



A Tour in Ireland in 1775

By

Richard Twiss

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Richard Twiss



Portrait of Richard Twiss by Mary Dawson Turner



Fragment of a chamber pot encouraging proper respect for Twiss

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Introduction *by the Ex-Classics Project*

In 1775, an English gentleman called Richard Twiss (later FRS) spent some months in Ireland, and on his return home, wrote this account of his journey. It describes an itinerary from Dublin north to the giant's Causeway, thence to Londonderry, Donegal, and Leitrim; down by the Shannon to Limerick, Killarney, Cork, Waterford, Wexford and so back to Dublin. He was not impressed by what he saw; the general tone is contemptuous, and even when he praises something, he often qualifies this by saying that better examples can be found elsewhere. His disparaging remarks are many, and include the following:

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

The outskirts of Dublin consist chiefly of huts, which are termed cabins; they are made of mud dried, and mostly without either chimney or window; and in these miserable dwellings, far the greater part of the inhabitants of Ireland linger out a wretched existence. What little the men can obtain by their labour, or the women by their spinning, is usually consumed in whiskey, which is a spirituous liquor resembling gin. Shoes and stockings are seldom worn by these beings, who seem to form a distinct race from the rest of mankind.

Neither did I go into that quarter of Ireland called Connaught, which comprehends the counties of Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, Roscommon, and Galway, as I was assured that they were inhabited (especially along the coast) by a kind of savages.

It is not surprising that great offence was taken by the Irish, and attacks and lampoons on Twiss were published in prose and verse. There survives a fragment of a chamber pot with a picture of Twiss on the bottom, accompanied by the words "Let everyone piss/On lying Dick Twiss." Lady Ann Clare composed another chamber pot verse:

Here you may behold a liar,
Well deserving of Hell-fire
Everyone who likes may piss
Upon the learned Doctor Twiss.

It is not likely that Twiss was upset by this. He ends his book with an appendix in which he abuses every other country, and says that it is best to stay in England, the finest country of all.

A Tour in Ireland in 1775

Title Page
Of the Original edition

A
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WITH
A MAP, and a VIEW of the SALMON-LEAP
at BALLYSHANNON

LONDON

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold by J. ROBSON, in New
Bond-Street; J. Walter, at Charing-cross; G. ROBINSON,
in Paternoster Row; and G. KEARSLEY, in Fleet Street.

MDCCLXXVI.

Chapter I. *Journey to Ireland. Description of Dublin.*

In pursuance of a design I had long formed of visiting Ireland, I set out from London in May 1775; and taking Bath in my way, a short stay in that city presented a few objects on which I shall venture to make the following observations.

The *Circus*, which is two hundred and seventy-two feet in diameter, and in the circumference of which is contained a range of a hundred and five windows in each story, would, with a few alterations, make a magnificent amphitheatre for bull-fights, were those exhibitions used in Britain. The watch-box in the centre appears like a common receptacle for the filth of the houses which encircle it. The sharp-pointed obelisk in the middle of the square is a *véritable aiguille*, and is the only one of the kind in Europe; the paintings and vases in Spring-gardens are execrable to the last degree; and after a virtuoso has had the misfortune of beholding these objects, he may conclude the day in character, by spending his evening at the sign of the *Shakespeare* and *Greyhound*.

He may also observe the votive crutches, &c. which are hung up by way of ornamenting the baths, and are so many monuments of the devout gratitude of the patients who have luckily recovered the use of their limbs (though not of their understanding) by using the waters. All these remarks may be obviated by only taking away the watch-box, curtailing the point of the obelisk, white washing the paintings, breaking the vases, un-coupling the Greyhound from Shakespeare, and returning the crutches to the owners.

In Bristol I was entertained with the sight of a rib of a famous dun cow, killed by Sir William Penn: this knight and his rib are both deposited in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe.

I ferried over the Severn at Aust, and proceeded to Chepstow, where I spent a day very agreeably in viewing the gardens of Persfield (which much resemble those of Mount-Edgecumbe near Plymouth), and Tintern Abbey, which is one of the most elegant pieces of Gothic ruins now existing.<1> The bridge at Chepstow is of wood; here the tide generally rises fifty feet.

About thirteen miles from Cardiff, in Glamorganshire, I crossed the celebrated bridge called Pont-y-Pridd,<2> it consists of a single arch, and is probably the largest in Europe, excepting one of those of the bridge *del castel vecchio*<3> in Verona. The Welsh bridge was built in 1755, by a common mason. The arch is the segment of a circle, the chord of which is an hundred and forty feet; the bridge is eleven feet broad between the parapets. The Italian bridge was built in 1354, and consists of three arches, the largest of which is a hundred and forty-two feet, the next eighty-two and the last seventy.<4>

At Margam, near Neath, I saw the orangerie, belonging to Mr Talbot, containing fifty large orange and lemon trees, and about an hundred and fifty smaller. They are only exposed to the air a quarter of the year; the thickest trunk was nine inches in diameter.

At Abergwilly, near Carmarthen, I observed the singular kind of boats called Coracles. "They are generally five feet and a half long, and four broad, their bottom is a little rounded, and their shape is nearly oval. These boats are ribbed with light laths, or split twigs, in the manner of basket work, and are covered with a raw hide, or strong

canvas, pitched so as to prevent leaking. A seat crosses just above the centre, towards the broad end. The men paddle them with one hand, and fish with the other, and when their work is finished, bring their boats home on their backs; at first sight they appear like the shells of so many enormous turtles.'<5> They weigh about twenty-five pounds each. Sir James Ware, in the twenty-fourth chapter of the second volume in folio of his *Antiquities of Ireland*, gives the following account of these boats "The ancient Irish made use of wicker boats covered with cow-hides, not only on rivers, but sometimes in their navigation on the open seas These little barks were called by them *corraghs*, probably from the British word *corwg*, which signifies a boat covered with a hide." That chapter is filled with quotations from Herodotus, Caesar, Lucan, Solinus, Apollin. Sidonius, Virgil, and Pliny, relative to this kind of vessels.

At Aberystwyth, in Cardiganshire, I was informed that there was a small vessel ready to sail for Caernarvon; as the wind was favourable and the weather fine, I easily prevailed on the master, by the promise of half a dozen guineas, to sail with me for Dublin instead of Carnarvon. Accordingly I embarked on the fourth of June 1775, and landed in Dublin after a pleasant passage of forty-three hours; the crew consisted only of the master and two men. The Channel was full of ships, sailing in different directions, and we could distinctly discover both the Irish and Welsh mountains.

The entrance into the harbour of Dublin is one of the most beautiful in Europe; though inferior to the bay of Naples, were it merely from the terrific grandeur of Mount Vesuvius, which there forms a most striking object.

I landed in Ireland with an opinion that the inhabitants were addicted to drinking, given to hospitality, and apt to blunder, or *make bulls*; in which I found myself mistaken. Hospitality and drinking went formerly hand in hand, but since the excesses of the table have been so judiciously abolished, hospitality is not so violently practised as heretofore, when it might have been imputed to them as a fault.

"Each person now may drink and fill
As much, or little as he will,
Exempted from the bedlam rules
Of roaring prodigals and fools:
Whether, in merry mood or whim,
He takes a bumper to the brim,
Or, better pleased to let it pass,
Grows cheerful with a scanty glass."

Some years ago, (perhaps half a century) when the English language was but little understood by the common Irish, it was not to be wondered at, that they frequently used improper words, and blundered, because, as the Irish was their native tongue, and the English an acquired one, they thought in one language, and expressed themselves in another, the disadvantage of which is obvious; but as at present almost all the peasants understand the English language, they converse with as much propriety as any persons of their class in England, or anywhere else.

Gaming and duelling are also attributed to the Irish, but probably with little foundation. As to the science of gaming, possibly it may prevail in Dublin, as it does in every great city in Europe; and with regard to the art of duelling, a prudent traveller may as easily avoid any such disagreeable encounters there, as elsewhere. National reflections are always both illiberal and unjust; and Churchill was undoubtedly in the right when he said,

"Long from a country ever hardly used,
At random censured, and by most abused,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with no kind view,
And judged the many, by the rascal few."
ROSCIAD<6>

In regard to the fine arts, Ireland is yet considerably behind-hand with the rest of Europe, partly owing to the unsettled state in which that island was, during civil wars and commotions; which to a reflecting traveller offers matter of wonder that it is even so forward. Out of Dublin, and its environs, there is scarcely a single capital picture, statue, or building, to be found in the whole island. Neither is music cultivated out of the abovementioned limits, to any degree of perfection; so that nothing is to be expected in making the tour of Ireland, beyond the beauties of nature, a few modern antiquities, and the ignorance and poverty of the lower class inhabitants; of which more hereafter.

To return to Dublin: "To write of this city with the solemnity of geographical description, would have the appearance of a very frivolous ostentation," and to pass it over as "too well known to admit any description," would be deviating into the other extreme. It is nearly circular, about eight miles in circumference, and, London excepted, is the largest city in his majesty's dominions; situated in 53° 20" latitude, and 7° 30" longitude from London, and is divided into two nearly equal parts by the river Liffey, over which are five bridges; of these Essex-bridge is the most worthy of notice. It consists of five arches of stone, the chord of the middle one is 48 feet; it was begun in 1753, finished in about a year and a half, and cost twenty thousand guineas; the length is 250 feet: the tide rises here, on an average, about ten feet. Queen's-bridge was rebuilt in 1764, and consists of three elegant arches. The other bridges are not worth mentioning, as they are merely conveniences to cross the river, and defy every order of architecture. Another bridge over this river, to the east of Essex-bridge, appears to be greatly wanted.

The square, called St. Stephen's Green, is probably the largest in Europe, each side being upwards of a thousand feet, or near a quarter of a mile in length: the outer walks are gravelled, and planted with trees on each side, and separated from the coach-road by a low wall; the inside is a lawn, in the midst of which is an equestrian statue of King George II in brass, erected in 1758; a great number of snipes resort hither in winter, invited by the swampiness of the Green during that season, and to avoid their enemies the sportsmen.

The houses in this square are so extremely irregular, that there are scarcely two of the same height, breadth, materials, or architecture.

Here are two cathedrals, eighteen parish churches, besides several chapels, meeting-houses, &c.

Neither of the cathedrals are remarkable for their architecture. In that of the Trinity, or Christchurch, the monuments which merit notice, are the following.

That which was erected in 1570 to the memory of Richard Strongbow, who died in 1177. It is spoilt by having lately been painted white.

That of Thomas Prior: it represents his bust between two boys, of white marble, one of which is weeping, and the other holds a scroll; they were sculptured by J. Van Nost in 1756.

That of Lord Bowes, who died in 1767: a statue of Justice, sitting, of white marble, and as large as the life, holds a medallion, with his head in basso-relievo.

And that of the Earl of Kildare, who died in 1743: it consist of four figures, of the natural size, of white marble, carved b. H. Cheere. The Earl lies extended, his lady weeping over him, servant-maid behind, and near her a man wringing his hands, *all in their proper dresses*.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral is an elegant monument, erected in 1766, to Dr. Smyth, archbishop of Dublin. Dean Swift was buried in this church.

Near the altar is an enormous pile of wood, with near twenty clumsy wooden images as large as the life, painted in the proper colours, and gilt. These represent Boyle Earl of Cork, and his family, and were *built* in 1629, and are still allowed church-room!

There are two or three of the parish-churches with modern elegant stone fronts, but without spires or steeples.

The university consists of a single college, dedicated to the Trinity; the building has twenty-three windows in front, is of white stone, and of four stories in height; it was begun in 1591. The library is a large and handsome room; nineteen tolerable marble busts are placed in it; they are those of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Cicero, Demosthenes, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Boyle, and Swift; of archbishop Usher, of an Earl of Pembroke, of a Dr. Delany, of a Dr. Lawson, of a Dr. Gilbert, and of a Dr. Baldwin. The Irish account of this college concludes thus:

To the east is the Park, for the relaxation of the minds of the young gentlemen, after the fatigue of their studies, and a bowling-green is provided for their amusement, at proper periods: the former, we are of opinion, infinitely exceeds, not only in extent, but rural beauty, any of those public gardens, which are looked upon by the gay and dissipated, as so many earthly paradises. The fellows have also an elegantly laid-out garden, into which no students (fellow-commoners and masters excepted) are admitted, where they may be sequestered from the crowd, and enabled in the midst of solitude, *Inter silvas academi quaerere verum.*<6>

The provost's house is near the college, and is a handsome building of free-stone.

The parliament-house was begun in 1729, finished in ten years, and cost forty thousand pounds. It is of stone, and is one of the greatest ornaments of the city. The House of Lords is merely a plain room, that for the three hundred commons is octangular, and the benches are gradually elevated above each other.

In College Green is an equestrian statue of King William III and in the garden behind the Lord Mayor's house is one of King George I which formerly was placed on Essex Bridge.

Here are two theatres, one in Crow Street, and the other in Smock Alley; over the curtain of this latter theatre is an ingenious device, being a representation of a ship sailing into a port; the vessel is called "the Smock Alley frigate," and on the sails is written, "for public favour," with "All's well that ends well." And this is the Theatre-royal!

The Lying-in Hospital was finished in 1757, though first founded in 1745, by a surgeon named Mosse: it is one of the handsomest buildings in Dublin, and is supported by grants from parliament, and by private benefactions and legacies. Behind the hospital are public gardens, with a rotunda built in imitation of that at Ranelagh, near London, but on a much smaller scale. Concerts of music are given here three times a week in the summer; and the profits, which are about four hundred pounds per annum, are

appropriated to the hospital. The following quotation may probably not be thought impertinent.

"By the account which was published of the old hospital it appeared, that in the space of twelve years, three thousand nine hundred and seventy-five women were delivered therein of two thousand one hundred and one boys, and one thousand nine hundred and forty-eight girls, in all four thousand and forty-nine children, seventy-four women having had twins. Thus there were about twelve males born to eleven females; the proportion of women who had twins was as one to fifty-three three-fourths; of women dying in child-bed, as one to ninety one-third; children still-born, one to thirty-four; children dying in the month, one to seventeen; women delivered from the age of fifteen to twenty-one, four hundred and nine; from twenty-one to thirty-one, two thousand five hundred and forty-two; from thirty-one to forty-one, nine thousand and thirty-five; and from forty-one to fifty-three, eighty-nine: and in the seven following years three thousand four hundred and ninety-five more women were delivered of three thousand five hundred and sixty-one children in the new hospital."

St. Patrick's hospital for lunatics and idiots was founded in 1745, in consequence of about 11,000l. bequeathed by Swift; who unfortunately became a proper object for his own charitable foundation.<7> There are ten or twelve hospitals *of more inferior note*, as is expressed in the Irish account, in and about Dublin: these are useful, but not ornamental buildings.

The barracks are very large, and are built at the western extremity of Dublin, near the river.

The city basin is a reservoir, capable of holding water to supply the city for some weeks, when the springs from whence it is filled are dry; both the springs and the reservoir were dry whilst I was in Dublin.<8>

At present a new exchange is building in Dublin, which promises to become the greatest ornament of that city; it is situated at the top of the chief street leading to Essex Bridge; and is a square building of white stone with a cupola: the dome is decorated with twelve fluted semi-columns, of the Corinthian order, placed against the walls; and a flight of steps is intended to project considerably into the street.

In Ship Street is a round tower; these edifices, which are peculiar to Ireland, shall be described hereafter.<9>

The places of public resort for amusement, besides the two theatres, and the gardens behind the hospital before mentioned, are the Castle, where there are balls every Tuesday evening in winter; subscription balls; and several places where concerts are occasionally held: and in summer Ranelagh gardens, about a mile out of town; these last are much in the style of the White Conduit House, or Bagnigge Wells near London.

To give a copious catalogue of the pictures which may be seen in Dublin, would be of little service to those who, by being on the spot, have it in their power to recur to the originals, and of little entertainment to those who are far from them: it may be necessary to point out more particularly those which are preserved in foreign countries, in order to inform the curious lover of painting of the existence of such pictures; but, in this case, it is sufficient to name the collections in general.

The Earl of Charlemont is in possession of one of the fines pieces Rembrandt ever painted; it represents Judas repenting and casting the silver pieces on the ground; the figures are about foot in length. Here is likewise a picture by Hogarth, from which

no engraving has been made; it represents a lady sitting in desponding air, and an officer offering her his hat full of money and jewels which he has just won of her; eager desire is expressed in his countenance, and in hers repentance and hesitation.

His lordship's library is one of the most elegant apartments in Dublin.

The Earl of Moira's collection is numerous; among the chief pictures are the following:

- A young woman killing a young man, Murillo.
- A small marriage of St. Catharine, by Correggio.
- A few portraits in crayons, by Rosalba.
- A warrior's head, Rembrandt and two or three pieces by Salvator Rosa.

— Stewart, Esq. possesses about a hundred pictures, among which is a large Nativity by Rubens.

Joseph Henry, Esq. has a few pictures; the best are:

- A Madonna as large as the life, by Carlo Dolci, esteemed to be a *chef d'oeuvre*.
- Two peasants playing at *morra*,^{<10>} by Giovanni di San Giovanni, one of the only three which he painted in oil.
- Four pictures by Vernet, and two by Pompeo Battoni
- St. Peter and St. Paul, nearly natural size, by Andrea del Sarto.
- A copy of the celebrated picture by Raphael, which is in the *Pitti* Palace in Florence, known by the name of our Lady of the Chair (*la Madonna della Sedia*), in crayons, by Charles Martin, an English painter, who lived many years at Florence; he never copied any picture but this, and always from the original.
- Several pictures representing views in and about Naples, Aranjuez, Madrid, &c. painted by Antonio Jolli, in 1750; Among these is a bull-fight; the painter engraved a plate of it for Mr Henry.

