

140.

I R E L A N D,

AS I SAW IT:

THE

CHARACTER, CONDITION, AND PROSPECTS

OF

T H E P E O P L E.

By WM. S. BALCH.

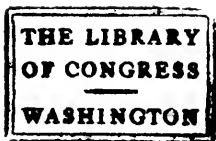
My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge.—HOSEA.

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To
FREDERICK C. HAVEMEYER,
MY CONSTANT FRIEND AND FELLOW-TRAVELER,
AND
THE WITNESS OF THE SCENES AND PLACES HEREIN DESCRIBED,
THESE PAGES
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND — — — :

You ask me to publish an account of my travels in the Old World, for your gratification, and for the instruction of your children. You flatter me, when you compliment my Letters, and say you “ want a book written in my peculiar style—plain, familiar, and off-hand, and yet so minute in its details that others may see what I saw, and feel as I felt.”

You impose on me a difficult task, and one I feel myself incapable of performing to my own satisfaction, much less to yours. Still, I am anxious to please you, and willing to help amuse your children ; and, knowing that you will be rather generous than critical, I venture to offer you the following pages on Ireland. Whether other volumes, on other countries, will follow it, depends upon circumstances not wholly under my control. For this, I bespeak your favorable consideration. The numerous calls upon my time, the duties of my vocation, and the state of my health, have delayed the appearance of the present work, and prevented me from doing little more than fill up my notes, sketched during such leisure moments as I could find while performing my journey.

I went to see and learn—to gratify myself ; and, to refresh my memory in after years, I made as copious notes as possible—jotted down, at the time, such thoughts, impressions, and incidents as occurred to me. I did not take much pains to reckon time or measure proportions, in a way to give minute descriptions. Historical and statistical facts are only introduced to add vividness to the pictures drawn. I traveled neither as philosopher, sage, or poet, but simply as a plain republican, curious to see, and anxious to learn all I could, in a given time.

Of course, I measured every thing by such standard as I had, and pronounced my own judgment upon it. I went not to ape the manners of others—to Europeanize my notions and habits—to be pleased with every thing foreign, and dissatisfied with the plain, homespun habits of our own country. Neither did I carry a bigoted attachment to the customs and institutions under which I was reared. I went without prejudice, and under the influence of a principle broad and deep, which recognizes kings as companions, beggars as equals, and all men as brethren. I carried with me a disposition to study the true, approve the good, honor the great, and admire the beautiful.

That I love my own country and its liberal institutions, and now, more than ever, I will not deny ; but that does not impair my judgment, nor blind my sense of justice to other lands ? Are we not all brethren ? Does not one Lord rule over us ? Is it not the dictate of Christianity to rise above all local and national distinctions, in our estimate of right and wrong, of good and evil ? Is not such the dictate of our higher nature ? You will pardon me, then, for the freedom I use. I write as I think, express what I feel, and describe what I saw.

I own I have touched upon some delicate points, trenched upon opinions by some held sacred, and described things which might have been let alone, for which some will condemn, and no body praise me. It is all the same to me, if I have told the truth. Facts will remain, and my opinions go for what they are worth.

I gazed with astonishment and admiration on much I saw, and my heart yearned deeply over the wrongs, oppressions, ignorance, and misery I beheld. I saw more to approve in the character of the people than I expected, more to lament in their condition, and more to condemn in the operation of aristocratic institutions. But these were undergoing such rapid transformations—every thing was so agitated, so unsettled, that I could do little more than contemplate the past, and catch glimpses of the future through the auguries of the present.

I answer, then, your request, by these brief sketches of what I saw, and *as* I saw it, and the reflections suggested at the time. You may not see as I saw, nor feel as I felt. In honesty, I can describe nothing different from what it appeared to *me*. I had no eyes, no heart but my own. You may dissent from my conclusions—that is your right; but you must not impeach my veracity; for I have tried to be faithful, let praise or condemnation fall where it might.

I have been minute—I hope not tediously so—in all cases where I thought it necessary to a clear apprehension of the case in hand. As you say, “the fault of many books of travel is, they deal too much in generalities, describe great things, make us acquainted with castles and kings, but not with cottages and peasants—as if the writer had seen nothing humble in all his travels.” My sympathies have ever been with the “common people,” and for their sakes I write. I commenced my journey with a determination to pay particular attention to the condition of the masses—to keep along the side-hill of life, so as to see below as well as above me, and calculate the chances for the improvement of the one, and to amuse myself with the proud displays of the other. I have done both—looked on kings and queens, in their palaces; eaten “stir-a-bout” with cottiers on the banks of the Shannon; “butterbrod” with the peasantry of Deutschland, and green figs with the lazzaroni of Italy; and I have formed my estimate of things as they appeared to me.

Of Ireland, to which country the present volume is devoted, little has been written by American travelers. I therefore venture to supply a work which, I trust, will afford some entertainment and instruction relative to a country of the character and condition of which we have heard much, but known little. Since the composition of these pages, a work entitled “Letters on the Condition of the People of Ireland, by T. Campbell Foster,” has fallen into my hands, from which I have made some valuable extracts, and appended them as notes, to sustain the positions I have taken.

I have sought to embody just enough of my personal narrative to keep the reader close by me, and let him know what sort of a companion he is traveling with, that he may form a just estimate of the facts and circumstances detailed, and get a clearer insight into the character, condition, and prospects of the people.

IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

The Preparation.—Early Impressions.—Desire to Travel.—Hesitation.—A Passenger goes Home.—Going to Sea.—Dull Weather.—Sea-sickness.—Grandeur of the Sea.—Art of Sailing.—Faithfulness of Sailors.—Their Hardships.—Influence of Weather.—Individualism.—Infallibility.—Discussions.—Sunday.—Worship.—Freedom.—Controversy.—Encouraging.

IRELAND occupies a peculiar position. It is intimately connected with the ancient and the modern. It properly belongs to neither. The ravages of time have demolished the Old, but the spirit of progress has not constructed the New. Nor can it be ranked in the transition series. It is in a state of social and political abnegation. The relics of feudalism are found in abundance among the mouldering ruins of its cloistered abbeys, its tottering castles, and moss-covered cathedrals; but are more distinctly seen in the extreme wretchedness of its starved, oppressed, and demented population.

Still, faith espies, as in a grave-yard, ethereal specters which shall assume forms of life and beauty; and hope, clinging to its object, is dug out of the accumulated wrongs of centuries. It requires all the works of the former, and the patience of the latter to endure the sight of present degradation and misery which abound in such odious contrast with the physical beauty and fertility of the country.

The casual observer will stumble upon little to please him or excite his curiosity, except in natural scenery. Objects

of loathing will meet him every where ; and, if he has no heart to pity, no hand for relief, no far-seeing philanthropy, he will turn back in disgust, none the wiser for having looked upon this dark picture. But if he desires to learn, and has the ability to appreciate the actual condition of a people governed too much, and loved too little, he may here see the most indubitable proofs, and cogent illustrations. He will find no difficulty in tracing all these miseries to the curse of aristocracy, and the social depravity of the people, and will learn valuable lessons for the regulation of his own conduct. Let us go and see it.

THE PREPARATION.

IN my youthful days, I lived among the romantic mountains of my native State. My father's dwelling was situated on a hill-side, with a deep valley opening towards the south-east, down which ran a babbling brook, while along the west, a mile distant, was stretched a frowning ridge of mountains. From the window of my chamber I could look far down that valley, and, in a clear day, see the grand Monadnock, at a distance of fifty miles, towering, in proud and solitary majesty, high above all surrounding objects. In spring and summer I used to see the sun rise up from behind it, and I wondered where it came from. Close by its base lived my maternal grandfather, who, during his patriarchal visits, often told us about that mountain, and the magnificent scenery presented to the view of one upon its summit. While listening to him, my young heart burned with a desire to stand on the top of that mountain, and gaze over all the world, which I thought could be easily done from a position so lofty.

In the pasture above the house, to which I was sent daily for the cows, there is a high rock where I have sat with my sisters, hour after hour, gazing over the broad expanse of hills and dales, and drinking in the love of natural scenery, and forming schemes to travel and see the wonders of the world. To the north and east were seen the bold outlines of the Granite Hills, whose undulating summits formed the

boundary of the visible horizon, and from which stood up the lofty peaks of the Moosehillock, Sunnapée, Kearsarge, and Monadnock, as towers upon pictured ramparts. I wondered what was beyond them. A little to the south of the latter I was shown the Wachusett, and they told me that not far from it was Boston, by the side of a great water, larger than all the land we could see. My father once went to that town, and, when he returned, he told us much about it; that the houses were made of bricks, and so close together that one touched the other; that ships as large as the meeting-house were along the side of it; and that there were more stores than houses, and barns, and sheds in all the town in which we lived. Oh, how I longed to go to that town, and see those ships, and that great sea!

In early spring, my father sometimes allowed me to go, with an older brother, to the "sugar-lot," a mile distant, and near the top of Mount Terrible, which had hitherto limited my vision in that direction. Here was a fine collection of maple trees, from which was manufactured the sugar for the family. When the crust upon the deep snows would bear me, and I was large enough not to fear the bears, and the wolves, and the "quill-shooting" hedgehogs, I would wander off, occasionally, to amuse myself alone. One fine morning I went to the top of the mountain, and, through the naked branches of the forest trees, I caught indistinct glimpses of something beyond. I climbed a scragged spruce, thinking that from the top of it I could see where the sun went down, and where storms of wind, and rain, and thunder came from. What was my surprise when I saw the deep valley of the Wantastiquet, and the main ridge of the Green Mountains, stretching to the north and south further than eye could reach; with the peaks of other mountains still beyond! My eyes wandered in all directions over the vast and varied scenery with astonishment and admiration. I had never dreamed the world was half so large; and now I could not see the end of it. I was not satisfied. The sphere of my imagination was enlarged. My soul was

fired by a fervent desire—which burns even now with increased intensity, after having looked upon the grand and beautiful in my own country—to overleap the barriers which had hitherto limited my ambition, and to explore, unconstrained, the new and wonderful things of earth. I wanted to see where the sun went to rest, and whence it rose,—the chambers from whose windows gleamed his earliest and latest rays. I panted to see the great ocean, and the ships upon it, and the town where the houses touched each other.

Behold the reason why I am now seated in this lone cabin, with the Old World before me, and my friends and country behind!

Reared among such scenes, with few books, and little time to read them, I early learned to love natural scenery. Mountains and valleys, meadows and forests, the beautiful and sublime in nature, were always before me. The naiads and napeæ of my mountain home danced about me, and sweetened my solitude with their music. The birds, the speckled trout, and the wild flowers became my companions. But there was in me an instinct they could not charm—a fire that would not go out. I wanted to go into the world and see it. Every hill, and tree, and rock, and rill had become familiar to me, and I longed for something new. With what profound attention I listened to the stories of those who had been about the world, when they talked with my father and detailed what they had seen!

At school, Geography became my favorite study; and books of travel I devoured with the keenest relish. Every place about which I read was mapped in my mind, and every scene described formed an image which neither time nor care can efface. To me, the most interesting portions of the earth were Greece, and Rome, and the Holy Land. Around the last were clustered the memories and feelings awakened by a perusal of my mother's Bible. Ever since I could read the Holy Book, I have longed to go and see the places where were performed the sacred dramas de-

scribed in its pages; to climb over Lebanon, and rest in the shadow of its cedars; to wander through the valley of Esdraelon, and among the hills of Samaria; to wet my feet in the dews of Hermon, and bathe in the floods of Jordan; to eat fish on the shores of Genesareth, and drink water from Jacob's well; to repose in the cave of Elijah, and gather roses on the plains of Sharon; to stand upon Olivet, and look upon the "joy of the whole earth;" to go through Jerusalem, along the via Dolorosa, to Calvary and the tomb of Arimathea! I have studied hard to understand its descriptive language, that I might rejoice in the blessed truths of the Bible. But there seems to hang a mistiness about its descriptions, accumulated by time, distance, and the peculiar circumstances, which can be dispelled only by a personal examination of the localities over which have been so long spread the shadows of the past. To see, or to touch these objects and find them realities, would remove the last doubt, and every description would become plain and forcible, and seal its truth upon the heart.

Nor was my young ambition confined to the scenes of Jewry, rich as they are in the records of startling events; for my reading led me to classic Greece and world-conquering Rome, around whose histories there circles a vagueness like that which has fallen on the land of miracles—the scene of man's redemption. As one reads, he desires to see; and I longed to visit Mars-hill, and the pass of Thermopylæ; to see the ruins of the Eternal city, and its living monuments; to cross the Alps at St. Bernard, and hear Mass in St. Peter's. The more modern nations, likewise, have their attractions—their temples of pride; their galleries of art; their museums of curiosities; their libraries of printed knowledge; their old feudal castles; the working of aristocratic institutions upon the condition of the masses of the people; these, and a thousand other considerations, whetted my ambition, and led me to form a plan to visit the Old World, which became the study of my days and the dream of my nights. What was a mere aspiration of youth, be-

came a fixed purpose of maturer age—an *object* of my life, worthy of much labor, care, and sacrifice, to the accomplishment of which much effort has been directed.

My favored time has come at length; the preparation has been made. My hesitations have been overcome;—who does not hesitate, when wife, and children, and friends, with heaving hearts, and tearful eyes, and choked voices, cling about to breathe a long, perhaps a last, farewell; and would, we know, though they say it not, dissuade us from an absence so long, and a journey so dangerous?

But the last words have been spoken; the last look, the last signal given; and our ship is floating on the bay, waiting for wind and tide to carry us out to sea.

GOING TO SEA.

April 27.—The feelings of one's heart, on parting with home, and friends, and country, to venture upon the uncertain sea, and among the turbulent commotions of strange countries, in times like the present, are too profound and intense to find utterance in words; and the anguish is made keener by being detained in close proximity to those whom we have left behind, perhaps for ever. We long to return and gladden their hearts, and our own; to light a smile where we last saw the darkness of sorrow, to utter words we could not speak at parting. The excitement of preparation is all over, and the warm blood curdles about the heart. We feel faint, and sick, and sad. Then comes the real struggle; affection reproving desire; duty quarreling with ambition; the heart warring with the head; fear growling at courage, and stirring up apprehension to a meddling interference with the plans and hopes of years. Hesitation points at assurance, and, like the forlorn rush of an assailant on his foe, makes a last desperate effort to overpower resolution and control judgment. Oh, the bitterness, the misery of such an hour! Heaven only has recorded the thoughts and feelings of my last night.—

I feel calm and assured this morning, and am only anxious to start on our voyage.

One of our passengers has been overpowered by apprehension and gone ashore, preferring the security of home to a voyage across the trackless deep. He was a middle-aged man, who had suffered much from sickness. He had been advised by his physician to cross the sea, and he resolved to do so; but his heart has failed him, and he prefers to return, at the forfeit of his passage money.

At eight o'clock this morning we saw, with satisfaction, the captain and pilot putting off from Castle Garden in a small boat. All was ready to receive them. They came on board, and in an hour we were drifting slowly down the harbor. A south wind coming up, we were obliged to come to an anchor in the lower bay, where we lay till night, when a favorable breeze set us on our course, and we made Sandy Hook with a single tack; and passed the lighthouse at half past seven. At eight, we discharged our pilot, and put directly to sea. As long as we could, we gazed through the darkening twilight at the receding shores of our native land; and when we could trace the dim outline no longer, nor see a twinkle of the beacon light, we raised a prayer to Heaven for ourselves and friends, our home and country, and retired, lonely and sad, to our room, feeling more conscious than ever of the littleness and helplessness of man, and the greatness and goodness of God.

M Y J O U R N A L .

April 29.—Yesterday was a dull, dreary day, light wind and little progress. Our spirits were duller than the weather. To-day, we have a clear sky, a warm sun, and a smart breeze. Everything is cheerful, and we are happy. Our affairs are all arranged for the voyage and we begin to feel at home. The Siddons is a good, comfortable ship, and her officers gentlemanly, attentive, and faithful. We have but four cabin passengers, eight or ten in the second cabin,

and as many in the steerage. Ample provision has been made to render our voyage as comfortable and pleasant as possible.

May 2.—A stiff breeze from the south and increasing towards night. The sea rolls heavily, and our ship is tossed about like a very little thing. One passenger begins to complain of illness, looks pale about his lips, and leaves his place at the table vacant. The rest of us keep up good courage, but with a doubtful prospect ahead.

May 6.—Well, it is over, thanks to the milder wind and calmer sea, and I am again on my legs, staring sullenly, and in a stifled rage, at the impertinence of the sea. Four days gone, I can hardly tell how. On the night of the 2d Neptune stretched forth his trident, and demanded of me a sacrifice, for daring to encroach upon his domain. I retired like a sorry penitent to my state-room, to do penance for my temerity; prostrated myself, and poured out my libations freely upon the dread altar. I was horribly sick for thirty hours. Not until to-day have I felt myself freely and fully forgiven. One of our passengers still lingers at the confessional.

May 7.—Another dark, drizzling day. What is duller than a dull day at sea!—the wind lulled into a dead calm; the heavens overcast with thick clouds, which rest down upon the surface of the waters; the dark swelling waves, murmuring mournfully by. The ship rolls and pitches heavily, her timbers creaking at every joint, and the wet sails flapping lazily, with a most doleful sound. Oh, the tedium of the sea! Its poetry is all gone. It has vanished like the “baseless fabric of a vision.” The romance of the sea is all on shore. Seated on some safe, jutting cliff, beneath the spreading branches of a tree, one may dream about the poetry of the “deep blue sea,” as its waves come surging to the shore and spend their fury in harmless dashing at his feet. But this eternal tossing, pitching, tumbling, and creaking, of “the house we live in,” as if an earthquake were beneath us, and one dash more would rend it to

atoms, and send us to sleep on coral beds below ; the tramp and bawl of the sailors over head ; the dark, damp atmosphere ; the entire prostration of all mental vigor ; the utter inability to read, think, talk, or write ; nothing to amuse or comfort ; every expression of sympathy construed into a desire to mock one's sufferings ; all becomes too real, too discordant to admit any play of the imagination, to weave chaplets of poesy with which to wreath the brow of old ocean. On such a day one gets out of patience with himself and the world, and curses the folly and madness which ever induced him to exchange the security and comfort of home, the close communion of beloved friends, and the thousand sources of enjoyment, for the dulness and misery of a voyage across the sea. But he who would see the wonders of the Old World can not avoid the sacrifice. Happier is he who is content with the freshness and prosperity of the New.

May 9.—Encouraging. By the captain's reckoning, we are half way across the Atlantic. The sea is calm, the sky is clear, the wind favorable, and we are careering on in fine style. What an influence the outer world has over the spirit of man ! How close and intricate, is the connexion of soul and body ; and how inwoven are the powers which play upon each other ! Two days ago, all was regret, and gloom, and apprehension. To-day, everything is full of cheer, and hope, and happiness. Nothing but necessity could force us backward from our purpose. The clouds are cleared away from the mental horizon, and I can look upon the sublimity and awful grandeur of this vast wilderness of waters with the profoundest admiration and delight. Around, above, beneath, are manifest the mighty works of him "who spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea," "who hath gathered the wind in his fists," and "stilleth the noise of the sea, the noise of the waves, and the tumult of the people." I can now realize, as I never could before, the force and beauty of the Psalmist's words, where he says : "They that go down to the sea in ships,

that do business upon the great waters; they see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep, for he commandeth, and raiseth a stormy wind, and lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted, because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the sea a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

I have been forcibly reminded of the great goodness of God, in giving to man the wonderful ability to construct and manage, with such consummate skill and precision, his floating home, in which he goes securely and comfortably across the trackless deep to any desired point of destination. This result, like all other great achievements, has been gained by repeated experiment and perseverance. Step by step the art of navigation has progressed, till a degree of speed and security has been attained which is truly astonishing. Could the present state of perfection to which marine travelling has been carried, be compared with what it was a few centuries ago, when huge barges went coasting from place to place, how wonderful would the contrast appear! Who would say the world makes no progress? that everything moves in a circle? that the present is no wiser than former generations?

May 10.—I have been watching, to-day, the working of the ship, noting the order and regularity which prevail in every department, admiring the skill and energy of the officers, and the promptitude and cheerfulness of the sailors. There stands the captain, always at his post, in defiance of cold, or wet, or darkness, pacing to and fro on the windward side of the quarter deck, till he has worn a track from the binnacle to near the main-mast. He eyes each sail, to

keep it full ; marks the least increase or diminution of the wind, and gives commands to reef, or unfurl, or set more sail, to jibe, or luff, or wear about ; anxious to do everything to speed the passage, and give security to the persons and property committed to his charge. Then here are the under officers, equally faithful to their trust, and alike anxious for the safety and comfort of all on board. Then come the poor, neglected, and too often despised sailors, a rough and hardy set of fellows, but for whose fidelity, and, sometimes dangerous daring, all would be unsafe and disastrous. The commands of the officers would be unavailing, the ship unmanageable, the winds our masters, the coral reefs our bed, but for their promptitude and courage in the discharge of their duties. The other night, when the gale carried away our main-top-gallant mast, all hands turned out, and were ready to mount the rattlings, to clamber out to the very ends of the yards, while the ship rolled and pitched fearfully, clinging among the shrouds, at the great risk of their lives, to furl the sails and repair the injury. No danger is so great as to deter them from doing what a superior officer commands. Suddenly awakened from the slumbers of night, they start to the post of duty without a murmur.

Who will say no goodness dwells in the sailor's heart ; that all is dark, depraved, and vile ; that this rough covering envelopes no nut, no germ of moral excellence, which retains the impress of its divine parentage, and needs but the application of truth and love to bring out the innate quality, arm it against all circumstances, and set it on its heavenward course ? Who can tell us how far bad influences—uncared for childhood, neglected youth, the crushing weight of poverty and ignorance, the indifference and abuse of employers, and the cold scorn and hard denunciation of the professedly good and pious, have tended to make them what they are, and immeasurably worse than they otherwise would have been ? And the treatment they receive at home and abroad is not much calculated to make them better. They are stowed away in the low, dark

forecastle, without seats, without lights, without dishes, save a tin plate and cup, and wooden noggin. They are fed upon the most miserable fare, served out in the meanest manner. Their physical comfort is altogether disregarded. They are treated with less attention to their comfort than a cartman's horse. There is little done for them by their rich, and sometimes pious employers, to elevate their minds, to promote their welfare, and to make them think more seriously of their characters as men, and their responsibilities as the children of God. They feel that they are unloved, uncared for, and despised; and, having lost their self-respect, through consciousness of guilt and the unforgiving spirit of the world, they find in themselves no heart to rise and retrieve the errors of the past, by a true reformation. They have no confidence in themselves nor in others, save in those of the same kith and kin, whose influence serves rather to depress than elevate them. They have no living faith in God or man, in truth or goodness. All, over, around, and before them, is dark, and dreary, and desolate. They see no beam of light, not a ray of hope, guiding through the murky present to a brighter and better future, arresting their attention, and offering to them attractions to aspire after the pure and holy, the beautiful and good. They never look aloft to the serene atmosphere of Divine Goodness, to see what demonstrations of love have been made in behalf of sinners by the gift of Jesus Christ; or if they do, in their unbelief, they conclude that such condescension is not for them. The church has not made practical this sublime doctrine in a way to reach their case, through the cold neglect and proud contempt the world has heaped upon them. Their hearts remain untouched, their judgments unconvinced, their condition the same, or growing worse. And still there is a frankness, a generosity, a devotion to duty, a disinterestedness, an intensity of feeling, when once the affections of the heart are touched, which no one can fail to admire and approve. I have sat for hours and chatted with them. Like slaves, and servants, and workers in large estab-

ishments, they feel oppressed and constrained by a sense of their inferiority, and enter not freely and confidentially into conversation with others. Oh! the curse of the false distinctions of earth! How many souls have been made wretched by them! How many thousands are kept from the light of truth and blessings of salvation! What ruin, what misery, what desolations have they wrought in all the earth! Jesus came to break down every barrier, to level every mountain and hill, fill up every valley, take out of the way every stumbling-block, and prepare a highway for the Lord, that all flesh might see the salvation of God.

Oh, blessed Savior, how merciful, how condescending! the companion of the poor and miserable, and the friend of publicans and sinners! Teach men thy knowledge and fear, that pride and arrogance may no longer dry up the charities of the human soul, and leave the millions for whose salvation thy blood was freely poured out, to die in ignorance, and moral and social degradation! Then shall thy church arise and shake itself from the dust of earth, and, attired in its beautiful garments, go triumphantly forward in its work of love, bestowing its benedictions upon all grades of universal humanity.

May 12.—What a wonderful influence weather has upon one's spirits! A clear, bright day, with a fair breeze, dispels all gloom, and makes one cheerful and happy. How much are most people affected by outward circumstances! Some may be controlled wholly by them. Such are like seed sown on thin soil, "they have not root in themselves." Every man should attain to the possession of a degree of self-reliance which will raise him above all circumstances, and give him an independence and fortitude sufficient to signalize his individuality and show that his character is not a mere chameleon-hue, taking its tinge from whatever is reflected upon it. No matter if there are coarse, rugged features, observable to those accustomed to look only upon the flat surface of life's picture, to admire the minglings of light and shade in the arrangement of

forms and figures which stand out only in appearance. He who would sculpture the real statue of life must quarry out the solid block, and employ time and patience to chisel down its coarse features, and smoothe and polish their rough outlines, without marring the prominence of any part.

This individualism is an important doctrine, especially when taken in connexion with the social relations and duties of life. Perhaps, in America, and particularly among those really independent in religious and political matters, there is too much of the former without a proper regard for the latter. Still, I can conceive of no social organization worthy of reasonable beings, where each member does not retain all that constitutes a freeman of God, a unit in creation, and does not bring himself, *as he is*, to make one in the mingled mass. If he is to sink the man, to lose the individual in the shade of another, nothing is really gained; but one is actually lost. The monarch says *we*, and assumes to speak for the realm. The Bishop says *we*, and dares to speak for God. All under him but reiterate his voice. As many as receive and swallow, like young birds, without mastication, whatever is given them, have no life in themselves, but are the tools of another, giving the reverence to man which is due to God only. The Synod, or Council, or Conventicle may do the same thing, seeking to swallow up all a man should claim for himself. How insinuating and formidable is the love of power! How tame and servile is the soul that will submit to it willingly, except when exercised in trust for the general good, of the fact of which he reserves the right to judge for himself. What a sublime spectacle is presented in our great Republic, where all men are sovereigns, acting in concert for the good of each! And so with a true religion, where the only power wielded over free minds is the force of truth, the example of righteousness, and the influence of love.

These reflections were suggested to my mind by various conversations with our Catholic priest, upon the infallibility of his Church, its right to judge in all matters, and the duty

of all her priests to be in perfect submission to her decisions and dictates, and of all her members to be in a true submission to her priests. I need not here relate the train of argument by which he sought to sustain his ground. The bare definition of his position is enough to convince those who have been trained from their youth to cherish, as one of the most sacred, natural, and inalienable rights of all men, that freedom of thought on all subjects comes properly within the range of human inquiry. But it is singular with what willingness these priests consent, with the most abject submission, to the authority of the Church; and with what pertinacity they exact a like submission from all beneath them. Some deny the infallibility of their Pope, and of every Cardinal and Bishop, individually, and even admit that they may be corrupt men, and still contend that, when acting in their associated capacity, as a Church, they are infallible, and always to be implicitly and blindly obeyed.

Speaking of the infallibility of the Church, I see, in Brownson's last Quarterly, a summary of the entire argument upon this subject, which I have extracted below. The writer is attempting to prove, in reply to another, that the "Apocraphy" is canonical, because so decreed by the Church. The Church having so decided, all Christians are bound to receive it as such until the validity of such decree is refuted, and this can not be done, because the Church is "infallible."

"But to prove the fallibility of the Church, or to disprove her infallibility, is a grave undertaking, and attended with serious difficulties. The Church can not be tried except by some standard, and it is idle to attempt to convict her on a fallible authority. If the conviction is obtained on a fallible authority, the conviction itself is fallible, and it, instead of the Church, may be the party in the wrong. The Professor can not take a single step, can not even open his case, unless he has an infallible tribunal before which to summon the Church,—some infallible standard by which to test her infallibility or fallibility. But before what infallible tribunal can he cite her? What infallible authority has he on which to demand her conviction?"

"The only possible way in which the fallibility of the Church can be proved, is by convicting her of having actually erred on some point on which she

claims to be infallible. But it is evident, that, in order to be able to convict her of having erred on a given point, we must be able to say infallibly what is truth or error on that point."

What wonderful logic! The Church assumes infallibility; claims the right of trial by a "jury of her peers," that is by "infallible" judges; denies that there are any such in the realm, and, therefore, the Church is infallible! And yet, after all, this is the only argument of any consequence—it is the main argument, which the Romish Church offers to a reasonable world and an enlightened age, to sustain its claims to infallibility and the right to rule men's consciences in all matters of faith and practice.

Another point we had under discussion, yesterday—the doctrine of "Transubstantiation." Our friend asserted, positively, that the bread and wine became the actual flesh and blood of Christ in the communion, by consecration. I proposed to test the fact by a chemical analysis of the materials, after such consecration. He denied the right to do so, and argued that, as Christ had power to turn water into wine, so he could give power to his Church to turn bread into flesh, and wine into blood. I did not deny his power to do so, but questioned the *fact*, and the test I proposed would settle the question whether such special approval of God had been given to his Church. He thought me most wickedly absurd and heretical, and did not modify his opinion in my favor when I inquired what the effect would be if rats and mice should pick up some of the crumbs of the consecrated wafer.

Such discussions are not very edifying, but they will do very well to help while away the tedium of a sea voyage. I confess myself enlightened on several points of Roman theology which I had thought were repudiated. But it seems no progress has been made, no onward movement given to the doctrines or usages of that venerable institution. What has been with them must always be; no advancement is possible. The past is the earnest and the actual of the future. Every voice calls backward, and threat-

ens calamities for the differing. They reject "Excelsior" from their vocabulary, and fold their arms in stoic indifference. One object only animates them—Proselytism—to bring forward the Past, to bow before the Ancient, and prop the crumbling walls, which totter to their very base.

For one thing I like our Protestant faith, if for nothing else—its freshness, its vigor, its boldness, its liberality. It bids us look up and forward, to forget what is *behind* and press on to that which is before, undismayed in a cause which is to be crowned with success and with the approval of God. It denies us no truth; it forbids no good; it gives freely to all; upbraids none, but bids all and each "go forward," fear not, for God is with you always, even to the end of time.

May 14.—It is Sunday: a calm and quiet day, with a fair, soft breeze. The sea is tranquil, disturbed only by our ship, which leaves a faint ripple behind, but which is all vanished ere we are out of sight of it. What an emblem of the good man's life! He lives, and loves, and blesses. His years flow smoothly on. He dies. But his memory lives after him, till the generation that knew him passes away and then he is not forgotten. Not so with the selfish and vile. Their memory, like our ship's track in a storm, is soon obliterated, or exhibits only the scattered fragments of a wasted life.

Our passengers are so few that no public religious service has been proposed. But God is worshipped acceptably by the heart that kindles with devotion at the mightiness of his power, the grandeur of his works, and the sufficiency of his grace. He asks the sacrifice of the heart, and accepts it without a lip-service. The forms of worship are of little worth, unless they become suggestive, waking up religious emotions, and giving utterance and direction to genuine feelings of reverence and devotion. Who can be witness to what we have seen—the "wonders of the Lord in the great deep," and feel no sentiment of

thankfulness, no desire to honor and obey, to praise and adore the merciful Benefactor, who has preserved us in all our lives, supplied all our wants, comforted our hearts in sorrow, and given us the promise of a glorious and happy immortality?

May 15.—Eleven ships in sight at one time, this morning. Scarcely a day has passed, that we have not fallen in with one or more. Sometimes they come near to us, at others are so far off that only the topsails can be seen, appearing no larger than little boats. One day, when about half across the ocean, we spoke a brig, which had been thirty-six days at sea, bound from London to Quebec. She had no tidings to communicate, no request to make, but feeling lonely and discouraged at such poor progress, desired a little relief from the monotony of the sea by a trumpet-talk with us. At another time, the second mate came into the cabin while we are at dinner, saying “a ship is off our beam, talking bunting to us.” “Answer him,” said the captain, and all the passengers ran on deck to see the process. Small signals of different colors are set in the shrouds, and exchanged which, like old-fashioned telegraphs, have a certain meaning affixed to them, by which enough can be communicated to tell the name, nation, latitude and longitude, time out, port of destination, and so forth. Sailors generally have a great dislike to all attempts at sociability, between ships on the sea, and avoid them when possible.

But such interruptions serve to break the monotony of a voyage, and afford subject of conversation for an hour. One on land would be surprised, perhaps would laugh, to see what interest is awakened at the sight of a ship, a lost spar, a stick of wood, or any object floating on the surface of the sea—a whale, a shoal of porpoises, a shark, a lonely gull, a Mother Carey’s chicken—any thing to divert the attention, from gazing at the broad heavens above, bounded by the blue sea beneath. The fact is, man is not all selfish; he can not contract himself, like a tortoise, into his

own shell, and be content. There is in him something, noble, liberal, expansive, which, like the tendril of a vine, feels about for a support by which to rise, or more matured, to give support to others. He treads upon an outer world and feels how dependent he is, how intimately, and inseparably his happiness and very being are blended with objects which a merciful Creator has placed about him. What a strange and unnatural whim it was which possessed the minds of men, claiming the highest degree of sanctity, to expatriate themselves, and hide away in a desert place from the good, and grand, and beautiful works of God!

The condition of our cabin has been again rendered somewhat uncomfortable by the impertinence and dictatorial overbearing of one of our passengers, who is in everything, but his religious opinions, a very kind, companionable and excellent man, one whom we much esteem. A foreigner by birth and education, he has not learned to appreciate aright the independence of American character, and the principles of religious toleration, free inquiry, and equal rights. Unfortunately, there are too many, even among protestants, not unlike him, who sink the gentleman and Christian in the sectarist, and forget the commonest civilities of life. He has been trained to obey without a murmur, submit without an inquiry, to whatever his superiors demand of him; and, in turn, he has been accustomed to receive the same unquestioning submission from those he thinks his inferiors, which, of course, are all those who do not sustain the same rank in the true church as himself. Some of us were willing to admit his right to supremacy in matters of opinion, and so, after exercising a full share of long suffering, "we stood fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," and manfully defended our own views. Like most religious discussions, the consequences were, at first, unpleasant; but, exercising the virtue of Christian charity and modera-

tion, our friendship was not marred, but our mutual respect, on the whole, greatly strengthened.

The mischief, of which the world complains, has not resulted necessarily from religious controversies on points of theology where there is an honest disagreement ; but either from an overbearing or dictatorial manner, which demands assent, without producing conviction ; adhering with a superstitious and wicked pertinacity to old opinions, for which no sufficient reason is given, merely because they are venerable for age, and are our own, or else, from the unkind and unchristian spirit, in which they are carried on—exhibiting any thing but a christian temper or regard for truth.

He who is unable to control his own passions, unwilling to be convinced of the truth, or too proud and stubborn to confess his errors when pointed out to him, should never trust himself to enter the arena of religious debate, lest he injure himself and profit no other. The end of the commandment is love out of a pure heart and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned." That should all men strive to obey.

May 16.—Good courage ! We are promised, this morning, that we shall see land before night. Pleasant sight !—though it shall be to us the land of strangers ! It is a wonderful achievement of human skill, that enables the mariner to note his exact position at sea. How fixed and benevolent are the laws of God in all their adaptation ! The sun, and stars, and earth, move on with the utmost precision. They form the basis of his calculation. The needle gravitates steadily towards a fixed point, and the compass directs him in his course. The quadrant marks the altitude of the sun, and guides his reckoning. When there is apparent imperfection in the variation of the needle, which philosophy has not explained, the amount is understood, and security is not endangered. What a blessed thing it would be, if all men would study moral navigation, and learn how to steer their frail barks securely over the ocean

of life to the port of everlasting peace. The laws of God are equally plain and invariable in their adaptation to all the conditions and circumstances of life. Man has only to obey them, as they apply to his whole being, in order to secure the end contemplated by the Infinite Benevolence of God in their bestowment. Sin is a transgression of the law, and punishment a penalty inflicted to produce reformation. Let him who would be happy, be true to himself, and obedient to the will of his Father in heaven.

The wind has lulled into a calm, and our eyes must sleep another night without the sight of land. Disappointments are necessary to try the strength of a man's faith. Always prosperous, he would be like a hot-house plant, unfitted for the real world. He who can not be patient under denial is ignorant of the sources of enjoyment. No man has a right to inquire why God made the world as he did, or governs it as he does. It is the part of true wisdom to find what his will is : submission is then his duty. His happiness depends upon doing it. There is, sometimes, as much virtue in endeavor as in performance. Both are essential to a true life.

CHAPTER II.

Sight of Land.—Hailed by some Irishmen.—Leave the Ship.—An Irish Hooker.—A Dinner.—Approaching the Land.—Appearance of the Coast.—Landing.—A Stroll.—Taking Tea.—Kinsale.—Servants.—Beset by Beggars.—An Irish Coach.—Ride to Cork.—A grand Prospect.

THE LANDING.

May 17.—Rose at daylight, and on going on deck was greeted with the pleasing intelligence that a light-house had been in sight several hours. I took the glass, and traced the rough shore of Ireland, from Cape Clear eastward, dis-

tant some twenty miles. "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I breathed more freely. My blood coursed more rapidly. All was joy and gladness. I roused up our fellow-passengers, that they might enjoy the pleasure also. How much is one's happiness enhanced by making others happy! And it sometimes costs little to make them so.

