

monkish retreat, covered with strange, antique carvings, and legendary devices, wrought in the days when Ierne was a sacred Isle!

All these charms have long been familiar to me; for not only being an ardent lover of nature, but also something of a sportsman, though cockney-bred, there is not a nook or corner of my favourite country's mountain scenery I have not explored. But there is one spot—though perhaps inferior in beauty to many better known places—which possesses for me a stronger interest than all the rest, for it was the scene of some occurrences which can never be effaced from my memory.

Just where the mountains fall down into stretches of moorland, barren but for heath and furze, there stands a picturesque little church, above the doorway of which a stone tablet is placed, bearing the following inscription:—

"This house was erected to the honour of God by  
Sir Percy Denzil. A. D. 1700."

There was not another building in sight—not a tree grew near; a few tombstones lying within the low wall of the graveyard, were the only signs of man's habitation; and the barren hills rising beyond,—

"Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell!"

gave an isolated aspect to the place. Only in one spot was any change of scene to be descried, and that was where the moor suddenly dipped down into a lower region of copsewood, interspersed with rough pasturage, on which small, hardy sheep fed. In that direction, glimpses of soft woodlands and cultivated fields could be caught; there, on clear days, some blue thread of smoke, ascending into the bright sky, could be dimly seen; and thence after rain would come the sound of the swollen river, and mingle its murmurs with the reverie of any lonely loiterer on the moor!

Proceeding towards that fairer and more fertile region, you descend into a richly-cultivated valley, through which the river just mentioned wound its full rapid current, fed by the mountain streams; and following its course a little way, you come to a venerable old one-arched bridge, muffled with ivy. Beside the bridge stood a pleasant little inn, possessing a pretty old-fashioned garden overhanging the river. At the opposite side was the post office, and at no great distance, a new Roman Catholic chapel. A little farther on was the "ford"—a narrow wooden foot-bridge, shadowed by some old ash trees; then came the old mill, with its big black water-wheel, its smooth mill-dam, and its stepping-stones, and a few scattered houses stretching up the hillside, were called a village. In the very heart of the valley lay the handsome domain of Sir Francis Denzil, its magnificent trees hiding the house—a fine antique