Lady St. George's house in Dublin, and the Earl of Ely's, at Rathfarnham, about a mile out of town, contain each a great number of pictures. These are all the collections I saw, or could hear of in Dublin, excepting a few pictures by Mrs. Angelica Kauffman and, as I afterwards found, there were no others in the whole island.

The nobility of Ireland are ranked under the following titles:

- The Lord-Lieutenant.
- Earl of Connaught (Duke of Gloucester).
- Earl of Dublin (Duke of Cumberland).
- A single Duke (of Leinster).
- Fifty-eight earls, forty-four viscounts, and thirty-seven barons; of these, beside the Duke, twenty-one of the first, eight of the second, and nineteen of the last, were created by his present majesty.
- Four archbishops, eighteen bishops, and the Lord Chancellor for the time being.

Thus the house of peers at present (1775) consist of a hundred and sixty-two members, there being four Roman Catholic peers.

The baronets are about sixty in number. There are seventy-five privy-counsellors, of whom thirty-six are private gentlemen; they are all styled Right Honourable.

There is another Right Honourable Lord who is not a peer; namely, the Lord Mayor. It is somewhat singular that there is no order of knighthood peculiar to Ireland:

and it may not be improper to remark here, that the number of the titles of Scotland is limited.

At the end of the book from which the above lists were extracted, is a chronological table of "Remarkable Events in the Annals of the City of Dublin", among which are,

"1466: The city visited by a plague.

1477: The like. There are about a dozen more of these unwelcome visits commemorated.

1512: Mayor obliged to go annually, in procession, bare-foot throughout the city, by way of penance, for quarrelling in St. Patrick's church. This penance was continued till the reformation.

1697: Baron van Homrigh, (Lord Mayor) obtained a new collar of SS (the former being lost) value 1000l."

In 1774 an act passed for new paving the streets of Dublin; and in consequence thereof some of these streets are already new-paved; the old paving is, perhaps, the worst of all possible pavings.

Sackville-Street is one of the best in Dublin; it might have been carried up to the front of the lying-in-hospital, which would have rendered it magnificent. In the midst is a mall, enclosed within a low wall.

In the year 1749, it was computed that in the city and liberties of Dublin there were two thousand alehouses, three hundred taverns, and twelve hundred brandy shops.<11> In 1766 the number of houses in Dublin was thirteen thousand, one hundred and ninety-four; so that it is probable that the number of inhabitants surpasses one hundred thousand.

There are many single-horse two-wheeled chaises, which constantly ply in the streets in Dublin; they are called noddies; these, as well as the hackney-coaches, are so insufferably bad, and even dangerous, as to afford matter of surprise that they are permitted to be used.

Goods are conveyed about the city on small two-wheeled cars, drawn by a single horse; the wheels are thin round blocks, each about twenty inches in diameter. The wheels of those cars which are used in the country, are placed at a greater distance from each other than those of the city cars. They are frequently used as vehicles for the common people, on their parties of pleasure; a bed, or a mat, is at such times placed on the car, and half a dozen people sit on it, with their legs hanging a few inches from the ground; they are generally dragged a foot-pace. There are many mules made use of in and about Dublin.

Chapter II. *General Observations on Ireland and her People.*

The outskirts of Dublin consist chiefly of huts, which are termed cabins;<12> they are made of mud dried, and mostly without either chimney or window; and in these miserable dwellings, far the greater part of the inhabitants of Ireland linger out a wretched existence. There is generally a small piece of ground annexed to each cabin, which produces a few potatoes; and on these potatoes, and milk, the common Irish subsist all the year round, without tasting bread or meat, except perhaps at Christmas once or twice; what little the men can obtain by their labour, or the women by their spinning, is usually consumed in whiskey, which is a spirituous liquor resembling gin. Shoes and stockings are seldom worn by these beings, who seem to form a distinct race from the rest of mankind; their poverty is much greater than that of the Spanish, Portuguese, or even Scotch peasants; notwithstanding which they appear to exist contentedly.

The indigence of the middle class of people is visible even in Dublin, where there are many shops, which serve at once for two different trades; such as silversmiths and booksellers; saddlers and milliners, &c. The stock in trade of the petty shop-keepers consists of half a dozen of eggs, a platter of salt, a few pipes, a roll of tobacco, a yard of tape, a ball of twine, a paper of pins, &c. &c.

Neither is the keenness of necessity less conspicuous with regard to literature; for every printer in the island is at liberty to print, and every bookseller to vend as many, and as vile editions of any book, as they please; thus by using brown paper, saving the expense of a corrector of the press, and being at none for copy, they make shift to gain a few shillings, by selling their editions at half, or at a quarter of the price of the originals. Two magazines are published monthly in Dublin, in each of which, any new pamphlet, which is sold for a shilling or eighteen pence in London, is given entire. There are likewise eight Dublin newspapers, which are curiosities, by reason of their style and spellings The orthography of the inscriptions on the signs, and of the names at the corners of the streets, is equally faulty, but might more easily be corrected.

During my stay in Ireland, I frequently had an opportunity of experiencing that "kind of intellectual retrogradation, by means of which the more I heard, the less I knew,<13> as the second answer to a question usually annihilated the information supposed to be acquired by a first. Were I to say that the Irish in general have "obtained a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purposes of common life," it might be thought too severe, but when it is considered that they are lately emerged out of a state of dissensions and party broils, which left but little leisure for the improvement of the mind, the above quotation may not appear totally inapplicable nor invidious.<14>

The climate of Ireland is more moist than that of any other part of Europe, it generally rains four or five days in the week, for a few hours at a time; thus rainbows are seen almost daily.<15> To this moisture and to the temperature of the air, being never in the extremes of heat or cold, is owing the beautiful verdure of the grass, which is seldom parched or frozen; but that moisture and the numberless lakes, rivulets, and springs are the causes of those bogs which so greatly abound in Ireland; these are far from being useless, as they are inexhaustible sources of fuel for the inhabitants, which is obtained at little or no expense; it is called turf, and is of the nature of the English peat, and of that turf which is cut in Holland. The Irish turf consists chiefly of fibres of

grass, moss, and weeds, with a small quantity of earth, and is easily consumed to ashes; the Dutch turf is wholly of mud, which when dry is heavy, burns a considerable time, and leaves a fine charcoal. In these bogs, some of which are twenty-eight feet in depth, trunks of trees are frequently found, at various depths, which have probably lain there many centuries: the marks of the hatchet are still to be seen on some of them; many other substances have been found in the bogs, such as iron utensils, sword blades of a kind of brass, and horns of the moose-deer; sixty or seventy pair of these have been discovered, the largest of which measured near fourteen feet from the tip of one horn to that of the other; a pair is deposited in the British Museum, another in the museum of the Royal Society, and another in Warwick castle, &c.<16>

There are no snakes, nor any venomous animals or insects in Ireland; neither are there any toads, moles, or mole-crickets. Frogs are very plentiful, and were first imported in 1699.<17>

To assign any reason for this peculiar exemption from noxious animals would be difficult, as conjecture alone would be the basis of such reason, and could never be satisfactory; it cannot be owing to the moisture of the soil, because the most enormous serpents are generated in the swamps of North America. Snakes have been imported into Ireland, and have always perished in a short time.

As to customs peculiar to the Irish gentry, I know of only three:

The first is that of having constantly boiled eggs for breakfast with their tea (the Scotch eat marmalade and sweetmeats to their bread and butter).

The second is the universal use of potatoes, which form a standing dish at every meal; these are eaten by way of bread, even the ladies indelicately placing them on the table-cloth, on the side of their plate, after peeling them. The filthy custom of using water glasses after meals is as common as in England; it may possibly be endeavoured to be excused, by pleading the natural unsociableness of the British, who if obliged to withdraw to wash, would seldom rejoin their company; but then it may be urged that no well-bred persons touch their victuals with their fingers, and consequently such ablutions ought to be unnecessary.

The third custom is that of forging franks, which is pretty universal; the ladies in particular use this privilege: they endeavour to excuse themselves, some by saying that the members of parliament have given them leave to use their names; others, who, it is presumed are staunch patriots, by pleading that the revenues of the post-office are misapplied, and that they think it meritorious to lessen those revenues; others, that the offence is trivial and harmless, and that there is no law against it; in which they are mistaken, as there is an act of parliament, which renders it a felony of seven years transportation. I could not convince them that these fine reasons were inconclusive and unsatisfactory; but was myself convinced of the truth of what I assert, by seeing more than one lady of rank counterfeit the signatures of many persons, with so perfect an imitation, that I must do them the justice to say that they could scarcely be distinguished from the originals. However, it is not every lady that has either the talent or the inclination to make use of this ingenious art: and as a further alleviation, I have been informed that all the inhabitants of a town have sometimes had leave to frank letters in their member's name.<18>

There are annually several lotteries in Ireland; many of the tickets of which are sent to England to be sold, in open defiance of several acts of parliament.

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

Saint Patrick is the patron and tutelary saint of Ireland. He was born about the middle of the fourth century. In his *Life* I find it recorded that he daily rehearsed the whole Psalter with a great number of prayers, and that he mortified himself by "saying every night fifty psalms in water". He is said to have been canonized for having illustrated the Trinity by the comparison of a shamrock, or trefoil.<19> And in honour of this apostle Paddy is the popular Christian name of the Irish. The name of Teague is likewise very common; it is derived from Thaddeus.

S. O'Halloran, in his *History of Ireland*, says, "When surnames came into general use over Europe, those assumed by the Irish seem to have more dignity and meaning than those taken up by the neighbouring nations. A few instances will justify this assertion. O, Ui, or Mac, which signifies *the son of*, are prefixed to all Milesian<21> surnames of men, according to the old adage,

Per *Mac*, atque *O*, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos:
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.<22>

Witness O'Brien, O'Neill, O'Donnell, O'Callahan, O'Kennedy, O'Falvie, O'Connor, O'Hayes, O'Halloran, Mac Donnell, Mac Mahon, and many other O's and Mac's. If the "dignity and meaning" of these adjectives be not evident now, Mr O'Halloran may further explain them.

The Irish language is still understood and spoken by most of the common people, but by few of the better sort: the books which are printed in it consist only of a few devotional tracts. In 1773 an English gentleman of the name of Vallancey published a quarto volume, entitled, *A Grammar of the Hiberno-celtic or Irish Language*, in the preface to which he says, "The Irish language is free from the anomalies, sterility, and heteroclite redundancies, which mark the dialect of barbarous nations; it is precise and copious, and affords those elegant conversions which no other than a thinking and lettered people can use or require. This language had such affinity with the Punic, that it may be said to have been in great degree the language of Hannibal, Hamilcar, and of Asdrubal.

"None can be good divines who are not good textuaries; and no divines, those particularly who have the care of souls in this kingdom, can answer their heavenly Master or to their country, their neglect of learning the Irish tongue, which is the only language understood by one half of their parishioners, and the only language in which they will receive instruction. *Plurimas amicitias taciturnitas sola dissolvit*. Ε αγάπη ουδέποτε εκπίπτει <23> I wish you all had the gift of languages. I thank my God, I speak with more tongues than ye all, yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.<24>

This gentleman also published a small pamphlet, being an essay on the antiquity of the Irish language, with a preface proving, as he says, Ireland to be the Thule of the ancients. Mr O'Halloran on this subject says, "The connection between the Irish language and English is satisfactorily accounted for. The princes of Britain, their nobility, and men of letters were here educated. Here they enlarged the bounds of their barren tongue. Here they first learned the use of letters, and adopted our character: and hither they must repair to explain the ancient names of places, and learn the radices of very many of their words. Besides the name of Britain, we find the country also called

Albion; and Scotland, *which was confessedly peopled from Ireland*, has yet among us no other name." Now follows (in his book) a list of one hundred and fifty Irish words, which are said to have some affinity to the like in English, and which must undoubtedly prove that the Irish is the mother tongue of the whole world.

The characters of the Irish language are singular, and at first sight might be mistaken for Greek.

I insert the following words, copied from the vocabulary at the end of the Irish grammar, as a specimen of the language; a few of them point out the etymology of several names of places mentioned in the course of this work, and most of the others are collected to show their affinity to the like words in other languages.

God,	Dia.	Joy,	solàs.
Jesus Christ,	Josa Criosd.	Love,	grad.
God the Son,	Dia an Mac.	The days of the Week are,	
The Holy Ghost,	an Spiorad Naom'.	Monday	Dia Luain.
A body,	corp.	Tuesday	— Mairt
Death,	bas.	Wednesday	— Ceadaoin.
Heaven,	ceal.	Thursday	— Daoin.
Paradise,	parrat'as	Friday	— Aoine.
Glory,	gloir.	Saturday	— Sat'airmn.
An angel,	aingeal.	Sunday	— Dom'naig'
Saint,	Naom.	Wine,	fion.
An apostle,	apstal.	Claret,	fion francac'.
Hell,	ifrionn.	butter,	im.
The devil,	diab'al.	A ship,	long.
Fire,	teine.	A church,	eaglais, tempol.
Earth,	cé.	A priest,	Sagart, ministir.
Water,	uisge.	An altar,	altoir.
The sun,	sol.	The bible,	an biobla.
The moon,	luan.	A chapter,	caibidil.
Grass,	feár.	The pope,	papa.
A man,	fear.	A village,	baile.
A woman,	bean.	A hill,	ard.
The navel,	uimliocan.	A hillock,	cnocan.
A fever,	fiab'ras.	A cottage,	caban.
The plague,	plaig.	Pease,	pis.

A Tour in Ireland in 1775

The palsy,	pairilis.	Dung,	cac".
The venereal disease,	an b'olzac' francac'.	Paper, paipeir,	cairt.
The soul,	anam.	A book,	leab'ar.
Wax,	c'eir.	Rosemary,	rosmuire.
A wafer,	ab'lann.	An apple,	ub'all.
A letter,	litir.	A pear,	piorra.
A point,	punc.	A nut,	cnó
A rabbit,	coinin.	A fig,	figid'.
A cat,	cat.	A grape,	Grapuid'.
A bull,	Tarb'.	Gold,	ór.
A cow,	bó.	Silver,	airgiod.
A goat,	bocan.	Brass,	pràs.
An ass,	asal.	Pewter,	peatair.
A horse,	marc.	Iron,	iarrann.
A sheep,	caora.	Lead,	luaide".
A rat,	luc' frangac'.	Tin,	stan.
A mouse,	Luc'.	An issand,	innis.
A louse,	miol.	A father,	at'air.
Honey,	mil.	A mother,	mat'air.
A cock,	gall.	A son,	mac.
A turkey-hen,	cearc frangac'.	A daughter,	ing'ean.
A pigeon,	colm.	A grandson,	macmic.
A partridge,	paitrisg.	Matrimony,	Posad'.
A nightingale,	rossin-ceol.	A hundred,	cead.
A magpie,	maggidipi.	A thousand,	míle.
A starling,	druid.	A mission,	missiun.
A peacock,	peacog.	A gaslon,	gassim.
An onion,	inniun.	A quart,	carta.
Turnips,	turnapa.	A pint,	pinta.
A rose,	rosa.	A furlong,	staid.
Thyme,	tiem.	A mile,	Mile.
			&c. &c.

The arms of Ireland are, azure, a harp, or, strung, argent. It is not known when, or on what occasion this musical instrument was thus appropriated.

Bishop Nicholson says,<26> that coins were struck in 1210, in the reign of king John, with the king's head in a triangle, which he (the bishop) supposed to represent a harp.

Mr. James Simon says,<27> "from this triangle perhaps proceeded the arms of Ireland, the harp, which we do not find represented on any of the Irish coins extant." The first harp is on the coins of king Henry VIII and it has been continued ever since.

Mr. Vallancey writes,<28> Apollo, Grian, or Beal, was the principal god of the pagan Irish, and from the harp's being sacred to him, we may discern the reason why that instrument is the ensign armorial of Ireland."

Sir James Ware, in his chapter on the music of the Irish,<29> says, "Nor can I upon this occasion forbear to mention, that the arms peculiar to Ireland, or which have at least for some ages been attributed to it, are a harp."

This is all that I have been able to find in print relative to this subject; I enquired of many of the natives for further particulars, and they all agreed that they knew nothing of the matter.

The females of this island are remarkably prolific, it being not uncommon for a woman to have fifteen or twenty children. I was acquainted with a clergyman and his wife in the county of Fermanagh, who in twenty-nine years had had thirty-two children. This fruitfulness may be ascribed to their early marriages, and to the want of opportunity of indulging themselves unlawfully.<30>

The Irish ladies are extremely well educated, as they have little besides their beauty and merit to recommend them for wives, their fortunes in general being inconsiderable. Men of affluent fortune, who have consequently no need of being mercenary in their choice, may find happiness in an union with these ladies, provided they can convince themselves that they are disinterestedly accepted. But, on the other hand, this polite education prevents many ladies from being suitably married; for men of moderate fortunes cannot afford to maintain them in the style in which they were bred or reared, (often greatly superior to their station) and they are not (at least whilst in the prime of youth) adapted to become the helpmates of tradesmen. Notwithstanding which, there are I believe fewer old (repenting) maids in this than in any other country. The Irish single ladies are far from being disgustingly reserved, and as far from countenancing ill-bred familiarity; which renders them extremely engaging, especially to a traveller, who having but little time to remain with them, endeavours to spend that time as agreeably as he can.

Gallantry, or intrigue, is but little carried on in Ireland, and a *Cicisbeo*<31> (in the libertine sense of the word) is here almost as unknown as a snake: it were to be wished that the climate might prove as fatal to the former as the latter, for debauching a married, or a single woman, is one of the greatest crimes it is possible to commit; though the degree of guilt is certainly very disproportionate. In the first case the blame ought chiefly, if not wholly, to lie on the woman, for it is in every woman's power to discourage the pursuit of the most abandoned libertine.<32> A girl who suffers herself to be seduced by a man whom she knows to be married, is equally blameable, for she could not be deceived with false promises.