Assured by the captain, at the breakfast table, that we should probably fall in with a fishing boat before noon, which would come along-side to sell fish, we could have an opportunity to carry out our previous plan, and land on the south coast of Ireland, thus avoiding the delay frequently experienced at this season of the year in sailing to Liverpool. We hastened to make the necessary preparation—packed our sacks with what we should need for a few weeks, arranged about the deposit of our trunks, wrote up our notes, and waited the arrival of a boat. Before noon, several were in sight, making for our course. We were under gentle sail, with all our canvas set. At 12, one hailed us and came along-side—a miserable, dirty-looking affair, manned by a ragged, piratical-looking set of fellows as were ever looked on. The captain doubted if we should get a better, so we authorized him to contract for our conveyance to the Cove of Cork, on the most favorable terms he could.

"Where are you from?" asked the captain.

"Sure, an' ar'nt we from Cork? Would yer honor be afther buyin' soome fish?"

"Well, take a line."

The sailors threw one, which they all scrambled after, and finally succeeded in making it fast to the mast of their craft.

"Will you take some passengers on shore, at the Cove of Cork?"

"Sure, an' it's the same thing we'd like to be afther doing," answered all at once.

"For what price will you land them there?"

“How mooney might there be?” asked two or three.

“Four, with small sacks.”

“Two poounds a-piece, then ;” answered two voices.

“They will not give it. It is a great deal too much. So let go the line.”

“An’ hoow much would the ginthilmin bay afther giving?” demanded one.

“Two pounds for all four, if you land them at the Cove.”

“Sure, an’ we’ll do that same thing to plase the ginthilmin.” ejaculated all at once.

“Haul in, there, and let them come close along-side.”

They veered about in the most awkward manner, as if afraid our ship would roll over them, all acting as commanders, one ordering this and an other that, until the patience of our captain was well nigh exhausted. They finally succeeded in bringing their boat within jumping distance, and we all leaped from the main-chains, at considerable risk of our lives and limbs, into the wildest, craziest looking craft that ever floated on the sea, the Chinese junk not excepted. Our bags, coats, and luncheon followed. In a moment the hawser was cast off; we waved adieu to our excellent and gentlemanly commander, and to all on board—towards whom we had come to feel a warm attachment, and soon found ourselves floating far astern the Siddons, twenty miles from shore, and in a little, black, dirty fishing boat—called a “Hooker,” managed by five men and two boys, all looking, if possible, worse than the boat itself. We took courage when we learned that the name of the hooker was the “Teetotaller,” and had an old man on board called “Admiral,” who showed us a temperance medal which had been given him by Father Mathew. Likeness of principles soon inspires friendship, and sobriety begets confidence. We soon contrived to get up a conversation on various topics connected with the business of fishing, by which we became acquainted with the hard fate of these poor fellows. They spend weeks on the sea, amid

cold and storms, toiling at great peril for a most wretched and precarious subsistence. We inquired of them about the state of affairs in Europe, which were so threatening when we left home; especially in England and their own country. But they were ignorant of every thing disconnected with their business; none of them being able to read or write. Their home and government was in this little vessel, which they managed upon shares—the owner fitting it out with sails, rigging, and tackle, for one half the profits. Their income affords a scanty support. Sometimes they go out thirty and forty leagues, and are absent a week or two, without any success. At other times, they return in a few days with a full cargo.

My readers will pardon me for the description of an Irish “hooker,” when they remember that many thousand human beings live in them. It is some thirty feet long, nine feet beam, drawing seven feet, loaded. Ours had a rough board deck, five feet below the gunwale; the midships filled with a large pile of netting and buoys, or floats, made of calf-skins, sewed tight, as if whole, and filled with air, looking like hideous monsters from the deep. It was sloop-rigged,—some are schooners,—with a high pointed main-sail, the peak of which ran up far above the mast, a jib and flying-jib, all besmeared with grease and tar, to preserve them from the influence of the weather. Forward of the mast was the cabin which was entered by getting down two or three feet into a transverse opening two feet wide, in which stood a common iron pot, filled with burning turf. Then, by doubling down as best we could, shutting our eyes meanwhile, to keep out the smoke, we thrust our heads through a small aperture eighteen inches wide and fifteen high, and dragged our bodies into the “gentleman’s cabin.” The carpet was loose oat straw, about eight inches thick, which served, at the same time, for chairs and beds. From the straw to the roof was just two feet, by measure. The breadth of the cabin was the width of

the hooker, and, fore and aft, the length of a man. Various articles were stowed into the forward end. Into this Calcutta black-hole we crawled, during a violent shower which came on, and remained till we were well nigh suffocated with the smoke from the pot of turf, which came in by the "companion way," or main side hatch. There was no opening for it to escape. The helmsman had a small box-compass set loose on the deck, by which he steered. The commands were mutually given, in a broad dialect we could not understand. We felt that we were among strangers and approaching a foreign land.

The dinner hour arrived, and it was proposed to cook us some fresh mackerel. We assented, but wondered how it was to be done. Half a dozen were prepared, put in a pot, and set upon the other filled with turf. By dint of hard blowing, the pot was made to boil, though closely watched. For a table a rough board was placed on a pile of fish-nets, so as to keep a steady position, on which we spread a newspaper for a cloth. On this the fish were placed and "dinner was ready." No knife, no fork, no plate. These are needless things for ultra-utilitarians. Fingers before forks; boards before tables. They are more primitive, more natural. We asked for salt, and a man brought some in his hands and poured it on the table. Salt-cellars are needless expenditures. It was of a quality between table and Turk's Island, a sort of "coarse fine." We ate as best we could, and gave portions of the liberal allowance furnished us by the generous steward of the Siddons, of which the poor, half-starved fellows partook with a hearty good relish, mixing in many expressions of thankfulness. Such was our first meal among foreigners.

The wind freshened into a stiff breeze, the waves rolled high, sometimes dashing the spray all over us, and our little craft was tossed about most fearfully. We sheltered ourselves as best we could and submitted to our fate. The novelty of our position filled us with indescribable emotions.

The approach to the shores of the Old World is full of novelty and excitement. Reality begins to supplant imagination, and scenes are developed at once strange and pleasing, in almost every respect dissimilar to those with which one has been familiar in his own country. Not least among the sources of happiness in that hour, was the thought that the treacherous sea had been crossed, and we were soon to set foot on the solid ground. This thought would have filled us with joy, had we not been compelled to turn a surly look, half contemptuous, half imploring, at the old ocean; as much as to say, Though I despise thee, I will not vent my detestation, lest I wake thy wrath, to be remembered when I recross thy trackless and turbulent waves, to my country and my home. I have crossed thy domain. Let us be at peace. Spite retained for injuries past, destroys the peace of him who cherishes it.

As we drew nearer, the long line of undulating coast appeared more and more distinct. The "Old Head of Kinsale," jutting several miles into the sea, and rising to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, crowned with a large white light-house and the crumbling walls of an old castle, like the out-sentinel of another world, stood upon our left, and protected the little bay we were entering from the strong winds we had encountered. On our right, arose rocky and precipitous cliffs, which stretched eastward out of sight, and whose base is for ever lashed by the surging waves of the broad Atlantic. Before us the land rose by gentle acclivities, covered all over with little fields of various shapes and colors. The fresh-plowed ground looked black from the rain just fallen. In some the new-sprung grain looked green and soft. The close-fed pastures were of a lighter hue, in which sheep, and goats, and cattle were grazing. The bright yellow furz, in full blossom, scattered about the borders of the fields, or in large patches, here and there, added greatly to the novelty and beauty of the scenery. Then, the asses and mules, heavily laden, winding up the steep sides of the hills, driven by barefoot boys or girls; the

peculiar dress of the men and women working in the fields; the singular appearance of the low mud hovels; the entire absence of forests, or copses of wood, with scarce a tree or shrub in view; the queer construction of the water craft we met or passed; the hoarse, broad dialect heard from the boats and the shore; every thing was strange and curious, wholly unlike any portion of our own country, or aught I had seen or imagined before.

By a single tack we entered, through a narrow passage, into the calm and beautiful harbor, completely surrounded by rising grounds, with a large fort in front, whose "war-dogs," mounted on lofty battlements, frowned gruffly at our entrance, like a maddened bull, ready for attack. One can hardly imagine the feelings of enthusiasm we felt on finding ourselves secure from the rocking sea, and approaching a large town, pleasantly situated around the Cove up which we were sailing. We wound round the low point on which stand the ruins of an old fort, and came directly up to the town. We were hailed in rough, hoarse language, by a set of ragged and filthy fisherwomen, who paddled their dirty boats out to meet us and buy our fish, if we had any. But the only produce of this voyage was three live Yankees and a French priest—poor property in an Irish market. Several boats had arrived just before us, on board of which were several women, wrangling, and swearing, and scolding, in words so loud that they echoed back from the town in no very agreeable accents, as they broke the stillness of that quiet and beautiful scene.

The joy we felt on leaping from the boat to the steps of the "Royal George Hotel," where we lodge, was unbounded. It surpassed description. The declining sun, which had been obscured since noon, burst through its cloudy veil, and shone brightly and beautifully upon the green hills and that part of the town not shaded by the rising ground in the rear. The birds sang merrily, and the sweet aroma of the flowers perfumed the mild zephyrs of evening. The scene was, to us, enchanting. We could

not restrain our delight. We ran, and frolicked, and chattered like children just out of school. This saved us from the appearance of awkwardness we should otherwise have exhibited, from the uncontrollable movements of our locomotive machinery, which had got somewhat deranged by our toppling motions on ship-board. We managed to get into the "Royal George," whither our boatmen followed us, demanding some extra pay for *drink-money*. We refused; first, because we did not understand that after paying, according to contract, £2, any further claim could be rightfully made against us; second, because they agreed to carry us to Cork, but had brought us to Kinsale, not half the distance. This we overlooked, so glad were we to get on shore, any where; third, because we could not see what "drink-money" had to do with a temperance crew of the "Teetotaller." But we could not reason the matter. They said it was the custom to do so; and gave us any thing but their blessing when we plead ignorance of all such laws, civil, social, or martial.

After warming and drying ourselves by a good fire, we issued out to make our first acquaintance with an Irish town. We wandered about through several streets, and ascended an eminence on the north, where we saw whole streets of low cottages, with roofs fallen in, and nothing but the naked stone walls remaining. The remark of one was, "They must have had a great fire here." A few turns more and we came to other streets in the same desolate condition, when the same remark was repeated by another, forgetting we were in the Old World, where ruins were to be looked for—in Ireland, where poor tenants are robbed of their dwellings by their merciless landlords. Passing the Catholic Church, we saw our clerical friend going in with his missal in his hand.

Fatigued with a short walk, we returned and ordered tea. This opened to us an entire new scene in the customs of social life, and the art of hotel keeping. It was served on this wise. The table was set without a cloth,

furnished with a plate and knife, a cup and saucer for each. A square loaf of bread was placed in the center, with a dozen small pieces of butter, the size of hickory nuts, on a plate beside it. A sugar bowl, milk pitcher, and tea-pot, and a small square box beside, completed the table furniture. A tea-kettle was set by the side of the grate, when the waiter said, "Tay is ready, sir." We sat down, and looked inquiringly at each other. One essayed to pour out the tea, when lo! the pot was found to be empty. We explored the interior and found no tea. We stared at each other, and burst into a hearty laugh. The waiter had left the room. The bell was rung, and he returned. We informed him of his mistake. "Och," said he, "here is the tay," opening the little ornamented box, which contained two apartments, one filled with black, and the other with green tea. "An' ye'll plase put in the tay, an' I'll be afther poothing the wather upon it." We did so, and the pot was filled with water from the kettle and sat upon the table. In a little time it was duly steeped, and we proceeded to partake of a meal served in a manner quite novel to us.

After tea, we arranged for our departure to Cork on the following morning. A large crowd of men, women, and children, most of them young, ragged, and dirty, were gathered in the street to hear the stories and witness the feats of a stripling harlequin, who attempted some very foolish and unattractive exploits, a woman, meanwhile, going round for such contributions as she could raise, to encourage the renegade to go on with his nonsense. The "ha'-pennies" came in as sparingly as they do to the music grinders in our own country.

K I N S A L E .

May 18.—We retired early last night, with hearts full of gratitude to Almighty God for having preserved our lives, and given us a safe and pleasant voyage across the

Atlantic. We had fond hopes of a quiet night, and sound and refreshing sleep, but were doomed to disappointment. The transition we had passed, the strange scenes we had witnessed, the influence of the *tay*, or something else, so disquieted my nerves that I could not sleep at all. Oh, the horrors of a sleepless night! How miserable, how perfectly wretched! I wished myself at home, on board the ship, snugly cradled in my birth, to be rocked to sleep by the rolling waves,—any where, but to be rolling and tumbling in a fever of sleepless excitement. How forcible were the words of poor Sancho Panza, “Blessings on the head of him who first invented sleep.” I never rejoiced as I did this morning, to see the dawn of day, to be able to forsake my couch of sleepless misery, and go forth and find relief in the world of realities.

I roused my companions and started for a more general inspection of the town. We passed through all the principal streets and ascended the lofty eminence called “Compass Hill,” which overlooks the bay and a large tract of the surrounding country and commands a fine prospect of the town, several villas, the forts, harbors, “Old Head,” and the sea. The sun arose in sweetest beauty and ascended a cloudless sky. The birds sang sweetly, and twittered from spray to spray in the gardens and orchards. The fields were decked in their richest robes. Several small boats laden with various articles for the market were coming down the Bandon river which forms a frith in the rear of the town. The hum of busy feet and voices in the town, the rolling beat of the reveille in the capacious barracks opposite, the marshaling of the red-coat soldiery, every thing wore the charm of novelty.

We strolled about visiting the spacious grounds and splendid garden of some nobleman whose name we have forgotten, squinting at the extensive military preparations and looking at the lean market and leaner inhabitants—wretched, squalid, and filthy—assembled about it. Here were women with early vegetables, milk, bread, butter, fish,

or something else to sell; then a long row of men with spades waiting for some man to hire them. There went an ass loaded with two monstrous panniers suspended across its back and reaching nearly to the ground, containing milk, potatoes, turf, or some other marketable stuff; everything looked odd, awkward, strange and miserable.

The town itself is dilapidated, being of little importance compared with its former rank. It bears the mark of age, and must have been at one time a place of great business. We are told it was once the depot of all outward bound fleets, having a safe and commodious harbor for ships of all sizes; that it was so much more noted than Cork, that letters were directed to "Cork, near Kinsale." The Spaniards at one time had possession of the town. Prince Rupert took shelter here during the protectorate of Cromwell, at which time, and in the reign of James II, it was the scene of several bloody engagements. It suffered so severely, that it has never recovered its former importance. A strong fort commands the harbor. There are several venerable churches; that of St. Multaria was built in the 14th century. The Catholic chapel and Carmelite priory, the workhouse, the barracks, and the jail are prominent objects of attraction. The houses, generally, look dingy. Nothing about the place indicates thrift or comfort, except a few private dwellings.

After a breakfast, like our tea of the preceding night, with the addition of two boiled eggs a piece, we paid our bill and arranged to leave. Each took his small sack and started for the coach office. We were followed by a boy, who demanded pay for himself, the chambermaid and the waiter. The justice of this claim we did not understand. We had paid our bill—for tea, 1s 6d; for lodging, 2s 6d; for breakfast 2s, (\$1 37;) and Mr. Boots and Miss Chambermaid we had not seen. We carried in our own baggage and brought it away. What else was wanted?

"Sure, an we get nothin but our chances; an the gintilmin will not lave us without somethin."

“Your *chances* ! what are they ? We take our chances in our country and work our way as best we can. We paid our bill, for all that we had, and all that was demanded, now what do you want more?”

“Jist what yer honors plase—a shillun to the sarvant, a shillun to the chambermaid. and sixpence to the boots.”

“Why, that will make half a crown for each ; half a sovereign in all.”

“Ay, jist that same thing it will be, sure, and we’ll pray God to prosper yer journey.”

“There, take that, and go to grass, and take your chances with Nebuchadnezzar. We will give you no more. This is not the way to do business any how. We pay for what we have, but do not beg for charities, nor give gratuities *on demand*.”

By this time we had arrived at the coach office, and poor boots, made himself, very busy, in detailing his unlucky chances with these Americans. The coach stood before the door, and several passengers were already taking their seats, although the horses were not yet hitched to it. As we had engaged outside seats, for the purpose of *seeing*, we were anxious to secure good ones, so we mounted a tier behind the driver’s box, which was wide enough for our party of four. Behind the coach, over the baggage box, is another seat, and another still, facing backwards, so that eight passengers can ride there ; then two with the driver, making, in all, fourteen outside, while only six can ride inside. The outside seats are much the pleasantest in good weather, or when it is dusty. They are, generally, all occupied, when, perhaps, there will not be a passenger inside. Even some who pay for inside seats, which are at about one-third higher price, often ride outside, when the weather is fine.

While waiting for the horses and mails, we noticed several sleek-looking young men, dressed in blue clothes, with standing collars to their coats, on which were figures in silver with polished leather tops to their hats. We could not make out their business ; they eyed us very closely, and at

one time we supposed them to be custom-house officers, looking after our baggage; for nobody had asked us about it. We afterwards learned that they were policemen and were taking particular notice of us, so as to be able to describe us, if ever inquired of. In these rebellious times, Americans are looked upon with some suspicion, as well as all who sympathise with the people.

But another scene soon occurred, illustrative of Ireland's degradation. An old woman, went among the passengers about the door of the office begging. I was the only one at the time on the coach, the others had left to escape a slight shower. She came to me, and reached up her lean, shrivelled hand, with a "Plase yer honor, and will ye give the poor woman a ha-'penny, and God bless ye for it?" Her dress had been patched with as many colors as Joseph's coat, and was all tattered and torn at that. Some old clogs, like shoes, were on her feet, and a ragged shawl was thrown over her head. Her ankles, arms, and neck were naked, and she might well say, with the prophet, "My leanness, my leanness;" or with Job, "Thou hast filled me with wrinkles, and my leanness beareth witness to my face." I had no heart to send her away empty. So I took a bag of ginger-cakes I had provided against sea-sickness, (which danger being over, I could well spare,) and gave her a handful. In less than a minute, more than twenty gathered around the coach, each striving to get nearest, all reaching up their lean hands, and saying, "May God bless ye, sir;" "May God Almighty return ye safe to yer home and yer blissid coounthry;" "May God reward ye in heaven;" "May the Hooly Virgin protiect ye;" "Och, sir, ye'll geve me some, for Jesus' sake, for my poor, famishing childers;" "Plase give me some, sir," said a little, ragged boy, who had climbed up the wheel, "and I'll carry them to my poor, sick mother."

A young woman crowded up, with a child in her arms. Both looked as if half-starved. I reached her a hand full, and as she took them and looked up to express her thanks,

I saw big tears trembling in her eyes, and she turned away without speaking. Not so with all, for many besought me the second time, and the old woman who came first put in her request the *third* time, with the most solemn protestations that she "had not a single bish-cake at all, at all." Some others hid theirs away in their bosoms, and then said they had not received one, and plead, in God's name, for a single cake. I could not appease them till the last cake was gone and the bag turned inside out. They then withdrew, with many appeals to God for blessings on the "kind gintilmin," and stood about the buildings, some showing their cakes to the hosts who continued to collect, begging for a taste. I saw the little boy who asked some for his mother, steal out of the crowd and run away, while several others chased after, trying to rob him.

It was not curiosity that brought these poor creatures about me. They were actually hungry. Their hollow looks betokened the emptiness of their bellies. A gentleman assured us that probably one-third of the people about Kinsale did not get a full meal, even of the coarsest food, one day in seven, and many families went whole days with nothing. And when I remembered that this was not far from Skibbereen, where the famine of winter before last did its deadliest work, I could not discredit him. The very looks of the people satisfied me that he told the truth. What a shame that such multitudes should live in such wretchedness and ignorance under the government of the Mistress of the world! And the evil seemed greater when I saw large tracts of fine land uncultivated,—kept for pasturing, and the hunting and pleasure grounds of noblemen! The land is fertile, but husbanded in the worst manner. The rents and taxes are so enormous that the tenants can not, with their awkward manner and limited means, make it pay them half a living for their labor. So the people cluster about the towns, to labor what they can for hire, and beg for the rest. The scene of this morning was such as I never witnessed before. I never saw humanity so de-

graded, not even among the slaves of our Southern States. I wonder there is no more interest felt in the welfare and improvement of this people. It would seem the interest of the owners of these estates, the honor and prosperity of the nation, would produce a better state of things, to say nothing about the demands of Christian philanthropy. But I shall, doubtless, be wiser on these subjects when I have seen more of the actual state of this country.

At length all was ready ; the driver on his box, and the guard, a burly old fellow, with a bright-red coat trimmed with black, mounted the hind seat, with several little mail bags in his hand, and gave command ; when off we started at a smart trot, which was continued, up hill and down, till we reached the half-way house, where the horses were changed in less than three minutes, and we were again on our way. The road is excellent, being well graded and thoroughly macadamized. The stages being short, not over eight or nine miles, the horses are driven that distance in an hour, so that we reached Cork, nineteen miles, in two hours. A supply of hands are in waiting at the relay stations, who change the teams without calling the driver from his seat. He simply throws down his reins and sits at his ease, till others are handed him. He has nothing to do with horses, but to drive them.

The prospect from the hill we passed, in ascending from the cove in which Kinsale is situated, is extensive, varied, and beautiful. The bay, the harbor, the town and its environs, a vast region of undulating country, with its green and gently sloping hills, and rich and verdant vallies, bounded by a distant range of mountains on the north, and the broad ocean jutting into the land here and there, on the south, present a landscape as grand and pleasing as I ever saw. But the beauty of it is sadly marred, and the glory of it vanishes when the eye falls upon the low mud hovels, waste fields, and squalid population, close at hand. Mingled feelings of admiration and regret, of thankfulness and pity, were

awakened in my breast, and I could smile at the beautiful works of God, and weep for the misery of man.

For some distance we traced the line of the great south-western railroad, which is under contract, to extend from Dublin by Cork and Bandon, and thence to Bantry Bay. It is completed nearly half the way—to Clonmel—and partially graded the remainder. The political troubles in this country, and the scarcity of money, have caused a temporary suspension of the work. When completed it is thought that passengers from America, by the Liverpool mail steamers, will pass over it, and thus shorten the passage from England to America about two days. There will also be considerable local business along the road, which can not fail to improve this part of the country, now said to be the most neglected and wretched portion of the Island.

CHAPTER III.

A DAY IN CORK.

A View of Cork.—A Reflection.—An unexpected Acquaintance.—Irish Gratitude for American Benevolence.—Mardyke.—An American Ship.—Weariness.—A Lunch.—Various Topics.—A Car Ride.—Blarney Castle.—Reflections.—The Blarney Stone.—Englishmen.—Father Mathew.—Description of the City.

C O R K .

The approach to Cork, from the west, is remarkably beautiful and picturesque. The road winds down into the valley from a lofty ridge, which overlooks the whole city and its suburbs, and a wide extent of undulating country, through which the river Lee meanders, in its way from the mountains on the northwest to the cove just below the city. A ridge of hills bounds the opposite side of the valley, which swell, and recede, and rise in gentle acclivities to

irregular heights. The sides of these hills are thickly studded with elegant mansions, charmingly embowered in copses of trees. In the bottom of the valley, and extending up the bases of the hills on either side, is the city, with its cupolas, towers, and spires, buildings of various colors, styles and dimensions, its ships and steamboats, its quays and bridges, and fine estuary, its several prisons, with extensive and lofty white walls, its immense barracks on the rising ground above the city, its Bishop's palace, and large poor-house, its churches, priories, convents, monuments and promenades, all looking fresh and thrifty, which add greatly to the variety and beauty of the picture.

"Seen from this point," says an Irish writer, "the view is the finest of which any city can boast. And did the traveler stop here, he might well exclaim, 'The beautiful city of Cork!' But what appears at a distance so beautiful and imposing, will not admit of a nearer survey. The streets and lanes have been built without the least regard to order, comfort, access, cleanliness, or convenience; and, consequently, they abound in the most disgusting filth, and exhibit more than their ample quota of the most squalid poverty."

This remark does not apply to all parts of the town; for, in some portions of it, the houses are well built, and the streets wide, neat, and handsome.

Our coach carried us through divers streets and lanes, stopping only at the Post Office, till it brought up in a small yard adjoining the stable. Here the passengers and baggage were discharged,—after a gentle tip of the hat from the driver, meaning a shilling a-piece to pay *him* for driving us here, after having paid the proprietor a high fare for the use of his horses—to be pirated away by the runners of the hotels, who are, if possible, more impertinent than the same class of annoyances at home. After a brief consultation, we concluded to go to the "Royal," seeing we were in the Queen's dominions, and at a time when it would be no favorable sign to be suspected of disloyalty.

We started out immediately on our business—to see the town; for we left home with no intention of spending our time and money in idleness, but resolved to make the best possible use of both, in a way to gain the greatest amount of knowledge in the time appointed, and at the least actual expense. Our time and means were limited; and both have a value which should never be squandered by any one for sluggish ease, or trifling pleasures. The active and judicious pursuit of knowledge and happiness, under all circumstances, and with any amount of means, always gives the best capacity to relish them if attained, or to bear disappointment in case of failure. It is only after years of toil, and an economy amounting almost to parsimony, that I have been able to start upon this journey—the dream and hope of my youth, and the plan of my maturer years. And I am now fully resolved to lose no time which can be appropriated to the acquisition of information, so long and so ardently desired. Mine shall be made, if possible, a tour of pleasure indeed—a pleasure which shall not end when the mere excitement of seeing is over, but be reawakened when memory recalls the past at the instance of judgment, demanding an equivalent for this absence and expenditure.

The pleasure of acquiring is not the only aim of a true heart. The ability to possess, to employ, to make useful, are of equal importance. The former has been too constantly pursued by our countrymen, perhaps, while the latter has not received the attention it deserves. But such is the natural course of things with the inexperienced and aspiring. Our nation is young. Most of her citizens are poor, but enterprising, with an open chance before them for distinction in whatever they may undertake. There are no laws of entailment and primogeniture, to destroy their ambition or crush their efforts. There is no hereditary aristocracy, no qualities of blood, to encourage indolence, or justify oppression. The road to distinction is open to all, and every man is made self-dependent for his

success, and self-responsible for his failure. It is not strange, if, under such a state of things, of comparatively recent adoption, some should become superlatively selfish, and devote all their energies to the mere acquisition of wealth or personal fame ; while the next, or third, in succession, pampered, perhaps, in idleness, with no ability to appreciate the value of means bequeathed to him, should waste his substance in irrational and hurtful gratifications. But those whose bodies have sweat to earn, and whose minds have been studious to employ, will be most likely to receive with thankfulness and occupy with discretion, the means and opportunities which may fall to their lot, and in a way to promote the objects of a true life, by laying up stores of practical knowledge, which shall be to them and their friends a source of rich enjoyment in after years.

After wandering through a few streets, we came to several book stands, beside the paling of the court-house. While consulting about some books and maps, a well-dressed gentleman stopped near us, of whom I inquired for an individual to whom I had a letter. He at once replied, in a manner that indicated more than ordinary interest in us, by saying that he did not exactly know the residence inquired for, but that, with our consent, he would take it upon him to find the place for us. He said he perceived we were strangers, and Americans ; and that he felt a high respect for our country, and gratitude for the noble exhibition of benevolence on the part of its citizens, in sending such a bountiful supply of provisions to feed the starving thousands of his wretched countrymen, during the terrible famine of winter before last ; that he was anxious to make the acquaintance of every American, and to do every thing in his power to serve them ; that he wanted to embrace every opportunity to let them know the strength of Irish gratitude ; and that if he could be of any service to us by showing us about the city, introducing us to public places, or in any other

way, we might command his time, for he should be most happy to aid us in promoting the objects of our visit.

We were overwhelmed by the suddenness and extent of this expression of friendship, and for a time did not know how to regard it; whether it was really in earnest; whether it was mere "blarney,"—for we had heard that Blarney castle was not far off—or whether he was not a genteel blackleg, the like of some in our own country—mostly of foreign importation—who was making these advances to secure our confidence and obtain an opportunity to rifle our pockets. We could not do less than accept his proffered service to show us to the place we were seeking; and so, expressing our thankfulness for his attention, we walked on in company. A few moments conversation sufficed to disarm all our suspicions, and convince us of the purity of his heart and the sincerity of his pretensions. He related to us the circumstances of his visit to the Macedonian, *Commodore De Kay*, sent out by our government with the contributions of our citizens for the relief of the, then, famishing poor of his country, himself being one of the committee for the reception and distribution of this generous, timely, and life-preserving bequest. The news of the arrival of this vessel, with its freight of food, at once attracted the destitute from a large portion of the surrounding country and, while detailing to us the circumstances attending the dispensation of it to the perishing, his faltering voice and moistened eyes, evinced how deep was his gratitude and how lively the recollection of the misery which such timely relief served to mitigate and remove. Fathers looked on their sons with contentment and hope, as they planned the means for them to get to America, and mothers clasped their little ones to their heaving bosoms with all their remaining strength, and whispered to them lullabies about the blessing and abundance of America, to which they prayed they might, some time, go, with as much fervor as they ever prayed for the bliss of heaven.

Nothing so much relaxes the feeling of selfishness, destroys the pride of nationality and knits the cords of friendship, as the recital of scenes which appeal to our common humanity, which stir up the deeper and holier affections, and quicken the course of generous feelings, too long congested and sluggish in their motions. The thick shell is broken ; the doors of the dark dungeon thrown wide open and one breathes freer and feels happier. Every thing appears more serene and lovely. All creation is beautiful ! Nothing seems hateful ; and every feeling of dislike, or thought of evil, is banished. The attractive power of goodness predominates. Sympathies blend in perfect reciprocity. All distinctions are lost. The soul feels something of heaven in that hour, and aspires after the holy and the infinite. It is qualified to receive and appropriate the great truth that God is our Father and all mankind our brethren.

Our new made friend was not content with having fulfilled his promise, but he entertained my companions while I did an errand of friendship between a brother in America and his sister, now living in this city. He conducted us through the Mardyke—a beautiful promenade, a mile in length, raised several feet above the low, marshy meadows and shaded with double rows of elms on each side—to the hydraulic works, constructed something on the plan of Fairmount, by which the water is forced from the river to a reservoir on the side of the hill sufficiently elevated to supply all the lower parts of the city. From here we followed our new friend to Sunday's well, celebrated in olden time for its miraculous healing properties, and even now revered on the same account, by some deluded votaries of the Romish Church. Continuing our course along the northern side of the city, the jail and various public buildings were passed, which brought us to the stone quays spanned by some fine bridges. Here we were introduced to the captain of an American ship, who, having discharged a freight of grain, was busy in taking on board a return cargo of living Irish-

men. Indeed, humanity seems to be the principal surplus commodity in port, and stowed away according to the preparations being made, despite the stringency of our laws regarding room, provisions, ventilation and cleanliness, will doubtless, pay better than any other.

Our generous conductor, learning that our stay was to be limited in Cork to a single day, was determined that we should make the very best use of our time and legs, which latter important adjuncts, having been so long used to the inactivity of shipboard, threatened to rebel by refusing support to sustain our curiosity and aid the rapid and extensive movements to which our guide was urging us. But each was ashamed to be the first to complain of fatigue, and so we kept moving as rapidly as we could, to avoid all suspicion of any halting disposition. Now that the pride and ambition of that day are passed, I am free to confess that I did suffer beyond measure. It seemed to me, several times, that I could not go a step further, but must sit down where I was and own myself outrun. Then the glances of my companions, as tired as myself, but anxious to note the first sign of faltering, to divert attention from their own weaknesses, would rouse up all my flagging energies, to make renewed efforts. And thus we kept on till two o'clock, when our kind-hearted friend bethought himself that we might be tired, and proposed to take us to his house, not far off, and give us a "lunch." He insisted upon it and we assented.

He conducted us along the left shore of the river below the city, to a row of new and pleasantly situated houses, built on the side of the hill with prettily ornamented yards in front. The road was close upon the bank of the river which is here walled up in the manner of a pier. Behind, the steeply ascending ground is beautifully ornamented with shade trees, hedges, gardens and private residences. Before, the navigable part of the river runs close to the shore, beyond which is an extensive flat which is bare at low tides. On the opposite side the

country swells off in agreeably ascending undulations, which are studded with elegant mansions and fine plantations. Far down the frith appears the castle of "Carragh Duyv," (Black Rock,) and the haven of the famed and beautiful Cove. On the right is spread out the whole city, with its shipping, bridges, and principal buildings in sight.

I am particular in this description to show that Irishmen are not devoid of taste, nor the means of gratifying it, but that so far as they have the means, the arts of civilization are employed for the promotion of solid comfort and the higher sources of rational happiness.

We were introduced into a dwelling every way comfortable and moderately elegant, and received a very cordial welcome from Mrs. H—, when her husband informed her that we were Americans. She soon ordered the table to be spread, and a lunch placed upon it. A large cubic loaf of white bread—say ten inches square; the quarter of an American cheese—esteemed here a great luxury; some butter; a common glass bottle of whiskey, with water, sugar, tumblers, and knives, were all duly arranged. No chairs were placed about the table. We were asked to "sit up and help ourselves." Our host unstopped the bottle, and reached it over towards our tumblers. Two of us refused, as contrary to our Temperance principles. This led to a general conversation upon the subject of temperance, during which the manner, benefits, and over-estimate of Father Mathew's labors were commented upon, and the great good that had resulted to Ireland, and America, and other nations. We soon found that our friend, though generally liberal in his views, was ardent in his opposition to Catholicism, attributing a large share of his country's misery and degradation to the bad, but all-controlling influence of the Romish priests, who, he said, "instead of striving to enlighten their minds and improve their condition, are doing all they can to keep them in ignorance, and prejudice them against the English government, and Protestantism, and the English generally."

It required very little attention to see that a strong feeling of prejudice existed in his mind on these subjects, and so we passed away from them as soon and as adroitly as we could, but not without remarking that in many things we thought the government oppressive, especially in the matter of tithes, by compelling the people to help support doctrines they do not believe, and their own beside. Yet we confessed our inability to pass judgment on these subjects till better informed.

The condition and prospects of this country, the designs of the "Repealers," and the probable result of the growing excitement upon that subject, the expected interference of France and America, were all considered during the time we remained with him. On all those topics connected with his country, our friend exhibited a feeling of gloom and apprehension; but when our own country, its history, condition and prospects, were touched upon, his manner underwent a complete metamorphosis; his countenance brightened, his words were quicker and freer, and he was manifestly relieved from troublesome anxieties. He many times spoke of his desires and plans to emigrate to our country, with many parts of which he had become familiar, by reading, and of all of which he spoke in the most enthusiastic terms. In many things, his imagination far out-reached the reality, and we told him so. This pleased his wife, and we soon learned the cause why his plans were not put in execution. His wife was an English woman, by whom he had received some property, and as is the case with some of her nation, she wears, in technical parlance, a certain kind of garment, which is emblematic of authority, usurped or rightful, I shall not here decide. There seems to be nothing unnatural or inappropriate in such exercise of power, seeing HER Royal Majesty rules his Royal Highness, it is said, with a rod of iron, and plays the Queen over the greatest men of the "greatest nation on earth; on whose dominion the sun never sets."

Having rested and refreshed ourselves, we begged to be

excused. Our friend at once assented, but not without volunteering his services, much to the discomfort of our nether limbs, to conduct us up the hill, back of his residence, by which we gained an extensive and beautiful view of all the city and country, in every direction, from the Cove to the mountains far inland, and to the vast tunnel which is in process of excavation for the South Western Railroad. Here he left us, promising to call for us as soon as we should return from Blarney castle, which two of us had resolved to visit; the other preferring repose to more sight-seeing, just at that time.

We bargained for an "outside car," of one of the many drivers standing in the street, who, like the cab-men about steamboat landings, are exceedingly kind to offer and insist upon the acceptance of their services; promising to do, in the best manner and at the cheapest rate, all that is asked of them in any length of time one chooses to mention. In this instance, the distance was six or seven miles: the time to be one hour out, one there, and one back: the price, a crown. All this seemed probable enough; but the result disappointed us in every particular. The miles were in Irish measure, being to ours as eleven to fourteen. The road, though excellent, is very hilly; so, instead of three we were nearly five hours, and instead of a crown, a "shillun" was demanded of each in addition for driver's fee. For all this we were abundantly repaid, by the novelty of our vehicle, the beauty and variety of the scenery, and the altogether new impressions we gained from this, our first visit to an old feudal castle. And we were, withal, fortunate in our choice; not so much on account of the peculiar virtues said to be imparted to those who visit this castle and kiss the famed "Blarney stone," as from the fact that it is romantically situated, and in an excellent state of preservation, for one so long forsaken.

The carriage we had taken was constructed on a plan unlike any thing used in our country, though common here. The "inside car" is somewhat like a single cab in our cities,

though differing in several respects. The "outside car" is less aristocratic, but, in good weather, pleasanter, and hired at a cheaper rate. It consists of a body placed upon two wheels, with two seats, back to back, running "fore and aft." Between the two seats is what is called the "well," formed of a box eighteen inches or two feet wide, and, perhaps, two and a half high, extending the length of the carriage. Into this, baggage is packed when necessary. The top and sides (of the better class) are covered with cloth and stuffed, forming the back of the seats. On the fore end of the well is the seat for the driver. Below the seats, and extending outside the wheels, is a sort of foot-board, which folds up into the seat, when there are no riders. The seats are large enough for two, and, sometimes, for three or four persons on a side, and not unfrequently, in case of mail cars, two or three are mounted on the well. On roads of limited travel, these cars are used in place of coaches for the accommodation of passengers. The carriage is placed upon elliptical springs, and, on the excellent macadamised roads every where to be found, runs exceedingly easy. We met and passed several of them on our way to and from Blarney castle, and were once or twice hailed to take on other passengers.

The road wound out of the city, through a narrow vale filled with wretched houses, apparently crowded by a most miserable set of inhabitants, many of whom ran out to beg of us as we passed. There are several small factories along the stream over which we passed. The spacious work-house stands in a commanding position on the opposite ridge, beyond which are the extensive barracks. We soon commenced the ascent and descent of several precipitous hills, passing many stone and mud cabins, with thatched roofs, with here and there a tolerably pleasant looking residence.

