

A GLANCE AT IRELAND.

In his admirable sketches entitled "The Old World Seen Through American Eyes," Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., in the Easter number of the Rosary Magazine, thus describes scenes and conditions in Ireland.

DUBLIN.—The railroad service between Limerick and Dublin is first-class. The journey is through a stretch of lovely landscape scenery. The greater part, however, is rather flat and consequently loses much of its beauty. Modern Dublin is a splendid city of 350,000 including its suburbs. It has an air of prosperity and the streets and parks are clean and well kept. The Hotel Shelbourne, where we stayed during our brief visit, is as good as any hotel we have met during our trip. The service was excellent, and the menu as up-to-date as that we found in the Hotel Metropole, London. Dublin is an ancient city. We find mention of it as early as A.D. 140. In the year 448 St. Patrick founded the Church from which the present Cathedral takes its name. In the ninth century the Danes took it, and for many years held it in their power. In time they were converted to the Catholic faith and became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Then the English under Henry II. and Dublin became a stronghold of new interest. As the English power increased in the country Dublin became the seat of government and with few exceptions has continued as such to the present time. There are nearly one hundred places for Catholic worship, and many of these are fine stone structures. The various Protestant denominations have fine edifices, including Christ Church Cathedral, which was built in 1038. Henry VIII. changed it into a Reformed Church in 1541. It has been renovated thoroughly and to-day is one of the finest churches in the kingdom. The interior is filled with monuments of the past. The most interesting perhaps is that of Strongbow and his son. The choir is richly adorned and the organ is a very fine instrument. The bells in the towers are arranged automatically to play every three hours. As I passed near the grand old building the other day my ears were greeted with the old college air "Coming Through the Rye." It seemed strange for a church tune.

Another Church should be seen. It is St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was built in 1364. It possesses the rare merit of being in a uniform style. It is 300 feet in length and 80 in breadth. The transept measures 157 feet and the spire is 221 feet. The helmets, banners and swords of the Knights of St. Patrick still decorate the interior. The organ is considered very fine. The windows are of a magnificent stained glass. Among the many monuments to be seen in the Cathedral the most interesting are two plain marble slabs, the one marking the resting place of Dean Swift, the other that of Hester Johnson, better known as Stella. In the south transept is a marble figure representing the late (Protestant) Archbishop Wheatley. Outside the Cathedral is a bronze statue of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, who spent a fortune in restoring the ancient building. The convent of the Carmelites is another landmark. Within is an oak statue of the Blessed Virgin, said to be the finest piece of medieval carving in Europe. The Castle, as it is called, the University, or Trinity College, and Art Museum, the College of Surgeons, the Royal University, the Royal Irish Academy, the many convents and colleges in charge of Jesuits, Christian Brothers etc., are well worth a visit. So are the parliament buildings, the public monuments, the parks and the many hospitals, asylums and public gardens. The streets are broad, well lighted and clean. The stores and shops are equal to what you will see in Paris, London or New York. The means of going about the city and suburbs are like our modern cities, with this exception that the side cars take the place of our cabs. The latest style is a great improvement on the old fashioned cars of twenty years ago. They are high, well cushioned and the motion very pleasant. The drivers, as a rule, are bright, intelligent Irishmen, with an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor. It is simply charming to engage one of these "Jarveys" for a sight-seeing trip through the city or suburbs. Dr. Lynch and myself enjoyed such a ride on several occasions.

During our altogether too short visit we were handsomely entertained by friends and relatives. One of the invitations that pleased us most was to a dinner at the home of a very dear friend, Sir Francis Cruise, surgeon, physician and author. Sir Francis has the distinction of being one of the most celebrated physicians in the kingdom. He is also an author of ability. His latest work is on the "Imitation of Christ," and through his researches and faithful personal investigations, he has settled forever the much-discussed question of the authorship of this wonderful book. He finds that there is no good reason to attribute the authorship to any one but Thomas à Kempis. He invited several distinguished guests to meet Dr. Lynch and myself. Among them were Rev. Father Deane, S.J., and Rev. Father Murphy, administrator, both distinguished clergymen. Sir Francis Cruise is the father of eleven children, all living and all grown up. Lady Cruise, the mother of this large family, is a charming personage. She is thoroughly devoted to her children and her home. She is accomplished in all that goes to make a perfect type of the cultured Christian mother. The children have followed the good example of their ideal parents and are an ornament to society. Within their own charmed circle they have cultivated the faculty of entertaining themselves and their friends in a delightful manner. They are almost professionals in musical, dramatic representations and the like. An evening spent in such an atmosphere is most enjoyable, and Dr. Lynch and I shall long remember our good fortune in being the guests of honor on this occasion. Sir Francis, though filled with the cares of his extensive professional duties, still has time and leisure to delightfully entertain. He is a splendid conversationalist and as a story teller he has few peers. Having an intimate acquaintance with men of letters of the past and the present, he is most pleasing and interesting. He delighted us with his reminiscences of the vicar of Bray, who was a personal friend, and of the late Mr. Gladstone, with whom he was on intimate terms. He also knew the famous Father Prout and the great Father Burke, O.P., was a visitor at his hospitable home. He was also the warm friend and admirer of my brother, Brother Azarias, and though several years have passed since his death, yet to-day his memory is as fresh as when he was a guest. The evening was gone before we realized it, and we reluctantly said good-bye, with the promise that when we came to Dublin next time we would give ourselves more leisure to see and visit our dear friends and relatives.