A Tour in Ireland in 1775

Previous to the account of my tour round this island it may not be improper to particularize everything worthy of notice in the neighbourhood of Dublin, or relative to that city, considered as the capital; together with some general observations.

Ireland is divided into four provinces, Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught; these are subdivided into thirty-two counties, the names of which are expressed in the map prefixed to this book. The whole is said to contain four hundred and twenty-four thousand houses, as they were numbered in 1767. Instead of our land-tax, two shillings is paid annually for every hearth, or fire-place. By allowing a medium of eight inhabitants to each house, the total number may be nearly ascertained.

Eleven Irish miles are exactly equal to fourteen English. An English shilling is thirteen Irish pence, thus a guinea is 11. 2s. 9d. Irish at par.

I saw an exhibition of pictures in Dublin, by Irish artists; excepting those (chiefly landscapes) by Mr. Roberts and Mr. Ashford, almost all the rest were detestable.

The Dublin Society for improving agriculture, &c. was incorporated in 1750. I was told that five thousand pounds per annum is granted by government for its support. There is no library belonging to it. Among several models which are preserved in the Society's house, is one of the bridge of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland.

A penny-post-office has lately been established for the conveyance of letters in and about Dublin; and twenty stage-coaches for the conveyance of passengers to various parts of the kingdom. But as yet there are no stages for horses, excepting on the road from Dublin to Belfast, which is about eighty miles; so that the only method of travelling with convenience is to hire a carriage and horses by the week or month; I paid four guineas per week for a post-chaise and pair, with which I made the tour of the island, the driver maintaining himself and the horses; thus we could seldom go above twenty-five miles per day.

The roads are almost universally as good as those about London, the inns are furnished with every accommodation that a traveller, who is not over-nice, can wish for, and the landlords not being as yet spoiled by too numerous guests, have not that surly sulkiness, which marks the generality of those of England: the most perfect security attends travelling in Ireland, which may be partly owing to the scarcity of travellers; and excepting in and about Dublin I never heard of any highway-men or foot-pads.

The soldiers and the butchers in Dublin are always at enmity, and from time to time inhumanly hough, or hamstring each other. Many of these barbarians have been executed, which nevertheless has not yet put a stop to that savage practice.

Chapter III. *Excursions from Dublin.*

Before I began my tour I made the following excursions. After riding six miles from Dublin I came to a road leading through a chasm cut through a rock, which consists of heaps of enormous stones, much resembling those of the rock of Cintra, near Lisbon, and forming one of the most striking natural objects in the island.

Seven miles further is the seat of Lord Powerscourt, (in the county of Wicklow) and in his lordship's park is a very beautiful cascade, which falls from a circular amphitheatre of wooded hills of a considerable height; it is pleasing and picturesque, but not grand, nor in any wise comparable to those of Terni and Tivoli in Italy (Niagara out of the question) nor even to several which I saw in Scotland. I was twice at Powerscourt, and each time the breadth of the waterfall did not exceed a yard: after heavy rains this breadth is increased, but for a short time; the brooks and rivulets are sometimes swelled so as not to be fordable, and two hours afterwards contain scarcely any water. The country about Powerscourt, especially that spot which is called the Glen of the Dargles, is beautiful beyond expression, and may justly vie with any part of Italy; it is a deep and narrow valley of a mile in length, the hills on each side are ornamented with trees, whose various tints appear elegantly intermixed with rocks; and at the bottom runs a small serpentine river, murmuring over innumerable little breaks and falls; several walks are cut on the sides of these hills, with the agreeable conveniences of benches and summer houses. Near this valley is another, which is called the Glen of the Mountains, the scenery of which is uncommonly grand and romantic: and indeed this part of the county may be justly termed the garden of Ireland. In the other part is the striking contrast of a nearly square tract of ground, each side of which is no less than eight, and consequently contains sixty-four [square] miles, consisting wholly of barren mountains and bogs, and totally uninhabited. In the midst of these are the ruins of seven churches and a round tower, which shall be described hereafter. Four hundred acres are here let for a guinea annually. I believe such another desert, within thirteen miles of the capital of a kingdom, is not to be found in the world.<33>

From the Dargles I returned to Dublin by another road, and in my way visited the Cromlech, near Bryanstown: this is by some supposed to have been an altar, by others a grave of the Druids; it consists of six stones placed upright, and another laid on the top of them; this last is fourteen feet long, twelve feet broad, and from two to five feet thick; by the specific gravity of like solids, it is computed to weigh upwards of twenty-six tons. There are many of these cromlechs still standing in various parts of Ireland, in Wales, in England, and I have seen some of smaller dimensions in the northern part of Portugal.

In several parts of the Old Testament, mention is made of heaped altars of stone and pillars of covenant, to which I refer;<34> and also to Wright's Louthiana, published in quarto, with seventy-two plates, in 1758.

In contemplating these venerable remains of remote antiquity, the attentive spectator feels almost instantaneously a pleasing train of sensations, more easy to be imagined than described, and as various as the different objects by which they are excited.

The most ancient ruins I have yet seen are those of the three temples at Paestum, or Posidonia, in the Kingdom of Naples; they were erected long before the foundation of the Roman empire. Next to them, in point of antiquity, are probably the cromlechs,

the Druidical circles, which are seen in various parts of Europe, and piles of huge stones, such for instance as Stonehenge. Then follow the remains of the buildings of the ancient Romans, such as the amphitheatres at Rome, Verona, Pola in Istria, Nîmes, the Pont du Gard near that city, and the aqueduct of Segovia. After there, the modern antiquities, or those of the middle ages, are particularly remarkable, such as the round towers and crosses in Ireland, the numberless Gothic cathedrals in Europe, and the Moorish buildings in Granada and Cordova; all these excite ideas which cannot but possess the mind of the classical reader as well as spectator.

Different thoughts arise from the view of more modern edifices, such as the palace of Charles V at Valladolid, where once that emperor held his court; and of which little remains at present besides the bare walls and stair-cases. Nor do the ruined castles and houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries less engage our attention, many of them have now no other merit than that of reminding us of the speedy decay of whatever is great, good, and beautiful, and by having flourished in times so immediately preceding our own, strike us the more forcibly, as the mind can only be engaged with the contemplation of the numbers of once happy inhabitants of these mansions, who are now mouldered into dust.

Other kinds of pleasure arise from the view of particular statues, distinct from the admiration which is raised in us by the perfection of the sculpture: I cannot express what I felt on seeing at Rome the identical statue of Pompey, at the feet of which Julius Caesar fell when he was slain in the senate-house.

To enumerate examples of this kind would be almost endless, for Rome alone contains more objects of curiosity, in point of antiquities and the fine arts, than all the rest of Europe besides. When I first arrived at that city, I was so struck with the distracting variety of these objects, (which I then admired to an enthusiastic degree) that I spent the succeeding six days in a state of absolute incapacity for selection, and in endeavouring to compose myself sufficiently to determine where I should begin my examination. There are in that capital, according to computation, upwards of fifteen thousand antique marble statues, each as large as the life; besides a multiplicity and variety of other curious objects.

After I left Rome I never felt a like degree of curiosity; on the contrary, the gratification was there so complete, that I have not since formed any extravagant ideas with regard to the objects I hoped to see, and consequently have been little liable to disappointments. However, there is some satisfaction to be convinced that there is nothing worthy of our curiosity, even where the expectation has been raised.

Intellectual pleasures of a yet different kind arise from a view of objects, whether they have been described by celebrated writers, or have been the scenes of famous exploits. Italy abounds with such; for instance, the road from Rome to Naples, over the *Appian way*, which still partly exists in the state described by Horace; the Capitol in Rome; the island of Caprea, <35> the scene of the dissolute pleasures of Tiberius; the theatre of Herculaneum (at present buried under ruins); the tomb of Virgil, and a number of others which are equally interesting.

Neither do the works of eminent artists afford us less pleasure, such as the group of Perseus and Andromeda in Florence, and the crucifix in the Escorial, both by the extraordinary Benvenuto Cellini: and lastly, the reading of books of description on the very spot described. This pleasure I enjoyed reading on the lake of Geneva, Rousseau's pathetic account of his hero's situation with his Julia on that lake; and repeating tender

sonnets of Petrarch to Laura, at the very fountain of Vaucluse, where he wrote them. But to return from this digression.

I proceeded to Stillorgan park, where there is a square obelisk of stone, upwards of a hundred feet in height, placed on a rustic base, to each side of which is a double stair case leading to a platform which encompasses the obelisk, and from whence is a view of the bay of Dublin, and the Irish channel: from hence the hill of Howth, on the opposite shore, appears exactly like the Rock of Gibraltar. This park is only three miles from Dublin.

The Phoenix Park is at the western extremity of Dublin, in the midst of it is a phoenix burning in her nest, on a Corinthian fluted stone column, which was placed there by the late Lord Chesterfield whilst he was Lord Lieutenant. Through this park I proceeded to Leixlip, which is seven miles from Dublin; and affords a pleasant ride along the river, which there forms a small cascade, known by the name of the Salmon-leap. As I afterwards saw a much more remarkable one, I shall defer explaining what it is till I describe Ballyshannon. Three miles from Leixlip is Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster: the house is not remarkable, but the gardens are elegantly laid out in the modern taste. Two miles further is Castletown, the seat of Thomas Conolly, Esq., the house is built of white stone, and is of three stories, each containing a range of thirteen windows; a colonnade supported by nine columns on each side joins the house to the two wings, which are each of two stories in height, and seven windows in breadth. The grand staircase is magnificent, and is ornamented with brass balustrades. This is, I believe, the only house in Ireland to which the term palace may be applied. The park is beautiful.

Two miles from Dublin is the seat of the Earl of Charlemont; in the park his lordship has lately built an elegant casino, of which it is sufficient to say that Messrs Adam were the architects, and that a very fine print is engraven of it, by Mr. Rooker, from a drawing by Thomas Ivory. The building is a square of sixty feet to each side, and from the top is a view of Dublin, the bay, the sea, &c. the gardens (termed *improvements* in Ireland, and *policies* in Scotland) are not extensive, but are ornamented with taste. A few miles beyond this is St. Doologh's well, which is an ancient hexagon stone covering placed over a spring of very fine water.

Ten or twelve years ago, in digging in a slate quarry which is within a few miles of Dublin, a great quantity of slate was found incrustated with a white marcasite, which is now well known by the name of *Irish diamond*. None of this kind has ever been found elsewhere.

At Clondalkin, which is four miles from Dublin, is one of those round towers, which are only to be found in Ireland.

A description of this will with little variation serve for all the others.

It is eighty-four feet in height,^{<36>} and built of stones each about a foot square, forming a circle of fifteen feet in diameter, the walls are upwards of three feet thick, and at about fifteen feet above the ground is a door, without any steps to ascend to it; the base is solid; towards the top are four small oblong holes which admit the light, and it is terminated by a conic covering; there are no steps remaining in the inside, so that probably if there have ever been any they were of wood, or some such perishable material.

These towers are supposed to have been erected by the Danes, but it is remarkable that none of these edifices exist in Denmark: Giraldus Cambrensis, who

was in Ireland in the twelfth century mentions these towers as having been built long before his time.

Some imagine them to have been watch-towers, others belfries, prisons for penitents, or pillars for the residence of anchorites. Mr. O'Halloran, taking this latter opinion for granted, says, "Since these ancient monuments, from their solidity at this day, appear to have been built with such art and firmness as almost to defy the ravages of time, and that they were the retreats of wretched hermits and pious recluses only, what must not be the care of the people in erecting churches, colleges, and other public works of greater consequence?"

He might have added ball-rooms, play-houses, manêges, tennis-courts, &c. with equal propriety; however, as unfortunately none of either those or these ancient edifices exist, we shall suspend our judgment. Should a modern "wretched hermit or pious recluse" be at a loss for a proper place of residence in this style, I recommend the Eddystone lighthouse, on the Devonshire coast to him.

These towers are always situated very near a church; I have seen fifteen of them, namely in Dublin, Clondalkin, Swords, Monasterboyce, Antrim, Devinish, two near Ferbane, Kells, Kildare, Kilkenny, Cashel, at Glendalough near Wicklow, Old Kilcullen, and Castledermot; besides which there are eleven more; namely, at Sligo, two; Drumbo, Downpatrick,<37> Coyne, West Carbery,<38> Ardmore, Rattoo,<39> one in the island of Scattery, another on the Caltra island, both in the river Shannon,<40> and one in Ram's Island, on the Lough Neagh. It is likely that there may be several more which have not come to my knowledge.

In the church-yard, near this tower, is a plain cross, of a kind of white granite, unpolished; it is of a single stone, and nine feet in height; as also the top of another cross stuck in the ground. There are many of these crosses in the church-yards in Ireland; I saw ten others, which shall be described hereafter.

Chapter IV. *North Leinster and Ulster.*

On the ninth of July I set out from Dublin; but before I proceed in my narrative, the reader will please to observe, that as the distances from place to place are marked in the Itinerary at the end of this book, it is needless to insert them in the body of the work; and that towns which contain nothing in regard to painting, sculpture, architecture, or music, can claim little to be particularized, especially as it is not my intention to expatiate on the *natural history* of the corporations of, nor on the traffic supposed to be carried on in, those towns; the greater part of which are properly petty villages.

In my way to Drogheda, I stopped at Swords, where I saw a round tower, which is seventy-three feet in height. Drogheda is situated on the river Boyne, about a mile from the sea, and consists of two chief streets, which intersect each other at right-angles, in which it resembles Chichester in Sussex. The Tholsel, or town house, is a handsome stone-building. About two miles from the town is a square stone obelisk, of twenty feet to each side, at the base, and which I guess to be about 150 feet high; it is erected on a rock on the edge of the river Boyne.<40> The properest way to give an account of it is by inserting the inscriptions, which are cut in capitals, on the four sides of the base, which I shall the more readily do, as they have never been published, and are not incurious:

SACRED TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY
OF
KING WILLIAM THE THIRD,

Who on the first of July 1690, passed the river near this place to attack James the Second, at the head of a popish army advantageously posted on the south side of it, and did on that day, by a successful battle, secure to us and to our posterity, our liberty, laws, and religion.

In consequence of this action, James the Second
left this kingdom and fled to France.

This memorial of our deliverance was erected
in the ninth year of the reign of King George the Second,
the first stone being laid by Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset,
Lord-lieutenant of the kingdom of Ireland.

1736

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

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

First of July,
MDCXC

Underneath the chief inscription are four lines in Latin, to inform those who do not understand English that the Duke of Dorset laid the first stone.

It is certainly the grandest modern obelisk (I know of) in Europe. It may not be improper to mention here that "the glorious memory of king William the Third" is a standing toast at almost every protestant Irish table.

I then proceeded to Dunleer; the country produces potatoes, wheat, flax, and oats, the enclosures are mostly of loose stones piled on each other; over the door or chimney (the same opening serving for both) of many of the cabins, I observed a board with the words *good dry lodgings*; however, as I was sure that hogs could not read, I avoided mistaking them for sties. The brass coins of the Isle of Man are current all along this coast. The beggars here are not exorbitant in their demands, most of them offering a bad halfpenny, which they call a rap, and soliciting for a good one in exchange. I observed about a dozen bare-legged boys sitting by the side of the road scrawling on scraps of paper placed on their knees; these lads it seems found the smoke in their school or cabin insufferable. It might perhaps be better that the lowest class of people throughout Europe were neither taught to read nor write, excepting these few who discover evident marks of genius; those acquisitions only creating new wants, and exciting new desires, which they will seldom be able to gratify, and consequently rendering them less happy than otherwise they might be.

The bridles, stirrups, and cruppers which compose the horse-furniture for the peasants are only wisps of straw; however I procured a horse with extraordinary accoutrements, as they were of leather, and rode to Monasterboice (about three miles from Dunleer), to see the round tower; it is an hundred and ten feet in height but one of the sides at the top is broken; it gradually diminishes from a base of eighteen feet in diameters. Near it are three crosses; the largest, about eighteen feet high, is composed of two stones; and is said to have been sent from Rome. It is covered with basso-relievos, but through age the figures are rendered very imperfect; they represent Christ, St. Patrick, St. Boyn, Adam, Eve, angels, cats, scales, &c.<42> There are two other crosses in this church-yard, on one of which is a basso-relievo of a human figure sitting, and a dog on its hind legs on each side. The other cross appears to have been broken, as it is not above six feet high.

Being obliged to seek shelter during a violent shower of rain, I retreated into a cabin, where the cocks and hens familiarly perched on my knees to be fed; they were so tame that I suppose they would have roosted in the same position, and I afterwards found the ducks, geese, and other poultry equally familiar throughout the whole country.

After riding for a while along the sea shore I arrived at Dundalk, where I visited Lord Clanbrassil's gardens, and then proceeded to Newry; I found nothing to observe there but two shabby bridges.

In the *Survey of the County Down*, published in 1740, I find the following passage: "As this whole country is remarkable for its number of hills, being compared to *wooden bowls inverted, or eggs set in salt*, it is from thence took the name of Down, which signifies a hilly situation.

In the second volume of the *Letters between Henry and Frances*, Henry says, "There is not above two hundred yards of level ground in this whole county; for it is

composed of an infinite number of green hills, lying so close to each other, that it resembles *a codlin-pye in a bowl-dish.*<43>" And thus much for similes.

The next day I rode ten miles along the canal (which is continued to the Lough Neagh), passing by eight sluices. I spent the night at Armagh, where, in the market-place, I saw a cross of two stones, with old basso-relievos, representing Christ on the cross between the two thieves, and some ingenious fret-work. This town, though an archbishopric, and the metropolitan see of all Ireland, contains only a single church. I then went through Lurgan to Hillsborough; the nobleman who takes his title from this town, has lately built here a neat and elegant church at his own expense, with a spire, an organ, and painted windows.