At the end of an hour we found ourselves in a beautiful and well cultivated valley, adorned with pleasant houses and farms, on the rising ground on the right, and the gray walls of the castle, towering high above the surrounding

trees, at some distance on the left. After passing a small village, containing an old church—romantically situated in a grove of trees, like some we have seen in New England—a hotel, stores, factories, mills, a few decent dwellings and many poor ones, we turned off the main road and came to the gate leading to the castle grounds. Before our object was made known, a little girl started off upon the run, for what we did not know. We followed after, crossed the meadow, and ascended by what was once a splendid garden, ornamented with shade trees, flowers, shrubs, hedges, graveled walks, bordered with box, and containing some well-worn images—now only used for the commonest kind of a kitchen garden. On the other side of the road is a dilapidated cottage, with an array of old barns, stables, and sheds, enclosed in a high, ivy-clad wall, now used for the storing of grain and fodder for the cows and sheep herded about them in winter. From the wall an extensive lawn spreads out, descending gradually to the south, shaded with innumerable large and handsome trees, and terminated by a little lake, beyond which ascend richly cultivated fields, in which a great number of men, women, and teams were at work. The whole scene wears an air of freshness and rural beauty much resembling the finer landscapes which border our western prairies.

Turning to the right, and passing the high garden wall, we came directly before the castle, which now stands up in its lonely greatness, frowning sullenly upon the little visitors whose curiosity brings them so far and so late to wonder at the relics of departed majesty. It is a mighty pile, the monument of other and different days, but still grand in its desolation, and significant as the tombstone of those who reared it. The main shaft, forming the tower, is square, and rises without a projecting base, directly from the green lawn, rearing its gray walls, smooth and naked, on the south and west, to the height of a hundred feet and are surrounded by a projecting battlement with small turrets crowning each of the four corners. There are no

doors or windows on these sides. The north base rests upon the brink of a limestone ledge, which overhangs the vale and stream, some fifty feet below. On this side, there are several windows affording light and prospect to suites of small rooms in the second and third stories. The east side of it is faced by an outer wall, which enclosed the main dwelling of the castle. The inner wall, bounding the little court next to the massive tower, is all fallen, so that one sees only the outer enclosure with its numerous windows, some of them of monstrous proportions. A small round tower projecting from the north-east corner up which wound the cylindrical stairs to the various apartments in the different stories of the keep. This, like the main tower, and another small one standing at the distance of a dozen rods to the east, is in a good state of preservation.

In a short time, the little girl returned, accompanied by an old woman, who addressed us in broad Irish, and bade us welcome to Blarney castle. On hearing that we were Americans she became exceedingly loquacious and attentive, expressing ten thousand thanks and calling on God, the Virgin and all the saints to bless us and our "distant coounthry," for preserving her poor countrymen from the horrible death of famine. She mixed up with her expressions of gratitude descriptions of the buildings about us. "Sure, an' this hoouse right where ye stand was the coort, and where ye sees that great winder right afore ye in the second stoory was the Earl's banqueting hall; where that winder bees by the little tower was his library, along this side coming oop to the tooer, was the two parlors; abooove all these was the slaping rooms, going clare round to that side there, oover the gate, and oop to that corner of the tooer. Och, we should huv starved, hadn't yer kind coounthrymin been soo good to us, soo mindful of our miseries. God be praised, ye did us much good; an' sure no Irishman can nivr be afther foorgitting it. Och, yes, that was the wine cellar, oond that was the kitchen, where ye sees that great fire-place. Boot I'll shu ye kind gintilmin these

when we've coome down, for ye will want to goo to the "Blaarney stooone." The old lady talked so fast we could not utter a word of inquiry or thankfulness.

She now turned and unlocked a shabby wooden door, cut and hacked with letters and names, through which we entered the main castle, or tower. The walls, at the base, are seventeen feet thick, receding as they rise in each story. The room we entered was nearly square, perhaps forty by fifty feet. There were no windows on either side. The light shone in through the door, and dimly from an opening through the partition on the north side which divided it from some rooms in that quarter. The ground was covered with various kinds of lumber, ploughs, harrows, ladders, doors, boards and timber stored here, in a most unseemly manner. At the height of fifteen or twenty feet, there was, formerly, a floor, now fallen, and on the east, or side next the court, was an elegant fire-place, the marble jambs and ornaments of which are still standing. On the south side are arched recesses. The arch over it still remains at a height of perhaps fifty feet. The whole was finished in a very plain but substantial manner. The room above, with the elegant fire-place, is called the Earl's room; it has no windows and but two doors, one opening from the stairway, in the north-east angle, and the other into his private apartments in the north-west. It must have been a dark hole to borough in without lamps. The small door by which we entered, is the only aperture on the east front, and the only place of ingress or egress, except by a narrow winding flight of steps, which descend to the well, situated in the north-east corner of the outer buildings, under the library room, and near the dungeon, with the passage to which a secret door connected, which led by the kennel for the bloodhounds, to the valley on the north side. Close by this door of entrance, on the right, commences a flight of winding stone stairs, which lead to the different stories, from which doors open into the several rooms along the north side, and into the Earl's room, and into the chapel immediately over it. In the north-west

corner, immediately off from the main room, and in the securest part of the tower was the Earl's sleeping and dressing rooms, which show some little signs of taste and comfort, as well as safety. The roof of the chapel is fallen in, and the floor is covered with a mass of rubbish, among which various shrubs, and vines, and grass are growing, and one or two trees more than ten feet high. The walls of the chapel, which form the summit of the tower, are ascended by narrow stairs in the north-east and north-west corners. The latter passes from a small room with a large fire-place where our garrulous conductress said they cooked in time of a siege, and prepared melted lead, scalding water and red hot stones to cast down from the battlements upon the assailing foe. The old lady tugged up to the very top, puffing like a Mississippi steamboat—a thing she had not “doon in a twelvemoonth, an' sure one she would not now be ather doing, boot for the rispict she felt in her shoul foor these blissid gintilmin from Ameriky.”

Around the top of the tower is a projecting battlement, resting upon large stones, which project from the corners of the main wall, three or four feet below the summit, and at distances of six or eight feet from each other. This outer parapet rises higher than the main wall, and at a distance of two feet or more, leaving apertures down which darts, javelins, melted lead, red hot stones, boiling water, and other missiles of destruction could be hurled upon an enemy who should venture to assail and attempt to batter down the walls.

This mode of defence was of little service after the invention of gunpowder, as the broken stone upon the south battlement shows; for when Oliver Cromwell came this way with the army of the Commonwealth, and planted his cannon upon the rising ground which commands the castle, and fired a few thirty-two pounders, which fractured the stone now sustained by a band of iron, the great McCarthy was compelled to hold out the white flag and surrender at discretion. This was the winding up of feudalism in these

parts, and there has since been no real use for these castles; though this, and some others which were not much injured, continued to be inhabited for many years. A few are so still, but none of them possess the aristocratic pride and power once enjoyed. There is no more use for them. The masses have searched for and found the sources of power, and a feudal lord can no longer hold his vassals in a state of complete surveillance, or lead them to war against other clans at will. Civil law, extended over the nation, investing the general government with executive authority, forbids the exercise of feudal power by lords and barons, so that these shelters are no longer needed to protect the heads of clans in times of petty wars.

At present, this castle is the property of a Mr. Jeffreys, who takes little pains to preserve it from decay, or keep it in a comfortable condition for visitors. The "god of war" has been exchanged for the "golden calf," which receives a devouter homage and a costlier sacrifice than the former ever did. The sacrifices are not the fresh blood freely spilled in valorous deeds of chivalry, nor the hideous tortures of savage barbarity, which have marked the ages that are past. They are the wearing, tearing, carking cares of money-getting, which eat into men's souls, and, like a stimulating drink, urge forward in courses of extravagance at first never contemplated. The vassals are no longer led to battle, weaponed and fed, at the lord's expense. They are sent into the field to work and starve. The *will* is conquered, and a tame submission to oppression long enforced, has destroyed all consciousness of self-dignity and hope of social redemption, so that the peasantry, or vassals, now live in a condition of constant dependence and patronage more servile and humiliating than existed in the sunniest days of feudalism. The lords have become more selfish, aristocratic, more ease-loving, and, in consequence, less mindful of the wants, comfort, and honor of their dependents. Before, they loved their subjects as a groom does his horse, for show or speed, and so kept them fat and sleek.

Now they love them for the work they do, the rents and profits which they pay, and are more careless of them than a merchant is of a hired cartman's mule. Of course, exceptions are to be made in favor of those who have hearts of humanity, influenced by that love so forcibly inculcated in the Christian religion, which moves some of them to act honorably and humanely. The owner of this property, the old lady tells us, is one of this kind; and the general appearance of the lands and people induce me to believe there is some truth in her testimony.

On reaching the top of the tower, we found three Englishmen, who had ascended some time before us. They were regaling themselves with anecdotes, cigars, and the beautiful scenery. When told we were from America, they inquired about the appearance of our country, its curiosities and antiquities, seeming to pride themselves that we had no ancient ruins to compare with theirs. We were compelled to own we had no such proofs of former folly and wrong; that all that is great with us is modern and republican, being owned and shared by all. But, feeling our pride chafed a little by the manner in which they spoke to us, we remarked that America could boast antiquities more ancient than the pen of history, traditionary ballads, or fable had penetrated; the skeletons of animals more stupendous than could any where else be found, indicating that our country had been the home of giant races, of which the world was no more worthy, and of which the pigmies of the present day can form but indistinct ideas. They were silenced by our recital, when we referred to our rivers, lakes, cataracts, mounds, and other relics, and seemed to regard us as more worthy of their acquaintance, at least. They soon turned the conversation upon the mutual interests and dependencies of the two countries.

Among the many delightful views afforded by our elevated position, was a Hydropathic establishment, situated on a beautiful slope, a mile or so distant, in a north-westerly direction. It is embowered in charming shade trees.

among which the inmates could be seen, by the help of a glass, exercising in playful gayety. This object led to a description of the *dangerous* practices pursued there, pending the discussion of which we signified our intention to descend.

"Ah, boot an' sure yer riverince will not be afther laving afoore he's kessed the Blaarney stone. Noo boody laves without it," said the loquacious old dame, who was so well rested that she could talk as garrulously as ever.

"Where is the famed Blarney stone? I would like to see it."

"An' kiss it, oov coorse, or it will be of no good to ye at all, at all. All gintilmin does so, foor why else should they be afther cooming heer so fur. I will shoo ye, though it bes a long time sence I climbed oop to it; but as ye bes coome so fur froom Ameriky, that blissed coountry, I will be afther doing it for ye. Here, this way."

She led us up a narrow flight of winding stairs, which conducted to the top of the wall, from which a few steps ascended, on the outside, to the top of the small turret rising from the battlement, and main wall, on the north-east corner of the tower to the height of eight or ten feet. In the center of the top of this turret, is a small blue-stone boulder, it may be a foot or more in diameter, imbedded in the masonry, and elevated a little above the surface, with some unreadable characters roughly cut upon it, but nearly obliterated.

"There, that bes it, an' ye moost kess it thra times."

"Why, what good will it do to kiss it three times? Is not once sufficient?"

"Oh, noo, niver a bit; foor all that coome here kess it thra times; surely they do. They niver goo away without it."

"Pray tell me, good woman, what the use is in kissing it at all. Will it make me rich, or wise, or good, or happy? What will it do for me?"

"An that I can noo be afther telling ye, any hoo. But

I noo every boody kesses it, they do ; and the great Saint Patrick, when the castle was doone, put his hand on it, an blessed it, and soome say he laid it there. But I don't noo about it."

I tried every way to find out if she understood any thing of the virtues attributed to this famed stone in the legends which are told of it. She seemed to be entirely ignorant of its qualities, and forgot that this castle was built centuries after Saint Patrick died ; but her peculiar loquacity indicated that she was not altogether a stranger to its peculiar virtues ; for her flattery of us and our country bordered closely upon "blarney," or had an inkling to the liberal pay she expected of us. Waiving all scruples, for her sake, seeing she had shown us such particular attention, I stooped and kissed the "Blarney stone." Whether it was a sudden effusion of the hidden virtues of the stone, or the effect of looking from a height so giddy and fearful, I cannot say ; but I own I felt a strange and wild sensation about my head and heart, and so hurried to get down as soon as possible.

Of the building and history of Blarney castle I need not write. Those curious to know more about it, must examine the legends and history of the south of Ireland. But one thing some may be pleased to learn : that, from time immemorial, the "Blarney stone" has possessed the astonishing power of imparting a wonderful charm to the manners and conversational abilities of all who kiss it, which renders them peculiarly persuasive and pleasing to most people—a manner amounting not quite to flattery, neither sticking exactly to the rougher qualities of truth ; but, in a quiet, easy, soothing way, so insinuating good opinions of one's self, by gentle, unpretending praises, and sweet, unsuspecting words, that the listener is won to yield a willing and happy assent, without much perplexity of judgment or injury to pride. And this virtue is diffusive, being possessed by thousands who never saw or heard of castle Blarney at all, but who, either by intuition or discursively, have attained a singular faculty of using "blarney" with as much force and free-

dom as if they had actually been here. And what is worthy of note, also, is, that few object to its use. Most consider it a praiseworthy accomplishment in themselves and others, and assent to its use with a becoming degree of self-complacency. Like the "braktan" set in the wall of the Kaaba at Mecca, which is kissed seven times by every Mahometan hadji, and forms the *Kebla* towards which he turns his face in prayer, the "Blarney stone" has long been an object of almost religious veneration by every wooing lover who wished to win his way to the heart of his lady-love; and to every aspirant for social renown, in the lighter walks of colloquial intercourse. "Blarney" is a much more classic term in its sound and meaning than the vulgar words "soft-soap," so common in our country, though in meaning, there is, perhaps, little difference. But enough of this.

On descending, we passed down from the court, through the ruins of the keep, and so round to the north side, where we entered a passage which led to the dungeon, a dark hole in the shape of a baker's oven, a dozen feet in diameter, and scarce high enough for a short man to stand erect in the center. A small, round aperture, two or three inches across, perforated the roof and admitted the only light, and this came in an angular direction through the side wall. A small door, like an oven's mouth, being barely large enough to thrust a man through, head foremost, opened, breast high, from the passage. Near the passage to this dungeon, and connecting with it, are the steps coming down from the main tower, under the foundations of the outer buildings of the castles, and leading to the well, still deeper, on the right. By this long flight a private communication was had between the tower, the well, the dungeon, and the yard bordering the north side of the castle, the walls around which are now in ruins. Close by this door is a large dog-kennel, where the blood hounds were kept to guard the passage to the dungeon. The yard itself was said to be for the hunting hounds.

A little to the west of the castle commences a natural

cave, which passes through the limestone cliff, a distance, it is said, of half a mile, to the small lake before mentioned. We entered several rods, and broke off some coarse stalactites, formed by the water which percolates through the ground and drops constantly from the roof. But our curiosity was not sufficient to induce us to venture, without a light, over the rough, wet stones, to any great distance. The notion is that this cave was used to convey water from the pond, and as an avenue of escape, in case of emergency.

Having surveyed all parts of the castle, the first thing of the kind we ever saw, we paid our conductress her "shillun" and the little girl who went for her, a sixpence, and received thanks, and prayers for vast and innumerable blessings relating to both this world and the next. We hastened back to the gate and found the keeper in waiting to open and receive his pay. Leeches are thick about these castles. We mounted our car and returned by another and more hilly and romantic road, which leads by the splendid demesnes of several wealthy gentlemen to the city, where we arrived before sunset.

Our friend had been in waiting for us some time, to show us about the city and introduce us to Father Mathew, the celebrated advocate of temperance, in whom much interest has been felt in this country and ours. I was sorry to learn, as I did, from numerous sources, that his popularity is not so great at home, as it was formerly, and that many good friends of temperance suspect him of interested and ambitious motives in his labors. When did ever a man do good without awakening envy and creating suspicion? Theobald Mathew is a Catholic priest, educated for his church and undoubtedly prejudiced, and it may be bigoted, in its favor. He is, doubtless, like other men, made up of earthly materials, which may, perchance, influence him, somewhat as other men are influenced. Few persons are indifferent to honest praise; not many to flattery. The consciousness of having done a great and good work, for which multitudes bless him and many curse—a double reward!—may induce a manner of conduct not rightly appreciated

by all the world. His friends, generally, are among the humbler portions of the community ; for there, as here, and now as of old, "not many mighty, not many noble," have been called to enter the ranks of temperance. And his opposers are in his own church, and among his brother priests, as well as among those in other churches and in the higher and gayer walks of wealth and nobility. But despite all these influences he is doing a good work in his way. Out of the multitudes who sign his pledge, some will keep it and be restored to usefulness, happiness, and honor. He deserves much praise.

As we approached his dwelling, we observed the knocker of the door had been wrenched off by violence. We supposed some foe of temperance had done it in spite. Our friend assured us that such was not the fact ; that the poverty and misery which prevailed so fearfully had driven many to commit such theft to prevent starvation. He pointed out doors robbed of knockers, iron railings of brass balls, churches of ornaments. The most daring robberies are committed in a small way by the multitudes who can find no other means to keep soul and body united. All over the city are seen proofs of destitution and wretchedness, such as I never contemplated before. What crimes have not ignorance and priests led people to commit ? How fearfully responsible are the rich and proud oppressors of their fellow-men for the very crimes they so loudly condemn ! And society and government are not without fault in the incidental production of those crimes they so severely punish. The reward to both are troubles and anxieties felt for the insecurity of life and property, and the misery and disgrace amidst which they are compelled to move. The man who gives intoxicating drinks to a company, which becomes mad and boisterous, destroys his property and maims his body, can not easily exonerate himself from all blame in the matter : neither can the community or government which keeps a portion of people in ignorance and poverty, by insufferable and

degrading exactions, be held in complete exemption from all accountability. And they are not free from the curse and ignominy which inevitably attend such a state of things. God deals with communities and nations, as with individuals. None can escape his judgments.

On entering, we were conducted into a very plain and coarsely furnished room, used as a sort of office for the reception of the innumerable visitors of the worthy priest.

We were asked to be seated on some unpainted wooden benches. The clerk for Father Mathew, who attends to temperance and his friends in a business way, was engaged with a party which had preceded us. As soon as they left, we inquired for the Apostle of temperance, and were informed that he was out of the city, tarrying with his brother on account of ill-health, as he desired to be relieved from the cares to which he was subjected when at home. We were shown his pledge and long ledger of 5,710,700 names which have been affixed to it, the number, age and residence of each signer being placed on the margin, and the date at the head of the page, after the manner of a register at the hotels. The number increases at the rate of twenty or thirty daily.

But many sign it, we were told, who do not consider themselves bound to keep it, but merely as a compliment to the Reformer, a remembrance of their visit to him, the same as they write their names in albums kept at places of fashionable resort. Still it is presumed that a large portion do it from principle, with a view to correct their habits, and encourage a good cause, of whose mission Ireland has much need, and that the most favorable results will be experienced. Indeed, the good fruits of this reform are extensively seen in the improved condition of the people and the better order which prevails in all parts of the kingdom. Nobody denies this, but all rejoice at it. Yet, as in our country, there are thousands and tens of thousands, who think well, and speak well of this great and glorious moral and

social enterprise, who do nothing to advance it, and who will not partake of its benefits directly, but keep aloof from all connexion with it, and even lend their influence and example against the labor of its friends and advocates, preferring to gratify a bad habit, and sustain a dangerous practice, by indulging in a whiskey punch or a social glass, whenever and wherever they please. But it has always been thus, since the world began to jog forward. Many great works like the tallest pines or mightiest oaks, are of humble origin, and doomed, like them, to endure the buffetings of many a howling storm; yet though a good cause be thus rudely assailed, or obliged to contend against "spiritual wickedness in high places," its followers need not despond, for so surely as light dispels darkness, so certain is it that a good work, though commenced in tribulation, shall be consummated in joy. The word of God is against all evil, and his promise of the triumph of right will not fail to cheer the hearts of those who sincerely labor for the elevation and happiness of the race of man.

Imprudence and rashness are always dangerous. "He that believeth must not make haste," but be careful to note God's time in the circumstances wherein he is placed. He may cease from doing, for a time, and flee into the wilderness for security, as the Prophet did, but he can never be indifferent, nor lend his influence *against* what is right—what ought to be—what he desires may be. He would be guilty if he did, and neither God nor his own conscience would hold him blameless for such cowardice or treachery. The reward is for the faithful.

Ireland and the world have need of many such men as Father Mathew, to prepare human hearts to receive the truth; or, rather, to clear away the deceptions of sin and error, the force of bad habits, that the truth may have a chance to reach men's hearts and do good execution there. Intemperance is among the most common and ruinous vices. Its consequences are direct, inevitable, and diffusive; and hence the enormities of this sin, and all the

flowery avenues which lead to it, can be more easily pointed out and more readily shunned. And when once the mind is disenthralled from a single vice, there is reason to hope it will feel a truer freedom to pursue what is right; what is best; what duty demands; what our good, our peace, our honor require, and God approves.

Such were some of the reflections which passed through my mind, as I left the humble abode of this new light in the Catholic priesthood, and listened to the different and contradictory accounts and arguments of interested partizans in this great movement. I can not refuse to utter my feeble voice to help swell the praises of this man. He is great because he has done much good. But he is not a god, to be worshipped or obeyed; and so I pity the blindness and credulity of many of his followers and admirers. He is simply a Catholic priest—for that I neither honor nor despise him. He is a philanthropist, a lover of temperance, order, and human happiness. He is a friend to his poor, oppressed countrymen, laboring faithfully as he can, to deliver them from their worst enemy, the greatest tyrant, the curse of their prosperity, the ruin of their peace, and to set them in the way of redemption, by guiding them to sobriety, virtue, honesty, industry, happiness, and honor. In this enterprize he has burst out of the shell of his order, transcended the authority of his superiors, and, in God's name, gone to work a work in behalf of his wretched country and the world. The man, the Christian, has risen above the level of the priest, and he breathes the purer atmosphere of freedom: a clearer sky is over him, and fairer objects about him. I speak of him as a Temperance man. As such, I love, and honor, and praise him. As a priest he may be tame, yielding, or sycophantic, bowing and cringing before his bishops, to whom he sacrifices his manhood to retain his place. He may sustain the errors of his church, and seek its ascendancy by unholy means. For that—if so—my Protestantism does not respect him. But I can not join the cry against his whole character on that account.

We must learn to separate between the wheat and the chaff—to discern practical goodness from theoretical profession, sober reality from idle form, active benevolence from spiritual quietism. We shall then have more reason to love and respect, and less to hate and condemn our fellow-men. The good we should approve, and cast the bad away.

CITY OF CORK.

Cork is the second city in Ireland in respect to population and commercial importance. It contains over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is the centre of an extensive trade. Immense quantities of butter are exported to England, more than from any other city, and a considerable amount of provisions, live stock, and agricultural produce. And the large tract of country which finds a market here is supplied with the various articles imported from England and other countries. It is situated mostly in the low bottom land, and separated by the river Lee into several islands, but extends up the hills on either side. Several fine bridges are thrown over the two principal branches of the river which make the central part of it an island, connecting it with the mainland. A small stream comes down from the north-west, through a narrow valley, up which a branch of the city extends.

The city contains several good and substantial public buildings, some of which present a fair show of elegance. The county and city court-houses and jails; the custom house and several banking houses: the chamber of commerce and Mansion House appear well, as do some of the hotels. There are also some large and handsome churches scattered about the city. St. Finbar's cathedral, so called in honor of the saint who founded the city in the seventh century, is a large and handsome building, partly ancient, partly modern. It has a lofty octangular spire of hewn stone, out of which, it is said, Cromwell took the bells and

converted them into cannon. Near the cathedral, which belongs to the Episcopalians, is the Bishop's palace and Dean's court, elegant buildings—religion here bears the marks of royal favor. We could not understand what was meant by a "Bishop's palace and Dean's court," till our friend had enlightened us upon the subject of church dignity and authority. Around the Cathedral there is also an ancient burial ground, containing the remains of an innumerable company of men, not all unknown to fame in church or state.

There are also several Catholic churches, two or three Methodist, a Presbyterian, Unitarian, Quaker, Independent, and some others. There is a Franciscan priory, with a modern chapel and convent. The Dominicans have a chapel; and also the Capuchins, under Father Mathew, which, when completed, will make a handsome appearance; for, in despite of poverty, intemperance, and starvation, these poor Catholics find money to build and ornament large and extravagant churches, and endow convents, monasteries and nunneries of several orders. There are several literary, scientific and charitable institutions, and manufacturing establishments; every thing, in short, which goes to make up a large commercial seaport town.

Cork has an excellent harbor; and a vast expenditure has been made to build solid stone quays, and connect them with the Cove by extensive improvements in the river, which are still in progress. Steamboats ply between this city and London, Bristol, Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, and Glasgow, and a fair array of masted vessels lay along the wharves.

There is a marked distinction noticeable among the people, which I have never been accustomed to see at home, except in some of our colored population, and the greenest Irishmen who beg for employment. Business men appear smart, active and well informed; but the lower classes bear the marks of oppression and poverty. They look dejected, heart-broken, and carry an air of discontent and

suspicion, which makes one feel ill at ease among them. Their very looks indicate their unhappiness—their filth and rags their poverty. Numbers of them are seen all about the town, idle; because they have nothing to do. Beggars are met at every turn, who promise liberally, in heaven's name, for the smallest pittance bestowed upon them.

CHAPTER IV.

TO THE WEST OF IRELAND.

A Rainy Morning.—Red Coats.—Leave Cork.—Fine Scenery.—Old Castles.—The Conquest of Ireland.—Some Thoughts.—Macroom.—A Living Castle.—Squalid Misery—Mill-Street.—A Scene of Wretchedness.—A Beautiful Prospect.—Cloghereen.—Description of Misery.—Sir Richard Courtney.—Turk Falls.—A Grand View.—Potcheen.—Attendants.—A Pedlar.

WEST OF IRELAND.

May 19.—We rose at an early hour, to take another look about the city. The morning was rainy, and we had taken an outside seat. So our main object was to find an umbrella store, to secure the means of shielding ourselves from the storm. The stores, generally, are not opened before eight o'clock—the time we were to start. Our Catholic companion had provided himself, the night before, with a mackintosh overcoat, and started at midnight for Dublin. We had a damp prospect before us; but our spirits were good, and our mortal man considerably rested; so we did not hesitate to start at the appointed time, without an umbrella, for Killarney.

We settled our bills with the hostess—the women are the clerks here; men do the waiting—and asked her if that was all. She replied that it was. But before we had fairly

turned away, the head waiter demanded a "shillun," and the chambermaid "a shillun, an' it plase yer honor." Boots had seized our baggage, and started for the coach office. We had no time to parley, and so yielded to the demand of forty-five cents *for service*, after paying for tea, bed, and breakfast, and twelve and a half more to the Boots for running away with our valises.

Coaches do not call for passengers at their houses or hotels, as is the custom in our country. They take them and leave them at their offices—rain or shine; rich or poor, blind or halt, it is all the same. If a man can not walk, he must hire a conveyance to the office, and be sure to be there at the moment, for the coach leaves as punctually as our cars and steamboats. The rain was pouring down in torrents. The coach was standing in the yard without any shelter. Two men seated with the driver. We had engaged the seats behind him. Neither had a cushion. A man brought some straw and spread upon them, for which he demanded a contribution. Three passengers mounted behind. Soon the red-coat guard took his seat—a fat, gruff Englishman—and commanded the driver to start.

I never had much respect for red-coats. My grandfather taught me to think ill of them. They were always odious in his eyes. Ever after he saw them at Bunker Hill and Saratoga, he never liked red. And I had been taught to use the word "red-coat" as a term of reproach, signifying an oppressor, an enemy of justice and right, one who cared nothing for any body but himself. And what I have seen of them here has not much altered my opinion. They exhibit a proud and lofty manner. A smile is rarely seen upon their lips, and few words escape them, except of authority. Their answers are in monosyllables, and they seem to take no interest in any but themselves. Of course, such men are illy qualified to entertain inquisitive Yankees, who are anxious to know all they can about every thing they see or hear. Never mind. He pays strict attention to his little mail-bags, and exchanges one at each post office

on our route. It is very well. That is his business, for which he is paid and put here. It does not belong to his office to entertain or amuse travelers, who may never come this way again, and from whom he expects to receive nothing. What Englishman works, or talks, or fights without pay? We have heard much of American littleness, but we have seen *richer* specimens of that article already than were ever found in any part of our country; and, from appearances, there are more to come.

Our road run along side of the Mardyke, and near to the Lee for some distance. We passed Carrigrohon castle, situated on a precipitous cliff, formerly a stronghold of the McCarthys, now a pile of ruins. The clan of McCarthy once commanded all the region about Cork. A little farther on, we passed the village of Ballincollig—a large military depot, with extensive gunpowder mills, barracks and magazines, which cover a large area, with open spaces about the buildings for their greater safety. Near the village are the ruins of Ballincollig castle. A mile or two further on, we passed the Inniscarra church, and entered into a wild and picturesque region of country, not unlike some scenery at home. The road winds along the river, between abrupt hills, with here and there a small growth of young timber, wild, uncultivated lands, now ascending a sharp hill, or crossing a small stream, or turning around a dug way opening into a pleasant valley.

What adds most to the beauty of the scenery and makes it more interesting to us, is the numerous old castles scattered along the road, within a few miles of each other. They generally stand on projecting cliffs, or points of land extending into the valley. Few of them were built upon the summits of hills or pointed elevations. No thought was bestowed upon an attack by fire arms, for such destructive weapons had not been invented at the time of their erection. Hence they became an easy prey to the army of Cromwell. After a few exploits of his about Kilkenny, Cork, Limerick,

and a few other places, none of them presumed to refuse their assent to the authority of the Commonwealth.

We did not learn the names of all these crumbling monuments of Irish feudalism, for the driver could not inform us. He wondered why we had the curiosity to inquire about them. He had rode past them, daily, for two years, and yet did not know their names. We remember a few: Castle Inch, Carrignamuck, Carrigadrohid, castle Dripsey, a fine old ruin, at some distance on our right, castle Lynch and Kilcrea on the left, with its priory not much ruined. Some where on the route are the dilapidated castles of Cloghdha, Mishanaglass, Caislean, and Castlemore, formerly possessed by the clan of McSwiney.

These old ruins speak to us of other times. They tell of wrongs and injuries, of love and valor, of ignorance and shame, of pride and oppression, of blood and carnage; for they were built and inhabited by rival clans, who were almost constantly at war with each other, being, at that time, elevated but a single grade above the savage state. But their history and legends, like their walls and names, are fast sinking into forgetfulness, and soon the dark pall of oblivion will be spread completely over them. Few can now tell us their origin, not even the time and cause of their abandonment. The settlement of the affairs of Ireland by the interference of England, by which the whole country became subject to its authority, and the strifes and quarrels of clans referable to civil tribunals for adjustment, instead of an appeal to arms, had a direct influence upon the social condition of the people. The spread of Christianity, and the authority of the priests and bishops, tended to allay animosities and unite the discordant elements in their wild and impetuous characters, into a common brotherhood. And the introduction of gunpowder rendered these castles of little value as places of defence. They were not built to sustain an attack from a well appointed artillery. Their strength and position were planned with

reference to the old method of defence. They were wholly inadequate to the modern mode of warfare.

The subjugation of the chiefs of the clans who had dared to attempt a defence against the attacks of their enemies, afforded opportunity for the confiscation of their estates, which were freely and liberally bestowed upon another race of aspirants for hereditary nobility and independence, who were ardent in the service of their country, so long as there was a hope of getting gain by the destruction of pretended enemies. In this way English lords, earls and marquises were installed into Irish possessions; and Irishmen who proved their honor and fidelity by distinguishing themselves greatly in the sacrifice of the lives, liberty, and honor of their own countrymen, deserved so well, according to the code of British political morality, that baronetcies and peerages were freely given them in recompense. In this way the spirit of the nation was crushed, their lands and castles passed out of their hands, and they were hurled from the positions they had occupied, into penury, disgrace and dependence, amounting to a virtual serfdom.

Here lies one cause of Ireland's present misery and shame. It has never risen from its crushed position. The lion's paw is laid heavily upon it, and it writhes in agony. But when it shows the least disposition to turn itself, in order to relieve its painful condition, the old lion growls and shows his teeth, all sharp for destruction, and the poor nation lays down quietly as it can, and licks the foot of its oppressor, burying deeper its miseries, which gnaw still further into the very heart of its existence. There are those in England who would tear the whole carcass in pieces at once, and destroy it for ever; making the Emerald Isle a province, into which they might introduce colonies of their own wretched population. Such men seriously desire an occasion to justify a general onslaught and final extinction of the Irish nation, and talk seriously about it. But heaven has reserved this country for some other end; if not for freedom and honor, to be, as at present, the manufactory

of a race which is spreading itself, like the old Teutons, among all the nations of the earth, for some purpose which shall be hereafter made manifest.

The clouds broke away soon after we left Cork, and the sun shone sweetly and warmly upon the green undulating fields, brown old castles, low cabins and thatched cottages, giving life and beauty to the fine scenery through which we passed.

We reached Macroom, the only town of consequence on the road, in little over two hours—nineteen miles. We entered it through the romantic vale of Gleancoum. We passed through the principal street, which is not over twenty-five feet wide, and has no side walks. On either side are rows of low stone hovels, with thatched roofs, not over seven feet high, looking like a coarse white-washed wall perforated with doors and windows, with a row of straw piled on top of it, nicely arranged, so as to shield it from the rain. The doors are generally in two parts, the upper half being open. The windows are not over two feet square, and but one in each room. The floor is the damp clay, and there are no windows in the chambers. A great number of women were sitting on benches, or on the pavement, sunning themselves and knitting. They looked ragged and filthy, and their countenances indicated any thing but good living and contented spirits.

MACROOM.

The coach stopped in the square, near the center of the town, about which are some ancient buildings, two churches, a market-house, a hotel, stores, shops, and dwellings. More than a hundred men and boys, mostly in tattered garments, were standing about the buildings, a motly group of miserable wretches, with haggard vacant faces, which filled my soul with pity as they turned their sorrowful imploring looks towards us.

Having ten minutes to spare, we strolled about the vil-

lage. Several begged us to give them a penny. One told us we could go and see the castle, and pointed us to the gate, through which we passed into a beautiful lawn in front of a large and elegant building, still inhabited by a rich man, whose name I have forgotten. He owns a large tract of the surrounding country, has many dependants, who have elected him a member of Parliament. His wealth makes him great. The castle, except the tower and turrets on one side, is no more than a large stone house—the keep of the ancient Macromp castle—the outworks having been demolished. It may be eighty, perhaps a hundred feet in front, and forty or fifty deep. It is completely covered with ivy, closely matted on the sides to the very roof, and nicely cut away about the windows. It is a genuine, living castle, shorn of its feudal and warlike aspect, but possessing, instead, far more aristocratic proportions and appearance. The grounds about are remarkably beautiful, stretching along both banks of the Sullane, a small clear stream, which washes its base. A large plantation of fine luxuriant trees stretches off on one side, laid out with winding gravel walks, with beds of flowers interspersed. It is, indeed, a spot of great rural beauty, made so by the tasteful application of wealth and industry.

In the wars of the revolution this was an important strong-hold, and guarded the principal pass from Kerry to Cork. It was the scene of many bloody conflicts. It was built by the Normans, and partook of the style of architecture peculiar to that age and nation.

On coming out from the grounds of the demesne, we were accosted by the sturdy fellow who had pointed out the entrance to us, who wanted us to *pay him*.

“Pay you, for what? We gave the woman at the gate sufficient for all we have seen.”

“I’fath, an’ wasn’t it mesilf that woos afther shooin’ the gintilmin the way to inter? Sure, an’ ye’ll not refoose me a trifle.”

We undertook an argument, which could have availed

nothing with the hungry judgments about us, even if **Mr. Red-coat** had not called out to start. We rushed to the coach and made our escape, but scattered a few half-pennies among the multitude, as they turned their cadaverous faces imploringly towards us, uttering many prayers for God to bless us.

The valley about the town is rich, handsome and well cultivated, but all in the hands of a few men. The *great* proportion of the people subsist upon the miserable allowances they can purchase with the wages of each day's labor. When they have no work to do, they have no victuals to eat. Their wages are never sufficient to enable them to lay up any thing, and the habits of their lives are such that they might have no disposition to do so if they could. Some of them have small patches of ground, which they hire at enormous prices, but from which they can produce little more than enough to pay rent and taxes. A more wretched and squalid population I never saw; and yet, the tokens of affluence, and the beauties and bounties of Providence are all about them—but not for them; for even beauty fades when looked at with an empty stomach.

They are unhappy, discontented, miserable, and, no wonder, if wicked; for who does not know that a vast amount of sin results from unhappiness, real or imaginary, under which men find themselves suffering? To relieve themselves is their object; but the right means of doing it, those which the Infinite wisdom and benevolence has pointed out, are not well understood; they are not believed; and so the poor, mistaken mortal rushes forward in his own way, and too late finds himself deceived—that he has opened fresh fountains of misery to overwhelm his soul in deeper sorrow, and destroy what little comfort he had left him!

And how these few rich men can feel at ease in their splendid mansions, while they know that whole multitudes are kept in misery by the very means of their wealth and luxury, I am not able to understand. They absorb all the moisture that freshens human life, and then curse the

dearth they have produced themselves! They make men poor, and ignorant, and wicked, and then curse them for being so! Macroom offers not the solitary proof of this grievous iniquity in the social organism of the world, though the working of it produces greater contrasts than I have seen elsewhere.

Our road now lay, after a few miles, through a rough, wild, mountainous country much of the way. We passed along narrow defiles, through boggy meadows, and under lofty mountains, following a small stream to its very source in a large bog, from which we descended into a small valley running between two ranges of jagged, barren mountains, in which is situated the little dirty town of Millstreet. We passed several ruined castles on our way; among them Carrig-a-Phouca, somewhat in the style of Blarney, though more dilapidated, having been built by the McCarthys, in the early style of castle architecture.

