

A Tour in Ireland 1852

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Europe

Its People and Princes.—Its Pleasures and Palaces.

A Graphic and Interesting Narrative of A Distinguished American Woman's Tour of One Year among The Leading Attractions of Europe ; Sketching her Visits to Various Countries, Her Experiences in Humble Homes and Royal Palaces, And Her Full Share in the Varied Pleasures of The High and The Lowly.

By Grace Greenwood.

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Liverpool, JUNE 10, 1852.

The gallant steamer Atlantic, on which I came out passenger, sailed from New York on Saturday, the 29th of May, a sunny and quiet day. As Jenny Goldschmidt and her husband were on board, an im-mense concourse of people were assembled at the landing, on the docks and vessels near by, to see them off. They stood on the wheel house with Captain West, bowing, smiling, and waving their grate-ful farewell. As with a parting gun we bounded from the shore, the heart gave one last, wild, agonized throb for friends and home, then sunk into depths of dread unknown before. Yet that thronged and beautiful city, that magnificent harbor, white with countless sails, ploughed and overswept with busy life, was a glorious sight, seen even through tears.

As we approached Sandy Hook, the atmosphere grew hazy, and before we were out at sea we were enveloped in a dense fog, and obliged to come to anchor, where we remained some fifteen hours. We passed this time very pleasantly, in exploring the ship, chatting, writing letters to send back by the pilot, eating and sleeping. I awoke late the next morning, and found we were at sea in earnest. I remember very little more of that morning, except it be the incident of my finding out, as by instinct, the use of a queer little utensil of painted tin, a sort of elongated spittoon, which stood by my wash-stand. I performed my toilet as speedily as circumstances would allow, and hurried on deck, where I soon found myself quite well. The day was delicious beyond what words may tell. The air was fresh, yet the sea tranquil, and the sunshine rich and warm. There seemed a sort of strife of beauty, a rival ship of brightness, between the heaven above and the waters below, and the soul of the gazer now went floating off on the green undulations of the waves, to where they seemed to break against the sky, or dreamed itself away into the fathomless blue, in a sort of quiet, wordless ecstasy — “ the still luxury of delight.” Then came on the night — our first night at sea. The wind had freshened, the sails were set, the ship shot through the gleaming waves, scattering the diamond spray from her prow, and the moon was over all. As it went up the sky, its course was marked by a long reach of tremulous radiance on the deep. It seemed to me like the love of the dear ones I had left, stretching out towards me. But there came a yet higher thought — that such a path of brightness must have shone under the feet of Jesus when he “ walked on the water” toward the perilled ship.

Two pleasant days and nights followed, during which many agreeable acquaintances were formed among the passengers. My seat at table was on the left of Captain West, and opposite the Goldschmidts. Otto Goldschmidt, husband of Jenny Lind, impressed me, not only as a man of genius, but of rare refinement and nobility of character. He is small, and delicately formed, but his head is a re-

markably fine one, his face beautiful in the best sense of the term. He is fair, with hair of a dark, golden hue, soft, brown eyes, thoughtful even to sadness. I have never seen a brow more pure and spiritual than his. Yet, for all its softness and youthfulness, Mr. Goldechmidt's face is by no means wanting in dignity and manliness of expression. There is a maturity of thought, a calm strength of character, a self-poise about him, which in press you more and more.

The pure and graceful Greek column makes no solid or defiant show of strength, like the unchiselled stone or the jagged rock, yet it may be as strong in its beauty and perfect proportions, and were decidedly pleasanter to lean against. I believe that Jenny Lind in her marriage followed not alone the impulses of her woman's heart, but obeyed the higher instincts of her poetic and artistic nature.

For the first few days of our voyage, she seemed singularly shy and reserved, I have seen her sit hour after hour by herself, in some unfrequented part of the vessel, looking out over the sea. I often wondered if her thoughts were then busy with the memories of her glorious career — if she were living over her past triumphs, the countless times when the cold quiet of the highest heaven of fashion broke into thunders of acclamation above her, and came down in a rain of flowers at her feet. Was it of those perishable wreaths, placed on her brow amid the glare and tumult of the great world, she mused — or of that later crowning of her woman-hood, when softly and silently her brow revived from God's own hand the chrism of a holy and enduring love? Was it the happy, loving wife, or the great, world-renowned artiste, who dreamed there alone, looking out over the sea?

On Wednesday, our last really bright day, I espied a spent butterfly fluttering its brilliant wings on one of the ship's spars. It had been blown all that distance, the captain said. I could hardly have been more surprised if the spar on which it had lit had blossomed before my eyes. This day and the one following, many of the gentlemen and some of the ladies amused themselves with the game of "shuffleboard." We had among the passengers three right reverend bishops, one of whom joined heartily in this play. I was amused by the style of address used toward him occasionally. "Now, bishop, it's your turn!" "Go ahead, bishop!"

I think it were scarcely possible for a ship to take out a finer set of passengers than we had. Intelligent, agreeable kindly, all seemed striving for the general enjoyment; and had the elements continued propitious, the entire voyage would have seemed like a pleasant social party, "long drawn out."

On Thursday, woe's the day! we were off the banks of Newfoundland — the fogs became chill and heavy, and towards night the sea grew rough. The next morning I found it quite impossible for me to remain on deck, even with overshoes, blankets, and shawls. The wind from the region of snows cut to one's very bones. It brought to mind strange pictures of seals crawling from iceberg to iceberg, and of young polar bears diverting themselves by sliding down ice precipices three hundred feet high. I sought the saloon in despair, where, as wind and sea rose, and the ship lurched and rolled, I all too soon grew ready to admit our friend Horace Greeley to be the truest of sea prophets, the honestest of voyagers.

A strange thing is this physical sympathy with elemental disturbance — the tumult without answered by "that which is most within us" — the surge and heave oceanic — the surge and heave stomachic and responsive — "deep calling unto deep." But we will not dwell on it.

For three days and nights I was really a great sufferer, but I had plenty of companionship in my misery. Very few of the passengers escaped seasickness entirely, and many were very ill. Mr. Goldschmidt suffered severely; his wife was not affected in the ordinary way, but underwent much from nervousness, restlessness, and fear. Yet I saw the true loveliness of her nature more than ever before. She went from one to another of the sick with a kind word and a sweet, sad smile; and for my part, I felt that such words and such smiles were not too dearly bought, even by a lit of seasickness. What lover could say more?