Passing by Lisburn, I arrived at Belfast, where there is a bridge of twenty-one arches, the town is regularly built,<44> and the streets are broad and strait.<45> Lord Dungannon has a seat here. A few books have been printed in Belfast, by one James Magee, in a much neater manner than in any other part of Ireland, both as to the beauty of the types, and the fineness of the paper.<46>

I next went to Antrim, situated within half a mile of the Lough Neagh. This lake, which is the largest in Europe excepting two in Muscovy, and the Lake Lemane near Geneva, is about twenty miles long and twelve broad, the country which encompasses it is so level that the farthest opposite shore cannot be discovered from one end, and it appears like an ocean; in stormy weather its waves break suddenly, by reason of their being fresh water, and are much more dangerous than those of the sea. There is an island in it, called Ram, on which is a round tower.

In 1751 a book of two hundred quarto pages was published in Dublin, entitled exactly, "*Lectures designed, to be a foundation, for reasoning pertinently upon the petrifications, gems, crystals, and sanative quality of Lough Neagh, by Richard Barton, B.D. author of the Analogy of Divine Wisdom, in the Material, Sensitive, Moral, Civil, and Spiritual System of Things, &c. &c.*"

This man inscribes his book "to the learned universities of Great Britain and Ireland, and to the learned and inquisitive members of the Royal Society." He then says that his work is "the effect of much bodily and mental labour, as well as pecuniary expense." He goes on, "Whatever weight the objections to subscribing to books may have in regard to authors, the mechanical arts of printing, graving, &c. should be encouraged; so that the printing even of a senseless book, is rather a benefit than an injury to the public." After three pages upon this subject, which may serve for an apology for his publication, he introduces in a note, "There is great occasion to speak here of avarice, but that rather belongs to preaching." And in another this singular remark, I hear that a book giving an account of Lord Anson's voyage was sold to the number of two thousand, in which there is not one word of religion, not the name of God or Divine Providence, yet abounding with deliverances almost miraculous."

After this he displays his skill in astronomy, by saying, "The sun need not be jealous of the stars, till they increase in lustre, and come nearer to an equality of visible magnitude and splendour; and our generous neighbours cannot but with pleasure see us, even attempt to imitate their best works"—"Curates are deserving a place in all arithmetic concerning religion and literature in this island; since their labours contribute greatly to the support of both, in the character of schoolmasters and authors, as well as curates."

These quotations from the work of this eminent Reverend author may suffice.

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

In the *Account of Irish Coins*, p. 73, is this passage: The want of small change (in 1727) was so great, that several persons were obliged to make copper and silver tokens, called Traders, which they passed as promissory notes among their workmen, customers, and neighbours, and each has the name of the person who issued them, with the place of his abode. Some of these were struck at Armagh, Belfast, Dromore, Lurgan, Portadown, and Dublin.

In the family of the landlord at Ballymoney I found five generations living.

From the village called Bushmills, I walked to the Giant's Causeway, which is distant about two miles, and situated at the northern extremity of Ireland. It consists of about thirty thousand pillars, mostly in a perpendicular situation; at low water the causeway is about six hundred feet long, and probably runs far into the sea. It is not known whether the pillars are continued underground, like a quarry: they are of different dimensions, being from fifteen to twenty-six inches in diameter, and from fifteen to thirty-six feet in height; their figure is chiefly pentagonal or hexagonal. Several have been found with seven, and a few with three, four, and eight sides, of irregular sizes; every pillar consists as it were of joints or pieces, which are not united by flat surfaces; for on being forced off, one of them is concave in the middle, and the other convex; many of these joints lie loose upon the strand. The stone is of a kind of basalt, of a close grit, and of a dusky hue; it is very heavy, each joint generally weighing two hundred and a half. It clinks like iron, melts in a forge, breaks sharp, and by reason of its extreme hardness blunts the edges of tools, and is thus incapable of being used for buildings. The pillars stand very close to each other, and though the number of their sides differs, yet their contextures are so nicely adapted, as to leave no vacuity between them, and every pillar retains its own thickness, angles and sides, from top to bottoms. These kind columns are continued, with interruptions, for near two miles along the shore. That parcel of them which is most conspicuous and nearest the Causeway, the country people call the looms or organs. These pillars are just fifty in number, the tallest about forty feet in height, and consisting of forty-four joints; the others gradually decrease in length on both sides of it, like organ-pipes.

For further particulars I refer the inquisitive reader to Boate's *Natural History of Ireland*, to J. Bush's *Hibernia Curiosa*, and several numbers in the *Philosophical Transactions*; but especially to two large and beautiful prints, which were published in 1744, engraven by Vivares from accurate paintings of Sus. Drury.

Specimens of the stones from the Causeway may be seen in British Museum, &c.

Many other assemblages of the like basaltic columns exist Europe. The principal are in the island of Staffa, now well known by Mr. Banks's description, which, illustrated with six plates, is inserted in Mr. Pennant's *Account of the Hebrides*; and in this gentleman's *Account of Scotland* he mentions others at Dunbar. Others (though not exactly of the same kind) are described in Italian work of l'Abate Alberto Fortis, entitled *Viaggio in Dalmazia*, published at Venice in 1774, with copper-plates; and lastly, others

which exist in various parts of Italy, in the latter volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*.

I proceeded to Coleraine, which is a neat little town on the River Bann, over which is a bridge, and near it a small *carn*, or artificial mount, like those on Salisbury plain, and in other parts of England, and are there termed *barrows*.

The mounts in Ireland are very numerous, and were raised the Danes, from the eighth to the twelfth centuries. They are in the shape of a cone, gradually lessening from a large base, and terminated by a flat surface; their dimensions are various; some not above twenty feet high, and the largest are about a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular, and of a proportionable circumference. Some are of earth, and some of small stones covered with earth. Many of them have been found to contain bones, trumpets, urns, &c. so that they were probably sepulchres. Mr. Boate says (p. 204) that in a cell under one of them, The bones of two dead bodies entire were found upon the floor, in all likelihood the reliques of a husband and his wife, whose conjugal affection had joined them in their grave as in their bed." He thus continues: "Besides these tumuli, or funeral piles, there is another fort of ancient work remaining in Ireland, called Danish forts, or raths. They are easily distinguished from thectarns, by being encompassed with ditches or entrenchments, and are for the most part natural hills fortified. Some of these are small, others contain from fifteen to twenty acres of ground. Some have but one wide ditch at the bottom, others two or three, divided by entrenchments; some are hollowed at the top, others are contrived with a high towering mount, that rises in the centre much above the fort, commanding all the works below. Many of the larger have caves within them, that run in narrow, strait, long galleries, five feet high, and as many broad. The smaller forts are so numerous in the county of Down, that for many miles they stand in sight and call of one another.

In the Louthiana are twenty plates of these mounts and forts, with concise descriptions; and in the histories of Cork, Waterford, Kerry, and Down, are several plates and descriptions relative to the same subjects, to which I refer.

I then continued my journey to Londonderry, ferrying over the River Foyle immediately before I entered into that town, or city, as it is here termed; it consists chiefly of two streets, which cross each other, and an Exchange, called Royal, is built in the centre. I walked round the town walls in a quarter of an hour, but found nothing worthy of notice, except that I saw in the Bishop's house eight large drawings of the Giant's Causeway, and in another house a model of the bridge of Schaffhausen, similar to that which I saw in Dublin.

I then went to Raphoe, and traversing bogs and mountains arrived at Donegal, where there is a tolerable bridge of six arches, and a large ruined castle. I observed that most of the common people, especially the children, in these parts, had the itch.

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

The next day I arrived at Ballyshannon, and was so pleased with its beautiful situation, that I remained there four days. It is a small town, situated near the sea, with a bridge of fourteen arches, over a river, which a little lower falls down a ridge of rocks, about twelve feet, and at low water forms one of the most picturesque cascades I ever saw. It is rendered still more singular and interesting by being the principal Salmon-leap in Ireland.

In order to explain this term, it is necessary to relate a few particulars concerning salmon. Almost all the rivers, lakes, and brooks, in this island, afford great plenty of these fish; some during the whole year, and some only during certain seasons; they generally go down to the sea about August and September, and come up again in the spring months. It is said that the females work beds in the sandy shallows of rivers, and there deposit their eggs, on which the male sheds its seed; afterwards they both join in covering the eggs with sand. These in time become vivified, and take their course to the sea, being then of about the size of a finger. After six weeks or two months stay, they return up the same rivers, the salt water having in that short time caused them to attain nearly to half their full growth. They are then caught in weirs, which are formed by damming up the river, except a space of three or four feet in the middle, which the salmon having passed, are caught in a small enclosure, formed by stakes of wood; the entrance is wide, and gradually lessens, so as barely to admit a single salmon at a time. Every morning during the fishery they are taken out, by means of a staff, with a strong barbed iron hook, which is struck into them. But at Ballyshannon, by far the greater number is caught in nets below the fall. The time of the fishery is limited; and after it is elapsed, the enclosure is removed, the nets are laid aside, and the fish are at liberty to stock the rivers with spawn. I was informed that this fishery at Ballyshannon rents for 600l per annum, and yet the fish is sold at no more than a penny per pound, and six shillings per hundred weight.

Were these fisheries interrupted for a year or two, the fish would considerably increase both in number and size; for by over-fishing a sufficient number cannot escape to stock the rivers. It is the same with lands, which require a certain time to lie fallow, and to recover strength. After the intermission of fishing during the wars in 1641, salmon have been caught near Londonderry of six feet long, and were then sold upon an average at sixpence a piece.

The salmon in coming from the sea, are necessarily obliged at Ballyshannon to leap up this cascade; and it is hardly credible, but to those who have been eye-witnesses, that these fish should be able to dart themselves near fourteen feet perpendicular out of the water; and allowing for the curvature, they leap at least twenty. I remained hours in observing them; they do not always succeed at the first leap; sometimes they bound almost to the summit, but the falling water dashes them down again; at other times they dart head-foremost, and side-long upon a rock, remain stunned for a few moments, and then struggle into the water again; when they are so lucky as to reach the top, they swim out of sight in a moment. They do not bound from the surface of the water, and it cannot be known from what depth they take their leap; it is probably performed by a forcible spring with their tails bent; for the chief strength of most fish lies in the tail. They have often been shot, or caught with strong barbed hooks fixed to a pole, during their flight, as it may be termed, and instances have been known of women catching them in their aprons. At high water the fall is hardly three feet, and then the fish swim up that easy acclivity without leaping. Sometimes I have seen at low water fifty or sixty of these leaps in an hour, and at other times only two or three. I placed myself on a rock on the brink of the cascade, so that I had the pleasure of seeing the surprising efforts of these beautiful fish close to me, and at the bottom of the fall porpoises and seals tumbling and playing among the waves; and sometimes a seal carries off a salmon under his fins. Whilst my attention was not engaged to the fish, I took a sketch of the cascade, as represented in the annexed plate.

{Illustration: The Salmon Leap at Ballyshannon}

Eels are so abundant below the fall, that at certain seasons, the small fry or grigs, which are about the size of a pin, are caught in sieves, baked all together, and thus eaten.

Passing then through the village of Belleek, I observed a succession of small cascades continued for near two miles. Shortly after which I arrived at the seat of Sir James Caldwell, where I was very politely and hospitably entertained during a week, and gladly embrace this opportunity of acknowledging my gratitude to Sir James and his amiable lady. The house, (called Castle-Caldwell), is situated on the edge of the Lough Erne, which is one of the most beautiful lakes in Europe. It is divided into two pretty equal parts, which are termed the upper and lower lake; and just where they unite the town of Enniskillen is built on a small island. The upper lake is twenty miles long, and nine in the broadest part. In 1720 it was surveyed by William Starrad. I never could obtain a sight of this survey; but was assured that the number of islands, which are beautifully dispersed in the two lakes, exceeds four hundred. It is not easy to determine whether that number be greater in summer or in winter; during this latter season the water rises eight or ten feet, and thus many low islands are overflowed, and new ones formed, by that element encompassing rising grounds. In summer, when the waters decrease, these headlands are reunited to the shores, or to other islands, and others again appear. Many of them are of a considerable size, well planted with trees, and inhabited. The greatest depth of the lake is about forty yards; it has been twice frozen over within this century, excepting a small rill in the middle of a yard or two broad, where the current of the stream, which discharges itself into the sea, was strongest. The shores rise in gradual slopes, and are bounded by mountains embellished with trees; the verdure exceeds any I ever saw, and constitutes one of the chief natural beauties of Ireland. The woods abound with game, especially woodcocks; on the surface of the lake, ducks, teal, and other waterfowl, sport in thousands, and the waters contain myriads of fish. These are of the following kind: perch, salmon, pike, trout, glut-eels, silver-eels, bream, fresh-water herrings, roach, lamprey, and jenkins or graveling, which is a species of small trout. Of all these, perch are infinitely the most numerous; for the shores of both the lakes, with all their points, peninsulas, and islands, whether stony or muddy, are quick with those fish; so that a child with a switch, a thread, and a crooked pin, may in a short time catch more than it can carry away. They spawn in March, and the water afterwards teems with the young fry in such a manner, that they may be caught in hats or pails. They are fit to take in May, when they have attained a moderate size; in October they retire from the shores into the deep, and from that time till the following season, not one can be found nor caught by all the art of man.

To enjoy the diversions of angling or shooting, perhaps there is not a spot in Europe which exceeds this lake. Several seats contribute to ornament the shores; among which Castle Hume is the most conspicuous. On one of the islands is the most complete round tower in Ireland (of which more hereafter).

While straying along its solitary shores I felt a kind of pleasing melancholy. I then compared the beauties of this, with those of other lakes which I had seen: such as the Loch Lomond in Scotland; the Lake of Geneva, which receives much grandeur from the immense snow-clad mountains that bound it on the Savoy side, and much beauty from the vines on the opposite shore; the lakes near Naples, which are all classic scenes; and though I afterwards saw the celebrated Lake of Killarney, Lough Erne did not suffer by the comparison.

The cheapness of the necessaries of life in these parts is remarkable; salmon is fixed, as before mentioned, at six shillings per hundred weight; the other kinds of fish

may be had for the trouble of catching them; a couple of rabbits are sold for threepence, a turkey or goose for a shilling, ducks and fowls twopence or threepence apiece; veal is at threepence, or threepence halfpenny, and beef about twopence a pound. Potatoes, when I was there, were at a single shilling per barrel, of forty-eight stone; though it must be confessed that they never have been so plentiful, nor so cheap, as during that season; for upon an average the price is eight or ten shillings per barrel. After the frost in 1740 they were sold at thirty-two; and even in 1761, after a failure of the crop, at twenty-nine shillings. Whisky is sold at a shilling a quart. The most expensive articles are tea, sugar, grocery wares (which are sold as in England), and wines; port and claret, bearing the same price, which is two shillings per bottle.<47>

Neither is house-rent less moderate; so that provided a family can forgo the sweets of society, and be content to vegetate in dull tranquillity, there is scarcely a spot more suitable for economical retirement; but as it is difficult to divest ourselves of that love, which we naturally have for the place of our birth, or where our childhood has been passed, and to abandon all former connexions, I am not apprehensive that the foregoing remarks will cause a new colony to be planted here. They are chiefly intended to point out to the native inhabitants their own happiness, of which they do not seem to be sufficiently sensible; as most of those whose fortunes enable them to choose their residence, unaccountably prefer residing in England, or anywhere else, to living upon their own estates, where they would be respected as petty princes; whereas by squandering away their fortunes among strangers, they not only impoverish their own country, but live unbeloved, and die unlamented.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona morint!
VIRG. <48>

But to return: after several fishing and musical parties on the lake, Sir James was so obliging as to lend me his six-oared barge to convey me to Enniskillen, distant by water about fifteen miles, while the carriage went round by land. After rowing seven hours I was landed in that town; it is joined to the main-land by two bridges, one of six, and the other of eight arches. The name implies the island of a shilling, perhaps from the circular form of the land on which the town is built. I remained here two days or three days, on one of which I went in a boat to the island of Devinish, about three miles off, and there saw the most perfect round tower in Ireland; it is exactly circular, sixty-nine feet high to the conical covering at the top, which is fifteen feet more. It is forty-eight feet in circumference, and the walls are three feet five inches thick; thus the inside is only nine feet two inches in diameter: besides the door, which is elevated nine feet above the ground, there are seven square holes to admit the light. The whole tower is very neatly built with stones of about a foot square, with scarcely any cement or mortar, and the inside is almost as smooth as a gun-barrel. At the outside base a circle of stone projects five inches. Near it are the venerable ruins of an abbey, which was built in 1449. The soil of this island is so rich, that I was told the ground lets at five pounds per acre.

I was informed that in these parts of Ireland a particular custom prevails among the common people, which, however, it seems is not peculiar to them; for in the *Travels of Van Egmont and Heyman*, I find the following minute account, which exactly describes the same custom:

"In the island of Texel, in North Holland, the women are very fond of courtships, which among the youth of the peasantry is carried on in a manner like *Queesting*. This is an ancient custom of evening visits and courtships among the young people in the

islands of Vlie and Wieringen, but especially in the Texel. It is indeed of an antiquity, the date of which cannot be traced. The spark comes into the house at night, either by the door, which is left upon the latch, or half open, by one of the windows, or through the stable, and makes his way to the bed-chamber of his sweetheart, who is already in bed. After a compliment or two, he begs leave that he may pull off his upper garment, and come upon the bed to her. This being of course granted, he lifts up the quilt or rug, lays himself under it, and then *queests* or chats with her till he thinks it time to depart, which is invariably done by the same entrance he came in at. This is a custom from which the natives will not soon depart; the parents thinking it equitable not to deny their children a freedom they themselves were indulged in. Their innate tenacious parsimony also finds its account in this custom, which dispenses with the articles of fire and candle in the long winter evenings and nights."

