



TYPICAL IRISH COTTAGE.

Rhine, continually surprise and enchant the wanderer through these lovely counties.

“But Killarney, the beautiful queen of the southern beauties, sits enthroned in rural verdure, and demands the homage of every pilgrim in search of the sublime and beautiful in nature. That homage would I pay, not by attempting to describe her enchanting loveliness, but merely in offering a devout tribute at her feet in the shape of a brief outline of what I saw, and the impressions I experienced when wandering through her lovely dells, or skimming o’er her placid waters.

“It was raining, of course, when we reached Killarney: in fact, if my memory serves me, it rained every day we were in Ireland. I remember passing some remark in reference to the pluvial state of the weather to a Kilkenny native, who in a rich brogue replied: ‘Och, shure, yer honour wouldn’t call that rain, it’s only perspiration from the mountains.’ Killarney proper is a miserable town, noted for its uncleanness, with a population of about 7,000. Its inhabitants gain rather

a precarious livelihood from the thousands of visitors who annually flock to the beautiful lakes. Its streets are extremely dirty and very narrow, sufficiently wide, however, to accommodate the hundreds of youngsters who live, grow fat, and develop into Irish men and women on the public thoroughfare. The houses are chiefly built of small stones, plastered with mud, the majority of them very antiquated, and, of course, all of them most gloriously dirty.

“Here you see the Irishman in all his glory. Poor, so poor that the grim monster Hunger is continually hovering around his doorstep, yet withal happy as a lark—laughing, jovial—his ever ready wit continually boiling over with fun. Superstitious and bigoted, devoutly religious at church, yet swearing, drinking, and carousing whenever an opportunity offers: kind and generous towards his friends, yet vengeful and boiling over with bitter hatred towards his enemies, he presents an anomaly difficult to understand.

“We mounted a jaunting-car, and after a lovely drive, during which we