

should I be able to indulge delicious reveries, for I should soon be classed among the number of desperate criminals, and condemned for the best part of my life to herd with the vilest of the vile.

From this sleep I was aroused by fancying that I heard footsteps by the side of the pallet on which I was lying. I started up and rubbed my eyes. All was as dark as night. I must have slept a long time. Presently a stream of light came from my right hand, and though not very brilliant, it enabled me to see that the cell in which I imagined myself to be had undergone some transformation.

It wasn't a cell at all. I was in the private room of Mr. Mortimer Mason, at the bank, and sitting in his arm-chair. The stream of light allowed me to look at my watch, and I saw that it was nine o'clock. What could this mean? Had I been dreaming?—Was my journey to Paris on secret service, and its disastrous conclusion, nothing but a dream? And was I really awake, or could I be dreaming still?

There certainly was a light in the counting-house which was improper at that hour of the night. The porter had nothing to call him into that part of the premises, and the only people who had keys of the bank were Mr. Mason and Mr. Hiram Strangeways, the manager.

That name, as it occurred to me, recalled all my misery; my head ached fearfully, for my dream had been terribly vivid. That it was a dream, I gladly assured myself. I had fallen asleep, and— But I will not dwell upon the agony of the scene with M. Dufour, when the box of treasure was opened, to my dismay.

Rising, and stealing on tip-toe, I looked through the half-open door of the room, and in bewilderment beheld Mr. Hiram Strangeways stealing along to the stairs leading to the vaults; his boots were off, and he shaded the candle carefully with his hand.

Was I dreaming again? I determined to make sure that I was wide awake by summoning Nash, the porter, who should be in a little room on the first floor.

Waiting till Strangeways, whose countenance I clearly saw, had turned the corner, and descended the steps, I, imitating his caution, went silently across the counting-house, and up stairs to Nash, whom I discovered eating his supper and in the act of peeling a raw onion.

Hastily telling him that I was suspicious of the honesty of Mr. Strangeways' intentions, I asked the porter to come with me to the vaults, which he promptly consented to do.

"It's very odd, sir," he said; "I ought to have heard him come in. I can hear a key in the lock; but he must have greased the key. It's quite scared you, Mr. Marlowe. You're like a ghost."

"I have been asleep, and had a bad dream," I replied, leading the way down stairs, and carrying the porter's lamp in my hand.

When we reached the top of the stairs leading to the vaults where the bullion was, we met Mr. Strangeways face to face. In one hand he held a candle, in the other he had a heavy bag of gold.— Upon the bag was the well known letters: "S. D. M. and Company."

He saw us, and dropped the gold in the extremity of his fear. His face blanched, and he stammered in a broken voice:

"Marlowe!"

"You will have to give an explanation of this to Mr. Mason," I answered.

"I can do so," he replied, making a violent effort to recover himself. "I know what I am doing, and you will find playing the spy on my actions not quite so profitable as you imagine."

"I scorn to bandy words with a man of your character, Mr. Strangeways," I said, all my latent dislike for the man coming to the surface. "I have a good and sufficient reason for being here which I fear you have not."

He was generally a man of full assurance, which at times amounted to cool impudence, and this quality now came to his aid. Sitting down he put on his boots, saying the while:

"I shall report you to-morrow, Marlowe for your unwarrantable interference with my duties. I have thought of making some change in the staff of the bank, and you shall be one of the first to go."

Leaving the bag of gold where it had fallen, he took up his hat which was on the counter, and strode away, angrily shutting the door with a loud bang.

"Nash," said I, when Strangeways was gone, "just be good enough to tell me if I am dreaming still?"

"Dreaming, sir!" answered the porter; "never more wide awake in your life, I should say."

"What is your opinion of what we have just seen?"

"I'm inclined to think we've prevented a robbery. Mr. Strangeways didn't take his boots off for nothing, nor bring up that bag of gold; and if I was you, sir, I'd go to the governor at once, and let him know how you've caught the manager crawling about the bank like a thief in the night. The first word's everything."

