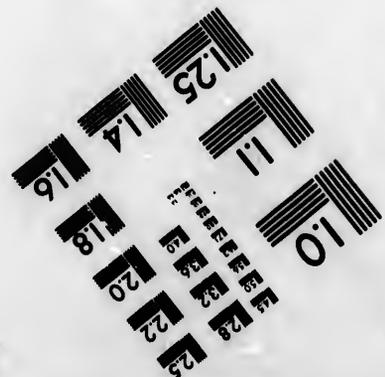
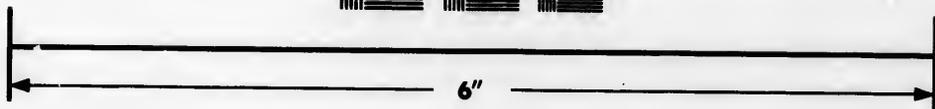
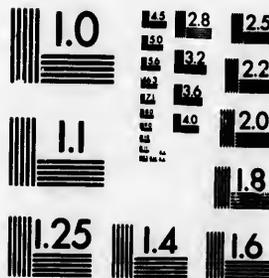


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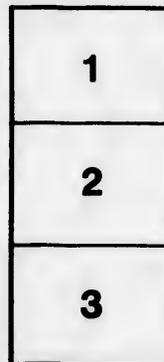
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RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

Visit to Great Britain and Ireland

IN THE

SUMMER OF 1862.

QUEBEC:

WILLIAM PALMER.

PRINTED BY HUNTER, ROSE & CO.

1863.

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PREFACE.

THE manuscript for the following pages was prepared from pencilled memoranda in leisure hours during the past winter; the design being information and amusement through the newspapers, for my fellow-countrymen and others, respecting the "Emerald Isle;" the changes I observed there after an absence of nineteen years; observations in Wales, London, Glasgow, &c.; and by incidents collected from personal observation and other authentic sources; under the title of "Ned Fenton's Portfolio."

At the repeated request of several friends who read my "Recollections" in the *Quebec Gazette*, and "Ned Fenton's Portfolio" in manuscript, I have consented to have them published in a small volume, trusting to the forbearance of my critical readers for errors and omissions. For an apology I refer to the concluding part of my "Recollections."

J. MORPHY.

QUEBEC, July, 1863.

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Voyage from Quebec to Glasgow—Clyde—Glasgow—A Tipperary man—Belfast—Railroads—Ticket Office—Early recollections—Dublin—Roscrea—Jack McMahon and the ladies—Nenagh Silvermines—Lord Dunalleys—Limerick—Cork—Queenston—Bandon—Mahon Abbey—An old acquaintance—Killarney Lakes—Carey O'Leary, a guide—Tralee—An Editor—Waterford—Voyage to Wales—London, descriptions, buildings, incidents—Borrisinossory—An officer—Dublin—Stoneybatter—A blacksmith's forge—Monaghan, early recollections—A landshark—A bang beggar—Ups and downs in life—Causes of changes of scene—Ballibay—Castleblayney—Lord Blayney's demesne—Enniskillen—Irvinestown—A Petty Sessions—Florence Court—A cottage in a wood—Lisnaskea—Crom Castle—Newtownbutler—Clones—A Fishman—Dialects—Belfast to Glasgow—Monaghan to Londonderry *via* Enniskillen—Bill Kavanagh—The Tender—Merville—*Anglo-Saxon*—Voyage to Quebec—An Apology.

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RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
Visit to Great Britain and Ireland
IN THE
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"From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;
Women screeching, Tars blaspheming,
Tells us that our time's expired."

ON the 1st of July, 1862, we embarked at 9 A.M. on board the steamship *United Kingdom*, at Quebec, for Glasgow, and were detained eighteen hours on the river, two miles below Quebec, awaiting passengers from Montreal, by the steamboat *Montreal*, the machinery of which had got out of order near Sorel. We had a fair passage of thirteen days. Captain Craig and the Officers were gentlemanly and obliging, the table was luxurious, and the berths clean and well ventilated. In the cabin there was twenty-five of us, and we soon became as intimate as one family. Conversation, pacing the deck, meals, reading, laugh and joke, smoke and song, and sleeping beguiled the time. There were forty steerage passengers, many of whom, as well as most of the cabin passengers, had return tickets. While awaiting the arrival of the Montreal steamer, the evening was delightful; the hills of Point Levi, with their romantic churches and cottages, and the city on the opposite side, with its tin roofs and church steeples, on which the sun reflected his setting rays, while the river was studded with ships as far as the eye could take in—presented a view like a grand per-

spective panoramic scene. We weighed anchor at 4 A.M., on the 2nd. Passing the Island of Orleans on the left, which is twenty miles long and five miles broad, we had a good view of the Falls of Montmorenci, seven miles from Quebec, plunging over an almost perpendicular precipice of two hundred and forty feet. The south-east shore of the St. Lawrence, for many miles, presents a succession of villages and hamlets, with here and there a church in their midst. At Madame Island, twenty-six miles below Quebec, the river widens to ten miles, which gradually increases all the way to its mouth. At Cap Tourmente thirty miles below Quebec, the scenery is very grand. From Quebec, St. Thomas is forty miles; Crane Island, forty-five; Goose Island, fifty; the Pillars, sixty,—three small rocky islets on one of which stands a lighthouse. Here the scenery is grand. At St. Anne, seventy miles below Quebec, there is a R. C. College. Murray Bay is eighty miles down, and is a delightful place, which has lately become a fashionable resort for Canadians. Kamouraska is ninety miles from Quebec; Pilgrim Islands, one hundred and five; Rivière du Loup, one hundred and nineteen; Kakouna, one hundred and twenty (a fashionable sea-bathing place). At the Island of Bic, one hundred and fifty-three miles below Quebec, we parted with our pilot. The Island of Anticosti, four hundred miles below Quebec, is about one hundred and twenty-five miles long, and thirty miles broad. It is a barren, cold place, with stunted trees. For about three hundred miles there is no harbour or bay to protect ships, while the stream, the shoals around this island, and the heavy snow storms which occur in the fall of the year, with its position across the mouth of the river, render it the frequent scene of shipwrecks. On passing Anticosti and entering the Gulf, the shores of Gaspé are seen in the distance.

After the two first days, which were very fine, we came all at once into a wintry atmosphere, the wind blowing from the snow-clad hills of Labrador, Newfoundland, and from Anticosti, and

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from hundreds of icebergs which we saw floating on the ocean in fantastical shapes like huge churches and pyramids, causing us to huddle together in the cabin where the pipes were heated. At 11 o'clock on the night of the third day, at the light-house of Belle Isle, we took on board the master and seven seamen of the bark *Araby Maid*, which was bound for Cork from Montreal, with a cargo of 2000 bushels of wheat, and coming near Anticosti, the floating ice got behind and droye her on the rocks, where she became a total wreck. After suffering a great deal of hardship, a schooner fortunately came and took the crew to Belle Isle light-house, where we took them on board. To give a detail of all the little incidents on board during the voyage would require too much time and space. Different matters struck different minds in various forms, and we conversed accordingly.

We had two Wesleyan Ministers on board: Mr. Cobbe of Niagara, and Mr. Davis of Georgeville, near Stanstead; with them we had much conversation, and lent them "The Backsliders' Trial," "Trial of Alcohol," and other pamphlets. Mr. Davis preached in the cabin the first Sunday, from Genesis vii. 1: "Come thou and all thy family into the ark"—an excellent sermon and very appropriate.—The ark—the ship—the storms of sea and life—Sin—the harbour of refuge—the ark of safety, Jesus—and the haven of everlasting rest—were the principal topics. On the next Sunday, Mr. Cobbe preached a delightful and instructive sermon from Hebrews xii. 1: "Seeing we are encompassed," &c., "let us lay aside every weight," &c., "looking unto Jesus," &c. The witnesses—the Olympic games—races—the race of life—the crown, everlasting life—sin, the weights and obstructions—Jesus the dispenser of the crown,—Paul ran and obtained the crown—he fought a good fight,—he finished his course, he kept the faith, henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of life that fadeth not away.—Such were the topics of his sermon. The first land we saw was a mountainous part of the

County of Donegal, in Ireland. As soon as we distinguished it plainly, a jovial passenger of the Emerald Isle threw up his cap, clapped his wings, crowed lustily, and sung, in a clear manly voice, to the great amusement of the passengers,

“ If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonnie Scotland were my home,
Her mountains I'd adore :
Yet pleasant days in both I've passed,
I dream of days to come ;—
Then steer my bark for Erin's Isle,
For Erin, Erin is my home.”

On sailing up the Clyde every eye was directed right and left to the beautiful scenery and rising grounds, green fields, clipped hawthorn hedges, old ivy-clad castles of Roman antiquity, Dumbarton castle, and the Messrs. Denny's and other ship-yards, the mansions, woods and sloping lawns of Glasgow merchants—the rows of houses and villages for summer residents and sea bathers, for thirty miles—Greenock and Port Glasgow—the numerous, long, swift, crowded, passenger steamboats, the riveting and other noises caused by the building of several iron, steam, and other ships, all caused a wonderful change of scene from the sea and sky of the previous day. While we gazed at the scenery, a Caledonian passenger recited the following verse, which was listened to with great attention:—

“ Land of wild beauty and romantic shapes,
Of sheltered valleys, and stormy capes ;
Of the bright garden, and the tangled brake,
Of the dark mountain, and the sunlit lake ;
Unrival'd land of science, and of arts,
Land of fair faces, and of faithful hearts.”

It requires great caution and skill to bring a large ship up the Clyde, which is being deepened from time to time by dredging and other means. Not unfrequently it requires a tug steamer before and one behind to get a large ship through the windings of the river. We remained several hours for the tide at Greenock, where the Customs officers came on board, and passed all those

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who had only such luggage as could be carried in hand. Some were not very well pleased at having been left minus their cigars and tobacco. We arrived in Glasgow amid bustle and confusion, in getting the ship moored, the noise of steam and sailors, the shouting of porters and cabmen, the rush of passengers and dragging of luggage, &c. I passed the customs easily, and cabbed off to 45 Union street, where I exchanged my return ticket for one for a certain berth in the *United Kingdom* to sail on the 13th of September following. Glasgow, on the Clyde, contains about four hundred thousand inhabitants. There are several fine bridges across the Clyde, and among them is a very grand suspension bridge. Among the many elegant streets, Buchanan, Argyle, and Ingram are spacious, with very elegant and extensive shops—the crescents, squares, and isolated rows of houses are beautiful. Some of the public edifices are magnificent and beautiful specimens of architecture, among which may be mentioned the Royal Exchange in Queen street, the new County buildings, the banks, Lunatic Asylum, University, and churches. The public monuments comprise that to the memory of Nelson, in the Green, one hundred and forty-four feet in height; an equestrian statue of William III., at the Cross; the statue of Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow; of James Watt, Sir Robert Peel, and a most magnificent doric column to Sir Walter Scott—the last four in George Square—and an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. The educational, scientific, and literary institutions are too numerous to notice. The University on High street is a very elegant edifice, has twenty-two professors, from one thousand to twelve hundred students, and twelve thousand volumes in the library. The Botanic Gardens and Necropolis are well worthy of a visit. The climate about Glasgow is moist and the air foggy with smoke. Cotton, iron, and ship-building give employment to many thousands. In 1652 the third part of Glasgow was burned. Among the great men whom Glasgow claims as natives are Gen-

erals Sir Thomas Munro and Sir John Moore, and Thomas Campbell, the poet. A Tipperary man, who was a steerage passenger on board, on learning that I was going to the County of Tipperary, made my acquaintance, as he was going there to see his friends, after an absence of more than thirty years. He stuck to me like a leech from Glasgow to Roscrea, seventy miles south of Dublin. I need scarcely say that I was obliged to interfere to extricate him on several occasions, from all sorts of abuse of railroad officials, as he had nothing but Yankee coin to pay his fares, which they refused to take. He got through, however, honestly, without any serious breach of the peace. We came by train from Glasgow to Greenock, where we arrived at half-past seven P.M., and after tea with my Tipperary friend, we got on board the *Stag*, a very fine steamer, and were astonished at the hundreds of gaping men and boys who lined the quay in listless idleness, instead of improving themselves and families at home. We left Greenock at eight P.M., and, after a pleasant passage, arrived in Belfast at four A.M., where, on landing, the first applicant got my trunk to convey to the railroad depot (about one mile), the conveyance being an ass and cart, my first "turn-out" there for twenty years.

Belfast, comparatively a modern town, on the Lagan, is on low ground. The streets are spacious, well macadamized and clean. It has the reputation of being the first town in Ireland in commercial prosperity. A cheerful activity prevails everywhere, and it is the great depot for the linen trade of the north of Ireland. There are upwards of thirty steam mills for spinning linen yarn, employing many thousands of persons,—one alone giving constant work to twelve hundred people, the annual wages of which amount to twenty thousand pounds. Belfast has extensive ship-yards and a fine harbor, from which twenty-five steamers ply regularly; the Lough is a fine object, and the hills which partly encircle the town are studded with the handsome residences of its merchants. It has forty-three places of worship, many of

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them very handsome structures. The commercial buildings cost twenty thousand pounds; Queen's College cost twenty-five thousand pounds, and seven thousand pounds per annum is allowed for its maintenance from the consolidated fund. There are several excellent educational, scientific and charitable institutions, and a great number of factories, breweries and other extensive places of business. The population numbers one hundred and twenty thousand.

In Belfast and all over Ireland the barbarous practice of servants demanding payment for their services in addition to the regularly advertised fares is continued. In many places servants pay for their places for their chances of begging from passengers, instead of being paid, as they should be, by their masters. The system is demoralising. It is painful to see healthy, intelligent looking human beings stretch out their hands to you begging for money, which you don't owe them, and which you are not entitled to give. If you give liberally, you are rewarded with such acknowledgments as "May the Lord's blessin' light on yer honor every day ye rise, and send ye safe to yer journey's end, and afterwards receive yer sowl to glory." If you don't give as much as is expected, it is received with silence and a sullen countenance, and if you give nothing, they dare not curse you before your face lest the master's interest should suffer, and they should be dismissed, but won't you catch it among fellow servants when you are gone. Before leaving a hotel, you are accosted thus:—"I'm the housekeeper, sir." "I'm the chambermaid, sir." "Remember boots, yer honor." "I carried your trunk, sir." "I'm the waiter, yer honor," &c., &c., &c. I noticed some things in Belfast which claimed my special attention, viz:—numbers of bare-footed women and girls going to work in factories, rows of jaunting-cars for hire (vehicles which are used all over Ireland as the most convenient for hire and family use), and the absence of outside venetian shutters on the win-

dows. There for the first time, after twenty years of absence, I heard the robin redbreast's song, and the coarse note of the corn-creek. At eight A.M. I appeared at the ticket office of the Railroad Station for Dublin, and was amused at the assumed dignity, the gruff and uncivil conduct of every petty official; and it is the same all over Ireland, with few exceptions.

Before remarking on the purchase of my ticket, &c., I unhesitatingly say I prefer our Canadian arrangement of railroad travelling as superior to that of Great Britain and Ireland. Here we have less of caste, more comfortable and convenient car accommodation—there being no compartments in cars—better ventilation—drinking fountains—stoves, and *other conveniences*—more civil and obliging officials, and cheaper fares. There the ticket office is not open until ten or fifteen minutes before departure, which, in many places, causes bustle and confusion in looking after your ticket, luggage, and rushing to secure a seat. Here, we have an admirable baggage-check system, by which every passenger feels quite easy about the safety of his baggage. There, a porter stands with a brush and a pot of paste in his hand, and as each trunk comes along he gives it a daub and pastes on a piece of paper, on which is printed the name of the station for which it is destined, and should it happen that you arrive at night, with a long train, you get out, amid confusion, run here and there in anxiety looking for your trunk, and you are the more anxious, as passengers are advertised that they are accountable for their luggage, the mislaying of which would be a serious disappointment.

The carriages (as they are called) are painted a dark green, elaret, or brownish color; those of the first and second class having each three compartments, and the third class two, the doors open in the sides, and are locked by porters on leaving each station. The people sit face to face with their knees jammed as in stage coaches, except in the third class, where the seats are in various positions. There are of course no drinking fountains, no

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stoves, nor any other necessary conveniences. To meet the views and requirements of the travelling aristocracy, the first class cars are as elegantly fitted up as noblemen's private carriages, and the fares are double that of the third class. The second class, plain and nearly all without cushions, are used by the middle classes, as merchants, respectable farmers, &c. The fares are between the first and third classes. The third class, very plain, are used by the great majority of the people. The fares are much higher than our first class. To say that there never was a trial for assault, with intent, committed in any of the compartments, would not be true. The compartments, however, must be continued for the accommodation of noblemen, merchants, tradesmen, laborers, &c. The uniform of the porters is the same all over Great Britain and Ireland, viz.: corduroy jackets, vests and trowsers, and cloth caps with red bands. The depots in the large towns are very grand, being large enough to take in the longest trains, under glass roofs. The station-houses and bridges are all solid structures of masonry. There are no crossings allowed now, which caused great cutting of hills, and filling of hollows. I will advert to the effects produced by railroads in Ireland hereafter.

At the ticket office, I gave what I believed to be fifteen shillings, in six half-crowns, for my ticket, but the Jack in office pushed it back to me with a scowl of indignation, as if I were a swindler, telling me it was only fourteen shillings and six pence. My argument was no use, he would not explain. On examining, I found one of the pieces to be a florin or two shilling piece—a coin we in Canada are not very familiar with. I added the six-pence, and handing it to the aforesaid gentleman, said, "How easy it would have been for you to give me back the florin, a coin I have not been acquainted with, having just come from a country where it is not in circulation, and to have said, 'Sir, you mistake; one of these is a florin,' then all would have been right.

Instead of that you have by your conduct left yourself open to censure which must appear in the press."

Again, when asking for a check for my trunk for Dublin, the porter would not condescend to answer until he finished his pasting on a trunk (as described), then, raising his head, he said, "Don't make yerself unaisy, you'll get your trunk when you go to Dublin, an' that's all you want; we know nothing about checks." These words were uttered in a tone which prevented a rejoinder on my part, lest worse would follow. Admitting the hectering those officials get from the crowds of various characters they have to deal with, there is no reason why they could not be as civil and obliging as our railroad officials in Canada.

From Belfast to Dublin the country looked delightful, the clipped hawthorn fences and green fields, the castles, lawns, demesnes, and lakes, and handsome towns and villages—the whole country from north to south, looked as green as the painting in Mr. McEvoy's cyclorama, and like one great garden of Eden. The causes for the reduction of the population and the poverty of the peasantry, are too well known without any explanation from me. When I arrived there in the middle of July, the people were praying in the churches for fair weather, it having rained almost incessantly during the previous May and June, accompanied with cold; the crops, as a consequence, were very backward. Providence, however, favoured them, as they had fine weather during the nine weeks I remained there, and the crops made such progress that the people began to show their wonted elasticity of spirits. When I left there were little or no signs of potato blight; oats, hay, and flax looked well—the latter crop seemed to be the people's great dependence, especially in the north.