My state room was too far aft for comfort ; I could not endure it after the rough weather came on, but, day and night occupied a sofa in the saloon, where, with blankets, cushions, and pillows, I was made as comfortable as circumstances would allow. I could not have had in my own father's house kinder or more constant attention, and a father could not have cared for me better than did Captain West. He more than answered my expectations — more than fulfilled the pledges and justified the praises of his friends. A plain, honest, generous-hearted sailor, yet every inch a gentleman. I trust he will pardon, as I am sure that many, very many, will echo, my simple, involuntary expression of gratitude and esteem.

On Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, I was helped on deck to catch the first sight of land. The sea had "smoothed his wrinkled front," the wind had gone down somewhat, and the sun shone out fitfully. Every body was on deck — all, even the invalids, in high and eager spirits. At last the welcome cry was heard, and dimly through the mist was seen the high and rocky shore of Ireland — blessed old Ireland ! *swate* Ireland ! the gem of the sea ! No name seemed too fond or poetic to apply to it at that moment.

Cape Clear for a long time belied its name ; but finally the fog lifted, and we saw coast, rocks, and lighthouses very distinctly.

The last dinner on board ship was very pleasant, though there were no speeches ; and Captain West, with characteristic modesty, slipped out before his health could be proposed ; so we had no response from him.

The approach to Liverpool has been often enough described. I will only say, that the shores, seen through a drizzling rain, and even the city, seen under a black cloud of coal smoke, were sights welcome and beautiful to my sea-wearied eyes.

About twelve o'clock the custom-house officers came on board, and the examination of baggage commenced. Lady passengers, who had suffered throughout the voyage from a nervous dread of a stern official ransacking of carpet bags, and from the belief that it is through much tribulation in the way of tumbled trunks and exposed nightcaps that we enter into the kingdom of Great Britain, were then most agreeably disappointed. Trunks were opened indeed, but by no means a minute examination made of their contents. A sealed package lay on the top of my trunk. The officer politely asked me what this contained. "An American book," I answered. "Will you tell me its title?" "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," I replied, "O, we will pass '*Uncle Tom's Log Cabin*,'" he answered, laughing.

The tide not allowing the Atlantic to go into the dock, we were landed by a small steam-boat. We left our beautiful ship and noble captain with a feeling of regret, and all hands and voices joined in three hearty cheers for both. The expected arrival of Madame Goldschmidt — the people's *Jenny Lind* forever — had assembled a large crowd, but the presence of a strong police force kept down all enthusiastic demonstration.

On landing, Liverpool first struck me as differing from our seaport towns, in having a vastly greater number of docks, vessels, police officers, ragged boys, red-faced men, bare-footed women, and donkey carts.

The *Adelphi*, the best house in Liverpool, does not compare with our first-class hotels, either for comfort or elegance. The attendants are respectful and kindly enough, but provokingly slow. They are eternally "coming."

Dublin, AUGUST, 25th.

I LEFT London on the morning of the 10th, with my friends Mr. and Mrs. B——, for a tour in Ireland. There was little on our way of particular interest till we reached Chester, that famous old town, which figures so largely in the annals of border warfare. The Roman walls are still very perfect

and imposing, and the entire place seems hushed and slumberous with grand ancient memories and the sombre spirit of antiquity. We passed the town of Flint, in whose castle Richard II. was imprisoned ; Cole's Hill, the scene of a bloody battle between Henry II. and the Welsh ; and Holywell, which contains " St. Winifred's Well," an exhaustless fount of romance and poetry. The wide " Sands of Dee" reminded us of that exquisite song in Alton Locke. We caught at Rhyl a distant view of the lovely vale of Clwyd — we halved our admiration between Rhuddlan Castle in ruins and Penrhyn Castle in its glory — between the wondrous tubular bridge and the old Castle of Conway, into which we emerged ; for this grand turreted stronghold forms part of the railway station ; and we rush with irreverent noise and haste into the scenes of ancient princely splendor and rude warlike state.

The mountains of Wales, as far as I made their acquaintance, are not of inviting or peculiarly picturesque aspect. Those on our way struck me as miserably bare and bleak, without sublimity of height or beauty of outline. Wales has better mountains, if they would ever come to one — but they require to be done in a separate tour, lying off from railway routes, or at least turning their best faces away. The soil of Wales seems extremely unproductive, except in some of the valleys — the people poor, but every where industrious. The women seem to have a strange fancy for donning the hats, and in some instances the coats, of the men. One sturdy damsel I saw milking by the wayside, who, with one unmentionable exception, might have passed for a Welsh Bloomer. What articles of feminine gear the men take possession of ; by way of reprisal, I did not discover.

The passage from Holyhead to Kingstown was accomplished in four hours ; but through-out the trip I felt that I would sooner cross the Styx to the Plutonian shores than attempt it again. I thought that I had sounded the lowest depths of mortal suffering in the way of sea-sickness ; but I found that my Atlantic experiences were but a faint prelude to a mild suggestion of this. A gentleman at Cork told me an anecdote of a company of emigrants who were observed passing back and forth on one of the ferry boats during an entire day, and when questioned in regard to their strange movements, answered, they were bound to America in the next ship, and were " practising at the saysickness, just." So the tourist in the utmost he may endure on an Atlantic voyage, before crossing the Irish Channel, may have the consolation of knowing that he is but " practising at saysickness."

At Kingstown we were treated to a taste of nationality in the shape of a bit of a row between two carmen. At the Dublin station we took that peculiar and distinctive Irish vehicle, an outside jaunting car, which has the merit of giving you a variety in the way of exercise — joltings, backwards, forwards, and sidewise — a vigilant and vigorous endeavor to keep yourself and your luggage on, and an alert watchfulness to keep other vehicles off. There are two kinds of jaunting cars, which are thus distinguished by the Irish carman : " The outside car, yer honor, has the wheels inside, and the inside car has the wheels outside."

We put up at the *Gresham Hotel*, an admirable house, on noble Sackville Street. In the morning we took a car, and saw as much of the town as the weather, which came on chill and showery, would permit. Dublin is indeed a beautiful city — many of its public buildings are remarkably fine, its private residences handsome and tasteful, and its extensive park a treasure of flowery loveliness, leafy lux-uriance, and pure, delicious airs. As we drove along the Liffey, our driver pointed out the bridges by name. " This," said he, at last, " is ' Bloody Bridge,' the oldest of all." " Why is it called ' Bloody Bridge ?' " I asked. The man bent back towards me, and sunk his voice to a hoarse whisper, as he re-plied, " Becase, miss, it was off this they hung the poor rebels in '98, and left them hanging till they dropped pacemale into the wather."