"Excellent advice. I'll act upon it," I replied.— "It's lucky you're a witness, or my word would scarcely have stood against his."

"I don't want to boast, sir," said Nash; "but I've a good character in the city, which ought to go for something, and I can corroborate what you say."

Thanking the honest fellow for his offer of "corroboration," I hurried away leaving my unfinished work till the next day; and hiring a cab, proceeded to the South Western station, by means of which I was soon transmitted to Twickenham.

Mr. Mason and his daughter were alone in the drawing-room. A shade of anxiety crossed Mr. Mason's face as I was ushered in, and he said:

"Well, Marlowe, what has brought you here?"

I told him as distinctly as I could how I had to stay after the usual hours, and how I had fallen asleep in his private room; but I said nothing about my dream.

His astonishment was palpable when I spoke of the detection of Mr. Hiram Strangeways in the act of robbing the bank.

"God bless me!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "This is indeed remarkable. I should as soon have suspected you, Marlowe."

I bowed at the implied compliment.

"You have always been a favorite of papa's, Mr. Marlowe," said Matilda.

I bowed again, wishing devoutly that she would say the same of me herself.

"I must see into this in the morning. All is safe now, I suppose?" continued Mr. Mason. "By the way, can you sleep on the premises to-night?—in the chair where you have confessed to falling off, eh? Bad habit that of sleeping when there is work to be done. Must break yourself of that, Marlowe."

The old gentleman accompanied this speech with a grave shake of the head.

"It was after office hours, sir," I answered, smiling.

I saw Matilda laugh, and was gratified with a friendly shake of the hand as I said: "Good night, Miss Mason."

The train took me back to town, and I had to bring Nash up in order to gain admission to the bank, where I remained till morning. Mr. Mason was up early, and remained engaged with two of the ledger clerks in the vaults for two hours.

I was not in the least surprised to find that Mr. Strangeways did not make his appearance at the bank at all that day. The next passed without our seeing anything of him, and the night of the manager became an obvious fact.

It was not until the morning of the third day that Mr. Mason sent for me.

"Sit down, Marlowe," he said, in a kindly tone,

which made my heart throb, in anticipation of some unusual good fortune.

I did so, and waited for him to continue.

"Strangeways has levanted, and I find his delocalations are serious, though not so much so as they probably would have been had not you found him out," he continued. "The police are on his track, and we have reason to believe he has gone to America. We have 'cabled' him, and he will no doubt be brought back in custody."

He paused.

"I am glad to have been the accidental means of saving you from loss, sir," I said.

"The actual means," he answered quickly; "and now I come to what will, I trust, be agreeable to you. Strangeways' place must be filled up. You have been ten years with me, and I believe you to be thoroughly acquainted with banking business. It pleases me by being able to serve an old friend by advancing his son, and I offer you the post of manager in my bank."

I could not find words to express my gratitude and delight. I don't mind admitting that my eyes filled with tears.

Seeing my agitation, Mr. Mason added:

"You can have a holiday, Marlowe. Let me have your answer to-morrow. Come to dinner, will you, at my house, and we can talk at our ease."

It was with a light heart and elastic step that I quitted the bank that day. My fortune was made, and some portion of my past reverie was already accomplished. I need not say that I accepted Mr. Mason's kind and generous offer, and while I am in the mood for confessing, I may add that, from one or two interviews with Matilda, I have great reason to hope that I may become closely connected with my respected employer.

I wonder how Stimpson, Denl, Mason and Marlowe will look upon a huge brass plate outside the door of the bank; but I must give up dreaming.— It is unpleasant, if indulged in to excess, and one never knows where a vivid imagination will carry one.

Mr. Hiram Strangeways did not go to New York. No one exactly knows where he is; there is a shrewd suspicion that he is in Spain, and that he is fully aware that our extradition treaty with that country will not touch him for a breach of trust.