How early recollections did crowd on me when I saw the clean streets, excellent roads, with closely clipped hawthorn hedges at each side, and forming the fences in the fields, and heard the well remembered songs of the lark and the linnet, the goldfinch, black-

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bird and thrush, the coarse note of the corncreak, and saw the jackdaw, and magpie, and other birds not known to Canada; when I looked at the haycocks in the meadows, and stacks in the barnyards; the bogs in which the people were winnowing mud and slain turf, and having them drawn home or to market, in crates and kishes, on horses and asses' carts, and in creels on asses' backs; watched them pulling, steeping, lifting, and spreading flax; digging potatoes and washing them with a headed stick in a basket at a rivulet, and boiling them in a big pot hooked on a crook over a turf fire on the hearth, (by the way, I regret to say the well remembered cups, farmers, browns, blacks, corkreds, paddies, &c., have become extinct, and their places taken by a nameless round white potatoe, the same all over Ireland). When I saw the mud cabins with stagnant pools, and barefooted women and ragged children in front of them, people leaning over their half-doors in suburbs; the little boys and girls going to school in country places with their *readimadeasys* under their arms; the hackney jaunting cars with their loads of passengers going to, and returning from, markets and sea-bathing places; pigs in the market shaking their right hind legs to which were attached hay ropes, the other ends of which shook the arms of their sellers, and how the buyers and sellers alternately slapped each other's hand with a penny piece, a half crown or a knife during the negociation; the working nailors; nailed soles; corduroy breeches, and wool *caubeens*; the crowds of poor farmers with hat in hand paying rent to aristocratic agents; the pound notes; the great extremes of wealth and poverty, ignorance and intelligence, cleanliness and filth, pride and humility, beauty and ugliness. When I saw the furze, the fern, the ivy and holly, the heath and cowslip, the primrose, the shamrock and daisy, and heard the sounds of the violin and the merry dance, and "the cuckoo's note steal softly through the air," I could join with heart and voice in the familiar song—

“O, Erin, my country, I love thee most dearly ;
 No music to me like thy murmuring rill ;
 The shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,
 And none is so sweet as the daisy clad hill.”

On the way to Dublin, the factories and bleach greens about Lisburn, the towns of Lurgan, Portadown, Newery and Dundalk, the stupendous railroad bridge across the Boyne, and the beautiful country from that to Dublin, are well worthy of notice. On my arrival in Dublin at 11 A.M., at Amiens street depot, it was raining, and the first purchase I made was an umbrella, an indispensable adjunct there. We had a walk of four hours along the quays on the Liffey, and through some of the principal streets and squares. We visited the four courts and saw plenty of gentlemen of the long robe in wig and gown there, gazed upon plenty of jaunting cars, umbrellas, handsome women and nice old men in the streets, and paid a visit to Phoenix Park and Steven's Hospital. The park is more extensive and handsome than Hyde Park in London. Steven's Hospital is almost a town within a house. The hotels are plain, unpretending houses ; the squares, such as Mountjoy, Rutland, Merrion, Stephen's Green, &c., are beautiful, as also many of the streets. The river Liffey divides the city, which gradually rises from both sides of it. A tourist visiting Europe from this country should not, under any circumstances, miss a visit to Dublin, where he will be well repaid, and find amusement to his heart's content in the theatres and singing hotels, saloons, &c. More of Dublin hereafter. From King's Bridge depot we left by train at 3 P.M., passing Newbridge, where there is an extensive cavalry barracks ; Kildare—the Curragh, famous for its races ; the moving bog of Allan, Monastereven, Mountrath, Maryborough, and Portarlinton, arriving in Roscrea at 6½ P.M., where I parted with my Tipperary friend, and turned into a hotel fatigued, having gone through an extensive variety of scene within the last twenty-four hours. Shortly after entering the hotel, mine host introduced me to a corpulent little pedagogue, about sixty years

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old, with round and smiling countenance, and dressed in a suit of black cloth which had seen a good deal of wear. He was proud of his milesian cognomen, Jack McMahon, and a rich mellifluent Munster accent, being full of anecdote, Irish legendary lore, mathematics and poetry. He was very communicative, and profoundly displayed his intelligence to mine host and myself.

"Full well we laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

Next day, after breakfast, Jack and I sauntered through the half dilapidated old town of Roscrea for an hour or two. It was a sort of market day for turf, potatoes, fresh herrings, grass, and some kinds of meat. We saw plenty of asses and carts, corduroy breeches, ragged boys and beggar women. Two of the latter sat against a wall, and as we passed, one of them said, "For the love o' God your honor, would ye be afther extendin' your charity, and give me one ha'penny, I didn't ate a bit to-day." "I will," said I. "Long life to yer honor," said the other, "maybe you'd——" "Stop," said I, "do you see that river?" pointing to the river not far distant; "I will give each of you sixpence and a half a pound of soap if you come down with me and this gentleman and wash your faces, arms, and legs." "Arrah, bad luck to ye for a spalpeen," said one; "May the devil fly away wid ye," said the other; and both together, "Go 'long out o' that wid ye; you a gintleman! durty wather on you, you beggar, I'd take a little and brain ye wid a stone." "Now, Jack," said I, "what do you say for your country women." "Och, shure, this is not my town," said he, "wait till you go to the beautiful city of Limerick, and you'll not see such a durty pair of thrugmullions as them in a day's travellin', its there you'll see the fairest and finest women in Ireland." "I fear," said I, "your fair fine ladies are exceptions." "I beg your pardon," said he, "the two dirty creatures and a few others like them are exceptions to the great galaxy of the far famed gentle sex of Ireland. Allow me," he con-

tinued, "to quote from a great author." "Go on," said I. "Woman," he continued, "was designed for a companion to man, to soften his temper and polish his manners. They have, at times, formed governors, legislators, and heroes. The great Pericles derived all the power of his oratory, and the elegance of his taste, from the examples and instructions of the lovely Aspasia; and the Gracchi also caught the spirit of their eloquence, and the fire of their patriotism, from their mother Cornelia."

"And what do you think of Eve, Jezebel, Herodias, and others like them in ancient and modern times?" said I.

"These are exceptions, likewise," said he. "You must be aware," he continued, "that all great heroes, scholars and Divines are indebted to their mothers for their training. I hope I shall not trespass on your patience by giving you another quotation."

"Not at all," said I, "you amuse and instruct me. Go on."

"Man," he continued, "is as the rough and crude element of earth, unmollified by the fluidity of water and light. Heaven, therefore, sent woman, gentle, bright, and beautiful woman, to soothe, form and illumine the rudeness of his mass.

"She comes upon him in the weakness of water, and in the brightness of the morning beam; she imperceptibly infuses love and delight into him, and bids his affections go forth upon kindred and country.

"The planter who planted the vineyard and the vintner who pressed the grape, were born of woman; and by woman alone the subject and the sovereign receive existence, with all that can make existence advantageous or desirable. She brings man forth in his weakness, and she brings him up to his strength; he is fostered in her bosom; he is nourished with her substance, and he imbibes into his being the sweetness of humanity with the milk of his mother. Without woman, where would be father or where would be child; where the relations, endearments, and connections of kindred, the charities that bind the wide world together

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into one inclusive family, the great brotherhood of man? She comes not against you in the hostility of weapons, or fearfulness of power. She comes in the comfort and mild light of beauty; she looks abashed and takes you captive; she trembles and you obey. Her dominion is sweet, and our subjection is voluntary, and a freedom from her yoke is what no man could bear.

"There are no forms of human government that can exempt us from her sway; no system of laws that can exclude her authority. Do we not study, toil, and sweat, and go forth in the darkness, and put our face to every danger, to win and bring home treasure and ornaments to our love? Even the robbers and savage spoilers of mankind grow tame to the civilizing prerogative of beauty.

"If men seek peace, it is to live in kindly society with woman; and if they seek war, it is to please her with the report and renown of their valor."

"Now you must admit," said I, "that all excellent women have been indebted to their fathers for their training."

"I grant you that," said he.

"From your able and learned advocacy of the fair sex," said I, "you must have been fortunate in your choice of a wife." To this he replied in a placid visionary tone, thus:—"Och, Molly ashore, a cushla machree, to yourself be it tould, you're the light of my eyes and the treasure of my heart; thirty long years we have lived and loved together, amid all the sunshine and shade of life, and never did a cross look pass between us;" and then changing his tone he sang:

"O my Norah Creina dear,
My gentle, bashful Norah Creina;
Beauty lies in many eyes,
But love in yours, my Norah Creina."

At one P.M., I left Roscrea for Nenagh on a three-horse stage-coach with my facetious friend Jack beside me, who amused me all the way with his quaint stories, and histories of the lords of

the soil. We passed Mr. Lloyd's handsome demesne near Roscrea, Lord Bloomfield's extensive demesne near the ancient burial place of Dunkerrin, as also the miserable and poverty-stricken villages of Monegal and Toomevara, where many an outrage and faction fight took place. Near Nenagh we saw the handsome residences and grounds of Mr. Pepper and Mr. Poc, and the old burial ground of Ballymacky. We arrived in Nenagh at 5 P.M., (sixteen miles), where I parted with my friend Jack, and met with some friends, with whom I tarried certain days near Lord Dunalley's. While there, I had an opportunity of observing the manners and mode of living of the country people who have very contracted ideas of this country. They ignore Canada altogether; it is all "America." I have been asked several times if I saw the war, or if it had done us much harm; and how we tried to escape it, and if I came home to avoid the danger. Inquiries were made if I saw and knew such a one—a cousin, brother, or friend of the inquirer; all of whom, on enquiry, were in distant States of the Union. Near my friends there is a poor village called the Silver Mines, at the foot of a high range of hills, and where at present there are extensive zinc mines, which I visited; the drawing up of the clay, burning it in kilns, putting it through various washing processes in circular sieves, then drying and packing it in strong bags, which they cart to the rail-road station for England for further operations. The works give employment to about one hundred and fifty people of various ages and both sexes; but operations were retarded by the war in America, which is their best market for zinc. I attended the Episcopal church there. The Rector, Mr. Jones, a good man, an excellent reader and preacher, conducted the services, and preached three encouraging and instructive sermons from "Saul not obeying in the case of Agag, and Samuel's rebuke, 'To obey is better than sacrifice;" from 2 Cor. xii. 9, "My strength is made perfect in weakness;" and from James i. 12, "Blessed is the man that

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endureth temptation," &c. The good old tunes were well sung, accompanied by a melodeon. I visited Rev. Mr. McGrath there, and dined and spent an evening with the Rev. Messrs. Murphy and Gleeson, in that neighbourhood; the latter, an amiable gentleman, having been for some years lately a curate in St. Patrick's church in Quebec, was particularly glad to see me, and asked many questions about the war, Canada, and especially the members of the congregation he left at Quebec. I spent an hour with Lord Dunalley in Kilboy House, a splendid mansion, on a beautiful and extensive demesne. The topics of our conversation were Canada, its resources and institutions, as being a preferable field for emigration than the United States, the superiority of our laws and institutions over theirs. He did not admire those of the United States. We talked also of Australia, Ireland, and his tenantry. He is a free, enlightened nobleman, with easy and obliging manners, and seemed much pleased with the conversation. I was much amused in the markets and fairs, while looking at the standings, heaps of apples, nails on tables, kishes of turf, asses and carts, corduroy breeches, ballad-singers, and various other things which are not seen in Canada. In one part of the street a poor bare-footed woman with a child in her arms might be heard singing some mournful doggrell; while in another part, a droll looking fellow in rags, with stentorian lungs, sings "marriage is pleasant, it's all in my eye," or about some poor fellow that was hanged, although innocent. Nenagh is situate in a district of great beauty and fertility, and is well-built, clean and thriving. It has a new court-house, gaol, an Episcopal church, and an old castle, to which is attached one of the strongest and largest round towers in Ireland. The Roman Catholics have obtained the ground and tower with the view of building a large church. They have added considerably to the height of the tower, and intend putting a dome on it and a huge

bell therein. There are several very handsome shops on Castle street, among which Mr. Corneil's is one of the most extensive. Contiguous to Nenagh are the beautiful demesnes of Lord Dunalley, Mr. Pepper, Mr. Going, and others. The population is about eight thousand. The railroad is being finished from Roscrea to Bird Hill, which will make a direct unbroken line from Dublin to Limerick, through Nenagh.

I went by jaunting-car to Bird Hill, and from thence by train to Limerick, passing Castleconnell, Annacotty, and Killonan.

Limerick is situated on an extensive plain, near the Shannon, and consists of three portions, English and Irish towns, and Newtownperry. The different parts of the city are connected by five bridges; one, the Wellesley bridge, which crosses the harbor, cost eighty-five thousand pounds. Newtownperry, a town of moderate date, is one of the finest in Ireland. It contains a fine square and streets, with handsome shops. The principal public buildings are the Court-house, Prisons, Custom house, Chamber of Commerce, Exchange, Assembly House, Linen Hall, and churches. There is a bronze equestrian statue to the memory of Daniel O'Connell, and a lofty monument to the memory of Spring Rice. There is an extensive lace factory and other large places of business, and a good harbor. Limerick was a royal seat of the kings of Thomond before the conquest, and capitulated to the troops of William the Third, under Ginkill, in 1691. The population is about fifty thousand.

While waiting the departure of the train for Cork, about one hundred of the roughest specimens of humanity imaginable came up and took their seats. They were volunteers going to a temporary naval service on board the *Hawk* man-of-war at Queens-town. They were accompanied to the train by their sisters, wives and sweethearts, as slatternly, uncouth, and repulsive an assemblage of the female sex as could be found in any civilized

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country; and such a boisterous uproar of farewells as they did set up was enough "to make Dungarvin shake."

From Limerick to Cork, the country is very picturesque, fertile and undulating. On the way we passed several attractive demesnes, with their splendid mansions, and the handsome towns of Knocklong, Kilmallock, Charleville, Buttevant, Mallow, Rathduff and Blarney. At the latter place I had not time to visit the famous stone. At three P. M., after passing through a long tunnel, I arrived

"In the sweet city of Cork where Paddy first opened his throttle,
And he lived at the sign of the Cork, no wonder he tipped the bottle."

At four P. M., went on board one of the city pleasure steamers to Queenstown (ten miles), on the river Lee, passing on both sides a continued scenery which could not be surpassed for beauty and magnificence. There were merchants' houses on rising grounds, with sloping lawns, gardens, plantations, and every variety of pleasure grounds down to the water's edge; the villages of Blackrock, Monkstown, Baths at Glenbrook; Navy-yard and stores; Glanmire and Queenstown, with Spike Island on the opposite side of the river, where all the convicts of Ireland are sent for penal servitude. Queenstown has a splendid harbor into which the largest vessels come in safety. There are good hotels, shops and very fine rows of houses in front of the harbor; but a great part of the town is on the heights. The houses on the very steep streets with gables to front rising one above the other. It is a great resort for sea-bathers from Cork. The population numbers five thousand. On my return, "mine host" took me for a two hours' walk in Cork, the streets of which are spacious and well lighted with gas. The most familiar and pleasing countenances, the manliest looking men, and the tallest and handsomest women I have seen are those of Cork. We walked through George and Patrick streets, Grand Parade, South Mall, the Dyke, Sunday's Well, &c. The streets are crowded with pedestrians until a late

hour; the watchmen call out the hour here as well as in most of the towns in Ireland.

The city of Cork is built on an island formed by the Lee, which is crossed by nine bridges. The principal edifices are the Court-houses, which cost twenty-two thousand pounds; the Mansion-house, on a fine walk called the Mardyke, the Exchange, Commercial-buildings, Prisons, Convict Depot, Infirmary, Lunatic Asylum, Custom-house, Military-barracks, Theatres, several Scientific, Educational and Charitable institutions, Episcopal Palace, several Monasteries, and two Nunneries. Its beautiful environs are studded with country residences. The Lee forms a splendid harbor, in which float large steam and other ships. Cork has a population of about eighty thousand. From Cork I went to Bandon by train, passing through a long tunnel and a beautiful country. Bandon is a nice town, principally composed of two streets. A river runs through the town, over which there is a very substantial bridge. I visited a commodious Wesleyan church and other buildings there. Having heard that a friend with whom I had been intimately acquainted for several years in my native town, but had not seen for twenty five-years, was then residing at Mahon Abbey, nine miles beyond Bandon, I hired a jaunting car and drove to the Abbey. As I was unexpected, I purposed surprising him. When I last saw him he was forty-five years of age, and very active. After driving up the winding avenue, and knocking at the hall door, a very corpulent, facetious little man, seventy years old, with a humorous countenance, made his appearance. I recognised him at once to be the friend of my youth, but appeared to him as a perfect stranger. "Could you tell me, sir," said I, "where Murty Devine, a tailor, lives in this neighborhood?" "No sir," said he, while he had hard work to suppress a smile. "I don't know any person of that name in this country." Now Murty was one of the most whimsical, ludicrous, and best known characters in the town, and especially known

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to my friend; but Murty was dead about twenty-five years, to my friend's knowledge. "Well then," said I, "Billy the Butt, or Franky the Roost, or Jamie the Stone, or Ben Hair's ghost, will do me as well." These were nick-named characters, and well known to my friend in our native town. Instead of replying, he laughed outright, and I, who had been trying to look serious, was obliged to laugh too. When we had had a good laugh together, and the car boy, who was listening, had his laugh, my friend after a good stare put up his hands and exclaimed, "Can it be possible! is it you Mr. M.?" "It's nobody else," said I, whereupon we went in and he introduced me to his son, a tall young man, twenty-two years old, and to his daughter, a young mother with two children. He had got married, became a father and grandfather since I saw him, and was a grandfather by his first wife over twenty years ago. After tea, and two or three hours' pleasant conversation, I left him, in all probability, never to see him again in this world, and slept in Cork the same night.

Next morning, after two hours' walk, I left by train and arrived in Killarney, at eleven o'clock (fifty miles). Near the station, at the end of the town, there is a very extensive hotel, and handsome Turkish baths. With the exception of one or two streets, Killarney is a poor dilapidated-looking town, of about four thousand or five thousand inhabitants. The only buildings in the town worthy of note are a R. C. Cathedral, a nunnery, and two or three hotels. The town is principally kept up by tourists. On leaving the train, I took my portmanteau in my hand and walked down the street; and never was I so annoyed and worried with runners and beggars as there. All I could say was useless; about half a dozen of them stuck to me like leeches all the way down the street, accosting me thus:—"Do you want a hotel, sir?"—"I have a good boat, your honor."—"Do you want a car, your rivrence?"—"I'll carry yer thrunk, sir, for a ha-penny."—"For the Lord's sake, your honor,

extend yer charity to the poor widow."—"Will you buy some uv these toys for the childher, sir?"—"May the divil dhrive yez all to Cork out uv this and let the gintleman alone."—"I'll take yer honor to the comfortablest hotel in town."—"Never mind that blaggard, yer honor, he's the biggest rogue in Killarney," &c., &c.—I was obliged to get into a room of the first public house I met, and shut the door to get rid of them. After a rest, I sauntered through the town, visited the hotels, Cathedral and other places of interest, and while walking past Castle Ross, with a view of seeing the lakes, I was tormented with women running after me to buy paltry toys, and men asking to hire their boats, or to be my guide.