In the course of the afternoon it came on to rain in torrents. We were wholly unprotected from the "pelting of the pitiless storm." An English naval officer, on the seat before us, was sheltered by a good mackintosh cape, a corner of which I borrowed without his knowledge, to shield my knees. He also had a large blanket under him, which he preferred to keep there, rather than offer it to us. Another gentleman of the same nation, on the right, had an umbrella, which he contrived to hold just so as to pour an additional torrent upon one of our company, never offering to share it with us. The poor fellows behind, and one forward, were as bad off as ourselves, except Mr. Red-coat, who bundled himself up with several cloaks and took it patiently. There was not a passenger inside, and had not been all day. Six might have been shielded from the storm, perhaps, from sickness and untimely death. But to enter was not permitted, inasmuch as we had taken outside seats, and neither the driver nor the guard had any option in the case—we *suppose* they had not. Humanity is the boast of John Bull. This is an illustration of it.

MILLSTREET.

At Millstreet we stopped a few minutes, and most of the passengers took a lunch. A loaf of bread, the *shell* of half a cheese and a huge piece of cold baked beef were set upon the table in the dirty bar-room. Each went and cut for himself, filling mouth, hands and pockets as he chose. Those who took meat paid a shilling; for the bread and cheese, a sixpence. The Englishmen had their beer, the Irishmen their whiskey, the Americans cold water. Our party came out with hands full, but the host of wretches about the coach, who seemed to need it more than we, soon begged it all away from us, and then besought us, "Plase, sir, a ha'-penny, oond may God raward ye in heaven." A woman lifted up her sick child, in which was barely the breath of life, muttering, "Pray, yer honor, give me a mite for my poor childer, a single penny, oond may God save yer shoul." Several deformed creatures stationed themselves along the street, and shouted after us in the most pitiful tones. Others ran beside the coach for half a mile, yelling in the most doleful manner for a "ha'-penny," promising us eternal life if we would but give them one.

We observed that the Englishmen gave nothing, but looked at them and spoke in the most contemptuous manner. We could not give to all, but our hearts bled for them. We may become more callous by a longer acquaintance with these scenes of destitution and misery; but at present the beauty of the Green Isle is greatly marred, and our journey, at every advance, made painful by the sight of such an amount of degradation and suffering.

At one place, we saw a company of twenty or thirty men, women and children, hovering about the mouth of an old lime-kiln, to shelter themselves from the cold wind and rain. The driver pointed them out as a sample of what was common in these parts a year ago. As we approached,

ascending a hill at a slow pace, about half of them came from the kiln, which stood in a pasture some rods from the road. Such lean specimens of humanity I never before thought the world could present. They were mere skeletons, wrapped up in the coarsest rags. Not one of them had on a decent garment. The legs and arms of some were entirely naked. Others had tattered rags dangling down to their knees and elbows. And patches of all sorts and colors made up what garments they had about their bodies. They stretched out their lean hands, fastened upon arms of skin and bone, turned their wan, ghastly faces, and sunken, lifeless eyes imploringly up to us, with feeble words of entreaty, which went to our deepest heart. The Englishmen made some cold remarks about their indolence and worthlessness, and gave them nothing.

I never regretted more sincerely my own poverty than in that hour. Such objects of complete destitution and misery; such countenances of dejection and wo, I had not believed could be found on earth. Not a gleam of hope springing from their crushed spirits; the pangs of poverty gnawing at the very fountains of their life. All darkness, deep, settled gloom! Not a ray of light for them from any point of heaven or earth! Starvation, the most horrid of deaths, staring them full in the face, let them turn whither they will. The cold grave offering their only relief, and that, perhaps, to be denied them, till picked up from the way-side, many days after death, by some stranger passing that way, who will feel compassion enough to cover up their mouldering bones with a few shovels-full of earth!

And this a christian country! a part of the great empire of Great Britain, on whose domain the "sun never sets," boastful of its enlightenment, its liberty, its humanity, its compassion for the poor slaves of our land, its lively interest in whatever civilizes, refines, and elevates mankind! Yet here in this beautiful Island, formed by nature with such superior advantages, more than a score of human be-

ings, shivering under the walls of a lime-kiln, and actually starving to death!

Oh, England! in thy rush for greatness, thou hast forgotten to be good! Bedazzled with the glittering glory of thy armies and navies, thou hast neglected the sources of thy real strength! Giddy in admiration of the tinsel trappings in which thou hast bedecked thy queen, and her royal bantlings and nobility, thou hast become blind to the misery which lies festering in thy bosom. Stunned and hoarse with the shoutings of thy own praise, thou art deaf to the voice of justice, humanity, and religion, and sufferest thy own kinsmen to be wronged, insulted, cheated of the very sources of subsistence, and denied even the hope of redemption! What hast thou done—what art thou doing—for thy millions of true and loyal Irish subjects, whom thou hast subdued to thy authority! which is worthy a great and christian nation? Talk not longer of thy humanity, of thy religion, of thy concern for poor slaves, thy keen sense of justice and right, whilst so many are wronged, and wretched at home! The world will not believe thee sincere nor honest, but cold and heartless in thy pretensions, supremely selfish in the arrangement of thy public and domestic affairs, and anxious only to obtain a great name, without the trouble of deserving it!

CAUSES OF MISERY.

But these Englishmen tell us “England has exhausted her ability and patience in attempts to improve the condition of Ireland; that she can do no more; Irishmen are a miserable race, destitute of enterprise, industry, and economy; lazy, suspicious, ungrateful; hopelessly lost in their blind adherence to their old ways, and the superstitions of their religion.” Is it so? Can England conquer India, humble China, rule the sea, and regulate the commerce of the world, and not be able to devise and apply the means to improve the condition of so small a portion of her do-

minions as Ireland; to keep its inhabitants from beggary and starvation? Then are her statesmen destitute of the higher qualities of real greatness—the knowledge and disposition to do good—“to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God.”

I have not yet seen enough of this country to form a safe opinion of the causes of the misery and degradation we meet at every step, nor to suggest a remedy; but so much wretchedness is not without a cause, for “the curse causeless shall not come.” It seems strange to me that the philosophers, and statesmen, and priests of religion, and political economists, and financiers, of which England boasts a full and honorable share should not have found out some method to apply its vast resources of practical knowledge, and active capital, and boasted philanthropy, to prevent the ignorance, and crime, and suffering, which prevail so extensively in this region.

They tell us “the famine, a visitation from God, which fell so severely upon this part of the Island, last year, was the principal cause of the misery we still see; the failure of the potato crop, upon which many thousand depended for their subsistence, prevented those in possession of little properties from meeting their rents and taxes, and supporting themselves!” Indeed! That begins to let us into the secret. The rents and taxes *must* be paid to support landlords in ease and luxury, and the government in its ability to oppress this and other nations, even though wives and children perish of starvation! In default of payment the baliff is directed to distrain and take from the poor tenant the last resource of life and comfort, and then evict him, and send him out pennyless and ragged, to seek by beggary a chance to live, or a place to die. The country, it is said, is overstocked with laborers, and there is no chance left for this new reinforcement, and so they are compelled to wander about with the hosts of *idlers*, about whose indolence landlords and Englishmen prate so much. They can find nothing to do, and so they do nothing but beg or steal—

the former failing to support life, we could hardly find it in our hearts to blame them for the latter * Their condition is indeed deplorable. I never understood the depth of their miseries before. I shall hereafter feel more compassion for the poor, ignorant, suspicious Irish, than I have ever felt for those who seek an asylum in our blessed land. Instead of blame and reproach, they deserve the sincerest pity for their untoward fate. They have been reduced to a state of dejection and helplessness from which it is impossible for them to deliver themselves.

But these are only our initiatory lessons, and I will forbear any further reflections, till better informed concerning the causes of their pitiable condition.

After winding out from the heather hills and mossy bogs, we came in full view of the Lakes of Killarney, the rough, jagged mountains on the south, and the beautiful plain before us thickly studded with elegant mansions, fine fields, and copses of wood, spreading around to the north and west, with the town, embowered among trees, in the center of the valley. The clouds had lifted, and were resting upon the peaks of several mountains, and, here and there, patches of sunlight were darted on different spots in the landscape. It seemed to me there could not be found a more beautiful place on earth. I certainly do not recollect the sight of one in all my travels. Though drenched to my very skin, I was in raptures at the sight of such a lovely spot.

Every thing was, doubtless, much enhanced by the circumstances under which I viewed it. We had been traveling through a most desolate region, destitute, with here

* In the once thriving town of Newcastle, in the county of Limerick, during the recent quarter sessions, there were over twelve hundred prisoners to be tried, and it occupied the court but three days to try them all. And why? Simply because they all plead guilty, in the hope of being detained in prison; and two who were discharged were the next day accused of riot in an attempt to break into gaol. On his former visits the assistant-barrister had comfortable lodgings in the town; on the present occasion the offer of a guinea a-night could not procure him a bed, even in a cabin. All had fled from a rate exceeding 20s. in the pound.---LIMERICK PAPER.

and there a pitiful exception, of cultivation and inhabitants, and in a merciless storm, without any protection. We were wet, and cold, and hungry. The prospect of a comfortable hotel, a cheerful fire, a change of clothing, and a decent dinner, awakened feelings and hopes which qualified us to enjoy the sudden surprise of such a moment. Besides, we had not expected to find such wild and romantic scenery in this country—such grand and lofty mountains, such sweet and silvery lakes, such taste and splendor in rural dwellings. Green fields, wretched hovels, and degraded people we had been accustomed to associate with the Emerald Isle, but not tall mountains, bending forests, beautiful villas, and rural magnificence; especially not in the west of Ireland. But here the eye rests, at a single glance, upon every variety of scenery—on mountain, lake, and vale; on forest, glen, and meadow; on pasture, heath, and garden; on country, town, and villa; on castle, church, and cottage; on splendor, pride, and ruin: on riches, want, and crime; on coaches, carts, and rags; on virtue, sin, and sorrow; on honor, wit, and shame: on every thing, which appears to be congregated here in distinct and forcible contrast.

On winding into the town between rows of stately trees, which bordered the road on either side, and passing several elegant mansions, we came directly to the "King's Arms" hotel, before which a crowd of beggarly looking men and boys were collected, each crowding about the coach, anxious for a chance to serve us—or themselves by us. On dismounting as best we could, with our wet, stiff limbs, benumbed with the cold, we fought our way through the motley group, in order to relieve ourselves, if possible, from their importunities. Some cried, "go to the Victoria;" others cried, "Stay here, this is a good place." But we had resolved to go to "Muckruss Hotel," at Cloghereen, a mile or two out of the town, and near the Lakes. Every traveler should know where to stop before entering a strange town; otherwise he may be sadly imposed upon; for the

meanest taverns often have the most attractive names ; and there are not wanting runners to swear to any thing, enough to deceive, if it were possible, those who had already elected places of abidance.

We had intended to walk, in order to keep ourselves from taking cold, but finding a car in waiting, as it had come on to rain again, we accepted the invitation of the proprietor of the hotel, and rode. One of our party, less fortunate, had succeeded in getting out of the crowd, when he was surrounded by a lot of ragged boys, who fairly got hold of his valise and attempted to get it away from him, in order to earn two-pence by carrying it a mile or two. He had quite a wrangle with them, and spoke some sharp words in the free speech of our own country, which considerably alarmed our landlord, for he said they were a set of desperate fellows, who might severely injure him if he should excite their anger. We entreated him to desist, but he was manfully resolved to push his way through, and so we passed on without him.

On the way we passed some truly splendid estates. The road is shaded by lofty trees, whose branches met in arches over us. High walls of cemented stones enclosed the rich fields, and handsome palings are about the large and elegant mansions, which stand some rods from the road, in the midst of delicious shade trees, and surrounded by beautiful lawns, bounded by graveled walks, beds of flowers, or hawthorn hedges, winding fantastically through the groves in all directions.

The sumptuousness of these dwellings contrasted fearfully with the ragged specimens of poverty and misery we had just seen, in the town. There was such a scene of human wretchedness as was never looked on in our country, except, perhaps, on the first arrival of a load of Irish emigrants, while here are such proofs of aristocratic taste and ability, as American eyes have not been wont to look upon, not even along the banks of the Hudson or Delaware, or our large cities. The extremes meet here, and present a

sad commentary upon the institutions of this wronged and unhappy country.

CLOGHEREEN.

A good turf fire, built in a grate like those used for coal in our country, a change of clothing, and some plain refreshments, genteelly served, restored our drooping spirits, and made us feel quite at home at Roche's Hotel.

In an hour, the rain-having subsided, we were ready to begin our excursions. The servant, who was quite intelligent, finding that we were from America, became devoted in his attentions to us, making a thousand inquiries about the *chances* of getting a living, the best places and best business to make a support for himself and family. He told us of his friends who had emigrated, his plans to raise funds to pay his own passage; the extent of misery and starvation which had prevailed, and of which he had been a witness the year before. He made our hearts bleed by his recital. He described scenes of suffering and death too horrid to be believed, and which we could not credit but for the testimony of other witnesses. It was in this region, and to the south, about Skibbereen, and to the north in Galway county, that the famine prevailed most severely.

He said he had visited houses where two or three lay dead, and several others were in the last stages of starvation. Many were found dead in the highways and in the fields. He mentioned one case, of a body which lay unburied by the road-side, till a notice of it had been sent to America and returned in the newspapers. Some times bodies lay for weeks unburied. It was a fearful time. Thousands more would have died, he assured us, but for the timely arrival of food sent out from our country. He spoke with the deepest feeling of gratitude of the generous conduct of our countrymen, which afforded them so much relief in the time of their terrible sufferings, and of the immense debt due from their country to ours, which God only

could repay us. He spoke of the effect our benefactions had produced upon all classes, which was so great that even those who had derided us, and sneered at our institutions and habits, had changed their manners, and now commended us in the highest terms.

Mr. Roche, the gentlemanly proprietor of the house, confirmed, in still stronger terms, all his servant had told us; and we lacked no evidence, from the highest to the lowest, from the rich and noble to the humblest laborers and poorest beggars, to establish our conviction that our charity had not been thrown away, but that our bread which had been cast over the waters would return after not many days. How much more glorious is a victory thus gained over the prejudices and hatred of an arrogant and hostile nation, than one won by the sword in battle! What grander sight could we exhibit to the view of nations, than to return the Macedonian, a ship-of-war taken from England in a fight unjustly waged, to impress our seamen and cripple our young commerce, laden with the charities of our free and bountiful soil, to feed her starving millions, of whose welfare she has been so sadly neglectful?

Let others carp about the indignity to Britain's sense of honor; of the offence to her national pride. No matter! It is an offence which ought to come—a rebuke which she should receive—one she needed, to teach her the lessons of justice and religion, and make her see the necessity of lending her energies and vast resources to some better service than conquest and oppression. Kindness kills. It has been so in this case. The reward of our goodness is not only felt at home, in the sweet consciousness of having done a noble and generous act, discharged a Christian duty, but every traveler receives it in the encomiums bestowed upon his country, and in the attentions shown him by those who have hearts to feel the force of such a practical illustration of disinterested benevolence. We have already received many attentions on account of our nationality, and not a few on the score of our supposed

wealth. Every body seems to think that Americans are all rich, that none are poor; and, therefore, we are beset the more resolutely by the wretched beings whom we meet.

I have been astonished to see with what facility our English companions keep clear of them. I can not tell why it is, that we should be so constantly importuned by beggars, while none come near them. They are better dressed than we, and make a greater display. Yet, while scores of ragged, half-naked, starved creatures, with sunken eyes and cadaverous faces, are hanging about us, they escape unmolested, and seem to be totally indifferent to these pictures of human misery. I almost envy them their equanimity under such circumstances. I do believe the leanness of our pockets will compel us to disown our country, and play the Englishman—a downfall to which we never thought to be reduced. I mean in that particular hauteur of manner which forbids the approach of the poor and needy.

Being ready to commence our rambles, the servant introduced to us Sir Richard Courtenay, the famous guide to all the interesting localities about the lakes and mountains of Kiliarney. We received him with all due formality, as it had been intimated to us that to humor his vanity, and speak of his noble ancestry, would render him peculiarly useful and interesting. He immediately informed us that he was descended, through Lords Courtenay and Earls of Desmond, from a noble stock, which was a branch of the Royal family of France, and in some way connected, by his maternal pedigree, with the house of Constantinople! His more immediate ancestors were knighted, by some of the English kings, and held, for a long period, a distinguished baronetcy in this part of the realm; but by revolutions, civil wars, and other misfortunes, the *property* had been lost and only the *title*, only the poorest part, was left for him. He could talk Celtic, recite Latin, and quote poetry. He possessed a fair share of Irish wit and humor, but

showed a vein of sadness in all he said and did. He was full of anecdote, could locate every legend, and answer, without hesitation, every question asked him. All showed him the utmost respect, and invariably addressed him as Sir Richard.

He is a small, lean, dapper man, dressed in corduroy breeches, an old-fashioned, long, blue coat, with metal buttons, a grayish vest, and wide straight collar. His slouched hat and heavy nailed shoes completed his outward embellishments, all of which must have looked better two years ago than at present. He might be fifty, perhaps sixty; for time and circumstance had done for him considerable work, leaving traces behind. Still he retained a full quantum of vivacity; except he had a bad phthisic, which retarded his movements somewhat in ascending steep places, and troubled him in damp weather. Such was the Knight we took for our cicerone to the romantic scenery of Killarney.

We found at the door a "lady-in-waiting," with a large box of curious trinkets, useful and ornamental, manufactured from Arbutus wood. She had followed us from the town, in much haste, in order to pre-engage our custom, before we had committed ourselves to rival establishments, but, from respect to our *position*, had not dared enter the house, or even ask for us. She had work-boxes, needle-books, nut-crackers, folding-knives, and a host of nice articles "too numerous to mention," all of which displayed the peculiar beauties of the wood and exquisite workmanship. We had not looked for such delicate skill in a population generally so ignorant and degraded. Much of the work was really very fine, and she assured us her husband had larger and more elegant pieces at his store. Her manner was exceedingly modest. She looked neat, and appeared intelligent. We accepted her card, and promised to call when we went to the village, and look at her wares in preference to any others that might be offered. She appeared well pleased with her success, and departed.

Our first excursion was to the Turk waterfall, a mile or

more distant, not far from the Kenmare road. Not many rods from the hotel, three women joined us, and kept close by all the way. They were dressed in very plain clothing, with coarse kerchiefs over their heads, and nothing on their feet. Two of them were of very decent appearance— young, fair, and well proportioned; but the third was larger, older, and uglier. Her features were exceedingly unbeautiful. We at first supposed they came to beg; but they asked for nothing, and yet followed us. We asked Sir Richard the reason of this unexpected acquisition to our party. His only reply was that they had come to accompany us and give us refreshment. He chatted freely with them, but in a dialect we could not understand. We were greatly perplexed, and not a little annoyed by their presence; not knowing what all this might mean.

After passing a few poor, and one or two decent houses, we came to some rich grounds on our right, between the road and the lake, laid out into beautiful shady walks, amidst a thrifty plantation, or occupied for a kitchen garden, belonging to the demesne of Mr. Herbert, whose elegant mansion stands upon the shore of the lake. Roads which enter through handsome gateways, a mile apart, on the main road, guarded by porter's lodges, lead by the mansion. On the left of the road is an open wild wood, of young, slim firs, which extends far up the side of Turk mountain. For several rods there is a low wall on the wood side, with a gate near the little rivulet, which is kept locked. On reaching the gate we were bidden to wait till the little girl, who had been trotting ahead of us, should return from the porter's lodge, to which she had gone to gain for us permission to visit the Falls. Soon she returned, accompanied by a fat woman, who said something to Sir Richard in Celtic, and then unlocked the gate. She spoke sharply to the women who came along with us, and they remained behind.

A few rods from the road we were shown a Cedar of Lebanon, a small tree, not over ten inches in diameter and thirty feet in height. Sir Richard said it was *descended*

from seeds brought by the crusaders and was revered as a rare and curious specimen of the godly zeal and noble heroism of the most royal knights who served in those holy wars. It is enclosed by a rail fence to protect it from sacrilegious touch, and the beaten ground about it shows that our worthy guide had some foundation for what he said.

A little way further we came to the foot of a very pretty cascade. A small rivulet, much swollen by the late rains, issues from a deep ravine overhung by bending firs, and plunges down a rough ledge of precipitous rocks, seventy or eighty feet, in foaming fury. Every thing about it is wild and romantic, and, to one unfamiliar with such scenery, it presents an object of novelty and admiration. For us it had few attractions. The glens of our mountain forests contain innumerable cascades of superior grandeur and beauty.

By a winding path we ascended to the summit of a little rounded hill which overlooks the falls. A small patch has been cleared of bushes and furnished with rude benches for the accommodation of visitors. From this spot we enjoyed a view of one of the finest landscapes we ever beheld. I doubt if many more beautiful can be found in the world. Almost every variety of scenery is beheld at a single glance. On the south stretches a long range of mountains, crowned with lofty peaks, and broken into various shapes by narrow gaps and deep glens which furrow their dark and heathy sides. On the left is Mangerton, whose gentle acclivity and boggy summit, covered with brown heather and disconnected rocks, contrasts finely with the wooded cone of Turk from which it is separated by a narrow valley through which winds the old road to Kenmare, and down which rushes, impetuously, the little rivulet which has its origin in the Devil's Punch Bowl—called the Styx, and forms at our feet the Turk waterfall.

Then the low glen up which runs the present road to Kenmare and Glengariff, and down which flows the waters of the Upper Lake. Next, the Purple mountain, or Long

Range, whose northern base, densely wooded, rises gloomily up from the very waters of the Lakes, its sides covered with shrubs thickly matted and whose summit is crowned with the naked peaks of the Glens and Toomies. Beyond are seen McGillicuddy's Reeks, which stand as so many attendants, forming a body guard around his imperial Highness, CARRAN TUAL, the tallest of Irish mountains. A little to the right stretch along the undulating Brandon and Tralee mountains which fade away in the distance towards the ocean.

From the west to the north-east is spread out a most beautiful tract which gently ascends, forming a magnificent amphitheater checkered by a thousand little fields of varying hues and dotted all over with humble dwellings and elegant villas, shaded with lofty trees, and adorned with delightful flower gardens. In the bottom of this basin are the silvery Lakes of Killarney, gemmed with innumerable islets, on whose placid bosom, are mirrored the shadows of the adjacent mountains, and woody shores

From the midst of a thick foliage on one of the islands, towers up in gruff and solemn dignity like an old man among his grand-children, the ivyed walls and gray battlements of Ross Castle. Just beyond are the crumbling walls of an old monastery, on Innisfallen; nearer by, on the main land, embowered among trees is the venerable ruin of Muckrus Abbey, the finest in the kingdom. To the right, above the lakes is seen the village of Killarney, which, at this distance, has a beautiful and picturesque appearance; its lofty spire, lone tower, and shady suburbs add greatly to the completeness of the picture.

The grandeur of this most charming scenery was greatly enhanced, at the moment we first looked upon it, by the brilliant reflection of the sweet rays of the setting sun. The day had been rainy, and dark clouds still hung about like the curtains of approaching night. Along the west the dark veil had been brushed away, for the sun to take a farewell look of this beautiful world, before going to his rest on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. Soon his glaring face

was screened from our view by the Brandon hills, behind which he hasted to go down ; but left his brightest beams to fringe the borders of the cloudy panoply in gorgeous scarlet, which now hung about the heavens like the draping of day. In a moment more the whole seemed changed, and what was so brilliant began to take on a sombre hue, as despair returns when newly-awakened hopes are fled.

We had gazed in the profoundest admiration upon the singular variety and grandeur of this magnificent landscape, till Sir Richard had sufficiently regained his pulmonary powers to enable him to exhibit his intimate knowledge of all the legends and localities of this romantic region. As soon as his asthma had subsided, he commenced, in his peculiar and attractive style, his peroration to a very minute description of nearly every object within the range of our vision ; naming every mountain, hill, and glen ; every streamlet, copse and island, every castle, cave and cottage ; every villa, church and mansion, forgetting in no case to couple with every thing described, all the stories and legends, ancient and modern, real or traditionary, probable or fictitious. No poet ever recited the dreams of his imagination with a truer zest ; no orator ever burned with more impassioned eloquence, than Sir Richard on that occasion ; and few were ever listened to with profounder attention. He omitted nothing, not even himself, and the part he had borne in many wonderful and ludicrous incidents and accidents which had occurred in all that region for the last thirty years to the thousands who had come here from all parts of the world to spend a few days or weeks, in revelling amid the beauties and pleasures of this wild and attractive scenery.

The enchantment of that hour I can never forget. An impression was made which no time can erase from my memory. It was one of those lonely spots which always enchant us, and which we gaze upon with peculiar delight. And I thought of home, and friends far over the sea—scenes

more dear than this, and my prayer went up to Heaven for the beauties of peace to be upon them all.

As the gray twilight began to steal over the earth, we descended. On approaching the road we took a path which leads directly from the falls to the road, without passing through the gate of the wall by which we had entered. Sir Richard called us back, that we might not forget the portress who had opened the gate—of which there was no necessity, for we could have gone to the falls without encountering any obstacle and saved considerable in the distance. But these people are poor, and any stratagem to get a few pennies to keep themselves from starvation is not exactly extortion. All helps them to employment. The building of a wall ten rods long, disconnected at both ends, with a gate in the centre, with an object of curiosity beyond, is no worse than some other speculations greater men have entered into. It makes business for the old woman, and the little girl who goes for her, and Sir Richard and the landlord, who, as they ought, have fellow-feeling for their countrymen. It is lawful to adopt a protective system for self, even though it be at others expense. Such is the theory of governments; why not of individuals?

The moment we had discharged the old woman, who showed little gratitude for our donation, we were beset by the girls who had accompanied us, to “dhrink soome goot’s malk and moounthain dew which coome from the back of Mangerton,” offering us a common earthen tea-cup, and holding out a wooden mug. I took a cup from one, when the others started for my friends, each selecting her man.

“What may this mountain dew be?” asked I.

“Faix, sir, an’ ye moost be dhry afther so lang a walk; an’ we thought we’d bes afther fetchin’ the gintilmin soome moounthain dew, and goat’s milk.”

“Yes, yes; but what is it? What is it good for?”

“Sure, an’ ’twill rist ye, an’ ye’ll fale all the bether foor it, an’ kape ye from takin’ coold, it will.”

Upon this she poured some milk into the cup, and then unstopped a small, square glass bottle, from which she was about to pour something. I asked,

“What is that—poison?”

“Not the divil a bit of it. It’s the pure moounthain dew froom behind Mangerton; an’ ye’ll not remimber a bit o’ what ye’ve seen, without ye dhrink it.”

“Well, then, pour in a little, for I would not forget the views of the past hour for a fortune. I may never ‘look on the like again.’”

“Sure, an’ ye’re a nice gintilmin.”

She poured some from her flask into the milk, and I tasted it.

“Oh, you blessed woman! what have you done? You have given me whiskey. What shall I do? What will Father Mathew, whose pledge I signed last night, say to me? He will never pardon me this sin as long as I live.”

“Nivir a bit will ye be the woorse foor it, an’ God hilp ye, sir. Ye’s no nade to faare he’ll ivir find it oout, at all, at all.”

“But what if I should confess to him that I had broken the pledge?”

“Oh, the divil—git soome oother confissor, who doont care if a gintilmin dhrinks a bit o’ potcheen, noo and thin.”

“That will never do. And besides, you have deceived me. You told me it was mountain dew, when it is whiskey.”

She seemed a little frightened by the manner in which I said this, colored considerably, and looked down. At length she replied in a different tone, as if fearful she had offended me.

Oh, sir, it’s made joost back o’ Mangerton, an’ we call it the moounthain dew.”

“But I fear you have dipped it from the Devil’s Punch Bowl, which Sir Richard says lies upon Mangerton, where the O’Donoghue used to hold conferences with his dark majesty, and pledge himself to his service with a glass of

punch. If I had taken much of it, I am sure it would play the devil with me, as it has with thousands of others."

"Nivir a bit o' harm will it be afther doin' ye. 'Twill kape ye waarm, an' do ye good, an' make ye kape in mimory all ye huv saane, it will."

Taking warning by my discovery one of our party refused to taste either the goat's milk or mountain dew, though most earnestly beset to do so. They thought him a strange mortal, and entered a very solemn protest against the mistake and folly of Father Mathew and the temperance cause. It seemed to them, doubtless, as it has to a thousand others, that it is a meddlesome interference with their vocation to dissuade people from buying their needless and pernicious stuff, from the sale of which they make an *honest* living!

Neither of these young women could read or write, and one of them could not speak the English language. Their conversation was carried on in Celtic. On our way back, they sang us several songs in their native dialect, which Sir Richard interpreted for our better understanding. The airs were very fine, and, heard in the stillness of the forest glen, at the twilight hour, and under circumstances to us so novel and romantic, produced in us peculiar and indescribable emotions. The sentiment of their songs was less edifying, but served to give us some knowledge of their habits of thought and manner of life. They were love ditties, or romantic tales of pledged affections, broken vows, pining love, or speedy retribution. The character of their heroes was always that of courage in fight, or on the sea, and the highest achievement the possession of wealth and successful love. Faithlessness to plighted love was marked with the severest retributions, while painful constancy was most highly praised.

There was a meekness and simplicity in their manners, and such apparent sincerity and truthfulness in all they said, that we became very much interested in them. They made many inquiries about our country, and expressed the

strongest desire to find an opportunity to remove to it. The only obstacle was the want of means. They were ready to leave their parents, and friends, and country, at any moment, if they could but go to "Amiriky." They offered to work for us a whole year if we would pay their fare; and would start off alone, or go with us when we should return. Before leaving us we gave them a shilling a-piece, with which they seemed much pleased, and were very inquisitive to know the plan of our visits. They said if we went to the Gap of Dunloe and the Reeks, they would meet us there. They lived, we learned, near the town, and had come four miles for the *chance* of serving us with a little milk and whiskey, and now offered to go eight or ten miles to serve us again.

On returning we found our lady of the Arbutus work still in waiting, and another, younger, handsomer, and more talkative, along with her. We learned that she had returned half way to the town, when she met this legate of a rival establishment, and, fearing she would persuade us to forget our pledge to patronize her, she returned to keep an eye upon her own prospective interests. The new comer was really very handsome, and withal prettily dressed, lively and witty, which excited, in no small degree, the suspicion of her rival, because it attracted more attention to her wares, for the sake of her pleasing conversation.

The servant took me aside, and advised that we should patronize the first in preference, representing, with Irish positiveness, that her wares were much better and cheaper; that she had come first, and had a right to our custom; that the last was an interloper, and had no business to come here. He showed a good deal of feeling, and tried to enlist Sir Richard on his side. But the Knight retained a respectful and dignified indifference, refusing to give a preference when we referred to him as umpire. The amusement became tiresome, and we retired to our chamber, to enjoy the luxury of one of the neatest and best beds we ever laid our weary limbs upon.

CHAPTER V.

KILLARNEY.

A Rural Dwelling.—National Schools.—Ascent of Mangerton.—A Retinue.—Mary.—Favor.—Devil's Punch Bowl.—Bachelors' Spring.—Mountain Bog.—A Splendid View.—The Descent.—The Lakes.—Dinas Island.—Glena.—Innisfallen.—Ross Castle.—Lord Kenmare.—The Town — Dinner.

May 20.—We took an early ramble through the hamlet of Cloghereen, and back among the cabins, a few miles. The sky was clear and bright. The sun was just rising above the lofty range of mountains. Every thing in nature was calm and beautiful. The air was pure and delicious. The wide-spread and richly variegated scenery was painted in the fairest hues of a delightful spring morning. Numerous birds were caroling their sweetest lays, which mingled harmoniously with the silent beauties of that hour, in a grand cantata of eloquent praise to the wise and good Father, and Preserver of all things.

It seemed to me that no part of earth had been more benevolently cared for than this; that no where was there a richer profusion of *natural* blessings, a stricter adaptation of all the means of human enjoyment to the great end of man's existence—the attainment of virtue, tranquility, and happiness. The eye could revel amid beauty and grandeur without limit; the ear was charmed with the music of birds; and the aroma borne on the passing zephyr added to the delights of such an hour.

But when I looked for the finishing adornment of such a scene, for the sparkling gems of moral and intellectual beauty; for the refinement, comfort, and social equality and prosperity which should find a home in the midst of this profusion of rural magnificence and splendor, my vision returned to me the burdens of wrong, and my heart was made sad. Tears started to my eyes, and a sigh came involuntarily from my lips, which contrasted strangely with

the sparkling dew-drops trembling on every leaf, and the music warbled to every breeze. The words of one of England's sweetest poets rushed—a little altered—upon my memory :—

“What though delicious breezes
Blow o'er the Emerald Isle,
And every prospect pleases,
While only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The people, in their blindness,
Bow down to Britain's throne.”

We called at the door of the *best* looking cottage, simply to ascertain how these poor people live. It was built of stone, laid up like a rough cellar wall, in common mortar, without any plaster inside. The outside had been white-washed with lime at some former period ; we judged from the patches left in the sheltered places. The roof was thatched with straw. There was but one room, perhaps fifteen by twenty feet, in the building, one door, and two small windows without glass. The floor was the cold ground, clayed over with a thin layer, which was broken through in several places. A coarse frame, serving for a bedstead, stood in one corner, and some ragged clothing lay upon it. Another pile, in the form of a bed, lay upon the ground close by it. Two old broken chairs, a small bench—on which sat a little girl, with a child in her arms—an unpainted table and a large chest constituted the rest of the furniture. There were a few garments hung about the room, looking common and dirty. There were no floor nor cross beams over head. The pointed rafters, ribbed so as to sustain the layers of straw, formed the ceiling, all black with smoke, which had not escaped so readily as could have been wished through the little aperture in the ridge of the roof near the east gable. The culinary utensils consisted of an iron pot, teakettle, frying pan, and a wooden bucket or pail, with one stave higher than the rest

and rounded for a handle, stood on the ground near an open dresser, which displayed five plates, one or two teacups and saucers, a wooden noggin, and, it might be, half a dozen other articles. This was all the furniture the house contained, except a spade, with a long handle, standing in one corner, and an old basket near the fire-place.

When we entered, a woman was squatted down by a bunch of peat, with which she was kindling a fire on the floor beside the wall, and under the aperture before mentioned. There were no jambs, no hearth, no chimney, nothing but the ground and three stones, so placed that a kettle could rest on them and be over the fire. She rose as we entered. We told her whence we came, and the object of our visit—to learn how Irish people lived at home.

“Indade, an’ we git along boot poorly. My man bes out o’ wark these moony days, an’ the poor childers, as ye sees, bes ragged, an’ ofthen cry for praties. Boot we’re bether as how we was last yare, foor then we coome nare stharvin’. An’ Amiriky bes a blissid coounthry, where ye’ve ivery thing to ate, an’ tha childers nade noot be afther cryin’ foor hoonger. Tha good Lord bliss us, an’ we hoope to ba afther goin’ till yer blissid coounthry in another yare moore, so an’ tha times bes goode.”

We asked her if her husband could not find employment.

“Rare a bit duz he be afther gittin’ ofthen. He warks foor Mither —, in Cloghereen, an’ pays foor the rints, an’ tha pasthurin’ foor tha gooats, an’ he gits a little moore than to pay the cess. Tha Lord huv marcy oon us, an’ prootict us froom stharvin’, as moony about heres did last yare.”

We inquired about her family, how many children she had, whether they went to school, what they learned, and what she expected to do with them, and many other things which served to give us some insight into the domestic condition, habits, and prospects of these poor families. She answered all our inquiries readily, and seemed to consider it no impertinence on our part. In her personal appearance,

if properly dressed, she would pass for a very handsome woman. She might be thirty years old, has three children, all puny little creatures, made so by insufficient and unwholesome food. Their clothes were nothing but a chemise hung loosely about their lean bodies, giving no protection to their limbs further than their knees and elbows. It was a picture of stark poverty such as I have never beheld in our country. We spoke some words of comfort and hope and left a small benefaction, for which we received many thanks and prayers to heaven for a prosperous journey and a safe return.

As we left that humble cot, and gazed again on the beauties of that delicious morning, we could not restrain a sigh for the misery and degradation of fallen humanity, nor withhold a feeling of mingled pity and contempt for those who suffer and those who inflict these wrongs upon God's children. There is something sadly out of joint in the social relations of the world. Christianity has, so far, signally failed to produce that warm and generous sympathy which should induce its professors to "bear one another's burdens," to feed the poor, clothe the naked, visit the sick, and provide for strangers. And no where have I seen wit, and wealth, and beauty, so fearfully contrasted with ignorance, poverty, and shame as here. Never before have I seen humanity so crushed and fallen, beneath the iron hoof of oppression.

Tell me not of the slaves of my own country. They are wronged and degraded enough, heaven knows. But they do not starve, and in their warm climate rarely freeze. Here they both starve and freeze, and yet are free. Free? Free for what? Free to live in ignorance, poverty, and shame, or to die of starvation! They are not free to till the soil: not free to work for a recompense; not free to kill the hare to keep it from their cabbage-fields, or to keep the wife and children from the horrors of starvation. Call this liberty? It is the liberty to be a slave, to be wretched and to die of hunger.

But the patronizing government has done something for these poor creatures. It has built a few national school houses, it has established work-houses, and extensive barracks for the accommodation of soldiers, and police stations for the employment of young men to watch the people; and large jails for all sorts of offenders; and it has enacted laws so stringent, in the imposition of taxes to support all these establishments, that ordinary farmers are made poor. or kept so by the exorbitant rents and taxes upon what little property they may possess. It is as well to have nothing as a small estate, for landlords and publicans soon reduce both to an equality. And even the rich complain most bitterly that their properties are encumbered with intolerably enormous taxations, which will soon make them poor.

