SCENERY OF IRELAND.

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Mr. Alfred Austin, a well-known English literary man, has recently returned from a visit to Ireland and written a singularly able and graphic account of his journeyings. He was especially taken with the scenery of the country, and this is a bit from his description of Killarnev :

"But the first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killar ney is that of beauty, unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur for a look of awe, only in order to heighten, by passing contrast, the sense of soft insinuating loveliness. How the missel thrushes sing, as well they may ! How the streams and runnels gurgle and leap and laugh. For the sound of journeying water is never out of your ears, the feeling of the moist, the fresh, the vernal, never out of your heart. My companion agreed with me that there is nothing in England or Scotland as beautiful as Killarney, meaning by Killarney its lakes, its streams, its hills, its vegetation ; and if mountain, wood and water, harmoniously blent, constitute the most perfect of adequate loveliness that nature presents, it surely must be owned that it has all the world over no superior.

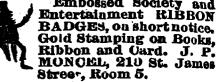
"To portray scenery by language is not possible, often as the feat has been attempted in our time. The utmost that one can do is to convey an impression of beauty or grandeur or picturesqueness; and one could but use familiar epithets and adjectives to but little purpose were one to attempt to depict in words what one saw on Long Island, Muckross Ab-bey, at Torc Waterfall, in the Lower Lake, the Upper Lake, the Long range, or what one gazed out on at Glena Cottage, where we found tea and Irish slim cakes provided for us in a sitting room, silently eloquent of the taste and refinement of its absent mistress. Equally fu-tile would it be to try to describe the eight hours' drive from Kullarney to Glengariffe by Kenmare bay. I can only say to everybody, 'Do not die without taking it. As for Glenger ffe, I scarcely know how any one who goes there ever leaves it. For my part, I have been there ever since. It is a heaven of absolute beauty and perfect rest.'

'I was again struck by the superiority of Irish scenery to its reputation, when, passing round from West to South, I found myself on the Blackwater. What Englishman has not seen Warwick Castle, and to whom are its romantic posi-tion and imposing aspect not household talk? How many Englishmen have seen or even heard of Lismore? To my surprise and shame, I suddenly discovered that Lismore-concerning which I shall be bound to say most persons, if interrogated, would reply, 'Lismore! Lismore! it belongs to the Duke of Davonshire, does it not?—is much more beautiful than Warwick, and almost as pictur-

esque. "No country is beautiful throughout, but I cannot agree with the opinion I have heard expressed so frequently that the center of Ireland is ugly. For my part, I have yet to see an ugly country where it still remains country; and I cannot understand how any rural tract can be otherwise than enchanting to the eye, that has ample color in the fore-ground and the middle distance, and boasts a mountain horizon alike in Queen's county, in King's county and in Westmeath ; the Sheve Bloom mountains are really out of sight, and I observed more than once, in the light and shade of their ample folds, effects of color such as I had hitherto seen only in Italy." "My parting exhortation, therefore, naturally is—'Go to Ireland, and go often.' It is a delightful country to travel in. Doubtless the Irish have their faults; I suppose we all have. Ireland never had, like England, like most of Scotland, like France, like Germost of Scotland, like France, like Ger-many, like Spain, the advantages of Roman discipline by which their in-habitants are still influenced far more than they dream of. Ireland, no doubt, is a little undisciplined; for it has re-mained tribal and provincial, with the defects as with the virtues of a tribal defects as with the virtues of a tribal race. But the only way to enjoy either countries or people is to take them as they are, and not when you travel to carry your own imorimatur about with you. There is no true understanding without sympathy and love, and Ireland has not been loved enough by English-m n, or by Irishmen either."-Indiana-A tew doors west of Mapoleen Boad, polis Catholio Record.



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