At last a little man came up, who was about sixty years old, clothed in an old blue jacket and trowsers, and little old slouched cloth cap, with the peak well down on his eyes, which were almost overhung by heavy, hairy eye-brows. There was something like honesty in his thin, weather-beaten countenance, and rich Kerry brogue. "Good morrow to your honor," said he. "Don't have anything to do wid thim chaps that's askin' to shew you the lakes." "Why?" said I. "O," said he, "they are a set of palaverin rascals that purtinds to shew strangers a great deal, an' does'nt shew thim much, and then extorts all they can from them; but if your honor comes with me,—I am goin' round the hill beyant there—and I will take you to where you'll get the best sight of the lakes in the country, an' divil a penny it will cost you, for I have to go there at any rate."

"Agreed," said I, "come along," "Wait, your honor," said he, "till I go in an' put a coal in my pipe."

"Now," said I, "what is your name?"

"Carey O'Leary, your honor," said he.

So, on we went, mile after mile, while he was very communicative and told me his own history and the history of each landed proprietor, as we passed. When we got about three miles I

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remonstrated—but he urged me on and on, until we came to a large white gate, with wickets on each side, which were locked, but on his hallooing, out came two women with goat's milk and whisky. On opening the gate, one of the women said, "Come, your honor, have a taste of nice goat's milk, it's fresh and pure, and good for the health, and the whisky is the rale sthuff." So saying, she handed me a flask and mug, and we had a drink, and away went Carey and I through winding narrow paths, up a steep craggy cliff to the foot of "Tork Mountain," down which fell from a tremendous height, and almost perpendicular, streams of water, called "The Cascades," obstructed in the fall by several projecting pieces of rock. On the top of the mountain there is a pool, called "The Devil's Punch Bowl." After resting, we descended, and on we went for another mile to a gate which was locked; and on Carey hallooing, out came a woman with goat's milk and whisky—of which Carey partook, and she received her sixpence. We passed on to a place called "the meeting of the waters," where a deep narrow river runs between the high cliffs, almost perpendicular, and joins two lakes. The scenery there is very grand. There are three connected lakes. The lowest approaches within one and a-half mile of the town; it is three and a-half miles in length, by two in breadth, and is divided from the middle lake by a peninsula, on which stands the picturesque remains of Muckross Abbey, on the W. and S.E. sides of these lakes rise the loftiest mountains, the wildest ravines, the finest woods, and the boldest cascades in Ireland. On our way from Killarney we passed Mr. Herbert's, of Cashernan, Mr. Shine Lawlor's, of Castlough, a large hotel, called "The Folly," from its being a bad speculation, and beggaring the man who built it, and Muckross hotel. From the "meeting of the waters," we went round Denis' Island, and passed Lady Kenmare's Cottages, and through Muckross peninsula, where we had a view of Glanna mountain, and McGillicuddy reeks, the highest mountains in Ireland. Thence along a beautiful broad

avenue, about two miles long, past the magnificent Castle of Muckross, the residence of Mr. Herbert, where the Queen and Prince Albert were guests about a year ago, and then returned to Killarney by Lord Castleross's splendid castle and demesne. There also the Queen and the Prince paid a visit, when at the lakes. On the whole, Carey brought me a circle of ten miles. The journey, his disinterestedness, and the information he gave, was worthy of something more than thanks, and Mr. Carey O'Leary was treated as he deserved, and as he expected.

On the way, I asked him if he was present when the Queen visited the lakes.

"Faiks, I was," said he, "an' yer honor an' I jist kem the same rounds she did. Och, tundher an' turf, but there was the mortal crowds there then. There was any money for a bed, and divil o' half iv them got one."

"I presume," said I, "that the people think a great deal of Mr. Herbert since the Queen visited him?"

"Indeed they do; an' good right they have; for he's a mighty fine gintlemin, an' divil a betther landlord in Ireland. I'm tould there's a great monument to be raised on the paninshoola, an' that Mither Herbert is to be lorded shortly to the memory of the Queen's visit to Killarney."

On asking if he and other guides were under any, and what control, he said.

"O we're under mighty great conthrol entirely durin' the saison of visitors. We meets two or three times a week an' gives an account of the gintlemen an' ladies we guides, to Mr. Herbert's and Lord Castleross's stewards. You see, yer honor," he continued, "we're inunther great responsibilities, for many's a time young lords, an' officers, an' English an' American gintlemen, an' other furriners, when they comes here, some of them drinks so much whishky they goes tarnation mad, and pitches their clothes and watches, and purses about, when they gets on the paninshoola,

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like as if they were let loose out uv Bedlum, an' then we have to gother up everything afther 'em, and catch houl't of 'em and bring 'em to the fust hotel we meets, and watch 'em till they get sober ; and if they'd lose anything in their tantherims we'd be blamed and turned off the lands altogether in disgrace."

"May I make so bould," he continued, "as to ax what counthry yer honor kem from?"

"Canada," said I.

"Well," said he, "I likes to meet an American gintleman, becase they acts very liberal wid us, and spins a power uv money when they come here; an' besides I was in Amerikay myself for nine months."

"What part," said I.

"New Orlandes," said he.

"And why did you not remain there?" said I.

"Bekase I was near dyin'," he replied, "wid a tarrible disaise called the yalla favor. He'd be a nice fellow wud catch me in sich a disordherly place as that agin. But tell me, sir," said he, "was it for fraid uv the war you kem to Ireland?"

"No, Carey," said I, "Canada, where I live, is a British counthry, and the war is a great way from us, in the United States, which is a foreign country, and among themselves; between the North and South af the country. As if the North of Ireland went to war with the South of Ireland; the North fighting for dominion, and the South for independence."

"Glory be to God, your honor, isn't it a shockin' and haynious thing to think of people murdherin their own flesh and blood; for many a poor fellow from this country is in both North and South. Is there many Irish in Canady, Sir?"

"Yes," said I, "a great many."

"May the Lord help the poor Irish," said he, "but its a mortal pity any of 'em wud ever be obliged to leave this beautiful counthry. But small blame to the poor crathers to get out uv

a country where one half is taken up wid gintlemen's estates, and the other half in black poverty. But tell me, sir, is there any landlords, or agents, or bailiffs in Canady, the same as in Ireland?"

"No," said I, "nor pounds to put cattle in for arrears of rent. When an industrious Irish farmer comes to Canada he buys a farm and gets time to pay for it, and when paid for, it is his own for ever; then he is his own landlord, as thousands of honest Irish farmers are at present in Canada."

"But isn't it strhange," said he, "how the Irish find their way into every country? I saw them in New Orlandes, and if you go to Australia or Jimaky, or Botany Bay, you'll find them; an' begorra, I believe if you go to a country where the face of a white man never was seen, you'd find Irishmen in it."

"If that's the case," said I, "the Irish must have changed colour on the voyage. I heard of an Irish family," I continued, "that emigrated to New Orleans, and when settled there they employed a negro boy about seventeen years old as a servant. During the four years he lived with them he learned to speak Irish fluently, as the family all spoke that language. Four years after they arrived, another Irish family landed there from Ireland, and when they were on the wharf the same negro who was as black as jet, overheard them talking in Irish and joined them to the great astonishment of the Irishman, who asked him how long he was in the country (New Orleans); to which he replied "four years," and the Irishman turning round with consternation pictured in his countenance, exclaimed to his wife—

"O marciful powers, Judy, did ye hear that? he's only four years in the country, and he's as black as the ace o' spades? The Lord be betune us and harm," he continued addressing his wife and children, "to think that yez all will be as black as the crook in four years is very disthressin'. O meillia murther! what will we do? We must get back to ould Ireland as fast as we can. O,

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the tarnal vagabone that made us come here ; if I had him by the neck, I'd leather his sowl-case till there wud be no life expected for him."

"What a gomerall he was," said Carey, "it's not black but yalla they'd all grow, in half the time wud the faver."

"You ought to know these lakes, walks and mountains well," said I to Carey.

"In throth I ought, an' do, your honor. My father an' grandfather, rest their sowls in glory, wor natives of sweet Killarney, an' not that I'd say it, purshuin to honester men ever broke the world's bread. My father was a sthrong, healthy man, wud rosy chicks and purty black eyes. He was six feet high and fourteen stone weight, and so active that divil a man in the country could wrastle him. He was game keeper to Mистер Brown, and sorra a laise in the country that hadn't his life in it, and that's the raison I'm so well known and thrusted in these parts, an' that I know the country so well these fifty long years."

"I suppose," said I, "there are a great many guides beside you?"

"O yes," said he, "and there used to be more than there's now ; but Mистер Herbert an' Lord Castleross are so mighty particular about their grounds, that none but honest men are allowed on them, and all the throublesome blaggards that used to bring disgrace upon us is sent away—bekase they were sthrongly suspected for makin' too free wud some young English gentlemen that got deludhered wud the whisky."

"Have you a family, Carey?" said I.

"In throth I have, yer honor," said he, "sorra a one less than a wife an' six or seven helpless orphan childher in Cork, where I cuts bacon in a big mate store all the year roun', barrin' the summer, when business gets dull, and I comes here to make a thrifle by guidin' ladies and gintlemin about these parts. But your honor must be tired. Here," said he, pointing to a pleasure chair, at

the side of the avenue, "here is an aisy sate, where you can rest in pace for a while, as thare is no bad naybours to disturb us."

"I wonder why you support six or seven orphans," said I.

"An' why wudn't I?" said he, "shure Missis O'Leary says they're my own."

After resting a while, and when he had pointed out every place of note we had in view, we returned to Killarney, where I parted with Mr. O'Leary on good terms, as he sung a song in which were these lines :—

"Killarney for ever, and a true honest heart,
And a tight little sprig of Shillelah."

The same evening I left by train for Tralee, where I arrived at 10½ P.M., (twenty miles), and was fortunate in getting into a comfortable private hotel. At tea I was joined by a very attractive, charmingly exquisite, and dark complexioned young gentleman, but withal a little fastidious and sentimental. He was a boarder there, and had just returned from a week's visit to London. Two nice old ladies quizzed and bothered him about his conquests with certain young ladies, and his recent visit to London. While he sipped his tea, and took his little delicate bits of toast between his forefinger and thumb, with which he gently divided his large moustache to let me (opposite him) see the brilliant ring which graced his delicate finger; two or three newspapers lay on the table, which he scanned over with interesting rapidity between sips, and asked a great many questions about the changes which took place during his absence. Next morning as the ladies and myself had breakfast alone, I enquired the profession of the gentleman I had the pleasure of joining at the tea table the previous evening.

"O dear," said one, "he is sub-editor of the ——."

"A lucrative berth, I presume," said I.

"O yes, sir," said the lady, "it is worth £75 a year."

"A handsome salary," said I.

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Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the said young gentleman, when we entered into a free and profound conversation on newspapers, politics, the American war, the colonies, the beauty of Tralee and its vicinity, &c., in the course of which he asked me of my country, position and salary, to all of which I satisfactorily replied, detracting nothing. This account seemed to shake his dignity considerably in the presence of the ladies.

Tralee is a very fine town, with a population of about twelve thousand. It is the capital of the County of Kerry. In it there is a handsome Episcopal Church, two large Roman Catholic Chapels, and a Lunatic Asylum. I had a long walk in the beautiful demesne and pleasure grounds of Sir E. Denny, where I saw the old Castle of Tralee. In front of the Court-house there are two Russian guns on granite platforms, one on each side, and on which are inscribed the names of the Kerry soldiers who fell in the Crimea. The prevailing names on the sign-boards at Killarney and Tralee, are O'Sullivan, O'Connell, Moriarty, Shea, Shine, Shanahan, Slattery, Scully, McCarthy, Cullinane, Cusack, Ryan, Lawlor, Looney, &c.

I left Tralee at 3½ P.M. by train, and arrived in Limerick at 10½ P.M., where I got into a quiet hotel in Henry street, returning next day to Happy Grove, Nenagh, where I remained for one week, during which I visited several parts of the country, the demesne of Lord Dunally, and Nenagh, in which latter place I attended divine service in the Church of England. In the absence of the rector, the service was conducted by the curate, who preached an excellent sermon. The choir was very good, accompanied by a fine organ. I was much pleased with that sweet anthem, "Lord of all power and might," which I have often heard well sung in the Wesleyan Church, Quebec.

Taking advantage of an excursion trip to London, I proceeded by jaunting car and train to Limerick, and from thence by train

to Waterford, passing the following towns, in a beautiful and fertile country, viz: Boher, Drumkeen, Pallas, Limerick Junction, Tipperary (where Mr. Braddell was shot by Hayes a few days previously), Bansha, Cahir, Clonmel, and Carrick-on-Suir. The latter three towns are on rising grounds, with a beautiful hilly country in the distance, and rich valleys along the river Suir, which forms the splendid harbor of Waterford, about one mile in length, and crossed by a wooden bridge of thirty-nine arches. Waterford has several handsome streets and public buildings, remains of ancient fortifications and monasteries, and a large amount of shipping. The magnificent seat of the Marquis of Waterford is in the vicinity. It comprises four thousand six hundred acres. The population of Waterford is about twenty-five thousand. I embarked on a steamboat at 4 P.M., and arrived in New Milford, in South Wales, at 2 A.M., (90 miles). During that short voyage of ten hours, I saw more sea-sickness than I did in crossing the Atlantic. The scenery on leaving Waterford is very grand. Passing the Fort of Duncannon, Light-houses and other places of interest, the river reminds me of the St. Lawrence, and sometimes of the Hudson. Opposite New Milford is the very extensive dockyard of Pembroke. The harbor is excellent.

At 7½ A.M., I left New Milford by the Great Western train for London, nearly three hundred miles, through South Wales, passing about seventy-five stations, a great many coal and iron mines and handsome towns, among which may be named Caermarthen, where I first noticed the Welch women's hats, and the men's big waistcoats, breeches and leggings. At Ferryside there is an old village, a church and high grounds. Kidwelly is a village in a valley, and has an old castle. Pembrey, Llanelly, Laghor and Gower Road are mining villages, with heights and valleys, and a long tunnel at Gower Road. At Landor there are iron mines, a large church on a hill, and a canal in a valley. At Swansea, Llansamlet and Neath, mining villages, the country is diversified

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by hills and valleys, and isolated rows of clean houses. Briton Ferry and Port Talbot are villages at the foot of hills. On the route there are bridges, rivers, &c. At Bridge End, Pencoed, Llantrassant, Peterston, St. Fagan's and Ely, the scenery is very grand. Cardiff is a splendid town, where there is an old castle, a fine church, rows of handsome houses in valleys, bridges, rivers, and public buildings. The Marquis of Bute's magnificent castle and extensive demesne is contiguous. Newport is a fine town, and the country is flourishing. It is situated near the river Usk. As about forty of us were making the best of our time at a refreshment table there, a fat, rosy-cheeked, buxon old woman came out of a room with a large joint of roast beef on a side-dish, and in her hurry her foot caught in a rent in the carpet, and down she went, and away went the big smoking joint, the dish into smithareens, and the gravy over the carpet. Up from the ground she sprang and ran away ashamed, while we all laughed heartily at the mishap, no harm having been done except to the dish and the gravy.

Marshfield is the boundary of England and Wales. At Port Skewett, a young cavalry officer going on leave of absence from his regiment in Ireland, took leave of me for home. At Chepstow there is a castle, abbey and church. Wollaston has splendid scenery on the left; and the river Severn on the right. At Newham there is a long tunnel. Gloucester is a fine old town. It has a magnificent cathedral, and around is a beautiful country. Stroud is a handsome town, diversified by hills, valleys, gardens, and a long mill-race contiguous. At Tedberry there is a windmill and a junction, and at Swindon, the most extensive refreshment saloon I saw yet. Reading is a splendid town, and has many fine buildings. The whole country as far as the eye could take in for about two hundred miles to Reading, is the most beautiful, fertile, and diversified scenery I ever saw. Arrived at Paddington depot, London, at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, P.M., I took stage for Kensington, where I got a

comfortable hotel for the night. Next morning I had an early walk to Holland Terrace, Kensington, and after a short visit to a friend, returned, breakfasted, and went to the International Exhibition. I paid the shilling fee, and entered with the crowd. I looked all round and above with perfect amazement. There I remained for seven hours, entered my name in the Visitors' Book in the Canadian department, and met many old acquaintances from both sides of the Atlantic. I pictured myself in the most magnificent shop ever seen in the world, forming three sides of a square, and with its appurtenances standing on twenty-eight acres, and composed of the principal nations of the world, each displaying its productions in its own department in the most attractive manner under its own sign-board. You cast your eyes upwards and read the sign-boards in large letters as you move along, thus, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Turkey, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Denmark, Jamaica, Tasmania, England, Ireland, Scotland, Canada, United States, &c., &c., &c. Amid the vast assemblage of visitors and interested people of all nations and tongues, it is perfectly astonishing how order was so well kept. To the visitor for the first time, the grandeur of the whole scene is perfectly enchanting, and he thinks that if all his friends could feel as he does, they would strain every point to pay a visit there. The views from the entrances, and from the corners of the galleries, and from other parts of the great lofty glass dome; the large transparent windows in the distance; the great clock; the brilliancy of the plate, jewellery, and precious metals; the splendid picture gallery; the refreshment saloons; the highly-polished and elaborately carved furniture, pianos, &c., from India and other places; the immense collections of statuary and arms of all ages, sizes, descriptions and nations; the models of buildings and machinery; the specimens of wood, especially those of Canada; seeds, carpets, dry goods, and especially the poplins and linens of Ireland; the hardware, saddlery, and agricultural implements; the sound of

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organs, pianos, and other musical instruments; the machinery in motion; weaving of carpets, linens, &c.; printing, lifting; brick, cigar, package and ice making, &c.; the fountains; the glass roof; the immense crowds of fashionably dressed visitors moving slowly to and fro; all, all are calculated to impress the visitor with a dreamy sensation that he is in an earthly paradise. I left at 4 P.M., and staged four miles to Ely Place, Holborn, where I met a friend, a native of the city, who accompanied me to a musical exhibition in the Strand, after which we had a walk in many of the streets, and then I retired to my hotel, near Day & Martin's blacking factory, High Holborn.

Next day met my friend at 10 A.M., by appointment, when we visited the British Museum. Its great size, immense library, statues, mummies, Egyptian and all other sorts of gods, fossils, ancient manuscripts, arms of all ages and nations, and various other things filled me with amazement.

