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To Visitors for Dublin’s Civic Week.

WHETHER you are from the provinces or from abroad you may with certainty begin your sojourn in Dublin with the feeling that you are the city’s guest and that you are going to enjoy yourself. Your scope is unlimited.

For a week the city will be en fête, and if you are so minded you can give yourself up to the revelry and late nights associated with great festivals. You can visit the historical pageant in Trinity College and the Military Tattoo at Lansdowne Road. The Industrial Pageant may claim your attention, or you may like to see, and hear of, the achievements of Dublin’s artists and men of letters—lectures and exhibitions will be provided. If you are sufficiently indefatigable you may be able to do all these things and perhaps visit the sports and concerts to boot and return home tired in body but exhilarated, and, if it is your first visit, convinced that Dublin is a very gay city. You will have enjoyed yourself, but you will have missed something of the spirit of Dublin.

Hurry is alien to Dublin, and if our critics say, “Ah! that is why you have not developed industrially,” we need not point to our big factories in reply but rather agree and say we have our dignity and that we know how to live. It is difficult for the visitor of a week to “feel” Dublin, but before he arrives he should read D. L. Kelleher’s “Glamour of Dublin,” and then wander with him through O’Connell Street, Abbey Street, around by Liberty Hall, the Quays, College Green and Grafton Street, and via Dame Street to the oldest part of the town built around the Castle and Christ Church. Then the city will begin to live for him; the historical pageant will have a message of explanation, and he will begin to understand why Goldsmith and the gentle Mangan were typical Dublin folk.
Dubliners are accustomed to assert, not without an unjustifiable pride, that they have never climbed to the top of Nelson Pillar—they always, of course, call it "The Pillar." Now, this is not as it should be, and strangers bent on "doing" Dublin should first "see it whole," and the place to see it from is the top of the Pillar. The Pillar is situated at the geometric, sentimental and tramway centre of Dublin. It is 135 feet high and very ugly. The ascent is somewhat of an experience, and it requires soundness of wind and limb to reach the top by the narrow, spiral staircase. There are no lifts. On the platform one has a feeling of dizziness, and inevitably one speculates on the consequences of throwing oneself from the top. One or two venturesome spirits achieved the distinction, and always landed on the ubiquitous tram wires—dead, but entire. The panorama is fine; roads, monuments, parks, the sea, and the hills to the south. The Liffey, winding under its many bridges dividing the city north and south, is the landmark from which to take one's bearings. You can get the places of interest in perspective and an excellent idea of their relative situation. By all means climb the Pillar!

The Shopping and Amusement Centre.

A stroll up O'Connell Street, across the Bridge, up Westmoreland Street, through College Green and up Grafton Street to Stephen's Green, takes one through the fashionable shopping streets of Dublin. Every good Dubliner upholds O'Connell Street as the widest in Europe and the better ones maintain it is the widest in the world. It is, at any rate, wide, airy and bright, and at its worst was excluded from the old, almost forgotten, jibe—"Dirty Dublin." The General Post Office (nearly rebuilt) is its most noticeable building. In pre-sixteen days—many things are dated from the Insurrection of 1916—O'Connell Street was the great shopping centre of the city, but since its destruction in the Rebellion it never quite regained its former standing, and commercially it is to-day more remarkable for the number of its Cinemas. All the way from the Pillar to College Green there is an irregular line of statues of great or popular Irishmen—Gray, O'Connell, Smith O'Brien, Tom Moore, and then in quick succession Goldsmith, Burke, Grattan, and a little to the right King William, of Boyne fame. The statues are of varying artistic value, the best being that of O'Connell and Tom Moore, woefully maligned in pewter, is easily the worst. Across O'Connell Bridge, wide and fine to look at, the view down the Liffey is obstructed by what is surely the worst example of encroachment of utilitarianism that we possess—the Loop Line. It is a railway connection between Westland Row and Amiens Street terminus, and its only possible justification is that it takes the eye off the filthy Butt Bridge. Up the river, a pleasant enough view is seen, and sometime the quays, with their antique shops and second-hand book shops and stalls, should be visited. Westmoreland Street has little of note except the Ballast Office clock, from which the citizens take their "time" and which is the final arbiter in the disputes as to the accuracy of watches. Part of the old Houses of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland, faces on Westmoreland Street—a gloomy portico of six Corinthian columns, built to add lustre to the coming and going of the Peers to and from the old High Court of Judicature. "Trinity College is passed, and for the present ignored, and Grafton Street entered. Grafton Street nominally extends to College Green, but it is at the junction of Nassau Street, where Yates' corner, beloved of makers of appointments, stands and Horton's at the corner of Suffolk Street, that the famous street really begins. Here the rents are fabulous, shops discreet, and goods are dainty, fashionable and expensive. Here between 12.30 and 1 p.m., and again between 4.30 and 5.15 p.m., the jeunesse dorée of the city saunters for a while before adjourning for tea in the fine and quite inexpensive cafés of the street. The Cairo used to be the famous rendezvous, but now,
The Castle and Thereabouts.

Slightly grubby, but very old, the streets surrounding Dublin Castle are the streets that were trod by the Gaelic Chiefs in servility or captivity, by English Kings in triumph and flight, and by countless knights, robbers, patriots, burghees, fops, students, archbishops and bishops, Catholics and Protestants, deans and curates, peers of the Realm, deputies and Lord Lieutenants and by the Danes.

