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Cruise in Mr. Dendy's Yacht "Star of the Sea"

The Travel Journal of Miss S.V. Awdry

3 July – 23 August 1863

EHC/104



Edward Hall, c.1932

Introduction

EHC/104 is the travel journal of Miss Susan V Awdry of the Vicarage, Seagry, near Chippenham, Wiltshire. It describes her trip onboard the yacht *Star of the Sea* belonging to Mr Dendy. She boarded the yacht at Dartmouth and sailed to the Isle of Man and Ireland. Miss Awdry illustrated her diary throughout with prints and postcards.

Also see EHC103 - Sissy Awdry's diary of a trip to Paris.

Editor's Note

This diary transcript has been produced with the intention of faithfully reproducing the text of the original manuscript exactly as it appears. All spellings and punctuation marks have been transcribed as they appear.

Cruise in Mr. Dendy's Yacht "Star of the Sea" by SVA

[Page One colour print: *Dublin International Exhibition. (Interior.)*]

[Page opposite Coloured hand painted title page: **Cruise in Mr. Dendy's Yacht "Star of the Sea" by SVA**]

[Page overleaf Two black and white prints: *Dartmouth from Mount Boone. Dartmouth from the Railway.*]

Page 1 On the morning of July 3rd Mamma and I, with Miss Devaux who was going from Chippenham's Hanwell, left Seagry in Mr. Hayward's dog cart, Tom driving us to the Chippenham Station, from thence Mamma and I travelled to Dartmouth Mr. Mrs. and Mary Dendy had come in the four oared gig to meet us and we were rowed to their yacht lying at anchor in Dartmouth harbour. In the evening Mary and I amused ourselves by pacing the deck, and talking of what we had done since we last met Dartmouth is a very curious old town

[Page overleaf. Two black and white prints: *Dartmouth, Devonshire. The Butter Walk, Dartmouth, A.D. 1635. Pubd. by Cranford & Son, Dartmouth. Engd. by Newman & Co. 48, Watling St. London.*]

Page 2 1865 The next morning we were rowed to the shore, and as Mamma wished to buy me a pair of boots we went into one of the old houses in the "Butter Walk" shown in this picture. We went into a room on the first floor, which had a very curious ceiling carved over with the genealogy from Jesse to Christ

The scenery from the yacht was lovely, the harbour being nearly surrounded by hills. The mouth of the river Dart the railway and floating bridge were all within view.

[Page overleaf. Two black and white prints: *Dartmouth Castle*. G. Townsend. del. Exeter. Pubd. by H. Besley, Exeter. No. 123. *Dartmouth from Dyer's Hill*. Pubd. by Cranford. Dartmouth. Engd. by Newman & Co. 48 Watling St. London.]

Page 3 On the fifth we walked to the old Castle and Church at Dartmouth. The Castle is now used as a powder magazine. Mary and I clambered upon the green hillocks and found many choice varieties of wild flowers, we then went down on the beach, and I passed through a natural opening in the rock to another part of it The rest of the party following me except Mamma who was sitting on the steps leading to the sea watching us. In the afternoon went on board the yacht Sabrina

Page overleaf On Friday July the seventh a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Dendy, Mamma, Mr. Rawlins, Mary and myself sailed from Dartmouth to Plymouth in the "Star of the Sea" a schooner yacht of 130 tons burthen. The wind was dead against us and some of the waves were fifteen feet high. I enjoyed it very much at first, standing by the side of the vessel or dancing as she rose over the waves eating plenty of biscuits and bread, Mr. Dendy also regaled Mamma with some beer.

Page 4 But after we had passed a long line of sand called "Slapton Sands", I sat down on the deck and began to feel a very unpleasant sensation We were now nearing the "Start Point", but before Mamma and I had passed it we had to be taken to the lee side the most convenient for feeding the finny tribe. Mr. Rawlins and the Captain were very attentive. Mr. Rawlins took my head on his knee, and we were very comfortable, when a sudden wave came and washed all over us.

Page overleaf As we were all sitting huddled up together, the Captn. fetched his bason out of his berth for me, but a lurch of the vessel sent Mrs. Dendy, Mary, me, and the bason under the tiller, the bason of course was smashed to atoms. Sitting in that manner was not as convenient when Mary was sick, for once I had a deposit down my back The yacht dipped her bowsprit right under, and the water rushed all down her deck. The bell at the bow was often made to ring, and it seemed as if it were tolling our knell

Page 5 The figure head had an arm washed off by the waves. The sea began to get smoother when we rounded the points and at five oclock we reached Plymouth in safety. We had not dared before to go into the cabin but then we went down and had some dinner. So after all the heavings lurchings, washings and breakages, our first voyage came to an end.