From thence we went to London Bridge in a 'bus, and by rail (seven miles) to the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The picturesque, beautiful and diversified pleasure grounds, in which were ponds, fossils of huge beasts and reptiles, fountains of all shapes and sizes, in various parts of the grounds, in full play, and on which, as well as the Crystal Palace, the evening sun had the most dazzling effect; shooting galleries, merry-go-rounds, swing-swangs, teeter-toters, &c.; the winding and broad avenues; the Crystal Palace, all iron and glass, on a rising ground, with its lofty grand dome, inside of which there were, at least, ten thousand persons, and an orchestra composed of hundreds, with two bands performing, presented the most magnificent spectacle upon which my eyes ever rested. There were various machines in motion; several fine evergreens, with birds of various countries on the branches and in cages; a huge hollow tree in the centre; wonderfully carved Egyptian gods, in the shape of men, about thirty feet high, and great lions with men's faces, and a splendid collection of statuary,

&c., &c. The grounds and what they contained, the building and its interior, the galleries, the orchestra and bands of music, the fashionably-dressed crowds, and general appearance of the whole on that beautiful sunny evening, formed the grandest and most sublime scene I have ever witnessed.

I returned by train to London Bridge, where a good view of the Thames was obtained; walked through several streets by day and gas light, and was amused with the various devices and advertisements to allure money out of people's pockets. Men passed along with their backs, fronts and hats covered with advertisements; and by gas light, with lantern hats. All stages or 'buses are covered with advertisements. A bronze bull stood in a confectionary window, and out of his nostrils, horns, tail, &c., issued bright jets of gas. At every corner and place people were selling something or doing something for a living, or hurrying as if driven along; omnibuses heavily laden, crowding one after another in succession as thick as funerals passing each other, so that it is very dangerous to cross the principal streets.

I passed the Bank of England, General Post Office, Exchange, and Mansion House. To enter into a detail of the immensity of business done in these and other buildings in London would fill volumes. I went through Paternoster row, famous for books and stationery; Lombard street, for bankers, statues of William III. and Sir Robert Peel; visited famous old Billingsgate fish market, and Guildhall, a famous building well known to lawyers. In the outside hall of the building there are two great statues in corners, one of "Gog" and the other of "Magog." By winding stairs I ascended two hundred and fifteen feet inside "The Monument" of the great fire of 1666, from the top of which we had a bird's eye view of London; from thence I went to St. Paul's Cathedral, which stands in a large square called St. Paul's Church Yard, and in front of which is a statue of Queen Anne. The massive, dingy building, on a rising ground, its great tower and dome,

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four hundred and four feet high; its columns inside and outside; its forty monuments, organ and whispering galleries, transparent windows and lofty ceilings, &c., are calculated to strike the visitor with awe, surprise, and admiration. The tomb of the architect, Christopher Wren, is in the crypt, on which is inscribed, "Seekest thou his monument—look around." The tombs of Wellington and Nelson are in the crypt. The length of the cathedral is five hundred feet; the breadth in the cross two hundred and eighty-six feet. It cost about seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

From a London guide I take the following:—"The most affecting sight to be seen in the wide world is the meeting of the charity children of the various parishes of London in the cathedral, on the 1st of June, when more than eight thousand children sing together in one song of praise to God. In front of the cathedral is a statue of Queen Anne, who came yearly to this cathedral to return thanks for the victories of Marlborough. The Count de Saligny, a *savant* and a judge of effect, prefers St. Paul's cathedral to St. Peter's at Rome. 'After having passed all the day in examining it from every point of view,' he says, 'I do not hesitate to tell you that, as a whole which can be taken in once, I think the cathedral of the city of London is the finest edifice in the world! perhaps the finest that has ever been erected. In saying this, I do not forget that the Parthenon once existed, and that St. Peter's does still exist. I am disposed to rank the cathedral of London before the latter, for St. Peter's is too large for all its parts to conduce to one general effect.'

From St. Paul's we proceeded to the Tower of London, passing Newgate prison, a dingy old building, in front of which many a man was hurried out of existence for the good of his country. "A more abominable place than old Newgate never existed: fever, disease, want, wretchedness of all kinds, and even hunger, carried off hundreds of poor innocent wretches whilst awaiting

their trials. Such a state has happily long since passed away, and Newgate is now a model of cleanliness and care."

At the Tower we paid for our ticket at a lodge, and were conducted through a great gate by one of the warders, burley old pensioners in handsome uniform of loose blue frock coats, and caps with lace bands. As the passages in many places are winding and narrow, each warder takes about twelve visitors, to whom he minutely describes everything as they pass. The Tower, which I have not time to describe, with the military barracks within the walls, stands on thirteen acres. It was a palace dwelt in by various sovereigns until the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Since that time it has been a state prison, and a royal arsenal, and a place of safety for the crown jewels. In the ordnance department are guns of all dates and countries. The first thing of special notice is a line of cavalry statues on horseback showing the armour of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. On the ceiling above are fixed various kinds of sabres, and opposite the cavalry are some infantry statues and arms of all descriptions of the centuries alluded to. From thence we passed to a narrow winding stairway, at the top of which, in a recess, stands a statue of Gen. Wolfe as he appeared on the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec. Next we entered the cell, about ten feet by six, walls fifteen feet thick, and very low ceiling, in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined twelve years. Then we were shown the block upon which Anne Boleyn placed her neck when she was beheaded, and the iron box into which her head fell; thumb screws, iron collars, and fettery; and a sort of day room in which state and other prisoners languished for years, and the inscriptions they left on the walls. In the yard we were shown the spot where royal and other prisoners were gullotined for treason; a beautiful brass cannon presented by the Sultan to the Queen, and the entrance by which state prisoners were brought from the Thames and to trial. Besides the royal prisoners who

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suffered by the axe on the spot described, there are the illustrious names of Sir Thomas Moore, the Earl of Surrey, Lord Seymour, the protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyat, Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, Lord Guilford Dudley, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, Sir Harry Vane, Lord Stafford, Algernon Sydney, Duke of Monmouth, Earl of Derwentwater, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and Simon, Lord Lovat. A visitor in passing through the Tower, and contemplating such scenes, cannot avoid comparing the present civilized, peaceful, and glorious reign and times with the barbarous and cruel times of the past, and contemplating the evanescence of all sublunary things; all the actors in those cruel scenes have long since mouldered with the clods of the valley, the beheaded having gone but a little while before the persecutors. How much have we to be thankful for to our beneficent Creator, that our lot was not cast in those cruel times; that He has given us existence in the present age and in a free and enlightened land!

From the Tower we went to the Thames tunnel, passing the mint and the London docks, where I stood and looked around me. On walking along those docks, viewing the vast shipping and stores, and the business going on, and thought of the fact that thirty thousand vessels entered those docks in one year, of the effect on that city and on almost every nation in the world, I was bewildered with astonishment, and thought of the words of Brooke—"The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable and respectable by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience and elegance of life, who carries off every redundancy, who fills up every want, who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be literally the lord of the creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the product of all lands, and the labors of all nations, and thus knits into one family, and weaves

into one web the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind. Gentlemen of large landed properties are apt to look upon themselves as the pillars of the State, and to consider their interests and the interests of the nation as very little beholden to or dependent on trade, though the fact is, that those very gentlemen would lose nine parts in ten of their returns, and the nation nine-tenths of her yearly revenue, if industry, by commerce, did not raise the products of land to ten-fold their natural value. A nation that is a merchant has no need of an extent of lands, as it can derive to itself subsistence from all parts of the globe. Tyre was situated in a small island on the coast of Phœnicia, and yet that single city contained the most flourishing, opulent and powerful nation in the universe. The seven united provinces do not contain land sufficient for the sustenance of one-third of their inhabitants; but they are a nation of merchants; the world furnishes them with an abundance of all good things; by commerce they have arrived at empire; they have assumed to themselves the principality of the ocean, and by being lords of the ocean, are in a measure become the proprietors of all lands. Should England open her eyes to her own interests, she will follow the same prosperous and ennobling profession; she will see that without a naval pre-eminence she cannot be safe; and that without trade her naval power cannot be supported. Her glory will also flow from this source of her interests, and a sail-yard will become the highest sceptre of her dignity. She will then find that a single triumph of her flag will be more available for her prosperity than the conquest of the four continents; that her pre-eminence by sea will carry and diffuse her influence over all lands, and that universal influence is universal dominion. Avarice may pile; robbery may plunder; new mines may be opened; hidden treasures may be discovered; gamblers may win cash; conquerors may win kingdoms: but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable; while industry

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and commerce are the natural, the living, the never-failing fountain from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow."

On passing, I noticed the telegraph lines over the city fastened to chimneys, &c. On arriving at the Tunnel, we descended a wide winding stairway, at the bottom of which there are entrances to two passages divided by little stalls, or toy, confectionary, music book shops, all lit with gas. On arriving at the opposite side we ascended a similar stairway, and took steamboat for Hungerford Suspension Bridge. From the boat we had a good view of the bridges, docks, and buildings on both sides. We passed Charing Cross, Trafalgar square, one of the finest squares in the world, Nelson's column in the centre, 162 feet in height, surmounted by a statue, erected at a cost of £40,000. There are also in the square statues of George IV., Sir Charles Napier, Charles I. and Sir Henry Havelock; and two fountains of red granite. Surrounding are St. Martin's church, which cost thirty thousand pounds; the National Gallery (which we visited), College of Physicians, Union Club House, Northumberland House, and Charing Cross.

From thence we went to the Houses of Parliament, and entered the House of Commons through a hall in which there are several fine statues and paintings. The chamber of the Commons is sixty-two feet long, forty-five feet broad and forty-five feet high. It is comparatively plain. The seats are covered with green cushions, and there are no desks. The House of Lords is ninety-seven feet long, forty-five feet high, and forty-five feet broad, and with its costly works of art, stained glass, gorgeous decorations, and corridors with statues and pictures by the best artists, carving, &c., is, perhaps, the most magnificent apartment in the world. We passed through Westminster Hall, the largest room in Europe without pillars. The House of Parlia-

ment altogether is of the most beautiful workmanship, and is one of the noblest structures in the world.

Leaving the palace of Westminster, we crossed over to Westminster Abbey, said to be one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe, and the most ancient religious structure in the metropolis. It was built by Henry III. In the confessor's chapel are the chairs on which the kings and queens of England are crowned. The abbey contains a great number of monuments of kings and queens, statesmen, heroes, poets, and persons distinguished by genius, learning and science. In the "Poet's Corner" are tombs or statues of Addison (1719), Garrick (1779), Camden (1628), Handel (1759), Goldsmith (1774), Gay (1732), Thompson (1745), Shakspeare (1616), Prior (1721), Gray (1771), Spenser (1598), Milton (1684), Ben Johnson (1637). The epitaph, "O rare Ben Johnson," is expressive and quaint. In the cloisters and other places I saw several epitaphs dated in the twelfth century.

Leaving the abbey we had a fine view of the Houses of Parliament, Admiralty, Whitehall, Horse Guards, Treasury, United Service, Army and Navy Clubs, &c. We returned by St. James's Park, along the broad avenue by which the Queen goes in state to open or close Parliament; stood and viewed Buckingham palace, the late Duchess of Kent's residence, and St. James's palace, Geo. IV.'s residence.

In passing St. James's square, we saw a statue of George III., Covent Garden theatre and market, Drury lane theatre, Duke of York's column, Crimean column, Lambeth palace, great offices and churches, and Regent street (one of the finest in the world). In the summer, on a fine afternoon, Regent street presents a scene of carriages, shops and pedestrians, unparalled in any city on the globe. We passed through Piccadilly, a splendid street, Haymarket and Oxford streets, took a stroll in Hyde Park, entering by the marble arch, originally erected at Buckingham palace, at a cost of eighty thousand pounds. At the opposite side

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of the park is Rotten row, the afternoon drive of the aristocracy, and presents a varied and picturesque appearance. The statue of Achilles, near the corner of the park, was cast from cannon taken by the Duke of Wellington at the victories of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo. It cost ten thousand pounds, which sum was subscribed by the ladies of England in honor of the duke. At the corner of the park stands the residence of the late as well as of the present Duke of Wellington.

Next day we had a walk in Bloomsbury square, Tottenham Court road, Wells street, Great Portland street, Regent circus, Princess and Hollis streets, Chancery and Fetter lanes, Edgeware road, Oxford terrace, Cheapside, &c., &c.

From a guide to London I take the following:—

“STATUES IN THE METROPOLIS.

“*Sovereigns.*—Richard Cœur de Lion at the Palace, Westminster; Edward Sixth at St. Thomas hospital; Elizabeth, Royal Exchange, at St. Dunstan's church and Temple-bar; Charles First at Charing Cross and Temple-bar; James Second, Whitehall and Temple-bar; William Third, St. James' square; Anne, St. Paul's church-yard and Queen's square, Westminster; George First, Hart street, Bloomsbury; George Second, Leicester square; George Third, Pall Mall east, and Somerset House; George Fourth, Trafalgar square; William Fourth, King William street; and Queen Victoria, Royal Exchange.

“EMINENT PERSONS.

“Duke of Wellington, Hyde Park corner and Royal Exchange; Lord Nelson, Trafalgar square; Duke of York, Carleton Gardens; Duke of Kent, Portland place; William Pitt, Hanover square; George Canning, Palace Yard; Sir Thomas Gresham and Sir Hugh Middleton, Royal Exchange; Francis, Duke of Bedford, Russell square; Shakespeare, between poetry and painting, Pall Mall; Achilles, Wellington memorial, Hyde Park;

Sir Robert Clayton, St. Thomas' hospital; Charles James Fox, Bloomsbury square; Guards' Memorial, Waterloo place; Crimean Memorial, in front of Westminster Abbey; Sir Chas. Napier and Sir Henry Havelock, Trafalgar square; and Dr. Jenner, Kensington gardens."

There are about eight hundred places of worship, and seven thousand policemen in the city of London.

On Sunday we went to Mr. Spurgeon's church (called the Tabernacle), passing Somerset house, one of the largest houses in the city—which is for meetings of the Royal Society, Society of Antiquaries, School of Design, Colleges, &c.—Blackfriar's bridge, which cost two hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds, and the Elephant and Castle. When we arrived, we found the steps crowded with people, and the word soon passed along, "Gentlemen, mind your pockets." As soon as the doors were thrown open, we all rushed in, and I was strong and active, as well as fortunate, in getting a seat, as the aisles were crowded. In a short time Mr. Spurgeon made his appearance. He is stout and comparatively young, but by no means prepossessing, having a chubby face with a small nose. His manner, accent, and intelligence, however, removes any unfavorable impression his countenance might beget. The building is rather plain, supported in front by a row of columns. There are two galleries, one above the other. All the people face the minister. There are no corner pews, no side pews, no persons behind the minister, nor at his sides, no pulpit nor posts in the church to obstruct the view, and the whole interior, which is beautifully finished, without any lavish expense, is a pattern of symmetry, neatness and comfort. It is calculated to seat comfortably five thousand people, and in cases of emergency six thousand. Every individual can distinctly hear each word the minister says, without the least extra effort. There is a platform in front of and below the minister, on which a precentor and about twelve singers sit, (there is no organ); on the

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singers' platform is the minister's platform, on which, on his left, is placed a small table, where his Bible and Hymn book are laid, and in front a neat railing on which he sometimes places one or both hands, or steps back or towards his Bible, as occasion may require. The arrangement appeared to me to compare favorably with our boxed-up pulpits. Mr. Spurgeon commenced service with a short but sublime prayer. He then thanked the people for their contributions during the week for their college and Sunday schools, and requested that at least five hundred of his congregation would go to Mr. Collin's church during the Exhibition, so as to give strangers an opportunity to visit them. After reading the sublime old Psalm, "Before Jehovah's awful throne," which the great majority of that vast assemblage sung to the tune of Old Hundred, he read the sixty-fifth Psalm, on which he made suitable remarks at the end of each verse. This was followed by the reading of the second chapter of Ruth. On concluding the lessons he addressed the people, saying that as it was then harvest time in England he wished to take them all with him to the harvest field, and chose as his text the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the second lesson. After dwelling for a short time on his own knowledge of gleaning, and the hospitalities of the harvest in England, he compared Boaz to Christ, the reapers to ministers of the Gospel, and Ruth to the various classes of hearers. As he was a reaper and in his Master's service, he let fall handfulls of grain to the gleaners—the sinner, the backslider, the timorous, the penitent, &c. To all he held forth the most sublime and encouraging promises of the Saviour, whose willingness to save was so much greater than Boaz's friendship to Ruth, &c. He concluded with a hymn and a very excellent prayer. His voice was clear, his accent pleasing, and his words audible without pressure. During the whole service he did not utter one word that would give offence to the most fastidious person in the congregation.—The edifice cost twenty thousand pounds, and the

ground four thousand pounds, all of which was paid before any service was held in it. After dinner, we visited old City Road Wesleyan chapel, passing several beautiful streets and squares on the way—among which was Islington (the Angel), where there were several street preachers holding forth to little groups at corners. The chapel is a plain brick building, very like the Wesleyan church of Quebec in the interior, and is not much larger. In the plain little grave-yard in its rear we saw the tombs of the venerable John Wesley, Richard Watson, Joseph Benson, and many other Wesleyan worthies. On the wall, in a crescent behind the pulpit, over and at each side of the communion table, in marble, are the cenotaphs of John Wesley, Charles Wesley, John Fletcher, Richard Watson, Adam Clarke, Joseph Benson, and Jabez Bunting.

We lingered some time reading and pondering over the epitaphs of those once eminent men, now in the realms of everlasting joy, and thought of their works that follow them in all civilized countries, &c., and in our libraries. We then asked the sextoness to let us see Wesley's chair, but she declined, as Doctor Jobson, the superintendent, was not at home. So we left and came to Old Smithfield, where the old wooden pens for cattle still stand. At the east side is St. Bartholomew's hospital, founded in 1102; over the entrance is a statue of Henry VIII. Adjoining the hospital is the church of St. Bartholomew the Great, built in 1102. In it are two fine monuments to Sir Walter Mildmay (1589), and James Rivers (1641). The church is approached through an ancient gateway; the houses are very old. We came through the gate which the martyrs passed, and stood on the spot where they were chained to the stake and the faggots placed round them, and mused with aching sensation on the barbarous cruelty of fastening men and women to a stake and burning them, for holding opinions which they conscientiously believed to be right. We left the spot with sad and gloomy

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feelings, and went to evening service in St. Martin's Episcopal church on Ludgate hill.