The following day we made a series of delightful calls on other relatives. We had but one day and from early morning till late at night we were on the go. I will mention a few of the dear ones, as they are known to many readers of the Rosary. We breakfasted with John Crean, where we met the respected father of this distinguished family, Judge and Barrister M. Crean. Here we had a lovely visit, though too short. Then we drove to the beautiful home of T. Thompson, another member of this remarkable family, and met the members of the home circle at luncheon. The grounds about the mansion are among the loveliest in Ireland. They are very extensive, and are laid out in drives, walks, beautiful lawns filled with flowers and shrubs, and clusters of rare trees. In the distance are wooded groves with charming walks and resting places where the sun rarely penetrates. Down below we could see artificial lakes, which are fed by the river Liffey. The river, too, contributes to the pleasure and recreation of Mr. Thompson and family. He has a yacht and several small boats. To the east of his house are the stables. We examined some of his blooded horses and came to the conclusion that we were in the proper place to sample good Irish horses though I was informed later that

several of these fine horses were purchased in the United States. The mansion is an old-fashioned building covered with ivy, with spacious porticos on three sides, great entry porches, picturesque chimneys, etc. The interior is like all such homes, a perfect museum of rare furniture, paintings and engravings, lovely rugs, portieres, bric-a-brac of all kinds. The ceilings are high and inlaid with rich carved mouldings; the walls upholstered in rich colored silks and the floors mosaic. We Americans scarcely realize the possibility of Irishmen having such magnificent homes, for we often associate the idea of poverty and ignorance with our race. This view is a true one, but side by side with those who have been kept down are those who have prospered and who compare favorably with the most successful and cultured in any land. The causes of Ireland's poverty and drawbacks are too well known to need mention.

There are few cities in the British Islands the environs of which display scenes so varied, so picturesque and so historically interesting as the surroundings of Dublin can present. A journey of little more than an hour, or it may be of even half that time, will lead from the dust and noise of the city to scenery the most delightful and of almost every class from the wild heights and solitude of Howth to the rich pastoral views of the Liffey and the Boyne; from the baronial demesnes of Howth and Malahide, with their woods and deer, their broad, rich meadows and lowing herds, to the time-hallowed monuments which, though now in ruins, still proudly proclaim the religious zeal and grandeur of our Irish ancestors. Take the Phoenix Park, situated on the northwestern side of Dublin. It is a splendid enclosure, diversified by hill and hollow, and tastefully planted with shrubs and all kinds of forest trees. The way to see the park is to take a side car with an intelligent driver. It is several miles in circumference, and comprises nearly 2000 acres. Herds of fallow deer are to be seen in every direction. There are many monuments of interest. The Wellington testimonial is a huge obelisk of upwards of 200 feet high, with side panels which are adorned with bas-reliefs in bronze, representing events in the career of the great general. These castings are made from the metal of captured guns. A magnificent equestrian statue of Lord Gough occupies a good position. There is also a fine statue to the Earl of Carlisle, who served twice as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Within the park are the zoological gardens. They are admirably situated upon beautifully undulating ground, and are well stocked with all that goes to make up such a collection. The residence of the Lord Lieutenant is within the limits of the park. The chief secretary and under secretary also have their lodges here. The Phoenix column is situated at the centre of the junction of the four great avenues of the park, and was erected by Lord Chesterfield in 1747. It is surmounted by a bronze phoenix, which was supposed to invest the name with some plausibility, though as a matter of fact the name is derived from the Celtic "fionn-uisc" (feenisk) meaning "clearing spring." The word Fenian is of kindred origin. The most beautiful part of the park lies between the Phoenix Pillar and Knockmaroon Gate. Nothing can exceed the richness of the scenery of this section, especially at this season of the year. In this neighborhood is located the Mountain Barracks, also the famous strawberry beds. This will give you an idea of the famous park. We made a rapid visit to Bray and Graystones, where we found another host of relatives who were spending the summer there with their families. We could do little more than greet them. We were struck with the beautiful scenery around this seaside resort. It is situated twelve miles south of Dublin and is connected by several lines of railroad. Along the seashore is a delightful promenade of concrete two miles long, protected by iron railings. It is well furnished with seats and is illuminated with electric lights. The town is well supplied with hotels capable of accommodating 20,000 guests. During the summer months it is a gay place

