The Charlottetown Herald.

NEW SERIES. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1883. VOL. XII—NO. 18.

THE HERALD.

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Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.
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Remittances can be made by registered letter.
Address all letters and correspondence to the HERALD Office, Queen Street, Charlottetown.

RICHARD WALSH, Publisher.

CALENDAR FOR MARCH, 1883.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Last Quarter 2nd day, 1h. 15.6m., a. m.
New Moon 9th day, 14.8m., a. m.
First Quarter 15th day, 4h. 35.9m., p. m.
Full Moon 23rd day, 1h. 32.3m., p. m.
Last Quarter 31st day, 4h. 2.8m., p. m.

M'th	DAY OF WEEK	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON RISES	MOON SETS	HIGH WATER
		h.m.	h.m.	morn	morn	aft'n
1	Thur.	6 43	5 42	0 34	10 11	2 10
2	Friday	41	43	1 29	10 56	4 15
3	Satur.	40	45	2 24	11 45	5 27
4	Sunday	38	46	3 15	aft. 48	6 37
5	Monday	36	47	3 58	1 47	8 6
6	Tuesday	34	49	4 37	2 57	8 58
7	Wed.	32	50	5 13	4 11	9 44
8	Thur.	30	52	5 46	5 26	10 29
9	Friday	28	54	6 18	6 46	11 8
10	Satur	26	55	6 50	8 5	11 50
11	Sunday	24	56	7 24	9 23	morn
12	Monday	22	57	8 2	10 40	0 31
13	Tuesday	21	58	8 44	11 52	1 15
14	Wed.	19	6 0	9 32	morn.	2 4
15	Thur.	17	1	10 25	0 59	3 0
16	Friday	15	3	11 22	1 56	4 11
17	Satur.	13	4	aft. 23	2 45	5 34
18	Sunday	11	5	1 25	3 26	6 53
19	Monday	9	7	2 28	4 1	7 54
20	Tuesday	7	8	3 26	4 32	8 3
21	Wed.	5	9	4 20	4 58	9 21
22	Thur.	3	11	5 29	5 23	9 57
23	Friday	1	12	6 28	5 47	10 29
24	Satur.	5 56	13	7 30	6 12	11 0
25	Sunday	57	15	8 28	6 38	11 31
26	Monday	55	16	9 27	7 5	aft. 3
27	Tuesday	53	17	10 26	7 36	0 37
28	Wed.	51	19	11 23	8 10	1 14
29	Thur.	49	20	morn	8 52	1 54
30	Friday	48	21	0 17	9 38	2 41
31	Satur.	46	22	1 5	10 32	3 42

DR. CONROY

Has Removed his Office and Residence to

MUTON'S BUILDING,

Lower Great George Street,

OPPOSITE EXAMINER OFFICE.

Charlottetown, Nov. 15, 1882—6m

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Solicitors in Chancery,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

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jan17

McLeod & Morson,

BARRISTERS & ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

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Nov. 24, 1882. dec 27

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BAZAAR.

THE Members of the Ladies' Hospital Committee intend holding a Bazaar on JULY 10TH, in aid of the City Hospital, and contributions will be thankfully received by the following Ladies:—

MRS. POPE, President.
" MASON, Treasurer.

Mrs. Connolly, Mrs. J. Longworth,
" Caven, Miss Hensley,
" D. O'M. Reddin, " M. Macleod,
" Beaton, Mrs. C. C. Gardiner,
" M. Blake, " Bagnall,
" Sullivan, " J Peake,
" Hobkirk, " R. B. Peake,
" L. H. Davies, " Strickland,
" Geo. Davies, Miss M. Palmer,
" Geo. Macleod, " K. Wright,
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MRS. MALCOLM MACLEOD, Secretary.

jan31

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Roman Intelligence.

The Feast of St. Agatha was observed this year at the Irish College—which is dedicated to the Saint—with greater solemnity than usual. High Mass was sung by Mgr. Macchi, Maestro di Camera to the Pope; Cardinal Pecci assisting from the Throne, surrounded by Mgr. Cataldi, Master of the Ceremonies to the Pope, several Prelates, and their servants in grand liveries. The music was well rendered by the students. During the day the College was visited by Cardinal A. Jacobini, the Right Rev. Dr. Riddell, Bishop of Northampton; the Right Rev. Dr. Crane, Bishop of Sandhurst, Australia; the Rectors of the English, Scotch, Irish (Augustinians), and North American Colleges; Mr. Errington, M. P.; and Dr. Maziere Brady.