The Castle is an interesting place, and has nothing but unpleasant memories for Irishmen. It should be visited, though as it is fully occupied by Government Departments and the Law Courts, it will be somewhat difficult to see thoroughly. The City Hall, which adjoins, is really more interesting and nicer to look at. It was completed in 1779 to house the Royal Exchange, but afterwards it became the home of the Dublin Corporation. O’Connell made his first public speech here. The Rotunda contains many statues, artistically good, and historically interesting. The ancient Charter of the city can be seen, and so can, in the muniment room, the symbols of office of the Lord Mayor, the sword, mace, etc. Christ Church Cathedral is a little bit away, and is a Danish foundation, though it was refounded and built on its present lines by Strongbow, the first of the Norman adventurers, in 1172. Take the official guide to Dublin, read D. L. Kelleher’s vignette on St. Laurence O’Toole, and you can, if you are a lover of the past, or perhaps sentimental, enjoy your visit to Christ Church. Nearby is St. Patrick’s, more modern and more imposing than Christ Church. Here the spirit of Dean Swift dominates everything in the mind of him who has read ”Gulliver’s Travels,” or the ”Journal to Stella.” The Cathedral is replete with monuments. The Earl of Cork, who was an adventurer and became a great landowner; Turlough O’Carolan, the last of the Bards; Charles Wolfe, of Sir John Moore fame; and Duke Schombergh, with the cannon ball which killed St. Ruth at Aughrim on his tablet,—it is not to be assumed that the noble Duke fired the shot himself; Hester Johnson, Stella of the Journal, are all commemorated here. St. Patrick’s must not be missed, but if the visitor is wise let him get the thrill of walking out of 1927 by visiting Marsh’s Library. Nestling under the Cathedral, the library was founded by Archbishop Marsh, a contemporary of Swift, and in its ancient tomes and wired reading boxes and book chains, to prevent dishonest readers stealing the books, it preserves all the atmosphere of the 18th century. Around St. Patrick’s, and more than grubby, are the Liberties, the ancient seat of the weavers and the home of the poor people, who are more Dublinish than any other in Dublin. The Coombe Hospital, one of the premier lying-in hospitals in the world, lies in this district and attracts students from all parts. Thomas Street is full of tragic memories for the patriotic-minded Irishman. Here was the hiding-place of Lord Edward; he was captured by the notorious Sire in No. 154. Lord Kilwarden, a kindly man, was murdered in this street, and in front of the miserable-looking St. Catherine’s Church Robert Emmet was hanged. James’ Gate adjoins, and Guinness’s Brewery is here—the largest in the world and producing the best stout.

Grafton Street, where fashionable Dublin diaperts itself.

O’Connell Street—the widest in Europe.
At Christ Church Place there is the Church of St. Werburgh. The name itself suggests an ancient edifice of foreign origin. The original church was founded by a colony of Bristol merchants in the time of Henry III., and St. Werburgh was abbess of the Convent of Chester and daughter of the Saxon King of Mercia. The vaults contain the remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Hoey's Court nearby, squalid to-day, was the birth-place of Jonathan Swift. Fishamble Street had a music hall where Handel's Messiah was first performed in 1742. Smock Alley Theatre, where Garrick once acted, is in the neighbourhood; and Buck Jones and the other dandies and fops flirted, swaggered, brawled and drank coffee in this once fashionable district.

The Museum and Art Galleries.

The principal entrance to the National Museum is from Kildare Street. It is not a very imposing structure architecturally, but it contains a very fine collection of antiquities, and especially of Irish antiquities. In last month's Irish Travel the acting keeper, Mr. L. S. Gogan, gave an account of some of these wonderful treasures, and every visitor to Ireland should make it his business to see them. Old Irish coins and seals, Irish and foreign rare glass, the Georgian Room and the Natural History Museum are special features of the collection. The National Gallery, which has also been authoritatively dealt with in this magazine, stands in Merrion Street and adjoins Government Buildings. It has a very representative collection of old masters and ranks with the best minor galleries in Europe.

The gem of our picture collections is housed in Harcourt Street (a No. 14 or 15 tram from the Pillar will leave one at the door for 1d.). What a door! It is a miserable-looking place, giving no promise of its contents. A private house converted into a Picture Gallery, the pictures suffer from many, in the circumstances unavoidable, faults of arrangements. The Municipal Gallery of modern art owes its foundation mainly to the efforts of Sir Hugh Lane. By begging and asking and speech and pen, and by generous giving, he secured the nucleus of the collection. The Gallery is rich in examples of Irish painters and of painters of the modern British school. It is particularly rich in French moderns, and Fantin Latour, Corot, Daumier, Diaz, Gerome and Courbet are represented.

When the Lane bequest is recovered from London (everybody in Ireland believes it to have been stolen) we may hope for a building worthy to house such a really fine collection.

It is with no sense of irreverence that Trinity College is included amongst the museums of the country. One must visit Trinity, if only to see the Book of Kells—one of the finest artistic achievements of mediæval monasticism. The Library of the College, having the privileges of the British Museum and the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is a wonderful place of reference and in addition has many rare and valuable manuscripts.

Trinity, too, is so intimately bound to the life of the city, and, through men like Burke, Goldsmith and Sheridan to the world, that failure to visit it would be a great mistake.

The Parks of Dublin.