[Page overleaf. Two black and white prints: *View from the Parsonage Field, Devonport. Rock & Co. London. No. 3939. 1 Feby. 1859.* *Mount Edgcumbe from Mount Wise, Devonport, Devon. Rock & Co. London. No.3955. 1st. March, 1859.*]

Page 6 In the evening we all went to the Theatre at Devonport and saw the play of "Aladdin or the Wonderful Scamp" Mr Dendy took two private boxes for us, and Mr. Rawlins and he amused themselves before the play commenced by going behind the scenes, but they got ordered away by the manager. We enjoyed it all very much. After driving to the Barbican pier we had a pleasant row to the yacht, at twelve o'clock by moonlight. From the spot we were anchored in, we had a fine view of Mount Edgcum.

[Page overleaf One black and white print: *Drake's Island from the Ruins, Mount Edgcumbe, Devon. Rock & Co. London. No. 1193.*]

Page 7 On Saturday afternoon July 8th. the same party were rowed to the Steamer called Ariel, and went in her up the Tavey. The first place we stopped at was a very funny old Town, the street was steep and it sloped down to the Harbour. There were several other Steamers staying there besides the one we were in. Mr. Rawlins bought some gooseberries of a little girl that came on board. Mamma and I got very comfortable as we had Mr. Rawlins' rug as well as some of his

gooseberries.

[Page overleaf One black and white print: *Royal Albert Bridge, Saltash. Rock & Co. London. No. 3871. 20 Nov 1858.*]

Page 8 Mr Rawlins asked me where the wooden bason was, but I did not seem at all inclined for it.

There was beautiful scenery up the river and we passed under the famous railway bridge across it built by Brunel. When we got to our journey's end; the river that before had been so very wide abruptly broke off into a little stream, it was very pretty up there, as there was a nobleman's mansion and all the grounds belonging to it, stretched to the waters edge

Page overleaf As we came back we landed at Cargreen a little village in Cornwall where we staid half an hour, we could not wait on the Steamer there was such a perfume from a heap of rubbish hard by. We had new milk from some Alderney cows kept by people at a little cottage there, there was also a very loving dog that Mr. Rawlins made friends with, but he would give part of his love and one paw to me

Page 9 We then went higher up the hill to enjoy the view, which was very pretty, as we could see all over Dartmoor in Devonshire the other side of the river We then went back to the Steamer, and had a very pleasant though rather cold journey to the Pier.

Page overleaf On the 10th Miss Rawlins came the next day Mr Rawlins left and we sailed from Plymouth to Falmouth with a stiff breeze. Mary was not very well, so she came to the top of the companion stairs enveloped in shawls and mackintosh she had one of Mr Dendy's cloth caps on and very funny she looked. We ate plenty of biscuits and cake in which the two dogs joined us. At dinner time which was three o'clock I never enjoyed dinner so much in my life.

Page 10 Miss Rawlins did not prove to be quite such a good sailor as her papa as she soon began to feel a little queer, but I think the dinner which was a most delicious piece of roast meat, set her all right again, she was obliged to go up directly after as we all did, and soon came in sight of Falmouth a rather dirty Town not so bright as Plymouth I did not again feel any of the un-pleasant sensations I ex-perienced in the last

voyage.

[Page overleaf. Two black and white prints: *Falmouth, Cornwall. Rock & Co. London No. 5098. Pendennis Castle, Falmouth, Cornwall. Rock & Co. London No. 5323. 30 Sep. 1865.*] [Note: 30 Sept. 1865 is after the last journal date].

Page 11 On the 12th. Mr Dendy, Mamma Miss Rawlins, and I walked about the town of Falmouth which was in an uproar with the electioneering. When we had had enough of it we walked back to the place where we landed and Mamma went back to the yacht in the Dingy, but we had a pleasant walk to the Hotel and Pendennis Castle. On the 14th Mr Dendy, Mamma, Miss Rawlins, and I landed after a long row at Penryn a nice clean little Town.

Page overleaf On Saturday July the 15th. the same party sailed at ten o'clock a.m. in the "Star of the Sea" from Falmouth for Dublin Bay. We beat out with the wind against us to the Lizard Point, where there are very rugged rocks stretching out into the sea. Mary came on deck as before wrapt in shawls. The sea was very rough indeed, while we were passing the Lizard Point. Mary went down into the Cabin, and Mamma asked me to go but I would not and just after a great wave came over the bulwarks and we were all completely drenched by it

Page 12 We then thought it high time to get into the cabin. That was not an easy matter but we were assisted by Mr. Dendy, the Captain and Steward but Mamma wishing to take particular care of me leaned upon the window of Mr. Dendy's berth and broke it to pieces. We were all much surprised to hear her calling out "Oh I have gone through the window". Mr. Dendy took us into our Cabin, where we laid prostrate on the floor and I became very sea sick.