Next morning, at 6 o'clock, we left the great metropolis by train from Paddington depot, and arrived in New Milford at 7½ P. M., (nearly three hundred miles). The harvest had set in, and the people were busy with the sickle at excellent crops. The country, all the way, was most beautiful. Nothing could exceed the diversified scenery of hills, valleys, woodlands, rivers, lawns, castles, towns, villages, mines, &c. The people at all the stations and in the crowded cars were well conducted, and seemed to be intelligent and industrious, especially so in the mining districts. From an address by Dr. Guthrie, a celebrated minister of the Presbyterian church, delivered on a missionary platform lately, I make the following extract. In speaking of the Welch Calvinistic Methodists, he said :—

“He spent three or four days at Slanberris, at the foot of Snowdown; he found there about eighteen hundred workmen in quarries, from which the hotel in which he lived was separated by a narrow way. The houses of these people were scattered over all the surrounding scenery. He saw these men and their families on Saturday, and he saw them on Sunday. He had travelled a good deal of the world, had been in a considerable number of the countries of Europe, throughout the greater part of England and Scotland, and some parts of Ireland, and he had no hesitation in saying that the working men of Slanberris, the miners of these quarries, in their houses, in their attire, in their habits, and in their church attendance, were the finest people he had ever seen under the sun. He was among eighteen hundred workmen; he did not see a rag; he did not see a wretched-looking mother; he did not see a starving looking child; he did not see a foul or dirty cottage. The cottages were as white as lime could make them, and they were as clean and tidy inside as care and good housewifery could render them. The children were all comfortably clad;

and though he was five days among these people, he did not see any signs of drunkenness but on one single occasion."

Before leaving England, I thought of the lines in Goldsmith's Traveller:—

"Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields where Summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine."

On arriving in New Milford, the steamboat was ready to sail, and we got on board at 8 P.M., reaching Waterford at 4 next morning. After a pleasant walk along the harbor and through the principal streets, we stepped into the train at 6 A.M., and arrived in Limerick at 10 A.M., (seventy-seven miles). After breakfast with my friend, David Johnston, a dry goods merchant who travelled with me from London, I returned to my destination, learning that an officer whom I had not seen for upwards of thirty years, and for whom I entertained a high regard, had been living in a town called Borrishinossory, and who had no notion of my presence in Ireland, I wrote to him to the following effect:

"MY DEAR L—, I have been on the wing for the last few weeks, and would be most happy to light on you, provided you do not alter my course. I shall be in Roscrea on Friday next, by coach, at 1 P.M., (D.V.), where and when I would be rejoiced to meet you."

To which he replied, expressing no little astonishment at the cause of my presence in Ireland, saying he would meet me with his vehicle, and convey me to his residence.—When I arrived at Roscrea, there was my friend according to his appointment, with his man, horse and car waiting for me. After the usual salutations, and half-an-hour's conversation, such as might be expected from attached friends after more than twenty years' absence, we drove like Jehu over seven miles of a beautiful road, passing some handsome demesnes and the river Dee on our way to Borrishinos-

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sory, a village in the Queen's county, composed of one long street of poor houses, with few exceptions, my friend's being one of the best houses in the town, which contains about eight hundred of a population. All that can be said of it is that it was formerly a military station of some strength, and has a neat Court-house. My friend L—— is on the other side of fifty, about six feet in height, square and stout, dark complexion, with round dark eyes and manly features—as active as a buck, and fond of athletic exercises. He was dressed in a loose suit of light grey cloth, topped with a small pepper-and-salt straw hat. To his house, which was well furnished, was attached a large garden, in which we had a walk before dinner, after which he shewed me his rare collection of guns, pistols, swords, canes, and various other valuable articles; then we had a walk through town, and an introduction to a few families, to whom I had to explain all about the war in America, &c. At 6 o'clock P.M., a party of six gentlemen arrived at his house by invitation. I need not dwell on the luxuries of the table. All I can say is, we had the best the town could afford, as well as music, &c.; that he sung about half a dozen of the most laughable songs, and that laugh and joke, drink, song and smoke beguiled the hour until cock crow.

Next morning, at seven, his man had the horse and car at the door, and my friend accompanied me to the railroad station, where, after the warmest expressions of friendship, we bade each other a lasting adieu, and away I started in the train for Dublin, where I arrived at 11 A.M., and had $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours of a walk in Sackville street and other principal parts of the city. Jaunting cars are the public mode of conveyance through the city, the streets of which are kept remarkably clean. The Lord Lieutenant's residence, called the Vice-Regal Lodge, is in the Phoenix Park, in which stands the Wellington Testimonial, which cost twenty thousand pounds. Dublin is the centre of all the political, ecclesiastical, educational, fiscal, commercial, and military institutions of the kingdom.

Dublin Castle contains an arsenal, armoury, government offices, vice-royal chapel, and state apartments of the Lord Lieutenant. Sackville street is one of the finest in Europe, in which are the Post-office, Rotunda, and Nelson's pillar in the centre, one hundred and thirty-four feet high. In Stephen's green there is an equestrian statue of George II. In College green is the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Parliament house, Trinity college, and an equestrian bronze statue of William III. In Dawson street, besides a number of handsome public buildings, there is an equestrian statue of George I. Christ church and St. Patrick's cathedral, with their monuments, are well worthy of a visit. The principal public buildings are the Exchange, House of Industry, Richmond Penitentiary, Linen Hall, the Four Courts, Royal Hospital of Kilmainham, Dr. Stevens' and other hospitals, barracks, charitable institutions, and the theatres. Dublin is the oldest city in Great Britain or Ireland, and has a population of about two hundred and fifty thousand. Eleven hundred police keep it in order. The environs and bay are beautiful.

I could not think of leaving Dublin without having a ramble in a well-known street, called Stoneybatter, a *multum in parvo mere Hibernico* business locality, celebrated for its humorous, ready-witted, active residents—"some of the rale ould shtock" of the Emerald Isle—famed in days of yore for tatterdemalions, fiddling, dancing, singing, whisky-drinking, ventilating drapery, gymnastics, shillelahs, and battles royal; and where a motley, ill-regulated police, or guardians of the night, 'yclept "Charleys," were not only despised for their unwelcome intrusion, but often obliged to take to their heels and beat a helter-skelter retreat, while defiance was being hurled after them in the shape of brickbats, potatoes, turf, and other familiar missiles. While some were hunted like bag foxes, others having been cornered up like badgers, were allowed to sneak off, with "fainting steps and slow," carrying with them indellible impressions by the knuckles—as hard as the

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knockers of Newgate—of the leathering heroes of Stoneybatter, whose ideas of civilization and the golden rule had become visionary by the too frequent application of Paddy's Eye Water, which screwed up all the faculties of the minds of both sexes to such an uproarious point of action, that the inhabitants of Pandemonium might be said to be Quakers in comparison to the boozers of Stoneybatter. Here is a jollification chorus:—

“ Whilliloo, hubbaboo, whack, hurra!
Tear away, fight away, Erin-go-bragh!
Stoneybatter for ever, and whisky agra—
Who! who dare cough?”

The *mountain dew*, however, did its work effectually, in leaving its votaries sick, sore and prostrate with wounds, bruises, broken bones and bandages, red and black eyes, bloated faces, bloody noses and rags. There the renowned Terry Driscoll, whose motto was “Ireland for the Irish,” conducted his distinguished epistolary correspondence for many years with his quondam friend, Thady O'Donohoe of St. Giles, London, on the politics, passing events, and gossip of Ireland—a land he so often boasted of as being “the first flower of the earth, and the first *jim of the say*.” Now, however, there is an apparent change; the guzzling, rioting inhabitants, with their fluttering garments, are “faded and gone;” their places are taken by a sober, industrious people, and Stoneybatter is now as civilized as any other street in Dublin.

We entered a forge, and while there we saw a crooked, cross-grained, cross-eyed, grey-haired old blacksmith attempting to shoe a handsome young ass, the nose of which was stretched by the pressure of a piece of rope fastened on the end of a stick called a “Touch.” If the ass attempted to kick, the touch got an extra twist, the torture of the nose being an antidote against the inclination to kick. Now, this ass, I was informed, was not naturally vicious; but having been brought up since it was a foal, and governed, fed and cared for as well as the most aristocratic ass in the city, by the chap who held the touch to its nose, it was very

spirited, and a great favourite. Many a little boy it tumbled off its back in the mud, by rearing, flinging, or lying down to tumble; and as this was the first time for it to get shod, it would not submit without resistance; hence the application of the touch. While the old blacksmith was stooping with the forefoot of the ass between his legs, and his back to its tender-hearted owner, the ass turned his face to him with a plaintive countenance, as much as to say—"Am not I thine ass? What have I done that thou, my kind master, shouldst squeeze and screw up my innocent nose in this cruel manner? I wonder if all other asses have to go through such an ordeal as this in the shoeing; if so, it would be better for them to go barefoot all their days. Oh! how soon you would relieve me if you were after getting a twist of this rope on your own nose." Touched with feelings of compassion, the poor fellow untwisted the touch a little, and again a little—and the ass looked as if it said, "Now my old coon, look out,"—and then, such a rear. Up sprang the ass's two hind legs, and down tumbled the old blacksmith on his back. He speedily regained his perpendicular, and hammer in hand, and fury in his countenance, after hammering the poor ass on the ribs, he made such a charge at its owner, that I thought he was about to be knocked down. "Why did you let go the touch?" he roared. "Begor, it slipped, sir," said the chap. "May the divil slip yer sowl out, ye vagabone; ye might have kilt me. Bad luck attend the shoe yer ass'll git in this forge. There, now," he continued, "take yerself and yer ass to blazes out o' this in a minnet, or I'll hammer the sows out o' both o' yez."

For the benefit of those whom it may hereafter concern, I may mention that taking into consideration the anxiety, trouble and expense of trying to keep possession of trunks at railroad stations, hotels, and with porters on removal from place to place, the delay and confusion in searching for them on arrival with long trains at depots, the rough handling and upsetting they get, and their lia-

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bility to get mislaid for days, or lost, as many have been to the great inconvenience and loss of the owners—it would be much better and cheaper to put up with handy portmanteaus, and replace by purchase all articles of clothing as they become worn or soiled, than to be encumbered with trunks, thus all harpies would be avoided, and time, expense and trouble saved.

Babies are sometimes troublesome companions in railway travelling, especially to the mothers and nurses, and often disagreeable to passengers. They should never be taken on pleasure trips. A story is told of a baby having been left with a young lady in this way:—"In the cars between London and Bristol, a short time since, was a young lady and an affable middle-aged woman, with a child about eight months old in her arms. The young lady spoke to the baby as a matter of course, and the female who appeared to be baby's mother, kindly desired her to take the baby in her arms, a request which was promptly acceded to. Shortly afterwards the train stopped, and mamma having got out to procure 'some refreshment,' decamped to parts unknown, leaving the young lady a present of the baby, which of course she was obliged to carry home to her family as a keepsake."

At 2½ P.M., left by train for Monaghan, passing, among other stations, the towns of Rahenny, Malahide, Skerries, Ballbriggan, Drogheda (an ancient town made memorable by Cromwell, King William 3rd, and the Boyne, with about sixteen thousand inhabitants), Dunleer, Castlebellingham, Dundalk, Jonesboro', Newry, Poyntzpass, Scarva, Tandragee, Portadown, Armagh (a city, and the seat of the Primate of Ireland; it has two splendid cathedrals, Protestant and Roman Catholic, a lunatic asylum, handsome walks and beautiful environs, and a population of nine thousand), Tynan, Caledon and Glasslough, and arrived in Monaghan at 7 P.M.

I walked down the streets, once so familiar as being the home of my childhood, the place where the first twenty years of my life

were spent, and looked on the people, the sign boards, &c., and beheld the alterations and improvements in the buildings, &c., with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. The old people of my early acquaintance were dead; the middle aged had become old and decrepit; and the strong and healthy had come to the decline of life, or emigrated. Strangers had taken the place of old familiar shopkeepers; children had become parents, and the church congregations, every one of which had been familiarly known, were now, with few exceptions, strangers, because twenty-seven years had elapsed since I lived there.

Among the many changes in life which came under my notice, I may mention a few. The son of an organ-blower of one of the churches had become a general in the American army. A school-fellow, the son of an honest unpretending grocer, had become celebrated in connection with the press in Belfast and Dublin, as a member of the British Parliament, and latterly a minister of the Crown in a distant colony. Two boys of my early acquaintance, one the son of respectable and wealthy parents, who was tenderly brought up in the most respectable part of the town; the other, a ragged urchin of the lowest possible extraction, and brought up in the purlieu of the town, were known to me many years afterwards in a distant city,—the former as a turnkey in the gaol, the latter in a dignified position as a doctor of laws.

A magistrate in Ireland is presumed to be a gentleman of considerable intelligence, influence, and estate, and in a position to command the highest possible respect. He is treated as such by the people, especially by the police, and is regarded as a person of distinction, holding Her Majesty's commission to dispense impartial justice to all; consequently, there is as much difference between the rank of a policeman and that of a magistrate, as there is between a private soldier and his commanding officer. I was acquainted with a magistrate and a policeman, not a hundred miles from Monaghan, and have often seen the latter bring pris-

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oners before the J.P., and salute him properly and address him by the proper and dignified title of "Your Worship." A few years passed away, and the said J.P. and policeman called on me in a distant city, they being at the time deficient of cash, and as "Jack fellows," begged of me to recommend them for some employment. I said the only influence I had was with the Chief of Police, who I thought required some special constables, it being election time. They said they would be glad to obtain any sort of employment. Accordingly I spoke to the chief, who took them on, and next day I saw the pair, baton in hand, assisting to march prisoners from the Court-house to the gaol. Shortly afterwards, I saw the chief, who told me he was obliged to dismiss the pair, as they absented themselves for a whole day, and came to parade dirty, and with black eyes and cut faces. It is fearfully dangerous to tamper with strong liquors anywhere, but especially in America.

I was acquainted with several promising young men in Monaghan and other places in Ireland, who, on my return, had become so besotted with liquor, that I was ashamed to be seen in their company.

Of the many terrible instances of giving way to liquor, which came under my notice, two or three may suffice.

A "gentleman attorney" of high standing bade me farewell on his leaving Ireland for America; I afterward saw him in Ireland on his return, and again in Canada when I endorsed his note for a suit of clothes which he had in his possession only a few days, when he got on a spree and drowned himself in Lake Ontario, leaving me to pay for the clothing.

I was acquainted with a young officer in Ireland, whom I afterwards recognized in Canada as an attorney. He was an exceedingly talented, clever, handsome fellow, but addicted to liquor. On hearing that a legacy had been left him, he got on a spree, and died on the street.

A handsome, fine fellow, who was intended for a gentleman, came from some place in the county of Monaghan to Canada, and took to liquor drinking, which he never gave up, even when reduced to a stable man, until it killed him.

Such shocking instances of giving way to liquor are now happily rare exceptions in this country. I have never known an intelligent, industrious, sober person emigrating to Canada who did not eventually do well.

Monaghan is the capital of the county of the same name. It has a handsome Episcopal church, court-house, county infirmary, military barracks, work-house, and a beautiful new national school-house. Its streets are well macadamized, clean, and lit with gas. There is a central square called the Diamond, in the centre of which there is a stone pedestal with steps around it, called "The Market Cross." On these steps I once saw the Rev. Gideon Ousely preaching to a large and attentive audience, when a vagabond shoemaker, whose name I well remember, walked deliberately out of the crowd, and with his clenched fist struck him a severe blow on the face. The fellow was arrested, and on being brought to trial, Mr. Ousely pleaded for a mitigation of sentence, and got him off with a short term of imprisonment. There are also some handsome shops. Contiguous to the town are two small lakes, and several beautiful demesnes,—namely, Rossmore park, Bessmount park, Castleshane, Cornecessa, Ballyleck, Rconnell, &c. "Peter's Lake," which is nothing but a stagnant pond, might, with advantage to the health and beauty of the town, be filled up and made into a handsome little park, with broad gravelled walks, grassy mounds, evergreens, &c., and palisaded all round. There is a handsome walk called "The Plantation," which will be much improved by the railroad company. With an encouraging landlord, Monaghan would soon become a town of some importance. John Holmes, Esq., publishes a well-conducted weekly paper called the *Northern Standard*. Among the few

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warm-hearted old acquaintances which remained was John Russell, an extensive merchant in the Diamond, with whose amiable family I spent many pleasant evenings when last in Monaghan, and was highly entertained and amused with the quaint narratives of his recollections of the past; the laughable scenes in connection with his business operations in almost all parts of Ireland, and many parts of England; his voyage to and from, and business operations in Canada during a number of years; his useful business hammer which he was often obliged to use as a weapon of defence on his voyage; his protection of a female slave while she was making her escape; how the hurling clubs of Monaghan in his early days used to raise the wind; how an intimate friend and he while taking a near way through fields to a gentleman's house in the country, fell into a deep ravine and miraculously escaped unhurt, and among many other quaint tales and anecdotes, his account of

PADDY MURPHY THE LAND SHARK.

Paddy left the County of Longford, in Ireland, with the view of emigrating to America; but when he reached Liverpool, his funds had become too short to carry his family across the Atlantic, and settling in Liverpool as a lodging-house keeper, his house soon became known to all his old neighbors who came to work at the English harvest, to sell their pigs, or on their way to America. Paddy soon became an object of notice to the Shipping Agents, who gave him a handsome percentage for all passengers he brought them, and the gains he made in this way caused him to set his wits to work to increase them. So he wrote letters to his influential friends in Longford, setting forth the superiority of his house as a home for his countrymen while they remained in Liverpool, and by his experience and knowledge of the deceitfulness of strangers and the dangers to which his innocent old neighbors were exposed, he was in a position to befriend and protect them

from all sharpers. And Paddy succeeded. His house was known to all the Longford train of comers and goers.

On one occasion he received a letter advising him that four families were preparing for America, and would sail for Liverpool on a certain date shortly. Accordingly, he was on the watch for the steamer, and was fortunate in meeting them all on board at landing; and right glad they were to see Paddy, who shook hands with every one of them, asked several questions about the sale of their little homesteads, furniture, voyage, the old neighbors, and especially about the good parish priest and curate. He was particularly attentive to the women and children, with whom he kindly and freely conversed and sympathized, and never left them until he had all their baggage securely fastened on carts, behind which the whole crowd, consisting of nineteen adults and six children, walked to his house, and were all introduced to his wife.

"Here, Biddy," said he, "jist look for ' and see who I have brought you. Here is Mick Darby, Pat Cusack, Bryan Kelly, Martin Cassiday, and their misthresses and childher, our own darlin' oul' naybors, and some iv them our own kith and kin." Then turning to the whole group, he continued, "Och, blugarounthers, boys an' girls, jewels, but it's ourselves that's glad to see yiz. Sit down every mother's sowl iv yiz. Mickey," said he, addressing his son, a "*quarterclift*" who stood gaping with eyes, mouth and ears, "run out to Nancy Niblock for the loan of a couple of '*firms*' an' a few chairs; and Biddy, let you and Ellen Hughes get on the big pan as fast as yez can, and get us some beefshtakes and praties, an' some tay, an' afther that maybe we'll not have a dhrop of rale oul' malt in spite of the naybors. Come here, Dan," (addressing another son), "go long an' get the half gallon jar, and run as fast as ye can to Peter McEtee's for half a gallon of the best Irish malt whishkey, an' we'll have a dhrop before we ate a bit, for yez must be mortal tired and waried after the journey."

