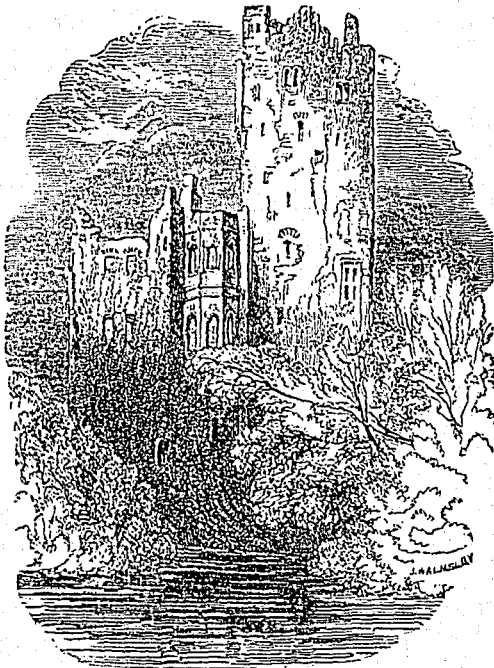


whoever kisses it the peculiar privilege of deviating from veracity with unblushing countenance whenever it may be convenient—hence the well-known phrase of "*Blarney*."

The grounds attached to the castle as I before observed, though so little attended to, are still beautiful. Walks, which a few years since were neat and trim, are now so over-run with brambles and wild flowers as to be passed with difficulty. Much wood has been cut down, and the statues, so ridiculously enumerated in a popular song, removed.

the produce of design. The delusion is even heightened by the present total neglect. You come most unexpectedly into this little shaded nook, and stand upon a natural terrace above the river, which glides as calmly as possible beneath. Here, if you feel inclined for contemplation, a rustic couch of rock, festooned with moss and ivy, is at your service; but if adventurous feelings urge you to explore farther, a discovery is made of an almost concealed, irregularly excavated passage through the solid rock, which is descended by a



BLARNEY CASTLE.

A picturesque bridge, too, which led to the castle, has been swept away by the wintry floods, and, with the exception of a small dell called the Rock Close, everything seems changed for the worse. In this romantic spot nature and art (a combination rather uncommon in pleasure grounds) have gone hand in hand. Advantage has been taken of accidental circumstances to form tasteful and characteristic combinations; and it is really a matter of difficulty at first to determine what is primitive, and what

rude flight of stone steps, called the "*Witches' Stairs*," and you emerge *sur margine d'un rio*, over which depend some light and graceful trees. It is indeed a fairy scene, and I know of no place where I could sooner imagine these little elves holding their moon-light revelry.

When we have no pleasure in goodness we may with certainty conclude the reason to be, that our pleasure is all derived from an opposite quarter.