EVER FAITHFUL IRELAND.

OVER THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS SPENT TRYING TO CONVERT A GALWAYMAN.

TESTIMONY OF TWO STAUNCH PROTESTANTS.

DURING THE FAMINE OF 1847 AND SINCE THOUSANDS HAVE STARVED RATHER THAN LEAVE THE TRUE CHURCH.

Mr. John Yates, a member of the Liverpool School Board, has been investigating the condition, operations and prospects of the Society of Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics. Connemara, in which the society boasts of having made greatest progress was visited by Mr. Yates, who pursued the inquiry into which he had set out with the utmost care and with a mind open to conviction of the truth of the society's statements. On his return he wrote a long letter describing his pilgrimage, and he begins by summing up thus:

"I may state at the outset that I have failed to find one bona fide convert from the Roman Catholic Faith to Protestantism, and I firmly believe there is none. By a bona fide convert I, of course, mean a person who from religious conviction alone, and uninfluenced by worldly considerations in the shape of pecuniary benefit, employment, or gifts of meal, clothing, and such like, has been induced to leave his Faith and adopt another."

And for the great work of which Mr. Yates gives the result in the foregoing paragraph, the society has an income of \$115,000 a year. Very pertinent, indeed, is the concluding passage of Mr. Yates' letter:

"In conclusion, will you permit me to suggest this reflection—whether the society and its deluded contributors, instead of torturing the unhappy inhabitants of Connemara by their efforts to take from the poor the only inheritance they possess—the Faith of their fathers—they would employ the revenue in trying at home to stem the torrent of immorality which surrounds them, and whether this would not be more in accordance with the precepts of that Sacred Book, of which they talk so much than the miserable pursuit in which they are engaged."

Not the least interesting part of Mr. Yates' letter is the following:

DESCRIPTION OF "JUMPERISM."

which many of our readers will recognize as very nearly doing justice to this evil of the thousand that English misrule has entailed on Ireland:

"Jumperism" is one of the grossest religious impostures of the day, a scandal to Christianity, and a money-extracting device worthy of the scorn and contempt of every honest man. That some good persons believe in it is an undoubted fact; no less is it a fact that some of the officials of the Irish Church Mission Society are conscientious men; no less is it a fact that many of them are not conscientious men; and no less, still, is it a fact that I attack no individuals, but that I do and will attack a system which is little, if anything, better than religious corruption—if such a term be possible—embodied. The word "jumper" means one whose belief—if he can be said to have any—is of such a feeble nature that he "jumps" backwards and forwards from one religion to another, just as the exigencies of his purse or of his stomach seem to demand. He has not a shilling; the Bible-reader has; the coin is transferred from the latter to the former; so that one "jumps" into the arms of the tempter, and is at once a "babe of grace." His stomach is empty, so is the meal-chest; but

THE BIBLE-READER HAS A FULL STORE,

and for a "mess of pottage" the "convert" sells his birth-right to the Kingdom of Heaven. Briefly, that is the significance of the term, but all its developments and ramifications would take far more time or space to explain than you would be willing to accord me. For instance, it is certain that there are some so-called native "converts" of Connemara who have not received a "direct bribe" of either money or meal to "jump," but, on the other hand, there is not a single one, that I could hear of, who has not materially mended his temporal position almost simultaneously with his so-called "reception of the truth," and the singularity of that fact is overwhelming evidence of indirect bribery. I may be wrong, but I invite any one who thinks I am in error to inquire on the spot for himself, from the most respectable inhabitants of Clifden and the district, both Protestant and Catholic; leaving the clergymen and officials on both sides out of the investigation—and I shall be fairly astonished if he arrives at any other conclusion. The "jumper" is the direct and lineal descendant of the "soupier," who