After the meal, and while the liquor was on the table, Paddy took a long slip of paper and took an account of the sea store that each family had provided. He put down what, in his opinion, would be required in addition thereto, as well as a list of cooking utensils, &c., and putting the memorandum in his pocket he raised his head, while every countenance was fixed on him as on an oracle,—their best friend and protector, while they inwardly pitied those coming from other parts of Ireland on a similar journey, who had no friend like Paddy.

“Och, boys, jewels,” said he, “but yez are in luck, I was down this mornin’ to Pine sthreet, and Mither Tapscott tould me that the finest ship that ever left Liverpool for Amerikay will sail the day aftther to-morrow to New York, and that there is room left in her for twinty passengers, an’ divil a sowl more,” (by the way the destination of the poor creatures was Kingston in Canada, and it was a terrible outrage to send them by New York instead of by Quebec) “Now,” he continued, “let yiz all go to bed airly, for yiz want yer rest, poor crathurs, after the hardships yiz cum acrass on the journey, and in the sthreamer, and the men of yiz must be up airly, for we’ll have a dale to do to-morrow.”

Next morning after breakfast, Paddy brought the whole crowd to the Shipping Agents, where they paid four pounds and ten shillings each for twenty passengers, out of which he made a good haul by way of percentage. He then brought them to a cheap grocery, where he purchased plenty of everything for them, the grocer of course tucking Paddy’s percentage on the regular price of the goods. The next place was a sort of marine store where he bought them water-cans, plates, mugs, knives, forks, spoons, &c., and had his percentage there.

“Now, boys,” said he, “thar’s only one more place which we must not forget, an’ that’s the *dollar office*. But yiz need not all come there, I can take yer money myself an’ get it changed.” On being asked what the dollar office meant, he replied—“You

see, your Irish money wud be no use in Amerikay, where nothing but dollars will pass ; so they all shelled out and gave him their money, and he returned in a short time with gold dollars, giving one dollar for five shillings sterling. After charging them a pretty fair profit on the beefsteaks, praties, an' tay, and their beds, he left them on the ship, and with many prayers for their future welfare (such as a south of Ireland man only can pray), and with crocodile tears in his eyes, he bade them adieu.

While in Monaghan I visited several scenes of youthful days, the woods, hills and glens of Rossmore park and Cornock, &c., where we rambled after school hours in search of birds' nests, wild fruits and flowers ; the lakes where we fished, the winding river, called "the Blackwater," in a rich valley, and sat on the bank of a wide deep part, called "the turn hole," where only those who could swim dared venture. While there I thought of the "rag eating heifer," that made free with our clothes. The banks had so fallen in that the once great swimming place had become about the size of a large Upper Canada whisky vat. I stood at a little well beneath the shade of a large hawthorn bush, in the centre of a little farm of three acres, within half a mile of the town, and which we once owned, and thought of our gambols and sports then, our kites, dogs, gardening, bird-nesting, fish ponds, harvesting and summer-house building there in years gone bye.

"And many a year elapsed, return to view,
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain."

And I thought of the exclamation—

"The friends of my youth—where are they?
And echo answered :—Where are they?"

and I replied, "scattered over the world!" I looked away in the distance up a rising ground to the groves which skirt the green hills adjoining the said little farm, and thought of the once supercilious owner, who lived as if he were to own them for ever, and

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of all the haughty landlords round the country, and of the owners of the farms around me. Then they were as anxious about this world as though it were their everlasting home; but now they are all numbered with the silent dead. I turned and left the spot with aching sensation. I passed the place where once stood a favorite orchard, now a bleak open field, and several houses where families of my intimate acquaintance had lived, and where once the sounds of mirth and industry were heard. Now many of them are dilapidated, or untenanted, and in some strangers reside. The occupants of my acquaintance are dead and gone. I returned to my hotel pondering on the words of Brooke:—"Men are even as their fellow insects; they rise to life, exert their lineaments, and flutter abroad during the summer of their little season; then droop, die away, and are succeeded and succeeded in insignificant rotation. Even the firmest human establishments, the best labored systems of policy can scarce boast a nobler fate, or a longer duration. The mightiest states and nations perish like individuals. In one leaf we read their history; we admire their achievements; we are interested in their successes; but, proceed to the next, and no more than a name is left. The Ninevehs and Babylons of Asia are fallen. The Sparta and Athens of Greece are no more, and the monuments that promised to endure to eternity are erased like the mount of sand which yesterday the children cast up on the shore."

"The scenes of my childhood, whose lov'd recollection
 Embitters the present compared with the past;
 Where science first dawned on the powers or reflection,
 And friendships were formed too romantic to last;
 Where fancy yet joys to trace the resemblance
 Of comrades in friendship and mischief allied;
 How welcome to me your ne'er fading remembrance,
 Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied.
 Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
 The streams where we swam, and the fields where we fought;
 The school, where loud warn'd by the bell we resorted
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught;
 The dreams of my boyhood how much I regret you!
 Unfaded, your memory dwells in my breast;

Though sad and deserted I ne'er can forget you,
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possessed."

My recollection of an elderly gentleman, who was a well known public officer in Monaghan, is as fresh as the events of yesterday. Of his ancestry, place of birth, early life, or where he received his education, I have not been informed; but from personal observation for many years, I feel satisfied that if he ever could have materially changed his intellect, person, countenance and manner, he would have grown intelligent, clean, manly, handsome and amiable. His name was Mr. Kelly, or, as he was familiarly styled, Bryan Kelly. The functions of his onerous office, which he discharged to the best of his ability and skill, were to expel itinerant mendicants from the town to any point beyond the precincts of civic authority—to coerce into a starvation park, called "The Pound," all pigs found wandering on the streets against the statute in that case made and provided, and to ring his bell for public meetings, auction sales, stray children, pigs, &c. His presence in the street premonished beggars in the distance to elude his vigilance, and prompted the warning inquiry, "There's Bryan! where's your pig?"—To some, it was most amusing to see him in contact with sturdy beggars, in which, during a protracted attack and defence, both parties were occasionally put *hors de combat*—and way-laying, hunting and impounding wayward pigs. When he had the good fortune to capture a pig, he fastened a long cord on its hind foot, and if it attempted a retrograde movement he repelled force by force by impulsion; or if it offered to go to he right or the left, he directed its straightforward course by a blow of his stick on the inclination side of the head. Such a course of action generally attracted the attention of a crowd of waggish boys, whose sympathies being always on the side of the pig, they irritated and obstructed him in the execution of his duty by their sarcastic conduct and naughty tricks. Some bawled out "bang-beggar" "pig-hunter," &c., others pelted him in the rear with soft balls,

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and pinned long rags to his skirt. The pig not understanding such unusual and boisterous procedure and cudgelling, grunted, squealed, shook its tethered foot, and came to a dead halt, Bryan's belaboring to the contrary notwithstanding. One mischievous little rascal cried out, "Come, old muck, hit it on the tail and you'll not blind it;" another unpocketed his sharp knife, and while Bryan was looking behind him, severed the cord with one snig, and away scampered the pig, and away ran Bryan and the boys after it, the boys pretending to catch it for him, but in reality hunting it to its owner, leaving Bryan to look for some less fortunate pig. The fees which he received for liberating pigs which he succeeded in placing in *durance vile* increased his zeal for the service; but as his love for the liquor was his principal failing, he sometimes compromised his position and principle, and many a lucky pig obtained its freedom for a "horn of malt." One of those discharges I was witness to. "Come Bryan," said the owner of the incarcerated pig, as he gave him the glass, "like a decent, honest fellow as you were always, give me a token to the pound-keeper for the release of my pig." "Be the same token," said Bryan, coughing and smacking his lips as he swallowed the *hooker*, "there was a cow in the pound with a white back."

Many an indentation was made in Bryan's pericranium by Mrs. Kelly for enlarging too many pigs on the score of liquor, and for wrangling and squabbling with beggars while half-seas over. But now, among other changing scenes of life in Monaghan, poor Bryan has long since shuffled off his mortal coil, and pigs have greatly decreased in number in consequence of the failure of the potato crop.

There is a workhouse for beggars, a well-appointed police, and a well bred town-sergeant with blue regulation tunic, cocked hat, broad sword, and such chivalrous bearing that the most supercilious pig in the town would not have the hardihood to encounter his

presence, and Mr. Gallagher is the well-known worthy who succeeds Bryan Kelly as bellman.

In several parts of Ireland I have been asked by aged parents and others for information about their sons, brothers, &c., who had long since emigrated to America, and whose letters and remittances had ceased for many months. The only advice I could give was to apply to the clergyman resident at the address of the last letter received, by sending him a copy or an extract from it. I feared to tell them that I strongly suspected their loved ones had been killed in the dreadful war; the more so, as I could see in their countenances and manner their dreadful suspense on the subject. Poor creatures, I fear their remittances have ceased for ever.

I attended divine service in the old Wesleyan chapel in Monaghan. The congregation was small. I once knew every member of it; now I recognized only two. The sermons by the Rev. Mr. Harper were excellent, and the singing very middling. They have a handsome new church in course of construction, the style gothic, the material limestone, with free cut stone facings. It will have a tower and a spacious basement. The building is superintended by the Rev. Mr. Harper, who is also the architect.

In the Primitive or Clonite chapel I heard a Mr. Woods preach a good sermon from Mark xi. 24. I attended divine service in the church of England, a commodious and modern gothic structure. The rector, Mr. Moffat, having been absent in Belfast, the services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bury, who preached excellent sermons. The organ is large and well-toned, and the singing very good, particularly that fine old anthem, "Denmark," "Before Jehovah's awful throne," &c., and "Frederick's" to

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare
And feed me with a shepherd's care."

I could not recognize a dozen out of that congregation, every one of whom I once knew. Having gone early to visit the graves

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of my ancestors, I remarked that every one who came to church went directly in, and I thought of the reprehensible conduct of some church-goers in this country in collecting in groups about the church-doors before, and sometimes after the commencement of divine service, discoursing on worldly subjects, to the annoyance and obstruction of seriously-disposed people on entering, and thereby setting a bad example to the young. I visited the Sunday school, which is held from 10 until 11½ A.M., and was much pleased with the instruction given; the intelligence of the children, their reverence for the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and their respect for their teachers, to whom they paid the same attention as the members of a congregation do to their minister in church. I visited the gaol, which is on a hill. Mr. Temple, the governor, an old school-fellow, not being present, Mr. Farley, an intelligent and obliging turnkey, accompanied me through the building, and pointed out everything worthy of notice. It is a very extensive and substantial limestone structure, in a semi-circular form with spacious class-yards, church, and governor's residence in the centre, a large outside yard, and a handsome lodge in the front. It is one of the cleanest, best ventilated, best classified, best governed, and most commodious gaols in Ireland.

I visited the farm of Mr. Bradshaw and his son at a place called Tappa, and was much pleased with their fine crops of oats and flax, good roads, clipped hawthorn fences, and shady trees. After dinner, Mr. Bradshaw, jr., got his vehicle ready, and we drove to Ballibay, a thriving market town, which is much improved. An unsightly old market house, which stood in the centre of the best street, has been removed. A large Roman Catholic chapel has been recently built. The old fair green has been converted into a railroad station with fine buildings thereon, and the streets are clean and well macadamized. Not far from the town there is a district of country, comprising Bellamont Forest, Dawson's Grove, Rockcorry, and Cootehill, which has been well termed

“The Garden of Ireland,” for its fertility of soil, and diversified scenery, of woods, lakes, hills and dales, orchards, gardens, splendid mansions and handsome farm-houses. We visited the handsome town of Castleblaney. The demesne, until lately the property of Lord Blaney, was purchased by Mr. Hope, of London, for two hundred thousand pounds, and greatly improved. The entrance (a very grand one) adjoins the town, and the castle, which stands but a short distance from the entrance, is a splendid edifice; and the demesne with its broad winding avenues, lawns, wooded hills and valleys, pleasure grounds and broad lakes, is one of the most magnificent and picturesque in Ireland. After walking several miles through it, and visiting the new court house, town hall, reading room, beautiful new Episcopal church, Wesleyan chapel, and other places of interest, I returned to Monaghan by car *via* Cremartin, a bleak country with late crops.

“After an absence of twenty years from Ireland, what changes did you observe in the general features of the country and in the customs of the people there?” To this question, which has been repeatedly asked since my return, I now reply:—

The first great change I noticed, especially in the south and west, was more grazing and meadow and fewer houses. This change is principally attributable to the decrease of population, the direct cause of which was the failure of the potato. It remains a mystery that an esculent which was the most healthy and easily produced failed all at once on both sides of the Atlantic, and that no cause or remedy for the disease has yet been discovered. Had Ireland increased in population during the last twenty years in proportion as it did the twenty years previous to 1841, and its inhabitants remained in the country, it would now contain at least double its present population (or about twelve millions); but the failure of the potato crop, which was followed by the terrible famine of 1846-7, and the great emigration caused a reduction of at least two millions inhabitants within a few years. Then there was

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the Encumbered Estates Act, by which several English and Scotch capitalists were induced to purchase lands, the tenants of which had been dead and gone, and throw several small farms into one, level old, dilapidated cabins and ditches, plant hawthorn fences, make stock farms, and place one family in a small house to take care of the cattle on land where at least half a dozen houses formerly stood.

Another cause for decrease in the population is the fact that, for several years past, there have been comparatively few marriages among the peasantry of Ireland; the young men, having heard of or seen so much poverty and hardship, have been afraid to risk the responsibilities of families. Heretofore it was customary for light-hearted buxom country lasses to trot several miles into fair or market, sitting down at some rivulet when within a short distance of the town and wash their feet, put on their stockings and shoes, and tidy up their dress and hair, and after disposing of the fruit of their hard week's industry in the shape of a hank of yarn, a meskin of butter, poultry, eggs, &c., to take a fling through the town, "just to look about them." For this purpose each girl had her companion, who was equally interested. It not unfrequently happened that in the course of their perigri- nation through the market, a healthy honest homespun country swain, after selling his pig or heifer, or having come to the fair for the special purpose of looking out for a sweetheart, accosted them, and, after a chatting, smiling self-introduction, one was taken and the other left, and the pair repaired to a public house, where he called for a certain measure of whisky punch, and while they sipped and drank each other's health and told of their positions and tales of love, and after all her shyness and trying to look sour, and her "go lang out o' that wid ye," "keep yer han's off till yer better acquent," "ye'll toss all my hair and spoil my new han- ketcher and bruise my collar," the bashful blooming maiden yielded to his request, and away went the pair several miles to a

discarded clergyman called a bucklebeggar (who lived by such marriages), paid his fee, got a sort of marriage, and repaired to the house of a friend, where they remained until sent for by their parents, who had no alternative but to make the best bargain they could by giving what they were able to spare—his father one thing and her father another, to start the pair in life.

Such is a short account of what has been termed "runaway matches," and which would now be as strange a spectacle as Benjamites lying in wait in the vineyards to catch the daughters of Shiloh. The comliest, sprucest, sleekest damsel in the country might now sing,

"Tow row, row, Paddy will ye now
Take me while I'm in the humour?"

until she would grow as old as Kate Kearney's cat without meeting with a manly response. Another cause for additional grazing is the fact that during the past six or seven years the seasons have unaccountably changed, the climate being constantly moist and the springs late and cold. When I left Canada on 1st of July last, the people were praying in the churches for rain, and when I arrived in Ireland they were praying in the churches for fair weather, it having rained almost incessantly up to that period from the preceding May. So it has been for years past, and the consequence has been that the crops partially perished and some did not ripen, fuel could not be winnowed, and coal had to be conveyed at great expense to many places in the interior where turbary abounds. With the exception of two or three seasons, there was no famine for hay, as there was generally as much fine weather as saved it so that the cattle could be fed. Such are the principal causes for more grazing and fewer houses; and the consequence is that Ireland has become a feeder for England in mutton, beef and butter.

The next change I saw was a large increase of asses, the multiplication of which is caused by the doing away of drays and car-

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ters, by the railroads. Small farmers who heretofore could only keep horses by having them employed half time in making roads or carting, are now obliged to dispense with them and keep asses, which are cheap, hardy, easily fed and enduring.

Another noticeable change, was an almost total absence of drunkenness, especially in returning from fairs, markets, and all other gatherings. I am of opinion there are other causes besides moral principle for this salutary change. The enormous duty imposed on whisky, which makes it at least double the price it was a short time ago, good malt whisky being at present eighteen shillings sterling a gallon,—the absence of money to purchase it by those who would have little or no objection to get *tight* in fair, market, or any other place—and the removal of several tempting road-side and village public houses, which were not able to pay for licenses, having been bereft of their custom by the action of the railroads. As a substitute for whisky, all public houses are supplied with small bottles of porter and beer, which, while it is much cheaper and better than bad whisky, drugged and retailed by publicans, has not such a staggering effect.

Another great change is, that there is considerably less crime in Ireland than there was twenty years ago. The causes of this happy change are mainly attributed to railroads, the absence of drunkenness, the reduction of the population, the keeping down secret societies, and an improved system of education. It is true there have been lately in some places a few outbursts of vengeful crime, in which a few landlords and agents have been killed. It is well, however, there have not been more of such dreadful crimes, taking into consideration the harsh and unfeeling conduct of some agents and bailiffs towards uneducated people, who have not the patience that some expect to bear with real or imaginary wrongs. On the landlords themselves depend in a great measure the prevention of those agrarian crimes, which have been mostly attributed to

party feeling. Such, however, has not always been the case, as two of the last landlords killed were Roman Catholics. They were murdered by men of their own persuasion. With these exceptions, the country is comparatively tranquil. In several places where the writer used to see above a score of prisoners marched by a strong guard of police, eight or ten miles, from a Quarter Sessions to a county gaol, now the gaoler takes only one or two on a car with a single policeman.

The gaols give unmistakeable evidence of a decrease of crime. They were never so denuded of tenants; the turnkey never had so little to do; nor were assize panels ever so light. Sheriff's grippers are out of practice.—There is no tar and feathers, no bowie knives—gougers, nor garrotting; no faction fights, pitched battles, highway robberies, nor burglaries; shillelahs are only used to beat asses, which in many places have taken the place of horses since the introduction of railroads.—Since drunken brawls and battles royal have ceased in public houses, liquor sellers have tough, up-hill, hand-to-mouth scrambling to squeeze out a subsistence. Country attornies are growing blue-moulded for want of practice, and scarce in number, size, and circulating medium, because the people are too *cute* to be caught in their meshes. Consequently their time is absorbed by petty disputes and wages' cases at magistrates' courts.

Another change I noticed: the revenue police, a large body of men who had been quartered in small parties in remote villages, to prevent illicit distillation, and derisively styled *poteen hussars*, were disbanded, and their duties merged with those of the constabulary, which have increased the unpopularity as well as the duties of the latter body.