The railway station from which we left for Cork, on the following morning, might almost be mistaken for a palace at a little distance — a truly elegant structure. I am impressed by the excellence of the system adopted, both here and in England, of putting all the officials attached to the railways in a sort of uniform. It prevents all confusion and possibility of mistake — it is neat and orderly in itself, and is suggestive of a thorough system and a responsible authority. I hope, most heartily, to see a similar regulation prevailing on the great railway routes at home, where the most important officials seldom wear any distinguishing badge. But we have the advantage in the system of checking baggage — a protective policy so simple, convenient, and effective, that I wonder it has not been universally

adopted. As it is here, porters often walk off with the wrong box to the right cab, or the right box to the wrong cab. All sorts of absurd mistakes are made in the hurry of departures and confusion of great arrivals — quiet old gentlemen grow fussy and fummy in standing guard over their trunks and port-manteaus, against the incursions of marauding cabmen ; and female tourists only gain and retain possession of their various and multifarious parcels by the watchful anxiety shown by the old lady of “ big box, little box, handbox and bundle” memory.

The route from Dublin to Cork leads mostly through a barren, boggy, miserable country, with here and there an oasis of waving green and gold, telling of careful cultivation and wise husbandry. There are some fine old ruins along the way, among which I best remember those of Kilmallock, Kildare, where the pious nuns once kept the holy fires burning “ through long ages of darkness and storm,” Loughman Castle, and the Rocks of Dunaraore and Cashel. But all along the line the ruins are almost countless. You grow mortally weary of crumbling turrets, tumble-down gateways, battered arches, and staggering towers, all standing out boldly in the sun and storm ; for the absence of trees and shrubbery is a marked feature in the agricultural districts of Ireland. Indeed, the larger part of this ill-fated isle seems, in contrast with fruitful, prosperous, beautiful England, a wild, weary, shadowless waste — scathed, peeled, desolated, and abandoned.

At Cork, we put up at the *Imperial*, another excellent hotel, and after dinner had a delightful drive about the town, which, handsome in itself, is admirably situated. We visited the Queen’s College, a new and beautiful edifice, and took a look at the Lunatic Asylum, also a very fine building. By the way, I am pained while gratified to find, in each large town I have visited in Ireland, large establishments of this kind. Insanity and idiocy are said to prevail to a heart-sickening extent in this unhappy country.

On the following morning, amid golden sunshine and silvery showers, we drove to Blarney Castle, and wandered through those umbrageous grounds immortalized by the poet in the famous song of the “ Groves of Blarney.” The castle itself is a noble old ruin, and its situation and surroundings are re-markably picturesque and curious. There are natural subterranean passages leading down to the lake, and a black dungeon, where, according to our guide, “ Cromwell, the bloody nagur,” confined his prisoners. The lake is small, but, according to the above-mentioned authority, quite bottomless. He told us, with a grave face, that the late “ Lady Jeffers,” having taken a whim into her head to draw it off, had a drain dug full three feet below the surface, but not a drop would run out ; — a sturdy, con-servative old lake. We ascended the great tower, at the top of which we all kissed the new Blarney stone — it being morally and physically impossible for ladies to salute the real Simon Pure, which is outside the wall, some feet from the summit. The gentlemen who accomplish this feat must be held by the feet over the wall, one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, by a stout guide, who is liable to be seized with a sudden weakness, and to call out that he must stop “ to spit on his hands”—that he can *howld* on no longer, unless his fee is double ; and the unhappy dog in suspense pledges himself to a treat. Our guide assured me that the new Blarney stone was quite as good as the “ rale” — that a certain “ widdy lady” made a pilgrimage all the way from the North of England, kissed the spurious stone most rapturously, and made a great match soon after. The question arises, Lay the virtue in the stone, or in the pilgrim’s faith ?

Our return drive was very charming — the rain was past, and sunlight and fresh breezes poured beauty and gladness on our way. I cannot remember to have seen any where, within so short a distance, so many wild flowers. The shrubbery was more luxuriant, the trees finer and more abundant, than we had before seen — every thing on our path was beautiful and gracious save the *humanity*, which was wretched and poverty-stricken in the extreme. From the miserable little mud huts along the road ran scores of children, of all sizes, bareheaded, barefooted, and barelegged, with rags of all imaginable hues and textures fluttering in the wind, and attached to their bodies by some unknown and mysterious law of attraction — certainly by no visible bond or support. With faces begrimed by smoke, and wild eyes over-hung with wilder locks, they stretched out their dirty, beseeching palms, and assailed us on all sides of our outside car — most assailable of vehicles — fit contrivance for a beggared land.

Irish carmen are a race of Jehus — driving with eccentric flourishes of the whip, and, when more than usually excited, with strange barbaric whoops and hellos, making their odd little vehicles jump along at an astonishing rate. They are commonly communicative and amusing, though by no means the quaint, cunning, delightful, inimitable wags and wits your Lovers and Levers, your Edgeworths and Halls, have pictured. It is a singular thing, that, though they are from the first free and easy in word and manner, they are never offensively so. Native tact, good humor, and warmth of heart take from their advances all appearance of boldness or impertinence. Our driver on this occasion was disposed to be particularly sociable, though not in the jocular way. He was a man of much intelligence for his station, of a serious, even sad, expression of face ; and he talked powerfully and with intense bitterness of the wrongs and sorrows of the Irish peasantry. I was struck by hearing him ascribe most of their sufferings, not to the English government, but to the *native Irish proprietors*, who, he averred, had revelled in heartless, wasteful extravagance, while the people starved, until since the failure of the potato, when many of them have been reduced to absolute want. It was almost fearful to mark the wild gleam in the man's eye as he spoke his fierce joy in this retributive justice.

We were truly fortunate in having letters to Mr. Shaw, of Monkstown, on the beautiful Bay of Cork, and received from him and his family every possible kindness, and enjoyed in his charming house most gracious hospitality. Mr. Shaw has on his property the ruins of two castles — the one at Monkstown, an exceedingly picturesque structure, dating only from the time of Elizabeth ; but the other, Belvelly Castle, upon Cove Island, at least eight hundred years old. We spent much of our time, while with these friends, on the water, rowing from shore to shore, and point to point, of this noble bay, feasting our sight and storing our memory with glorious pictures. We one day rowed to Cove Island, and dined in a hall of the old castle, which had rung to the clang of rude armor and the wassail songs of Erin's princes and knights, and to the wild war notes of Irish harpers, eight hundred years ago.

