

## TO GLENGARIFF AND KILLARNEY.

FOR some time past we have observed notices in the public journals calling attention to what is erroneously called "the Prince of Wales' route to Killarney," and it behoves us to set the public (especially the tourist public) right on this matter. In doing so, we act wholly *pro bono publico*, and disclaim any intention of unduly interesting or prejudicing anyone. We do not believe that the so-called "Prince of Wales' Route" is the best or more picturesque, unless, perhaps, for an occasional commercial traveller; but for those engaged in the pursuit of health, the beauties of the country, or artistic acquirements, we believe the route that we here point out will be found preferable.

The Prince of Wales, when he visited the district in 1858, had two considerations to influence his movements,—the first, Castle Bernard and Lord Bandon's family, the next, to see the rapidly-rising town of Skibbereen; and we must remember that neither the West Cork nor Ilen Valley Railways were in existence, and the wretched Dromdaleague, or, as it is now called, "*Drimalague*," had hardly left its primitive pastoral state for the unsavory and unsanitary filthiness of its present existence. The Prince's drive through Inishkeen, Ballineen, and by Dunmanway to Skibbereen was not without its charms, all of which are now lost to those who traverse the route shut up in railway carriages, and reach a town without knowing how they got there. "Palace Anne," Kilcaskan Castle, Mr. Connor's, of Manch, Fort Robert, and a host of other places of interest and beauty are lost to the traveller, and yet the attempt is being made by some interested parties not only to shut poor "Skibbereen" out in the cold, but to introduce the filthiest village in Ireland to the astonished view of strangers. It is most difficult to account for this. Let anyone experience the horrors of changing and shifting luggage of a rainy day or night into the wretched vehicles that are to convey him from Dromdaleague to Bantry, and tell what his feelings are when, nine miles farther on, he could repose in comfort in the excellent hotels of Skibbereen, and get to Bantry and on to Glengariffe through magnificent scenery, which is wholly wanting on the road from Dromdaleague. So much for the Prince of Wales' route, and for the much-mistaken policy that would endeavour to benefit Bantry at the expense of Skibbereen. We should wash our soiled linen at home, and certainly Dromdaleague is not a sample village to exhibit to strangers. Now, the route that was always traversed by tourists from Cork to Glengariffe, till the autumn of 1879, was via Macroom, Inchigeelagh, past Gougane-barra, through Keimaneigh, Ceim-An-Fhiadh, the Pass of the Deer, and by *Carrig-a-nass* Castle. Although a railway now conveys travellers to Macroom, we recommend those who delight in scenic attractions to avail themselves of an outside car, or side car, as it is generally called in the County Cork. He should, at the Uamhain, or "Oovan," or, as popularly pronounced, "Ovans," pause to see the remarkable cave in the rich limestone formation, which narrows after the entrance is passed, but at about 70 ft. becomes easy of access, and, branching out into many passages, forms a perfect though dangerous labyrinth. Kilcrea Abbey is also worth the time its inspection will take, and the town of Macroom, or Macrumpe, as it was formerly called, is not without objects of interest, amongst which we may notice the fine old castle of the present Earl of Bantry. There is no difficulty in procuring conveyance from Macroom to Glengariff, and at Inchigeelagh; an excellent luncheon can be had at the very time of day that it is required. The village is most picturesquely situated, and had at one time a small barrack for foot soldiers.

Ten miles due west the River Lee takes its rise on the side of Coomataggart, one of the "Sheehy" mountains, and at a distance of it mile from its source opens into the beautiful little weird lake of Gougane-barra, the rocky cleft of St. Fion Barr (or more anciently, *i.e.*, before his time, Loch Irc or Eric), between Bealnageary and Inchigeelagh, Allua of songs rushes forth like an arrow for better than four miles. The river forms the serpentine lake, Allua, so repeatedly quoted that we won't inflict the stanzas here on our readers; but, having seen the little solitary gem and its ancient hermitage, enter Keimaneigh, and for nearly two miles revel in its ever-changing varieties of rocky landscape. As we leave the Doughill Mountain rises abruptly some 1,300 ft., and we sweep along by the Owvane River, which we first made acquaintance with (while diluting the J. J., that we had in our flask) on leaving the Pass of the Deer; on by Cullenagh and Cappaboy Bridges, and still by the side of the brawling river, we come to Carriganass, now the castle of the Barretts, but once a stronghold of the O'Sullivauns. We have been told that O'Sullivan Beara, in some history he wrote, calls it *Torentiripes*, which would recall the Irish name, Carig-An-eara, the Craig of the Torrent,—most appropriate to the locality. The road now takes as on to Ballylicky Bridge and House, and the ruins of the curious old Elizabethan building of Reenadisert Court, with its modern addition and beautiful gardens. A bridge was built here by the grand jury of the county, but the engineering appears to have been of a *mild* description, and the bridge was carried away in extreme infancy. From this point to Glengariff we have Bantry Bay all before us, and at about five o'clock arrive in time for an excellent dinner in either of the hotels. It is Hobson's choice which (and we speak from an experience of thirty years), should you like to dawdle by the seashore, smell the ozone and indulge in occasional fog or ocean mist you will go to one. If you are in a vein for "the noise of falling water," a sight of the Sugar Loaf, Garrinish Island, and the picture an elevated position generally gives, not to speak of the hackneyed consideration conveyed in the word sanatorium, you will go to the other; both are, strange to say, the property of *Irish builders*, that is, Irish architects, and each displays in its arrangements the taste of the *dilettante* proprietor. But as it is with the way to *get* to Glengariff and Killarney we have to do, we will merely say as regards the hotels, "*chacun a son gout*," and having conducted our readers as far as "*The Rocky Glen*," leave the road from thence to Killarney for future notice, merely adding that by either way Glengariff can be reached from London in about eighteen hours.

A guide book is badly wanting for Glengariffe; we purchased the best we could get in London, but whilst its author gives no opinion of his own, he is lavish with other people's; thus we have extracts from Thackeray's Sketch-Book, who visited the place forty years ago, and speaks of the then "pothouse" as a pretty "inn;" Prince Puckler Muskau's tour in 1828(!) Cesar Otway's sketches of fifty years ago; Lady Chatterton's book published in 1839, and a host of others, and a scrap supposed to be "racy," written by a Mr. Lucy, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1875, when he went there to get his hair curled. One glance at the book was sufficient to give us not only a distaste but a doubt as to its contents. Cromwell's bridge is shown with five arches. When we last stood on it in 1872, four had disappeared, and we could perceive a one-sidedness that should never appear in a guide-book. Whilst one hotel was shown both in views and maps, the other was as carefully suppressed, although perhaps as a winter resort and sanatorium, from its altitude it might prove the best. However, we will take our leave here, hoping to resume the subject in a future publication, and describe the way to Kenmare by the "Priest's Leap."