Not far from the cabin where we called there is a coarse stone building on which is written "National School," but it compares unfavorably with the common school houses of our country. It is a cold, heavy, bleak-looking building. There is nothing attractive about it. It looks more like an old dilapidated church, or county jail than a place for young and ardent minds to acquire knowledge. But I was glad to see it there. The simple words "National School," is a rebuke to the ignorance that so extensively abounds, and when they are made *free*, so that the poor can be educated, will prove to be the great bulwarks of freedom, religion, and happiness. At present, not half the people can afford to send their children at all; and very few more than two or three months, for a certain sum has to be paid for every child which attends. This the poor can not raise; so their children grow up in ignorance.

Talk of oppressive taxes, the burden upon the rich, or the inability of the government to furnish funds for education, as much as they will, one thing is certain, the condition of Ireland can never be really improved till the people are educated. And as England would be honorable and just, she owes it to the oppressed people of Ireland to give them this boon. There is wealth enough among the higher

classes to send abroad the schoolmaster with the lessons of wisdom, sufficient to enlighten, warm, and renovate this depressed and miserable country. Think of the millions squandered by the rich who are non-residents, who live in splendor and worthlessness in London or on the continent, who keep large tracts of land unproductive, for hunting grounds, and come here once in two or three years to amuse themselves a week or two with field sports, and, leave the people to die in ignorance and misery!

What are "National Schools" more than a name under such regulations as these. We had to struggle long in our own land before the rich could understand why they should assist to educate the children of the poor. And even now some States do not admit the doctrine, and in none are the highest rooms of learning open to the poor. A young man must have wealth before he can graduate with the honors of a college. Thousands of the brightest genius of our country are doomed to years of severe toil to acquire the knowledge which wealth bestows, on easy terms, upon its favorites. But so far as common schools—the just pride of America—are concerned, we are far in advance of Great Britain. They are the defences of our free institutions, stronger than walls and fortresses, and mightier than armies and navies. Ireland never can be redeemed, nor England be truly free, noble and glorious, without them.

ASCENT OF MANGERTON.

After breakfast the ponies we had ordered, were brought to the door, and each made his selection and mounted. The two Englishmen joined our company, making five in all. Sir Richard was in attendance, staff in hand, ready for the ascent. I said to him, "Is your honor to go on foot? That will never do. You are too old, too infirm, and of too honorable extraction to be reduced to such toil. Besides that asthma might come on and deprive us of your

excellent company, and vast fund of information. Go, get yourself a pony and it will cost us but a trifle a-piece."

It did us good to see the effect of this speech. Sir Richard cheered up in an instant, ordered his pony, mounted and sat upright with as much dignity as if he had been the Duke of Wellington. With his little brass horn he sounded the command and started on before our cavalcade. A dozen men and boys had been hanging about the hotel, begging the privilege to go up with us and hold our horses. We had denied all; but half of them started off in hot pursuit; and on our way we found several had gone in advance.

Sir Richard led the van for some distance, I noticed, in ascending up a steep ascent, several women started out from behind the masses of rocks and spoke to him. On the plain, part way up the mountain, occupied as a pasture for cows, horses, and sheep, there are several rude huts scattered about, more miserable than the one before described. Some of them are destitute of gardens, fences, trees, and every thing; standing out solitary and alone in the rocky pasture. The business of the inmates is, to tend the flocks and take care of the dairies; to work in the bog, cutting, drying and carting the turf; or to labor in the town upon the farms of the landlords. Some of the women knit stockings and spin yarn, which they sell at the fairs. In the summer the young women and boys make quite a business by following visitors to the top of the mountain, or about to the distant places visited by strangers, to hold their horses and furnish them with "goat's milk and mountain dew." This is, in common times, by far the most profitable employment they can find. The girls are furnished with a clean wooden mug, in which they carry milk, an earthen cup which serves for a cover to the milk, and a tumbler to drink from, and a small square flask for the whiskey.

On attaining the first eminence we were beset by a flock of these girls, who carried their mugs under a coarse cover, but held them out to us, half a dozen speaking at once, and all urging us to drink. We refused, trying to put them off

till our return. We could not drive them away till they saw another coming, when they forsook us and laid siege to him. We cantered our ponies briskly over the plain, thinking to outrun these annoyances of girls and boys, who were so very anxious to do us service. But on ascending the next height we found ourselves waylaid by another set, as earnest in their efforts to promote our happiness as the former. We really might have thought ourselves much honored by these attentions, had it not been so obvious that some other feeling than respect or gratitude moved them to bestow on us such marked attentions. We asked Sir Richard what was to be done, how we should meet these numerous demands upon our gallantry. He could give us no directions, point out no way of escape, so we resolved to make the annoyance as light as possible. I accepted from one, the most intelligent, a cup of milk. She wanted me to promise not to receive any from any other, as she would serve me better than they could. I now saw the meaning of what I did not understand before—why the girls yesterday, and those we met this morning, wanted us to engage them to go to the top of Mangerton. And, on inquiry, I found there was a good deal of opposition in this business, which sometimes leads to severe fights between the daughters of the mountain and those of Cloghereen, and Killarney. A sort of tacit agreement prevails that any one *engaged* had, of course, the right of protection. I told Mary I hardly dared make her the promises she asked, lest she should forsake me and go to serve the Englishmen, who looked smarter.

“Niver a bit, I’ll do it; that I wont; not if yer honor’ll take noo milk nor potheen from iny ither boot meself,” she said, with a modest courtesy.

“But the women are apt to be treacherous and faithless, are they not?”

“Upoon my shoul, an I’ll not be afther giving a sangle dhrop to inny gintilmin boot yerself, not at all, at all.”

“What do you ask for your milk and whiskey?”

“Joost what yer honor bes plased to give; and I’ll hoold yer poony foor yer while yer goone till the toop o’ Manger-ton and ye need not git any boye to hoold it.”

“That would not be respectable. In our country we do not treat our women in that way. We make ladies of them, and keep them in the house.”

“Sure an’ I wish I was in Amiriky. I’ve a coousin there. She bes there these five yare, an’ has sint hoome foor her broother an’ sister, the mooney for their passage, an’ they bes goone these thra yares. An’ I’d like to goo.”

“Why don’t you go?”

“Och, sure, an’ becase I’ve noo mooney enough till take me there. I’m thrying to save enough, but I doont know, so mooney ithar coome here, we git boot little.” And she looked sad.

“Would you go home with me if I would pay your pas-sage, and live with me?”

She looked up to me earnestly, as if to ascertain whether I was serious; and I looked so, unless my face belied my heart. She smiled, as a tear gathered in her eye, and in a changed voice, which trembled and hesitated for some moments, she replied modestly:

“Yis, sir, if yer honor’ll take me, and my mither’ll con-sint; an’ I’ll work fur ye a whoole yare to pay ye.”

“Do you think your mother would consent to let you go with a stranger, with a man of whom she knows nothing?”

“I’ll ax her when we goo doown, and let ye know. My coousin wint, and they were sthrangers to her in yer coun-thry. The Americans are all rich and good peoples; I should like to goo there. They sint us soo much male last yare which kept us from stharvin, I know they’d be good to a poor Irish girl.”

This conversation continued for a long time, and on va-rious subjects, as she kept close by my horse all the way, and did not leave me for a minute till we reached the well near the top of the mountain. She was a girl, perhaps, eighteen, of medium stature and very well formed. Her

manners were very simple and modest, savoring little of the coarseness we see in many of her nation. She was intelligent, for one uneducated, being barely able to read, and seemed to possess all the pre-requisites for a good scholar. I was surprised at the shrewdness and propriety of much of her conversation. She showed a strong and active mind, which had profited by what she had seen and heard. But she had never been but three miles from home, nor seen many strangers, except those who came to visit this mountain; for it was rare that others suffered her to go to the Reeks, or to the Gap of Dunloe.

She told me she always went to mass on Sunday, and rarely ever went to the town on any other occasion. She lived with her mother, who was a widow with four children, all younger than herself, and did what she could to help her support them. They had two goats, from the milk of which they derived most of their living. They knit some stockings, spun some wool, and sometimes she carried turf from the bog. But she earned most by serving those who came in summer to visit the mountain. One of her sisters died the year before of starvation. She wept like a child while she described to me the sufferings they endured, and spoke in the most glowing terms of their joy when they received from the committee of distribution a few pints of corn meal, which had been sent from our country.

I have not wondered since that hour, why Irishmen should be ready to forswear their country and seek a home in America. The cause is plain enough. I shall henceforth, with all their faults, feel very differently for them than in times past.

Two or three of our party were in advance of us. A girl for each was clambering over the rough stones to keep close to them. When ascending the steep places they would cling hold of the horses' tails with one hand to help themselves along more easily. None of them had on shoes, and but two of them any covering for the head. One of them was a very large, coarse-featured woman, whose looks

were any thing but fascinating—a real specimen of the worst looking Irish who emigrate. She could speak but a few words of English. But her looks and actions betokened her thoughts. She tried to ingratiate herself into the service of the Englishmen, so as to secure their patronage of her “milk and dew.” But she found them very untractable. They did take some, however, once or twice, but with such an ill grace, that the sixpence fell coldly into her hand. They kept clear of everything like sociability or friendliness with the men and women and boys who attended us, maintaining an air of self-importance which covered all about them, and awakened feelings of antipathy to which they gave free expression in their absence.

A strong feeling of hostility exists between the Irish and English, and especially between the Catholics and Protestants, which refuses all reconciliation, and manifests itself on all occasions where they come in contact. The Protestant Irish are regarded with more favor by the English, and many efforts are made to array them against their own countrymen; in too many instances with entire, or partial success. A good deal of jealousy prevails among the Catholics towards all Protestants, growing out of the oppressions and privations inflicted for the support of the government religion. We saw numerous exhibitions of this feeling, not less frequent upon one side than the other. The slightest opportunity seemed to justify an expression of ill-feeling.

These two gentlemen were strangers. Their conduct was in all respects very proper and honorable. They showed no disposition to irritate or injure those who came about them, but, so far as we saw, treated all respectfully and paid liberally for what they had. But it required little sagacity to perceive that there was no real respect or sympathy felt for these people. There was a bluntness, a hauteur, and exclusiveness, and a patronizing manner about them which excited neither gratitude nor esteem. They

were shunned, or approached timorously, merely to serve them for what they might receive.

We may have been deceived, cheated by our own vanity ; or it might have been that they hoped to receive more generous compensation from us ; but it was a fact, obvious to all, that wherever we were known as Americans, we received the most marked attentions, from the highest to the lowest. All seemed anxious to serve us to the utmost of their ability, to answer all our questions, and ask us a thousand more about our "blissid coounthry." And occasions were not wanting when they vented to us their feelings of hatred for the English, sneering covertly at the manners or some expressions of the men in our company, which others, less alienated and inimical in their feelings, would never have noticed. They kept close to us, and each tried to supplant the other, by offering us drink. I told them I had chosen Mary, for mine, and that I should not drink milk nor water from the cup of another. This saved me all further annoyance, from which my companions were not so luckily exempted.

On arriving near the summit, we ascended into a basin, or crater, in the bottom of which is a small pond, called the "Devil's Punch Bowl." It is a beautiful sheet of water ; it may be twenty rods wide and a hundred long, of an oval form and bordered by an inaccessible precipice upon the south and east sides, the dark and rugged outlines of which reflect their hideous forms from the mirror surface of the lake. It is said, with what truth I know not, that no line has been found long enough to sound its depth. It is also told, as a great marvel, that Lord Somebody actually swam quite around it, but suffered a severe sickness in consequence. The water, at this season, is very cold and clear, and Sir Richard said it retained the same temperature at all seasons of the year.

Near the border of the Bowl is a fine clear spring of limpid water, called the "Bachelor's Well." The girls all rushed forward in advance of us, dipped a cup full, and run-

ning back, thrust it into our faces. Of course we must drink, but before doing so, we inquired what were the peculiar virtues of the water. Sir Richard replied, that it had been believed, from time immemorial, that any bachelor drinking three times of this water would be sure to fall in love with some lady whom he would finally marry.

I asked Mary, who held her cup out to me, if she believed that? She looked down modestly and replied, "They say so."

"Is there any danger if one drinks but little? for I am very dry."

"Sorra a taste o' it'll harm ye at all, at all; barrin yer honor do kape clare o' tastin' a dhrop o' it the third time;" said a middle-aged woman I had not noticed before.

"And what if one of us should chance to drink the third time, and then take a notion to love and marry some 'Kate o' Killarney;' do you suppose there would be a chance of success, or would he be obliged to throw himself in despair down the precipice into the Horse Glen, about which Sir Richard has been telling us?"

"Faix, sir; nivir a bit o' it at all; for, sure there do not bes the likes of a purty damsel in all swate Ireland as wouldn't marry ony gintilmin froom Amiriky, an' go till there wid him, an' make him a gude wooman, an' rare up his childers as dacement nor the rapsallions at hoome"

"Upon my honor, were I a young man, I might be tempted to take a third and copious draught from this charmed fountain, with such a prospect before me."

"Musha, an' ye'd nivir lamint it at all, foor ye'd save anither poor craytur' froom poverty an' sufferin', and la' her in the road to happiness."

"Begorra, 'tis that same what I'm thinkin, too," said Sir Richard, in a genuine Kerry brogue, forgetting his fashion of English accent. "We've as handsomer, an' dacement, an' cliverer nor can be ffound in ony ither coounthry, an' will make yer honor as moore happy. Aych, there now, Mary, in troth, ye've noo nade to look so moody. Ye're

no spalpeen, to be ashamed. Oh, wirra, ye do bes lookin' as a colleen goin' to confission," said he, merrily.

Finding the comments of these simple-hearted people growing rather direct and personal. I returned to our company, mounted my pony, and started off by a path which led around the south side of the crowning summit. None followed me, and I did not perceive my mistake till I heard the trumpet of Sir Richard, whom I saw on foot, turned directly up towards the peak. He called me back. But my ambition led me to seek the top by a direct route. I attempted to turn my pony, but he refused to put his foot upon the grassy turf. I urged him in vain. Despairing of riding him further, I turned him about and dismounted, and then started on foot to ascend to the summit.

I soon learned the reason why the pony would not venture from the path. The soft bog would not bear him; and I found it impossible to proceed without miring. I returned to the path, but my horse was now a full half mile from me. A little farther on, I found the bed of a ravine, up which I followed for some distance. The bottom was of naked granite, of a light hue and a good deal fractured. On either side, the soft, black bog was piled up from six to eight feet deep. The rains had washed out the narrow ditch up which I went. Clambering up the side, I saw that it would bear me while I kept close to the edge; but the moment I stepped aside, I began to sink. I could thrust my cane down the full length of it any where.

I was much surprised to find a deep bed of peat crowning the very apex of the mountain, and extending far down its sides, except where the rocks were so steep that the rains had washed it all away. I had supposed the bogs were in low valleys only, where masses of vegetable matter had been deposited from the higher lands by the rains which wash the mountains. But here, upon the rounded summit of a mountain, two thousand seven hundred feet high, is a vast field of bog, averaging, as far as I could judge, the depth of six feet, and resting directly upon a surface of

smooth granite, of which the mountain is principally composed. There is no layer of clay, no strata of marl, sand, or gravel beneath it. The surface of the bog is covered by a thin grass, the roots forming a shallow sward, which is insufficient to bear men or cattle, when the mass below is saturated, as it generally is, with water.

With great difficulty, I succeeded in reaching the summit as soon as my companions. Here we had a magnificent prospect in all directions, as far as the eye could reach, except a small space at the west, towards Derry-Nane—the former residence of O'Connell, which was hidden by the highest peak in Ireland, Carran Tual, and McGillicuddy's Reeks, which stand like towers of defence about their royal master. North of them, beyond a fine, undulating country, we could see Dingle Bay; and on the south, over rough, barren hills, cut in pieces by deep glens and widening vales, lay, in glassy brightness, the Bay of Kenmare, and a little further, over another rough range, through which we could trace the celebrated and romantic Glen-gariff, was Bantry Bay, and, still further, Cape Clear and the broad Atlantic.

Towards the east, a long line of broken, barren, heathy hills, rocky dells, and deep ravines. The romantic valley of the Flask, winding tortuously through this wild and desolate region, so well described in Lever's O'Donoghue, is distinctly traced—the rounded Paps and Cahirconree on the one side, and Croghon and Keim-an-eigh on the other. In this direction is a scene of wild and confused desolation, such as the eye rarely rests upon, which contrasts forcibly with the beautiful and cultivated vales beyond, and the broad and gently undulating plains on the north.

What adds greatly to the beauty of this remarkably picturesque scenery are the numerous little lakes which bespangle it like stars in the deep blue firmament of heaven. Scarcely a hut or sign of human habitation meets the eye in all this range. The lone house of "O'Donoghue o' the Glen," and, not far off, the hunting lodge of some nobleman, were pointed out by Sir Richard, and occasionally a few

wretched cabins, tenanted by a most miserable race, who keep a few goats and till, where they can, a few patches of earth with potatoes, oats or barley.

I had never dreamed that such a dreary, mountainous district could be found in the Emerald Isle; never that a landscape so variegated, wild, and picturesque was to be looked for, except in Scotland or Switzerland. The lakes and town of Killarney, the shaded villas, the small and varicolored fields, the innumerable white thatched huts dotting the broad sweep of cultivated and apparently level land, west and north, which, seen at this distance, look very neat and comfortable; the floating clouds, which once or twice completely enveloped us in mist—every thing, in fine, conspired to entrance me with the beauty, splendor, and novelty of the scene.

The view from the top of Mount Washington is more grand, more awfully sublime, but lacks the variety, beauty, and romance of this spot. There we see no crumbling castles, ivyed abbeys, ruined monasteries, unfinished cathedral, gray old towers, embowered villas, O'Donoghue legends, sportsmens' lodges, shepherds' cots, thatched cabins, Irish wit, and Celtic songs. We have beautiful lakes, though none so sweet and silvery as these scattered all about us. We have narrow defiles, but none more wild, and picturesque, than Glen-gariff, the Pass of Keim-an-eigh, the Gap of Dunloe, or Commedhuv. We have taller mountains, and ranges, and spurs shooting off in different directions, but none more bleak and wildly confused than these. Ours mingle not the white, bleached granite, rising, occasionally, in perpendicular masses, with the brown heather, purple erica, dark green patches of moor and fen, and glassy lakelets.

We have more patriotic names, but none so venerable and euphonious as Carran Tual, Cahirconree, Cracmaveel, Finnevagogh, Cruchnabiny, Fortagrisane, Glengariff, Toomies, and Cahir Reeks. Ours have a newness and freshness, which, in one sense, charms us. They rise from the midst

of vast forests, which climb far up their sides, till dwindled into shrubs and moss ; then come the naked and confused masses of dark rocks. These plant their deeply indented bases on broad fields of rich soil, bedotted with lakes, towns, hamlets, and huts, which latter extend up their shrubless sides as far as space of earth is found to till.

The remains of centuries are here ; and the mind wanders from the wonderful and sublime in natural scenery, to contemplate, in solemn, gloomy silence, the waste and desolations of time ; the fearful transitions through which humanity passes ; the wrongs, and outrages, and brutality of man towards his brother ; the poverty, ignorance, and degradation which revel amid such natural splendor and profuse benevolence ; the excessive jar of human wretchedness, which grates hatefully upon the ear, where so much poetry mingles in all the works of God !

Oh, the curse of oppression ! of kingcraft, and priestcraft, and goldcraft ! How many millions groan in the most abject bondage, to gratify and pamper the few ! What fearful judgments await the oppressors of their fellow-men ! the abusers of the world ! the disgracers of human nature ! Will God hold them guiltless who so disfigure and despoil the richest beauties of His works, and suffer no feeling of gratitude to glow in yearning kindness for his suffering sons and daughters ? Will he for ever suffer the heel of arrogance and pride to tramp upon the rights, the comforts, and souls of his children ? Shall the thousands starve amid rags and filth, while the few roll in luxury and quaff, without emotion, the sweat and blood of their brethren ? Is justice no longer in the earth ? Has benevolence fled in despair to return not, ever ? Is there no mercy— not a ray of hope ? Are the heavens draped in darkness, and the earth an uncared-for battle-field, where wrong triumphs, and error bears rule ?

No ! I cannot believe it ! It is impossible ! Here stand the everlasting hills, there roll the waves of the mighty ocean ; and yonder peer out the golden rays of the blessed sun,

which encircles the earth and the heavens with his light and warmth—emblems of Almighty Power and Benevolence, which reign omnipotent and universal over all things! Infinite Wisdom is leading individuals and nations by “ways they know not.” Adored be His name; the glory of His great goodness shall be revealed and enjoyed in His time. Let all the nations put their trust in Him.

THE DESCENT.

After lingering behind a considerable time, to gaze upon the profuse grandeur of this magnificent landscape, giving free scope to my reflections—for I always loved mountains—I hastened to overtake my companions, who were crossing a narrow and dangerous neck which separates the *Devil's Punch Bowl* from the Glen of the Horse, in the bottom of which is a small sheet of water, called “O'Donoghue's Horse Pond.” From the surface, which is not twenty rods over, the hills rise abruptly—on the south, a perpendicular rock forms the ridge from which we had descended; on the west, nearly so, and on the north more gradually. On the steep, grassy sides, small flocks of sheep and goats were feeding, and a shepherdess was not far off, watching them. On the east there is a narrow opening, which winds around the foot of one of the Passes, through which runs the Flask and the road from Ballyvourney, by the old ruin of O'Donoghue castle, to Killarney. It is a wild and lonely spot. From the top of the hills, fifteen hundred feet above the pond, the basin is not half a mile over, and from where we stood, to the Pass, less than two miles.

Sir Richard related several legends of love and heroism connected with this singularly romantic spot, and pointed out the place where a certain valiant knight, of the feudal time, was chased along the crest of the giddy ridge—the horse making a fearful plunge down the craggy precipice to the bottom of the glen, was instantly crushed to a thousand atoms, while the dashing hero by a masterly spring, clung

safely upon a projection of the cliff till his pursuing enemy passed by. From this legend came the name of "Horse Glen," by which the locality is now designated.

Upon the other side of the Bowl, Sir Richard showed us O'Donoghue's wash-basin, soap and towel—a little pond a rod over, and a large flat rock set on one edge and a rounded one near it, which the fancy of this simple people has wrought into such a likeness. A little farther, there is a large flat stone, with rounded edges, leaning upon another, weighing two or three tons. This is O'Donoghue's quoit with which he used to try his hand with the devil after drinking copiously from the Punch Bowl. Close by is the Pulpit, conjured out of a massive stone which stands up by itself. A fracture in one side of it answers for a stairway before which is a fragment upon which to spread the book. Just before the Pulpit is a small rock called the Reading Desk. Here O'Donoghue held his religious services. Farther down the mountain is his coffee cup, and Beelzebub's wine-glass.

The singular contiguity of all this paraphernalia of sport and piety, pulpit and punch bowl, saint and devil, love and lechery, strangely mingled in the legends of the place, as related by Sir Richard, is not without a parallel in the sober *realities* of later times. Could the abominations of wicked and deceitful men be all made known, what a strange and confused mixture would appear! But the girls are crowding round us with their mountain dew and goats' milk, and we have no time to moralize.

It is as much as we can do to resist the importunities of these poor creatures, who begin to fear that, as we drink nothing, they shall receive little pay.

I was considerably amused to see with what earnestness these women would beset some of our party. The strapping girl who could speak scarcely a word of English, was most zealous in her efforts to get rid of her potheen. She treated Sir Richard several times to induce him to use his influence in her behalf, and, as he grew a little mellow, he

did so, but in an honorable way, after a few sharp rebukes from the others. As she could not talk our language, he interpreted for her; but the others were careful to watch all he said. I was spared their annoyance, by telling them I had chosen Mary, and should give her all I had to bestow. Sir Richard seemed offended at this, for a moment, and asked her something, the meaning of which I did not comprehend.

I know not what the morals of these people are, but I saw nothing aside from the strictest propriety in all their conduct. They seem to be simple, confiding, and, what is not common in Irish character, unsuspecting of others. On our way down, I had a long conversation with Mary and her cousin, whose brother has been three years in Boston. I was surprised at their general good sense, at the modesty of their manners, and the apparent purity and excellence of their sentiments. They expressed strong emotions, and an active sensitiveness when speaking of their miserable condition and dark prospects; and kindled with the liveliest enthusiasm when they spake of going to America.

I painted the highest scenes of domestic enjoyment among the peasantry of our country, to see what effect it would have on them—spoke of our common schools, which are free to all; the opportunities to the virtuous and industrious for becoming wise and happy; of the entire absence of grades on account of birth and wealth; of the intermarriages between rich and poor, and the many excellences of our social polity. They listened with the profoundest attention, and I marked their thoughts and feelings as clearly expressed in their countenances, when allusion was made to the forlorn condition of their country, the ignorance, vice, and misery which many of them carried to our country. They seemed to feel deeply chagrined when speaking of their lot and sought no justification, but wept when they saw the insurmountable obstacles which kept them where they were.

To try the strength of their affections I asked them, as I had done before, if they would like to go to America. The

cousin answered without hesitation, that she should, and as soon as her brother sent her money enough, she should go there. Mary sighed and said :

“Most sure, yer honor ; barrin I could’nt lave my poor mither and the childers behint me,” and she wept bitterly.

“Chare up, Mary dear,” said the cousin. “The good Lard may provide the way for ye to goo there yit. Ye do be makin’ yerself a silly crayture before the kind gintilmin.”

“Not at all,” said I ; “such a mark of filial affection becomes a good heart. I esteem Mary more highly for this proof of her love to her mother, for no being on earth so much deserves her gratitude and watchful care as her mother in decline or distress. I am glad to know that poverty and suffering have not sundered the tender cords which bind human hearts in the holiest responsibilities. The cup of misery can be sweetened only by a faithful love, and an unwavering devotion to each other’s welfare. It would be cruel for Mary to forsake her aged mother, when she has no other means of support, but her labor.”

The last remark renewed all the bitterness of her grief, from which she had partly recovered by what preceded, and I turned the conversation by expressing the hope that better days awaited them, that they would have more abundant crops, and that a growing sense of justice and humanity would relieve them from the monstrous burdens by which they were so crushed to earth. This seemed to cheer her up, but when her cousin gayly added ; “Aye, an ye’ll goo till Amiriky, an yer mither an the childers wi’ ye, and there ye’ll see these kind gintilmin, an’ suffer no moore.” All her grief was renewed again ; and she tried to answer by describing the hopelessness of their condition, and the utter impossibility of so desirable an event.

I never felt my heart so pained before. I never so devoutly coveted wealth as then. What a grand scheme dashed through my brain, as I transported these millions of poor creatures from this beautiful but doomed land, and settled them on the vast prairies of our western country, with

farms and schools, and churches, and men to teach them all branches of industry, all the arts of domestic enjoyment, and the brighter hopes of a more Catholic faith than Rome or England ever taught them. My head twirled at the suddenness and vastness of the scheme, and I was wrapt in a sort of Swedenborgian ecstasy, till aroused by the sight of my companions who were cantering their ponies over the plain at the foot of the principal descent, followed by the men and boys who had ascended to hold our horses, and beg from us what they could.

I told the girls I must hasten forward and overtake them, as we were to go over the lakes immediately after a lunch. They wished to know if they should go round to the other side to meet us when we landed there, or whether we designed going to the gap of Dunloe and the Reeks, the next day. I told them that to-morrow was Sunday, and asked them if they would go on that day. They said they would go to early mass, and be back in season to accompany us on that excursion. I told them we should not go, as it was the custom in our country to observe the Sabbath, though we sometimes traveled short distances on Sunday, when it could not be well avoided.

By this time we had reached the foot of the principal mountain. I gave Mary a shilling, and her cousin and brother, who had just met us, a sixpence each, for which they expressed the sincerest gratitude, spoke some words of encouragement, bade them adieu, and hastened on to overtake my comrades.

Several women had come out from the hovels and stood beside the road, some with stockings to sell, others with a cup of milk, one with a deformed child which she held up to excite pity and secure a gift; two or three were tending the gate which divided the two estates, and all looked ragged, wretched, and half starved.

On reaching the hotel we found all the men and boys in waiting, to receive something for having accompanied us to the mountain. We paid the stipulated price for the

ponies, including Sir Richard's, but a demand was made for more for catching, saddling and bridling them. We divested ourselves of these starved leeches as best we could, but not to their entire satisfaction ; partook of a hasty lunch and started for the lakes. The hotel keeper has boats and oarsmen always in readiness, and under very excellent regulation.

THE LAKES.

Sir Richard took the helm and directed the expedition, pointing out all the objects of curiosity, relating interesting legends, and describing incidents which had occurred at different times and places. We passed from near the mouth of the Flesk over a part of the lower lake, called Lough Laune, around the peninsula of Muckruss into the middle, or Turk Lake. A narrow strait, over which a bridge has been erected, connects the lakes, which are nearly on a level.

On our way we were shown O'Donoghue's horse, which he rode when the devil chased him down from Mangerton, after a spree at the Punch Bowl. The likeness is composed of a large soft rock, so fractured and worn away by the motion of the water that, from a certain position, it very much resembles a horse standing up to his knees in the water in a drinking posture.

We were assured, by undoubted authority, that many of the inhabitants have, time out of mind, believed, as they still do, that this image was actually transformed from a living horse, by demoniac agency, in retaliation for some wrong, real or fancied, received from the O'Donoghue dynasty, which, in olden time, swayed a kingly sceptre over this region. These O'Donoghues erected Ross castle, and, in the days of feudalism, lived in great splendor ; but possessing a large share of patriotism, they did not submit willingly to English rule ; for however often beaten, they were among the foremost to rebel, till Ludlow, by order of Cromwell, destroyed their castle, confiscated their lands.

and drove the family into the mountains. There, in the deep and romantic "Glen Flesk," they built and fortified another castle, which, for a long time, kept up a show of Baronial magnificence, the ruins of which still bear the family name.

Passing to the southern shore, in order to enter the middle lake, our boatmen favored us with some fine echoes from a cave in Purple mountain. By peculiar intonations of voice, they could produce a very musical effect, and bring back responses to their questions. This was done in their native dialect, which Sir Richard interpreted to us. They also sang us Celtic songs; the wildness of the music corresponding well with the lofty scenery around us. Some of their airs were peculiarly soft and pleasant. But their heavier songs partook of what Irish spirit was in more chivalric days. These songs and ballads form almost the only link which connects the present with former generations, and forcibly awaken the lower classes to a sense of their present degradation. They boast of their great ancestors; of their deeds of heroic valor; of their bloody triumphs or glorious deaths, much in the strain of the war-speeches of our Indian tribes; and, like them, are degenerate specimens of what they boast of.

The entrance into the upper lake is by a narrow and rapid channel. The scenery constantly changes as we pass from point to point across the little bays, coves, sinuosities, and by the miniature capes and promontories. Dark clouds enveloped the Toomies and Minister's Back, the crowning peaks of Purple mountain. Mangerton had drawn a thick veil over his face soon after we left it. Occasional dashes of rain had fallen, to our great discomfort. But we kept on, as the solemn grandeur deepened at every step, and was much heightened by this appearance of the heavens, as reflected on the bosom of the lake.

We landed on Dinas Island, to see the cottage of Mr. Herbert, and some large Arbutus trees, which are preserved with great care for the value of the wood, which is wrought into

various kinds of light, fancy articles, that are kept for sale in the town, as rarities peculiar to this region. It is a rare species of indigenous wood, and possesses a beauty little inferior to mahogany. It does not grow in abundance, and hence the great value set upon it. The trees are not large; at least, we saw none of more than twelve inches in diameter and twenty feet in height, and these were pointed out to us as the best specimens in the neighborhood.

From Dinas we went to Glens Island, and visited the romantic cottage of Lady Kenmare, and the grounds about it, which are laid out with much taste, and ornamented with a great variety of trees and shrubs, among which some curious specimens of bald, double, and silver-leaved hollies were shown us. A woman was in attendance, to show us about the premises and receive a shilling.

Near the cottage is a banqueting hall, where parties are provided with whatever refreshments they please, by giving orders beforehand. It is a place for the display of high life by those who come to visit the lakes, spend their money, and make a show of liberality. We were invited to leave our orders for a dinner next day, with the promise that every thing should be served to our entire satisfaction. We had no pretensions to the character which displays itself in such a manner, and under such circumstances. Our republicanism could find more suitable opportunities to exercise its functions. So much misery about us would give a poor relish to a luxurious feast, and we forbore our assent.

Every thing about the little island is fitted up in a neat and tasteful manner. The elegant furniture is standing in the cottage, though rarely used, never over a few days in the year, as the "noble (?) proprietor" is among the absentees—in London, or on the Continent. Every thing wears the appearance of rural elegance, and, with a good conscience, few cares, and general prosperity around, one might be very happy there. But a man's life consisteth not in the abundance which he possesseth. This is not the spot where I should look for genuine happiness.

Returning from the view of the sublime scenery presented at this point, we passed into the lower lake, and crossed over to the famous island of Innisfallen. This lake, which is the largest of the three, may be four or five miles long, and half that in width. The island contains fifteen or twenty acres. It is fringed with sparse trees and brush. A grass-grown walk extends around it, and across it, in several directions. Upon one side is a plain banqueting-hall, little used, I should judge, by the appearance of the grass around it. It is constructed from the oratory formerly attached to the ancient abbey, which is now all in ruins, the Norman arches of which attest the date of its erection. This is the place where the "Annals of Innisfallen" were composed, of which a native writer says: "The Annals, written and preserved in the Abbey, are amongst the most prized of our early historical materials; several copies are still extant: the original, the first portion of which is written over six hundred, and the continuation over five hundred years, is now preserved in the Bodleian Library. It consists of extracts from the Old Testament: and a compendium of universal history, much mutilated, down to the arrival of Saint Patrick, in 432. Thence forward to the end, it treats of the affairs of Ireland, finishing at 1319." "From this situation," says another writer, "variety, beauty of surface, its forest glades, magnificent single trees, and thickets of shrubs, this island is, perhaps, the most interesting of the numerous objects which this region of wonder and beauty affords—it is the most delightful of islands, and, like Ross, forms an adjunct to the additional demesne of the noble proprietor."

Sir Richard conducted us to all parts of the Island, showing us the "Bed of Honor," the legend of which he related to us, with many a sage comment and shrewd wink of the eye, to express more than he ventured to tell us. On the shore, opposite, he pointed out the cottage of the beautiful Kate Kearney, so famed in ballad. He took us to a magnificent holly tree, growing over some sort of masonry—a

tomb, perhaps—the trunk of which is twenty-two feet in circumference, though not more than a dozen high, before it divides into innumerable branches. We also saw an ash, of nearly equal size. What tales could these old trees tell of the scenes enacted about them, many long centuries ago. They have been the witnesses of vast changes! They have seen the feudal lord, the virtual king, rear his proud castles close by, throw down the altars of the wild heathen, and command the Christian devotee to bend as blindly at his devotions before the dictatorial priest, as ever the heathen did. They have heard the loud chant of the choral service go up in the chapel of the old monastery, now in ruins, and grow faint while the mitred bishop led out a long train of robed priests, cowled monks, and hooded nuns, in solemn procession, on some fete day of the church. They have listened to the secret plans, and whispered suspicions and jealousies of aspiring and crafty Jesuits, and to the sharp rebukes and whining confessions of poor, deluded, half-crazed, and silly men and women, who told to arrogant and meddlesome priests, thoughts and feelings which belonged to God and themselves alone. What fearful records have been made against the assumptions and abuse of power in God's name! Keep silence, ye witnesses of the past, I do beseech you, lest the present generation be made more vile by a knowledge of the intrigues and pious chicanery of wickeder times.

Next, we crossed over to Ross Island, passing round the rocky point which juts into the lake a long distance, the edges of which are chafed out into a thousand fantastic forms. Near the spot where we landed, extensive mining operations were formerly carried on, with some success. We landed on a small pier and dismissed our boatmen, who returned with our English companions—who feared the sprinkling rain. We loitered through the charming and romantic grounds of the Earl of Kenmare.

The whole island, of about one hundred acres, is laid out into walks and drives, bordered with all sorts of flowers

and shrubbery, and shaded by a great variety of native and exotic trees. Every thing is kept in the most perfect order, and displays a degree of taste and extravagance I never witnessed before. The surface of the land and the shore are beautifully diversified by nature, and then the hand of art has spared no pains to adorn them in the most elegant manner. In the bottom of a dell is a low vine cottage, completely covered, sides, roofs, columns, every part of it, with a verdure which, at this season, appears remarkably beautiful. Tall forest trees overhang the rear and sides, and a most delightful flower-garden stretches out in front, ornamented with every variety of vine, shrub, and flower, trained in the most singular and fantastic forms, with moss and shell statuary, and other ornaments interspersed. Then an apparently natural forest of trees and underbrush, in wild profusion, from the midst of which, on a gentle eminence, rises the gray, ivy-clad ruin of Ross castle, the ancient home of the renowned O'Donoghues.

It is a famous pile, and betokens something of its former splendor and magnificence. On the side we approached it, stands the main tower, the keep, or dwelling part extending out a hundred feet or more on the opposite side. The sides were covered with a matting of thick ivy, of different kinds, as I judged from the color and shape of the leaves. This covering reaches to the top of the walls. It has been recently trimmed away from the windows, so as to show the building to better advantage. The roof and floors are all fallen, but the walls and chimneys are in tolerable preservation. A small lawn opens down towards the lake, on the south-west, where is the principal boat-landing, or "port," as our conductress called it.

A middle-aged woman came at our signal, from the lodge in the rear, and unlocked the gate, an old rickety door which opened into the main tower. We commenced at once, the ascent, by a narrow, winding stairway. The stone steps are greatly worn—more, doubtless, by modern than by ancient feet. The world is more anxious to look

and reflect upon the Past, or stare at the Future, than to improve the Present. Round and round, up and up, by narrow windows, and door-ways opening to the large rooms in the main tower, situated one above another, till at last we reach the top, which was thickly grassed over, and shrubs and a yew tree were growing above all. Here we had a grand view of what I have described before, except the summits of the reeks, which were shrouded in misty darkness. We looked down into the close, above the top of which we stood, more than fifty feet, and, as the large banqueting hall, all naked and floorless, was pointed out, I thought of the splendid feasts and late carousals of Irish noblemen, once held there; of the secret plottings and diabolical deeds concocted there; of the noise, and mirth, and revelry which echoed the life and feeling of proud and joyous hearts; of the story and the song, which told of heroic exploits of warriors and huntsmen; of love and rivalry; of beauty and blandishments; of timorous devotion, daring courage, and broken vows.