On the 5th ult., in the Throne-room, His Holiness gave audience to the Lenten preachers, among whom was the Rev. W. Lockhart, O. C., who is the English preacher this year, and the parish priests of Rome. His Holiness, in his speech, touched upon the religious interests of Rome, reminding his hearers of their duties towards the faithful in this holy season, and pointing out the difficulties that always beset the ecclesiastic. To the parish priests the Holy Father particularly recommended the necessity of religious instruction to the young, and the development of Catholic societies in each parish. Finally, he exhorted the preachers to fight energetically against the errors which now pervade modern society. The Holy Father then accorded to all present the Apostolic Blessing. On the 8th, private audience was given in the evening to the Bishops of Saint-Flour, Tarentaise, Sies, and Vannes, who all, in the names of their dioceses, presented large sums as Peter Pence. Pere Icard, Superior General of St. Sulpice, who left Rome for Paris the following day, was also received in farewell audience. The Holy Father gave a private audience to the Right. Rev. Mgr. T. J. Capel, of London, who is preaching the English Lenten sermons at Florence to large congregations. On the 9th His Holiness, with the Sacred College of Cardinals, assisted at the first Lenten sermon within the Vatican, delivered by the Rev. Father Francis, of Loretto, Capuchin.

The anniversary of the death of the late Pius IX. falling this year on Ash Wednesday, the usual Solemn Requiem was sung in the Sistine Chapel on the following day, the 8th ult., by the Dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Di Pietro, Bishop of Ostia and Velletri, in the presence of the Holy Father, who gave the Absolutions. There were present all the Cardinals now in Rome, the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops, the Prince Assistant at the Throne, the Domestic Prelates of His Holiness, the Master of the Sacred Palaces, the Generals of Religious Orders, the Consistorial Advocates, &c. In places specially reserved were the members of the different Embassies accredited to the Holy See, the Grand Masters and several Knights of the most noble Order of the Knights of Malta, and many of the Roman nobility, besides a great number of strangers. This year, for the first time, no tickets were issued, and notwithstanding the crowd, everything passed off quietly. Many people went down to St. Peter's Square to see the carriages of the Ambassadors pass, but the Government had taken the precaution to place many police about, so that no disturbance occurred. At the Church of St. Lawrence-without-the Walls, where reposes the body of the Pope, Masses were said throughout Wednesday morning at the small altar near the tomb, which was visited by many people, who, by this pious pilgrimage, showed the affection that the Romans still have for the memory of Pius IX. One of the Catholic Societies placed six large tapers around the tomb, which were burning all the day. On the 10th (Saturday) there were other Masses said in the Basilicas of St. John Lateran's and St. Peter's, the music used in the first-named Basilica being especially composed by the organist, Sig. Philip Capocci.

It is the custom in Rome that each day in Lent one or two churches are set aside for the "Station"—that is to say, their relics are solemnly exposed, and indulgences granted to all who visit them. This week the first church named is St. George, from which Cardinal Newman takes his title, and wherein is exposed the skull of the martyr, his lance and standard. The church is one of the oldest in the city, dating from the fourth century. It was restored in the eighth and thirteenth centuries, when the present beautiful portico was built. The paintings were executed by Giotto, but are no longer visible. The other church named for the first day was that dedicated to "Jesus and Mary" in the Corso, whose monastery and grounds have been given by the Municipality for the site of the new Protestant church. The churches named for the second day were those of SS. John and Paul and St. Gregory on the Celian Hill, both of which have some interest for English people, as Cardinals Howard and Manning receive their titles from them. That dedicated to SS. John and Paul was founded in the fourth century, near to the house of Sta Costanza, daughter of Constantine the Great, who was beheaded under Julian the Apostate. It is now served by the Passionist Fathers, whose founder, St. Paul of the Cross (died 1775), lies buried in the magnificent new chapel opened two years ago. In the monastery adjoining the church of St. Gregory lived St. Gregory, who founded the House of Benedictines, from which were sent to England St. Augustine, St. Lawrence of Canterbury, St. Melite, Bishop of London; and St. Peter, Abbot of Canterbury. Under the portico of the Church is the tomb of Sir Edward Carne, who, with Cranmer, took an important part in the divorce of Henry VIII.; in the chapel near here is preserved the marble table at which St. Gregory used to serve twelve poor men each day.

"WICKLOW AND KILLARNEY."

REV. DR. McDONALD'S LECTURE.