WAS BEGOTTEN OUT OF STARVATION

by corruption—and that, I am perfectly convinced, is the correct genealogy of every single "convert" at present participating in the large income of the Society for Irish Church Missions, as distributed in Connemara. Simultaneously almost with the terrible famine that devastated the whole of the West of Ireland, Souperism set its cloven foot in Connemara. It would not make a "convert" save by material means, so it strove to destroy men's souls by preserving their bodies. It could not convince the mind,

but it could fill the wolfish emptiness of the stomach. The appalling misery of an entire people in a state of starvation was its grand opportunity and it clutched the chances with fiendish eagerness. Death was at every cabin door, stalked along every highway, crouched in every moor-side. Souperism came with bounteous means of life, piled up to overflowing, in its hands. Men, women and children writhed in the throes and agonies of insatiate hunger; Souperism stalked everywhere laden with food. Husbands saw their wives and their babes wasting into the graves, starving wives and babes saw the strong bread-winner stagger and faint and drop and die;

SOUPERISM GUIDED IN ALL DIRECTIONS

and whispered of life temporal to be assured at the cost of life eternal—"And the Tempter coming, said to him: If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. Who answered and said: It is written. Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." Again the devil took him up into a very high mountain . . . and said to him, All these things will I give thee, if falling down thou wilt adore me. Then Jesus saith to him: Begone, Satan, for it is written, The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil left him: and behold angels came and ministered to him." And so Souperism—with a loaf in one hand and a tract in the other, with a dish of meal and a farago of rant for a prostitute Bible-reader—purchased some few souls of the crowds of starving Catholics, and it gloated with diabolical glee over its bargain, for it has lived on the proceeds of the fat of the land ever since. But of the hundreds—nay of the thousands—who slowly melted away into eternity from sheer starvation in those days of great woe and the agony of hunger, nothing like a tithe yielded to the devilish temptations so plenteously put before them! And it is the pious and well-founded belief in the district that the swarms of wretched people

WHO DIED SOONER THAN ABANDON THEIR FAITH,

were really and truly martyrs, and that for them there was immediate life eternal, for they had gladly given up the temporal life rather than give up their God. And the tale of the "convertions," grossly exaggerated now, was told in London, and all over England, as something superhumanly wonderful; money flowed in abundantly; sympathetic Old Britain, sent in funds plenty; the "soupers" made their ample harvest of hay while the sun shone, and fruited their lies; and ever since then their income has been an assured fact. That such a system, so born, should so continue need be no matter of wonder, for the world has never yet wanted for fools, and where hawks hover there will be found do better than finish this letter with a quotation from pigeons to be plucked. But time presses, and I cannot a staunch Protestant. (Be it noted that very few conscientious and sensible Protestants have anything to do with the "Jummers," who exposed the "Souperism" in the most decided language.) The speaker was that most able lawyer Sergeant Armstrong, Q. C., and the occasion was a most disgraceful trial, in which some of the missionaries of the society figured in prominent and exceedingly dark characters. I quote from the report of his speech:

SERGEANT ARMSTRONG'S TESTIMONY.

The learned sergeant denounced, in strong and scathing terms, the evil system that is known as the Irish Church Missions. He said: "It was contributed

BY PIOUS OLD LADIES OF ENGLAND,

who imagine they do good work in evangelising the ignorant and deluded Irish Papists. The system, the entire machinery, was an arrant humbug and fraud; and it seems to be the aim and object of every member of it—from the highest in authority to the lowest 'Scripture-reader' who prowls about thrusting his offensive trash on the poor ignorant peasants of Connemara, to conceal the real state of the so-called mission from the charitable but misguided ladies of England, and to cloak as much as possible the imposture. They represent to these parties the strides the mission is daily making, the great number of 'converts' from the damning errors of Romanism, which they have made, and thus work and impose upon the credulity of their innocent dupes for their own special advancement. If the ladies of England only knew the real state of affairs, and that such a person as the plaintiff (the Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan) had the control of the Irish Mission, there would be an end to this arrant humbug."