I had much pleasure in visiting, with Mr. Shaw, two or three of the cottages of his tenants ; for I found them all neat, orderly, and comfortable. I have since seen nothing to compare with them.

During our stay at Cork we were twice at the Exhibition, and were interested and gratified far beyond our expectation. One can no longer despair for Ireland, surrounded by such proofs of the taste, talent, and industry of her people. On our last visit we were accompanied by Sir Thomas Deane, who may count among his honors that of having been the chief projector and most able and faithful supporter of this noble work. God speed him, and such as he, in all worthy efforts to develop and encourage art and uplift honest industrial pride in Ireland.

BELFAST, SEPTEMBER, 5.

On the morning of August 16 we left Cork for Killarney, by way of Bantry and Glengarriff. After a short run on the rail we took a stage coach, choosing outside seats, like enthusiastic tourists as we are, though the day was dark and showery. There was little in the scenery, and less in the condition of the country and people, to repay us for our exposure to wind and weather, until we reached Bantry. I can never forget the forlorn, unmitigated wretchedness of the people who thronged round us at the little town of Dunmanway. Among the crowd appealing to us, in all possible variations of the whine mendacious and mendacious, we saw not one man or woman in the national costume and cover all — the double-caped greatcoat and the hooded cloak ; all was squalor and tatters, soulsickening and disgusting. Here was infancy, nude and needy, reaching out its dirty little hands ; and second childhood, bent and tottering, with palsied palm extended, eyeing you with all the mute wistfulness of a starved spaniel. There was a full assortment of the halt, the hump-backed, and the crippled — all degrees of sightlessness and unsightliness. I turned away from the miserable creatures with a heart heavy with hopeless sympathy and vain pity, and with a conscience stricken for all my own sins of unthankfulness and discontent. And here I may as well pause to remark briefly on the condition and appearance of the peasants in the south of Ireland. Knowing that I could not fairly judge of this class by the idle and ragged crowd who gather round the coach or car in the towns and hamlets, I took occasion, during my stay at Cork, to visit several of the country cottages of the working peasants in company with one of the landed proprietors. In but one out of six did I find a regular fireplace and

chimney ; in but one was there a window of glass, and that consisted of a single pane. The others had — with the exception of the door, and a hole in the roof, from which the smoke, after wandering at its own sweet will through the cabin, found its way out — no opening whatever for light or ventilation. But I forget — we did remark a sort of improvised window in one other. In a low, miserable hovel, be-longing to a carman, we found a horse occupying full a third of the scanty room ; and above his manger a small opening had been made through the mud wall, the good man having found that the health of the animal required what himself and his family lived without — air. To the mistress of this unique habitation, whose one apartment served for kitchen, sleeping room, *stable*, and hall, I said, in horrified amazement, “ How is it possible you can live with that horse ? ” “ Sure, miss, he’s no throuble,” she replied ; “ and it’s little room he takes, after all ; for the childer can sleep on the straw, under him, just, and creep between his legs, and he niver harming them at all, the sinsible cratur.” It is a common thing to see hens drying their feathers by the genial peat glow, and pigs enjoying the pleasures of the domestic hearth. In another cabin we found two curious old crones, living together on apparently nothing, who loaded us with blessings in the original tongue, and actually went on their knees to offer up thanksgiving for a few halfpence, which we gave as a consideration for intruding on their retirement.

Yet, though living in low, smoky, ill-ventilated cabins, — often with mouldering thatches, and always with damp earth floors, with a pool of stagnant water or a dunghill before the door — though themselves ill fed and but half clad, it is a singular fact, that the peasants of southern Ireland are apparently a healthful and hardy race. You occasionally see fine specimens of manly and childish beauty among them ; but a pretty Irish peasant girl we found the rarest of *rara avises*. There are some families of Spanish origin about Bantry, and of these we encountered one or two dark-eyed, olive-cheeked beggar boys, who seemed to have leaped out of one of Murillo’s pictures. The policemen every where are a particularly fine-looking set of fellows ; indeed, none but well-made, tall, and powerful men have any chance of enrolment in this honorable, terror-inspiring, omnipresent corps. The professional beggars of Ireland seem a peculiarly hopeless and irredeemable class — not because of the poverty of the country alone, but from their own inherent and inherited idleness and viciousness. They are persistent, pertinacious, sometimes impudent, and often quick witted and amusing. A friend of ours was waylaid by a certain “ widdy ” woman, with an unlimited amount of ragged responsibilities at her heels. On hearing her doleful story, our friend advised the fair mendicant to take refuge in the poorhouse. “ The poorhouse ! ” she exclaimed ; “ sure it’s meself that keeps the poorest house in all Cork, yer honor.” I was amused by an appeal made by an elderly dame to one of our fellow-passengers : “ Here’s a fine fat gentleman ; sure he’ll give a sixpence to a poor bony body that hasn’t broken her fast at all the day.”

If you wish to take a meditative walk among the hills, the chances are that you will return with a considerable ragged retinue ; but the larger detachments of this ignoble army of alms-seekers are stationed along the public roads. They make their startling sorties from the most lonely, wild, and inaccessible places ; like Roderick Dhu’s men, they leap up from “ copse and heath.” Every rock hides a waiting mendicant, and every tuft of broom stirs as we approach with a lurking tatterdemalion. They leap on your way from behind walls, and drop down upon you from overhanging trees — small footpads, or rather *paddies*, who present palms instead of pistols, and blarney and worry you alike out of pence and patience.

After a day of wet and weary travel through a melancholy country, we enjoyed to the utmost the beautiful approach to Bantry, under a clear and sunny sky, and welcomed with enthusiasm the sight of its lovely and famous bay. But even this bright vision was soon eclipsed by Glengariff, where we spent the night. Thus far on my tour I have seen nothing to compare with the glorious beauty of that place. In all the solemn shadows of its wild loneliness, the dark deeps and frowning heights of its grandeur, in all the sweet lights of its loveliness, it lives, and must ever live, in my charmed memory ; but I will not attempt to picture it in words.