In St. Patrick's Hall, on Wednesday evening last, was assembled a crowded audience to hear the Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, of Georgetown, lecture. The subject was a popular one, and those who attended expecting an evening's entertainment, were not disappointed. His Lordship Bishop MacIntyre was present, accompanied by Rev. Fathers McGillivray, DeFinance, Corbett, James E. Macdonald, Allan Macdonald and Dr. Grant. Mr. McSwain, the President of the Catholic Literary Union, under whose auspices the lecture was delivered, presided and introduced the lecturer.

Dr. McDonald, on coming forward, said that, by the title of the lecture, he was restricted to the "Mountains of Wicklow and Killarney"; but some friends had promised him that he might have, in his remarks, the liberty of the length and breadth of Old Ireland. He would accept their generosity; and would travel over, in imagination, the same course which he had taken a few years ago. In visiting Ireland from this side of the Atlantic, passengers usually land at Queenstown; or, as it was formerly known, the Cove of Cork. Our venerable Bishop had done this, although he gave as a reason that he was tired of the sea; but His Lordship was just as good a sailor as any man, the fact of the matter being that the moment he came in sight of the green shores of Ireland, the picture was so enticing, he could not resist landing. Not only was this His Lordship's action the first time he went across, but he had continued the practice on each subsequent occasion. He himself did not land at Queenstown, but sailed around the south-west and southern portion of Ireland, and landed in Liverpool. There are several routes from England to Ireland; but the one usually adopted is by the mail line from Holyhead to Kingstown. They were too late for the express steamer, although they travelled in the express train; of course, the passengers grumbled, and had to take passage by a line of steamers that runs direct to Dublin. Approaching Ireland, and sailing up Dublin Bay, the city presents a most magnificent view. The scenery has been compared to that of the Bay of Naples; but this is overdoing it. Naples is grander; it has in the back ground Vesuvius belching forth fire, smoke and ashes. Dublin has nothing of this kind; but in the background are the Wicklow Mountains; on the right is the Hill of Howth; on the left, the Killina Hill and the Dalkans. As you sail up the Bay you notice many beautiful villas and mansions, until at last you land upon the pier. Dublin is situated upon the banks of the river Liffey, at its entrance into the Bay. The river is navigable as far as Carlisle, or O'Connell's Bridge; but the vessels usually go no farther up than the Custom House. This Bridge commands a beautiful view of Dublin on all sides. Looking down the harbor you have a magnificent view of the shipping lying there, though it is not so fine as may be seen in Cork, Belfast, or Liverpool; docks and piers line each side of the river, the piers terminating in the north wall. Viewed from any quarter, the Custom House is conspicuous. Sackville Street, which does not extend very far, is one of the most magnificent in all the world, and the broadest he had ever seen, having more the appearance of a public square. The buildings on each side are splendid structures. In the centre stands Nelson's monument, over 120 feet in height, surmounted by a colossal statue of the Hero of Trafalgar. Since his visit a statue has been erected to Daniel O'Connell. Opposite Nelson's monument is the Post Office, and also the Rotunda, the place for public meetings, holding the same relation to Dublin that Exeter Hall does to London. Looking up the river you observe many bridges, appearing as if there were one opposite every street. On the south side of the bridge is a beautiful marble monument to William Smith O'Brien; further on, towards Trinity College, are statues of Tom Moore, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith. Conspicuous, in the middle of College Green, stands the statue of William III. On the right hand side is the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Parliament House. Changes have been made in the Commons Chamber, but the House of Lords is pretty much as it was a century ago; the throne has been replaced by a statue of George III.; but the tapestry on the walls is the same; the Council table and chairs still occupy the same positions, waiting till such time as Ireland shall obtain what she has a right to—her native Parliament. When that shall arrive, all that will be necessary will be to brush off the dust. Across the street is Trinity College. He had time for a short visit only. While he was in Dublin he was accompanied by Judge Little, a Charlottetonian, who acted as his *cicerone* through these extensive buildings. The library is most extensive and valuable, and contains 250,000 volumes. What impressed the lecturer was the immense amount of Irish manuscripts, among them being the celebrated Book of Kells, containing the first four Gospels, copied by St. Columba, in the 6th century, and universally pronounced to be the best specimen of illuminated manuscript in existence. In the museum are preserved numerous articles of interest, ancient suits of armor, &c.; but the most interesting was the old Irish harp, so old that it seemed to be worm-eaten, which is said to have been that of the famous King Brian Borohme. The Harp was always the favorite instrument of the Irish people, both in ancient and modern times. Among other nations you will find inscribed on their banners figures of lions, unicorns, two-headed eagles, the sun, moon and stars; but the banner which the Irish adopted, and under which they were wont to march, was a Golden Harp on a Green Ground. It is not surprising, then, that the ministrel or performer was a general favorite, and held the place of honor next to the King, whether in the halls of pleasure, or upon the field of battle. When on the battle field of Clontarf the King and his three sons perished, and the minstrel even was stricken down, the boy girded on his father's sword, and took up his Harp. Here the lecturer sang the following beautiful verse from Tom Moore:

"The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
'Land of song!' said the warrior-bard,
'Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.'