A RECOLLECTION OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

O'Connell in 1838 was giving his support to the Whig ministry. During the August of that year, however, in starting the society of precursors, he had inaugurated a last effort to obtain what he regarded as a full measure of justice to Ireland from the British Legislature. Jealousies, however, were already beginning to be excited against him as the originator and arch promoter of this movement. In startling evidence of this, when on the 19th of January, 1839, Lord Norbury was assassinated, the crime was actually attributed to the influence of O'Connell's agitation. To this day the murderer of that good judge, who was reputed to have had not an enemy in the world, has never been discovered; but never, during all these six and thirty years, has there been traceable any conceivable connection between that sanguinary incident and that most lawful agitation.

Arriving hurriedly now in mid-session at Dublin to hold this first of his long-projected series of meetings in the Corn Exchange, O'Connell's advent in the midst of infamous rumors like these awakened among all ranks and classes a breathless expectation. The hall of assembly—as central a rendezvous as could have been selected in Dublin—was already historical as the scene of many memorable demonstrations. There had been previously gathered in 1832, the National Council. There afterwards were collected, week by week, month by month, year by year, the Repeal Association. Thence went forth the signals in 1843, that convened in O'Connell's name the monster meetings—on the 16th of March at Trim, on the 15th of August at Tara, on the 8th of October at Clontarf—meetings that carried agitation to the very verge, but never beyond the verge of insurrection.

On Monday, Feb. 18, 1839, toward noon, half Dublin seemed pouring southward down Sackville street, across the Liffey, by Carlisle Bridge, and along Burgh Quay, to the entrance of the corn exchange. The throng was so great, so wholly out of proportion to the capabilities even of that ample building, that it became necessary in some way to restrict the admissions.

An entrance fee of a shilling, was charged. Rapidly enough the noble auditorium was crammed almost to suffocation. And when the last who could squeeze his way in had effected an entrance, dense throngs still crowded the staircase, the hall, the road in front of the exchange, and all the adjacent thoroughfares. By the time the meeting place was completely filled, I found myself seated toward the upper end of the long, narrow table extending the whole length of the hall of audience immediately opposite the vacant place reserved for the liberator. The preliminary proceedings, without waiting for his advent, were at once commenced. A precursor of some eminence then, one Jeremiah Dinno, was in the chair. The secretary, Mr. Ray, whose name was long familiar through the newspapers of the three kingdoms, as the "My Dear Ray" of O'Connell's Correspondence—was reading aloud letters from recruits to the society asking to be enrolled as precursors, and each enclosing a subscription, or a handful of subscriptions. When, suddenly, down-

ing his voice, there was heard a roar of cheering outside, a sound soon caught up by the dense mass wedged together on the staircase. Inside the room, immediately around the entrance, there were cries, having the flavor of the brogue about them of "Shut the doors! We'll be crushed to death! Somehow, through the struggling cluster of half-suffocated people—room being made for him, as Lord Alvanly would say, for it certainly was not there—O'Connell entered.

The prolonged shout of welcome that greeted him as he advanced up the hall to the vacant place (opposite to which I was seated) was magnanimously echoed on Burgh Quay, below the windows, by the multitude who had failed to gain admission.

While the last of the oft-repeated cheering in the room was yet going on I observed O'Connell, who had by that time reached his allotted chair, stoop and say something to a gentleman beside him. The person thus addressed started up in amazement. Springing on to his chair and thence to the table, he waved the last cheering into silence with his hand, saying in the sudden hush: "I am sorry to announce that a most disgraceful transaction has occurred since Mr. O'Connell's arrival in this room," adding a moment afterward, with a breathless pause at every word, "Mr.—O'Connell's—watch—has—been—picked—out—of—his—pocket!" After a bewildered instant or two of silence and evidently dismay, there were indignant cries of "Oh, shameful!" "Shut the doors!" "Send for the police!" "The liberator robbed!" "Oh, monstrous!"