One speaks of the parks of Dublin and means St. Stephen's Green and the Phoenix Park and the Botanic Gardens. Little parks, like St. Patrick's and the one under Jervis Street Hospital, have little interest for the visitor. St. Stephen's Green approximates to the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris or St. James' Park in London, inasmuch as they are in the centre of the city, but neither of these parks can compare for beauty of lay-out or for the sparkling freshness, which
is simply marvellous in the centre of a thickly populated area. The lake, not too artificial-looking, the cascade, the islands and the ducks, seem to add to the freshness and gorgeous colours of the flowers—a credit and a pride to the city and to the gardeners. You are tired with work or sightseeing and generally "grumpy" when you suddenly find yourself in good humour crossing "The Green." How many Dubliners have experienced this!

The Phoenix Park is huge, and, as with O'Connell Street, it is the public-spirited belief of the citizens that it is the largest in Europe. It is certainly an immense "lung" for the city, and while the People's Gardens, with their flowers and lakes are always crowded, and the football and hurling grounds are always being played upon, there are many quiet walks and many broad spaces where one's companion need only be the deer.

The Zoological Gardens are located in the park, and there could be no more ideal situation for the Zoo. A lake, surrounded by gentle, prettily wooded slopes, in the centre of the gardens, and scattered around are the dens of the beasts, while exotic birds—flamingos, pelicans and multi-coloured ducks—roam freely through the park.

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Beyond the City.
By C. M. O'N.

EVERY Guide-book and every writer on the subject will emphasise the beautiful natural surroundings of Dublin. The rapid growth of the suburbs of recent years has not yet caught upon the countryside, and the transition from urban to rural surroundings is so abrupt, particularly in the direction of Rathfarnham and Terenure, as to take the visitor by surprise.

It is somewhat difficult to advise the tourist with limited time at his disposal where to visit, as there is very great variety. Killiney is inevitable; the view down the coast from Vico Road, across the Vale of Shanganagh to the Sugar Loaf Mountains would of itself justify this. Howth is equally insistent, for the sake of its breezes and, in the evening, its famous sunsets. Glenhu, high up in the hills, can be easily reached nowadays, with the help of the many Ford motor cars that ply from Rathfarnham village, though not so long ago it was considered something of a feat to get so far on a Sunday, starting before dinner. Perhaps the least known, and certainly the least visited beauty spot around Dublin, is Glenasmole, beyond Tallaght. Lucan, with its Spa, has possibly on account of the discontinuance of the Electric Tram Service, lost something of its popularity recently, but it is very beautiful. The stroll along the Liffey from the Spa to Leixlip, under amazingly old-looking trees, is the source of very pleasant memories. A feature of all these places is their suitability for picnics—even in Glenasmole, Rathfarnham village can be reached on a No. 17 tram and quite a fleet of Ford motors await to take one as far as Rockbrook village, which is about a mile from the Glen. If you happen to have walked the three miles from Rathfarnham to Rockbrook, this seems like six, and it is a steep climb all the time. Before the war caused the destruction of the trees, most people were inclined to halt at Pine Forest, and lie in grateful peace at the edge of a peaty torrent, but now this has lost most of its allurements, and one continues to the fork in the road, turns to the left,
Glenasmole is to the connoisseur the piece-de-resistance of Dublin beauty spots, and, strangely enough, it owes some of its wild-looking beauty to the construction of the reservoirs of the Rathmines and Rathgar Urban Council. It is necessary to get a permit from the Council to enter the valley by the main gate, and despite the generous ease with which this is obtained, it is to be feared that many people on casual walks descend into the valley from the road by Glasannucky Wood. A stranger should seek the permit in Rathmines Town Hall. To get to this wonder-place, the steam tram from Terenure will take one to Tallaght, from which one walks about two "good" miles to the bridge at Bohernabreena. The bridge is high, ancient, and moss-grown, and for motorists is the beginning of a most dangerous zig-zag piece of road. A little beyond is the entrance gate, and up a short stretch of rather disappointing (after all we have said) river bank, on by a prosperous-looking farm house to another gate one goes, and then even the most sceptical will agree that the place cannot be over-estimated. Lakes, trees, hills, glades, rivers, and the knowledge that the heroes of the Fianna hunted here gives all that can be wished for in natural beauty.

If one succeeds in visiting the places mentioned, one can safely boast of having seen Dublin, and if one has further time at one's disposal there is still Bray, Enniskerry and the Wicklow Hills.
A Bookman in Eirinn.

County Wicklow in Song and Story.

By Aodh de Blacam.

Well may the poet speak of Wicklow as a fairy tale: it is a land of mighty and yet gentle mountains, of loughs buried among them; of many colours—purple hillsides, golden whins on wild roads, brown moor, black and emerald forest. Its quiet, ruined shrines, its wide and noble estates, its white-wall-girdled dairy farms, its friendly people, its wandering tinkers, whose camp fires sprinkle ashes in the shadow of many a pine forest or sandstone wall, fill it with picturesque romance.

I would have Wicklow seen first from the top of Howth, across the bay, at evening or at early morning; for then the peaks and valleys, in their delicately-shaded hues, look as the Promised Land must have looked to the patriarch's dim eyes. Again, from the sea, its loveliness is seen extended under the sunset as the mail-boat draws near Ireland; and so, too, it was seen by John Mitchel as the "Dragon" sailed away: "May 27, 1848... Dublin city... lies now behind us, and the sun has set behind the blue peaks of Wicklow, as we steam past Bray Head, when the vale of Shanagagh, sloping softly from the Golden Spears, sends its bright river murmuring to the sea."