Page overleaf Mr. Dendy waited upon us, bringing us tea and brandy and water and he offered to put me into my berth. Mrs. Dendy came and told us that Mary was jolly and had eaten a good dinner but that Miss Rawlins and herself were in the same predicament as ourselves. About the time we were passing the Lands End, the roughest part, I got into my berth and slept well all night, but before doing so I thought at every lurch the yacht made she was going to the bottom.

Page 13 Mary surprised us in the morning by telling us it was Sunday,

a fact we were not aware of before. I managed to get into the Saloon but was very sea sick. I lay on the sofa till eleven o'clock when we all went on deck and Mr. Dendy gave us some porter which seemed to revive us.

We "sighted" the Tuscar Light House off the east coast of Ireland at 10.37. After making a pretty good dinner off mulligatawney soup we reclined on the sofas drinking punch made in a water jug and drank out of tea cups

Page overleaf The refreshments over we went on deck and saw the outline of the Irish coast very rugged and wild looking. The Wicklow Point and mountains were in the distance. We could not go round the Point being becalmed off the Mizen Head, and were obliged to cast anchor there at 6-40. The yacht rolled so that we were glad to go on though only slowly. The wind was calm all night and we staid on deck till nine.

In the morning we passed Bray and came on quietly to Kingstown in Dublin Bay where we cast anchor

Page 14 Small oval black and white print: *Kingstown*.

I first set foot on Irish soil at Kingstown, the Pier rather imposing but the streets were mean looking. Mr. and Mrs. Dendy did some shopping and we went a pleasant drive of seven miles in an Irish Car.

On the afternoon of the 18th. we went by the railway to Dublin We drove from the Station to the Exhibition in a cab all six packing in, rather a tight fit, we enjoyed the Exhibition very much.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *Picture & Sculpture Galleries*. One black and white print: *Ground Plan of the Dublin International Exhibition, 1865*.]

Page 15 On the 25th. we were again rowed to the shore, but when we got there we found the sandwiches were forgotten, so the sailors had to row back for them, consequently we lost two trains. Managing to catch the third, we travelled by it to Dublin, and walked about the streets It came on to rain, so we waited about in shop doors till it abated, then we walked to the Exhibition and staid there until six o'clock when we returned to Kingstown by rail.

Page overleaf There are many handsome Public Buildings in Dublin, the following are among the principal.

[Four small oval coloured prints: *The Four Courts. St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Bank of Ireland. Custom House.* One black and white print: *St. Patricks Cathedral, Dublin.*]

[**Page 16** Three small oval coloured prints: *Post Office Dublin. Sackville Street. Dublin Exhibition.* Two black and white prints: *The Castle, Dublin. The Law Courts, Dublin.*]

Page overleaf On the 20th. we went to Dublin by rail, Mr. Dendy hired a cab and we were driven partly round the Phoenix Park to the Zoological Gardens, it was raining most of the time
On the 21st the same party including Tiny travelled in an Irish car which Mr. Dendy had hired for the day through Bray to a very lovely spot belonging to Lord Powerscourt We alighted before some large gates. The man that kept them was rather cross looking and had a broken nose, he would not let Tiny through.

Page 17 Mary of course was in great apprehension about Tiny as she was chained to the car to await our return, but afterwards we all enjoyed ourselves very much walking by the side of the river Dargle which is quite a mountain torrent rushing through the beautiful plantations where we were. We then went on through some fields till we came to the road, where the car with Tiny was waiting for us. Mr. Dendy sent the car man to get an order to drive through Lord Powerscourts domain.

Page overleaf One small oval coloured print: *Powerscourt Fall.*
While he was gone we regaled ourselves with sandwiches and brandy and water. We then drove through the Deer Park to a waterfall, where the Dargle rushed down the rocks from a height of three hundred feet; this waterfall was indeed a grand sight. The rain came on a little while we were there. We then drove back to a village called Eniskerry at the Hotel there we had some refreshment, and drove back to Kingstown.