For several seconds there was a Babel of indignant voices. In the midst of the hubbub O'Connell, as if talking involuntarily to himself, exclaimed, "I would not have wished it for £500!" adding with a sigh, "It was an old family piece!"

The preliminary proceedings were yet going on, when another energetic member of the precursor society pushed his way into the crowded room to announce that arrangements had been made with a view to insure the recovery of Mr. O'Connell's watch. "I feel persuaded," he said, "that every gentleman here will willingly consent to be searched before leaving, and," he added very emphatically, and to all appearance very cogently, "as no one has been allowed to go away, the thief must be in the room."

An uncomfortable sense pervaded the apartment that this remark, however true, was by no means complimentary to us collectively.

In the midst of the general discomfort, O'Connell, with a roguish twinkle of his Hibernian eye, was heard saying (as if again talking to himself), "Oh! the best thing the thief can do is to steal away!"

Every eye in the room answered to that twinkle of fun, and instead of the grim silence of a moment before, there was an instant roar of laughter.

After this the proceedings of the day's meeting began in earnest. O'Connell's speech was recognizable, by those qualified to pronounce such an opinion, as among the finest orations he ever delivered. Save that it was uttered within doors, and to a more restricted audience, though one very considerable, intensely congenial, and in many ways important, it exactly answered that noble description in St. Stephen's of O'Connell addressing one of his monster demonstrations:

Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
Walk'd by wide air, and roof'd by boundless heaven,
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flowed into space away,
Methought no claron could have sent its sound
Even to the center of the hosts around;
And, as I thought, rose the enormous swell,
As from some church tower swings the silvery bell,
Aloft and clear from airy tides to tide,
It glided easy, as a bird might glide;
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It play'd with each wild passion as it went,
Now strid'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd,
And sobb or laughter, answer'd as it will'd.

I saw myself the emotions thus awakened—often in startling rapid alternations. Tears glittered in the eyes of many at one moment, and but a few seconds afterwards there would be a roar of merriment. If, as Mr. Disraeli has said, Sir Robert Peel played upon the House of Commons like an old fiddle, O'Connell played upon a nobler instrument—an Irish harp strung with the people's heart-strings.

In one of the earlier portions of his harangue, while his hearers were hanging with breathless interest upon his accents, a disturbance at the doorway, as of some person endeavoring to force an entrance into the apartment, causes a general cry of "Order! order!" The disturbance, however, to the indignation of all, increased instead of diminishing, and an inspector of police, forcing his way into the hall, stepped on to the further end of the long table, and picking his way among the inkstands, pens, and blotting paper, advanced the whole length of the room towards O'Connell, carrying conspicuously in his hand the gold watch and chain of the Liberator.

A shout of delight from all present was hushed into silence as the policeman handed the watch, with some inaudible remark, to its owner.

"What?" said O'Connell, not having caught the inspector's words quite accurately.

Inspector of police—"It was found, sir, after you had left home, under your pillow, in your bedroom!"

O'Connell's merriest touch of humor was never greeted by heartier peals of laughter than the few simple words uttered by that policeman.

"Ah! Liberator darlint, sure nobody would rob you," cried one of the frieze-clad tatterdemalions of the gutter, when the meeting was over and O'Connell was driving away in his carriage.

At the close of the speech thus oddly interrupted, I recall to mind the sense of bewilderment with which I listened to the last words of the sonorous and impassioned oration—a bewilderment awakened by the fantastic evidence that he preserved the serene mastery over himself and his theme, even when apparently most completely carried away by the influence of the *extremum*, or divine afflatus. As the last words of the orate and balanced sentences forming the close of his peroration passed his lips, O'Connell, in the act of sitting down in the midst of a prolonged burst of cheering, spread open a silk handkerchief he carried in his hands, and with it playfully enveloped the head and shoulders of a little child beside him—one of the children of "My Dear Ray," the secretary—doing this with such aplomb that the whole speech might almost have seemed contrived as a punning preparation for the climax of a game of bo-peep.—*St. James Magazine.*