The poets of our own days have been moved much by Wicklow. Synge there got much of his dark and passionate colour; and "to the oaks of Glencree" he sang:

My arms are round you, and I lean
Against you, while the lark
Sings over us, and golden lights, and green
Shadows are on your bark,

recalling how

There'll come a season when you'll stretch
Black boards to cover me...

Glencree is the home of inspiration to a greater poet, who has seen the gilly of Christ upon the hills, and looking into the night sky between the mountain peaks has beheld, not the Belt of Orion, but the Spear of Angus. There is, in Campbell's poetry of Wicklow, though it be fashioned in frail little verses, hint of some tremendous vision, as though this poet had walked Hell in Dante's footsteps, and ascended Heaven to sight of the throne of Ciarán; and had found words too weak for the narration of his experiences. In the solitudes of the more remote parts of Wicklow, we see what he has seen.

You may see at Avoca the withered trunk of the tree under which Moore composed "The Meeting of the Waters"; and if you are exceptionally lucky, you may catch that valley in the mood of utter quietude that pleased the poet.

One of the greatest Irish poets, Eochay O'Hussey—the collection of his poems is long overdue—visited Wicklow in Elizabethan days, and we have his address to Phelim, son of the great Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne, in praise of O'Byrne's house. He alludes, I suppose, to Ballinacr, the site of which is near that now favoured holiday resort, Jack's Hole.

Iomhhuin teach re a dtugas cul.

Dear the dwelling I have left: peopled burg of whitened halls; rampart fairy-bright and free; fair house, full of perfect hues.

Dear its mirth of kingly sons; dear the decking of its rooms; dear its wolf dogs' romping leaps; dear its clean steeds' swift career...

O'Hussey tells of its slender, gentle maidens, the flower-bright textures, the heavenly, sweet music of harps and blare of yellow-tubed, cunningly-ornamented trumpets; the loud hum of the hosts inhabiting the place, the testing of racing horses, the pointing of hunting spears.

Such was the stronghold of O'Byrne, sometimes called the Irish Robin Hood, but very inappropriately so, for this sturdy old rebel, pedigreed descendant of Bran, of the royal house, lived as a prince, and made Wicklow in his day the refuge of learning. He "beginneth now to overerow so high mountains" wrote Spenser of him, and a poet of yesterday, T. D. Sullivan:

Fiach MacHugh of the mountain—
Fiach MacHugh of the glen—
Who has not heard of the Glenmalure Chief
And the feats of his hardriding men?

For the O'Byrnes was made the greatest of all Irish war songs, that poem of O'Daly's that Ferguson translated so well:

God be with the Irish host,
Never be their battle lost...

and for them, too, in our own times, that rollicking
song, "Follow me up to Carlow," that goes to what traditionally is the very air that O'Byrne's pipers played as he marched to his victories.

* * * * *

The supreme book to read in Wicklow is, of course, Standish O'Grady's "Flight of the Eagle," which may be got now in a cheap edition. This noble story is the story of Red Hugh's flight from Dublin Castle to O'Byrne's protection, and his forced ride from Glenmalure home to far Trecownall. O'Grady does not find it inconsistent with a truly Homeric narrative to discourse, at intervals, of the later associations of his scenes. Thus, when Red Hugh is flying to Castle Kevin, O'Toole's Castle, and crosses the river, O'Grady recalls how later Larry Sterne as a boy fell into the mill-race there—"whence the miller luckily fished him out alive—fished out little Larry, and along with him Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby, Doctor Slop, and all that pleasant company, hid away curiously enough in that young heart and brain, out of the closing jaws of the wine-dark, warbling Anna-moe."

O'Grady must be read with caution, for some of his identifications are inaccurate, or at least unsure, notably that of Ballinaclay; but he has wrought as wondrously for Wicklow as Scott for the Highlands of Scotland, and his book would have made as great a noise as "Waverley" had it appeared at that lucky time.
Sir Felix Pole on Irish Tourism.

Sir Felix Pole is one of the greatest experts on touring and tourist problems. How greatly Ireland impressed him is told in this article which he contributed to the "Irish Independent" after a visit to the South.

"IRELAND as a paradise for tourists." This phrase, used by Sir Walter Nugent at a luncheon given by the Great Southern and Great Western Railway Companies at Killarney on July 4, has remained in my memory ever since. Ireland is a paradise for tourists, but the great problem which faces those who are interested in advertising the tourist business is to convince Englishmen of the fact.

Years ago many thousands of Englishmen regularly visited Ireland. Some do so still, but not nearly to the extent to which they go to foreign countries. Many Englishmen are persuaded that there is an element of danger associated with a visit to Ireland, while many others are under the impression that they would not be received with favour in Ireland.

Wide of the Truth.

Of course this is far from the truth. An Irishman told me that there was no better means of ensuring the most cordial treatment in every quarter of Ireland than for a visitor to admit English nationality. My personal experience amply confirms this. I believe that to-day Englishmen are the most popular visitors to the Emerald Isle. Moreover, I am convinced that this has only to be made known in England to ensure a vast increase in the number of visitors from this country.

Cheaper Hotels in Ireland.

I In referring to hotels, I may point out that Ireland has at present one very great advantage: really good hotel accommodation can be obtained for several guineas per week less than is charged for corresponding accommodation at holiday resorts in Scotland, England, and Wales. In fact, in many cases the saving on the hotel bill is sufficient, or even more than sufficient, to pay the railway fare from London.

