireland.
F. SPAIGHT & SONS,

LIMERICK,

Timber Merchants,

Holds large stocks of all needful kinds of timber,

in logs, deals, planks, floorings, sheetings, mouldings, coopers' logs, hoops, twigs, &c.

Cement, tiles, pipes, sanitary ware, chimney caps, bricks, coals, &c., &c.

Steam saw, planing, and moulding mills.

Enquiries & inspection invited.
GRAVES & CO., Limited.

Builders' Merchants,
Timber Importers,
Saw Mill Proprietors,
Patent Roofing Manufacturers.

Large Stocks of all descriptions of Building Materials, including London Portland Cement, Slates, Laths, Tiles, Plaster, Galvanized Sheets, etc., etc., stored in Waterford and New Ross, and offered at lowest Wholesale Rates.

BOX-MAKING DEPARTMENT.

WHITETWOOD BUTTER BOXES,
of all descriptions. Made from specially selected and seasoned Timber.

SOLE MAKERS OF THE

GRAVES & CO., Limited,
WATERFORD.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHARNOCK BROS., & CO.,

DRY SALTERTS,

OIL IMPORTERS and DISTILLERS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Rosin Pitch, Rosin Oils, Rosin Spirits, Rosin Grease,
Locomotive Grease, Railway Grease, Contractors' Grease,
Waggon Grease, Mill Grease, Colliery Grease, Cog
Wheel Grease, Cart Grease, in kegs and barrels; Cart
Grease, in tin boxes, 1, 2, 3½, 7 and 14lb. tins; Super-
fine Grease, for carriages and carts, in tin or wood boxes,
1¾lbs.—3 doz. cases. Black Varnish, suitable for iron
or wood work; Felt Varnish, in 2, 3, 4 and 5 gal. boxes,
Felt Varnish, 40 gal. barrels, ready for use; Bright
Varnish, for ships and out-door work.

OILS.

Lubricating Oils (all kinds), Colza, Lard, Sperm,
Olive, Linseed, Cylinder (all kinds), Torch, Tar,
Mineral (all kinds), Machine Oil.

OFFICE AND WORKS:—

19 & 21, SCRABO STREET,

BELFAST.
YOUNG'S PARAFFIN LIGHT
AND
MINERAL OIL COMPANY,
LIMITED.

SAFETY, BRILLIANCE & ECONOMY.

YOUNG'S PARAFFIN OIL
Has been extensively used in all Climates for 44 years without causing a single accident. Its flash point is not less than 100° Fahrenheit, Abel test, while the standard of safety authorised by the British Legislature is 73° Fahrenheit.

YOUNG'S PARAFFIN CANDLES
INCLUDE THE HIGHLY POPULAR BRANDS—
BRITISH WAX, ROYAL PARAFFIN,
ROMAN WAX, SILVER PARAFFIN,
UNSURPASSED FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

YOUNG'S PARAFFIN LAMPS
ARE SAFE AND SUBSTANTIAL.
Made in a variety of Styles to suit the Million and the Millionaire. Court Burners of 35, 50, and 100 Candle power; also, Duplex, Radiant, Brilliant, Anucapnic, Victoria, and other well-known Burners.

YOUNG'S SILVER NIGHT LIGHTS
NO SMOKE, SMELL, OR GREASE.
Made also without Cardboard Capsules for Burning in Glass Cups.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

Established 1800. Incorporated 1890.

ALLEN EVERITT & SONS,
LIMITED.

TRADE

KINGSTON METAL WORKS,
SMETHWICK,
near BIRMINGHAM.

Contractors to the Home, Colonial, & Foreign Governments.

Manufacturers of

COPPER & BRASS TUBES, Seamless or Brazed; for Locomotive, Marine and other Boilers; Condenser, Steam, Gas and other purposes. EVERITT'S Patent Thick-ended Seamless Brass Loco. Tubes. Mandrel-drawn Brazed Tubes. Seamless or Brazed Exhaust or Feed Pipes. Coiled and other Bent Pipes.

"EVERITT'S PATENT RED METAL" LOCOMOTIVE TUBES.

COPPER LOCO. PLATES AND BOLTS.
BRASS & COPPER SHEETS & STRIPS, WIRE & RODS.
Yellow Metal and Naval Brass Bolts, Sheets and Plates of large sizes, for Marine Engineers and others.
Yellow Metal and Copper Sheathing and Nails, Rivets, etc.
Drawn Brass & Copper Lap, Angle and other Plates, and Beading for Railway &c. Carriage Builders and others.

GENERAL COPPERSMITHS' WORK.
Patent Brass Hexagon Nuts, and Brass and Copper Washers for Engineers.