Page 18 On the 22nd. we went by the steamer to Dublin. The next day being Sunday we went to the Mariners Church at Kingstown. In the evening we sailed for the Isle of Man, there was a pretty good

breeze when we started, but afterwards, and the greater part of the night, almost a calm. We went on but slowly during the next day, and fishing we caught a good many gurnet and mackerel. In the afternoon Mary made a sheltered place with a blanket and rug for us

Page overleaf Where we worked, read and played with some paper boats of our own construction. There was great excitement caused by our seeing a piece of wood in the sea. The sailors tried to get it and one of them nearly succeeded but not quite; Afterwards we saw a cask which Mr. Dendy conjectured might be full of brandy and the Captain thought it might be flour so the Dingy was immediately lowered and three sailors sculled to the cask, it was found to be empty being open at both ends.

Page 19 In the evening there being very little wind four of the sailors rowing in the cutter towed us into Derby Bay, where we cast anchor at 10-35. The following morning Mr. Dendy went ashore which was so muddy when he landed that he was obliged to ride over it in a sea weed cart after all his trouble he could not get enough provisions, so we immediately sailed to Douglas and cast anchor there at 10-45

[Page overleaf One black and white print: *Douglas, From The Head. George Philip & Son, London & Liverpool.*]

Page 20 We landed at Douglas the morning we arrived there, it is a dirty Town. We saw a procession of rechabities pass through the street, a very pretty sight.

On the 26th. Mr. Dendy hired an outside and an inside car and we drove thirteen miles to a beautiful glen which we walked through. Its banks were covered with choice ferns and heathers a mountain torrent rushed through it. This glen was terminated by a pretty waterfall.

Page overleaf On Thursday the 27th. we sailed from Douglas, and with a stiff breeze all the morning the "Star of the Sea" sailed along famously. We dined at one o'clock and after came on deck all excepting Mary, who was not very well, she however joined us after some little time. The weather being rough Mamma and Mrs. Dendy were ill. I managed to read most of the time. At night we felt the motion a good deal in the Cabin and went to our berths early.

Page 21 The next morning was still rough and the motion of the vessel

too great to allow of much being done. When I was not too ill I either read or slept. We had our dinner at half past four and cast anchor in Waterford Bay at ten minutes past five. We landed at Dunmore the same evening and went to the top of the Light House. Mr. Dendy ordered a car to meet us when we went ashore the next morning.

Page overleaf So the following morning when we landed, we found a comfortable car waiting for us and six got in it. After going a short distance another driver got up to take us to Waterford, about seven miles, this man drove the horse at a furious rate up hill and down which annoyed us all very much, and I was very glad when we arrived at Waterford. We walked along the Quay up to a very pleasant place, a gentleman's grounds where we ate the luncheon which we had brought with us.

Page 22 We then went into the old part of the Town where dirty women were selling dirty rags spread out at the side of the road. We then walked back to the Hotel where the car was waiting for us. We got up and as Mr. Dendy had ordered some casks of butter we drove along the Quay. The horse was not used to the Town and it shied on seeing something white in the road and as there was a carriage and pair passing at the time we went right into it.

Page overleaf It frightened us all dreadfully and I cried and said I would run away but the man dashed on at a furious rate through the back streets, till we got out of the Town, when he kept looking round to see if there was anyone in pursuit of him. I am very glad to say we got back to Dunmore without any further accident. But Mr. Dendy heard in the evening when he went ashore that the shaft of our car had gone into one of the horses and killed it.

Page 23 On Sunday morning at 7-55 we sailed from Dunmore to Queenstown, the accident of the proceeding day having rather hastened our departure. It was a beautiful day and we all went on deck and read the psalms and lessons. We dined at one o'clock afterwards Mamma, Miss Rawlins and I went upon deck. It was very cold in the evening but I was on deck till supper time. After this repast we all went on deck to see the flashing lights of two Light Houses. We cast anchor in Queenstown harbour at 7-30.

Page overleaf On the morning of August 1st. we went through some

very pretty scenery in a steamer to Passage and from thence by the railway to Cork, where we went into one of the principal streets. We had a heavy storm while there so Mr. Dendy hurried us into a confectioners shop where we had some luncheon. After that we again walked about and saw both sides of a large bridge wound up by two men for a large ship to pass through. We were in the city about four hours and had a race for the train at last.

[Page 24 Two black and white prints: *Queenstown Harbour Cove of Cork. Eng. by Newman & Co. 48 Watling St London. The Cove of Cork. Eng. & Pub. by Newman & Co. 48, Watling st. London.*]

Page overleaf On the 2nd. of August Mamma, Miss Rawlins and Mr. Dendy went to Cork. Mamma bought me a silver knife which she presented to me the next day, it being my Birthday. I also received a riding whip from Mary and a brooch with the Isle of Man legs on it from Mrs. Dendy. In the afternoon of Thursday August 3rd. at 2-45 we weighed anchor but grounded on a sand bank and were obliged to be lugged off by a steamer.