A YANKEE IN IRELAND.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN THE GREEN ISLES.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier Journal writes from Ireland to that paper as follows:

The morning I first rose at Queenstown I thought that I had never seen anything more sweet than the prospect before me. The town is built on the rocky side of some pretty high hills, but above you have lovely villas and gardens; wild flowers blossomed by the hillside, while far away the green hills of a fertile country smiled in the sunshine, and below at our feet flowed the broad waters of the river Lee. A more enjoyable trip than ours by steamer up its banks to Cork it is impossible to conceive. What with tasteful villas and villages, fertile fields, cattle, martello towers, vines and ivy-covered walls, the nets of the salmon fishermen, the time seemed all too short to grasp so many pleasing landscapes. That and the ride by jaunting car to Blarney, also along the banks of the same narrow, but exquisitely beautiful river, made me think that even the genius of Father Prout was not equal to the subject. We passed one or more ivy-covered castles while going out to Blarney, the names of

which I forgot. Every now and then the gentle flowers by the wayside, some of them entirely new to us. We had a merry enough party of ten persons for which we invoked three Irish Jesus and as many Ireland. I liked it at first for its novelty, but after a full trial of it I am quite content never to see one again. You have to hold on all the time or run the risk of being spilled out. But there is no end to the forms of Irish vehicles. I think that I have seen twenty styles in this city alone. Some of them are elegant and comfortable, but these are not in common use. And right here it is in order to speak of the roads in Ireland. Every American is struck with surprise at these roads. They are the result of imperial rule; and beat anything I have ever seen, not excepting even the turnpikes around Lexington. It is the same thing I am assured all over Ireland. I went through the very wildest mountains of counties Cork and Kerry in a jaunting car, and found the roads quite as good there as in the rich, cultivated districts near Blarney castle, Killybegs, and Dublin. If Boss Shepherd would come over, and go through the pass of Kilmaree, he would never die of envy at seeing the road. He might really be undertaken to ride or walk through the gap of Dunloe. He would there have the grandest opportunity of his life to make things even, take the experience of nature, and run up a bill perlex the solons of the Irish parliament whenever that body may happen to assemble in the far distant future.

Going out to Blarney, we had our first glimpse of Paddy in his original native aspects, as yet uncontaminated by foreign association. Our three drivers kept up a constant fire of wit and jokes upon each other, and everybody else they met on the road. We met one of the small Irish Donkeys so very much in use here (they are only three and a half to four feet high) dragging a cart, his owner a half to four hind him. The donkey behaved as well as a white man, or even a "colored" gentleman could possibly do under all circumstances. He made us no bow, it is true, but he turned to the left for us to pass by as is the custom of the country, and went quietly on his way. As the owner came up, one of our drivers told him "there would certainly be a summons out against him next day for allowing his brother to ride alone." The wit may be old, but it had a rare Irish flavor.

I do not blame the peasant for begging; still less the children. You may say, why don't these grown people go to work? I ask, in turn, why don't the rich men, the landed proprietors of Ireland, help them to work? Why don't they sell the land instead of holding on to it so resolutely, and why, especially, do they not establish factories to give employment to the unemployed poor? How many thousands of people, wholly unemployed, I have seen I dare not state for being supposed to exaggerate. Let the Hon. Mr. Herbert devote the sixpences he charges visitors for passing through his grounds at Killybegs to this business. He will feel better, I suspect, when he puts off this world for the next.