The police, a fine body of well-disciplined men, numbering over ten thousand, and uniformed exactly as riflemen, never had so little to do in Ireland, for the reasons hereinbefore and hereinafter stated. Their time is principally occupied in attending to their

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arms, accoutrements, and marching long distances for drill, or lounging about their barracks. It seems puzzling strange, however, that men whose duty it is to prevent outrage and arrest the perpetrators of crime by traversing the country over fields and fences by day and by night, should be so constantly drilled to batallion and other exercises, and obstructed by long sabres which get between their legs and often upset them while in the act of crossing ditches and drains by night, jeopardizing their limbs and lives. If a felon is sighted in the distance, the sabre must be thrown aside, as David did the armour when meeting Goliath, or else there is no capture.

The grand juries of several counties have during the past summer officially remonstrated against the action of the police authorities in diverting the time of the police from their more legitimate duties.

Ball playing, and all other invigorating and mirthful games and sports, have almost become extinct.

"Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more."

The wet seasons, the grinding exactions of landlords and agents, and the vulgar, harsh conduct of bailiffs, have dispelled all patriotism from a great portion of the peasantry of Ireland, who go about with gloomy countenances, submissive demeanour, and fear to look a superior straight in the face. Nor can farmers, in many places be they ever so respectable, speak their sentiments freely, lest their words be carried to the landlord or agent, and construed or exaggerated by the tale bearer with a view to some temporary favor at the expense of his unoffending victim. In many places where a tenant, with a view to emigration, wishes to sell his goodwill of a farm on which his fathers had lived and died, the landlord must be pleased in a purchaser, which is almost impossible, and sometimes the tenant is refused leave to sell to any person.

This may be with a view to get the tenant to remain, or the landlord himself may wish to obtain the farm at his price. It is lamentable to see strong men with big hearts, manly and hospitable dispositions, and rising families, dragging out an existence in miserable smoky huts, with cold, damp, earthen floors, and almost denuded of furniture and clothing, who might grow independent on the millions of acres of fertile land now covered with forest in this beautiful country.

"Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied."

From the information I have given to various classes in Ireland during the past autumn—the war in the United States—a willingness on the part of parents (farmers) to undergo the hardships of a new country for the sake of releasing their children from a country in which there is no prospect for them but that of menials, and an earnest desire to be free from landlords, agents, bailiffs, high taxation, wet summers, and poverty, I believe there will be a large emigration to Canada next season. And they need not be afraid—millions of acres of fertile forest land await their strong arms and willing hearts; the country is improved by towns, roads, churches and schools, such being the results of the industry of the hardy emigrants who came to this country with their families on slender means in years gone past, and who, after undergoing all the toils and hardships of the country, have left their children lords of the soil, who, had they remained in Ireland, would, in all probability, now be day laborers and servants, as those who have remained are, and as is the prospect of the children of present comparatively comfortable farmers who intend remaining. If the government of Canada would erect a log-house on every third or fourth free grant lot of one hundred acres, and clear about two acres thereon, so that a family can have shelter when they arrive, good farmers

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with means would cheerfully come, and willingly and gladly pay the expense of such improvements, and they would in turn build and clear others for the government wages, for those who may follow them; so that all would be incalculably benefited without a farthing of expense to the government. The resident agent could easily carry out such praiseworthy objects, and the country would be enriched with men and money, as was the United States within a very short period.

But I am digressing. I was writing about the changes I noticed in Ireland—the greatest of which has been effected by the railroads, in doing away with turnpikes, and coach and dray road making, county cess paying for such roads, and rendering it necessary for the sessions of magistrates and cess payers at several times and places to levy a rate therefor. The time of the road makers has also been and is now diverted to agricultural purposes. They have likewise suspended stage coaches, post cars and dray-carts; and consequently their makers, as well as harness-makers, horse-shoers, hostlers, carmen's inns, roadside public houses, miserable old villages which were the resort of the idle and dissolute, &c. They have also prevented cruelty to animals; that is to say, the yearly murder by slow torture of hundreds of horses, by bleeding shoulders and backs, broken knees, wind and heart in stage coaches, post-cars, drays, &c., and they have facilitated business in various ways. The merchant, the butcher, the cattle and other dealers, now go to distant markets and return the same day with their purchases, thereby saving the time and expense heretofore occupied in going to and returning from business, and stopping overnight, through fatigue and inclemency of the weather, at roadside public houses; and the country people take advantage of cheap excursions (which frequently occur) to purchase their household wants in the largest and cheapest places, and to visit their distant friends whom they heretofore met only once or twice in a life-time. The journey was considered so formidable that

people used to make their wills and set their houses in order before starting. Distance now is almost annihilated. They also prevent crime, by the shutting up of those roadside public houses before alluded to, which were the indirect cause of half the crime of the country. Some were obliged to stop there in returning from markets, others by fatigue or inclemency of the weather during their journey, and some resorted there from the pure love of liquor, but none with malice aforethought, to raise rows. However, the liquor invariably did its work; drunken brawls, assaults, robberies, and sometimes murder ensued, and fearful have been the consequences. Farmers and others making sales in markets now return to their homes in safety in the trains, thereby disappointing ruffians disposed to waylay and rob them, and avoid the expense, loss of time, and temptations to drink liquor in roadside inns. Drunkenness, as a consequence, is removed, and the people have become wiser and better.

Should riots take place, or any serious disturbance be apprehended, large forces of troops (in reply to telegram) can be conveyed in a few hours to the most distant parts of Ireland; and large parties who collect at given points for political demonstrations are conveyed with speed to their homes, by the railway, thereby avoiding a delay which would bring them in contact with opposite parties. In furthering the ends of justice railroads effect a great saving to the country by expeditiously sending criminals to their destination without exposure to rescue; by saving road making, in the reduction of the police force, &c. They benefit the country in various other ways, by causing idle and dissolute loungers about markets, inns, stables, hackney men, and various others, to find more honorable employment, in raising produce from the ground, &c., and by the introduction of hundreds of tourists and others to visit, without fear of outrage, the beautiful scenery, salmon fisheries, grouse shooting, and remarkable places in Ireland, who heretofore would never have thought

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of travelling in Ireland by slow coaches and jaunting cars. By this means a large amount of money is expended and knowledge diffused. Large sums are paid from time to time to corporations and private parties for right of way for railroads, and employment given to thousands of people in connection with their construction, rolling stock and traffic. "Valleys are being filled, mountains and hills brought low, crooked places made straight, and rough places plain;" by means of the railroad and telegraph, many go to and fro, and knowledge is increased.

We went by train from Monaghan to Enniskillen, passing through Newbliss, Clones (a thriving market town on the top of a hill), Newtownbutler, where a terrible battle was fought in 1689, between generals McCarthy and Hamilton, in command of the Irish brigade, on the one side, and Wolsely and Perry, in command of the Enniskilleners, on the other, in which the Irish were routed and put to great slaughter, and some of them having retreated to Crom demesne, ran into Lough Erne followed by their pursuers. The place is called "The Bloody Pass" until this day. Lisnaskea was taken in the way. It is a thriving village owned by the Earl of Erne, who resides three miles distant in Crom Castle, a magnificent structure and picturesque demesne on the borders of Lough Erne, and to which the writer paid a day's visit. Maguire's Bridge was once a thriving village, but is now fast going to decay. Enniskillen, in the county of Fermanagh, is well built on an island in Lough Erne; it has a court-house, prison, and town-hall, in which is preserved the colors born by the Enniskilleners at the battle of the Boyne; Portora school, a large infantry and artillery barracks, county infirmary, workhouse, a handsome new Episcopal church, a lofty column to the memory of General Cole, &c. A neat steamboat plys on Lough Erne between Enniskillen and Belleck (twenty miles), in connection with the Dundalk railroad. The surrounding country is notable for its picturesque scenery, the castles and demesnes of the Mar-

quis of Ely, the Earls of Bellmore, Enniskillen, and Erne, Sir Arthur Brooke and D'Arcy Irvine being contiguous. The inhabitants supported the Protestant cause in 1689, successfully defended the town against King James's forces, and afterwards distinguished themselves at the battle of the Boyne. The celebrated Doctor and Mrs. Palmer visited that place a short time ago, and were instrumental in turning many wayward Enniskilleners to the wisdom of the Just.

Irvinestown, seven miles from Enniskillen, and convenient to Necarn Castle, the residence of Mr. D'Arcy, is a handsome village bordering on the county of Tyrone. While there I visited a petty sessions court where a variety of cases were set down for hearing, viz:—non-payment of wages; Loan Fund defaulters; wandering pigs; unlogged dogs; obstructions to thoroughfares by vehicles, mud, stones, &c.; breaches of the liquor laws; drunkenness, assaults, threatenings, &c. Fines varying from five shillings to sixpence were inflicted in almost all cases brought by the police.

In the hearing of wages and assault cases, the magistrates listened patiently to those poor people manifesting a spirit of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, by abusing each other in rude and reproachful language; in reply I was informed that such squabbles were allowed for the purpose of inducing people to settle their disputes by the dread and fear of such exposure—to obtain a knowledge of their manners, habits and secrets, and in view of the maxim "when rogues fall out, honest people come to their own." Part of this policy appeared reasonable, if I might judge by the number of wages and assault cases which were called and entered "No appearance."

In the case of Foster *versus* Fagan, the plaintiff was a tailor, about forty years old, five feet four inches high, slender make, with a closely buttoned up thread-bare brown frock coat, dark colored pantaloons, and listen shoes, pale, care-worn, lank visage,

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dry red hair, small squinting eyes with red selvages, thin nose, small mouth, and long, pointed chin, to which was appended a small, red goatee; he spoke in a snivelling, Tyrone accent, and looking like one who had unfortunately missed the pathway to a reasonable share of the good things of this life, he stood before the court and audience the beau ideal of anything but a hero; his woe-begone figure betokening something like a sorrowful recollection of the past, a gloomy foreboding of the future, and dissatisfaction with the present that would have touched a cord of sympathy in the heart of a cynic.

The defendant was about thirty years old, over six feet high, with broad, square shoulders. He wore an old tweed shooting coat with capacious pockets, into which he stuffed his big, unwashed hands, and drew them out occasionally to feel his chin, scratch his head, or throw his arms a-kimbo; his long legs were partially covered with corduroy trowsers, the bottoms of which were wraggled by wear and tear, and on the knees of which were two broad patches of new stuff differing in color from the original; his uncombed hair was jet black, and curley; his eyes grey, large and penetrating; his nose, of Cromwellian shape, was inclined to the left; his cheeks were ruddy, with no whiskers; a sarcastic smile played on his extensive mouth, which exposed to view a well arranged set of *ivories*; his whole contour and manner indicated a very slight acquaintance with Chesterfield, and were calculated to excite risibility in the most gloomy audience; he stood before the court with one shoulder inclined downwards and a twist in the other, as if he had naturally or by accident been deformed. The whole scene was befitting the pencil of a Cruikshank, and the pen of a Lever. I have neither time nor space to give a detail of the trial. The action was brought to recover seven shillings for making a dress coat. The defence set up was, that the plaintiff made a mis-fit, by which the cloth was lost to the defendant. The plaintiff proved the making and delivery of the coat, and non-

payment of his wages. On the defendant being asked why a decree should not issue, he stated that the plaintiff *spoilt* his cloth, for which he would take an action against him as sure as his name was Fagan, if he was worth it; that he would prove to the satisfaction of the court that the coat was *botched*, by then and there putting it on. To this the magistrates assented, and the coat having been taken out of a handkerchief, the little tailor assisted in putting it on the defendant, who contorted his person so much that the operation was a very trying one, and while the tailor was plucking, pulling, patting, and trying to button the coat, the defendant fidgetted, twisted his one shoulder, then the other, went to the right, left, and right-about-face, and while the audience were indulging in suppressed laughter, a wag bawled out, "Well to wear, Fagan," and the magistrates declared they never saw a worse fit. The tailor remonstratingly said, "Plaze yer honors, the coat is a gude fet, but Fagan's twustin hisself a purpose to mak it a bad yen; it's not the first time he thried to chate folks. Chathery chin, 'll niver win. A hope yer honors will do me justice; he wants to rogue me out o' my hard airnens, it's neither fair nor just, and me hevin' a wife an six childher lackin' till me for support." While the tailor was speaking, the defendant kept wriggling into various shapes pretending to make the coat fit, to the amusement of the audience and at the expense of the little tailor, whose case, in my judgment, was wrongfully dismissed.

From Enniskillen I went to Florence Court, the residence of the Earl of Enniskillen, a beautiful house and demesne at the foot of a range of barren hills, from thence to Derrylin *via* the miserable old village of Kinawley. We attended divine service in Derrylin church. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Rowe, in the absence of the rector, the Rev. Mr. Fox. Mr. Rowe preached a good sermon from Heb. ii. 4, to an attentive congregation. The singing was meagre, there being a very

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defective and inharmonious treble by four females without leader or accompaniment.

As the shades of evening were falling, I was wending my way by a circuitous path in an extensive wood at the bottom of which there is a narrow deep part of Lough Erne, and on the opposite side a splendid hilly park rises from the water's edge, contiguous to the magnificent Crom Castle. I had not walked far when I met a fine old Irish gentleman, with silver locks, and ruddy, pleasant countenance. After a little conversation, I accepted his invitation to spend a few hours in his little gothic cottage in the woods. The family comprised the old man, his wife, a handsome young niece, and a man and maid servant. A fire of sticks burned brightly in the grate, the curtain was drawn, and the old man and his wife took their seats, one at each side of the table in the little parlor, and with spectacles adjusted they read their Bibles, while I conversed with the young lady in the corner. Presently the wind rose and blew a hurricane, which made a rushing sound among the trees in the woods; the rain fell in torrents and pattered against the windows, and the night was very dark. The old couple soon put off their spectacles, and we all entered into conversation on storms and high winds. After a while the old man stood up and went to a little corner glass-door cupboard, from which he took a large black bottle, about half full of malt whisky, and putting it on the table with glasses, called for hot water and sugar, and made some nice whisky punch. While he sipped, he told us that the night with its storm and darkness reminded him of a terrible dark stormy night some years ago. While sitting in the same position, just before retiring, at ten o'clock, he heard one of his cows roaring; he went to the bottom of the hill, on the water's edge, to examine his cow shed, which he feared the wind had blown down. Finding all right, he was about to return when he heard the sound of human voices and splashing in the water, and drawing nearer the edge, he cried out,

“boat ahoy!” was replied to, and he shouted to pull near him. Reaching out a pitchfork, a hand grasped it, and after great trouble and placing himself in imminent danger in the dark night on the edge of the deep water, amid the roaring of the storm in the trees and water, he succeeded in pulling to shore two men greatly exhausted, with their clothes wet through. They had lost one oar, and had been struggling with all their might for several hours to get to land, which the strength of the stream, the storm, and darkness prevented. He lost no time in bringing them to the little parlor, got them dry, warm clothing, bathed their feet, gave each a couple of smoking hot tumblers of punch, and a comfortable bed. Next morning he was up early, and overheard them praising him, and thanking Providence for their timely escape from a watery grave. Their clothes were dry and clean, and a good breakfast awaited them. When they were going away, after the most grateful acknowledgments, he saw one of them putting a piece of paper into his little niece’s hand, which on examining he found to be a five pound note; the old man immediately returned it, telling them that he did nothing but an act of common humanity, and would not under any circumstances allow remuneration to be taken, whereupon they would not leave until the old couple promised to call on them on their first visit to their market town, Belturbet. “And who were they?” said I; to which he replied, “The major and captain of the cavalry troops quartered at Belturbet, who had been on a fishing excursion when the storm overtook them.”

Accordingly, the next week they visited the barracks at Belturbet just at mess hour, and were received with joyful acclamations by all the officers, their healths drank, speeches made, &c., and after a pleasant refreshment and a cordial good evening, they came home.

Next day a livery servant was seen tying his horse to a post, and coming along the winding path to the cottage with a large

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bundle on his back, which, when he came in and threw on the table, he said was for the "Mistress." When the old man got thus far, he and his wife stood up and went to several drawers, from which they took out for my inspection the presents contained in the bundle, viz :—Two splendid shawls and two or three rich dresses, part of a web of superfine linen, lots of silk handkerchiefs, a silver snuff box, and various other valuable articles. "Now, Mr. M.," said the old man, "are not all these better than a medal from the Humane Society?"

At about ten P.M., the storm subsided, the moon arose, and I bade them adieu, never to see them again in this world, and found my way along the winding path and to my hotel (four miles). After remaining three days at Derrylin, I crossed Lough Erne at Fox's Ferry, and came to Lisnaskea, where I remained during the day and night at a comfortable hotel. On coming into the town, I was aware that a gentleman resided there to whom I had been warmly attached twenty years previously. When I entered the hotel, I addressed to him an open note, of which the following is a copy, and directed the porter to wait for a reply :—

"A highwayman just returned from a term of transportation, wishes an interview at Foster's Hotel with his old friend and intimate companion."

Presently the porter returned with my friend, who soon recognized me, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, at the same time expressing astonishment at my presence. Mr. Scholes, a worthy gentleman, conducted me to the reading-room, library, bank, lace-factory, &c.

Next day I came to Newtownbutler, where after visiting a new Wesleyan chapel and several places of note, I returned to Monaghan. For several years past the weather was not so fine as while I was in Ireland. Having seen it to the best advantage, and in the most charming season of the year, I was agreeably disappointed with my visit, having heard such gloomy accounts of

it, and been told that everything would appear poor and contracted in comparison with this great country. Admitting our superiority as a whole, they have many advantages over us. I would that we had a few leaves out of their book. There is not that constant carking care and anxiety to grow rich, and emulate richer neighbors in furniture, dress, and various other extravagancies, as in this country. Go to a church and you will not see groups of individuals lounging about the door before and after the commencement of service, conversing on worldly matters as they do in some places in this country. Young people are more docile and respectable to parents, schoolmasters, and especially Sunday school teachers, than they are in many places in Canada.

In the most respectable circles, married and single ladies dress very plain and neat, and have such taste for minding their own business, and the interests of their husbands and families at home, and for reading excellent standard works, that they have little time for novel reading, or show and superficials.

Speaking of the novel writers of his day, Dr. Clarke says in one of his sermons:—"Their plans are sickly abortions of paralyzed intellect; the execution is fantastic and preposterous, and their issue is often dangerous and destructive. Several instances might be adduced of such as have poisoned the youth, and corrupted the manners, not only of this, but of all the countries in Europe. They are begetters of vain imaginations, of extravagant projects, and of calamitous issues."

The climate in Ireland is milder,—they have singing birds, well macadamized roads, and clean streets. As a general thing, their groceries, dry goods and meat are better than ours. They are very hospitable and familiar, are exceedingly affectionate towards each other; and if they have less money than we have, they have comparatively less outlay.