Page 25 We then sailed on very nicely toward Kinsale whither we were bound. The rain came on a little when we first started, but when it left off the sun came out, and it was a lovely afternoon, the scenery we passed was very pretty, we could see the country well as we sailed near the shore. We cast anchor at Kinsale at 7-54 We went ashore the same evening and walked to the Town about a mile, when we returned to the landing place it was almost dark.

Page overleaf In the evening of August the 4th. Mamma Miss Rawlins Mary and I, also Tiny, were rowed in the gig some distance to a promontory, where stand the ruins of a fine old castle called Ringrone Castle when we stood opposite to it and shouted there was an echo that so deceived Tiny when Mr. Dendy began to imitate the barking of a dog, that she was almost afraid to go near the Castle I suppose expecting a large dog to come out. Mary and I had some fine fun scrambling up the green hillocks and banks.

Page 26 On the 5th. Mr. Dendy having bought two nets, one was put in the sea and the other he took with him up the river about nine miles where he placed it and caught an enormous grey mullet. When the sailors pulled up the net that was in the sea it was found to contain two

large salmon and four polack. We sailed on the 8th intending to go to Crookhaven, but it was not thought prudent to go farther than the Kinsale light house, as the wind was dead against us.

Page overleaf On the evening of Monday August the 8th. we sailed from Kinsale to Crookhaven, we weighed anchor at 7-55. It was nearly calm all night, the sails kept flapping and we rolled about tremendously It rocked me to sleep very well, though. The next day was beautiful and sunny but the calm still continued. Mary and I were on deck and played at cross questions and crooked answers, we dined about one, it was very pleasant afterwards on deck.
[NOTE: Monday was the 7th of August 1865 not the 8th]

Page 27 We were off the Fasnet light house at 5-40. This is on a solitary rock far out in the sea, We had tea about six. In the evening we went on deck and saw the moon rise it was very beautiful. We were off the Crookhaven light house at 9-40 and cast anchor in the harbour at 9-50. Wednesday morning we went ashore at Crookhaven a small village surrounded with very bleak looking rocks.

Page overleaf On the morning of Thursday August the 10th. we weighed anchor at 5-20 and sailed, bound for Glengariff in Bantry Bay. All the morning it was almost a calm, but in the afternoon we had a good breeze and went along famously. The weather was showery and we were often obliged to run into the Cabin for shelter. We were off the rock called Sheeps Head at 5 o'clock a very barren looking place with tremendous caves.

Page 28 We then passed more very desolate looking rocks that were so large we thought them quite near but they were really a mile off. The men we saw fishing off them looked so small we could not believe they were men, until we looked through Mr. Dendy's opera glass. We passed a great many high mountains some with their summits hidden in the clouds. We cast anchor at Glengariff in Bantry Bay at 5-50.

[Page overleaf One black and white print: *Eccles's Hotel, Glengariffe. Eng & Pub. by Newman & Co. 48 Watling St. London.*]

Page 29 On Friday afternoon August 11th. we went in the gig to the shore a very pretty row of about two miles. On each side of us were grand mountains The Sugar Loaf and the Eagle's Nest being the most

conspicuous. There were also huge rocks out in the sea all covered with vegetation and good sized trees. We landed at the Hotel, where Mr. Dendy hired a car.

Page overleaf In it we drove to the Lodge at the commencement of Lord Bantry's domains, which are very extensive. The Keeper at the lodge walked with us up a high hill on which grew many choice varieties of ferns and moss it was also completely wooded. When we reached the summit we had a most lovely view over the whole extent of the Bay and most of the hills that partly surrounded it, which were wooded down to the waters edge. The mountains rose up bare and magestically beyond them.

Page 30 Included in the view, was the whole extent of Lord Bantry's Park, where there are 700 deer. We descended to the Lodge where the car was awaiting our return, and drove in it to another hill which we ascended. We sat down upon a rustic seat at the top and had another beautiful view of the mountains and valleys. We then drove on farther. Mr. Dendy alighted and crossed a flowing stream on some stepping stones and walked on over fields to Lord Bantry's cottage

Page overleaf We there joined him and he took us into the grounds where we beheld a very curious sight, a very tall tree growing out of a solid rock. Afterwards we climbed up another high hill all covered with heather. On our way back we stopped at the Lodge and Mr. Dendy put his name down in the visitors book.