"The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery.'"

From Trinity College you pass to the Royal Irish Academy, a storehouse of many ancient and curious objects, containing thousands of Irish manuscripts. Among many others, some of whose names the lecturer mentioned, is the "Book of the Dun Cow," the story of which he related as follows: A young man, the son of a wealthy farmer, went to join the monastery; he had a pet calf which was so fond of him that she insisted upon following him; she grew up at the monastery, and when she died, her skin was carefully manufactured into parchment, upon which the monk wrote a book; and thus this manuscript received its name, "The Book of the Dun Cow." In the Strong Room is preserved a large quantity of jewelry, bracelets, necklaces, collars, &c., such as were used by chiefs and kings in ancient times, many of which were dredged from the Shannon, near the city of Limerick. The collars were massive, and brought to his mind the following verse, which he then sang:

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader.

When her kings with standards of green unfurled
Led the Red-Branch knights to danger
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger."

The lecturer then referred to the churches of Old Trinity and St. Patrick, the latter built over the holy well where St. Patrick was wont to baptize his converts. These edifices were erected in the eleventh or twelfth century in the Gothic style, and were fast falling into decay, when two gentlemen of Dublin came to the rescue—Sir Benjamin Guinness, at his own expense, restored St. Patrick's Church, and at the time of the lecturer's visit, work was progressing in the restoration of Trinity Church, at the charges of Mr. Henry Roe. Both these gentlemen are well known brewers in Dublin, but—this was before the days of the Scott Act. From Nelson's Pillar, for threepence fare, you may go to the Plains of Clontarf, several miles out, the scene of the battlefield where Brian Borohme defeated the Danes upon Good Friday, 1014, when 14,000 of them were driven into the sea. These Danes were Pagan invaders, whose object was to destroy every vestige of Christianity, and accordingly they chose Good Friday for the onslaught. The sons and grandsons of Brian fell on the field. The King himself, over fourscore years old, had, after the battle, retired to his tent to return thanks for the victory, and, while upon his knees in prayer, was murdered by a straggling Dane. There is nothing remarkable to be seen there now. The name means the "Meadow of the Bulls," not very classical, but sounding quite as well as Oxford or Ramsgate. Here is a magnificent castle, the residence of the Vernon family. The lecturer here recited the following:—

"Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet."

In addition to its fame as a battlefield, it has also, within our own time, been celebrated as the scene of the great Repeal meetings held by O'Connell in 1843, at places famous for their historic associations. In October of that year a meeting was called, to be held at Clontarf, at which it was expected there would be over a million of persons present. The Government, considering it imprudent to allow such a large gathering so close to the Capital, issued a proclamation, forbidding the holding of the meeting. O'Connell, always obedient and respectful to the law, and whose motto was, "He who commits a crime gives strength to the enemy," was the first to respect it, and himself issued a proclamation requesting the people not to attend, but to remain at home. The meeting was not held, but several persons, among them O'Connell and the present Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, were arrested for exciting disaffection. In May following they were tried, and being found guilty, were sentenced to fine and imprisonment. On appeal, however, being taken to the House of Lords, the sentence was reversed, and it was upon that occasion that Lord Denman made the famous remark, that "if jury packing were allowed to be continued as it had been practised, then would trial by jury become a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." In the Royal Halls of Tara, which it has taken 1500 years to reduce to ruins, St. Patrick preached the Gospel to assembled Kings and Chiefs. The reverend lecturer then sang, with much effect:

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er:
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