The Recent Tour.

How, then, can Englishmen be induced to visit Ireland? A very practical measure was recently taken by the directors of the Great Western Railway of England, in association with their allies, the direc-
tors of the Great Southern of Ireland. This took the form of a visit to the South of Ireland, extending over a week, during which a large part of Southern Ireland was traversed, while luncheons and conferences took place with various bodies, including the Killarney branch of the Irish Tourist Association and representatives of the cities and trades of Cork and Waterford.

**Purposes of the Visit.**

The visitors included Viscount Churchill, Lord Dunraven, Lord Mount Edgecumbe, and Lord Glanely, and the visit was undertaken for a threefold purpose. Firstly, that they might ascertain the possibilities of developing the tourist business of the South of Ireland; secondly, to discuss with the Irish Railway Company's directors and officers schemes for popularising and developing the services between Fishguard and the South of Ireland ports; and lastly, but by no means least, to see the beauties of the country and associate with its inhabitants in order that, by experience, they might assure their fellow-countrymen of the character of the welcome they would receive if they visit your shores.

The route taken was an unusual one, for we journeyed direct from Fishguard to Parknasilla, afterwards visiting Waterville, Glengarriff, Killarney, Cork, Queenstown, Waterford, and Dublin.

**Co. Kerry Scenery.**

Of the tours in Cork and Kerry, two scenes remain impressed upon my memory: one, immediately on passing the tunnel on the journey to Glengarriff, when a magnificent view of Bantry Bay came into sight; the other, when crossing the Coomakista Pass, near Waterville. In both cases the conditions were favourable, for, when passing, the rain temporarily ceased and the sun shone out to add charm to the landscape.

"**A Paradise for Tourists."**

On quitting your shores my thoughts turned to the request made that I should set down my impressions of my visit to Ireland. The phrase used by Sir Walter Nugent—"a paradise for tourists"—seems to me to sum up more aptly the position than any expression I can find. Without doubt, the counties of Kerry and Cork possess natural advantages which, in my view, are unsurpassed and rarely equalled. Whilst perhaps they do not possess the grandeur of the Alpine districts, the ever-changing view which meets the eye and the wealth of colour are unequalled in any country in which it has been my pleasure to travel.

**A Hearty Welcome Everywhere.**

As to the attitude in Ireland to English tourists, my experience leaves no doubt as to the hearty welcome which awaits them. From the polite but sincere "Welcome to Ireland" which I received on landing at Parknasilla, to the parting shot of a boatman, "Begorra, sir, next time you come, ask for Patrick Murphy and I'll be there!" I received nothing but the sincerest welcome from all classes at every point.

The country is indeed a paradise for tourists, providing facilities for mountaineering, fishing, golf and boating, with enchanting scenery at every turn, and I can unhesitatingly recommend the English tourist to consider the charms of Ireland before being tempted to visit Continental resorts.

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Views in Dublin's Fair City.

Malton's view of the Custom House, one of the Architectural boasits of the Capital, and the scene of many historic events.

Courtesy, Civic Institute of Ireland

The Hill of Howth famed for its Bracing Breezes and its Sunsets.

Welch.

Dun Laoghaire Harbour, the Gateway between Ireland and Europe and a pleasure resort of Dublin Citizens.

I.T.A.
And To-day

Views in Dublin’s Even Fairer Suburbs.

St. Stephen’s Green after Malton, where peers and Members of Parliament took their pleasure. At present it is the perfect example of the City Park.

Courtesy, Civic Institute of Ireland

Goldsmith and Burke were honoured in Bronze.

The Botanic Gardens at Glasnevin are famous for their variety of indigenous and exotic plants.

Liffey near Lucan showing the Salmon Weir.

The River Liffey near Lucan showing the Salmon Weir. (I.T.A.)

O’Connell Monument Glasnevin.
Kildare. An Impression
By M. Lyster.

I LOVE the mountains. Perhaps better than any other mountains I love the Dublin mountains. I know that compared with the snowy heights of Mont Blanc they are dwarfs. But because of the light and atmosphere about them they do not give the impression of smallness. And because of that atmosphere they have colours unsurpassed anywhere: deep blues, mystical purples, and shadows of gold where the heather lies.

It was because of all this that when I met the O'Gradys, and they said that now they had left the mountains and gone to live in Kildare, that I felt sad. They invited me for a week-end—but what will it be, I thought, away from the mountains?

Kildare is a county of plains. I had learnt that in my geography book and I kept saying it over to myself as the 'bus hurried through the leafy road, bordered by rich meadows, on the way to Lucan. As we came out from under the trees I looked all round me. And there they were, the mountains, in a long, blue, undulating chain; the Hell Fire, with the black knob on the top of it, that one knows is the ruins of the old club where the devil is said to have come to play cards with the gambling cavaliers; and Kippure, and the others that run over to Douce, looking on the sea. "Douce is the last bit of Ireland you see when you're going out to sea," a Wicklow man had told me once, and by his voice one knew that he gave a long last look back at it when he himself was going over the waters.

Kildare is a county of plains, but the plains have a background of mountains. It is a county of rich meadows and great trees and wide, silver-grey rivers, and historic memories. When Dublin gardens are hesitating about the Spring, Kildare is already decked with Spring flowers, daffodils that grow under the trees, and later on sweet-scented bushes around which the first bees hum.