Page 31 On Saturday morning August the 12th. Mr. Dendy Mamma, Miss Rawlins, Mary and I were rowed near to a prettily wooded glen, we walked on beside a torrent till we reached a pretty waterfall called the Glengariff waterfall. We followed the path to a large Hotel from which we had a beautiful view all over the Bay to the mountains beyond.

Page overleaf In the afternoon of the same day the same party landed at the Glengariff Hotel and went up a hill behind it, the "look out" they called it. It was a very pretty hill all covered with heather at the top there was a very grand view, all the hills and Bay in front of us lit up by the sun, and the rugged mountains behind us in shadow. While the others were enjoying the view, Mary and I climbed about the rocks, over walls and rugged rocks.

Page 32 When we had descended the hill we walked to Cromwell's bridge, there is now only one arch left standing, the other had fallen the previous winter. The landlord at the Hotel was very polite to Mamma, and when the gig came up he handed her into it.

Page overleaf On Monday morning August the 14th. we rose early and were rowed in the gig to the Glengariff Hotel. From thence we went in a carriage and pair to Kenmare. It was very pleasant, we saw several very pretty waterfalls coming down from the mountains, at one we stopped and had some water, which was very refreshing. The old road that we could see in the distance was all overgrown with grass, we travelled on the new road along the Caha mountain.

Page 33 As we proceeded the views were very grand, we could see over a great tract of country to the mountains beyond. Some of their summits were enveloped in the clouds. We caught sight of the "Star of the Sea" sailing beautifully out of Bantry Bay. We went through a tunnel 700 feet long that was blasted through solid rock. There was a little cabin at the entrance of the tunnel where we refreshed ourselves with goats milk.

Page overleaf We passed through two other tunnels but they were short in comparison with the first. Just before we came to Kenmare we passed two schools called Tullonagh and Shelbourne built by Lord Lansdowne, we then went over the suspension bridge and drove to the Lansdowne Arms, where we alighted thus ended the first stage of our journey. We were shown into a long room where lunch was laid out.

Page 34 It rained fast while they were preparing the carriage that was to take us to Killarney, so Mary and I amused ourselves by looking out of the window, from which we could see lots of Irishmen and women with their pigs and sheep brought there ready for the fair on the next day. The sheep were tied together and the pigs held by strings tied to their legs.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *The Gap of Dunloe. 1. Purple Mountains. 2. Branches of McGillicuddy's Reeks.*]

Page 35 It was still raining when we got into the carriage but we had

the head up. I saw acres and acres of bog. After a little while the rain ceased and we had the head down to enjoy the view. The Gap of Dunloe is a very curious gap coming between the Purple Mountain and the Reeks.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *Torc Waterfall.*]

Page 36 Shortly after we saw the Gap of Dunloe the mountains on one side of the road seemed to break off abruptly and then the Lower Lake burst upon our view in all its grandeur, with its many Islands profusely covered with vegetation. We then drove on to the Torc Waterfall and had several good views of it from different parts of a high hill. It was very grand and the roar of the water could be heard at a great distance it rushed over the rock at the height of 70 feet

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *Lower Lake - Killarney. (From the Victoria Hotel.)*]

Page 37 We then drove on to the Lake Hotel but could not have the accomodation we required. The waiter said however, he could find a place for the babies. Mr. Dendy hoped to find a better place, so we drove to Hotels in the town of Killarney and also to the Railway Hotel, but they were all full, so we came back to the Lake Hotel where we were very comfortable. On the following morning we went in a four oared boat with a Bugler to wake the echos on the Lower Lake.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *Ross Castle. 1. Mangerton. 2. Torc Mountain.*]

Page 38 We landed at Ross Island where stand the ruins of a fine old Castle. We ascended the tower and had a pretty view over the lake from the summit The Island is beautifully laid out. Most of the trees were Weeping Elms and Ashes, there were also many nice shrubs. There was a carriage drive all round the Island connected to the main land by a bridge.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *View From Torc Mountain - Killarney. 1. Portion of Torc Mountain. 2. Drooping Mountains. 3. Glona Mountain. 4. Tomie's Mountains. 5. Ross - Innisfallen.*]

Page 39 There is a legend about O'Donoghue who they say is an

enchanted man at the bottom of the lake, they point out his table where he comes to dine every seventh year, and also the hen and chickens that serve for his fare which are rocks in the middle of the Lake we could not see much resemblance in them to the things mentioned. The next Island we landed at was Innisfallen on it stand the ruins of a fine old Monastery

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *O'Sullivan's Cascade.*]

Page 40 We then rowed on to the O'Sullivan's Cascade near which we again landed it is a very grand waterfall and the water comes down with great force and rushes through the thickly wooded glen into the quiet bosom of the lake and when the sun shone upon the cascade the effect was wonderful. There were most choice ferns growing along the banks of this torrent, some of which Mamma and Mrs. Dendy brought away.