Alas! what change! Now all is silent as the hall of death. The ivy climbs stealthily up, like the wily serpent, and plants its fangs in every crevice of the walls. The bat and the lizard make an undisturbed home where splendor rioted, and the crawling rook flies dolefully about, as if bemoaning the desolation of the place. Who can stand here and not feel dizzy in bewilderment at the vast changes time has wrought? Who can avoid the strange emotions of mingled pity and admiration, of regret and thankfulness, at the strong contrast before him? Under us is ruin, around us splendor, mixed with the confused noise of oppression and beggary, pleading vainly at the door of liberty and affluence; and pride, boasting of the greatness and glory of British authority, justice, and benevolence! But, thank God, *over* us are the deep blue heavens which encircle the globe; out from which comes a voice which bids us look upward, and gaze at the Infinite, the Good, and the Just. And we find in our hearts a germ of faith which looks over

the mutations of earth, the wrongs and insults suffered here, to the clear, the beautiful, and divine ; where no cry is heard ; no tear is shed ; not a sigh escapes ; but love and liberty, the boon of all the redeemed, and a song of praise is warbled from tongues immortal, to the honor and glory of God alone.

Another shilling, and we started for the town on foot. An excellent road conducts through a continuous plantation of fine large trees and over a long causeway and bridge to the main land, beside which are constructed walks for pedestrians. Near the town stands the plain old mansion of Lord Kenmare, the bankrupt proprietor of an immense tract of land, divided into pleasure grounds, deer parks, hunting forests, pasture, meadow and tillage lands, tenanted by ten thousand hard-working, miserably clad, and worse-fed human beings. By the sweat and blood of these oppressed and depressed people, the proprietor and his Shylock agents and underwriters, are enabled to live at their ease in London, Paris, Italy, Switzerland ; any where except in Ireland where they belong, and whence they draw the nutriment for their extravagance, and where, of right, it should be distributed again.

Every thing about the mansion appears comfortable and genteel, though ancient. Lady Kenmare, whose name is always spoken in connexion with the ownership and management of every thing, seems to rule in queenly dignity. She is much more respected than his Lordship, and comes oftener to look at the vast demesnes, and see that the buildings, gardens, walks, and hedges are kept in order. By the extravagance and profligacy of his youth, the whole property was heavily encumbered years ago ; but, by the laws of England, no part of it can be touched by his creditors, except the income. This they have taken under their supervision and allow the "*noble* proprietor" a fixed amount, —some £7,000 or £8000 (\$35,000 or \$40,000) a-year, to enable him to maintain the dignity of his position as a "*noble Peer of the Realm.*"

Such is the rottenness and injustice of the English system of government, that the real estate of a nobleman can not be enfeoffed under any circumstance whatever by the act of a creditor. He may be a miserable, worthless scoundrel, indebted to any amount, but so long as he lives there is his title and property which none but the crown may touch; and when he dies it goes to his oldest male heir, who may be, if possible, more involved and abandoned than himself; and there it remains secure for the next generation.

We wonder at this state of things, unused as we are to see such wrong and injustice in our Republic, where the feudal claims of entail and primogeniture are denied, and a perfect equality secured to all. But we should remember that the safety of the British government rests upon this provision.

At the time of the conquest, the country was divided into immense estates, and given to the most devoted sycophants, who were thus constituted the aristocracy—who were invested with the right to govern the nation. The possession of the land was entailed, and made hereditary in the oldest male heir. The younger members of the family were left to shirk for themselves. This condition of things exists under the boasted Constitution of England, and operates every year worse and worse, as the increasing poverty and misery of the people shows. Enterprise is paralyzed by it, and industry starves. Any change, though loudly demanded, is feared, as destructive to the hereditary nobility of the nation; for if creditors could secure the payment of their debts by the partition and sale of these estates, or should they be divided among the different members of the family, the title must soon be lost. Nearly every nobleman has so covered his property with encumbrances that, was justice done, he could not retain a claim to the wretched hovel of his poorest tenant. The nobility, the exchequer, and, for aught I know, the royalty itself, are so deplorably bankrupt that the demands of justice can never be met; yet the force of habit, the terrors of the government, and various expe-

dients of cunning men, continue to cheat justice of her claims, and the honest people of their rights, and keep the masses in a condition of most abject vassalage and suffering. But all this only serves to procrastinate and make more terrible the certain and fearful retribution which shall overwhelm this country, sooner or later.

A crowd of wretched creatures were about the streets, greater than we saw on our arrival. It was Saturday, and had been market-day. Some carts, with asses harnessed to them, were standing about, or passing out of the place. We perambulated the two principal streets, observing, as closely as we could, the condition of the people, the style of their houses, and their manner of living. The result was painful in the extreme. Such dens of misery as we saw in some places are only equaled by the lowest grades of the same miserable race who burrow in the filthy purlieus of our cities, and beg from door to door. We were beset by scores of deformed, starved, lame and trembling skeletons, half covered by patched and tattered garments, who muttered, in under tones, undistinguishable words, as they held out their thin hands, and followed after us from place to place. We were glad to make our retreat as best we could, and so took shelter in the shop of the woman who had offered us her wares of Killarney manufacture. But we did not escape by this manœuvre, for, while purchasing a few articles, they swarmed around us despite the emphatic demonstrations of the shop-keeper, nor did we finally shake them off till we left the town on our return to Cloghereen. We purchased a few trifles, which were duly lettered in silver, "Killarney Lakes," with the names we had prescribed, and forwarded to our hotel, a distance of two miles.

The rival saleswoman who had also called on us, hailed us as we passed her shop, and we could not refuse to go in and look at her wares. With Irish earnestness she reproved us for not giving her the preference, because her articles were so much better. We plead our inability to carry any

thing. Her husband offered to forward us whatever we might order, to any amount, and free of expense, to Liverpool or New York, and wait for his pay till we could return it. So much for confidence in "American Securities." The other trader had proposed the same before. Verily, we thought, the Irish are not the most *suspicious* people on earth, after all, if they will trust strangers and foreigners in this way. We purchased a few trinkets and passed on.

The variety and quality of the dishes served for our late dinner, of which we partook in company with our English companions, betokened any thing but the leanness and poverty of the land. Every thing was excellent, and served in good style. I mention this fact to show that there are comforts—luxuries even—to be found in the midst of the misery and starvation of which I have spoken. The higher class live in great splendor. Not many landlords lost their meals, winter before last, while starvation carried off its thousands. But I confess the thought of the extreme wretchedness we had witnessed did not add much to the relish of our meal. Yet the exercise of the day, and the long time we had passed without eating, created an appetite too strong to be mastered by sympathy, and in the weakness of poor human nature, we indulged a little at the expense of our principles. It is easy to adopt theories, which we find it difficult to practice. Feeling too often controls judgment, and rules action, despite the dictates of reason and the pleadings of benevolence. Such is man!

CHAPTER VI.

A SUNDAY IN IRELAND.

An Early Walk.—A Grand Scene.—A Lonely Girl.—Character.—Difficulties.—A Remedy.—Sir Richard.—Killarney.—A Crowd.—The Church.—A Little Boy.—Leaving.—Bigotry.—A Retrospect.—A Poor Family.—Tralee.—A Scene of Misery.—The Church.—A Walk.—The Chances.

May 21.—The exceeding weariness of the flesh, the excitement of the mind, the lateness, quality, or quantity of our seven o'clock dinner, so troubled my slumbers that I found little rest of body, last night. So I rose before the sun, performed my "daily ablutions," and started out, while the rest were wrapt in unconscious slumbers. I met multitudes of the peasantry, going to the town to attend Mass, some of whom had come six or seven miles, from the mountain glens, at that early hour. Their personal appearance was but little changed from yesterday, except the men had on clean linen, and most of the women white kerchiefs over their heads.

I strolled off towards the mountains, on the road to Kenmare, passed the mansion of Mr. Herbert, the Turk waterfall, and wound round Turk mountain, close by the shores of the middle lake, through a natural forest of firs, and kept along near the stream which issues from the upper lake. The valley is called Derrycunehy, from a very romantic little waterfall of that name. At every step the scenery changed, becoming more and more wild, secluded, and enchanting.

At length the upper lake opened to view. My progress was arrested by the majesty and grandeur of the scene, and I stood upon an eminence in the road, and gazed, in the most profound admiration, completely entranced by the beauty and splendor of the view. Behind, I had a view of the lower and middle lakes, the islands, the tower of Ross castle, the town, and fields beyond. On either side arose, close by me, steep mountains, covered with ragged rocks, shrubs, and herbage. Before me, the placid lake, ex-

tending two or three miles along the narrow valley, and not more than half a mile wide—in some places but a few rods. At the head of this valley opens the famous Gap of Dunloe, on the right, and on the left, the still more wild and striking Commedhuv, or Black Valley. Beyond these are McGillicuddy's Reeks, the highest of which is Carran Tual, whose proud summit was already wreathed with the red rays of the morning sun. The striking combinations of lakes and mountains, fields and forests, rocks and rills, castle and cottages, formed a picture of mingled grandeur beauty, and desolation, such as human eyes rarely look upon. Every thing is unique and surprising. Whatever can delight the vision, and wing the wildest fancy for the strange and beautiful in natural scenery, is here commingled in close proximity and rich profusion. And not merely the profile of the diversified and sublime landscape pleased me, but the varying hues and sounds of that hour completely entranced me.

At the bottom of all were the deep blue waters of the lakes, studded with innumerable rocky islets, tufted over with grass, and their jagged banks fringed with the royal fern, and taller shrubs and trees; the mirror-surface, unruffled by a breeze, reflected the shadows of the groves and mountains; then the dark fir-wood, and native forest trees; the naked rocks and overhanging cliffs; the purple heather, climbing up to the top of the highest reeks, around which the sun's red rays were wrapt in a mantle of glory; the deep, shadowed dells and mountain gorges, down which leaped the foaming rills in numerous cascades; the white cabins, far out on the plains among fields of varying forms and hues; the gray old tower of Ross; the forester's cottage, far up the side of the southern hills, with its white pillars, green lawn, scattered shade trees, and gay arbors, backed by the receding hills.

While gazing on this scene the church-bells commenced their chimes, the sounds floating through the solemn stillness of that quiet hour, far over the plain and lakes, waking

the mountain and woodland echoes, and dying away like the expiring note of the swan ; the occasional bleating of the lambkins, as they sported along the hill-side, just over the lake, and the twittering of birds among the trees, all combined to enrich a scene worthy of the day which commemorates the triumph of mortality over the gloom and sadness of the grave. Now broke forth the sound of human voices, male and female, growing more and more distinct, till, around a point just beyond me, they commenced a wild, Irish air, whose soft and pathetic melody echoed from the finest chords of my heart, and stirred emotions never experienced before. The wildness, grandeur, sweetness, sublimity, and harmony of that scene surpassed all I had ever conceived before. Enhancing all, was the thought that I was alone and a stranger, on the morn of God's holy day—my first Sabbath in a foreign land—standing in his own temple, so bountifully and gorgeously decorated for the pleasure and benefit of man. Fit was it, at such an hour, and amid such associations, to worship Him who dwells not in temples made with hands, but fills immensity with His glorious presence ! Oh ! the bliss of such an hour ! No pen can describe it ! The undevout soul could not feel it !

I stood, wrapt in the devoutest contemplation, till the song suddenly ceased, and two stalwart men, two young women, and a little girl came round the bend of the road near where I was, two yearlings and a pig preceding them, which they were driving into the mountains. They were rudely dressed, but appeared jocund and happy. Each had a budget in hand ; all were barefoot, and the women had no covering for their heads. I walked on with them some distance, but they could not speak a word of English. They turned off by a foot-path, near the head of the upper lake, and went on towards Commedhuv. I kept the road, passed a miniature castle of recent erection, attached to the estate of Lord Kenmare, and ascended from the secluded, mountain-locked valley of Derrycunehey, up the southern barrier of hills, to the Police station—a sort of civil fortifi-

cation—for all over Ireland, in country as well as city, policemen are every where to be met, dressed in their sleek, close-buttoned blue coats, with standing collars, ornamented with the number of the station to which they belong, and high-crowned felt hats, the tops covered with glazed leather—generally a trim, good-looking, well-fed, kind-hearted set of indolent fellows, who have no cares nor business of their own, and so look after their neighbors', at the public charge.

For several miles I walked in company with a young woman, who had come from Killarney that morning, and was going to Kenmare to visit her brother, whom she had not seen in three years, though living within twenty miles of each other. She was dressed in the common style of the peasantry—a dark calico frock, "pinned up," to keep it clear from the road, a white kerchief over her head, tied under her chin, a small, coarse shawl over her shoulders, a bundle in hand, and no shoes on her feet. She was modest and bashful, and did not enter very readily into conversation. But when she learned that I was from America she became more social, and made many inquiries about different persons whom she once knew, now living there. She has the most extravagant ideas of the wealth of our country, and the generosity of the people. Her brother, whom she was going to visit, is intending to go to America next year. She wished she could go with him. He had partly promised to take her, but she feared he would not be able.

She informed me that she worked at service in a family, and received £2 a year, of which she could not save much above her clothing; and what she did save went to help support her parents. I asked her what they would do if she left them. She thought she could earn enough in America in a year to send and get them, for she had heard that servants had £10 and £12, (\$50 or \$60,) a year. When I told her many good girls received £15, and some even more, she was greatly delighted, and expressed the strongest wish to be able to get there. She said she would

not buy another dress, but keep every penny, so as to go with her brother, if possible. She would submit to any amount of work, if she could only get from Ireland with her parents, and live in America. And she spoke of it with all the earnestness and confidence of one who is going from misfortune and adversity into circumstances of ease and affluence.

Poor girl! I fear she is doomed to disappointment! The land which, in her young and ardent soul, she has pictured so vividly with all that heart can wish, or wealth and freedom bestow, will be found, in many respects, to come far short of her expectations. But she can not suffer by the change. She can not be denied more of the comforts of life than now; nor can her prospects be half so dubious. I gave her what advice I thought needful; directing her to seek out a good family, when arrived in America, prove herself faithful, try to serve them in the best manner, forget the habits and notions of the country left behind her, possess herself of what information she could, and so lay the foundation for a useful, respectable, and happy life. I gave her my address by her request, which she received with many thanks, saying she should keep it, and if I had no servant in my family she should be most happy to serve me.

On my way back, I could not banish her, and those in like condition, from my thoughts. Here are thousands and millions of human beings—our Father's children—my brothers and sisters—suffering under circumstances the most oppressive and intolerable. A few months ago, multitudes perished of hunger; and now not half are properly fed with the plainest food. They are doomed to the most abject servitude by the workings of a system of wrong from which there is no escape, but by expatriating themselves to seek an asylum in a foreign country. Fortunately they have no homes, no loved domestic hearths to leave behind. They hate their miserable cabins, and the lords who oppress them. There is not left a link to attach them

to their native shores. They flee like captives escaped from cruel bondage, cheered by the fancied prospect before them, of comfort and competence. Alas, that they should so soon awake, in the dark, dirty lanes and basements of our cities, to the sorest disappointment!

And yet it is not all disappointment to them. They do not act and live like our native citizens. They deny themselves the means of what we call a decent livelihood. But to them, compared with their condition here, the change is greatly in their favor. It is to be deeply deplored that emigrants are not better qualified to enter on a course of procedure more certain of securing a comfortable living, and making them good citizens. But they are not, and there is little prospect they ever will be. It is the choice of evils. Shall they stay here and starve, or go to our land and wade out of their ignorance and misery? They choose the latter, and the dictates of a common humanity should make us willing to receive them—as *they are*—and help them what we can, in the many ways offered by the advantages of a new and growing country. Our free schools can educate their children, our canals and railroads give work to their working men; our unsettled prairies produces bread and meat for their mouths, our cotton plantations and sheep pastures, clothing for their backs.

But they must learn to help themselves and us. They must abjure their clannishness, repudiate their bigotry, and be willing to conform, like good citizens, to the requisitions of our free, liberal, and equitable institutions. They can not do all this without being taught. In vain is it to blame them, reproach them, or cast them off. How many a poor servant girl has pined in sadness, till completely discouraged, on account of the harsh treatment of those who should have taken some pains to instruct the poor creatures in the rudiments of our domestic affairs. They have had no means of knowing. The first letters in the alphabet of comfortable living look strange and unfamiliar to them, and it is too much to expect they will be able to manage every thing

exactly to another's liking. How can they cook our meats, and make our pies and puddings when they have lived all their days on "praties" or oat-meal stir-a-bout, and occasionally a little milk—not tasting of bread once a month, nor meat twice a year? How can they scrub, sweep, and dust our parlors, when they have always lived in a single room without floor or furniture? How can they feel full confidence in their new employers when so long accustomed to oppression, abuse, and contempt?

I marvel that the Irish are able to do so well as they do. They have need to be taught; and they are not the most untractable creatures on earth, when once we have their confidence; neither are they all treachery and deceit. They have many good qualities, which patience and attention, mixed with kindness and forbearance, will bring out in due time. They are not dumb; but have wit and talents, which, under a genial cultivation, will elevate them many degrees above what they are, and rapidly, in the scale of social and moral excellence and usefulness, and make them respectable citizens of our great Republic.

I do not rate them too high. I have seen the depth of their degradation. I know the accusations charged against them. My soul has been made sad, by a knowledge of their true characters. I have wept over their low estate. But for all this, I believe the Irish may be redeemed, and elevated. From their ranks have risen some of the highest ornaments of the present or past generations. Their orators have swayed senates, convinced juries, and moved multitudes equal to any in the three kingdoms. Their speeches abound with as many facts, as sound arguments, as brilliant metaphors, as smooth periods, as can be found in the language. They have had statesmen, jurists, generals; poets, priests, and patriots; artists, historians, and philosophers who have done credit to humanity. And they have exhibited a spirit of long-suffering and patient endurance under oppression and difficulty which do honor to the Christian name and profession.

Ignorant, bigoted, and debased as they may be, they are not all depravity—not sinners above all people. They have hearts which sometimes beat heavily, throbbing with the deep pulsations of a living, but crushed humanity. They often writhe in bitter agony under the monstrous burdens of an inexorable necessity, which has been accumulating for centuries, till the last link has been fastened, and the chain of their misery and infamy is complete. They have no ability to rise and redress their wrongs; no means of concentrating what power is left them. They are poor, degraded in their own eyes, and suspicious of one another. They have strong local feelings, adhering to their clan like the wolf to her lair; and, worst of all, their religious prejudices will not yield to the force of argument, the pleadings of humanity, or the voice of God, unless it comes to them by the mouth of a priest, in a line of direct succession.

I pity them, but I see no hope for them; not a ray which betokens the coming of a better day for their nation. Great things are reported of Repeal and Revolution. But it is all in vain. Ireland can not be free. It would not long remain so if it was. The elements of national existence and prosperity are not in them. They wish well, but how to perform they know not. They have indistinct glimmerings of a better state, and their O'Briens, and O'Connells, and Mitchells, and Meaghers, startle the monotony of their supineness and misery like the jerkings of a galvanized body. They open their eyes only to look upon the ghastliness of their political, social, and moral death—to contemplate with horror the festering corruption of the charnel they live in, which but for their wrongs, would be the gem of earth, the palace of the nations.

Oh dark, mysterious Providence! Thy ways are incomprehensible! A whole nation groans in misery, and no hope is left them but in self-banishment! They must forswear this beautiful land of their birth, which denies them a precarious living, and seek an asylum on another conti-

ment! Oh, tyrant power! Are there no limits to thy baseness, no deed too dark and damnable for thee to perpetrate? Wilt thou revel in pride and luxury for ever, and leave thy millions to toil in ignorance, corrupt in vice, and starve in famine?

What a spectacle is here! What a burlesque on civilization, freedom, Christianity—words familiar to English ears, and most frequent in the vocabulary of her statesmen. The canvas of her navy is spread in every harbor; her armies conquer in battle; the Indies tremble at the roar of her cannon; her exchequer regulates the finances, her merchants the commerce, her manufactures the products, of the world; on her “empire the sun never sets.”

Such is her boasting; and yet in the same breath her statesmen say she can do nothing to prevent or relieve the distresses of Ireland; to lighten her burdens, to recompence her toil, to remove her ignorance, or dispel her gloom? Shame on the wisdom and philanthropy of such a nation!

But to England belongs not this reproach alone. It falls alike upon all. We feel it at home, in our three millions of slaves—God’s image reduced to goods and chattles, and traded for in the mart like so many sheep! Horror! where is thy dagger? Nay, we see it in our northern states, in the multitudes cooped up in narrow garrets, called out by the ring of the bell to toil fourteen weary hours in heated rooms; to live upon scanty fare, or pine away, when banks are tight and markets dull, on the very brink of starvation; while the sons and daughters of cotton lords grow up in indolent luxury, proud and arrogant in their positions.

But, thank the Lord, not there as here, is there an entailment of these evils by hereditary properties, hedged about with barriers which can not be passed. With us there is a chance to rise, and they who are our workers—our artisans and yeomen, to-day, may be our guides and rulers to-morrow. Englishmen laugh at this idea, but her millions at home, and in Ireland and Scotland, weep in despair for lack of it. The monstrous injustice of entail and primo-

geniture to keep up rank—the feudal claims of the nobility—are the direct and principal cause of all the crime and misery of these masses.

The first reform that Ireland needs is the breaking up of these immense estates, to pay off, by the actual transfer of landed property, the vast debts of these bankrupt landlords. All others are vain and worthless without it. If the poor could not buy a single acre, a class of men would do so for the investment in property which could not fail to yield a handsome income. And their interest would become blended with the prosperity of their tenants, to some extent, greater than now, and thus would be found a *partial*, but not a radical cure of the evils which have fallen upon this people. Other reforms would follow, and Ireland would become a united, prosperous, and happy nation, the right arm of England, and loyal to a fault.

Such were some of the reflections which occupied my thoughts, as I returned from the summit of the hill commanding an extensive view to the south, over Glengariff and Bantry Bay, and from which the road descends into a deep valley towards the village and bay of Kenmare, to Skibbereen and the rough promontories about Cape Clear. I had ample time for many comments; for, unconscious of the distance, I had wandered some eight or ten miles from our hotel, and now found myself so wearied, that I was obliged to sit down several times upon a wayside rock to rest my wearied limbs.

The scene had greatly changed. The sun was risen high, and, through a thin mist which hung about the reeks, the rays were so reflected as to produce a beautiful rainbow, which seemed to be painted upon the dark side of Purple mountain, with one foot resting in the narrow dell of the Gap of Dunloe. The appearance was novel and exceedingly beautiful. In fact, every thing about this rough and secluded glen is wild, diversified, and singularly picturesque. Not least among the attractions of that hour, was the death-like stillness that prevailed. The music of

birds had ceased ; the bleating of lambs I heard no more , and the echoing strains of the distant church-bell had died away. Not the murmur of a breeze disturbed a single leaf. Nothing but the pattering of the little rills, as they leaped down the ragged rocks which overhang the road, and the resounding of a distant cascade, mingled with the rumbling of my own footsteps as I passed over the underground ledges, which, in childhood, we called the "hollow ground," affrighted me. In one place, the road passes through a tunneled rock several rods, and, in another, over a high bridge, which spans a deep gorge from the mountain. In the whole distance the road passed but one or two huts, and the new tower of Lady Kenmare. Nothing relieves the solitude of this glen, but every thing is wrought out in a varied and romantic grandeur which never tires.

I trudged on, and, at half past ten o'clock, reached the Muckruss hotel, to the great comfort of my companions, who were becoming alarmed for my safety, not knowing whither I had gone. The cottiers had returned from mass, and several were in waiting to serve us. Sir Richard was on hand, ready to conduct us whithersoever it should please us to go—to the Eagle's Nest, Commedhuv, the Gap of Dunloe, or any where else. And Mary, attired in her Sunday suit, improved most by a smooth, white kerchief over her head, and still barefoot, stood modestly by the corner of the road, with her mug of milk, covered by her clean apron. One or two others, more bold, came to the courtyard of the hotel, and stood among the men, near the gate. All looked sad when they learned that we should take no more rambles ; but, after church in the town, go on to Tralee.

After breakfasting, as about to mount the car which was to take us away, many of the people commenced the most importunate beggary, entreating us, in the name of God and by the hopes of eternity, to bestow something upon them. Saddest in the group, stood Sir Richard Courtenay. He looked the picture of despair. His spirit had failed him.

His hopes were fled. His fair prospects of several days' employment were all destroyed. He could scarcely speak. He had supposed we were to imitate those who come and linger here for weeks—Mrs. Hall, and others, whose excellencies he praised very highly. And, as our benefactions had been rather liberal so far, he expected to reap a good harvest from men who had come so far to see the beauties of Killarney, and who entered so deeply into the wants and sympathies of the people. These expectations were all suddenly demolished, and he could not see where others would be awakened, as the troublous times keep every body at home.

And Mary felt bad. Another cloud had darkened her prospects of getting to America. Perhaps she thought we were ungenerous, that we could give her a few pounds as well as not—people often think so of those they count rich. But she did not beg nor murmur. It was plain, however, that she felt sad under her disappointment; that her heart, which grew light at the encouraging prospect I presented yesterday for her getting away from her wretchedness with her mother, was again heavy as lead. Her voice trembled; her eyes gathered tears; her whole countenance was sad. I gave her a paltry sixpence, and felt condemned when I did it, for I appreciated the force of the strange inequality which prevails among men. Was it brotherly in me to give so meanly, to one so worthy and miserable? But there were many others in as low condition. I could not give even a sixpence to each, and reserve enough to return home by the most direct route. And so I justified myself with the reflection that “discretion is the better part”—of charity as well as valor. We distributed some pennies, which only whetted the beggarly appetites of these impoverished creatures, and made them more rampant in their entreaties. We did not get rid of them till we bade adieu, and our car drove off at a rapid rate.

These were but the initiatory scenes—the prelude to the grand dramas of human misery and degradation, I will not

say depravity, which were yet to be enacted before us. These people are not so depraved as they might be ; not so much so as their wretched condition would seem to indicate—almost to justify, in the scale of worldly reckoning. I wonder they are so forbearing, so indulgent towards their oppressors as they are. It is because oppression and suffering crush the spirit, and make a man despise himself. In other times, and in other lands, there would be no safety for the haughty, domineering nobility, who live in splendor among these starving millions. I am surprised to see the extremes of wealth and poverty, pride and misery, knowledge and ignorance, arrogance and degradation, dwelling in such close proximity, and so much peace abiding the unholy mixture. It is, doubtless, well it is so, for rebellion, anarchy, and vengeance are always to be deplored. They are the worst, the unsafest means to redress a wrong, overcome an injury, or gain a right. They but enhance the evil they vainly seek to correct. It is the gradual warmth of spring that melts the snow, and awakens vegetation into life and beauty.

All was peace, and quiet, and beauty, from Cloghereen to Killarney. The whole distance is a continual succession of elegant mansions, charming pleasure-grounds, and rich fields in the highest state of cultivation, all of which appeared to great advantage on this calm and delightful spring Sabbath-day. The entrance to the town, by a long winding avenue of stately shade trees, whose venerable branches interlock over the road, is remarkably beautiful, and the first appearance of the houses at that end of the main street is not bad. They were originally built with some respect to order and comfort. But as we advance into the central and farther part, the scene changes and every thing bears the marks of penury, filth, and indolence.

We drove to some sort of hotel, near the post house, where we were beset by several men to go to this place or to that, and by ragged boys and girls to give them a “ha’penny.” The men supposed we had just arrived in town,

and as we had stopped at neither the King's Arms, or Kenmare Arms, nor gone to the Victoria, we were, therefore, lawful plunder for any of the smaller inns and boarding houses. A regular row was created among the crowd, of which we were the innocent cause.

Two men came to blows, but were soon separated by the interference of the police. Each contended that his house was the most respectable, but found it difficult to sustain his claim, because, as is most common in all similar cases, there was no great respectability to either. One of the rival combatants had lived in America, and therefore claimed to have a great affection for us, and a right to our patronage. He was willing to do us any service in his way, if we would "put up" at his house, and would be especially careful to keep us from being imposed upon by his countrymen. The other asserted, and many voices sustained the opinion, that he kept a low, drinking and gambling house, and that no "dacent gintilmin" would disgrace himself, by visiting it. The appearance of the returned tavern-keeper was unfavorable to his honesty, and we remembered that his class at home were not necessarily well educated in the morals of good hotel-keeping, though he was exceedingly boisterous in his praises of our country and countrymen. We wondered he did not stay there, and the fellows about us denounced him because he did not, saying he had come back to "chate his pour coounthrymin, when he might a betther staid till Amiriky an soo left room for others." Another, said "his coonduct was soo bad he could not sthay there, they'd not kape him." They at once took it that we were against him, and so they run him hard, applying all sorts of harsh language, and Irish epithets we did not understand. This he could not endure, but became most furious, and defied any of them to fight him. We were never so violently beset before, nor so nearly connected with a disturbance of the peace. A hundred men and boys were gathered about us before we had time to consider where we were. We finally crowded through the mass and deposited our sacks and

secured our seats to Tralee, in the mail car, which was to leave at two o'clock. The crowd followed us wherever we went. We could not return to the Episcopal church, and so edged our way across the street, to find a refuge in the Catholic chapel, the gate-way of which was guarded by the proper officers.

The old edifice stands back from the street, leaving an open court with the buildings of the convent on one side. The passage way was lined with the most miserable and loathsome set of creatures ever beheld. Immediately inside the gate there were three men stationed, who were busy collecting pennies in boxes, which they held out to all that passed. When a quantity was collected, they emptied them into a large chest standing close by them.

Every phase of human misery was represented there—the decrepitude of tremulous dotage, the pale and haggard look of recent and severe sickness, the vacant stare of incurable idiocy, the pitiful moan of sickly and famishing childhood, the crutch of cripples, the gloom of blindness, the loathsomeness of deformity and destitution. A darker picture of complete wretchedness could not be presented to mortal eyes. I was overwhelmed to see such a mass collected in one spot. It was not without a strong effort I could nerve myself sufficiently to contemplate it. I felt an involuntary shudder come over me, and, at first, I shrunk from passing through it. I have read the imaginary descriptions of misery the most odious and profound; but here was the tangible reality—the very centre of it—in sober earnestness, huddled close about me, and vastly more odious than any pen ever delineated.

Some were seated, counting their beads, and muttering their prayers. One old woman, doubled together, was smoking a short pipe, apparently as old as herself; another was lighting hers. All had little tin cups which they reached out to us as we passed by, with an invocation to God to bestow blessings upon us. Their cadaverous visages, snarled hair, shriveled trembling hands, patched and ragged clothing,

bespoke a degree of destitution and misery which defies description. Little children, in tattered, filthy garments, not half covering their nakedness, were playing behind them, their hands and faces looked as if their parents were unbelievers in the virtues of cold water. Men and women were standing about in groups, talking idly, and others were passing in and out, dipping their fingers into the little tin cups held out to them by several girls who appeared to be stationed there for the purpose, and crossing themselves with the "holy water" contained in them.

The chapel is an old stone building, looking, outside and in, as forlorn as the people collected in and about it. The ceiling is low, and the wide galleries just high enough to clear one's head. The sides are hung about with pictures of the most ordinary execution, representing sacred subjects and legends of the Irish church. There is an attempt at display about the altar in the way of paint and tinsel, but the appearance is exceedingly untasteful and inappropriate. A dense mass of people, of both sexes, and all ages, were huddled together, standing or kneeling on the coarse stone pavement, each carrying on his devotions by himself, by prayers, confessions, and crosses, while priests were performing at the altar. The crowd was so great we could not penetrate far into the church, not sufficiently to hear what was going on.

In the gallery, which is seated, I saw several people who were genteelly dressed. I was told those seats were reserved for the *better class* of worshippers. As I looked at them, and observed their inattention to the passing services, I wondered if, in fact, they were really any better, any more religious, than those kneeling on the stone floor. It was a difficult question. God knows the hearts of men, and discerns the motives which regulate conduct. In His eyes the ranks of earth are nothing. He requires all and each to act according to capacity and means, holding each responsible for what he has, and not for what he has not; and measuring His rewards and punishments with

equal justice to all. No proud position, nor feigned humility can shield them from His scrutiny, neither can poverty or oppression justify the other in wrong. All stand alike accountable to Him for the improvement of the talents entrusted to their keeping. There is no excuse for any.

But I marveled that a system of religion which claims such high sanctions—direct and immaculate authority, has done so little to establish the “kingdom of God” on earth. Certainly, this that I now see is not the kingdom of heaven, or else I have conceived very erroneous ideas of the nature of that kingdom. Here has not been performed the work of levelling the mountains and hills, filling the valleys, making the crooked ways straight and the rough places smooth. Here is no “highway of the Lord” for the redeemed to return and come to Zion; but all the odious features of worldly pride and distinction, of want and wickedness. I have seen all this diversity at home; and I looked for the fruits of a religion which claims all precedence—direct succession, apostolic authority—and I have been anxious to know if it is really more effective in the work of human redemption, in ameliorating the condition of those who adopted it. It has had centuries for the experiment—long years undisturbed in the exercise of its prerogatives. Alas, for the results! Do such fruits betoken the purity and holiness of the true faith? “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

The mail car had arrived, and was standing in the street. As we returned from the church, the crowd gathered around us, as clamorous in their beggary as before. We procured our sacks, placed them in the “well” of the car and took our seats. When the multitude found us about to leave, a large portion left us. But several hung about, with some of whom we entered into conversation. Among the number was a little lad, it might be, fifteen years old, who particularly attracted my attention. He was well formed, and, phrenologically speaking, had a fine head—large, broad, high, and every way well balanced.

His features were uncommonly fine, sparkling with intelligence and beauty. His dress was poor, but decent. The patches were all sewed tight; there were no rags dangling about. His shirt was clean, as was common with all, and so were his hands, and face, and feet. He seemed anxious to inquire about our country, and I indulged him with my chief attention. He expressed a strong desire to go there, but saw no means by which he could do so. To try him, I asked him if he would go with me.

“Ayeh, yer honor, and serve ye wi’ all my soul.”

He spoke very good English, but tinged with the Kerry accent, just enough to make it exceedingly pleasing.

“Will you go with me now—get right on the car and start off immediately? for I am going, you see.”

“Yes, sir! an’ I will run an’ tell my sister, and come right back as fast as I can;” and he started:

I called him back, telling him I could not take him, as I was going to other countries before I returned; and I needed further recommendations that he was a good boy.

Many voices answered, saying, “James Mahanna is a fine boy, an’ ivery body likes him.” Even his young companions, who showed some marks of envy at my partiality for him, after rejecting their offers to go home with me, declared he was the best among them.

I inquired of him what he could do, and how long he would live with me. He said he would do any thing he could, and live with me as long as I wished, if I would clothe him and give him enough to eat. He said he could read and write a little, but, since his parents died, he had not been at school much, as he could not pay the tuition, and it was all his sisters could do to support themselves.

I asked him if he could work. He said he could when he could get any thing to do, and that was not often, as there were so many more who were always looking out for jobs. Several by-standers assured me he was a very faithful boy. One of his sisters worked from home, he told

me, for £2 a-year ; and the other did what she could in the town. One was twenty, the other eighteen.

“An’ very cliver gearls they are,” said a middle-aged man, who till then had not spoken, though he had observed closely all that had been said ; “an’ it’s the kind thing yer honor’ll do, an’ he takes the young lad till Amiriky. It’s a smaart man he’ll be afther makin’, it is, an’ ye geve him a chance.”

The boy looked pleased at receiving such a direct commendation ; for the man who had spoken seemed to share largely the confidence of those about him. An other, coming nearer to me, said, “It is soo, yer honor. Mистер O’Donnelly has said thruly, an’ ye may bleve ivery word uv it. Ye may, an sure Jam is a good boy, an’ll do all yer honor likes of him.”

Several others attested to the good character of the lad, and all seemed glad at the good fortune which seemed to await him. There is scarcely a man or boy, or young woman in the country, among the common people, who would not esteem it great good fortune, almost a mark of a special Providence, to be offered an opportunity to go to America under such circumstances as these.

My heart was pained to think the hopes which had been awakened, the brightest, probably, he ever had, must be so soon disappointed. I am not quite sure I did right, but I could not find it in my heart to blast them all at once. Perhaps I did wrong to say so much ; but it was no more than what every body is talking about, but many dare not hope for. I took the name of the lad, and promised, if *I found it convenient*—what a miserable excuse—I would send for him in season to meet me at Liverpool, so as to return with me. He was delighted with the idea, and wanted to know if I would not also take his sisters, to work at service in my family. This I thought I might as well encourage, and so told him if I sent for one I would send for all.

“An good servants ye’ll have,” said the former speaker.

“Betther can’t be foound in all the kingdom—I know them weel-a-bit these many yares.”

“Tis the same I’d like to spake yer honor ov um. It’s joost over the strate from them I live. Sorra a comfort have the darlints had since the good Lord took their blissid mither up to heaven. ’Tis wishin some kind gintilmin, like yerself, would take these pour childers till Amiriky, I’ve bin these many days. The blissid mither’ll sure remember ye.”