And in a book lately published, entitled *The Reverend Andrew Burnaby's Travels in North America*, is this passage. "A very extraordinary method of courtship is sometimes practised amongst the lower people in Massachusetts Bay, called *tarrying*. When a man is enamoured of a young woman, and wishes to marry her, he proposes the affair to her parents, without whose consent no marriage in this colony can take place. If they have no objection, they allow him to tarry with her one night, in order to make his court to her. At the usual time the old couple return to bed, leaving the young ones to settle matters as they can; who, having sat up as long as they think proper, get into bed together also, but without pulling off their under garments, in order to prevent scandal. If the parties agree, it is all very well; the banns are published, and they are married without delay; if not, they part, and possibly never see each other again; unless, which is an accident that seldom happens, the forsaken fair one proves pregnant, and then the man is obliged to marry her, under pain of excommunication."

I am pretty certain that the persons who informed me of this custom prevailing in Ireland, had never seen nor heard of the two above citations, and possibly the author of the latter might never have seen the former; but their credibility rests entirely with the reader.<49>

On another day I rode about seven miles from Enniskillen to see two caverns which do not merit any description, though I had heard wonderful accounts of them from the inhabitants in the neighbourhood. I have often, especially in Ireland, been led into much trouble, expense, and loss of time, by the like exaggerated accounts, given by persons who having never extended their travels five miles beyond the place where it happened that they were brought forth, supposed that those narrow limits contained all that was great or beautiful in the creation.

Chapter V. *The Shannon and Munster.*

From thence I went to Swanlinbar, which is only a small village, with a sulphureo-nitrous spring, that changes the colour of silver, and tastes like the Harrogate water. This place is much resorted to, for health or pleasure, during the summer months, though the accommodations are very indifferent.

I afterwards proceeded through Killeshandra to Granard, where I observed, as it was a fine sunshiny day, numbers, especially of the fair sex, sitting before their doors, with their heads in each other's laps, parting with their troublesome attendants, according to the Portuguese fashion.<50>

Near the town is a large rath or mount, with four circular entrenchments, and from the top is a very extensive prospect, variegated with innumerable little lakes.

I then passed through Edgeworthstown, Ballymahon, Athlone (where there is a bridge over the river Shannon), and arrived at Ferbane, from whence I made an excursion of six miles to see another bridge over the Shannon; it was erected in 1759, and consists of nineteen arches, though the river runs through sixteen only; it is about fifteen feet broad, upwards of four hundred long, and is neatly built of stone.

Three miles from this bridge are the ruins of seven churches, with two round towers, the largest of which is broken towards the top; the door is twelve feet above the ground: the smaller tower is tolerably entire. Here are also two stone crosses, somewhat like those at Monasterboice; they are each of a single stone, inserted in a large square one, which serves as a pedestal. One of these is fretted in basso-relievo; on the ground lie the remains of two other crosses.

The noble river Shannon, which is the most considerable that is to be found in any European island, takes its source from a spring among the mountains near Swanlinbar; it then falls into the Lough Allen, which is a grand sheet of water, eight or nine miles in length, and four or five in breadth. It afterwards runs through Lough Ree, a lake of about fifteen miles long, and beautifully diversified with upwards of sixty islands, and shortly after into a third called the Lough Derg, which is still larger, and upon which about fifty islands are scattered; the most extensive of these, called Illaunmore, contains above a hundred acres, well cultivated and fertile; on another of these, called Holy Island, are the ruins of seven churches, and a high round tower. The Shannon then runs on to Limerick, and from thence is navigable to the sea, which is distant sixty-three miles. The whole course of the river is as follows:

From its source to Athlone: 66 Miles. In this space it falls gradually over small cascades 39 Feet 0 Inches.

To Killaloe 52 miles; 14 ft 10 in.

to Limerick 10 miles; 97 ft. 2 in.

So that in 128 miles, the fall is 151 ft.

And adding the 63 miles from Limerick to the sea, the river runs 191 miles.

There are in all fourteen bridges over the Shannon, which if may be perceived above Limerick is only navigable for boats. during a few miles, and on the lakes.

A species of trout, called gilderoy, are caught here, and also in the neighbouring lakes, with a gizzard resembling that of fowls.

I have nothing more to say about this river, except that *en passant* I took a dip in it.

I afterwards passed a day in the neat little town of Birr, in the midst of which is a stone column of the Doric order (the shaft twenty-five feet in height). On the top is placed a pedestrian statue of the late Duke of Cumberland, in a Roman habit, cast in lead, and painted of a stone colour; it was erected in 1747, at the expense of a private person.

Proceeding through Nenagh, I passed by the silver mines, as they are called, though I believe nothing but lead is extracted from them, and arrived at Limerick. This city is moderately large, and contains three churches; that part called the Irishtown is filthy and beggarly beyond description; but the other part is not so despicable, especially about the quays, on one of which a neat custom-house was erected in 1765, and a few straggling houses of brick were built. Half a mile above the city the river Shannon divides itself, forming an island of three miles in circumference, on the fourth part of which the English-town is built; and though it is sixty-three miles from the sea, vessels of three hundred tons come up to it with safety; its communication with the Irishtown is by a bridge of six arches, and with the county of Clare by another bridge, which is quite flat, and consists of fourteen arches, of which no two are alike; neither could I discover what kind of architecture was observed in constructing it. A small neat bridge of three arches was built in 1761, at the expense of eighteen hundred pounds; the middle arch, according to the printed account, is capable of admitting a boat under sail, being no less than forty-one feet wide.

In the same book, entitled *History of the City of Limerick*, after mentioning the Custom house, the author says, "When strangers land here, this structure cannot fail of making a seasonable impression on them, of the rise and grandeur of this city." And he has also recorded the following *memorable* action. "On the tenth of June, 1764, his worship the mayor, and the corporation, proceeded by water to Scatterry Island, where he called a court of admiralty, and then sailed to the mouth of the river Shannon, where ends the boundary of the city liberties. Here the mayor, as admiral of the Shannon, ordered a gun to be fired to bring to, one of his majesty's sloops of war then lying in the river, which she not regarding, only by hoisting out a flag, another gun was fired, and soon after the mayor boarded the sloop; the crew of which, on hearing his errand, were immediately ordered to compliment his worship with three cheers."

I made an excursion of nine miles, on the road to Cork, to see three circles of stones, supposed to have been thus placed by the druids; they are near a small lake, called Gur; the principal, which is about a hundred and fifty feet in diameter, consists of forty stones, of which the largest is thirteen feet long, six broad, and four thick. These kinds of circles are to be met with in many parts of Ireland. Several are described and engraven in the *Louthiana*, to which I refer. Near these, on a hill, is a small cromlech.

From Limerick I went to Adare, which is a little village pleasantly situated, and embellished with ruins of several churches and convents, rendered elegant by ivy, which almost covers them. From thence I passed through Newcastle, and travelling among bleak and barren mountains, almost twenty miles, though the road is extremely good, and leads over two bridges, one of which consists of twenty-one arches, arrived at Castleisland; from whence I made an excursion to Tralee and Ardfert (a round tower which formerly stood in this last town, fell down three or four years ago); and again traversing barren mountains, arrived at the small town of Killarney, where I remained eight or nine days, during six of which it rained incessantly.

I had previously provided myself with every account which had been published relative to the celebrated lake, on the edge of which this town is built, which accounts

I perused attentively, in order to be enabled to form distinct ideas of what I was to see. These were Smith's *History of Kerry*, of which twenty-five pages describe the lake, and are illustrated by a print. Thirty pages in Bush's *Hibernia Curiosa*, thirty more in Derrick's *Letters*, and three letters written by the late Mr. Ockenden, which are added to those of Derrick. After these I read a poem entitled *Killarney*, of fifty pages in quarto, written by Mr. John Leslie, and inspected six very fine prints of the lake, engraven from drawings of Jonathan Fisher, and published in London in 1770. Thus prepared I applied to Lord Kenmare for leave to make use of one of his boats, and his lordship very politely ordered me to be accommodated with a six-oared barge.

It may not be improper to remark here, that it is customary to employ two days in seeing the lake, (or rather the two lakes, as they are divided into upper and lower) though a single day might prove sufficient, were it possible to prevail on the watermen to work; but as they are as obstinate here as they are everywhere else, travellers must comply. Sails are never used, as the sudden gusts of wind, which frequently issue from the mountains, would overset the boats.

These men are each paid eighteen pence, and at least five shillings to the boatswain, per day, besides which two brace of French horns reside in Killarney, one of which must be taken into the boat; the *corni primi* must be paid a guinea per day, the *corni secondi* are at half price.<51>

All these people must likewise be maintained with provisions, and liquors of every kind; and they are always voracious and insatiable. Eight or ten pounds of gunpowder must be purchased, which are afterwards discharged from a small canon by the boatmen, thus causing the *strepitoso* of the explosion to succeed to the *amoroso* of the horns;<52> so that altogether the two days which I spent on the lake cost me about eight guineas.

The first fair-weather day after my arrival in Killarney, I walked four miles to the foot of the mountain of Mangerton, after which I had two miles to climb to the summit; it is supposed to be one of the highest mountains in Ireland, as by the experiment of the barometer (Mr. Smith says) it is found to be 1020 yards perpendicular above the lake; but I was assured it is not more than 800 yards, and that the mountain of Knockmealdown, between Kilworth and Clonmel, is a hundred yards higher;<53> however, all these dwindle into hills, upon comparison with The Pike of Tenerife, which is 5132 yards, or almost three English miles in height.

The summit of Mangerton is chiefly a bog or swamp, composed of red moss and water, but tolerably firm. From the side of the mountain, about half way up, I viewed the lower lake, with its islands, as distinctly as in a map, and from the top beheld the ocean, the mouth of the river Kenmare, and the Skellig Isles; that which is called the Great Skellig stands about ten miles from the shore. I did not visit it; but as it is a very remarkable place, I shall give the following account of it, partly extracted from the History of Kerry:

"It is a high and stupendous rock, with many inaccessible precipices that hang dreadfully over the sea, which is generally rough, and roars horribly underneath. There is but one track, and that very narrow, that leads to the top, and it is so difficult and frightful, that few people are hardy enough to attempt it; this ascent was enjoined as a penance from the time of St. Patrick, till about thirty years ago, since which it has been discontinued. Part of this ascent was performed by squeezing through a hollow part, resembling the funnel of a chimney; then the pilgrims arrived at a small flat place, about

a yard broad, which slopes down the rock to the ocean; a few shallow holes are cut into it, where they fixed their hands and feet, and thus scrambled up. This sloping wall is about twelve feet high, and the least slip might have precipitated them into the ocean; the last station which the devotees had to visit, is called the *Spindle* or *Spit*; it is a long fragment of the rock, about two feet broad, projecting from the summit, over a raging sea. Here the women, as well as the men, got astride on the fragment, and edged forward, till they arrived at a cross, which some bold adventurer, many centuries ago, cut on its extreme end, and which they were to kiss. If the reader can conceive the situation of a person perched on the summit of this pinnacle, in the superior region of the air, beholding the vast expanse of the ocean all round him, except towards the east, where the lofty mountains on the shore appear like low hills, he may be able to form some idea of its tremendousness, and of the horror and peril with which the ascent and descent must have been attended."

On the west side of Mangerton is a round hole (of which the depth is said to be unfathomable) of about a quarter of a mile in diameter, filled with water; it is called the Devil's Punchbowl; its overflow forms a cascade down the sides of the mountain into the lake. From its continual running it is doubtless supplied by springs; no fish have ever been caught in it.

The next day I embarked early in the morning to view the Lower lake; it is about seven miles long, and four broad, and communicates with the upper one by a narrow passage, of about three miles in length, a small part of which is not navigable, by reason of a shallow descent of the waters, over which the boat must be drawn by the rowers, the passengers going ashore, and embarking again above that shallow.

The general name for both the lakes is Lough Leane, though it is more known by that of Killarney. The waters that are collected into the upper lake from the mountains, and from the little river Flesk, pass into the lower lake, and from thence are discharged into the sea, which is distant about twenty miles, by an outlet, or small river, called the Leane. The western shore of the lower lake consists of high mountains, well wooded, and abounding with stags, foxes, hares, partridges, woodcocks, and grouse; the opposite shore is almost level. About thirty islands are dispersed in this lake; the first on which we landed is called Innisfallen, and contains about twenty acres, with a small ruined abbey, which serves at present as a summerhouse, where travellers usually return to dine. The soil is here so rich as to fatten cattle almost into marrow in a very short time.

We then visited many other islands, which are almost all variegated with trees and shrubs of different kinds; among which the *arbutus*, or strawberry-tree, is the most beautiful; it is an evergreen, and at that time (September) had blossoms, green, and almost ripe fruit on its branches. This fruit is of the shape and colour of a strawberry, though considerably larger, and by its vivid scarlet, blending among the deep green leaves, and environed by box, yew, holly, and service trees, which two last likewise produce scarlet berries, forms one of the most pleasing ornaments of these islands. The arbutus tree generally grows to about ten or fifteen feet in height, and the trunk to as many inches in diameter. I have seen much larger in Portugal; but these are exceeded by one which is at Mount Kennedy, in the county of Wicklow; the trunk of which, at one foot above the ground, is said to be no less than thirteen feet, nine inches round.<54>

Holly and juniper-trees grow here to a very large size. I have seen one of the former, of which the trunk was eight feet four inches, and of the latter five feet three

inches in circumference. We landed on several other islands; on that which is called Ross, is a small castle, which at present serves as a barrack. Near the cascade of Tomish, our boatmen angled, and caught a salmon, which was immediately roasted and eaten. These fish abound here, and are sold at a penny per pound.

The next fair weather day I employed in visiting the upper lake, which is about three miles long, and one in breadth, and is quite encompassed with high mountains, among which the most remarkable are those of *Glena* and the *Tork*, and behind these arise others still higher, called the Reeks. Eight islands embellish this lake; and the pleasure of this day's excursion was heightened by trying, in different situations, the echoes produced by the sound of the French horns, and the explosion of the cannon, which were repeated, and rebounded among the mountains, the latter, as first, resembling distant thunder, dying gradually away, and then reviving, till it finally expires. We angled for trout, and caught great numbers; a sun-shining shower intervening produced rainbows, which added to the beauty of the scene.

Notwithstanding my expectations were too much raised by reading the romantic exaggerations of Mr. Ockenden, I must own that the lake of Killarney forms one of the greatest natural beauties of Ireland, and will amply repay the traveller of taste for his trouble in journeying thither.

Since my return to England, a small pamphlet has been published, describing the lake in a pompous manner; in one part of which the writer says, "Here you meet with a promontory, rising from the lake, with the majesty of a colossus; there stands another, the Parnassus of Silvanus, adorned with every chosen shrub in which the god delights; and woe to the dull mortal, that hears him not, as he passes, rustle among the thickets; for lo! even now he emerges, and dispensing fragrance as he ascends, looks down with benign complacency upon those happy regions, for which he has rifled the gardens of Flora, to rival her once favourite Tempe.—*Deus, ecce Deus!*—"

In another part is the following passage: "The Irish peasant, between intrinsic indolence, and external exaction, penurious in the midst of plenty, wanders upon the surface of the most fertile country in the world, a melancholy instance of complicated misery.

As an apology for the "immense rains, which fall here more abundantly, and that even in the best seasons for visiting the lake, than in all other parts of the kingdom," the author writes, "to expect perfection in things sublunary, is to wish where we cannot hope—the Hyades are here the handmaids of Flora; for without these perpetual effusions of rain, the rocks must resign their vegetable inhabitants, the rivers mourn their exhausted urns, and the cascades no longer resound, save in the dull ear of memory; the living lake itself must dwindle into an inconsiderable pool, and the mountains, stripped of their honours, become a dreary waste, the abode of gloom and barrenness, &c."

The remarks in the following *declamation* are very just: "The effect of many of the views of these lakes is, in my opinion, much heightened by the hourly revolutions in the face of the heavens. The vast volumes of clouds, which are rolled together from the Atlantic, and rest on the summits of the mountains, clothe them with majesty: the different masses of light and shade, traversing the lakes in succession, as the shifting bodies float across them, exhibit all the varieties of night and day, almost at the same instant: the mists interposing their dull, yet transparent, coverings to the view, raise new desires of a fuller and clearer prospect; and the wandering vapours flitting from cliff to

cliff, as if in search of the clouds, from which they have been separated, amuse the eye with their varieties and irregular motions."

I spent one rainy day (as I might possibly have waited there till this time for a fine one) in visiting the gardens of Muckcross, which belong to Edward Herbert, Esq. They are situated about three miles from Killarney, on the edge of the lake, and consist of a mixture of craggy rocks, shady valleys, and verdant lawns. The arbutus, holly, sorbus, oak, ash, sycamore, <55> laurustinus, vine, &c. grow out of the crevices in the rocks in a very extraordinary manner, and their bare roots curl like ivy upon the surfaces. Many of the trunks of these trees are incorporated in each other, which can no otherwise be accounted for than by supposing that birds have dropped, or the winds carried the various seeds into some mouldering trunk, and that they have there taken root. Near the extremity of these Elysian fields, in the midst of a grove of tall ash-trees, are the ruins of an old abbey; the cloisters, which form a square of about thirty feet, and consist of two and twenty arches, are still entire. In the center is a yew-tree, the trunk of which is six feet and a half in circumference, and fifteen feet in height to the branches, which rise above the battlements of the cloisters, and then overspread them entirely, "shedding a dim religious light." <56> This noble tree was probably planted at the time the abbey was founded, which was in 1440.

Thousands of human skulls and bones are piled in heaps among these ruins; and here I first heard the Irish howl, which was made by the bellowing of a herd of men, women, and children, who attended the burial of one of their fellows. I made my escape as fast as I could, and returned to Killarney.