Page overleaf We then got into the boat and as the boatmen wished to sing a song Mr. Dendy gave them permission, so they sang two songs very nicely, one was introduced in the play of the Colleen Bawn. They wished to take us to see the cave that suggested the story, but we had not time. We then rowed into Glena Bay where the Buglor sounded his bugle, and there was a fine echo from the mountains beyond.

Page 41 At Glena we landed and went up to a very pleasant place where we ate our lunch. Mary and I ran about afterwards and got plenty of blackberries for desert. We then all walked on to the cottage where the Queen had her lunch, it is situated on a most lovely spot. This cottage belongs to Lady Kenmare, we peeped in but could not see much as it is kept shut up.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *Old Weir Bridge. 1. Torc Mountain. 2. Drooping Mountain.*]

Page 42 We then went to Dinish Island on which stands the banqueting house a cottage for tourists to have their lunch in when it rains. The buglor pointed out to us on this Island the oldest Arbutus tree in Ireland. From this Island we could see the Weir Bridge a very rapid torrent rushes through it. We saw a party of gentlemen coming through in a boat and they were nearly upset. The boatmen said if they had it

would have been a bad accident as it was very deep just there.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *The Eagles Nest.*]

Page 43 Our boatmen did not want to pull the boat up this torrent but as Mr. Dendy wished to go we landed and they dragged the boat up. We then got in and were rowed to the Eagle's Nest which is a rock one thousand feet above the lake. It is said the Eagles still build there. Our buglor then left us and went out of sight and we could not hear his bugle only the echo from the Eagle's Nest and all the mountains beyond repeated it till it sounded like a great many instruments.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *Upper Lake - Killarney. 1. Sugar Loaf Mountain. 2. Robber's Mountain. 3. Back of Eagle's Nest. 4. Cahirna Mountains.*]

Page 44 There was another party who had not a buglor in their boat, so they waited to hear ours. When the buglor returned we were all rather afraid of going under the Weir Bridge, when we got nearer the bridge the men began to pull hard and said they thought an accident had happened on the other side of the bridge, so we dashed on through the torrent famously.

Page overleaf We were dreadfully frightened when we got through to see two ladies and a gentleman in the water clinging to a tree on the bank of the Lake, and another party in a boat trying to rescue them. They were the same that had listened to our buglor. We immediately rowed back to help them and one of the ladies and a boatman were put into our boat. Their boat was almost under water and pieces of bread and butter out of it floated on the surface of the Lake.

Page 45 Mr. Dendy gave them brandy and we landed them in their drenched state on Dinish Island where they went into the cottage. The young lady lost her shawl so Miss Rawlins lent her one which was returned the following morning.

[Page overleaf One coloured print: *Muckross Abbey.*]

Page 46 On Wednesday morning August the 16th. we walked from the Hotel to the entrance of Mr. Herberts domains, where we were admitted by the Keeper of the lodge at the large gates, and we

walked along the beautifully kept gravel walk to the fine ruins of Muckross Abbey. We were shown all over them by a man who has the privilege of showing them to visitors.

Page overleaf The grave-yard was nearly full of old family tombs all overgrown with ivy. The cloisters are in good preservation and there is a great yew tree growing in the middle of them as old as the Abbey itself. We went up some stone stairs and came to the Refectory where the monks used to dine it is a very large room with a fine old fireplace. Leading out of this room are several of the monks cells.

Page 47 We were also shown the little recess of stone that a hermit had used many years for his sleeping place. We then left the Abbey and went to the "Ladies Walk". From this we had some lovely views of the Lower Lake. We then went to the ruins of the tiniest Church in the United Kingdom. It was indeed a very small place. Mr. Dendy went in but we only peeped; we then walked rapidly back to the Hotel where we dined

[Page overleaf One black and white print: *Ward's Royal Hotel. Annabella Park. Mallow.*]

Page 48 In the afternoon we went in the omnibus from the Hotel to the Railway Station, where we had a carriage all to ourselves, Mary amused herself going along, by playing with a cup and ball made of Arbutus wood which she had bought as a reminiscence of Killarney. I was greatly pleased by looking at some views of the Lakes I got at the station which I have placed in this book.