After dinner, though a light rain was falling, we took a row around the bay, and remained on the water until the night set in. I think we shall none of us soon forget that row over the smooth and silent bay, in the rain and deepening twilight, under the shadows of mountain and rock. The scene would

have been too wild, solemn, and awfully lonely, but for the peculiar wit and story-telling talent of "Jerry," our guide and helmsman. He entertained us with some wonderful legends of a certain Father Shannon, a priest, and a famous character in this region about half a century ago. One anecdote illustrative of the holy man's quickwittedness impressed me as an instance of "cuteness" passing the cuteness of Yankees. "The good father," says Jerry, "was one day fishing, in his boat, on the bay, when he heard a swarm of bees buzzing about him. Then he begins to rattle with a knife, or spoon, in an iron kettle he had with him in the boat, till he feels that all the bees have settled on his shoulders. Then he slyly reaches back, and takes hold of the tail of his shirt, (begging your pardon, ladies !) and he suddenly turns it over his head, bees and all, and puts it into the kettle, which he covers over in a second just ; and so he takes the whole swarm to Lord Bantry, and sells them for three pounds, and gets his shirt back, too, yer honor."

I am tempted to relate several of Jerry's stories, so peculiarly and richly Irish were they — odd, wild, extravagant, and ludicrous, yet now and then sparkling with a fine fancy, or a rare poetic thought, and in their drollery quaint and quiet, never coarse or common. But I should get on slowly indeed with the story of my tour if I paused to do justice, either by description or quotation, to the originality of character, the spirit and humor, the warmth and generousness of feeling of many of the Irish peasantry with whom I came in contact.

The mountain road from Glengariff to Killarney is a splendid specimen of engineering, and leads through scenery wild and beautiful in the extreme. On the sunny morning of our leaving Glengariff, landscape and air were fresh and delicious after the night's abundant rain, and with thrills and palpitations of inexpressible joy my heart responded to the gladness of nature. I shall never forget the childish ecstasy of delight with which I gazed around me, and drank in the fragrant air of the morning.

The three lakes of Killarney descended upon by this road are likely to disappoint the tourist, especially if he be an American, more especially if he be a reader of, and a devout believer in, Mrs. Hall's beautiful and most poetical book, "A Week in Killarney." In truth, such fairy sheets of water seem little to deserve the name of lakes at first, but they grow on your respect rapidly as you approach ; their beauty is, near or afar, quite exquisite and undeniable, and the mountains which surround them are really very respectable elevations. Our first visit was to the Torc Waterfall, by far the most beautiful cascade I have seen since coming abroad. The fall is between sixty and seventy feet ; the glen into which the water comes leaping, and foaming, and flashing is wild and rocky, and overhung with richest foliage.

We passed Lord Kenmare's noble demesne, and drove through the village of Killarney to our hotel, the *Victoria*, which is charmingly situated on the shore of the lower and larger lake. We found the house crowded with visitors of all characters and degrees — the elegant and the vulgar, the coarse and the refined, with the usual number of undefinable and unclassable betweenities. While taking tea in the coffee room, we were struck by the mien and manner of a traveller near us. He was evidently a person oppressed with a consciousness of his own consequence, and bent on having the world do its part towards bearing his burden. He gave out his orders to the wondering waiter with a military sternness and a startling rapidity ; but, strange enough, ended each sentence with a sort of drawl. He was clad in a monotonous suit of checked tweed, with an extravagant cravat — a John Bull, without doubt, yet black browed and full bearded — a curious cross between a Cockney and a Cossack. After tea, this unique individual swaggered up to one of our party, a very gentlemanly-looking person, and accosted him as he was passing down the hall with a "Pray, are you one of the waiters of this hotel ?" "No ; are *you* ?" coolly responded our friend.

In the morning we were so fortunate as to be able to engage for our guide, during our stay, the Stephen Spillane so honorably mentioned by Mr. and Mrs. Hall. We found him a young man of good education, much general intelligence, gentleness, and even refinement of manner.

Our first expedition was to the Gap of Dunloe, a wild and gloomy mountain pass, especially interesting to the reader of Gerald Griffin's fine novel of *The Collegians*, as the scene of poor Eily

Connor's happy honeymoon and tragic taking off. Our guide furnished myself and a pleasant English friend with ponies — the remainder of the party took a car.

Though tolerably well mounted, and able to abruptly cut the company of the old, crippled, and blind of the begging fraternity, we found that we had small advantage over the boys. The fleet-footed little rascals kept up with us for miles — one juvenile Celt, literally *sans culotte*, but in a shirt of elder-brotherly dimensions, giving us a sort of Tarn O'Shanter chase. A pretty, dark-eyed boy, running by my side, held up a bunch of purple heather and wild honey-suckle, saying, with an insinuating smile, "Plase, my lady, buy these ilegant bright flowers, so like yer honor's self, this beautiful summer morning." What woman could resist such an appeal ?

At the entrance of the Gap we were met by a detachment of volunteer guides, and a company of "mountain dew" girls — maidens with cans of goats' milk and flasks of "potheen," with which they are happy to treat the traveller, for a consideration. After listening to some grand echoes, called forth by the rich bugle notes of our guide, we proceeded through the pass. This, by itself, did not equal our expectation ; its finest feature is the "Purple Mountain," which in the glorious sunlight of that morning was beautiful beyond conception.

From Lord Brandon's demesne we embarked upon the upper lake, rowed among its fairy islands, and ran down "the long range" to the middle lake — pausing for a little gossip with the echoes of "Eagle Nest," and shooting "Old Wier Bridge" on our way. The bay and mountain of Glenà are the gems of Killarney. Even now, looking back upon the scene through the sobered light of recollection, it is all enchantment — the shore gorgeous with magnificent foliage, the waters flashing with silver gleams, the sky golden with sunset light ; and it is difficult for me to believe that there is under the broad heaven a lovelier spot. Even the echoes from this beautiful green mountain seemed clearer, yet softer and more melodious, than any we had heard before.

We took dinner on shore, in a delicious little nook, shadowed by arbutus trees, dining off a large rock, some seated *à la Turc*, some reclining in the ancient Oriental style. O, we had merry times ! And what with toasts and songs, and legends, and joyous laughter ringing out, peal on peal, over the still water, the wonder is we failed to rouse the great O'Donaghue, who, according to popular tradition, dwells in a princely palace under the lake, and only comes to the surface to take an airing on horse-back every May morning. Our row homeward, through the soft lingering sunset light, with the plash and murmur of the blue waves, rising with the rising wind, heard in the intervals between the sweet songs of our guide, was a fitting close to a day of shadowless pleasure.