Sometimes stags are hunted, and forced into the lake; the Chace is then continued in boats, when the sound of the horns, the cry of the pack, and the shouts of the huntsmen, must be uncommonly cheerful and animating.

The last wolf was killed in this country in 1710; since which time, none of those animals have been found in Ireland. The Irish wolf-dog, which formerly abounded here, is now become nearly extinct. I saw two of them in Dublin; they were much taller than a mastiff, or than any dog I had seen, and appeared to be of great strength. Their shape was somewhat like that of a greyhound; they were the property of a nobleman, and were valued at twenty guineas each.

A few copper-mines were formerly discovered near Muckcross, but the working is discontinued for want of fuel, as I was told.

Different kinds of pebbles are found in this county, and, when polished, are known as Kerry stones.

There are only two inns at Killarney, and their accommodations are very indifferent. Were an Englishman to build a large and elegant inn, with stables there, such as those at many of the watering-places in England, well provided with every necessary, both for lodging and food, with musicians residing in the house, a library, a billiard-table, fishing-tackle, guns, &c. I do not know any place in Great Britain or Ireland, where a considerable fortune might be acquired in so short a time, or with so little risk or trouble.

From Killarney I returned to Castleisland, and proceeding forty miles further, over mountains, barren heaths, and bogs, without seeing hardly a single tree, or any verdure, except during the last five miles, I arrived at Cork.

This city, which is about three miles long, and not quite two in breadth, is the second in the kingdom, and situated on a marshy island, surrounded by the River Lee, which about ten miles lower discharges itself into the ocean. The harbour is very large and secure. One side of it is formed by the island called Great Island, and a little higher up is a small place called Passage, where all ships of burden unlade, and their cargoes are carried up to Cork, which is five miles distant, either on cars, or in small vessels, as the channel is only capable of admitting those which are under a hundred and fifty tons burden.

All the environs of Cork, especially towards Passage and Glanmire, are extremely beautiful; the lands rise in gentle hills, ornamented with many country houses, gardens, and plantations, and with woods and fields of variegated verdure; the hills immediately adjoining to the city are so thick set with houses, which rise gradually above each other, that the prospect equals that of Lyons or Oporto. A new walk, or mall, of a mile in length, was lately planted with trees, and contributes to enliven the view.

The city contains six churches, besides the cathedral. None of them merit any mention, excepting that called Christ-church, which is only remarkable for leaning considerably on one side, though the steeple was taken down in 1748. Many canals are cut through the streets, over which are small draw-bridges, somewhat like those in Holland, besides two stone bridges over the Lee, on one of which an equestrian statue of his late Majesty was placed in 1761. The number of inhabitants is computed to be about eighty thousand, of which two thirds say, that they are Roman Catholics. The exchange is a neat stone building, with five arches in front, and was erected in 1708. There is likewise a theatre, and assembly rooms.<57>

In the mayoralty-house I saw a statue of white marble as large as the life, representing Lord Chatham. I was told that the corporation paid Mr. Wilton the statuary 450l for it, and *a house-painter was, at the time I was there, actually at work in painting it in oil-colours.*

But the forte of the citizens does not lie in the sciences of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, or such trifles, but in the more essential arts relative to eating and drinking; such as the slaughter of hogs, oxen, and sheep, in order to exchange the superfluous pork, beef, and mutton, for wine, &c. And indeed they are much in the right; for the sciences are only cultivated, to enable their professors to acquire wherewith to purchase those necessaries; and Harlequin very justly observes in an old Italian play,

*Tutto che fi fa, di bel e di buon'
E per un piatto di macaron.*

Which may to an Englishman be thus construed: "Everything great and beautiful which is performed, is for a plate of roast-beef and plum-pudding."

After having carefully perused everything I can find relative to this city, I know of nothing further to add, except a passage from Fynes Moryson's *History of Ireland, from 1599 to 1603*, which I shall insert, *pour egayer la matière*;<58> he says, vol. II. p. 372, "At Cork I have seen with these eyes, young maids stark naked grinding of corn with certain stones, to make cakes thereof, and striking off into the tub of meal, such relics thereof, as stuck on their belly, thighs, and more unseemly parts." I refer the reader to the work itself for other equally curious anecdotes about the wild Irish.

Some attempts in the literary way have, however, been made in Cork; for several periodical essays, under the title of the *Modern Monitor*, were published in the newspapers, and republished in a small octavo volume in 1770.

I shall say nothing about the smuggling of wool, which is said to be carried on from this coast, as I am not master of the subject.

After twelve days' stay in Cork I went to Mallow, which is a little town, much resorted to in the summer months, for the benefit of drinking the waters, which burst out of the bottom of a great limestone rock, at the end of a straight, well-planted walk, and canal, of about a furlong and a half in length. This water is moderately warm, and is said to possess the same qualities as that of the Hot-wells near Bristol.

Mallow is termed by the natives the Irish Bath; but an Englishman would rather, from the meanness of the accommodations, deem it an apology for a watering-place.

I then proceeded through Doneraile, Mitchelstown, Clogheen, and Clonmel, (which is only remarkable for having been the birthplace of Sterne) to Cashel; the Cathedral here is built on the top of a rock, though much decayed; there is a chapel in it, of which the roof is neatly arched; a plate of it, with a plan of the church, is inserted in O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*. Here is likewise a high round tower entire, and built with very little mortar, and a broken stone cross of ten feet in height; the town (which is an archbishopric) is very small, wretched, and dirty.

I continued my journey through St. John's town to Kilkenny, which is a pleasant little town, with a river running through it, over which are two bridges; one consisting of seven arches, and the other, which is neatly built of blue stone, of three. Here is an old castle, and near the cathedral a very high round tower. The roof of this church is supported by eight large quadruple columns, of black marble, which are *embellished, or spoilt, by being white-washed*. Ten monuments, or rather sarcophagi, of stone, are here to be seen; they were fabricated about the middle of the sixteenth century. Likewise a monument erected in 1745 to the memory of the wife of the bishop of Ossory; it represents a statue of a woman, as large as the life, with a book in her left hand, and her right arm reclining on an urn, of white marble, on a black ground, sculptured by P. Scheemakers. There is a pretty walk of a mile in length, along the river side, planted with trees, and much resembling that along the Ouse at York.

I afterwards passed through the filthy town of Knocktopher, and arrived at Waterford. This town is built on the south-side of the river Suir, which is broad and rapid, and without any bridge.

It is about eight miles from the sea, and is the most convenient port to traffic with Bristol, by navigating with a due westerly wind, without any variation. The quay is half a mile in length, and of a considerable breadth, and the largest trading vessels load and unload before it. Smith, in his *History of Waterford*, says, "this quay is not inferior to, but rather exceeds the most celebrated in Europe." He probably knew nothing of that of Yarmouth, nor of the magnificent quay of Rotterdam, both of which are much superior to that of Waterford. Here are two churches, besides the cathedral.

The counties of Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, and Carlow, are over-run with ruffians called White-boys. These are peasants, who do not choose to pay tithes or taxes, and who in the night-time assemble sometimes to the number of many hundreds, on horseback and on foot, well armed, and with shirts over their clothes, from whence their denomination is derived, when they stroll about the country, firing houses and barns, burying people alive in the ground, cutting their noses and ears off, and committing

other barbarities on their persons. The objects of their revenge and cruelty are chiefly tithe and tax-gatherers, and landlords, who attempt to raise their rents; they never rob; neither do they molest travellers. Rewards of forty and fifty pounds are continually advertised in the papers for apprehending any one of them, and from time to time a few of these *deluded* wretches (as the advertisements term them) are hanged, and escorted to the gallows by a regiment of soldiers. Excommunications are likewise read against them by their priests from the pulpit; but as they are so numerous, it is not likely that they will soon be extirpated.

A few years ago a like set of insurgents, who wore oak-leaves in their hats, and called themselves Oak-boys, rose in the north of Ireland. These gentry refused paying the tithe of their potatoes, telling their priests that they ought to be satisfied with their tithe of what grew above ground. The disturbances which they caused are now at an end; as I was informed that they carried their point by being so numerous, and that at present their potatoes are tithe-free.

Chapter VI. *South Leinster.*

On leaving Waterford I ferried over the Nore at New Ross, and arrived at Wexford; this town chiefly consists of a main Street, and in size, situation, and dirtiness, is much like Falmouth.

I was informed that to the south of Wexford, a tract of land, called the Barony of Forth, was inhabited by a colony which was planted in Henry the Second's time, and still retained peculiar customs and manners, but I had no opportunity of visiting them. Neither did I go into that quarter of Ireland called Connaught, which comprehends the counties of Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, Roscommon, and Galway, as I was assured that they were inhabited (especially along the coast) by a kind of savages, and that there were neither roads for carriages, nor inns. Undoubtedly the chief towns of those counties are more civilized.

After ferrying over the river Slaney, which is here very broad, I went through Gorey, alias Newborough, and Arklow, to Wicklow, the road lying chiefly along the shore. From thence I made an excursion of ten miles, on horseback, over dangerous mountains, and through deep pools of water, to see the ruins of seven churches, called Glendalough; here is a round tower of fifteen feet in diameter, of which the top is broken; and a plain cross, of a single stone, twelve feet high, and two in thickness. I was here in the centre of the barren sixty-four miles of ground before mentioned, and was obliged to return to Wicklow, without having found any other refreshment for my horse, except a scanty bite of grass among the ruins of the churches, or for myself, besides a few blackberries.

From Wicklow I again visited Powerscourt, and that charming spot called the Dargles; and the next day I returned to Dublin, after three months absence, during which I had gone about nine hundred Irish miles, or eleven hundred English.

A few days after, I made a week's excursion to the following places.

I went first to Naas, then to Old Kilcullen, where there is a small round tower, and then to Castledermot, where I saw another round tower, and a large cross of a single stone, with basso-relievos.

From thence I went to Kildare; there is a round tower in the church-yard, which is a hundred and seven feet in height; it is built of white granite to about twelve feet above the ground, and the rest is of common blue-stone. The door is fourteen feet from the foundation; the pedestal of an old cross is still to be seen here.

I then traversed the Curragh, or race-ground, which is esteemed the best in Ireland, and afterwards stopped a while at a little village called Summerhill, near which is the seat of H. Rowley, Esq. The house is built of white stone, and consists only of the ground floor, and an attic story, ornamented with a balustrade; it is near three hundred feet in front, and the chief entrance is decorated with four semi-columns of the Corinthian order.

From thence I went to the seat of the Earl of Mornington, where I observed a neat chapel, with an organ, and proceeded through Trim (which is a little town, with the ruins of a castle and abbey) to Kells.

This is a small town, with a round tower in the church-yard. Near it is a stone cross, with basso-relievos, and the remnants of three other crosses. In the church is a

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monument, which was erected in 1737 to Sir Thomas Taylor, and his wife. It is a large sarcophagus of grey marble, resting on three eagles claws, and upon it is an urn, on an altar of white marble, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, with white capitals and bases; the altar is ornamented with rams-heads and foliage, extremely well carved, and the whole makes an elegant appearance.

In the market-place is a stone cross with basso-relievos, representing stags and dogs.

About a mile from Kells, is the seat of Lord Bective. The house, which is three stories in height, contains a range of eleven windows; and two wings, of a single story, are annexed to it, each having fourteen windows in front. The whole building, both inside and outside, is quite plain, and very neat, and is one of the most convenient dwellings I have ever seen.

On leaving this place I returned through Navan to Dublin; and on the twelfth of November embarked in one of the five packets on this station. After sailing eleven hours, I landed at Holyhead, from whence I proceeded through Chester, and the stinking town of Birmingham, to London.

Chapter VII.

Some Further General Observations.

I shall now insert a few general observations.

By the *Dublin Almanac* I find, that the total number of women which have been delivered in the Lying-in Hospital, (mentioned above) to the end of the year 1774, is 10,012, of 5,412 boys and 4,764 girls; 161 had twins; and one, three children; 146 women died in child-bed.

There are forty-four charter working-schools at present in Ireland, wherein 2,025 boys and girls are maintained and educated. These schools are supported by an annual bounty from his majesty of 1000l, by a tax upon hawkers and pedlars, and by sundry subscriptions and legacies. The children admitted, are those born of popish parents, or such as would be bred papists, if neglected, and are of sound health and limbs. Their age from six to ten; the boys at sixteen, and the girls at fourteen, are apprenticed into Protestant families. The first school was opened in 1734, and the others successively. Five pounds are given to every person educated in these schools, upon his or her marrying a Protestant.

In 1731, while the Duke of Dorset was Lord Lieutenant, the inhabitants of Ireland were numbered, and it was found that the four provinces contained as follows:

	Protestants	Papists
Connaught	21,604	221,780
Leinster	203,087	447,916
Munster	115,130	482,044
Ulster	360,632	158,028
Total	700,453	1,309,768

Thus it appears that near two-thirds of the total number of two millions, were Roman Catholics.

Dr. Smollett, in the third volume of his *Present State of all Nations*, giving an account of Ireland, has the following passage, which I believe to be true, notwithstanding the heap of pedantic trash which has been published to the contrary:

"Setting aside the ridiculous legends and fables of the Irish with respect to their antiquity and origin, it seems highly reasonable to conclude, that the country was first peopled from Britain. There is no good reason to induce us to believe that it was ever conquered by the Romans. Towards the decline of the Roman Empire, a colony of Scots began to make a great figure in Ireland, whence it acquired the name of Scotia. The island was afterwards often harassed by the Danes, Norwegians, and Saxons; but never entirely subdued, till Henry, king of England, made himself master of it in the twelfth century. It has been ever since subject to the kings of England, who were only styled Lords of Ireland till the title of king was bestowed on Henry VIII in 1541, by the states of the realm in parliament assembled."

In 1619, William Lithgow, the celebrated Scotch pilgrim, journeyed through this island in six months. He afterwards published his travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, which book contains ten pages relative to Ireland; and as the work is extremely scarce and curious, I shall insert a few quotations from it in his own words.

"And now after a general survey of the whole kingdom (the northwest part of Connaught excepted) accomplished: from the 1 of September till the last of February; I found the goodness of the soil, more than answerable to mine expectation, the defect only remaining (not speaking of our colonies) in the people, and from them in the bosom of two graceless sisters, ignorance and sluggishness.

"And this I dare avow, there are more rivers, lakes, brooks, strands, quagmires, bogs and marshes, in this country, than in all Christendom besides; for travelling there in winter, all my daily solace was sink down comfort; whiles boggy-plunging deeps kissing my horse belly; whiles over-mired saddle, body and all; and often or ever set a-swimming, in great danger, both I and my guides of our lives: that for cloudy and fountain-bred perils I was never before reduced to such a floating labyrinth. Considering that in five months space, I quite spoiled six horses, and myself as tired as the worst of them.

"But now to come to my punctual discourse of Ireland; true it is, to make a fit comparison, the Barbarian Moor, the Moorish Spaniard, the Turk, and the Irishman, are the least industrious, and most sluggish livers under the sun, for the vulgar Irish I protest, live more miserably in their brutish fashion than the untamed Arabian, the devilish idolatrous Turcoman, or the moon-worshipping Caramines: showing thereby a greater necessity they have to live, than any pleasure they have, or can have in their living.

"Their fabrics are advanced three or four yards high, pavilion-like encircling, erected in a singular frame, of smoke-torn straw, green long pricked turfs, and rain-dropping wattles. Their several rooms of palatial divisions, as chambers, halls, parlours, kitchens, barns, and stables, are all enclosed in one, and that one (perhaps) in the midst of a mire; where when in foul weather, scarcely can they find a dry part, whereupon to repose their cloud-baptized heads. Their shirts be woven of the wool or linen of their own nature, and their penurious food semblable to their ruvid [barbarous (TN)] condition.

"I remember I saw in Ireland's north parts two remarkable sights: the one was their manner of tillage, ploughs drawn by horse tails, wanting garnishing, they are only fastened with straw, or wooden ropes to their bare rumps, marching all side for side, three or four in a rank, and as many men hanging by the ends of that untoward labour.<59>

"The other as goodly sight I saw, was women travailing the way or toiling at home, carry their infants about their necks, and laying the dugs over their shoulders would give suck to the babes behind their backs without taking them in their arms: such kind of breasts, me thinketh, were very fit, to be made money bags for East or West-Indian merchants, being more than half a yard long, and as well wrought as any tanner in the like charge, could ever mollify such leather.<60>

"As for any other customs they have, to avoid prolixity I spare; only before my pen flee overseas, I would gladly shake hands with some of our churchmen there, for better are the wounds of a friend, than the sweet smile of a flatterer, for love and truth cannot dissemble."

I trust I shall be excused for not quoting Mr. Lithgow's observations on the Irish clergy.

The reader will have seen, that there are no objects relative to the fine arts to be found in Ireland out of Dublin; so that if any person should wish to visit that island from mere curiosity, he might land in the capital, remain there a fortnight, and make excursions twenty miles round it, in which space he might see all the pictures, statues, and handsome buildings in the kingdom; several round towers, crosses, *raths*, *carns*, and *cromlechs*, the Dargles, the waterfall of Powerscourt, the salmon-leap at Leixlip, &c.

The Giant's Causeway is an object which is scarcely worthy of going so far to see; however that is to be determined by the degree of curiosity of which the traveller is possessed. But the salmon-leap at Ballyshannon is a scene of such a singular nature, as is not to be found elsewhere, and is as peculiar to Ireland as the bullfights are to Spain; besides which the Lough Erne alone merits the journey. From thence the traveller might proceed as fast as he could to the lake of Killarney, and return to Dublin, without losing his time in any one of the towns, as none of them contain any thing worthy of notice; unless he chose to embark at Cork or at Waterford. From this last port a yacht sails weekly for Milford Haven, and another yacht is constantly employed in sailing from Dublin to Parkgate,<61> and back again, though I believe the passage in the packets to Holyhead to be generally the safest and speediest. Three months might thus suffice for visiting the best parts of Ireland, and that time may be abridged one third, if the traveller prefers riding on horseback to travelling in a carriage; as he may easily hire fresh horses and guides from place to place; whereas in a chaise he can go only twenty or twenty-five miles a day; but then he is sheltered from the rains, and may have all his little conveniences about him.