Much more was said to the same purpose, for, when these Irishmen start on a course there is no end to the race. They are most extravagant in their praise or condemnation, and neither is willing to be outdone. I was surprised to admiration at the interest manifested in behalf of the lad, who, I have no doubt, deserved all the encomiums bestowed upon him. But it is not often that we see such proofs of disinterestedness among the Irish. Necessity has forced them into the narrowest selfishness, though naturally they have generous hearts—for their immediate friends, at least, and lofty ideas of personal distinction. But how can people, so oppressed, and starved, and ignorant, and superstitious as they are, cultivate the higher virtues, the loftier sentiments, the nobler qualities of human nature, or even keep themselves, under such untoward circumstances, from depravity and shame. It is a marvel that the Irish are no worse than we find them; that they are not more fierce and cruel than the savages of the wilderness, for they are not without provocation. Christianity, disguised and disfigured as it is, has a powerfully restraining influence over them, and keeps them back in so many cases, from the grosser crimes of vengeance. They have learned much of long-suffering, and patient endurance in the schools of experience, under whose severe discipline they have been writhing for centuries. The ministers of religion have taught them “to abdicate all right and title to their own *will*—to their actions,—nay to their own thoughts—to be no longer their own masters, but in perpetual obedience” to others. They have learned their lessons too well, as their deplorable con-

dition testifies to all, wherever they go. They have lost that manliness, that self-reliance, and immediate dependence upon God, which looks above the wrongs and outrages of the world, and seeks in Heaven's name to over-master them. The command of a supposed superior has become to them the will of God, and so they tamely submit to the wrongs and burdens piled upon them ; till, at last, the hope of a deliverance has vanished, and despair and beggary have taken its place.

The effect of Romanism has been, and always will be, to produce the most abject subserviency, wherever its control is unresisted. It demands, as cited above, the annihilation of all individualism, and an entire submission to the will of another whom it acknowledges as master. Through the accepted superior, the command of God comes to them ; and they become the supple tools in the hands of the skillful and designing, to work out the problems of pride and oppression.

And every other system which fetters the liberty of the will, enslaves the conscience, or binds down the soul by forms of faith, or rules of practice, by mere *authority*, other than the force of truth and the conviction of right, becomes the tyrant by usurping what belongs to God alone ; no matter if assent has once been given, seriously or thoughtlessly. When convinced by further developments, of the former wrong, the reserved right which God holds in his own hands and delegates not to another, is resumed, and *His* authority appealed to. Study, reflection, patient investigation, prayerfully pursued, may lead to new discoveries of truth, which nothing but the grossest bigotry would prevent one from adopting.

It is a most daring assumption for any man, or set of men, to pretend to apprehend all truth--to possess the right to set up barriers beyond which another may not go, but at his peril. None but one who thinks himself infallible, or in the exercise of a "divine right" will have the audacity to step between God and his child, to disturb the sacred rela-

tion which exists, as is acknowledged in the gospel. If kings or prelates could exhibit the proof of knowledge sufficient to determine for all others; and did they never change their plans, nor alter their views, there would be, at least, some consistency in their claims. But when they are as unsettled, fluctuating, and wicked as the humblest of their dependents, and advance by the same means to what knowledge they do possess, who can resign his own judgment—shut his own eyes, to follow them? Did truth come to them intuitively or by direct inspiration, there would be some reason in the demand to submit to them without question. Had they eyes to see while all the rest were blind, we would allow them to judge of colors, and would yield without a murmur. Had they ears while all others were deaf, we would not object to their rules of music. But so long as they are like us—and we like them, we can not bury our identity, or shirk our own responsibility under the shadow of their pretended greatness and authority.

The practical working of these principles, politically, religiously, and socially, have been fully tested on Ireland. And here the fatal lesson is read in the filthy hovels, tattered garments, wan faces, crushed hearts and superstitious observances of this whole nation. Not many among them feel the dignity and freedom of a child of God. Not many dare stand up and say, "In God's name I do it." All say, "It is by permission! I dare not eat meat on Friday because the priest says I must not." But there is no longer need of such a law in Ireland, for few can get it on that or any other day of the week!

Irishmen can never rise in the scale of moral excellence, till this monstrous yoke is taken from them. When that is done, they may begin to hope, for they will *feel* a freedom and a responsibility to which they are now strangers. They will start up the ascent of a moral elevation, down which they have been forced by the oppressions of church and state. Each advance will encourage to bolder efforts, till every stumbling-block shall be taken out of the way,

and they will run fearlessly in the heavenward race, with the glittering prize before them. The multitude who bow at the tinkling of a bell, or cross themselves at a particular signal, in the church, while a service is going on in a language they do not understand, are acting mechanically, not from conviction; not as men should act, whose souls commune with God, and drink in his spirit of wisdom and liberty. They are honest, sincere, devout; and so are the worshippers of Budha and the followers of Mahomet. Are they wise? Do they comprehend? Is it judgment, or habit, free-will or cowering submission? The unbiased mind does not hesitate to give an answer.

TO TRALEE.

The horse was harnessed to the car; another passenger took his seat with us; I spake some encouraging words to the people; gave James my hand, in proof of my sincere regard, promising not to forget him; and, amid the hearty benedictions of the people for a prosperous journey, and safe return, we started for Tralee, distant nineteen miles.

We passed, on our way, a large, unfinished building, designed for a cathedral church. Its proportions are immense, its style elegant; but those who commenced its erection did not exercise the prudence suggested in the Gospel—to count the cost before beginning the work. This is another proof of the wrong of priestcraft. Here is a poor, ignorant, degraded, half-starved population. They have not the means of procuring the common necessities of life; most of them can neither read nor write; and yet a tax is laid upon them to rear a stately edifice, which, in architectural beauty and grandeur, shall vie with any thing in the country. Immense sums have been expended already, and yet the walls are not completed. It stands there, another, but yet unfinished proof of the pride and fallacy of an arrogant priesthood, for the people had no

voice in the design and execution of it. The old chapel is commodious, but inferior in its appearance. It does not compare well with the claims of supremacy, nor rank above the old church of the Protestants. Forgetting the meek and humble spirit of Christianity, which sanctifies even poverty and makes it tolerable, it was deemed advisable to erect a splendid edifice, which should become attractive to the outward eye, acceptable to worldly pride, able to flatter this simple people with the notion that God has been very kind to them, in giving them a building so much superior to their neighbors!

There might be a seeming fitness in all this—for the world and the church do so—if many persons, already impoverished, were not denied the means of subsistence, for lack of what is here piled up in wrought stones laid in mortar, one upon an other—not for convenience, but for pride. It may be too utilitarian to speak thus; but I can not forbear the thought, and hence I may as well utter it. It is questionable whether all attempts at display, above real comfort, neatness, and beauty, are not, at all times and in all places, a violation of the spirit of that religion whose founder was meek and lowly, requiring his followers to be “not conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of their minds,” so as to raise another standard on the purity of their lives, the sublimity of their hopes, and sincerity of their devotions, which should spread above the low and sordid pride of earth. God “dwells not in temples made with hands, neither is he worshipped by men’s hands, as though he needed anything.” We know that true piety seeks no display; and genuine benevolence does not sound a trumpet before its face. Truth can be taught in simple words; goodness enforced by humble actions; and virtue recommended without a grand display. There is much to please the eye, and delight the fancy, in the architectural symmetry and gay decorations of a massive building; something truly grand and overpowering in the performance of showy religious rites, as the chants and responses

resound in dying echoes among the lofty arches of an old Gothic cathedral; and one feels his passions stirred, and his heart melted to tears, precisely as he does in the theatre, or at an Italian opera. In both cases, it is the *music* and the *acting* that affects him, for he does not understand the language of either.

But I will not discuss this topic here. Yet I can not suppress the thought that there is something strangely inconsistent in this attempt to extract from the substance of this wretched people, by promises and threats, in public and in private, at the confessionals and at home; involving not only their duty and respectability here, but affecting their prospect of salvation hereafter. Cases were related to me which justify these remarks, and demand the severest reprobation. Finding it impossible to wrench from this famishing population the means to complete this magnificent edifice, an emissary has been sent to America to beg of our laboring citizens the adequate amount. Religion, controlled by misguided and proud partizans, has done strange things in this world of ours.

A little way above the town stands the poor-house—a large, new building, very handsomely situated, with fine, open grounds about it, well fenced, and very neat. It is the only sign of improvement and progress in the place. It looks more like a palace than any thing to be seen, not excepting the lordly mansion of the Earl of Kenmare.

A short distance further, we met one hundred and fifty or two hundred boys, from twelve years downward, who belong to the work-house. They had been out a mile or two, for a walk, under the charge of two or three keepers. They were plainly dressed in gray clothes, which looked quite neat. They were walking two and two, and seemed very social and happy. Two little urchins had become leg-weary, and were mounted on the backs of two of the largest, who were very frolicsome under their burdens. These children are fed and clothed at public charge, and taught to read, and write, and work. Their condition,

compared with the masses of children, is fortunate. Few would object to have their children in the work-house. But those who have any property complain bitterly of the enormous taxes levied to support the government which oppresses them, the church which curses them, and the poor-house which makes them all poor. The doctrine of *legal association* finds a hard illustration in the condition of Ireland.

Looking back from the eminence over which we passed, the scenery is grand and beautiful beyond description. Seen in the clear sunlight of that charming day, every thing appeared to good advantage. Gauzy clouds were wrapt about the highest peaks, and the shadows which fell upon the dark glens contrasted strongly with the clear green meadows, the checkered fields, and silvery lakes. Every thing was so quiet, soft and beautiful, that I could not resist the feeling of highest admiration. The only drawback in all that region of natural beauty, and splendor, is the condition of the people who dwell there. They, like a blotch upon the face of beauty, mar the whole aspect, and leave the heart sad, on taking a farewell view, and ever after, when memory revisits the scenes of that lovely spot of earth.

I have dwelt at length, perhaps tediously, upon the scenery about Killarney, because, in itself, it is remarkably fine, and being considered superior to any other in the United Kingdom, it deserves particular description. Besides it surprised me with its peculiar attractions, being unlike any in our own country, and far more rugged and beautiful than I had expected to see in the Emerald Isle. I had never read a particular description of the mountains and rural beauties of this country, but always thought of it as low and flat, and half covered with bogs and fens, with little variety of hill and dale, mountain and plain. What was my surprise to see these ranges of rocky mountains, piled carelessly together, heap upon heap, split up by deep and narrow glens, and bordered by overhanging cliffs, up whose jagged sides

creep the tangled honeysuckle, and wild grape, with glassy lakes, whose fretted sides are skirted with trees of most luxurious growth, and studded with charming villas, where wealth and pleasure find a secure abode.

With the character of a people we are apt to associate the physical character of the country they inhabit. It is generally thought there is an air of freedom and lofty ambition about mountainous regions which is not breathed in low and marshy plains. Looking from that stand-point, who would have thought to find more than sixty mountains in Ireland above two thousand feet high, and several attaining to more than three thousand feet? But such is the fact. The face of the country is greatly diversified, equal to the most hilly States of our Union, and the soil is surprisingly rich and productive, when tolerably cultivated. There is no cause for the misery and degradation which prevails so extensively here, except in the monstrous exactions and oppressions of the Government and the Church, and the consequent ignorance and inanity of the people.

Heaven has dealt liberally with this land and made it all the fancy of poets have said of it, "the Emerald Isle—the gem of the ocean." And could a spirit of self-identity, independence, and individual responsibility be awakened, and the onerous impediments of priests and landlords be taken away, this people, naturally so full of wit and endurance, would soon rise in the scale of humanity to a rank equal to any other nation. As it is, there is little hope of their regeneration, except by a removal to other and more favoring climes; nor then, if they take with them the most galling chains that hold them back from prosperity—which too many of them do—a *tame* submission to the will of spiritual task-masters, and filth, and ignorance in which so many of them are content to live.

Crossing the ridge of hills called Slievemish, not more than a dozen miles in extent, we had, from the summit, a splendid view of the whole southern range of mountains, stretching from Millstreet, west by Killarney, to Valentia,

where they dip into the ocean ; of the Brandon hills on the west, and stack hills on the north, with the most delicious valleys between. A point not far from us attains an elevation of nearly three thousand feet.

Along the road, for some distance, there is a bleak tract of moorland, which is sparsely inhabited and badly cultivated. In one place we saw a hut, or pen, built in the Queen's highway, by placing boards or rails so that one end would rest upon the stone wall, and the other on the ground ; a covering of straw and green turf was thrown over these sticks, and the house was finished. It was such a one as we have seen put up, temporarily, for swine, among some of the least thrifty farmers in the back settlements of our country. An opening was left on one side for a door-way, over which hung a ragged quilt, thrown partly aside, as we passed, so that we could look in, and see an old woman sitting on the straw, her nakedness scarcely half covered by the rags she was holding about her. Two other women, a man, and several children were about the pen, all of them in tattered and filthy garments. They looked as if in a state of complete destitution, without food or friend, or a ray of hope to kindle a thrill of joy in their hearts.

As we passed at a rapid rate, they looked up wistfully, but were too emaciated to come to the road in season to beg. We passed several squads of people, apparently families, sitting by the way side, or lying upon the grass, with baskets and bundles about them.

These, the driver told us, were families who had been turned out of their houses by their landlords, and were wandering about in search of a home, or for something to do. They subsisted by beggary, and often, generally, he thought, slept by the road side. We asked him what he thought would become of them ?

“Och, faix, an they'll stharve as many a pvoor crayture did last winther. Twas not sthrange to see um in scores along the rood stark dead, an the childers by their sides a weeping as their hearts would brake. Yer honors know

nothing of poor Ireland, as ye sees it now. 'Tis thruth I'm telling ye ; sorra a lie in it, at all ; and may the Lord have mercy upon my shoul."

The last part was uttered in a solemn tone, as if he suspected us of incredulity. We asked why these people did not go to the poor house.

"The alms house do ye mane? Troth, there's no room for um. The divil a one can git in there any hoo. Its brim full. Its murther to turn these poor craytures out o' doors to stharve. May the hooly mither remember them! They are cruel bastes, the landlords, begorra, and I'm bould to say it ov them."

A little farther on the country improves, and we passed the elegant seat of a Mr. Blennerhasset. I remembered the name, as one associated with another in our country, made notorious by the basest acts that ever disgraced the annals of depravity and crime, in high life ; and also by the elegant speech of one of our most distinguished orators, who asked "Who is Blennerhasset?" Whether it was from this part of Erin, that the distinguished exile came to a beautiful island in the Ohio, which still bears his name, I did not learn. But the remembrance was awakened by the mention of the name of the proprietor of this villa, which, for rural elegance, compares favorably with that of his fellow-countryman before alluded to.

Still farther, we passed a large distillery standing back from the road, near a handsome grove. This is another of the fountains of wrong, whose streams spread poverty and crime all over the island, and reduce this poor people still lower in degradation. Every where the traveler sees sign boards over doors, with the ominous words, "Licensed to sell spirituuous liquors, and beer, and tobacco." The excise tax is one of the heaviest burdens upon the land, though it is indirectly levied, and voluntarily paid. It is like paying the man who abuses us—"being hanged and paying a forty shilling"—purchasing the cause of suffering and shame. Still the government carries on an indirect

traffic which it knows to be pernicious, lends it its sanction, and, for a miserable fee, protects particular persons in the monopoly of making all the drunkards in the country. Is not the government "*particeps criminis*" to all the evils which result from the whisky traffic? How can it escape?

This is a grave matter, and deserves consideration. This may not be the place to discuss it, but I could not forbear the allusion, for the evils are too obvious to escape the notice of the most careless observer. The systems of legislation are undergoing great improvements, and a growing philanthropy seeks, by wholesome enactments, to dissuade from crime, in order to prevent its punishment. The doctrine of *avoidance* daily gains importance in the minds of wise and judicious law-givers, and, it is hoped, will, some day, be so well understood that the evils which now afflict this country, and most others, will be taken out of the way, that men may do themselves and the community no harm.

TRALEE.

Tralee is situated in the bottom of a delightful valley, about a mile from the head of a small inlet, which sets in from the bay of the same name, with which it is connected by a ship channel of recent construction. The hills on the north rise in gentle undulations; but on the south, stretching off to the west, is a range of abrupt hills, covered with brown heather, and dotted with white cabins and patches of tilled ground far up towards their summits. The town itself shows many signs of thrift I had not expected to see, in this part of the country. Some of the streets are spacious and regularly laid out, and many houses are new and handsome, and the grounds about them are tastefully decorated. A fair proportion of the inhabitants are well dressed and genteel in their manners.

I noticed many very handsome women sitting by their

windows, reading, walking in the streets, or present in the church. I was surprised at such marks of refinement, so unlike the character of the people we have seen since leaving Cork. I am sorry to be compelled to add, however, that we also saw specimens of destitution, and misery, more horrid than any before described.

In one place we saw an old woman lying on a sort of bed, which had been made of old rags, upon some boxes, by the side of a yard fence. Two sticks were stuck in the ground, on the top of which was placed an old door, the other side resting on the fence. This formed her only shelter. A ragged quilt was spread over her, which she wrapped closer about her as we came near. A dirty cap was on her head, beneath it her shriveled, cadaverous face, faintly tinged with a hectic fever, one hand, withered to a skeleton, lay by her cheek on the coarse pillow of straw, which must have been gathered from the stable near by. Close to her sat a middle aged, and more decently dressed female, who might have been her daughter. She begged of us, in the name of God, of the blessed Savior, and the Holy Virgin; in strong words which seemed familiar to her, bartering freely the rewards of heaven, for one poor ha'penny, for the sick, and dying woman. The old lady muttered some words in answer to our inquiries, which were scarcely intelligible; indicating, however, that it was the "will of God," and apparently trying to submit, as well as she could, to what she seemed to regard a dire necessity. One or two younger women, and some small children, gathered around us, perfect pictures of destitution, the most abject and loathsome. It was impossible for us to contemplate this scene of misery. We had not nerve to listen to their tale of wo. What we saw was enough—too much almost, for human credulity.

It was more, by far, than we believed possible in a Christian land; in a town of twelve thousand inhabitants, and the capital of Kerry county, close by the elegant mansions of opulent merchants and landholders, where fashion and

luxury make a fair display ; and only a few rods from churches of various denominations, where God is professedly worshipped, in the name of the merciful Redeemer, who gave it as a witness of the divinity of his mission, that "the poor have the Gospel preached to them;" and made the standard of acceptance to the honors he came to bestow, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; a stranger, and ye took me in; I was sick, and ye visited me;" assuring them, that inasmuch as they had done it unto one of the least of his brethren, they had done it unto him.

Mark our further astonishment, when, as we turned away from this place, we saw posted up, close by, and in many other places about the town, notices of a sermon and a collection for that day, to take place in the Methodist church, in aid of "Foreign Missions." My God! thought I, is it come to this, that these poor creatures—thy children—are to be laid on boards in the street, and left to starve, while christians are called upon, in the name of religion, and the hopes of heaven, to give their substance to help convert the heathen? How strangely is the Gospel of thy Son interpreted! How singularly are its commands applied! Is this the evidence of a living, saving faith? the working of that charity without which we are nothing? Why will the wise in their generation be sticklers about dogmas and forms of worship, while the masses pine in ignorance, and die in beggary, for lack of true knowledge? Here is a prolific soil, a genial climate, and every physical ability which a bountiful God could bestow, and yet what heart-rending scenes of starvation and misery! what wails of oppression! What appalling horrors; what stoic indifference on the part of the better—some times the religious, portion of the community; what inhuman neglect on the part of government, which pretends to exercise royal protection over her colonies!

We turned from this horrid picture, and went away to seek some object to divert our minds, and relieve us from

the painful feelings which had overwhelmed us. We did not succeed. The elegance of some of the public buildings, the court-house, the church, the Catholic chapels, the meeting houses of Presbyterians and Methodists, the hospitals, the Union work-house, the infantry barracks, the green park, the fine bay—nothing could eradicate the impressions of that wretched family, which inhumanity suffered to remain in the open street, under circumstances which appealed so forcibly to every generous and Christian feeling for sympathy and relief. More than once I turned to go back and cut short my means of traveling, by contributing sufficient to make them all comfortable. But then I felt what an insufficient thing is individual charity, where there is so much poverty and suffering. I cannot avert the evil, turn back the tide, or check the streams which are swelling constantly the flood of pauperism already spread so widely over this land. The root is deeper than I can reach, and useless is the effort of a stranger to do more than give a drop of comfort as he passes by.

So I tried to stifle the breathings of what little benevolence had not been steeled to indifference by the shameless beggary we had already been subjected to. The effort was vain, for that and other like pictures haunt me still; and by no other principle than that a man's own is at his disposal, and judgment does not justify an indiscriminate bestowment of his temporal possessions. Of course, the history of the past, the philosophy of our political and social economy, the doctrines and precepts of our pulpits, the conduct of Christians, the judgment and prudent calculation of our heads, all join in this opinion upon this subject; but still the heart demurs—it will not rest satisfied. There are deep feelings which come welling up at the sight of such miseries, which relax the tight cords of all our systems, and make us pitiful and sad—unless we have the means and disposition to afford relief. And this feeling is not relieved by the fact that one is in the possession of every desired comfort himself, which he claims as the reward

of his own industry and prudence. The heart will be satisfied by no such logic, but continues clamorous for the exhibition of sympathy, and a willingness to share an other's wo, and help, by every practical means, to obtain relief.

The traveler's soul is often imbittered by such scenes of degradation and misery. The splendid palaces of kings and noblemen, the exquisite beauty of royal galleries of art, the bibliothekes of wisdom, and even the grandeur of natural scenery, the most powerful antidote of all, are inadequate to erase from the memory such pictures of misery as one sees in Ireland. While I write, the endearments and comforts of home, the general prosperity of friends and country, and the reflection, in the most favorable light, that I gave some small expressions of sympathy, can not still the warfare in my soul, that there is a wrong, a great and crying guilt some where, for which a fearful requisition shall be made. The responsibility can not rest on the mere passer-by; and yet, as one among men I feel it. I had not means to give, nor power to correct; but I had a heart to feel—but what is feeling, to hungry mouths and grieving hearts? It is bread and clothes they need, and a chance to do, more than prayers! Still there is a power in sympathy, a virtue in prayer, which blend with those deeper wants than worldly famine can reach, or any phase of abstract theology satisfy. A penny bestowed with such a grace, brings more real comfort than the cold charity of half-a-crown.

It is not so much to relieve, as to remedy an evil. The first is temporary, and as such, may be useful in aiding a permanent cure. Ireland's appeal is to the world. England is deaf, and the church is recreant. From the world, relief must come—from America in particular, for no other has room for them. That is the country of her hope. Thither the starved and dying direct their glassy eyes, with as ardent devotion and hope as Jew ever prayed towards Jerusalem, or Moslem towards the tomb of his Prophet. Shall the gateways to our immeasurable prairies,

so beautiful in their wildness, and so productive under the poorest cultivation, be shut against them, and they be left to famish under the yoke of the oppressor?

We must not object because they are poor, and ignorant, and superstitious. These are reasons why we should receive and adopt them, that we may do them good. We wish they were better, wiser, neater, more enterprising, and less suspicious. They are not, and the choice is to take them as they are, with the hope that they will forget their country and their habits, and become naturalized by *coming up* to our standard, without trying to drag us down to theirs; or else to leave them here, to fester in their own corruptions. We regret that they are so reluctant to make the proper change; that they cluster about the narrow lanes and purlieus of our cities, instead of dashing off into our new country, like the Germans, to improve waste land which will repay them well, and make them rich. But, trained as they have been, and treated as they are, little can be expected of them. They know no better, and too few seem disposed to teach them. There is nothing systematical in their emigration. They have no matured plan; no distinct object, farther than to get "till Amiriky." They speak of it as dying men speak of going to heaven—believing the battle will be fought and the victory won when they get there, and a feast of fat things in preparation for them. They are directed by instinct, more like birds of passage than by well informed judgment, like men of reason.

We passed along a narrow street, bordered by low, dirty houses; the front rooms used for meat stalls, as well as for fish and vegetable markets. They were open, and, here and there, were suspended quarters of lamb, pieces of veal, while standing about were baskets of fish, some potatoes and turnips, and any quantity of young cabbage. In the same room with the marketing were the family, beds and domestic utensils—what there were of them—scattered about the floor. Many persons were standing about, con-

versing, but none appeared to be purchasing meat or other articles. Continuing our ramble we saw, what is no uncommon thing, pigs eating from troughs, in the rooms where the family *stayed*—they could hardly be said to *live*—called in there for protection against the large and more greedy swine squealing outside. In one street, numerous specimens of this kind of house-keeping were exhibited, all possessing the same general characteristics of poverty and social degradation.

We stepped into one of the Catholic chapels. The introductory service was over, and a brother was addressing the few in attendance on the subject of education. His remarks were excellent. He said a great majority of the common people, above fifteen, can neither read nor write; few women can read their prayers. This is wrong. Their condition can never be improved so long as things remain so; the people must be taught: the children must all go to school, if they do nothing else—and much more to the same effect. He enforced his remarks as one having authority, with powerful appeals to their sense of duty; an augury of better times. I felt relieved. The sermon removed an oppressive burthen from my mind. I have wondered the pulpit—such a powerful engine, especially in the hands of the Catholic clergy—has not been devoted to the popular good. I know there is a great responsibility resting upon those who are believed to speak by authority from heaven, and who are obeyed without inquiry; but I feared they had not done their duty. The exhortations and commands of that friar proved that all are not unaware of one of the causes of their country's disgrace.

He was pleading for the parish school, and alluded somewhat severely to the national schools. I regretted that, but still rejoiced on the whole, for knowledge in any form is better than ignorance. Could Ireland enjoy, for a single generation, the common schools of some of our states, free from sectarian influence, and open to all classes, a complete revolution would follow, in all the affairs and prospects of

that country. It may be the fear of this that prevents their establishment.

Leaving the church, we strolled down the main street, which is wide and handsome, lined with stores and dwellings, many of which were large and elegant, along the margin of the canal, whose sides are of hewn stone, to the little village of Blennerville—the part of Tralee from which the smaller class of vessels pass up; the larger ones, owing to a lack of water, remaining at anchor in the haven, a mile or so distant. From the bridge, at the head of this inlet, is spread out a scene of rare beauty and richness.

Several schooners were coming up the bay in the light breeze of the evening, whose white canvas contrasted finely with the heathery hills beyond. Quite a company had collected from the town, along the shore, to enjoy the tranquillity and beauty of the setting sun. They appeared orderly, social, and happy. Judging from them, and all that could there be seen, one would never suppose there were such pictures of wretchedness as I have described, so near at hand. How little does the cheerful or painted countenance tell of the canker that is gnawing at the vitals. The hectic cheek makes the consumptive appear beautiful to the unpractised eye.

We returned to the town through a long, narrow street of low huts, in which the pigs were eating, as before described, the inmates sitting in the same room, and the little children playing about with apparent familiarity. Not far off is the old castle of the Desmonds, one of the powerful families so famed in the feuds which formerly distracted this part of Ireland, during the time of the McCarthys, O'Sullivans, and O'Donoghues. On the overthrow of that family, the town, castle, and surrounding lands were bestowed, as a royal gift, upon the family of Sir Edward Denny, from whom it has descended to the present proprietor, who has changed the castle into an elegant mansion, and derives a vast income from the lease of lots, and other privileges, which have quadrupled within a few years past.

Passing a large church, of modern erection, we stepped in to listen to the evening service, which had already commenced. A woman, serving as sexton, conducted us to a seat. The building is in the form of a cross, and very spacious. Not more than seventy-five persons were in attendance, though fifteen hundred could be accommodated comfortably. The preacher, well dressed in silk surplice, delivered a sermon, devoted to the explication of the hackneyed doctrine of "Election and Free-will," which he left as he found it. He argued that "a free and full salvation has been offered, and is made possible for the world, for all men:—whosoever will, may have it—the gospel is adapted to man's fallen nature—but man can do nothing of himself;—all is of grace—God does every thing—man can not help God, he can not help himself, for St. Paul says to the Gallatians, "If ye do part, and God does part, Christ is become of none effect to you, his promise is vain."

These expressions I noted at the time, and commented upon them as I went home, thinking of the old sick woman, I had seen in the street, and a hundred men or more, standing along the middle of it with spades in their hands, like a company of raw soldiers on drill, waiting to be engaged the next day. What can these people know or care about the abstractions and figments of creeds? and how are they benefited by such kind of preaching? They already act, and talk as if they believed they were driven into their desperate condition by a fatal necessity, against which it is useless to contend, and from the miseries and disabilities of which, there is no deliverance by any effort of their own. After begging most urgently, and presenting their wrongs and sufferings, in the most pathetic manner, they will always attach a supplementary expression of their faith, that "it is the will of God," and submission is their only duty.

The expounder of English state-religion, might have been correct, or he might not, in his peculiar views; but one thing is quite certain. that all such preaching will avail

little for the relief and regeneration of Ireland, without a large mixture of those simple truths, and duties so frequently and forcibly inculcated in the teachings of the New Testament, but so much neglected in modern preaching. It is a cause of much regret, that the pulpit should be so constantly devoted to the discussion of disputed points of theology, which have been argued by the ablest minds, for centuries, with no nearer approach to any thing like a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties, than in the days of St. Athanasius, Luther, and Calvin ; while the weightier matters of religion, which relate to the immediate wants and ability of the sinful, and suffering, are most woefully neglected. The cry is for immediate relief, for practical knowledge, for counsel and comfort, under present and pressing necessities. And, if there is any virtue in the system adopted by the "Friend of Sinners," and pursued by his faithful Apostles, this good can not be obtained without first entering into subtle and ambiguous arguments, and disquisitions, upon the abstruse subjects of theology, or attempting to settle every point in controversy. It is worse than giving a course of lectures on anatomy over a man with a leg-out-of-joint ; or a treatise on dentistry to a man with a tooth-ache.

Better is it, in my humble apprehension, to follow out the suggestions of benevolence, to engage, at once, in those works which will afford present relief, and qualify the mind to receive and appreciate new and profounder truths, and estimate more fully the principles of good action. "If any man will *do his will*, he shall know of the doctrine." All Christendom is agitated with bickerings of sects and parties, about forms and dogmas, to no profit ; while the people die for lack of knowledge. Political interference has been invoked, and the power of state has often been prostituted to the regulation of matters of opinion, for which a man is responsible to God only. The consequence of all this is seen in the condition of the people, wherever such control is attempted. And the oldest and most powerful sects

give the saddest exhibitions of their abuse of power and privilege.

Behold Italy; or sit here at my window, and look out from the "Royal Hibernia Hotel," upon that crowd of ragged, dirty, ignorant men, who are collected in the market place, on this beautiful Sunday evening, with their implements of husbandry, anxious to be engaged for to-morrow, at the starving rate of a 6d. a day, which they must earn or starve.

See those women in tattered garments, with haggard faces, and that gang of smutty children, with bare legs, and half-naked bodies, crawling about like a race of inferior beings, more degraded in their appearance, and less cared for than the negroes of Georgia. Think of that houseless family before described, and then tell me what these churches are doing to remove the curse from this land; what good comes from the discussion of the doctrines of divine sovereignty, human agency, apostolic succession, and such opinions as divide and distract the church, alienate the hearts of kindred, and array one portion of community against the other.

What do these people know or care—what *can* they know about these metaphysical and ecclesiastical questions? They are more concerned about "praties" than dogmas, and would give more for a pot of "stir-a-bout," than for all the creeds from Athanasius down to Jo. Smith. Their wants are immediate and pressing. They have neither time, taste, nor talent, to think about such matters. They need most, the hand of some good shepherd, to feed and comfort them, to lead them into green pastures, and beside still waters, some voice to plead their cause in the counsels of the nation, to procure the removal of the grievous burdens, under which so many stagger and fall, and all the land groans in bondage. They need the devotion of an Oberlin, who shall teach their children to read, and their men to work.

"TO WORK?" What work is there for them to do?

They are willing and anxious to work, fourteen hours a day for a 6d. and at any kind of service. But this is denied them. There is no chance for an Oberlin in Ireland. They can not till the sides of these rocky hills, lest they disturb the cherished deer of a London sportsman ; they must not root out a single bramble or bunch of heather, to plant a hill of potatoes, lest they scare the rabbits of the *noble* proprietor, who is, perhaps, a lordly, sporting prelate of the church !

There is a *work* the church can do, to which every true christian ought to lend a helping hand. These people can be instructed to read and write ; to keep themselves clean, to —— I can not finish this sentence, I see so many difficulties rising up, one after another, each succeeding one more formidable than the last, that, like these depressed creatures, I yield in despair. How can these people keep clean in their floorless, smoky hovels ? Their naked feet tread upon the cold ground, and they have neither chairs nor bedsteads. Teach them industry ! They have no chance to exercise such functions, if acquired. *Submission* is the only practical lesson they can understand. Of that they have a most perfect apprehension. If there is any virtue in that, the poor Irish are the most virtuous people on earth ; for extremest lessons have been given them, and they maintain the same dogged stupidity, hugging the fetters which enslave them, till death or expatriation releases their grasp, and sets them free.

But here is another subject for reflection. The chambermaid has just come into our room to light our candles, and arrange our beds. She is a sturdy, decently dressed girl of twenty, or twenty-five. We engaged her in conversation, that we might learn something of the condition of this class of people. She seemed quite intelligent, and answered frankly all the questions we asked her. She said she did all the chamber-work and washing, finding the soap and candles for the rooms, for £6 a year, (\$30) and the "chances," some £2 more. She also boarded herself, except her dinner,

which was given her at the hotel. Her "chances," some days, amounted to two or three shillings, but frequently she got nothing, for, unless the travelers gave it to her directly, she rarely ever received any thing. She was, therefore obliged to keep watch and see when they were about to leave, or else she was pretty sure to fail, as they would either give nothing, or the chief servant, or the keeper would keep all.

This system of hotel-keeping is exceedingly annoying. A man pays his bill—all that is demanded for every item he has had—and when about to leave, the waiter demands a fee, and, if no one is about, takes for himself, the chambermaid, and "boots;" and if he is not off at once, the chambermaid will be at him, and boots will follow him to the coach-office and become clamorous, refusing to believe that the chief-waiter has already received his portion. The servants have no confidence in each other. They have their grades, and poor boots being lowest, is always the most suspicious and clamorous. If he finds a traveler has left and given nothing, he will chase him, and plead and threaten in behalf of both the others, and whatever he gets he will keep to himself, be it much or little. To him it is lawful plunder. This is all wrong, and the source of much unpleasantness to the traveler, especially to one who has not been accustomed to such a system of exactions.

The usual charges are higher than we pay at home, and then comes this beggary on the score of right—a demand for services rendered. The natives complain of this evil as much as Americans, but they understand better how to get along at a cheap rate, and without trouble. Another reason is, the poor people think Americans are not only rich, but generous, and as we are obliged to enter our names and residences on the books of the clerk, the servants at once begin to "calculate their chances." They set the price high, and are not willing to be disappointed. Necessity knows no law. Their poverty urges them to press their

demands as long as there is a "chance" left, in utter defiance of all rules of justice and decorum.

It is half-past ten, though still light. All is quiet in the streets. The moon shines softly, and casts the shadows of the buildings along the streets. I hear the solemn tramp of the lone policeman, which sounds dolefully to a spirit, saddened, like mine, by the scenes of the past day. What a Sabbath this has been! I have gazed on the richest beauties of nature—the lofty, rugged mountains, piled carelessly together, reft with many a gorge and glen; upon the deep, tangled wild-wood, bordering the rocky shores of the quiet lakes; upon the charming green fields and flower-gardens, and shaded walks; upon the palaces of the nobles, the low mud hovels of the poor; the ruins of abbeys, castles, and convents; upon the grotesque masses assembled for the worship of a common Father, the Maker of all, in the name of the one Master and Savior, "who tasted death for every man:" upon the new manifestations of pride, struggling in the midst of poverty, oppression, and famine, to rear a gorgeous temple made with hands; upon whole families—decrepit age, and helpless infancy—houseless, friendless, foodless, and in tatters, by the way-side, ready to die of hunger and cold, in the midst of wealth, fashion, and professed piety! What a world is this! What scenes of horror, crime, and destitution are in it! Crushed hearts, blasted hopes, hungry mouths, glazing eyes! Oh, God, thou Merciful and Just, look down, at this silent hour, and deal gently with those still sleepless from pain, anxiety, or famine, and give protection to all. Hast thou no deliverance from these wrongs and miseries, so deep, so bitter, so vast, so ocean-like? Shall thy children, the work of thine own hands, be for ever wronged, cheated, abused by sin, the foul deceiver and despoiler of the world? Is there no virtue in the Cross?—no power of goodness left to conquer, redeem, and reconcile to the wise, and holy, and benevolent institutions of thy righteous government? Lift, then, the heavy cloud of error; dispel the darkness of unbelief,

and give Faith to the children of men. So shall thy laws be obeyed, and thy name be honored on the earth.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM TRALEE TO LIMERICK.

Castle Green.—A Scene of Beggary.—Scenes of Misery.—Difficulties under which the People suffer.—The Cause.—Cashin Bog.—Listowel.—TARBERT.—Land Titles.—Middle-men.—Condition of Tenants.—A Dinner.—A Family.—Oppression of Landlords.—Emigrants leaving Home.—The Separation.—Taken for an Englishman.—The Shaanon.—A Steamboat.—The Passengers.—The Wrong of Vengeance.—An Ambitious Mother.—A Minstrel.—Scenery.—Glynn.—Bunrutty.—More about Landlords and Small Farmers.—Squatters.—Social Evils.—Useless Agitations.

May 22.—Rose at four o'clock, and took a stroll about the town. The sun was already risen, and the people at their work—those who were so fortunate as to find any thing to do. We took a look at the extensive barracks, and admired the comfortable quarters of the soldiers, who are comparatively well-fed and well-paid for idling away their time, doing nothing but learning the tactics of war, and thus becoming the right-arm of oppression. Near them is the fever hospital; and, not far off, the Union work-house. The court-house and prison are in the town. All these buildings, as well as the churches, make a fair show in their outward appearance.

