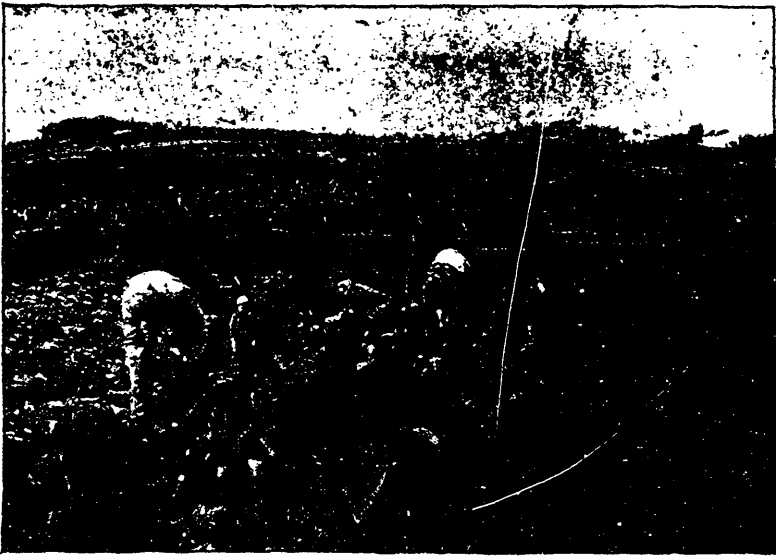


passed several fine ruins of ancient strongholds, and some beautiful modern country-seats, we reached the entrance of the Gap of Dunloe. We were at once surrounded by about twenty men and boys, mounted on the most dilapidated specimens of horseflesh I have ever had the misfortune to see—each offering the services of the miserable rack of bones he called a horse, to convey us through the pass, and each ex-patiating loudly on the many excellent qualities of his own Bucephalus,

who formerly inhabited the same cottage.

“Through the whole of this pass we were accompanied by about a dozen women and girls, with bare heads and bare feet, who keep us in constant roars of laughter with their sparkling mirth, pungent witticisms, and quick repartees. At length we reach an elevated point on the Purple Mountains, and suddenly there bursts on our enraptured gaze a lovely view of the Upper Lake, and the rich scenery in its neighbour-



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and holding up those of his rivals to ridicule and contempt.

“In addition to these were girls and women of all ages, many inviting us to partake of a nectar they called ‘mountain dew,’ being a mixture of goat’s milk and whiskey, all begging, blarneying and addressing us in tones cheerful or doleful, as best suited their purpose—that purpose, of course, being to catch a few pennies. Here is the mud and stone hovel of the granddaughter of ‘beautiful Kate Kearney,’ who lived by the lakes of Killarney,’ and

hood. Beautiful, indeed, is the prospect before us. Rapidly descending a winding path, in a few minutes we are at a ruin called Lord Brandon’s Cottage, where we dismiss our horses, thankful that their bones have not collapsed during the journey.

“The Upper Lake of Killarney, on which we now embarked, is two and a half miles long by three-quarters of a mile broad. Its wild grandeur strikes the observer with feelings of awe and admiration. It combines the softer beauties of wood