The O'Gradys are the best kind of people to stay with. They let you do what you like. They let you alone and do not bother to "entertain" you. So I took advantage of this truest of hospitality and penetrated the old Abbey on Sunday morning. The monks had gone long ago, but they had left an atmosphere behind that will always remain. One could still see them, tending their bees, studying learned books, walking with thoughts on the next world beside that great river. For the Liffey is at its height here in Celbridge—it has gathered up its waters into a calm yet urgent flow; it is deep enough for rocks, remote enough for waterhens to build and sail up and down under the trees that bend to the water, and remote enough for strange little river birds, almost the size of the waterhen but patched with white to dip their wings into the silver-grey. An old bridge stretches across the water here. Beyond on either side there are beautiful fields, and on one side the green creeps up to the blue mountains. It is a place for long days to be spent. Long days from morning till evening with nothing to hurry one away. Here one should sink down and rest. It is a place of peace—those silver-grey waters that have flowed through all Irish history wash one's troubles into the slow moving tide. If any scene in Ireland is truly Irish it is this: the water, the bridge, the feel of the soft, springy fields over which one can walk for miles under one's feet.

Lunch was late on Sunday—I had three hours and a half before me. It was easy to get into the open field from the edge of the river, and I left a landmark as the easiest way back—a tree on the opposite bank. It had a strange dry, light brown trunk that threw itself out in great knobs and curves, bending upwards and downwards in loops and twists. It was like a great house, a monastery for the birds to come and rest in.

I would have liked to walk all the way along the river to Poulaphouca; I had been there once before and seen the great cascade of water fling itself down, and though it was beautiful, still it was only a moment of beauty, and what I would most have liked would have been to follow the gently moving waters that led up to it along the woodland paths.

Coming back I rested in a stone seat, hidden away, overlooking the water. It was surrounded by hart's-tongue and other ferns and wild flowers of the woods. As I was leaving it I met a man who said: "Did you have a wish?" "Why should I wish just now?" I said. "That was a Wishing Chair you were sitting in. You would have got whatever you wished for while you were sitting in it."

I am one of those queer people who think that wishing is, if anything, unlucky, so it was not an opportunity wasted!

When lunch was over we went to see the O'Grady cows. They were beautifully kept, and, I was told, very profitable. (Kildare is a paradise for cows.) There was one small cow of very attractive blue-grey colouring—a Kerry cow, I believe.

We wandered through the fields and called to see a very old man, who showed us the century old cemetery and told us the history of everyone in it.

A plan was evolved to spend the afternoon with a friend, within motoring distance, but I put in a plea...
for the fields. The sun was out, and there they lay, soft and green and inviting. One could, after all, sit in a drawingroom drinking tea any time.

Next day Mrs. O'Grady was to drive to the Curragh. She asked me to stay on for a few days more and come with her. I had begun now to feel the fascination of the plains. It is a fascination of a special kind and a particularly soothing one. We drove slowly over the flat, even roads that were usually flanked by hedges. I longed to see the wide, uninterupted plain of the Curragh. It came like a piece of landscape all to itself. Away in some trees a red roof appeared, but on all sides there were "wide and windy acres." How splendid for men and horses that came to gallop here, across the bare stretches, blown by a heart-stirring wind. For here the wind blows in one's hair and right into one's heart.

When the evening was late we returned. The O'Gradys have a wonderful hall, running all the length of the house, with a huge, old-fashioned fireplace, where even on this summer evening a few logs burned. As we sat here I said to them later:

"That was rather a nice cottage in the opposite corner of the field to where the old man lives."

"Do you mean Byrne's cottage?"

"Yes—I suppose it's not very dear."

"Do you mean to rent? Of course not—it could not be as much as £20 a year. But who do you mean it for? Not for yourself—You wouldn't live in a plain—would you?"

"Well, I don't know," I admitted. "I might live in Byrne's cottage for the summer."

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Killarney: What to see and how to see it.

Killarney, on account of the highly organised tours, offers even the week-end visitor full opportunity to see most of its unique beauty.

Killarney is unique amongst the famous holiday resorts of Ireland in that it can be "done" by organised tours. When you go to Leenane or Glengarriff or Portsalon, you must make your own way and find out things for yourself. This, of course, is much the pleasantest way of spending a holiday, but the necessity is rather a drawback for fleeting visitors. In Killarney you can spend a week-end and with the aid of the organised tours see almost everything.

Usually four tours can cover all the points of interest. All motor-coach tours start at 10 a.m., and the first to be undertaken is the one which goes through the Gap of Dunloe and by the three lakes. The way is over the pretty River Laune, by Dunloe Castle, Reeks, Purple Mountain, and the Toomies. On through the magnificently wild scenery the hardy little ponies continue by Black Lough, the Logan Stone, a huge delicately poised boulder susceptible to the merest touch, where the Black Valley and its lakes display themselves in beauty. The Upper Lake is reached, luncheon is eaten, and the tourist is rowed amongst the beautiful islands and under the Old Weir Bridge. The swift current at the bridge gives one the thrill of shooting the rapids. A landing is usually made on Dinis Island before returning through the Middle Lake to Ross Castle, where the motors await to take one to one's hotel.

A second tour takes one through Muckross Demesne to the ruins of a 14th century Franciscan Abbey, with its ancient yew tree—the sacred tree of pagan Ireland—and its beautiful cloisters and old historic graves. The Colleen Bawn Rock and Dinis Island are visited, and, returning to the vehicles, the party goes by the shore of the Middle Lake under Torc

The far-famed Gap of Dunloe.
September, 1927.