In the coffee room we encountered our black-bearded tourist, quite "knocked up," he averred, by the duties of the day. He had actually "done" the ascent of old Carran Tual, twice — once on his own account, and once (most amiable of his sex !) for a friend.

That evening we listened to the fine music of Gandsey, the celebrated Irish piper, a truly venerable man, very old, and quite blind, who plays his native melodies with touching expression, waking the old sorrows of Ireland and making them wail again, and giving proud voice to her ancient glories, till you believe that her lost nationality "is not dead, but sleepeth," and *must* yet rise to free and powerful life.

On the following morning, with our pleasant friend Sir Thomas Deane, we visited Muckross Abbey, a fine, picturesque old ruin. The cloisters, the refectory, and the chapel are in comparatively good preservation. In the latter lie the bones of the great MacCarthy Mor, and, it is thought, of the O'Donaghues, with the exception, of course, of him who preferred the lake to holy ground, waved his privilege of Christian burial, and his chance of canonization, it may be, for his aguish palace, aquatic court, and questionable submarine existence. After taking leave of the solemn old abbey, we commenced the ascent of Mangerton, a mountain two thousand seven hundred and fifty-four feet in height—a merry party of six, all pony-mounted. Here we were joined by a very large company of volunteer guides, and attacked, front, flank, and rear, by an Amazonian troop of "mountain dew" girls. Barren and rugged as was that drear ascent, we found it a land flowing with goats' milk and

whiskey; and at every pause which we made to breathe our ponies, or to treat ourselves to a fine view, twenty cups were held to our lips, twenty voices prayed us to drink, for present refreshment and future good fortune — that “the Lord” might “carry us safe” up that perilous steep, and grant to us and our families, to the remotest generation, health, wealth, honor, and “pace.” Near the summit of the mountain we came upon a deep, dark, little lake — one of the devil’s punch bowls ; for his satanic majesty, who seems jovially inclined, has several in Ireland. The prospect from the summit of Mangerton is very extensive, and truly magnificent. We rested and revelled in it, for a bright half hour, on the breezy mountain top. Here we again encountered the dark-bearded tourist. Disdaining all pony aid, he had done Mangerton, as he did Carran Tual, on foot. But the trimness of his toilet, and the morning freshness of his mien, had suffered somewhat from the heat and toil of the day. His raven whiskers were whitened with dust, his hat had a backward inclination, his pantaloons were tucked into his boots, his coat of tweed was borne by the guide, his shoulders were free from the bondage of braces, which were twined carelessly about his waist, his cravat was untied, and he was at loose ends generally. Pler he was first gracious enough to make some conversation with me : —

“Madam, may I ask if you are an American ?”

“I have that honor, sir.”

“Aw—I thought so ; something in the manner a little peculiar — aw. Have you spent much time in London ?”

“About two months.”

“Aw — a great place is London — quite a world, I may say. You would like the literary society of London, excessively, if you could once get the *entrée* ; but it is difficult to do that, very difficult — aw.”

“Indeed ! I have not found it so.”

After a little more talk of this sort, our friend called to his guide, and was off. In a few minutes we saw him on an opposite peak, and very soon dashing down the mountain, towards Killarney. He seemed to give no pause for resting or “prospecting.” “March ! march !” seemed to be his word, as he were the Wandering Jew on an Irish tour.

On our descent, my English friend abandoned his hard-gaited pony and the beaten track, and plunged down the mountain side in a more direct course, on foot. Piqued by this ungallant desertion, I made a rash vow to follow in the very footsteps of my faithless cavalier. Such a chase as he led me, through boggy hollows, down rocky ledges, over small chasms and natural ditches, while the above-mentioned volunteer guides and mountain dew damsels followed close upon our track, uttering exclamations of delight and astonishment, sometimes more emphatic than pious — perhaps recognizing in this reckless love of fun and adventure a spirit kindred to their own.

After a charming drive through Lord Kenmare’s demesne, we dined in a picturesque cottage, on the lake shore, from which place we rowed to “sweet Innisfallen,” and wandered at twilight among its deep, shadowy groves, and the solemn ruins of what, ages and ages ago, was the noble temple of learning and letters. From Inisfallen we went to Rosa Castle, a grand old ruin, once the stronghold of the O’Donaghue, besieged and destroyed by Cromwell, the great spoliator of Ireland. Here the fine-frenzied tourist turned up for the last time — he rushed past us as we were entering, and was quickly lost in the ruins, but appeared afterwards at various points and parapets. He did the old castle, as he had done the other sights, in an incredibly short time — dashed down to his boat, flung himself in, ordered the men to push off — “away flew the light bark,” far into the deepening twilight, and the black-whiskered tourist passed from our sight forever. As for us, we lingered till long after nightfall in the beautiful grounds of Ross Island, or on the lake before the castle, holding pleasant converse with the famous “Paddy Blake,” the prince of echoes. “Paddy !” cried our helms-man, with a stentorian voice, “do ye know who’s been paying a visit to yer ould castle ? Listen, then, till I tell

ye : the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the wild flying aigle !” Paddy seemed duly to appreciate the honor, for he repeated the words of the boatman as though in joyous surprise. It was odd to hear those dark, grand, ivy-mantled palace halls ringing with blithe bugle notes and jolly laughter — talking in such a free and easy way — vocal with so rich a brogue.

That last night we enjoyed a merry tea-drinking together, in a private parlor, and early in the morning set forth, by stage coach, for Limerick. As to the *Victoria Hotel*, the least said by me the better for its reputation. I constrain myself to silence in regard to the broken bell wires and other dilapidations in my apartments, trusting in the truth of the proverb, “The least said, the soonest mended.” In our outdoor life at Killarney, our only serious annoyances were beggars and midges. Between the two, you bleed at every pore.

With the heavy mist of a dull, wet morning, Nature let down the drop curtain on the scene of all our enjoyment at Killarney. I think we all felt and looked a little blue as we took our places on the outside seats of the stage coach, and set forth for Tarbert, on the Shannon. Nor were the views and objects on our way such as were calculated to raise our spirits or kindle our enthusiasm. The country was a weary, boggy waste, with few-and-far-between patches of cultivation and homes of comfort. The cabins of the peasants were the most miserable of imaginable and inhabitable places — the peasants themselves were yet one depth of wretchedness below any we had seen before. Now and then we passed an ivy-wreathed castle tower, which had once frowned in embattled strength on hosts of assaulting foes ; or the unroofed walls and mouldering cloisters of an ancient abbey, with the black rooks circling amid the arches through which the white incense of worship once stole, and screaming harshly above the aisles down which once rolled the pious priestly chant in full-volumed melody. Every where we saw repeated the same sad picture — old Ireland in ruins, young Ireland in rags.