Military bands play thrice a week on the esplanade. The drive through the "Dargle" in English signifies the "Valley of the Oaks," a name very well applied. It is a deep, shady glen, the sides of which are clothed with oak, ash, holly, and other kinds of trees, so as to form a complete wilderness. The Dargle river brawls over the rocks below in almost one continuous rapid. This is a favorite resort for all visitors. So is the Powerscourt waterfall. This we did not visit, though when here some years ago I spent a very pleasant day in view of the great waterfall. I remember how indignant some of my Irish friends became when I made fun of the "magnificent waterfall." The season happened to be very dry and the waterfall had almost disappeared. I told the admirers that in the United States we would not dignify such a tiny stream with the name of waterfall, and that in many of our private houses we had larger ones. I called it a parlor cascade, and then described as well as I could Niagara Falls, which I said would make a lake of the valley if turned into it for a few hours. The whole of Wicklow county is most picturesque. Sometime when I have more leisure I will describe some of its romantic scenery of this vicinity. It is full of romance and sentiment. We had a bird's eye view of Graystones, or Bray Head, as it is sometimes called. We could see the greater and lesser Sugarloaf, known of old by an Irish name signifying the "Silver Spears," in allusion to their peaks form and the white and silvery appearance of their barren summits. To the left is Bray Head, where tradition says that St. Patrick landed. After a short visit with Dr. Crean and his family, who are spending the summer there, we took train back to Dublin, from which place we will leave for London on the North Wall boat.

IN TIPPERARY.—I arrived in this beautiful town nearly a week ago and ever since I have been the guest of my venerable relative, Very Rev. Canon Cahill, V.G., who happens to be celebrating his golden jubilee to the holy priesthood. In fact the announcement of this event caused me, very reluctantly, to part with my travelling companion, Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, in Paris, and come here by the most direct route, so as to rejoice with the people of this vicinity in the honors showered upon their gentle, loving shepherd. Dr. Lynch has gone to the world-famed shrine of Lourdes, where he will spend a few days in prayer and then join me in this lovely country. I trust he will not tarry too long on his pilgrimage, for we have a very short time to drink in the beauties of this charming island.

After our long journeying through many lands where we revealed in magnificent scenery of all kinds, I am prepared to say that the landscape scenery surrounding my present abode, and the portion of the country I have travelled through surpass all that I have ever seen elsewhere. It has not the softness of Italian vistas nor the boldness of Alpine peaks, nor the magic of the Rhine wonderland, but it has a freshness and a grandeur that can not be surpassed in any part of the world we have visited. This will hold good for other portions of the dear old isle, for each part has its own characteristic beauty and charm. For instance take Slievenamon, one of the most beautiful mountains in Ireland. It is reached from this spot by a railroad ride of thirty miles and then a side car ride of ten miles more. This entire journey is through the golden vale of Ireland, a most picturesque and fertile region. The day we selected for our visit was not the very best. It was what the people over here call "a little moist." In Syracuse of Utica we would say it was a rainy day, but I am thoroughly convinced that the rain over here is not as wet as the rain in Central New York, for we were nearly all day out of doors, and yet we were in no way disturbed by the downpour. At intervals we had sunshine, and then the scene became a grand panorama. Below the plain stretched as far as the eye could see. Every little farm, every plot of ground, every cottage, had its framework in the background in the gorgeous picture before us. Each