If I were to say what portion of my Irish tour I should like least to have missed, I should certainly specify the trip by rail from Cork to Macroom via the lakes of Inchebegagh, the pass of Kilmaree, Beauty bay with its distant view of the Atlantic and fisherman's smacks, the picturesque grounds of the hotel at Glengarriff, the near views of the wild rocky mountains through which our journey leads, the insight thus gained into Irish peasant and country life, and finally the entrance upon the glorious views in and about Killarney. I had a pleasant chat with a priest on the way to Kenmare, where we lunched the second day. He had been educated at Maynooth, and was of the ultramontane school, but a gentleman and intelligent. He was down on the national schools and the "godless colleges" of Ireland, as lacking the essential element of religious instruction, and insisted upon a division of the school funds among the different sects. He admitted, however, that the Catholic clergy had practically the management of these "national schools" in the districts where, as in the south and west of Ireland, the Catholics predominated. Some intelligent and earnest Catholics of the laity, whom I encountered at Cork, spoke very favorably both of the colleges and the schools. I had a very pleasant visit at Kenmare to a Catholic school. There were four or five hundred scholars, and all under charge of an order the name of which I can not recall. Sister Theresa, a very refined and cultivated lady indeed, took us to the different rooms and showed us the progress of the scholars from the rudiments of instruction to the higher branches. More of education would be better for Ireland and the Irish, but the main trouble is, I suspect, a lack of useful employment. I was glad to hear that the country was improving. Whether it is so or not, I can not tell. Something in its civilization can readily be discerned. The first thing I would remark is the wonderful degree of public order I met everywhere, in the wildest districts as well as in the cities. I have yet to witness an act of violence or a row, or to hear an oath, and I have been eight days in the southwest of Ireland, and talked to hundreds of people. I have seen only two drunken men, and they were simply "few," not disorderly. The general courtesy of classes of people—priests, laity, peasant, gentry, shopkeepers, officials, and police—is something wonderful. The only impertinence I have to record is that of one of the flunkies about the castle, a fat over-dressed creature, who was presuming till I taught him better. Generally speaking, everybody here feels kindly to Americans. They are glad to see us here. They want our money, and mean to have it if they can. They think that our purses are unlimited. The "shoddy" Americans have ruined travel in Europe along the chief thoroughfares. I see that already. As for the sights of Killarney, they abundantly repay a visit. I had a charming drive, as I named them coming from Kenmare by open ear, passing near MacGillibuddy's Reeks, the loftiest peaks of Ireland, the rock-bound Purple mountain, the pleasant forest of towering Mangerton, and the lakes themselves so beautifully embraced by mountains and grove. The next day we did the thing thoroughly by car and boat, with a jolly party of six persons. We had a hot storm just after our start, and yet none of us got wet, thanks to umbrellas and wraps, but after that we were very little bothered by the showers, and by noon all was fair and bright for the boating and lunch part of the excursion.

The lady at the mouth of the gap who sold me some goat's milk and offered whiskey also, claims to be a lineal descendant of Kate Kearney, but the only "danger in her eye" is I fear, a wee drop of the craythur. The beauty was all exhausted on Kate Kearney herself and the lakes, and none left for the grand-daughter. The "gap" is a wonderful formation, the echoes to the bugle and cannon charming to an unexpected degree. The last four miles of the gap were walked by the gentlemen of the party, and thus we obtained a better view of the famous Black valley, set off as it was to an unusual degree by a storm, which buried in yet a deeper gloom than common the wildness of the picture. Sights of the grand and majestic, nor thoughts of the treat in store for us on the lakes, did not stay our appetites for lunch, but we went to it with an enthusiasm equal to that we felt afterwards for the old Weir bridge, the lovely isle of Innisfallen, fair as only Moore could tell, with its venerable ruins, and the ivy-covered walls of Ross castle. Our guide, Mr. O'Donohue, was a perfect treasure. He acted his part of the play well, and though of ancient descent, did not disdain the addition which we made to his stipulated reward. The lakes are very beautiful, and the day was pre-eminently joyous than the picture lacked warmth of coloring. A little really warm sunshine, a genial atmosphere, like that of the Virginia mountains in summer, would certainly improve Killarney by 50 per cent.