[Page overleaf One black and white print: *Blarney Castle Cork. Eng by Newman & Co. 48. Watling St. London.*]

Page 49 At Mallow we alighted to change carriages. As we had some time to wait at this station we had our tea there. The train that we got into to go to Cork was much crowded. On the way there we had a glimpse of Blarney Castle so celebrated in story and in song. It is situated about a quarter of a mile to the south of the village of Blarney based on an isolated lime-stone rock which rises boldly over the junction of the Martin and Blarney streams.

Page overleaf The ruins which now consist of the of the Keep or Tower

of the ancient Castle of the MacCarthys princes of Desmond, dates from 1440. We were delayed in a tunnel before entering Cork station which caused Mamma and Mrs. Dendy great apprehension. From the Cork station we walked to the railway that would take us to Queenstown, where the captain of the yacht was at the station waiting for us. Mr. Dendy lit a blue light for the sailors to fetch us in the gig.

Page 50 On the morning of Saturday August the 19th. we weighed anchor at 7 and set sail bound for the English coast I went on deck as soon as breakfast was over. The sea was very rough and the wind soon turned dead against us, and Mr. Dendy thought it would be best to put back into the harbour of Kinsale. So we turned and the wind being free, we went along smoothly and cast anchor there at 1-45.

Page overleaf On Sunday evening we weighed anchor at ten minutes past five and set sail, this time really homeward bound. We cut through the waters briskly, and it was very pleasant on deck for some time, when it got cold we went into the Cabin and had some bread and cheese for supper, as Mamma said it was a good thing to keep off seasickness but it did not prevent me from being so.

Page 51 In the middle of supper at 8-45 we heard a great shouting which frightened us all, as we did not know the cause. But we found out afterwards that a large steamer was making her way towards us the Captain calling out to our sailors to ask them where the old head of Kinsale was. Our Captain intimated its position and the steamer was turned to the direction in which it lay. Mr. Dendy supposed it was an American steamer.

Page overleaf The next morning when we were off the "Long Ships" it was nearly calm, and we sailed only two knots an hour past Mounts Bay, after which a nice breeze sprang up and we were soon off the "Seven Stones" where there is a boat moored to the rocks with two lights on it. We passed the Eddystone Light House and could see it well through Mr. Dendy's opera glass.

Page 52 we got to the Hoe at Plymouth where we cast anchor at five o'clock. The harbour and Town looked very gay it being the first day of the Regatta and we were just in time to see the race of the Cutter Yachts. We also saw a womans rowing match in three

fouroared gigs. The people on the Hoe were so thick the we could see nothing but heads.

[Page overleaf One black and white print: *Plymouth Sound from the Hoe. Rock & Co. London. No. 3956. 1st March, 1859.*]

Page 53 In the evening Mamma Miss Rawlins Mr. Dendy and I were rowed to the Hoe. On landing the view from thence was very pretty as all the yachts could be seen. The winning one was decked out gaily with flags. The number of people had not diminished since we had first seen them. We made our way with great difficulty from the Hoe to the Town. There were crowds of women and boys each side of us selling fruit.

Page overleaf We walked about the principal streets of Plymouth which are very pleasant and congratulated ourselves greatly that we had come back to England again. On the morning of Wednesday August the 23rd. we were rowed to the shore in the gig. Mr. Dendy accompanied us to the landing place where the fly was awaiting us that had been ordered the night before. It was raining very fast and Mamma kept calling out to take care her best bonnet did not get wet.

Page 54 We came in the express train. The line is very pretty just by Dawlish as it passes along close by the sea. From thence we had a pleasant journey to Chippenham, where we took the omnibus from thence to Seagry, where Papa came from London to join us.

[Page overleaf Large black and white print of a lake or river with steps down high cliffs: No Title [possibly the River Dargle, County Wicklow, Ireland].]

[Page 55 Large black and white print of a river with high cliffs: *The Dargle*]

[Page overleaf Large dark impression where writing paper or a print may have been.]

[Page 56 Large black and white print: *Powerscourt Waterfall, Co. Wicklow. H. T. Kirchoffer, R.H.A. Hy. Wallis*]

[Page overleaf Large dark impression where writing paper or a print

may have been.]

[Page 57 Large black and white print looking over an inlet with mountains and sailing boats: *after a sketch by Col. Wallis. W. H. Bartlett. R. Wallis.*]

[Page overleaf Large dark impression where writing paper or a print may have been.]

[Page 58 Large black and white print looking down over an inlet with mountains and sailing boats: No Title. *W. H. Bartlett. E. Brandard.*]

[Page overleaf Large dark impression where writing paper or a print may have been.]

[Page 59 Large black and white print: *Glengariff Inn. W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.*]

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