little plot had its own peculiar tint of green, or brown, or purple, or golden yellow, or pale blue, with its regular or irregular shape, all boldly outlined within its lovely hedge fences. It is this hedge growing on top of stone or earthen walls that lends particular charm to Irish scenery, that makes it so attractive to the visitors. As we mounted higher and higher the whole valley assumed the appearance of an Egyptian crazy quilt. Every block had its form and outline and its own delicate tint. Some were in squares, others in diamonds, others still in triangles or octagons, and so on for every possible form. Then the tints were very delicate, all the natural result of the changes wrought by the maturing or harvesting of crops. The rivers and the brooks and little ponds scattered over the vast plain looked like silver bars and jeweled pins holding in place the whole grand fabric. We reached the summit after midday and from this elevation the whole scene burst upon our view, forming the grandest landscape scenery I ever witnessed. We then understood the meaning of Cromwell's famous words. After much difficulty in ascending the mountain, every foot of which was hotly contested by the gallant Irishmen who fought and died for their country on that occasion, he looked over the beautiful valley below and harangued his men in these now familiar words: "Boys, this is a country worth fighting for." Nothing short of a view from the hill itself could enable one to realize how successfully the wily, heartless Cromwell played the land of promise act against the discontent of his followers.

The day we spent on the mountain plateau within the hospitable home of John P. Fox will long be remembered. There was a gathering of the Mullany clans from far and near that caused the natives to wonder what was taking place in the neighborhood. The soul of the gathering was Sir Thomas Cahill of Cloughetany, brother to the venerable canon. The speeches and songs and toasts would lead a stranger to believe that an Anglo-American alliance had taken place and that the event was being celebrated on this ancient battlefield. But no, such cannot take place until England is willing to placate Ireland, to make her more happy and contented, to give her what she has given herself and Scotland and Wales and Canada and all her colonies; then and not till then will there be an Anglo-American alliance. In my toasts to dear "Home, Sweet Home" I said that we in the United States had but one regret as to our dealings with England, and that was that when we whipped her in the long ago we should have annexed her. I trust this sentiment will not find its way into print before I sail on the 29th, as it might delay my return for a few days. Yes, our gathering looked like an alliance, for the stars and stripes were twined with the green flag of Erin, and why should they not be allied emblems of freedom and happiness? Have they not floated side by side on many a battlefield? I should never wish to witness a clash of arms between the two great English speaking powers, but I feel by the moral influence of the United States, that England will, sooner or later, be compelled to satisfy Ireland.

Our visit to Slievenamon was one that will not soon be forgotten. It revived memories of the long ago when the dear dead of the family formed part of the charmed circle. The drive to Cloughetany was delightful. Here at the hospitable home of an ideal Christian gentleman I have made my headquarters for the past weeks. I have made delightful excursions to the surrounding villages and towns of Tipperary: Killenarde, Clonmel, Cashel, Thurles, Bellingarry, Drangan, Cashel, Galtee mountains, Fethard, Limerick Junction, etc. Many distinguished ecclesiastics are visitors at present who were born in this district or whose parents came from here. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, and his assistant, Bishop Hennessy of Dubuque, Iowa, Bishop McGoldrick, of Duluth, Minn., Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, Father P. Ryan, of St. Louis, and many others are here in their native air for a holiday and are welcomed by clergy and laity.

There is a whole army of distinguished priests and bishops and laymen from that district laboring among the English speaking people of the world. Even in our own diocese we have a goodly number.

On Monday last I witnessed a very pretty entertainment given by the children of Tipperary in honor of the Canon's golden jubilee. It was delightful and reflected great credit upon the good Sisters of Mercy who are in charge. The addresses and poems and songs and recitations and dances and tableaux and everything were prepared with reference to the venerable jubilarian. I have witnessed many, very many, such exhibitions in our American schools, but I must confess that I never witnessed anything superior. I consider the children of my parish in Syracuse as bright and as well dressed and as well behaved as any children in the land, or the children of old St. John's, yet the children of this school would compare favorably with them. The dear pastor in his 80th year thanked the children and Sisters for their beautiful mementoes and touching entertainment and then introduced the American relative to make an address. It was a great pleasure for me to be afforded an opportunity to address such a distinguished Irish audience. After congratulating the jubilarian and wishing him many more years in the holy ministry, I then complimented the children and their teachers and their parents on the high standing of the school. I contrasted our school system with the Irish school system, and I was pained to confess that Protestant England, with her record of shame, was more just to the Irish Catholic and English Catholic and Scotch Catholic than our own dear America was to her Catholic subjects. This convent school and every convent school in the United Kingdom are supported by the public treasury, whereas the Catholics of the United States get no support whatever from the State for their Catholic schools. Take, for instance, my school in Syracuse, or, better still, Dr. Lynch's school in Utica. There is no question as to the standing of these institutions. The excellent educational work of the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity and of St. Joseph's is well known to every one. It is equal, if not superior, to the secular education given in your common schools. Yet these schools are not supported by the State. Dr. Lynch must raise at least \$5000 a year through Church collections, etc., to meet the expenses of his schools. And why? Simply because the school supplements secular education by teaching the children to be moral and obedient citizens. Now over here the State pays for this moral training. It is the same in Germany, Holland and most of Continental Europe. This is not always done through love of the Catholic Church, but because the state and her rulers know that there is but one way to teach law and order and that way is through religion.

