

A Trip to Kerry and Cork.

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From the Carmelite Review.



HAVING left Dublin by an early train, after a few hours traveling, I reached Killarney. This is needless to say, an enchanting region. Its scenery is the most beautiful in the world, and defies description. There is scarcely a square mile between Killarney and the sea, that is not dowered with charms as characteristic as they are rare. Here you enter a valley both wild and rugged. On either side the mountains rise boldly up to peaks over two thousand feet high. The mountain sides are rocky and barren, streaked with a slight vegetation, and here and there with a tinge of green. In other places the slopes become covered with woods, and groves of dark green holly and oak, beech and aspen, enlivened by mountain ash which, at this season, wears a profusion of crimson berries. Cradled in the hills are high mountain lakes, occasionally drained by cascades, which flash in the sunlight as they descend down to the sea that breaks in silver foam almost at the foot of the mountains. The coast line is profusely studded with islands, their surfaces covered with a profusion of vegetation, dwarf oaks, dark green hollies, bright green ash, and brilliant fuschias along the coast. After a day's rain, not uncommon, the water rushes in torrents, breaking and splashing over the rocks, and finally with a plunge commingles with the deep in a dark channel as smooth as glass, and so ends in a sheltered and beautiful little creek its wild career from the mountain lake where it takes its rise. It is lovely to see the rain drops sparkling on the gorse, to behold the purple heather, and look on the sea spread out like silver. Then, too, to see the sunshine chase the shower till the veil is lifted from the islands and coast line, and finally from off the mountains. The coasts of Kerry and Cork are really magnificent. Nestling in its woods, under the towering hills, and beside a stretch of golden strand, where the Atlantic flings its wrecks unchecked, its waves unbroken, save by the rocky islands at the mouth of the bay, lies the home of

O'Connell. Dennis Florence McCarty has sung its praises. Truly, a home for a chief. There is the dining-room where the liberator dispensed hospitality like a prince; the library with its books and relics—one, that deadly pistol that shot D'Este, the Orangeman, in a duel; the table and chair, which he received when Lord Mayor of Dublin; the little chapel in which he used to pray. This is a spot for Irishmen to visit, the mountain home of the greatest champion of civil and religious liberty that this country has ever seen. But I must hurry on by Kenmare, Glengarriffe, Bantry, and "Ione Gaugane Barra" by Bandon to Kinsale for the celebration of the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. Kinsale is a very ancient town. It was a flourishing place when the Mayflower landed the Pilgrims on the shores of New England, when the red Indian hunted on Manhattan, and where the wild buffalo roamed, where now stand the great centres of western civilization. It had its charter from Edward the III, before the battle of Crecy was fought; two hundred years before the defeat of the Armada, three hundred before the battle of the Boyne, and five hundred before the famous victory of Waterloo. It had its Burgess role, its court of session, and members of parliament. Its name means the head of the sea. It is associated with great events in the history of Ireland. In 1380, a Spanish fleet landed here, after doing much harm on the coast of England, but suffered a reverse by the English fleet. Here a great battle was fought, in 1601, when the Irish army, under the famous chiefs Hugh O'Neill, Hugh O'Donnell, and Donal O'Sullivan Beare, came to the relief of their ally, Don Juan O'Aquilla, then lying beleaguered in the town, which was besieged by a powerful English force. Unfortunately they were defeated by the Saxons. Many places round the town, bear to this day interesting marks of this terrible siege. Half a century later witnesses another siege in the reign of Charles the First. Then the Cromwell rebellion brought on another battle; again in the time of the French Invasion, it came into great importance.

Here, in 1380, the Carmelites built their church and convent, which, through weal and woe, have held their own, except for a short time, during the penal days. Here the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption is car-