

## IN IRELAND.

## II.

CLONMEL, Ireland, July 13.—The readers of the REVIEW, except those of them who happen to be of Irish birth or parentage, perhaps never heard of Clonmel in the course of their lives, and yet an author who is popular in America, though dead a century, was born and spent his manhood here. I allude to the writer of "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey"—books now ranked among the English classics. Here, indeed, Laurence Sterne began his career, and the house in which he was born is still standing. Recent writers attribute much of the exuberance of spirit which Sterne exhibits in his works to the fact that he grew up as a boy among a people noted all the world over for their intelligence, wit, and keen sense of satire and humour.

For of all places I have ever visited I think this town abounds in people of high spirits, cheerful disposition, and large intelligence. I do not mean, of course, the lower classes, nor the higher, but rather the middle. There are splendid schools here—public, religious, and private—and the percentage of illiteracy is said to be smaller in and around Clonmel than in any district of proportionate population in the south of Ireland.

I had a very pleasant conversation with a teacher in one of the public or national schools, in the course of which he spoke of the ready wit of the boys and girls, and gave me some illustrations.

One day, not long ago, he told me he had occasion to give the boys' juvenile class a line on the blackboard, which was to be the title of a composition in prose or verse. He selected the name of a famous character in Irish history, spelling it as it is pronounced here and often written, making the title read thus:

"BRIAN BORU, KING OF MUNSTER."

In the course of a half-hour he gathered up the work of the boys for the purpose of reading them aloud, as is the custom, and awarding first, second, and third prizes, consisting of books, pencil-cases, knives, etc. One of the first compositions he came to ran in this way:

Brian Boru, king of Munster,  
Raised his gun and shot a youngster.

The reading of this knocked all discipline out of the school, and even the teacher was compelled to join in the laughter elicited.

When quiet was restored he went on with his reading, and all was quiet and orderly until he struck this:

Brian Boru,  
King of Munster,  
Got hard up  
And pawned his ulster.

This knocked the school out again, and after reading a few more of the same kind he was compelled to close the exercise in order to demonstrate his authority.

The town is built on both sides of the Suir, in Waterford and Tipperary, and is 104 miles from Dublin. It has a handsome Protestant church, which stands in the centre of a Catholic graveyard; two large Catholic parish churches, both very handsome, and a Franciscan friary. Besides these, it has Wesleyan, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Quaker meeting-houses. The latter denomination is largely represented here, and many of the leading store-keepers, flour millers, and manufacturers belong to that sect. It has a splendid mechanics' institute, an art gallery, botanical gardens, two convents, two lunatic asylums, a poor-house, a public dispensary, a great brewery, and two very fair newspapers, the *Chronicle* and *Free Press*. Boats of fifty tons' burden ply between here and Waterford, and a large business is done in grain and dairy products.

The town is one of the oldest in Ireland. In 1260 it became the seat of the Franciscan friary, which is still in existence. It grew in importance until 1641, when it declared for the Catholic party, historians say, and was gallantly defended by Hugh O'Neill against Cromwell, but after a long siege was compelled to surrender. The town was completely demolished and was never again

fortified; but the ruins of the old walls are still standing, and a new west gate marks the spot where the old one stood in Cromwell's time.

It was here that Bianconi established his headquarters and organized a system of mail service which penetrated into the provinces of Connaught and Leinster, using as his means of communication light jaunting cars. There are as many romances connected with Bianconi's mail cars as there are with Ben Halliday's Overland Pony Express. Highwaymen frequently not only stole whatever treasure the cars carried, but the cars, horse, driver, and all.

There is one very sad feature about the town, and one that struck me before I had been here a day. I have never seen so many silent factories. There are great buildings along the quays, immense structures on the back streets, buildings rising to six stories in height in the rear of private houses, all vacant. They tell me here that previous to the union the linen and woolen factories of Clonmel gave employment to 15,000 or 20,000 people. The entire population of the town now does not amount to over 10,000. It was one of the busiest towns in the three kingdoms; now, as far as manufactories are concerned, it is one of the dullest.

CLONMEL, Ireland, July 14.—I told you in a previous letter that we had covered a large section of the counties of Tipperary and Waterford within three days, but I did not tell you of the places we visited. A ride of about a twenty-mile circuit to the west, southwest and northwest of Clonmel has given us an opportunity of seeing the principal places of interest.

Among the handsomest estates and most elegant residences to the west are those of the Bagwells, at Marlefield, and of "the right honourable the earl of Donoughmore," Knocklofty. These estates are miles upon miles in extent. Farther out is the home of "the Moores of Barn," an old Irish family, which went over to the Cromwellian side in time to save itself. We visited a quaint little place called Clougheen, which has won more or less fame in connection with one of the most comical of Ireland's comic songs. I have heard the tune whistled by the drivers and others we happened to run across, and it was so pleasant to the ear that I took the liberty of asking what the name was. Its title, it seems, is "Paddy Carey." I suppose it is familiar enough to the Irish residents of Toronto, but to me it was new, and in response to my request, accompanied by a sixpenny silver piece, we succeeded in getting a peasant lad to sing it for us by the roadside. I can only remember the first verse, which ran something like this:

Oh, 'twas in the town uv nate Clougheen  
That Sargeant Snap met Paddy Carey.  
He had a brogue so sweet and clean,  
Was brisk as a bee an' light as a fairy.

His brawny shoulders four feet wide,  
His cheeks like thumpin' red petadies,  
His eye was bright, his step was light,  
An' Pat was loved be all the ladies.  
Young and old,  
Short and tall,  
Thick and thin,  
An' great and small,  
From ould Pouleslough to Kilinaule,  
There's none comes up with Paddy Carey.

In the course of the song, which has thirteen verses and a different chorus to each verse, it was learned that Mr. Carey attracted the attention of a recruiting sargeant named Snap, who got him to drink a little too much and took advantage of Pat's condition in order to "slip him the shilling"—in other words, to enlist him in her majesty's service. The closing verse tells how neatly Paddy gave the sargeant the slip after waking up from his stupor by carrying him into the mountains and leaving him there to find his way back to the barracks at Clonmel, where, being unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was tried by "court martial," and received fifty lashes.

The fact that this peasant boy could sing in pretty distinct English need not surprise you. In Tipperary Irish is very