Near Tarbert our driver pointed out to us what had been a good estate ; on a rising ground stood a large, imposing mansion, but the plantations surrounding it had an appearance of utter desolation and abandonment. This was the property of a jovial Irish squire, who for many years kept open house, and lived in a rioting, rollicking way, entertaining his sporting friends with horses, and hounds, and oceans of good whiskey punch.

But during the late general distress there was a scattering among the jolly guests, and the host himself, hunted by baliffs, stripped of out-door luxuries and in-door comforts — carriages, horses, hounds, plate, furniture, library, wines, whiskey, and all — was obliged to abandon his mansion for a little thatched cottage, and actually to allow his ancestral hall to be converted into a workhouse. There is something very like retributive justice in the fact that, in the walls which once rung and rocked to the revelries of the improvident master, the poor tenants, whom his heartless extravagance tended to reduce to beggary, find in sickness and old age a quiet and comfortable home.

The passage up the Shannon from Tarbert to Limerick was an absolute delight — the river, a broad, clear, shining flood, sweeping between softly undulating, emerald shores, here and there made more beautiful by noble wooded estates and fine lordly towers. We drew near to Limerick through a long and gorgeous sunset, which overspread the heavens, wrapped the shore, and floated on the water, in a fine glory of golden light. It was a scene for the sense of beauty to revel in, not alone for the hour, but which vanished from the outward vision but to become one of the soul's fair, unfading pictures — an illuminated memory.

We were greatly pleased with Limerick, which we found a well-built, pleasant, and apparently prosperous town.

In the morning we took a car and drove to the rapids, above the city some five or six miles. These are exceedingly beautiful — grand, indeed, and very nearly equal to those of Niagara. We went down several of the least dangerous in a long, narrow skiff, much like an Indian canoe, and I shall not soon forget the wild, almost mad excitement, the peculiar, peril-zested pleasure of the swift descent, when our little fairy bark seemed to leap fearlessly from ledge to ledge, yet quickly and cunningly to avoid

all fatal enticing currents, sharp rocks lying in wait under cover of white foam, and angry waters whirling in delirious eddies.

On our return to the city we visited the old cathedral, of whose melodious bells a beautiful and well-known legend is told. After an outside survey of the old castle, which is in a fine state of preservation, considering its great age, we visited one of the largest lace manufactories, in which I was pleased to see many poor girls employed, but pained to find them crowded into two small and ill-ventilated rooms. While breathing the close air of those workshops, and looking on the pale, worn faces of some of the toiling young creatures around me, the delicate beauty of the richest lace they wrought had small charm for even my feminine fancy.

In one of our drives in Limerick we passed through a sort of rag fair, which showed us where the beggars obtained that marvellous variety of color and texture so remarkable in their costume. Here we saw some strange specimens of the last dire extremity of tattered civilization—only to be distinguished from savage scantness of apparel and imbruted stupidity by greater squalor and a sullen consciousness, which has not the grace of shame. We saw one lad whose whole attire did not boast of one ordinary garment, but who was literally hung with rags, by means of a cord wound about his body, sustaining fragments of every conceivable shape and color — so his entire costume was a curious piece of festooning. Ah, there is little need for the tourist to pass through this part of Ireland, “ spying out the nakedness of the land ;” it is thrust upon him at every turn. Yet you must not believe that all this outward wretchedness is real, necessary, and helpless. By far the larger number of those who apply to the traveller for charity are vagabondish in their instincts and indolent in their habits, and prefer to beg rather than to labor, either in or out of the workhouse. The professional beggar dresses, for his part, with as much care and skill as any other actor ; and the whine, the limp, the melancholy tale, blindness, palsy, widow’s tears, and orphan’s wails are often the results of laborious practice and splendid triumphs of art. You must bear this in mind, and “ set your face as a flint,” if you would enjoy Ireland. I have heard here an anecdote of a wealthy American gentleman, of large-hearted and tender-hearted benevolence, who, after making a tour through some of the poorer parts of the island, and scattering pennies among crowds of ragged urchins wherever he went, dropping a tear and a sixpence into every blind beggar’s extended hat, or to every “ poor widdy’s” hand, returned to his hotel, in Dublin, a saddened man, and shut himself in his room to muse on the sorrows and sufferings of the innumerable host of peregrinating paupers, infantile, maternal, juvenile, and ancient, which had thronged his way through many days. Suddenly he heard, somewhere without his door, a sweet voice, and the plaintive notes of a harp. “ Ah !” exclaimed the good man, “ some poor creature, having heard of my benevolence, has followed me here, and is appealing to my sympathies through one of the mournful olden melodies of her native land. What a melting, heart-breaking voice ! Heavens ! what a touching strain was that ! I can endure it no longer ;” and, with tearful agitation, he rings violently.

“ Waiter, I can’t stand this—give that woman half a crown for me, and send her away.”

The waiter stood aghast, for the harpist and singer was a noble lady in the next room.

But I must not loiter by the way in this manner. From Limerick to Dublin by rail. At the latter place I was taken quite seriously ill. Fortunately, perhaps I should say *providentially*, I had brought a letter of introduction to Sir Philip Crampton, the distinguished surgeon general of Ireland, and the father of the present British minister at Washington, who in this hour of need gave me the benefit of his world-renowned skill, taking from the good office all air professional, and giving to it the grace of a kind, friendly proffer, and the charm of a gentle, high-bred courtesy, as indescribable as it is inimitable. Thus circumstanced, my sick bed and I soon parted company. What I saw at Dublin after I got about, and during a brief subsequent visit, I will strive to recall and relate in few words.