It may be expected to have some account of the Irish writers, which I shall endeavour to give in a concise manner, excluding those who have written on physic, law, or divinity, as I do not understand those subjects sufficiently to do justice to their merit, if they have any, nor to censure them, if they deserve it.

The works of Swift, Sterne, Sir Richard Steele, Sir Hans Sloane, Berkley bishop of Cloyne, Sir James Ware, Ambrose Philips, Parnell, Orrery Earl of Cork, and Dr. Goldsmith, are so universally known, that it is needless to enumerate them.

The principal late dramatic writers were, George Farquhar, Southern, W. Chetwood, Hall Hartson, Henry Jones, Macnamara Morgan, and Mrs. Sheridan.

The following gentlemen who have written for the stage, are still living, and according to alphabetical order, are: Henry Brooke, Isaac Bickerstaff, Francis Dobbs, Kane O'Hara, Robert Jephson, Hugh Kelly, Arthur Murphy, Thomas Sheridan, Thomas Sheridan junior, and the reverend Matthew West, Mrs. Griffith has likewise written several plays.

Among the late miscellaneous authors we find the names of Walter Harris, John Usher, Dr. Charles Smith, Dr. John Rutty, Dr. Wm Dunkin, John Cunningham, George Canning, Sir Edward Barry, Mrs. Pilkington, Mrs. Barber, Mrs. Grierson, and lady Dorothea du Bois. And among the living, the most conspicuous gentlemen are Charles Johnston, Richard Griffith, Daniel Webb, Thomas Wilkes, John Leslie, Charles O'Connor, Dr. J. Curry, Samuel Whyte, Gorges Edmond Howard, Sylvester O'Halloran, and Dr. Thomas Leland, whom the reader is desired not to mistake for the late Dr. John Leland, author of *A View of the Deistical Writers*, &c.

There are several works relative to Ireland by Sir William Petty, Geo. Story, Fynes Moryson, Peter Walsh, Dr. Ferdinando Warner, John H. Wynne, &c. though their authors were not Irishmen.

Various collections of periodical papers have been published in Ireland, the chief of which are, *Hibernicus's Letters*, *Baratariana*, *Pranceriana*, *the Bachelor*, *the Modern Monitor*, and the *Gray's Inn Journal*.

There is likewise a work in two volumes octavo, entitled *Debates relative to the Affairs of Ireland, in 1764*, by Sir James Caldwell, baronet, and count of the Holy Roman empire.

The works of the best of all these writers are well known in England, and those of the others do not merit any notice; so that a minute account of them would be both uninteresting and un instructive. However, for the entertainment of the reader, I shall insert a few uncommon specimens in verse, selected from the labours of several Hibernian geniuses.

I must premise that I had written a critical review of the works in prose and verse of a gentleman who is still living; but after it was printed, I cancelled the four pages which contained it, at his own earnest request.

There is a very ludicrous poem, which has already gone through nine or ten editions, entitled *An Epistle to Gorges Edmond Howard, Esq. with Notes explanatory, critical, and historical*, by *George Faulkner, Esq. and Alderman*.

The notes are extremely humorous; and in the last volume of *The Bachelor*, the poem (with those notes) is reprinted, and embellished with whole length portraits of the two champions. It is necessary to observe that this publication is the production of some of the most eminent wits in Ireland, and that Mr. Faulkner had no hand in it.

A thick quarto volume of poems, called *The Shamrock*, was also published in Dublin, by Samuel Whyte, schoolmaster; in one of the abovementioned notes is this account of it. "The big book of Madrigals was printed at the instigation of Mr. Whyte, the writing-master in Grafton Street, &c.—Here followeth two of the most admired verses in the whole production, one being an epigram on a lady employed in the office of blowing a turf fire with her petticoat, for want of a pair of bellows; and the other on said lady, who was so disastrous as to spill a dish of tea on her apron, which will do for a sample of the rest, they being equal, if not superior, to any of the foregoing, or those inserted after.

First EPIGRAM

Cease, cease, Amira, peerless maid,
Though we delighted gaze,
While artless you excite the flame,
We perish in the blaze.
Haply you too provoke your harm,
Forgive the bold remark,
Your petticoat may fan the fire,
But, O! beware a spark.

Second EPIGRAM

Mourn not Amira, that to love's abode,
The warm advent'rous stream presumed to press;
Not chance, but some unseen admiring god,
In rapt'rous ardour sought the sweet recess.
Nor doubt what deity so greatly bold,
In form unusual thus should visit thee,
The god who ravished in a shower of gold,
Can charm the fair one in imperial tea.

The waggish writers of the notes have given several other specimens of poetry,
two of which are the following.

**On a LADY'S forgetting her riding Hat, by a former
Vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin.**

I.

Fair Anna had no heart to give,
So left her head behind,
Bright Mina, on whose smiles I live,
Was not by half so kind.

II

Both head and heart she with her brought,
And both she took away,
And with her carried all she caught,
That's all that gazed that day.

III

Ye nymphs that o'er nine wells preside,
Instruct the willing fair
To give their hearts, whate'er betide,
And hands when they come here.

IV

So when we see St. John's great eye,
The fires that round do move,
Shall each instruct us to receive,
A hand and heart that glow with love.

**TO a WIDOW, on her taking a vomit of Ipecacuanha. Attributed to the late
George Faulkner, Esq.**

I

Soft relict, whose enchanting charms,
My captive heart enthrall,

A Tour in Ireland in 1775

Whose frown congeals, whose kindness warms,
Like honey mixed with gall.

II

Say when the nauseous draught you take,
On Faulkner will you think,
And for thine own dear lover's sake,
His health in vomit drink.

III

Discharge, bright maid, the contents
That now your stomach bind,
But oh! be sure, at all events,
Leave love and George behind.

IV

So when in sieve, well pierced with holes,
Where dregs of fire do rest,
With shaking nought remains but coals,
To warm the riddler's breast.

Mr. O'Halloran published, in 1774, a quarto pamphlet, entitled *Ierne defended, or a candid Refutation of such Passages in the reverend Dr. Leland, and the reverend Dr. Whitaker's Works, as seem to affect the Authenticity and Validity of ancient Irish History*. The importance of this subject needs no enforcing.<62>

In order to end this account properly, I shall insert an advertisement which appeared in the Irish papers: premising, that the Matthew Bailie, therein mentioned, embarked in the *Aurora* six years ago, which vessel has not since been heard of, so that it is supposed she perished at sea.

"A post assembly will be held at the Tholsel of the city of Dublin, on Monday the fifteenth day of May, instant, at one o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of disfranchising alderman Matthew Bailie, for non-attendance on his duty, and having totally absented himself from, and deserted and left this city, and gone to reside altogether in another place, and never having since returned.

Dated this 10th day of May, 1775,

Signed,

BENJAMIN TAYLOR, Town-Clerk."

Besides the prints which have been mentioned in the course of this work, the following relative to Ireland, exist.

- Maps of most of the counties, though they are generally erroneous, and badly executed, without either longitude or latitude, and are merely copies from old maps.
- Six fine and large prints of views in the neighbourhood of Carlingford, engraven in London in 1772, by the best artists, from drawings of Jonathan Fisher, who has himself etched four small views of Cork, Waterford, Belfast, and Kilkenny.
- Five prints of the Parliament-house in Dublin, being a perspective view, a geometrical elevation, a general plan, a section of the House of Lords, and another of

- that of the Commons, drawn by Rowland Omer, and engraven by P. Mazell, in 1767.
- A plan and elevation of Trinity College in Dublin, published in 1761, with a view of the Provost's house.
 - A plan and elevation of the Lying-in Hospital, and the new gardens behind it, in 1764.
 - An elevation of the Custom-house at Limerick.
 - A view of Castleblayney.
 - Several satirical and humorous prints in the *Bachelor*, *Baratariana*, and *Pranceriana*, mentioned above.
 - Plans of Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Kilkenny.
 - Charts of several harbours in Ireland.
 - And a very large map of the course of the river Shannon.

ITINERARY
(Distances in Irish miles)

From DUBLIN to Powerscourt-fall, and back	26
Leixlip	22
Howth	16
Swords	7
Drogheda	17
Dunleer	7
Monasterboice, and back	13
Dundalk	10
Newry	10
Scavagh	10
Armagh	13
Lurgan	16
Hillsborough	9
Belfast	12
Antrim	14
Ballymena	9
Ballymoney	15
Bushmills	10
Giant's Causeway, and back	4
Coleraine	6
Newtown	10
Londonderry	12
Raphoe	12
Donegal	19
Ballyshannon	10
Castle Caldwell	8
Enniskillen	15
Devinish island, and back	6
The Caves, and back	14
Swanlinbar	12
Killeshandra	13
Granard	17

Richard Twiss

Ballymahon	16
Athlone	10
Ferbane	10
Seven Churches, and back	18
Birr	11
Nenagh	17
Limerick	20
Lough Gur, and back	18
Adare	8
Newcastle	10
Castleisland	18
Tralee	8
Ardfert, and back	8
Killarney	12
Castleisland	10
Shines	14
Cork	26
Passage, and back	10
Mallow	14
Doneraile	6
Mitchelstown	10
Clogheen	10
Clonmel	11
Cashel	12
Johnstown	17
Kilkenny	13
Knocktopher	10
Waterford	12
New Ross	10
Wexford	19
Gorey	21
Arklow	9
Wicklow	12
Seven Churches, and back	22
Powerscourt	14

A Tour in Ireland in 1775

Dublin	10
Naas	14
Castledermot	18
Kildare	13
Trim	28
Kells	1
Navan	8
Dublin	23
Total	985 Irish, or 1254 English miles; eleven of the former making fourteen of the latter.

APPENDIX

General Reflections on Travelling.

As I have now visited the greatest part of England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Flanders, France, Switzerland, Germany, Bohemia, Italy, Portugal, and Spain, and, including sixteen sea voyages, have journeyed about twenty-seven thousand miles, which is two thousand more than the circumference of the earth, I shall hazard a few reflections on travelling.

It may perhaps be thought that a companion in travelling is both necessary and agreeable; yet if we enter into particulars, we shall not find it quite so. A companion, in order to be agreeable, ought to be nearly of the same age and rank, and possessed of an equal fortune, educated in a similar manner, and with the same taste with regard to light amusements, as the traveller. Now supposing such a person could be found, it is probable that in course of time his constitution may be impaired, and himself confined through sickness; he may be addicted to gaming, to drinking, to quarrelling, to women; he may choose to reside a long time in one place, to return again to another; he may be apt to be disheartened at apparent dangers, to be nice with respect to diet, to be avaricious or prodigal; any of which inclinations would be sufficient to prevent the continuation of the good understanding between the two travellers, and even would, sooner or later, put an end to their partnership. Besides, as there would necessarily be some superiority in talents and address, either on one side or the other, the reception the travellers would meet with in foreign countries would be proportioned to such difference, and of course the least accomplished of the two would degenerate into an attendant on the other, which would be a farther cause of dissension.

As to governess, or travelling tutors, they appear to be of little use; for in general they are either pedantic, or ignorant clergymen, who themselves stand in need of a bear-leader, and being necessitous, may be prevailed upon to wink, or even to connive at the bad conduct of their pupils, and of course prove but ill directors in the acquisition of knowledge.<63>

Should a young man set out alone on the tour of Europe, his parents or guardians can always stop his credit with his bankers, in case he behaves improperly; or should his fortune be entirely at his own disposal, he will probably soon squander it away; so that in either case, his travels are at an end. A man's own experience is always the best, provided it be not bought too dear. The usual way of driving post through France and Italy, which is pursued by English boys, does not come under the denomination of travelling; they associate only with their own countrymen, with ladies of easy virtue, and with sharpers, by which means they have much prejudiced the nobility of those countries (who are daily pestered with their introductory letters) against all English travellers; whereas, on the contrary, in Spain and Portugal, which are not overrun in that manner, the inhabitants are perfectly polite and hospitable.<64>

However, should a governer be deemed absolutely necessary for a young traveller, would it not be much more eligible to appoint as such, some elderly officer? whose knowledge of the world, liberal manner of thinking, and personal bravery, may be of infinite service to his pupil; and who, by accompanying him everywhere, may at least direct those violent passions, which it is impossible for him entirely to restrain. Now of what service, or rather disservice, a clergyman may be as a travelling tutor, is thus strongly expressed by Sterne in his sermon on the Prodigal Son. "If wisdom can speak in no other language but Greek or Latin, if mathematics will make a man a

gentleman, or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow, he may be of some service; but the upshot is generally this; that in the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry, and not the tutor to carry him." Added to this, it is to be observed, that among the Roman Catholics, a great number of the eminent literary men are priests; and a stiff English parson will not only avoid associating with them, but, through his foolish and obstinate nonconformity, may involve himself and his pupil in many perilous difficulties.

Another kind of governor is sometimes picked out from among broken Swiss valets-de-chambre; one who says he has before made the tour of Europe *with success*: that is, as Sterne continues, "without breaking his own or his pupil's neck; he knows the amount to a half-penny of every stage between Calais and Rome; he knows where the best inns and wines are to be found, and his pupil shall sup a livre cheaper than if he had been left to make the tour, and bargain by himself. And here endeth his pride, his knowledge, and his use."

Lastly, if it is to be supposed that the young man, by being well provided with recommendatory letters, is enabled to get access to the best company, Sterne has further expressed himself in a manner that requires no addition, nor admits of any reply. "Company, which is really good, is very rare, and very shy; there is nothing in which we are so much deceived as in the advantages proposed from our connections and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially is the experiment made before we are matured by years of study. Conversation is a traffic; and is you enter into it, without some stock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, the trade drops at once: and this is the reason, however it may be boasted to the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with the natives; owing to their suspicion, or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language, or the interruption from their visits. The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready, and ever lying in wait, the career is soon finished."

The insertion of the above quotations, as well as of the following one, it is hoped, requires no apology, especially as they are from sermons, and therefore probably not so well known to young people as they deserve to be.

The chief pursuit of travellers ought to be, to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and to understand the government and interest of other nations, and the advantages which a judicious traveller may reap, are: "an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, which fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse: he is taken from the track of nursery mistakes; and by seeing new objects, or old ones, in new lights, he reforms his judgement; by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, he knows what is good; by observing the address and arts of men, he conceives what is sincere; and by seeing the differences of so many various humours and manners, he looks into himself, and forms his own. Without this impatient desire for travelling, the mind would doze for ever over the present page, and we should rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish where we first drew our breath;<65> but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home, carries our youth too early out."

Many persons who have never stirred from their homes, are apt to fancy travelling attended with uncommon dangers and difficulties; so true it is, as an old traveller has observed, that ignorance and sloth make everything terrible to us; we will

not, because we dare not, and dare not, because we will not. It is possible to be drowned, to break one's neck, to be murdered, or to fall sick abroad; but all these possibilities may equally take place at home.<66> Undoubtedly travelling out of Europe must be dangerous and inconvenient; but with regard to the civilized part of Europe, I can only say that I never met with the least accident, nor was detained with any sickness. On the contrary it is natural to suppose, that the constant use of exercise, the change of climates, and the variety of food, harden the constitution considerably; and as the health of the body depends much on the state of the mind, the pleasure of knowledge acquired by travelling, which is an advantage that can never be lost, or taken from us, so long as understanding and memory remain, may prevent trivial diseases from preying upon us, and enable us the more patiently to bear the greater ones with which we may be afflicted.

In order to travel with advantage, the traveller ought to have had a liberal education at home. He ought to be well acquainted with his own country, which will enable him to compare it with others: for without a proper foundation, it will be impossible for him to reap any knowledge that may repay this trouble, loss of time, and expense. Nothing is good or bad, beautiful or disagreeable, but by comparison; and the more ideas we can combine and compare, so much the more satisfaction and intelligence we acquire, and of course we are perpetually increasing the number of our ideas, and enlarging the scale of our intellectual pleasures.

It is absolutely necessary for a traveller to understand, and to converse fluently in all the languages of the country he visits; without this he must always remain in a state of solitude and ignorance. It has been supposed that the French language is universally understood, and may suffice to an European traveller; but this is a mistake; for I appeal only to the English people, whether that language will enable a man to make the tour of England with profit and pleasure, and whether, when they find a foreigner who has taken the pains to acquire a critical knowledge of the English language, and who has read the works of the best authors in it, they do not experience a secret partiality for him, and are more ready to communicate any information he may require, than if, with a supercilious contempt of a language and of books he does not understand, he attempts to force his own upon them.

To travel with propriety, one ought to adopt the language, the manners, the dress, and the customs of the country one is in; and even to listen patiently, and without contradiction, to the religious and political opinions which are occasionally started in conversation, however different from one's own.

The lower class of people in every country understand only their native tongue; and as a traveller must necessarily make use of them, either as landlords, postilions, or tradesmen, none of which species are much qualified to think or reflect, it will evidently appear that he will be liable to numberless insults and impositions, from his ignorance of their language; and, on the contrary, his knowledge of it will immediately conciliate their esteem, and create a respect, which may often be advantageous to him, especially if his behaviour is not haughty; for these people, when they find a traveller who is willing to divest himself of (what they may suppose) his dignity, and to place himself on a level with them, partaking of their amusements, and imparting his superfluous conveniences to them, will be ready to do everything in their power to serve him; whereas by a contrary behaviour, even his own life may often be endangered.