Mountain to where Tore Waterfall plunges 60 feet over sheer rock in a cascade of beauty. The head of the waterfall is usually attained, when another aspect of its glory is secured. From Tore the road takes one to Killarney through the pretty village of Muckross, nestling at the foot of Mangerton.

The Deer Park, Aghadoe, and Ross Castle comprise the third tour. The Golf Links is situated in the Deer Park, and visitors from the contributing hotels have free use of it. The Deer Park itself is very beautiful, and its "Fairy Glen" is one of the attractions of Killarney. The route from the demesne continues to Aghadoe, where the ruin of an eight century church still preserves a fine example of Hiberno-Romanesque architecture in the western wall of the nave of the church. From Aghadoe the vast expanse of Lough Lein, surrounded by mountains and studded with islands, provides one of the best sights in the district. Ross Castle is the next point of interest. One of the last Gaelic strongholds to fall to the Saxon, Ross Castle is well preserved and surrounded by delightful scenery and haunted by the ghost of its former master, The O'Donoghue, who once every seven years rides over Lough Lein mounted on a white horse.

The fourth or "Royal Tour" takes one through Queen's Cottage and the three lakes by way of Muckross Village and Tore Cascade, Derrycunnihy and the Island of Innisfallen, with its huge holly tree, reputed to be the largest in the world. Innisfallen was the site of an Augustinian Friary, and here was compiled the famous Annals of Innisfallen by the industrious monks.

Other organised tours take the visitor to Killarney through the Robber's Glen, Glenflesk, up Mangerton and Carrantual Mountains and by the Ring of Kerry on what is perhaps the finest motor tour in Europe—along the Kerry Coast.
Notes, News and Activities

The August Bank Holiday.

The August Bank Holiday this year has been a "record"—if one may use this very much abused word—for Irish tourism. Dublin in particular felt the full force of the holiday crowd from cross-Channel, and the steamship companies had their resources taxed as never before. The railway and bus services were fully utilised by Dubliners anxious to visit the coast resorts at Howth, Killiney, Dún Laoghaire, Bray, Greystones, and trains going farther afield to Cork, Limerick and Killarney were also crowded. The weather, while not being generous, was kinder than for some time, and only occasional very light showers interrupted the day's enjoyment.

Irish Lady Aviator Crosses the Channel.

Lady Abe Bailey, the well-known Irish lady aviator, flew from Hucknall, England, where she had been competing in the aerial races. She landed at Holyhead to replenish her stock of petrol and continued to Dublin, where she circled the Horse Show before landing at Baldennell. Lady Bailey, who has been flying only a year, is the second woman aviator to cross from England to Ireland.

An Australian Compliment.

"I know of no country that lends itself so ideally to tourist traffic. Ireland is a perfect picture just now and should certainly benefit more from the immense tourist traffic by which Europe is benefitting so much," Mr. M. J. Barry, ex-Mayor of Brisbane, who has been touring by car in Ireland, gives this as his impression of the country.

Ballinamore Tourist Bus Service.

A special tourist bus service has been organised between Ballinamore and Sligo, and the bus will leave Ballinamore on Thursday and Friday mornings at 8.30 a.m. and will travel on Thursdays via Drumshanbo, Drumkerran and Dromahair, and on Fridays via Drumshanbo, Keade and Ballyfarnon.

American Motorists Pleased with South-West.

Mr. Joseph L. Flood, of New York, organised a party of 35 to visit Ireland, and in two charabancs they toured most of the beauty spots of the South and West. The party were delighted with the country and the people, and Mr. Flood states they were particularly impressed with the service offered by the hotels and with the state of the roads. He suggested that the more remote roads could be more liberally sign-posted.

From Dundalk.

The Dundalk Democrat comments on the large number of American and Scotch tourists noticeable in the district during the past few weeks. The Hoare Demesne, which is one of the attractions of Dundalk, has been well patronised, as has the wonderful hill and coast country to the north of the town.

The Crogen Patrick Pilgrimage.

Upwards of 7,000 people undertook the Crogen Patrick Pilgrimage this year, and they came from many parts of the country—Cork, Limerick, Galway, Dublin, Athlone, Sligo were heavily represented. It was an inspiring sight to accompany the pilgrims up the wild, rugged mountain side on their way to keep the all-night vigil in prayer and fasting on the summit. The Crogen Patrick Pilgrimage, surviving in the twentieth century in its primitive simplicity, is one of the great reminders of the time when Ireland was the "Island of Saints and Scholars" and an assertion of Ireland's individuality.

Visitors for the Show.

An interesting feature of the cross-Channel traffic for Horse Show Week was the number of visitors who brought their cars with them. The L.M.S. had the pleasurable experience of being forced to arrange a special steamer from Holyhead to convey the cars to Dublin. This would seem to indicate a large increase in the number of visitors who intend making their visit to the Show a starting point from which to tour the country.

The "Tuam Herald."

We would like to take the opportunity offered by the excellent review of Mr. Gwynn's recent book, "Ireland," in the Tuam Herald to offer our congratulations to that paper for the attention it devotes to tourism and to bringing the beauties of Galway in particular before its readers.

Great Western Railway Excursion.

The G.W.R. of England will run a Wednesday night excursion on September 14th from Paddington via Ealing Broadway, Reading, Fishguard and Rosslare to Cork and Killarney, returning on Thursday evening, 15th. The return fares from London, Ealing and Reading are—to Cork 22/-, and to Killarney 24/-.