This reminds me of an Irishman selling fish one day in Toronto. Passing along Yonge street with his four-wheeled fish box, which

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he drew along the broad side-walk, he took out a big one and held it up by the gills, saying to a gentleman who was standing at his door, "Do you want any white fish, yer honor?" "What's the price?" said the gent. "A quarter, sir," said the man (meaning fifteen pence). At these words an Irishman who was just then passing said, "Arrah, don't be talkin', if I was in Cork I could get that fish for tuppence." "Git out you blather," said the fishman, "if you wur in Cork where wud you get the tuppence?"

Another advantage they have in Ireland is that the people go to rest every night without the least fear or alarm of fire, consequently insurances are low. Though I have pointed out some of their advantages, I am well aware of all their drawbacks; so well, that no consideration could induce me to bring up a family there in preference to this country.

Although the educated portion of the inhabitants of Ireland (especially of the South) are famed for purity of language, pleasing accent and oratory, the peasantry have as diversified a dialect as any country on the face of the earth, England with its cockneyism, Yorkshire, Lancashire, &c., and Scotland with its highland and lowland vernaculars, not excepted. The difference of style, pronunciation, idiom, and accent being noticeable in every county, after several years of familiar acquaintance, I decidedly prefer the manly, sonorous, rough brogue of the South to the small, verbose, mongrel twaddle of a great many parts of the North. Of many examples two may suffice. When one of the "finest pisanthry" in the County of Cork took a creel of potatoes off his back in the shop of a public house, Tom Dalton said, "I say, Moike, my hayro, what do you call those?" "Faix if it's the puaties ye mane," replied Mike, in a mellow tone that would cure the night-mare, "we never calls 'em at all, for when we wants 'em we goes and we fetches 'em."

A Tyrone man, not far from Fintona, was struggling to keep some leaning sacks of oats from falling on the street. In his dilemma, he called for assistance thus:—"Am sayin' wee boy, wul ye run an ax Mickey Mucduffy till come an help me to hou up these secks—luck thondher he's we the settoo coat an' the praskin, wi his han's in his pocket britches stannin' at the tother en o' Ketty McClatchy's ass." When Mickey arrived and looked at the position of the sacks, he said, "Al hev no call til them at al. they'll al fal, bekase ye didn't put them up agin the wal."

After a few days' rest in Monaghan I went by train to Belfast, where I remained for a day and went by the steamer *Giraffe* to Glasgow. After visiting several places worthy of note, called at the office of the "Anchor Line" of steamships, and found that my ship was detained by running aground and would not sail for several days after the advertised date. So I returned to Ireland, and as the time drew nigh that I should leave for Canada, I wrote the agents of the ship for which I had a return ticket, that I would be obliged to proceed against them under the seventy-third Section of the Passenger Act for any damages I might sustain by delay. In reply they sent me a ticket for the *Anglo-Saxon*. In half an hour after I received the ticket from the post office, I was off for Londonderry *via* Enniskillen, and next day was in good time for the tender.

In the morning early, I found a gentleman, a resident of Londonderry, who accompanied me round the walls in the Diamond, through the principal streets, and along the quay. He pointed out, as we proceeded, every place and building worthy of notice.

Londonderry, on the left bank of the Foyle, is built on an oval shaped hill. The old part of the city is surrounded by a high thick wall, in which there are several gateways, and which forms a pleasant promenade. On the opposite bank of the Foyle is a suburb called Waterside, connected with the city by a fine wooden bridge. There is also a splendid metal bridge in course of con-

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struction. Some of the streets are steep narrow and winding, like those of Quebec. The Diamond and streets adjoining are spacious and handsome. The principal public buildings are the corporation-hall, court-house, gaol, custom-house, Foyle college, Linen Hall, new barracks, theatre, &c. There are several fine churches, educational, scientific and charitable institutions, two mills for spinning flax, and several factories, &c.; there is also a splendid doric column surmounted with a statue to the memory of the Rev. George Walker, governor of the city during the memorable siege of 1689.

A great deal of shipping comes into this handsome harbour. On the arrival of the mails each Friday, a tender takes goods, passengers and mails sixteen miles down Lough Foyle, to meet the steamship for Quebec. The most memorable event in the history of Londonderry is the successful resistance it made in 1689, during the siege of one hundred and five days, to the force of James II. The population is 19,000.

While waiting for the tender I met a Kings county man named Bill Kavanagh, who, with his brother, had come by train from Dublin. Bill had been a naturalized citizen of the United States, but had recently returned, as did many others, to avoid the war and the dreaded conscription. Both had tickets for Quebec by the *Anglo-Saxon*. After some conversation, I said, "Well, Bill, I presume you are glad to get under the British flag once more?" "In throth I am, yer honor," he replied. "The Lord be praised for a pacable counthry, where a man can take his sate at his aise afther his hard day's work, an' ate his mails an sleep in comfort, instid of livin' in a state of thraymors night an' day among a mane set of snakes that vud chate, stale and desave ye to yer face as fast as luk at ye."

"But they are not all deceivers in the United States," said I, "are there not plenty of honest Irishmen there?" "O there's plenty, sure enough," he replied, "but a great many of 'em soon

gets as bad as the rest. Isn't it a haynious thing, yer honor, for christians of the same flesh and blood to be murdherin' and shkiv-erin' one another like a set of ravin' mad haythens wid guns and soords and bagnets, and big Armsthrong guns that'll carry tin miles; and doesn't it bate banagher to think of their big iron shteamers that a ball the size o' the Hill o' Houth couldn't pini-thrate. I think it's worse than the ould barbarious times, when people used sich butcherin' waypons to masscray each other." "I do not think so, Bill," said I. "In the barbarous times, before gunpowder was invented, when arniaes went to war for what would now be considered trifles, they had nothing but swords and other weapons with which they could not fight without coming into close contact, and then the carnage and slaughter was dreadful. There was no chance of moving from one place to another or re-treating; but now that nations have become enlightened and in-vented destructive instruments of war, they have not to go to war until all means of negotiation are exhausted; and war is ter-minated more speedily and with less destruction of life now than in ancient times. Except in cases of great emergency, nations keep neutral from those at war."

"Can you tell me, sir," said he, "what's the raison of the present war in Amerikay?"

"Well, indeed, Bill," I replied, "I can hardly tell you. I be-lieve the origin of the war to be slavery. If there had been no slavery there would have been no war. I do not believe that the people of the North, generally, are opposed to slavery, for although they are at war with the South, and detest the name of a Seces-sionist, they rail and swear against Abolitionists for being, as they say, the cause of the war. My own opinion is, that the North and the South would be better separate, even for the abolishing of slavery; and that the North is now fighting for dominion and the South for independence."

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"Well," said he, "small blame to the English to keep newthral and to let them fight it out among themselves, for the way they do be runnin' them down and blustherin' and blatherin' half their time agin' England and about their free counthry. It's a quare free counthry where they sell men, women and childher, and thrate them like bastes, and where a man dar'nt vote as he chooses for fraid of the daylight been knocked through him, or shtuck wud a knife, or a thraiterous villian come behind and throttle him."

"What do you think of their army, Bill," said I.

"Purshuin' to sich a rag-tag and bobtail set of rapsCALLIONS ever you did see," he replied; "some list for three years, some for two, and more for one, and when they expect a battle some gets a furlough, some gets sick, and more runs away; it's purty dhrillin' sich sojers as them gets, an' signs on it a purty kettle of fish they made of it at Bull's Run. They're gettin' shot everywhere, and dyin' wud could, sickness and hardship, and when they return from the war when their time is up, an' a crowd of them gets in the park in New York, you'd think they were a set of thransports that escaped from Botany Bay." "Well, Bill," said I, "I hope you have learned a lesson from your residence in the United States that will serve you in Canada—good bye."

At 2 P.M., I embarked on the tender, which was so crowded with cabin and steerage passengers and their baggage, that there was scarcely standing room, and sailed sixteen miles down the Foyle to Merville, in the County of Donegal, where we beat about on the look-out for the *Anglo-Saxon* until it got dark. We distinctly heard the ship's guns, but the master of the tender told us they were fired in Derry; so we were obliged to moor for the night, and had neither refreshment nor sleep from 2 P.M., until 10 A.M., next day, when the *Anglo-Saxon* came and took us on board. A more uncomfortable, miserable night I never spent. Some of the emigrant steerage passengers being rather refractory,

went ashore during the night, and finding a public house about half a mile off, returned in a noisy, half drunken state, using language which was anything but profound, and for which they suffered afterwards in the ship by sickness. On that miserable tender we remained for twenty hours, although the *Anglo-Saxon* was only three miles off. I am not prepared to say on whom the blame rested; one thing is certain: there is room for improvement in ferrying passengers from Londonderry to the Canadian steamships, and I have no doubt the company will see to it after that miserable night. At Moville, we weighed anchor at noon on the 20th, and arrived in Quebec at 8 A.M., on the 30th September—making the passage in ten days, less four hours. On leaving the Foyle, we passed the mountains of Innishowen (once famous for “poteen” whisky)—and as we passed a large light house, and the last hills of Ireland faded away in the distance, I thought of the beautiful lines of “the Exile of Erin:”

“Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—
Erin mavourneeu—Erin go bragh?”

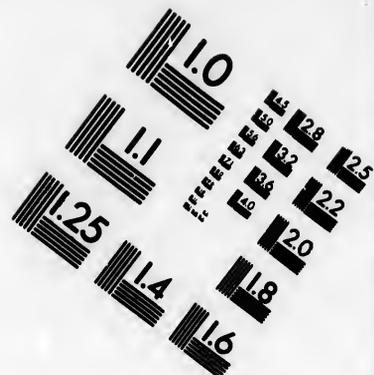
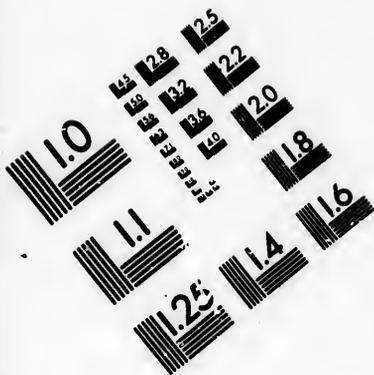
We had sixty-five cabin and about one hundred and sixty steerage passengers: We took our seats at table, formed our companions, and beguiled the time, as is usual on such voyages, pacing the deck and gazing at the sky and ocean, at the untiring machinery and various parts of the ship—the busiest part of which was the cooking galley, with all its attendants. Anything seen out of the ordinary way was looked at, and talked of, as a wonder—such as meeting with a ship or the jumping of porpoises, of which we saw plenty at Newfoundland. And there is such longing to disembark, no matter how short the voyage. If we embark on a ship which we expect will be five or six weeks on the voyage, we are pleased and contented if we land in less than five weeks, and if we embark in a ship which we expect to make the same passage in ten days, we are unhappy and miserable if it

takes twelve days ; and so it is all through life : if we have not great evils to trouble us, imaginary or little ones take their place. A sea life, especially that of the doctor, purser, or mail officer, &c., may be pleasant and exciting to some people, but I am free to confess that it appears to me the most monotonous imaginable ; so much so, that I would willingly perform the most laborious work in preference to it. There is something awfully grand in the appearance of the ocean from the deck of a large ship in full sail, by moonlight, while the wind is blowing hard. Once, when half way across the Atlantic on a winter voyage, in the midst of a terrific storm, and just when we had, at imminent peril, took the last of the crew and passengers from a foundering ship as night was falling, I thought of the following lines :—

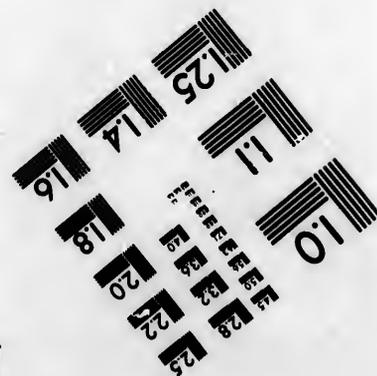
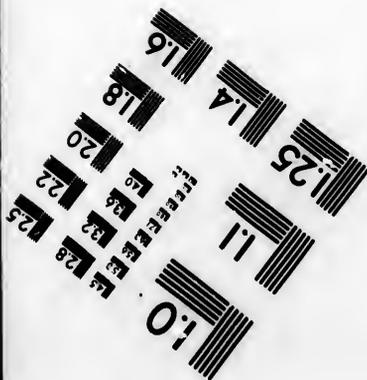
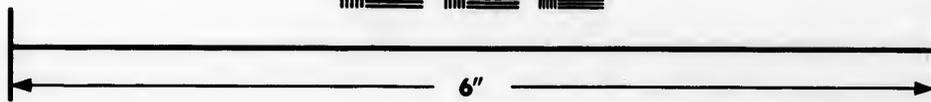
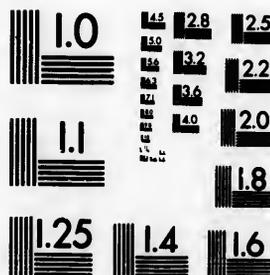
“ Great ocean ! too, that morning thou the call
Of restitution heard'st, and reverently
To the last trumpet's voice, in silence listened.
Great ocean ! strongest of Creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In nature's anthem, and made music such
As pleased the ear of God ! Original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity,
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill—
From age to age enduring, and unchanged,
Majestical, inimitable, vast.
Loud uttering satire, day and night. On each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man,—unfallen, religious, holy sea !
Thou low'r'dst thy glorious head to none, fearedst none,
Heard'st none, to none did'st honor, but to God
Thy Maker. Only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance ! Undiscovered sea !
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomable deep,
Beneath all visible retired, none went,
And came up again, to tell the wonders there.
Tremendous sea ! what time thou lifted up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly,—the pride of navies fell ;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sink friend and foe, with all their wealth and war.”

At daylight on the morning of the 30th September last, the river St. Lawrence was as smooth as glass, and the sun shone





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brightly at we stood on deck, about forty miles below Quebec admiring the grandeur of the scenery on both sides and ahead of us. I cannot attempt to describe the scenery of the St. Lawrence and landing in Quebec as well as in the words of McGregor. Here they are:—

“The river St. Lawrence, and the whole country, unfold scenery the magnificence of which, in combination with the most delightful physical beauty, is unequalled in America, and perhaps in the world. From both land and water there are frequently prospects which open a view of from fifty to one hundred miles of river, from ten to twenty miles in breadth. The imposing features of these vast landscapes consist of lofty mountains, wide valleys, bold headlands, luxuriant forests, cultivated fields, pretty villages and settlements—some of them stretching up among the mountains—fertile islands with neat white cottages, rich pastures and well tended flocks, rocky islets and tributary rivers, some rolling over precipices, and one of them, ‘the Saguenay,’ like an inland mountain lake bursting through a perpendicular chasm in the granite chain; while on the bosom of the St. Lawrence majestic ships, large brigs and schooners, with innumerable pilot boats and river craft, charm the mind of the immigrant or traveller.

“The river at Quebec is only one thousand three hundred and fourteen yards wide, but the junction of the river St. Charles, below the city, forms a basin of nearly four miles long and two broad, with the greatest depth of water at twenty-eight fathoms, and a tide rising eighteen feet at neap and twenty-four at spring tides. The scenery approaching Quebec is truly magnificent. On the left, Point Levi with its romantic churches and cottages; on the right, the western shore of the Isle d’Orléans, said to resemble so much the Devonshire coast; beyond the lofty mainland opens to view, and the spectator’s attention is rivetted by the magnificent falls of Montmorenci, a river as large as the Thames at Richmond, and which precipitates its volume of water over a

perpendicular precipice of two hundred and twenty feet in height. The eye then runs along a richly cultivated country for miles, terminating in a ridge of mountains, with the city and battlements of Quebec rising amphitheatrically, cresting as it were the ridge of Cape Diamond, and majestically towering over the surrounding country, as if destined to be the capital of an empire; the whole panorama being one of the most striking views in the Old or New World."

At 8 A. M., I landed at Point Levi, passed the civil custom officer, got on board the ferry, and set foot once more on *terra firma*, in Old Quebec again.

And now, Mr. Editor, having brought my "Recollections" to a close, I will for the present take leave of your readers, most of whom I presume have already come to the conclusion that I am neither a preacher of the gospel, a professor of *belles lettres*, nor such a very profound philosopher as to be competent to produce a narrative of adventures acceptable throughout to their diversified tastes. Some think, no doubt, I am too discursive and farcical; others that I am too prosey and descriptive; but however we may differ in some particulars, there is one point on which we all agree, viz:—that in this free country and enlightened age, people, however humble or illiterate, have a perfect right to express their opinions, not only on published adventures, but on morals, science, politics, divinity and every other topic, as a legal rate of interest—the education of the nation—the utility of the proposed Atlantic Telegraph and Intercolonial Railroad—the American Revolution—Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch, &c., and the questions, who shall be King of Greece? Shall we have a British American King? And who, or where is he, who dare hinder them? This reminds me (although not very appropriately), of a freedom of speech dialogue which took place between a debtor through his prison window, a porter who laid down his burden to rest, and a soldier on sentry, in England, during a

threatened invasion by France. "If the French should conquer us," said the prisoner, looking through the iron bars of the window, "what would become of our liberty, Englishmen's most cherished privilege? It is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves would preserve our freedom." "Ay, slaves!" said the porter, "they are slaves fit only to carry burdens, every one of them; sooner than stoop to their slavery, I would join the army." "It is not so much our liberties," said the soldier, "as our religion that would suffer. If the French should vanquish us, our religion would all go to the devil."

To attempt such an absurdity as to please all your readers would be as asinine as the conduct of the man with his ass in the fable. I would require such a pure, sweet flow of language, beauty of style, power of imagination, and such a wonderful talent for description and dialogue, as would make the narrative of an old blacksmith who was tumbled on his back by a kicking ass while attempting to shoe it, affecting to tears, and others stand aghast with clenched hands and awe-stricken, upturned countenances at the depravity of human nature as evidenced by lovely women, the centre and charm of the social circle, selling goat's milk and whisky at Killarney—eloping with their future husbands and exchanging prayers for alms while sitting against a wall in Roscrea; at Bryan Kelly's tipsy adventures with pigs and beggars in Monaghan, and an acquaintance of mine who was crushed out of existence by a metal boiler tumbling off his waggon when he was longing to get to the next tavern. What an interesting picture, too, might be drawn in view of the inspired maxim, "For the love of money is the root of all evil," of the grasping propensities of human nature, and man's unfeeling conduct in taking advantage of his neighbour's straits, as illustrated by the cupidity of Paddy Murphy, the land shark. But my design was not to usurp the functions of a pilgrim, or an itinerant missionary, by producing sermonizing adventures, fit

only for "the unlearned and the unstable," but for the amusement of my friends and your cheerful readers, by descriptions of places, productions, and human nature in some of its phases, passing incidents, changes of scene, peculiarities of language; garb, manners, and customs in the various places I visited; and by calling up old recollections, to remind them of the flight of time. And here I will conclude with the last words of Maccabees:—"And if I have done well, and as is befitting the story, it is that which I desired; but if slanderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto * * * and here shall be an end."

J. M.

QUEBEC, December, 1862.