STAMPED BRASS AND COPPER WORK.

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POOLEY'S
PATENT
WEIGHING MACHINES
RECOGNISED BY ALL WHO USE THEM, AS THE BEST.

MADE ONLY BY
HENRY POOLEY & SON
Albion Foundry, LIVERPOOL.

AND AT...
89, Fleet Street, London.
Fennel Street, Manchester.
Moseley Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Commercial Street, Newport, Mon.
Queen Street, Glasgow.
Siddals Road, Derby.

Deritend, Birmingham.
c/o J. L. Smallman,
Sackville St., Dublin.
c/o Gregg, Sons, & Phenix, Belfast.
c/o A. Sutton, Lapps Quay, Cork.

Pit Street, Sydney, New South Wales.
Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

Contractors for Maintenance of Weighing Apparatus.

POOLEY'S PATENT WEIGHBRIDGES
For Farmers and Cattle Markets are the Best & Cheapest of their respective kinds.

The "Champion Farmer" Weighbridge, with "Invincible" Cage, costs only £16 0 0 on rails or on board vessel at Glasgow.

Size of platform:—6 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 6 inches. Capacity, 2½ tons.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Manufacturers of every description of
RAILWAY CARRIAGE
AND
Other Furnishing Materials,
CARRIAGE LACES, LININGS, &c.,
PATENT BLINDS, CURLED HORSEHAIR.

PATENTEE AND MANUFACTURERS OF
PETERS’ PATENT
“CLIP” SPRING MATTRESS AND SEAT,
The Perfection of Comfort, combined with Simplicity and Durability, and the only reversible seat in the market.

Peters’ Patent Combined Rattan and Clip Spring Seat for Warm Climates.

Sole City Depot for “Lincrusta Walton,” the New Decoration.

CONSOLIDATED SYSTEM OF DIRECT STEAM STORAGE HEATING FOR CARRIAGES.

THE “HAVOCK” PATENT AIR EXTRACTOR
For all kinds of Vehicles.

Steamships, Yachts, &c., Fitted and Upholstered Throughout.

AN INSPECTION OF THEIR EXTENSIVE SHOW ROOMS IS RESPECTFULLY INVITED.

Moorgate Works, Moorfields, E.C.,
Adjoining Moorgate Street Station, London,
HAIR FACTORY—BERMONDSEY, S.E.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE

METROPOLITAN RAILWAY

CARRIAGE and WAGON Co., Ltd.,

SUCCESSORS TO

Messrs. Joseph Wright & Sons,

ESTABLISHED 1835.

DESIGNERS AND CONSTRUCTORS OF

RAILWAY CARRIAGES

And WAGONS, TRAM CARS,

AND

Ironwork for the same of English, American and all
other Types.

ROLLING STOCK

Of all kinds supplied for Cash, or upon Deferred Payment.

WAGONS LET UPON SIMPLE HIRE.

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SALTLEY, BIRMINGHAM.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

DOCKER BROTHERS
LONDON & BIRMINGHAM.

Manufacturers of every description of
HIGH-CLASS VARNISHES
FOR ALL CLIMATES.

DRY COLOURS.
LAKES and FINE COLOURS for COACH PAINTERS.
GENUINE ENGLISH VERMILION, all shades.

PAINTS
FINELY GROUND in OIL, TURPS, and WATER.

Contractors to the principal British, Colonial and Foreign
Railways, Indian Government, Admiralty, War Office, &c.

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And MERTON, SURREY.

RAILWAY DEPARTMENT—
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77 CANNON ST., LONDON, E.C.,
AND
BRADFORD-ON-AVON, WILTS.

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FOR
India Rubber Applications

MANUFACTURERS OF --
THE PATENT CYLINDRICAL
India Rubber Buffer and Draw Springs.

- - FIBROUS STEAM PACKING. - -

HOSE PIPES and all kinds of India Rubber articles
for Railway and other Mechanical purposes.

Sole Licencees for Alfred G. Spencer’s Patent Buffer
and Draw-bar Springs.

Sole Licencees for Anderson’s Patent Ventilators
for Railway Carriages.
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY
OF ENGLAND.

EXPRESS TRAINS
BETWEEN LONDON
(PADDINGTON STATION)
And all PRINCIPAL STATIONS on the
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY,
AND LINES IN CONNECTION,
AND
NEW MILFORD.

Powerful Steamers between
New Milford and Waterford.

Tourist Tickets are Issued Daily, through the Season,
to Killarney and the principal places of interest
in Ireland.

CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS are also run during
the Summer Months.

HY. LAMBERT,
GENERAL MANAGER.

PADDINGTON STATION, 1895.