After a delightful reception at which we met the clergy and Sisters and leading people of the town, we adjourned to the rectory, where we enjoyed royal Irish hospitality. I regret very much my traveling companion, Dr. Lynch, was not with us, as I was anxious to have him sample the menu set before us. There are some table dishes in Ireland that can not be equalled in even the United States, such as bacon, mutton, poultry, etc. But I hope to have him with me in a few days and I will try to remove his doubts as to my statements on the subject. The gathering represented the clergy of the entire district; nearly every priest present served at one time or another under the venerable canon, and it seemed to rejuvenate him to meet them on this occasion. He told his old stories over again with a sparkle of the eye that they had not witnessed in years. It was his day of rejoicing, and we all rejoiced with him. He looked like a young bride surrounded by his nearest and dearest. I speak at length of him, because he is a national character, almost as well known in America as in the land of his birth. He has held high

places in the Church, professor for many years in the then administrator of the canon on the list with Dr. the Bishop's mitre, then of the leading Churches, he was placed over his parish. His connection with the and his great work in several conditions for the tenant is a matter of history. ago he fought against r for peasant proprietorshi he has the satisfaction of ideals realized. The pe land are doing the They are purchasing th homes in fee simple, an no landlord will distur new courts have orderd lords to sell, and even in have fixed the price of la is considered in Ireland a ing and with the other s wrong. To my mind it tion of the question. should own the land and to pay for it. I have these good people that if work just one-half as hard Irish cousins in America t have the loveliest homes in The canon is well know and far beyond its limits Incrowns, Dwyers, Powe Bulgars, Russells, Ryan Welches and hosts of oth from his neighborhood.

A few days later Dr. Lynch and we had our grand dinner at the home of another relative in Drangan. He is a man of broad acres, baron and great charities. He is rich and poor alike, and for he has a tender heart. hours of the day you will people coming from every to share his bounty. His Mary, presides over the b a grace and sweetness th everybody. If you are a are immediately put at and soon you are one of th This was what Dr. Lynch ed, and it was what every periences who is fortunate come within the magnetic their Drangan home. Th dinner will not soon be e The elegant grace and be host and his amiable sister; mance of their distinguishe Father McGrath, and his b nial assistant, Dr. Ryan; t senca also of the gifted D max; the visiting clergy; the sille, big-hearted John charming Mr. and Mrs. Nau children; the cultured Miss other kind friends all contr make the occasion a memor Suffice it say that we have ed that Ireland is an excell to drive dull care away, the Irish well-to-do gentlema finest man on earth. At a stage in the banquet grac and then began the flow of humor. Every guest must speech, tell a story or sing. These we had in abundance late hour, and among them made a better impression as er, singer and all round ent than Dr. Lynch.

The following day we drove Clonmel, the capital of the It has a strange history, wh pay the student of Irish his look up. Its churches are f will surprise many by the sp decoration and artistic desi is a charming place for tou the fishing and hunting of th ty cannot be surpassed. ver is well stocked with fish salmon and trout are in ab Some celebrated names are ed with the town. Here Bloncoin lived. He was the organize a first class car ser the interior. The first line 'blashed between Clonmel her, which is also the hon many of my clan. Here, t Laurence Sterne, the aut "Tristram Shandy" and oth sics. He is almost forgotte little read. His works are b to the shelves of old-fashion lectures. They are not consi company for the tinsel-clad tions which appeal to the tastes of the present day. Blessington is another nam older citizens remember wi sure.

After a charming ride of miles on a side car, after the roadster on the estate, we in town to find that the ge we were to spend the day w at the seashore. He gave peeing us, but we are never ly disappointed, and we m best of the absence of our r Dr. Crean and family. By t Dr. Crean's first wife was a the distinguished poet-patrio writer, Chas. R. Kickman, town of Tipperary, and his wife is a first cousin to Ar Feohan. We soon found oth for the town is full of oth