

a jaunting car, and we drove to the farm through a lovely country road,—the hedges are so pretty,—and reached Mr. R——'s, a stone house on a hill. Here we spent ten days, enjoying ourselves very much. The country is really beautiful, but I couldn't fancy living in it, everything seemed so quiet and at a standstill. I enjoyed the jaunting cars, and am afraid they would not do in our own country, where the roads are so rough; but here they are smooth, and so shaded, driving is a real pleasure, and we had a great deal of it in the country round about. Some of their names are so pretty, and some very hard to pronounce or remember. We had many walks down the road in the evenings; they are so lovely with the hedges on either side, and the trees, some of which are covered with wild ivy.

*Dublin.*—We had to leave our friends, as our steamer sails now very soon. We are on our way to Queenstown, but have had two pleasant days in this beautiful Irish city. We had many a ride in the jaunting car. Some of the public buildings here are very fine, and the parks are lovely. We found a very comfortable hotel, the Gresham.

*Queenstown.*—We reached here to-day at noon, and I am now enjoying the beautiful view from our window and writing at the same time. The sails and the steamers, the high hills about here, and the lovely sunny day, make a picture from this window, but down in the street below there are more beggars than I have seen, taking all together, since we left home, and we cannot go out without being