If a traveller will but reflect, that however elevated his rank, however respectable his connections, or however great his fortune may be in his own country,

when he is abroad he stands only on his own ground, often without any possibility of claiming any friends or protectors; he will then be sensible of the necessity of meriting friends and protectors among the natives, who may occasionally prove of infinite service, notwithstanding their inferiority, and who are sometimes willing to forgive any little inadvertencies to foreigners, rather than to their own countrymen.

With regard to the expenses of travelling, a few observations may be made, which are not intended for those whose immense fortunes may place them above all rules of economy; to such everything will be permitted, as they appear to form a distinct class from the rest of mankind; but as they are not numerous, luckily their example can have little influence on the conduct of the majority of travellers, whom we shall suppose to be possessed only of moderate fortunes.

Such a one may travel in a carriage and pair, attended by a servant; he may see everything, frequent all public places and diversions, appear well dressed, keep a chariot, and *valet de place*, in those cities where he resides for some time, and may associate with the best company throughout Europe, for about eight hundred pounds per annum, at a medium; as in some countries the expenses are greater, and in others less.

The cost of pictures, books, statues, &c. which the traveller may be willing to purchase, is evidently not to be included in the above sum; neither any extravagances from gaming, or expenses incurred from intimacies with women.

With regard to trivial charges, fifty or sixty pounds per annum, judiciously expended, will establish a reputation for generosity, from which the traveller may derive many advantages.

It is proper for every traveller, immediately after his arrival in a foreign capital, to wait on an ambassador, or minister, from his own country; if he brings introductory letters, or is personally acquainted with the ambassador, it will be of much service in his intercourse with the natives; should he have no letter of introduction, he cannot claim the protection of the ambassador, if he has not made himself known to him.

There are many qualifications which, however trifling they may appear, will be found of great service to travellers. A moderate skill in the use of the sword, guns, and pistols, may happen to be necessary; and it would not be amiss frequently to practise fencing, and shooting at a mark.<67> By practice, likewise, the traveller may acquire the art of measuring spaces by a regular method of walking or pacing, and of judging tolerably of inaccessible heights, or distances.

Much convenience will result from being constantly booted, and ready to ride on horses, mules, or asses, when on the road, as many interesting objects are situated in places to which wheel-carriages cannot convey one; and also from both the master's and servant's being able to drive a carriage either on horseback, or on the box, in case of accidents happening to the driver; besides by thus doing, and by walking occasionally, the pleasures are varied.

After arriving in any city, the traveller may begin with making the tour of it, ascending the highest edifice, and the highest neighbouring ground. Thus, with the assistance of a plan, where any is to be had, he will obtain a distinct idea of such city; afterwards he may purchase any books and prints relative to it. He may even derive much intelligence from calendars and newspapers,<68> there printed; and complete his knowledge of the place by viewing everything which he finds described, and by information acquired from his association with the inhabitants.

Every talent which the traveller possesses will be found to produce a new pleasure: for if a man has a taste for botany, agriculture, natural history, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, &c. it is evident that he can be gratified in the highest degree by travelling, and continually increase his knowledge in every one of those branches. Of these, music will be found the most amusing, as it is capable of pleasing a great number of persons at a time. Besides, if the traveller is well skilled in practical music, it will not only be productive of an innocent happiness, in his solitary moments, but will procure him an introduction into many agreeable societies, from which, without such a talent, he must probably have remained excluded.

After the knowledge of the languages, a skill in drawing, with a slight notion of geometry, trigonometry, and perspective, will be found very necessary qualifications for a traveller, by means of which he will be enabled to take plans and views, and to delineate curious natural or artificial objects. For these purposes he should always be provided with a small telescope, a pocket microscope, a barometer, maps, &c., and all the implements for drawing and writing.

Much caution is required in many almost uninhabited parts of Europe, with regard to a traveller's appearance; and it will be found the fastest way to wear a plain dress, and upon no account to display any jewels, watches, trinkets, or money, nor to assume any airs of consequence.

It may not always be prudent to deliver the introductory letters with which the traveller is furnished, without previous informations relative to the persons to whom they are addressed; which must be left to his own discretion.

It will be experienced that the inhabitants of the southern climates are in general jealous of their mistresses, but not of their wives; and that the women are there (and indeed everywhere else) much easier to get at, than to get rid of, except by leaving the place. There are seldom or ever any females in the inns or shops of those countries; but as the traveller will have frequent opportunities of meeting with those who are far from being inexorable, it may just be hinted, that the fewer connexions he forms with them, the better it will be for his constitution, his quiet, and his purse.

Neither ought the traveller too familiarly to associate with very young men in any country, as it might involve him in many difficulties. But above all, let him remember, that he may everywhere much more readily obtain his ends, and keep out of danger, by patience, fair words, and gentle means, than by impatient violence and opprobrious language; so true is the saying of Henry the fourth of France,

*Parole douce, et main au bonnet
Ne coute rien, et bon est.*<67>

After having attentively considered the advantages which may be acquired by travelling, we ought, on the other hand, to reflect, that the more knowledge a man possesses, the less satisfaction he will find in his intercourse with the generality of mankind, the majority being composed of ignorant, or vicious people; and that his taste will be so refined by having contemplated the various beauties of nature and art, that most of those which will occur to him, during the course of a settled life, will appear trivial or insipid, and that he will have little relish for the greatest part of those things which are generally termed pleasure.

A Tour in Ireland in 1775

To conclude: if we suppose the judicious traveller to be an Englishman; when, after having visited Europe, he reflects on the different climates, productions, and governments, peculiar to the various nations; that some are parched by droughts, which continue half the year; that others appear as if situated under a dropping sponge; others buried in snow; subject to earthquakes; exposed to the ravages of volcanos, or to irresistible inundations; and others overrun by wild beasts, and venomous animals; he will then be sensible that in England he may spend a greater number of days, in the open air, than in any other country. And when he considers the arbitrary and tyrannic governments, the unnatural power of the inquisition, the slavery and poverty of the lowest class of people, the pride and ignorance of the highest, and the superstition and bigotry of both, which prevail in the different countries, and compares them with the advantages which so eminently distinguish his own country, where the climate is temperate, the earth fruitful, the government mild, the inhabitants (of both sexes) intelligent, and the women remarkably beautiful, he will then rest contented with the happiness he enjoys, by having it in his power to spend the remainder of his days in England.

FINIS

Notes

Many of these notes were in the original work. Those added by the transcriber are identified by (TN).

1. In the sixth and eighth number of *The Antiquarian Repertory*, there are two views of this abbey, and in the twentieth and forty-eighth number of Mr. Grose's *Antiquities* are two more views of it.

2. In the ninth number of the above publication is a plate of this bridge: J. Mynde likewise engraved a plate of it, and lately was published a large print with a view of the bridge, engraved by P. C. Canot, from a drawing by Richard Wilson.

3. *del castel vecchio*: "Of the old castle." (TN)

4. The centre arch of Blackfriars bridge is one hundred feet; that of Westminster, seventy-three; and that of the Rialto bridge in Venice, ninety.

5. *A Tour through Wales in 1774*. [by Henry Wyndham (TN)]

6. *Long from a country, &c.*: From *The Rosciad* by Charles Churchill (1731-64)(TN)

6. *Inter silvas academi quaerere verum*: "Seek for truth in the groves of Academe" Horace, *Epistles*, Bk. II Ep. II l. 44 (TN)

7. In his own words:

"He left the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad,
And showed by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much."

8. In 1765 a canal was begun to be cut from this place, and intended to be continued to Athlone, which is about seventy English miles off, in order to open a communication with the Shannon; at the rate the work is at present carried on it bids fair for being completed in three or four centuries.

9. Mr. Boate, in his natural history of Ireland, supposes it to have been built by the Danes about the year 1038. Very few of the inhabitants of Dublin know that this tower exists.

10. *Morra*: An Italian game of guessing the fingers held up.

11. Rutty's *History of Dublin*.

12. To see Dr. Johnson's description of a Scotch hut.

13. See Dr. Johnson's *Hebrides*.

14. Dr. Rutty, who was himself an Irishman, concludes his *Natural History of the County of Dublin* with this paragraph, "Let rash, gloomy,, and ungrateful mortals then forbear to murmur at this climate, since it is evident the bounty of Providence causeth the sun to shine upon us in as far greater degree than we commonly imagine or *deserve*."

15. According to observations made during the space of forty-three years in Dublin (from 1717 to 1758, both inclusive), it appears that the fair days were yearly at a medium a hundred and ten, which is not quite a third part of the year.

16. See Boate's *Natural History of Ireland*, Wright's *Louthiana*, Sir H. Piers's *Westmeath*, and several papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, for further particulars relative to those horns, and the bogs in which they were found.

17. In O'Halloran's *History of Ireland* is the following passage, "We never had frogs in Ireland till the reign of King William. it is true some mighty sensible members of the Royal Society, in the time of Charles II attempted to add these to the many other valuable presents sent us from England, but ineffectually; as they were of Belgic origin, it would seem they could only thrive under a Dutch prince; and these with many other exotics were introduced at the happy Revolution." This conclusion is as absurd as it is illiberal: the author is a Roman Catholic.

18. Members of Parliament could send letters free of postage. (TN)

19. Posthumous works of a late celebrated genius, vol. i. p.70.

21. The Milesians are said to have been colonies sent from Spain into Ireland, about the year of the world 2738.

22. *Per Mac, &c.*: "By *Mac* and *O* you will know the true Irishman: without these two no Irishman is here."

23. *Plurimas amicitias taciturnitas sola dissolvit*: "Silence alone dissolves many friendships." Ε αγάπη ουδέποτε εκπίπτει (E agape oudepote ekpipsei) "Love never fails." (TN)

24. St. Paul's I. Ep. to the Corinthians, chap. xiv. 18.

25. A quarto *English and Irish Dictionary* was published in Paris by Dr. O'Brien.

26. *Irish Historical Library*, page 156

27. *Account of Irish Coins*, page 13.

28. Preface to the *Irish Grammar*.

29. Vol. II of his works, chap. 25.

30. *Haud abhinc existimo Hibernicos viros genitricis facultatibus prae caeteris genticibus praestantius natura suppeditari; unicus enim coitus foecundus esse potest, multi vero prorsus inefficaces.* ["I by no means deduce from this that Irish men have naturally greater ability to sire children than other men; for while a single copulation can be fecund, it is also very true that many can be barren."(TN)]

31. *Cicisbeo*: A close friend of a married woman (perhaps also a lover, perhaps not) whose relationship is tolerated by the husband. (TN)

32. On this subject I refer the ladies to the *French Letters* of Ninon de l'Enclos; or to the English translation by Mrs. Griffith; to the perusal of which it would not be amiss for them to add that of a small duodecimo entitled, the *Dictionary of Love*.

33. See the *Survey of the County of Wicklow* published in 1760, by Jacob Neville.

34. Gen. ch. xxxi. Deuts ch. xvii. Joshua ch. viii. Hosea ch. xii.

35. *Caprea*: Modern Capri (TN)

36. In Boate's *Natural History of Ireland* are plates of this tower and those of Kildare and Swords.

37. *History of the County of Down* [Alexander Knox, *History of the County of Down* (Dubrin, 1775)].
38. C. Smith's *History of Cork*, vol. ii.
39. Smith's *History of Kerry*.
40. O'Halloran's *History*.
41. In the frontispiece of the *Louthiana* is a bad engraving of this obelisk.
42. In the *Louthiana* are three plates of this cross, and two with the elevation and plan of the tower.
43. *A codlin-pye in a bowl-dish*: An apple pie with whole apples, covered in pastry.
44. It is considered as one of the *great* towns in *Ireland*, the others being Cork, Limerick, and Waterford.
45. Donaghadee is sixteen miles from Belfast, and the channel which parts it from Port-Patrick in Scotland is but eighteen broad; from Dublin to Donaghadee is ninety-seven miles Irish; eighteen by sea, a hundred and eleven English miles through Scotland to Longtown in Cumberland, and three hundred and twelve from thence to London.
46. These are, the *Miscellanies in Prose*, by J. and A. L. Aikin (now Mrs. Barbauld); *Poetical Essays*, by W. H. Roberts; a *Poem on the Immortality of the Soul*, translated from the Latin, by Mr. Jennyns; and *Poems* by Dr. Goldsmith. The author of the *Letters between Henry and Frances* pointed out a passage to me, in the 368th letter, in which it is said, that this printer "was a tailor, who, by mere dint of genius, made the types, the ink, the paper, and the press. He has retired upon an easy fortune, and has resigned the business to his sons."
47. I found the Port wine better in Ireland than any I had tasted in other countries.
48. *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona morint!*: "They would count themselves lucky, if they only knew how well off they were." Virgil, *Georgics*, bk. 2, l. 458. (TN)
49. This reverend writer likewise relates, that a gentleman travelling upon the frontiers of Virginia was obliged to take up his quarters one evening at a miserable plantation, and that the master of the house put the weary traveller in his own bed, into which himself, his wife, and his daughter, a young lady of sixteen years of age, crept also. I only mention this, in order to remark that I was assured the like custom is frequently practised in these parts, though I never experienced it myself.
50. See Swift's delicate *Pastoral Dialogue between Dermot and Sheelah*.
51. *Corni Primi, secundi*: First and second horns (TN)
52. *Strepitoso*: suddenly; *amoroso*: lovingly (musical terms) (TN)
53. 30 $\frac{2}{3}$ yards in height, are usually allowed to every tenth of an inch the mercury falls in the barometer. But this, though near the truth, will not, for several reasons, be productive of perfect accuracy.
54. *Some Hints on Planting*. Dublin, 1773.— The following quotation from this pamphlet may not prove useless: "The admirers of tender foreign plants should have hothouses on purpose for them, and not place them amongst their pine-plants or melons; for, as many of them are poisonous, it is impossible to say how far the farina [pollen (TN)] of their blossoms may affect the pineapples or melons that are near them. It is very certain that the farina of cucumbers will spoil the flavour of melons that grow too

near to them; gardeners should be careful what trees or plants they put amongst fruit trees, or plants for the kitchen use."

55. It may not be amiss to remark here that the sycamore will grow better than any other deciduous tree, in exposed places, or near the sea, in any kind of soil; it resists the strongest winds, and bears the salt-water spray without injury.

56. *Shedding a dim religious light*: a slight misquotation of Milton. *Il Penseroso*, l. 160 — should be "casting," &c.

57. Dr. Smith, in his *Account of Cork*, thus clearly expresses himself. "Besides the public concerts, there are several private ones, where the performers are gentlemen and ladies, of such good skill, that one would imagine the god of music had taken a large stride from the continent over England to this island; for indeed the whole nation are of late become admirers of this entertainment; and those who have no ear for music, are generally so polite as to pretend to like it. A stranger is agreeably surprised to find in many houses he enters, Italic airs saluting his ears; and it has been observed, that Corelli is a name in more mouths than many of our Lord Lieutenants." This was written twenty-seven years ago, and many alterations may have taken place in things since that time.

58. *Pour egayer la matière*: "To enliven the work" (TN)

59. I saw in the Highlands of Scotland, in 1772, a single instance of this kind, which was a harrow fastened with straw wisps to a horse's tail.

60. I never saw any such breasts.

61. *Parkgate*: A now completely silted-up harbour on the River Dee, near Chester in Cheshire. (TN)

62. See the short refutation of this, and every future production of the kind, by Dr. Smollett, and inserted above.

63. I never had any governor; nor any companion, excepting in a few small excursions.

64. When I was at Ferney, near Geneva, I had the pleasure of conversing with Mr. de Voltaire upon this subject; and at the conclusion he gave me the following line, in his own handwriting. "An Englishman who goes to Italy, leaves men to see pictures." He did not choose to explain whether he meant that men were left in England, and nothing but pictures were to be seen in Italy; or that an Englishman neglected the study of mankind for that of pictures.

65. This eager thirst after knowledge, and change of place, appears to be one of the most probable proofs of the immortality of the soul.

66. A tour, or rather a voyage, which has never yet been undertaken, is the following, which appears likely to afford much satisfaction to those who may put it in practice. Supposing four gentlemen of fortune chose to undertake it, they might buy or hire a vessel of about a hundred and fifty tons burden, and carrying six or eight guns; the crew to consist of the captain and fifteen or twenty men; each of the gentlemen to have his own servant; the vessel to be furnished with fire-arms, and other weapons; various mathematical and musical instruments, books, cards, &c. and provisions for some months, together with the proper passes. They might then sail through the Straits of Gibraltar, and instead of landing in any port of Spain, France, or Italy, visit the African ports; such as Tangiers, Ceuta, Melilla, Oran, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, Alexandria; make an excursion to Grand Cairo, and the Pyramids; afterwards land at Joppa, visit Jerusalem, Damascus, and Aleppo; land again in the islands of Cyprus and Rhodes, see

Smyrna, and proceed to Constantinople. On their return, they could go on shore in all the principal islands of the Archipelago, and in that of Candia, travel from Athens to Corinth, and lastly over the chief islands in the Mediterranean; such as Sicily, Malta, Sardinia, Corsica, Minorca, and Majorca. Such an expedition might probably require twenty months or two years, and the expense might be about 4000l. The subject might be much enlarged upon; but this is only intended as a hint; and it will be evident that it cannot be put in practice by a single person.

67. I am aware that this may appear ludicrous, but it is meant seriously.

68. An English news-paper is a literary production of so extraordinary a nature, that it is not to be equalled by any gazettes published in foreign languages; and the uncommon mixture of news, true and false, politics, private scandal, religious disquisitions, and advertisements, of which it is composed, make it a matter of wonder, that arbitrary and bigoted governments, which prohibit such a number of various books, have notwithstanding always tolerated the importation and circulation of English newspapers.

69. *Parole douce, &c.*: "Soft speech, and raising one's hat, are good and cost nothing."
(TN)