Reference was made to Maynooth College, an immense educational institution. Glasnevin Cemetery, the Catholic burying place, adjoining the Botanical Gardens, was next visited. It is a level plot of ground, laid out on a magnificent scale, and very carefully kept. The most prominent monument is that of O'Connell, built in the form of one of the ancient round towers, and is constructed of stone. Underneath is the vault, where all that is mortal of the great Liberator is deposited. The lecturer entered and examined the coffin. Over the door is carved the dying testament of O'Connell: "My heart to Rome—my body to Ireland—my soul to Heaven." As O'Connell advanced in years, his heart turned more and more to Rome, and at last he set out to visit the Eternal City. The reverend lecturer was in Rome at the time, and it was with gay anticipation that he looked forward to his arrival. But it was doomed otherwise. O'Connell got only as far as Genoa when he was stricken down and died. According to his wish, his heart was taken to Rome, and there received with the solemn religious rites which, in the Holy City, they know so well how to perform. Taking the morning train, you leave Dublin and arrive at Rathdrum Station. Here carriages are in waiting to convey you to Glendalough. This was the first occasion upon which the lecturer travelled in a jaunting car, and he related several humorous passages between himself and the driver. Glendalough means the Glen of Two Lochs, and here the mountain scenery is magnificent. In one of the mountains is pointed out a cave, where St. Kevin, who was contemporary with St. Columba, lived for a great number of years. After his time Glendalough grew to be a city and seat of learning, and was known as "The Seven Churches." The lecturer visited the ruins, the smallest of which has the roof still remaining, which is of peculiar construction, being composed of stone flags, and it has also a small belfry. As it resembles a house with a chimney, it is known as St. Kevin's Chimney. The present Church is of recent date, but the old cemetery, connected with the Abbey, is still used, and by the inscriptions it will be perceived that the O'Tooles and Byrnes were the leading families. The city itself has entirely disappeared, and but one object is conspicuous among the desolation, and that is the best specimen, perhaps, of the ancient Round Towers of Ireland. It is 112 feet high, cylindrical in shape, from 50 to 60 feet in circumference, and tapering towards the top, terminates in a cone. It stands there to-day, as firm on its base as it did a thousand or thousands of years ago, seeming as if nothing short of an earthquake could destroy it. From there down the Vale of Clara you proceed along the Avonmore, which flows out of two lakes. The Avonbeag (or Little Avon), flowing through Brocky, above the Avonmore (or Big Avon) at the Vale of Avoca, and from this junction the united rivers take the name of Avoca. Near by is pointed out the oak tree under which Moore rested, while composing that beautiful song, "The Meeting of the Waters," which, running down a decline, murmur through the stones until, on the level, they unite in peace. Here the lecturer sang:

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled with peace.