Our first visit was to the Mount Joy Model Prison — constructed and conducted very much on the plan of the Philadelphia Penitentiary. We were most favorably impressed by the order and neatness evident throughout the building, and by the intelligence and humane feeling shown by the officers with whom we conversed. From the prison we went to the workhouse, in the admirable management

and orderly regulation of which we were greatly interested. It is an immense establishment, yet every where a system of cleanliness and thorough ventilation seems to prevail. The poor inmates are well fed and comfortably clothed ; their wants, physical, mental, and spiritual, are consulted, and, as far as possible, satisfied. On the whole, I was gratified and cheered by the visit. In the Lunatic Asylum, a truly noble institution, I saw greater varieties of insanity than I had ever remarked in any similar institution in my own country. Some were melancholy in the extreme, some terrible, some grotesque, some merry and mischievous, and some, by far the saddest of all, dull, imbecile, and idiotic. It is strange, perhaps, but I never felt a more deep and solemn conviction of the immortality of the soul than when contemplating those various forms of insanity. To me the great light shone with an intenser glow, a more sacred and indestructible life, thus glaring from the wild orbs of frenzy, or faintly and fitfully gleaming from the heavy misted eyes of idiocy — like torchlight in a dungeon, or a star seen through drifting clouds, all the more vividly and startlingly real. I there felt that to despair of one of those poor creatures, capable but of one thrill of kindly sympathy, of love, or hope, or remorse — if smiling on a child, or at the sight of flowers, or of greeting gratefully the pitying face of the stranger — were sin almost beyond forgiveness. I felt, that to say of the mind wandering for years in the dark waste of hopeless melancholy, and of the soul islanded away from all human companionship in the stagnant sea of unconscious idiocy, moaning up to God its inarticulate anguish, — to say of these, “ they shall utterly perish,” were blasphemy. It is strange that we do not learn more meekly from Nature, who goes on ever reproducing her works in beautified and glorified forms. The rough, dull seed arising to a glorious resurrection in the gorgeous flower, holding in her sweet chalice the purest dews of the skies, and the butterfly, freed from his unsightly chrysalis, fluttering up at our feet, bearing the glory of heaven on his wings, should rebuke the unbeliever. Shall such as these live again and again, and that fullest emanation of the Divine — the soul of man — be flung aside, as of no worth in God’s economy, after one brief trial of existence ?

We visited the grave of O’Connell, in the beautiful cemetery of Glasneven, where Curran is also buried. The coffin of the great “ agitator,” covered with crimson velvet, gorgeously wrought in gold, is exposed in the vault of a temporary tomb. So we stood very near the dust of him whose overmastering eloquence had once stirred and swayed the minds of his countrymen, as a strong tempest rouses the sea and drives the wild waves before it. He did much for Ireland, and she will keep his memory green.

We visited the Royal Irish Academy, where we saw many curious antiquities ; the exhibition of painting and sculpture, where we saw a few good pictures ; and the beautiful Bank of Ireland, formerly the House of Lords and Commons.

Hearing that the famous Donnybrook Fair was under full headway, a few miles from the city, we drove out one pleasant afternoon, hoping to see Irish character in some new varieties. But, on reaching the ground, we soon despaired of seeing much in this way, remarking every where the presence of those patent suppressors of popular spirit and jollity, individual originality and fun—soldiers and policemen. It was a novel, a bustling, and crowded, but by no means an animating scene. There was every thing to be sold, and nothing seemed to be selling. There was plenty of eating and drinking, and nobody seemed the heartier or happier. There was every where evident an awkward effort at enjoyment and amusement, un-Irish and lamentable in the extreme. You heard little laughter or singing, and both the fiddling and dancing were mechanical and spiritless. There were half a dozen theatres, and every variety of “ show ;” and for an hour before the performance commenced, managers, actors, clowns, and “ Pthiopian minstrels” paraded in front of their booths, shouting and bidding for customers with furious ringing of bells and mad beating of drums. “ Ladies and gintlemin, walk in and see the Roosian Lamberts the fattest man in the civilized world.” “ Ladies and gintlemin, let me warn you agin a chate, in a frindly way, just — sure it’s no Roosian at all, but a poor divil from Skibbereen, fatted on turnips. Walk in here, and see an ilegant collection of monkeys, and a beautiful famale kangaroo, all for a penny.” “ Ladies and gentlemen, come and patronize the legitimate drama, and witness the thrilling and bloody tragedy of Jack Sheppard at tuppence an ’ead !”

As a matter of course, there was on the ground a large representation of beggars. I was struck by one poor old “cratur’s” peculiar and touching blessing : “ May the Lord bless yer honor, and yer honor’s husband, prisint or to be, and grant you both health and pace, and many happy Donny-brooks !”

As we were returning to our car, through a little crowded lane, I remarked to my friends, “ It is quite true what we were told in Dublin — the glory of Donnybrook has departed since the advent of Father Mathew with his dispensation of teetotalism, and the more perfect and powerful organization of police, both throwing cold water on its ancient spirit of tight and frolic. One now hears no singing of wild ballads, and sees no swinging of shillalabs ; there is an unnatural propriety, a dreary orderliness, a flat sobriety, prevailing here.” Just then I was somewhat rudely pressed on by a sturdy young woman, who seemed, with elbows and knuckles, to be making a rough medical examination of my spinal vertebrae, testing the elastic properties of my ribs, and the temper of my shoulder blades. Shrinking from this severe infliction, I complained to the gentleman on whose arm I leaned of the too pressing attentions of the person behind me ; whereupon the damsel exclaimed, “ I’m not behind you at all !” following this astounding declaration with certain spirited expressions, and finally indulged herself in some remarks which I could but consider irrelevant, consisting of comparisons between my personal appearance and her own, decidedly unfavorable to the former. This was the first inhospitable treatment I had received in Ireland. To have my slight feminine attractions, my humble claims to good looks, not alone questioned, but flatly denied, at that joyous ancient gathering-place, that high festival of the kindly Irish peasantry — Donnybrook Fair — by a Donnybrook fair, was an unexpected dis-courtesy.

The society which we were so fortunate as to see in Dublin impressed us most agreeably. All you have heard of the beauty, intelligence, tact, and charming vivacity of Irish ladies, you may believe — you cannot believe too much. The Irish gentlemen, for gifts of conversation and entertainment, and for a warm, familiar, yet polished courtesy, are absolutely un-surpassable. Yet I have somewhat against them. I have frequently found them wanting in the spirit of nationality — completely Anglicized in thought and feeling. They, many of them, speak of Ireland and the Irish as though not of it or them. An Irish aristocrat speaks of the poor peasantry very much as the southern American speaks of the blacks.

My illness in Dublin cost me the relinquishment of a visit to Galway and Connemara, and the pilgrimage which I would gladly have made to the birthplace and “ the Deserted Village” of Goldsmith. My friend Mr. B , who made this tour, was greatly charmed with the wild picturesqueness of the scenery, and reported very favorably as to the character, condition, industrial prospects, and educational privileges of the people.

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