

his carriages, plate, etc.; hence the origin of "*Cead Mille Fail-thia*," which has gone the rounds of all the English-speaking world. On the very spot where the king landed we saw the monument, with a crown surmounting it, which was placed there to commemorate the landing of royalty. The name of Dunleary was then changed to Kingstown.

CHAPTER IX.

DALKEY AND KILLINEY HILL.

CLOSE to Kingstown, and at the top of the sloping land, we arrived at Killiney Hill, from which place we had a magnificent view of Dublin Bay, second only to the Bay of Naples, which was partially covered with every description of sail, from the pleasure yacht, with its white sails bending in the breeze, to the great man-o'-war, with the Union Jack proudly floating at the mizen top.

BRAY.

The next place of interest was Bray, another fashionable watering place; population, 4,000; twelve miles from Dublin. Tourists from all parts of Britain and other countries visit here, on account of its sea-bathing, and its proximity to the beautiful and romantic scenery of the County Wicklow.

Here we were surrounded by a crowd of jaunting car drivers, who, in a rich Wicklow brogue, accosted us in language like the following: "Do you want to go to de Dargle, yer honor, or to Powerscourt, or de Waterfall, or de Glen of de Downs, or to Delgany, or de Devil's Glen, or de Scalp, or de Seven Churches, or to de Vale of 'Avoca?'"

We engaged one of the cars, and proceeded towards the places above named, skirting the sea-coast, where the white-capped waves of old ocean dashed against the rock-bound coast.

THE GLEN OF THE DOWNS.

is like a deep notch cut out of a mountain, 300 feet below the surface and 1,300 feet below the two "Sugar-loaf mountains," so called on account of their conical shape, and which stand like sentinels at the entrance of the Glen. Each side of the sloping rocks are covered with foliage down to the bottom, the aroma of which, together with the sea breeze, gives a delightful sensation. The glen is a mile long. About half way we noticed a number of poor men and women near to a place where clear water was trickling down from the rocks. The group surrounded our car, with tin cups in their hands filled with water, and solicited us to "jist taste the *foinest* water in all Ireland, that sparkles and shines like a kitten's