In this neighborhood is the estate of Mr. Parnell (Avondale), and near by are the Dargle, Loch Dan, and the Devil's Glen, which is said to be a very beautiful place, but which, the lecturer drily remarked, he had not time to visit. He drove down the sweet Vale of Avoca to the station, and returned by rail to Dublin, after a hard day's work. Setting out for the south, he arrived at Carlow, a neat town of considerable importance, with churches, a college, and where is a handsome monument erected to the memory of the celebrated Dr. Doyle. From Carlow he went to Kilkenny, a town famous for three things, "fire without smoke, water without mud, and streets paved with marble." Here is Ormond Castle, the stronghold of the Butlers, but the lecturer had no time to wait and see the "boys of Kilkenny," who are described as "brave, roving blades." From Kilkenny he passed to Waterford. The town is built upon the River Suir, which you cross by a wooden bridge. There is nothing remarkable about the city, which was built by the Danes; some of their walls and Reginald's Tower are still standing; in one angle is embedded a cannon ball, which was fired across the river by the tender-hearted Oliver Cromwell. There is considerable shipping, and a daily steamer runs across to Milford Haven. Large numbers of cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry are shipped, and donkeys form a prominent feature in the exports. A few miles down on the seashore is Tramore, meaning the "Big Strand," a delightful watering place, and which is largely patronized. Port Law possesses large cloth and cotton industries. Carrick-on-Suir is built partly in Waterford and partly in Tipperary, being connected by a bridge. Clonmel is a large inland town; it is a walled city, and made a good stand against Cromwell. Clonmel means a "pot of honey," and the legend runs that, when its founders were going to build it, they followed a swarm of bees, and built where they stopped. It was in Clonmel that Smith O'Brien was taken prisoner, and in the Court House that he was tried and sentenced to death. The lecturer then took a cut across country, by the head of the Blackwater, to visit the famous Trappist Monastery, the history of which he related as follows: In 1830, after the French Revolution, some Trappist Monks came from France to England and Ireland—they were principally French, but there were some Irish among them—who settled on a tract of 700 acres of land given them by Sir Richard Kane, situate on the mountain side. They went to work in 1832, on an humble scale, but such were their industry and perseverance, that, at the date of his visit, they had reclaimed one-half the land, which was of a turfy, peaty nature, built an abbey, college, and schools, where not only the sons of the rich come from all parts to be educated, but also the children of the poor receive instruction. The rules of the Trappists embrace perpetual silence and a vegetable diet, so certain of the members are detailed to serve the schools, while another receives visitors and travellers, of whom there are a large number. Of the 95 monks in the monastery, 20 were priests. All are busily engaged in their various duties—the priests saying their office and teaching, others in the various occupations of farmers, dairymen, shoemakers, tailors, &c., they constitute a little world within themselves. At this monastery, the great O'Connell always managed to find a week to pass in retreat, and the cell which he used to occupy is still pointed out, bearing over the door the pious ejaculation for the repose of his soul. Here it is still the custom of many persons to spend their holidays in retreat, and the lecturer's four companions to Capoquin were a priest, a merchant, and two young clerks who had thus been spending their vacation—but we, in America, say that the Irish are behind the age. Leaving Capoquin you pass Lismore, one of the great seats of learning in ancient times, and where Alfred the Great was educated. Youghal was visited, which, though once stirring, was in a languid state. In former times it enjoyed special privileges. King John lived there and built a castle. Sir Walter Raleigh resided there, and his home is still pointed out; as also the Myrtle Grove and the Yew Trees which he planted. It was he who introduced the potato into Ireland, as well as the tobacco. A story is told of him, that while sitting in his grove one evening indulging in the weed, his servants observed the smoke, and thinking that he was on fire, effectually quenched him with a bucket of water. The old Abbey is a splendid ruin; here, also, is a monument to the Earl of Cork. Along the beach, outside the mouth of the river, is a beautiful watering place, fast becoming fashionable and much frequented. A railroad runs to Queenstown, and thus the lecturer took his passage to the Cove of Cork, on the River Lee. Cork and Belfast are both important places, and Cork is one of great enterprise. The famous Father Mathew and John Francis Maguire, M. P. (who visited this Island), and Gerald Griffin, the elegant writer, were residents of Cork, which takes its name from the nature of the soil, which is marshy. It contains magnificent buildings, hotels and churches, as well as a new Cathedral. A quaint building is St. Ann's Church, Shandon, constructed from the ruins of the Franciscan Abbey and the old Fort, which is the meaning of the word Shandon. The church is a long distance from the city, and is approached by a steep hill, which seems so narrow that you might almost leap over it; on the other side the red sandstone was quarried, and the church spire is built of the two kinds of stone, presenting a most peculiar appearance, two sides being red, and the other two white. This church possesses a magnificent chime of bells, which is music to those who hear them. Father Prout has immortalized them in his beautiful "Shandon Bells," which the lecturer then sang:

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

Leaving Cork, Killarney was next visited. It is situated in the County of Kerry, and is a small, dingy inland town near the lakes of the same name; of these lakes, there are the lower, middle and upper. In the town are a new cathedral and episcopal residence, built by Lord Kenmare. Both he and Mr. Herbert, a Protestant gentleman, are very popular as landlords. Lord Kenmare's residence is situate here, as also "Newcross," that of Mr. Herbert. The latter is a convenient starting place for tourists wishing to visit the lakes. They left in the morning, a party of twenty, in three carriages, passing on their way beautiful residences and fine ruins. Dunlow Castle is on the route, as is also Kate Kearney's cottage, where lives the present proprietress, a great granddaughter of the celebrated beauty of old times. At the mouth of the Gap of Dunlow the carriage left them, and they were beset by a crowd of men with ponies for hire. The most of the party preferred walking, however. The scenery was enchanting. At one place would be met an Irish piper ready to play a tune; at another, a small cannon was fired off; and the guide was a professional bugler, who would occasionally play. The reverberations were astounding, the sounds repeating themselves five or six times. Boats were in readiness to take them out on the lakes. The beautiful islands were described, particularly Ross Isle, on which is Ross Castle, a splendid ruin, the last place to yield in the wars of the 17th century. Here copper mining has been carried on from time immemorial. Innisfallen was visited; it is famous for its monastery, the annals of which are now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Of the monastery, founded in the 6th century, nothing is now to be seen. Around the lakes the vegetation is remarkable; the arbutus tree, ferns and water lilies are in profusion. The beautiful cataracts, now rock, now water, combine to render the lakes enchanting; in fact, it is impossible to draw the line of demarcation between the poetic, the