Already two such excursions have been run and have proved a great success.

I.T.A. Directors' Meeting, August.

The attendance included:—Mr. Martin McDonagh, T.D., Galway; Mr. M. F. Keogh, General Manager, Gt. Southern Railways; Senator P. W. Kenny, Waterford; Mr. Walter Baird, Irish Manager, Barns & Laird Lines, Ltd.; Mr. W. H. Giles, Irish Manager, Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son; Sir Maurice O'Connell, Killarney; Mr. E. A. Sweeney, Railway Hotel, Oughterard; Mr. J. W. Mongan, Mongan's Hotel, Carra; Mr. P. Colagagher, L.I.B. (representing Donegal County Council); Mr. P. Monahan, City Commissioner, Cork.

Increased Numbers of American Visitors.

At the monthly meeting of the Irish Tourist Association Executive Committee, the Chairman (Mr. J. C. Foley, F.A.A., Cork) announced that statistics available showed an increase of nearly 15 per cent. up to July 31st in the number of visitors arriving in Ireland direct from America as compared with the corresponding period of last year. The figures for cross-Channel traffic during the same period are not yet available, but judging by the record boat loads of recent weeks the percentage increase from Great Britain should at least be equally large.

The provision of far larger quantities of tourist literature for free distribution in outside countries, long recognised as desirable, has now been rendered possible, and literature for the 1927 season is at the moment being put in hands. The illustrated Folke Map of Ireland, already a familiar publication, will have a first issue of half a million copies in 1927, and will appear in at least three languages. A comprehensive publication on Sporting Facilities available in Ireland and many other publications of a national and local nature are being put in hands at once. A proposal from the Cork Branch Committee to make 1928 an Irish-American Home-coming Year and to provide intensive publicity towards the end of this year is being considered. The suggestion involves, in addition to extensive publicity work, a lecture and organisation tour under the auspices of the Irish Tourist Association in U.S.A.

Accommodation and Charges.

The Association having secured the adherence of practically all Irish hotels to the principle of fixed published charges, arrangements are being made to compile similar information regarding boarding house accommodation in the principal Irish resorts for publication in 1928.

Dublin Civic Week.

The Association is co-operating with the Council of the Dublin Civic Week by the publication of literature dealing with Civic Week, which is to be widely distributed in Great Britain.
Echo of Hotel-Keeper's Tour.

Mr. A. Canavan, Manager, United States Lines, was present on the invitation of the Chairman, and was the recipient of a silver rose bowl as a presentation from the members of the I.T.A. Hotel Tour of France in May. The Chairman, in making the presentation, referred to the great interest taken in the tourist movement by Mr. Canavan and by the company which he represents in Ireland, and paid a tribute to the enterprise of the company and their generosity in extending free facilities to the members of the Hotel Tour on their way to France. Mr. Canavan, in reply, expressed his pleasure on being able to help the Association. He felt that the facilitating of such tours was a valuable asset to the Irish hotel industry and consequently to the future of the tourist industry.

Mr. Baird took an opportunity before the meeting opened to congratulate the President on his appointment to the Shannon Electricity Board, to which the President suitably replied.

Interesting Events in September.
1st—Loughrea Show.
1st—Ballinrobe Race Meeting.
3rd—Sligo Race Meeting.
3rd—Phoenix Park Race Meeting.
4th—Leinster Athletic and Cycling Championships.
6th—Claremorris Race Meeting.
7th—Cavan Show.
7th—8th—Dundalk Race Meeting.
10th—Ballydoyle Race Meeting.
12th—Mullingar Race Meeting.
13th—15th—Curragh Race Meeting.
13th—Monte Show.
14th—Irish St. Leger, Curragh.
15th—17th—Banagher Great Fair.
15th—Piltown Show.
15th—Newcastle West Show.
17th—28th—Dublin Civic Week.
17th—Phoenix Park Race Meeting.
28th—Powerstown Park Race Meeting.
29th—21st—Limerick Junction Race Meeting.
30th—Leopardstown Race Meeting.
28th—Proudstown Park Race Meeting.
28th—Mount Belvoir Show.
28th, 29th—Limerick Race Meeting.

Greyhound Racing.

The prevailing joke in Dublin at the moment is to say people are "gone to the dogs." The newest popular sport attracts thousands every week to Shelbourne Park. During Horse Show Week no fewer than 80,000 people visited the enclosure, and it is hoped to equal this record during Civic Week.

Swedish Visitor on Ireland.

"Irish was the most melodious language in Europe. The best culture to be found was among Irish fishermen."

These interesting declarations were made by Dr. C. W. Sydow, Professor of Folklore in Lund University, Sweden, addressing 600 national teachers attending the summer courses in Irish in the Central Model Schools, Dublin.

Dr. Sydow learned his Irish in Cork, Kerry and Galway. For a foreigner his pronunciation and delivery were remarkable. He spoke highly of the cultural and educational value of the old Fianna tales, and said that the work being done by the recently established Irish Folklore Society was being closely watched in many European countries.

The collecting of folklore was a great national work in any country, he said. The culture among the peasants was a heritage from the remotest ages. This culture they must regard as the real national culture. What was in the towns was international, and, not being created by the natives, was not very of the soil.

It was possible to have all modern conveniences such as motor cars, telephones, etc., and have no culture. Much Irish culture had been lost, but the best of it was preserved in the language.

A Significant Etcetera

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