We entered the "Castle Green"—a large park and pleasure grounds belonging to Sir Edward Denny, Bart., the "noble proprietor" of all the lands in this region—through a private house, the tenant permitting us to do so. A herd of cows and goats were feeding; several men and women were engaged in milking them. A portion of the extensive grounds are handsomely laid out, and beautifully ornamented with shade trees, shrubs, and flowers. Some years ago, Sir Edward was a candidate for Parliament, when, in his generous

hope of self-aggrandizement, he opened his grounds to the public, to the great joy and comfort of the poor people, who praised this gracious act of condescension shown by the "noble" baronet, and walked in the shady bowers of their almost royal *patron*!

But this morsel did not so sweeten the cup from which they had long drank as to secure his election. He was defeated, and a man of less pretensions, and more merit, was returned to Parliament. Whereupon this little stream of comfort, which had eked through the thick shell of his "noble" selfishness, was withered up, and the gates have ever since been closed to all, except those who, like ourselves, creep in some other way, by permission. It is, doubtless, more profitable as a cow-pasture, than as a place of resort for the ungrateful populace.

There is one comfort left to this down-trodden race—the sweets of vengeance—when they vote against the promotion of the men who oppress them. Was suffrage universal, they would have more frequent opportunities to scatter thorns in the paths of oppressors.

Returning to the "Royal Hibernia," we found the servants in waiting, each on the look-out for himself. Why should not people, in their circumstances, grow selfish? What but "special grace" can keep them from it? We gave Miss Chambermaid her fee. Of the others we had received no service, so, in mathematical justice, nothing was the equivalent. That was no matter. We had been at the hotel over night, and Waiter and Boots had looked at us. Must they not be paid for it? How else could they live?

Taking our sacks away from Boots, we crossed over to the post-house. A single mail car was to take us to Tarbert, on the Shannon. There were but four seats, and two were engaged already. So one of us must take the "well"—that is, sit upon the box between the other passengers, and ride backwards, his legs hanging down behind, without any support for the feet—not a very comfortable position.

A multitude of squalid creatures, such as we have described at other places, here presented themselves, of both sexes and of all ages, seemingly determined to obtain something from us, if importunity could extort it. So dense was the mass upon the side-walks, that it was with no common effort we could work ourselves through, aided though we were by the threats and reprimands of the agent. Finding we were likely to be overwhelmed, we tried our hands at sustaining "law and order," and defending our rights against the indecencies and outrages upon peaceable travelers. We were little more successful, at first, than the office-keeper, for our voices were less familiar, and our manner less boisterous. But we did not succeed.

Among the crowd of beggars I noticed a young woman, not over eighteen, of very pretty appearance and modest address. Her hair was combed smooth; her dress was poor and worn, but tidy; her form was slender and delicate, made so by hunger, and her whole appearance, under other circumstances, would have been considered respectable, if not handsome. She needed only clothes and food to make her, personally, beautiful. She wrapped her old shawl closer about her shoulders, and made several efforts, before she had the courage to beg of us for a penny, to buy some bread. I never can forget her manner, nor her words. Her looks showed that she felt keenly her abasement; that nothing but the bitterest and most inexorable necessity could force her to ask an alm; and even this had not steeled her young heart to shame and contempt, to which she knew she exposed herself. Her voice quivered and died away into a whisper, while large tears started from her soft blue eyes, and trembled an instant before, one after another, they coursed down her pallid cheek, slightly tinged with the suffusion of what little blood still flowed in her veins. She wiped off the tears with a corner of her old shawl, and tried to look composed.

I never felt the deep fountains of my soul so moved

before. I never had a trial like this. Oh, I would give more for that prayer which lingered on those lips, before it went forth to heaven, the utterance of a pure and true heart, than for the studied words of priest or bishop in the rites of consecration, or at the baptismal font—"Kind sir, will ye give me a ha'-penny, to buy some bread for my mither and little sisters, and may heaven bless you and keep you?"

I thought of my home, my wife, my daughters, and little children; of the abundance of our land; the quiet, and comfort, and competence of our native citizens; and I wished this young woman and her mother and sisters were there. I remembered an instance in my own city which appeared in strong contrast.

A girl of seventeen came to my house with a note from her father, asking charity in the name of a common humanity. I went with her, and found an intelligent Irishman of forty, who had served several years as a Lieutenant in the British army, but for love to his family had exchanged his "commission" for land in Canada, which proved to be so wild and inhospitable he could not live upon it. His young wife, by a second marriage, was very handsome. A son and two daughters, of which the one who came for me was the youngest, and an infant, constituted the family. They were in an upper room in Varrick-street, over a dram shop. They had no chairs, no bedstead; an old chest or two, and some clothes upon the floor was all. It was a cold December night, and they had no fuel. I thought that surpassed all imaginable misery, and was the lowest depth to which a family could be reduced in a christian land.

I had not seen Ireland. My ears had never heard such plaintive cries as have here reached them. And then I felt that there was no real legalized oppression, but a chance left. An effort would bring permanent relief. I saw a hope for them, and tried to awaken one in their hearts. I can not do it here. There is no hope but in death or emi-

gration. And I look upon that young woman, so beautiful in her degradation, with an anguish too deep for utterance.

I was glad when the driver mounted the other end of the "well," and cried out in a coarse voice, "Eyah! oout of the way, ye rapseallions," and the tatterdemalions scampered away, but still begged louder than ever. I did actually feel a relief, as if fetters had been taken off my limbs, when we were fairly clear of these beggars; for the children ran beside our carriage a long distance, entreating us to give them a ha' penny, as loud as they could scream. Could I have erased such events from my memory, I should suffer less sadness of heart when I think of Tralee and the beautiful scenes about it.

For some distance the road, which, like all the main roads in this country, is excellent, passes through pretty and fertile fields, and then commences to wind up the ascent of the Stack hills, by a steep and circuitous route, till it reaches the summit, from which there is a fine view of the whole surrounding country. In the bottom of the beautiful valley, extending from Castleisland is the town and harbor of Tralee, the waters of Ballyheigue Bay, spread out towards the sea. From the opposite shore the Brandon hills rise abruptly, dipping into the Atlantic on the west, and stretching eastward to the deep, narrow valley which divides them from the Slievemish, through which runs the road to the head of Dingle bay. Then the latter range extends farther to the east, over which are caught glimpses of the peaks about Killarney. In the valley before us are several beautiful seats of the gentry, which would add more to the beauty of the landscape were there not so many evidences of the squalid misery which abounds among the common people. Nature has made it a sweet and lovely vale, but man has sadly disfigured it.

Before us a broad expanse of slightly undulating country extends north, towards the hills and headlands about the mouth of the Shannon. This region is more bleak and desolate than any we have yet seen. The soil itself is

poor, being formed of extensive fields of bog, vast shrubless moors, and heathy and barren sand hills, with only here and there a narrow glade fit for cultivation. The inhabitants are more wretched than the country, surpassing, in the depth of their degradation, all we have yet seen.

Their low huts made of turf, and half covered with thatch, an old ragged quilt hung up for a door; the piles of filth in front; the pale, sickly, half-starved children, some with scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness; the men with corduroy breeches, and coarse shirts all patched and ragged, and a slouched hat drawn over their heads; the women in nothing but tattered, brown frocks, with cadaverous faces, peeping from under snarled wads of matted hair, their faces, hands, and feet streaked with dirt, the entire absence of any thing like a garden, or potato patch; in short, everything exhibits signs of the utmost destitution and misery.

We met squads of men and women going into Tralee for what we could not guess. They looked so wretched and wo-begone, that we were frightened at their presence, as they turned their wan faces and haggard eyes towards us. There was nothing of fierceness in their looks to terrify us, or suggest the thought that they would plunder; but such a complete prostration of all that is noble and manly, that we shrunk from them with a shudder, as when awakened from a frightful dream, or startled from a reverie by the touch of some imaginary monster whom we know can do us no harm. We also met several women, some young, driving asses loaded with panniers of turf, which they hoped to sell in Tralee, or which was to pay for rent or taxes. They were dressed like the others, without hat, cap, or shoes.

Having reached the summit, the driver halted for us to resume our seats, having walked for the last mile or two. Here a squad of little children, stationed along the side of the road, with rags dangling about their legs and arms, dashed towards the car with pieces of lighted turf, for those to light their pipes or segars who chose to do so. The driver improved the opportunity, and soon enveloped his

head in a cloud of smoke. With becoming condescension, he waited for the passengers to follow his example. One did so; the rest had no need. But now came the tussle. All scrambled up to see who could beg loudest. The turf was thrown down when it would avail nothing, for neither smoker paid for the favor received, but turned the poor urchins back upon us. I could not fail to notice the cold look of indifference, which expressed more than words could utter, from those men who were here among their own countrymen.

Giving time for the bestowing of our benefactions, the driver started on, and the children followed upon a full run, for a hundred rods, shouting and screaming all the way for a ha'-penny, till completely out of breath. Some of them were not over four or five years old, others were nine or ten. All started with the most frantic resolution to gain something, and were desperate in their efforts. The little fellows soon gave out, but the larger ones ran with astonishing determination, and yielded only when their strength was entirely exhausted. When a penny was thrown to them, they all rushed for it like pigs, or fowls for an ear of corn, appearing no more reasonable nor less ravenous. We distributed our store of bread and cheese we had laid in for our way-side breakfast, which was devoured greedily by those who were fortunate enough to get a piece, and with a haste that indicated there was danger of losing it. I have seen boys beg for "une sou," along the road from Quebec to Montmorenci, but they were genteel compared with these. Those begged for gain, and by custom; these of necessity, and for life. They chased us with the ferocity of wild beasts, famished with hunger, and doubtful of their prey.

For myself, my pennies were gone, and I reasoned foolishly. I said it is wrong to give them, for it creates a habit of idleness, keeps them away from school, and encourages them to annoy every traveler coming this way. But I forgot where I was. I did not consider there was no school

for them to attend, no work for them to do, no home, nor larder, nor wardrobe for them—nothing but want gnawing at their vitals, and oppression crushing their young hearts, and driving them, thus early, to beggary and crime.

How falsely do we often estimate the conduct of others, and justify our neglect of duty, by what we count wrong in them! How few take into the account, all the circumstances, profound or apparent, in making up an estimate of another's character! We call these Irish people a poor, filthy, ignorant, superstitious race, not fit to be treated with any mark of respect; yea, some add, they are jealous, false, and dishonest. Who can wonder if they are? Nay, I am more surprised that they are as good as their worst enemies and traducers admit them to be. Having lived, generation after generation, in a state of the utmost depression, denied the means of a common education, never allowed to think, or speak, or act, for themselves, except by permission; struggling, constantly, and under the most forbidding circumstances, for a precarious living, oppressed, abused, and cheated by temporal and spiritual rulers, and worse, by an overbearing landlordism, which knows neither mercy, justice, or common humanity; which will have its pound of flesh, if it must come from the hearts of starved and orphan children! How can they rise? How can they avoid sinking, every year, deeper and deeper, into the loathsome wretchedness where so many are wallowing, with no hope of deliverance, no drop of comfort left them?

The whole history of Ireland's wrongs proves that, as certainly as effect will follow cause, the whole course of legal, ecclesiastical, and social policy, whether intended or not, I will not pretend to judge, has been to reduce this nation to its present condition of destitution, and misery. Nothing could be more probable—nor more certain and direct. And the few crumbs of parliamentary relief are merely political, affecting only the rich and aspiring demagogues. There is nothing radical, comprehensive, permanent, in all that has been done—nothing that will remove the cause, stop the

crevasse through which the deluge of evil is sweeping with such alarming force, till it has reached the high places, as well as low, and all ranks complain, with sad and strange comminglings, of their unfortunate condition.

The rich and poor grumble savagely about the poor rates and union work-houses. Nobody is satisfied. O'Connel plead with manly fortitude and perseverance, for the removal of political disabilities; and he succeeded. The Repealers are clamorous for the severance of the union, but they hardly know what they ask for. The "Young Irish Party" would adopt forcible measures to cut the bond, let come what will. They think the case could not be worse. But I have yet to learn how all that would fill these hungry bellies, and clothe these shivering limbs. It might arouse a spirit of freedom, and work a regeneration which would, ultimately, do some good; but, unless the enormous wrongs of feudalism, the possession and entailment of these large landed and leasehold properties, the arrogance of the nobility and gentry, were crushed, and all family distinctions annihilated, and a spirit of individualism, of personal rights and responsibility, mutual relations and dependencies, and social equality, were awakened and brought into free and sturdy exercise, I can see no real victory gained, no permanent blessing to be secured by the favorable termination of their agitations.

What do these starved children care whether a parliament meets in Dublin or in London?—whether Victoria, Brian Boroihme, or Daniel O'Connel is at the head of government?—whether the Pope or the Queen is the head of the church militant? They want immediate relief, and a radical removal of the burdens under which they groan. They want a chance to make a living, without supporting hundreds in idleness, luxury, and extravagance, in foreign lands. They want a patch of earth, which shall not be covered over so deep with rents and taxes that they can not touch the produce of the soil. They want an education that shall enable them to transact the business of life

in an understanding manner; to know their rights, the sources of success and the secret of their miseries. They want a religion that shall acquaint them with the true character of God, and the methods of his government, make them know and feel that he holds them directly and personally answerable to himself; that he helps them who help themselves; that he has delegated no power to stand between their consciences and his commands; that he has left the will free to choose or reject; and forbidden the interference of all human authority in matters of opinion; that the end of the law is righteousness, (right in action,) goodness, (good made operative,) and reconciliation to his most holy will. With such chances—such opportunities, Ireland may be redeemed, and her wronged and oppressed people rise high in the scale of human greatness, and do honor to Great Britain and the world!

In the flat and bleak district we are now passing, lies the Cashin bog, said to be one of the largest in the country. It stretches off to the westward, towards Knockanore and the caverned hills which bound the ocean near the Shannon's mouth. The edges of the bog are worked for the fuel, which is conveyed to Tralee in small carts and panniers, drawn or carried by asses driven by women. Multitudes of men and women, boys and girls, were at work, cutting or spreading, carrying out, or piling up the turf. A description of a bog, and the mode of preparing the peat for use, may not be uninteresting to my readers.

It is computed that there are nearly three million acres of bog in Ireland. The largest portions lie in low grounds or basins, and some in elevated places, and surrounded by hills, and others on the tops of mountains, as at Mangerton. The latter are called mountain bogs. The surface is usually flat, but sometimes slightly undulating, like the waves of the sea, or the rolling prairies in our Western States. Their appearance is like our marshes, thickly grassed over, with patches of dark earth appearing here and there. The bog, like the alluvium of our low prairies, seems to be a ve-

getable deposit, coarse upon the surface, but becoming finer, blacker, and more solid, downwards. It frequently exhibits stratas of light colors and coarser texture. Whole trees of large size, are often found imbedded in them, several feet below the surface, in a sound and perfect state. The wood from these trees is often worked into articles of furniture, canes, and toys, and, when highly polished, appears very fine. The grain is coarse, but like an oak immersed in water for a long time, becomes hard, and of a dark color.

The process of preparing and curing the peat is very simple. An opening is made by cutting a ditch to lead off the water, leaving the borders sufficiently dry to be worked. A long, sharp knife, somewhat like a scythe sharpened upon the back, is used to cut the mass into vertical slabs, about four inches in thickness. These are again cut into square strips, and then into pieces of eight or ten inches in length. These cubes, looking like long, black bricks, are carried back by the women and children a few rods, and spread out upon the ground to dry. After a few days, they are piled in heaps and left to "cure," till carried to market. Several days are required to fit the turf for burning freely. When once dry, it does not wet through easily, and so the peat is sometimes left in little stacks for months.

Each cutting extends down three or four feet. The upper layer is not as good as the lower, and is frequently thrown away. In some places I have seen four or five of these cut from the same bog, one rising above the other in terraces, and grass, oats, or potatoes growing upon the residuum at the bottom, twelve or fifteen feet below the original surface.

The bog we passed to-day is extensively worked. Acres and acres have been cut over, on both sides of the road. For miles we could see the black streaks, where the workmen were laying out the fuel for next winter. The road runs through the bog, which has been cut away to the hard bottom, and is well graded and macada-

mized. On one side, workmen were engaged on a ridge several feet above the level of the road, which yielded a fine crop of turf. I am not able to compute the amount which can be cut from an acre. But when it attains the depth of fifteen feet, the crop must be immense. Neither did I learn the terms on which the workmen are employed, further than it is considered about the lowest and hardest business a person can pursue by which to get a livelihood. The terms, certainly, can not be very favorable, judging from the character of the people employed, which is the most deplorable of any we have seen at any kind of labor.

There are few places, towns, castles, hamlets, or villas worthy of notice for the forty miles to Tarbert, except Listowel. There are, to be sure, the dirty hamlet of Odorney abbey, and the ruins of an old church: the monument of one of the Earls of Kent, on the summit of a hill, at some distance, which must be an attractive object to the descendants of the poor serfs of that feudal lord, who helped procure for them their miserable estate. But it is in a very fitting place, overlooking a wide extent of flat and dreary moor, with bleak and desolate hills in the distance. There are several other small places, which scarcely deserve a name.

Listowel is situated on the banks of the Feale, which, a little beyond, widens into an estuary, and sweeps off towards the ocean. A new and very handsome stone bridge has been built over the river, and the hand of improvement has been busy in adorning the banks with a beautiful plantation about the mansion of the "Right Honorable Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry," the "*noble proprietor*" of the town and surrounding country, and by "*divine right*," the oppressor of the people. Perhaps I ought to say, that, in his case, many people speak well of him, as one who has a heart not wholly impervious to the claims of justice and humanity, as he does sometimes deign to bestow a thought upon his tenants, and inquire after their condition, whether their rents are all paid, and how they can be made of more

service to his interests and their own. And then the beautifying of his grounds along the river has afforded employment, at a 6d. a day, to many a poor fellow, who has thus been able to carry a little more oatmeal to appease the crying hunger of wife and children.

On a small knoll, close upon the bank, surrounded on the town side by buildings, are the remains of the old castle of the "Lords of Kerry," the renowned Fitzgeralds, who were notable chiefs in the days of the civil wars, and held out long and manfully against their enemies in the times of the invasion. They were frequently in concert with the Desmonds, and, when conquered, partook of the vengeance which fell upon their compatriots. The castle is little more than a pile of ruins. Its position could not have been very formidable, as it must have been accessible at least, on three sides. Sir George Carew tested its strength in 1600, and subjected it to his authority.

There is a very respectable church standing in the midst of the public square, a Catholic chapel, and several stores, workshops, and decent buildings. The masses of people, however, wear the same marks of squalid poverty which we have every where seen. Rags, filth, and beggary meet us at every turn, and all along the road. There is no escaping the sight of human misery, the most abject and forlorn. Every pleasant scene is defaced by it, and scarcely a moment is left for comfortable thought or agreeable conversation. The whole land is cursed. Each shrub and stone is made the witness of man's degradation. Every where is reared the monuments of folly and wrong, of pride and power, abused in reducing the "lords of creation" to a condition of the most graceless servitude and abandonment.

TARBERT.

We reached Tarbert at about eleven. From an eminence above the town, we had a delightful prospect, taking

in a long range of the valley of the Shannon, its bays and sinuosities, from its mouth to the highlands about Limerick, with the hills and valleys of Clare county stretched along the opposite shore. A ship of war was riding at anchor before the town, on which the British colors were flying, and a little way to the right, a merchantman, with the "stars and stripes"—welcome signals—floating in its shrouds. Several smaller vessels lay in the little harbor, close to the town, and one or two were drifting up the river, which spreads out into a broad estuary a few miles above.

Could I have banished all knowledge of the condition of the inhabitants, I should have pronounced that a most beautiful region of country; for the day was fine. Soft clouds were floating lightly in an azure sky; the gentle undulations of the valley were covered with cultivated fields; and the hill-sides were green with the richest verdure of spring. So long as no human being was to be seen, it was a goodly sight to look upon.

But we were soon doomed to witness a sad change, for no sooner had we entered the town than we were beset by a flock of beggars, clamorous for something to be given them. The driver left us in the street, according to the fashion of the country, but pointed us to an untempting hotel, where he said we could get some breakfast. We reconnoitered the premises sufficiently to satisfy ourselves that our *chances* were small, and so, to get rid of the crowd, we started for the steamboat landing, a mile distant. Seeing our movement in that direction, several scrambled for our budgets, urgent to serve us in that way, and earn a sixpence, if possible. But we did not dare to trust them in the hands of such hard looking customers.

I noticed one thing which, however, is not peculiar to the Irish character. The driver had an understanding with one or two men to whom he delivered us, as the most suitable to carry our baggage. They were attached to the inn, and claimed the monopoly. Having an inkling of the fact, and

a good deal of respect for the "free trade" doctrine, we refused them in short order, much to their disappointment. But several followed us out of the village, and two did not quit us till we came near the landing. Who will say these poor fellows are not willing to work?

We did not have time to take a very thorough look at the town; we saw enough, however, to admire its beautiful location, and pity the miserable condition of its inhabitants. I noticed two very decent churches, and several respectable looking stores and dwellings. But a large proportion of the buildings present the usual signs of destitution, filth, and misery which abound in all the country we have passed through.

The situation of the town is very pleasant and well circumstanced for trade. But so far as we could judge from appearances, only a small amount is done here. It is at the head of a small bay, or inlet, from the Shannon, which spreads out to the width of several miles towards the opposite shore, forming Clanderlow Bay, in the county of Clare. The only port of any consequence, on the Shannon below it, is Kilrush, which is said to be a place of considerable activity. The condition of the people, the tenure by which lands are held, the enormous tax upon property, and the consequent bad state of cultivation of the lands in this region, preclude all chance of a thriving business. The best advantages and fairest prospects are lost by bad management.

The proprietor of the town has an elegant seat standing off to the right, near a mile, on an elevated site, forming a bold head-land, around which flow the waters of the noble river. The house overlooking an extensive plantation, and a wide extent of richly diversified country, forms an object of attraction, and gives variety to the scenery. It is a bright spot, and could the beholder banish the thought that it is tenanted by one who performs a part in the grand tragedy of Ireland's ruin and disgrace, now in the fifth act

of its most successful performance—he would greatly admire the taste and beauty displayed about it.

Perhaps I ought to give my readers a more distinct idea of what is meant by the “proprietor” of a town, or region of country; for, except those who have had a taste of what has led to “Anti-rentism,” we have not, in our country, a case in illustration.

A proprietor is the favored child of government, or fortune, who has come into possession of a certain tract of land, the fee of which is invested in him and his heirs, or assigns for ever. Some estates are so entailed that they can not be sold, nor conveyed by the act of the owner, nor in payment of any just and honorable debt. They belong to the family in perpetuity, the title descending, like the crown of pure and absolute monarchies, to the oldest male heir. Other estates descend to the nearest kin, and may be held, like the crown of England, in the female as well as the male line. These are the families of the nobility, the feudal lords or chiefs, who bore rule over certain territories from time immemorial, or obtained them by conquest, the right to which was confirmed to natives who proved themselves faithless to their own country, and submitted tamely to the *English yoke*.

The properties of the insurgents were all confiscated by English sovereigns, and bestowed upon their favorites. Thus a new batch of Anglo-Irish peers was created, and the foundation commenced for the more permanent persecution and oppression of the people.

The partial execution of a plot to exterminate all the Protestants, in 1641, which, according to Hume, succeeded so far that forty thousand Englishmen were murdered by Irish Catholics, gave a sufficient pretext for the general onslaught so effectually prosecuted by Cromwell, who made havoc with all parts of the kingdom, except Connaught, and divided up the principal estates among his friends, and the partizans of English authority. In this way, not only was a set of foreign lords introduced, but a feeling of re-

lentless and bitter animosity generated, which has burst out in several bold, but unsuccessful attempts to throw off the British yoke.

In addition to the seignories of the nobility, there are other estates which are owned or held by perpetual lease by the gentry, and which descend, by the law of primogeniture, to the oldest male heir. These form a class generally more oppressive in their exactions, and haughty in their bearing, than the hereditary nobility.

Then, many of the estates are covered by two or more leases. The lord leases to a middle-man, who takes upon him the management of affairs. He makes himself rich by re-leasing to another, at a rate above what he gives, and so has no concern but to receive his rents in London, or on the continent. The third having managed successfully, by dividing the estates, building towns, erecting mills, working mines, or in some other way, rents out to a fourth class, by small lots, and con-acres, till the actual tiller of the soil, after buying the right to occupy, is subjected to a rent sufficient to sustain in splendor, the grades which ride over him, beside paying all the taxes which go to support the government, the army, and navy, and the myriads of paupers in the work-houses, and soup kitchens, or who receive out-door assistance. This burden is enormous. Figures will hardly calculate it. I will present one case, which will give some idea of the bestowment and income of properties.

Castle-island, noticed before, which is situated at the head of the valley above Tralee, was formerly the property of Geoffrey de Marisco, who built the castle, and, as a valiant knight, held all the people about that region as his vassals. In 1345 it was taken by Sir Ralph Ufford from the knights of the Earl of Desmond, the family in possession of a vast region of country in this part of Munster. The poor knights, after capitulating to Sir Ralph, were all put to the sword in cold blood. At this place, also, in 1397, Gerald, the fourth Earl of Desmond, called "the Poet," was

eluded out of his camp and cruelly assassinated. In the reign of Elizabeth, who was bountiful in her bequest of the confiscated properties of the Catholics, the town and adjoining lands, were granted to the Herbert family, under the title of the "Manor of Mount Eagle Loyal." The tract thus bestowed, contained thirty-six thousand, nine hundred and twenty plantation acres, and was valued at £3,169, 12s. 10d.—over \$15,000 a year! In 1733 a fee farm lease, subject to a reserved rent of £1,900, (\$9,000,) a year *for ever*, was made of this property to five men, who have since admitted a sixth, and still remains in their families, by whom it is rented to under tenants.

The condition of these tenants may be learned from a description of our visit to one of this class, between Tarbert and the steamboat landing.

Having to wait a few hours for the boat which was to take us to Limerick, and having given away the breakfast we had provided at Tralee, to the poor children along the road, we found it necessary to look up something to eat. It was too far to go back to the town, and besides, we could not relish a dinner, ever so good, with so many hungry, haggard beggars about us. So we concluded to look for something in the low huts we had passed, near the bridge which crosses the small inlet separating the little island from the main. There might be a dozen or more low, coarse stone huts, with thatched roofs, standing in a row in front of the military coast-station. We inquired at each of these, but could obtain no bread, milk, or meat—nothing at all in the shape of food. In two or three of them there was whiskey, as we judged from the signs usually attendant upon such localities—a few bottles, a glass or two, and several red-faced, weak-jointed, garrulous customers sitting about them. Amongst them we noticed two women who had not signed Father Mathew's pledge, or else had forgotten to keep it. Our stomachs complained gnawingly at our ill success, and we were induced to renew our search, by inquiring where some milk could be found. We were re-

ferred to a low stone house on the side hill, half a mile over the bridge, where they said a cow was kept.

We returned, and incited by curiosity as well as hunger, we resolved to make good use of our opportunity, and so inquired at several hovels scattered along that side of the inlet for bread, taking some pains to look in and see how the people lived. We could not find a morsel to eat till we came to the farthest house in the hamlet. We inquired at the door for milk, and, to our great comfort, were answered favorably. We walked in. It was a rough stone house, laid up in coarse mortar, and unplastered. The floor, as is common, was of clay, which was broken through in several places, so that the loose ground appeared. The roof was formed of small round poles, covered with straw. There were no girders on the walls. The room was open to the roof. Unlike many we have seen, it had a large fire-place and chimney. A bed stood in one corner, and a rude cradle, with a child sleeping in it, near by. There were two old chairs in the room, a wooden bench, a chest, a rough table against the wall, and a dresser with a few dishes on it. A pot was hanging over a peat fire.

The "lady of the house" received us, at first, somewhat timidly, but when she learned that we were travelers from America, her manner was at once changed. She apparently felt more at ease, and at once became very social and inquisitive. She offered some apologies for the manner in which she was compelled to entertain the friends of her country, who had been so generous in relieving their distresses, when famine was carrying off thousands all around them, to an untimely grave. We spoke of our acquaintance and experience in the struggles of poverty, and our sympathy for those who are compelled to work hard and suffer much to obtain an honest living. She was more than ordinarily intelligent, and seemed to have a stout heart to bear up under the difficulties which pressed so heavily upon them. She spoke of their plans to get to America, and manifested a good deal of enthusiasm at the

thought that the time was not far distant when it would be executed. It seemed to her like an expected deliverance from captivity, and she spoke of it with all the fervor of one who is hoping to gain his liberty after a long period of false imprisonment. She spoke of her "childers" as doubly dear because they would "goo till America," and never know what it was to suffer poverty and oppression, as their parents had, in the "ould coounthry." She had three children, one an infant, one running about, and one at school. Said she, "We're thrying to kape our boye at school, for I'm tould that in yer coounthry all the childers must be learned."

We assured her it was greatly desired that children should be taught all the useful branches; that the most favorable opportunities were provided, free for all, and that, as far as we could, we made our free schools equal to any others; that the children of all classes, the rich and poor, might seek an education in the same school, so that, from the humblest conditions, men might rise, as they often do, to the most eminent positions, as scholars, professors, and statesmen. She seemed perfectly delighted with the thought that her children would, some day, have such opportunities afforded them.

While our conversation was going on, she served us with a basin of "stir-a-bout" from the pot over the fire, and some milk, which she poured from a tin pan into our dishes. One of us sat upon the bench, the other in the old chair. The table was a plain board, loaded, at one end, with various articles, the other, at which we sat, without any covering of cloth. There was as fair an exhibition of neatness as could be expected under such circumstances. The milk was very good, and the "stir-a-bout" passable. It was made of oatmeal, like mush, or Yankee hasty-pudding. There was no bread, butter, cheese, meat, or potatoes in the house. Some times they bought American (Indian) meal, which costs from half a crown to three shillings a stone—fifty to sixty-five cents for fourteen pounds. She

said they did not like it so well as oatmeal, and they could not afford to use flour. Their sole dependence is upon oatmeal, now that the potato has failed them. They rarely ever taste meat of any kind. A pound and a half of salt pork would cost more than a day's work. She informed us that herself and children enjoyed pretty good health, but "her man" had to work so hard that he was often attacked with the fever—the fever and ague, which prevails a good deal in these boggy districts.

Just as we had finished our humble meal the husband came in from his work. He was a man of middle size, well-formed, but spare and pale, from hard work, and insufficient food. His countenance was sad, indicating a heavy heart. But he spoke affectionately to his little boy, who met him at the door, and received us with an easy politeness and urbanity we have not been accustomed to attach to the pure Irish character. We, at once, entered in a conversation upon the social condition and prospects of his country, and derived from him much information, concerning the actual condition of those who are what, in our country, we should call *the farmers*. His case was a fair sample of those of the better class of small farmers.

He *owns* his house and one acre of ground, for which, however, he pays to his landlord, Mr. Leslie, the proprietor of the town, £3, (\$15,) for the land, and £2, (\$10,) for his cabin, yearly! The pasturage of his cow costs him £1, 10s. Add to all this his church rates and taxes, and the sum is not less than \$50. He works for his landlord at 8d. (15 cts.) a day, in summer; in winter, at 6d. and boards himself.*

He commences work, at this season, at 5 o'clock, and

* "With large tracts of land lying uncultivated, a few miserable men are employed on the roads—at what wages think you? One pound of yellow meal—i. e. less than 1d. per diem!!! Great God, how is this to cure famine!

"If this process of depopulation goes on a few months more, YOU MAY SEEK AN ABLE-BODIED MAN IN VAIN FOR TWENTY OR THIRTY MILES OF COUNTRY."

Such is the testimony of an intelligent Conservative witness, after having visited FOUR counties.

works till 12, then at 1, and continues till 7. He takes his breakfast before he starts, or goes, as he did this morning, without it. He walks home one, or two miles to his dinner of "stir-a-bout" and milk, and back again, for his *nooning*, and and then toils till night. If late, five minutes, he is docked a quarter of a day. In this instance, he had taken no food since noon on Sunday—the day before—and now sat down to a single plate of oat-meal mush and a half-a-pint of milk.

Now look at the sum of this man's misery. There are at best, but three hundred and thirteen working days in a year. For three or four months in winter he can get no work, and in rainy weather his wages stop, so he does not actually receive pay for over two hundred days. But allowing he works every day, and receives 8d a day, the highest summer wages, abating nothing for rain or sickness, or winter, and he would realize but £10, or less than \$50. From this deduct his rent, taxes, and county cess, and his only support is from his acre of land, and his cow. And he is what would be called a prudent, industrious man, and "well-to-live" as the generality of the middling interest people in this country. Englishmen talk about the indolence of the Irish. The accusation is false. They are as willing to work at any service, as any people on earth; and those who have a chance do work, under the most discouraging circumstances, with a fortitude which surprises us.

As the poor, tired, famished man sat there, and took his spoonfuls of mush from a tin plate, with an iron spoon, and sipped the milk from a tin cup, I looked upon his thin, pale countenance, which I knew was the index of a sad and crushed heart, and listened to the brief, simple tale of his miseries and wrongs, and marked the fitful glimmerings of a true and noble nature, when he spoke of our own country, and his hope of removing to it; I could not restrain my feelings of compassion. The whole past rushed up before me. I thought of the days of my boyhood, when I labored as one among the sturdy yeomanry of my native land. I contrasted the prosperity of that noble and independent

race—the bone and sinew of our glorious Republic, with the depressed and forlorn condition of these serfs of a proud aristocracy, who are reduced to the last degree of living, wretchedness, and wrong. The farmers of our country sometimes work hard, but they have many days of leisure, and always a garner full, and a broad table well furnished with an abundance of the best provisions, such as an Irish Earl might covet. I watched closely the changes of his features, which betokened a full heart, sadly oppressed by circumstances. When he spoke of his plans of going to America, and we encouraged him to hope it was possible, a smile beamed upon his sad countenance; but the utterance of a word, or proposal of a question which involved the difficulties with which he was contending, wrought a complete change in his appearance.

His best, and only feasible plan which he explained to us, is to deny himself and family, to the very verge of starvation, in order to save enough to pay his own passage to America, leaving his family behind to subsist upon the income of the cow. Arrived there, he hopes to be able to earn enough, in one or two years, to send for his wife and children. This is the only earthly hope that keeps his heart from sinking into despair. He has no other source of comfort left him. To look upon his wife, and hear the prattle of his children, brings him no joy, but adds to the burden of his sorrows; while he thinks their affection is to be met with his inability to make them happy. But when he thinks he can provide for them a good and happy home, he presses them warmly to his full heart, as he did, while tears trickled from his eyes, as I laid my hand on the head of his little boy, which he held in his arms, and told him I hoped to see him growing up among the free and honorable young men in our country, with bright prospects of a long, useful and happy life. He was much pleased when we inquired his name, and gave him ours, and promised to befriend him when he came to our country.

Mr. ——— may be unlike the rest of his countrymen.

I know he is not yet so deeply oppressed as thousands are, and hence he may have retained more of the dignity of human nature, and preserved the feeble action of those tender cords which vibrate in unmistakable tones the true character of an Irish heart. We did not ask his religion. There was no need of it. He showed it to us without. He may be Catholic; he may be Protestant; he may be Methodist, or Independent. That is nothing. Deeper and truer, and more legible than all, he convinced us that he was a *man*, had a heart, and could feel—was a christian, and and could love; and as such I loved him, felt for him, and pitied him as my brother.

We gave them liberally for our meal. When they saw the amount they both, at once, refused it. We insisted, and reluctantly they accepted it, with an expression of sincere thankfulness which was worth infinitely more than the shillings we gave them. But we had detained the man too long, as we may the reader—and he hurried away to labor, apparently with a heart made lighter by our visit, though we found we had robbed him of a part of his dinner.

Ireland has been famed, from time immemorial, for the hospitality of its inhabitants. The pages of every work written upon its history, character, or condition attest it, and we have had ocular demonstration of the fact in many cases. Will any say, even the most hostile Englishman, that these Irishmen are all depravity, all evil—past redemption, ungrateful, vindictive, inhuman? What nation has suffered so much and yet retains a more excellent quality than the virtue of hospitality? Shame on the slanders showered indiscriminately upon a whole nation! It is time to have done with such injustice, to cultivate a better feeling, and bestow a merited eulogy.

Returning over the bridge, we saw several well-dressed, and apparently well-fed, men and women coming from the military station connected with the coast defence. Their condition and manners contrasted strangely with the scenes we had just witnessed. There was a proud and supercili-

ous air about them which jarred the equanimity of our feelings, and, as the phrenologist would say, roused other organs than those which had been so recently in a state of keen excitement. Had there been a wide space between, the change might have afforded relief instead of pain; but as it was, our organs of benevolence, justice, and sympathy had not been quieted, and we were illy prepared to look, with admiration, upon a display of wealth, and power, and place. So we turned away from looking at the pretty grounds about the Revenue police station, which stands upon a beautifully rounded eminence, and commands a charming prospect of the river and shores. We went towards the long stone pier, from which we were to embark in small boats, to an old hulk moored off in the river six or eight rods. Owing to the great rise and fall of the tides, steamboats can not always land on the end of the elegant stone pier, which extends a dozen rods into the little bay. The steamers come alongside the boat moored off for that purpose, on which the passengers and freight are stationed.

While I sat demurely upon the pier, pondering upon what I had seen, and the various and strange aspects in which humanity must appear to the unveiled eye of Him who "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," I was aroused by the approach of a multitude of people, winding round the hill, and issuing from the plantation of young trees, towards the bridge. We started back to see them, as we were curious to know what it could mean. It was a motley group, of all ages, with bags and budgets, boxes and baskets, naked heads and bare feet, ragged clothes and smutty faces, followed by several carts, drawn by asses, and loaded with such goods as are landed on our wharves on the arrival of an emigrant ship. There could not have been less than a hundred, some of whom were tolerably dressed; but the majority looked very miserable.

We lingered behind for some time after they had passed, engaged in conversation upon what was transpiring. It

was not long before we were startled by such a wail of wo as I never heard before. We hastened to the pier, supposing some fatal accident had occurred. The people were crowded together, and weeping and wailing in a most pitiable manner. On inquiring, we found that five or six young persons were about to leave for America. They were going up to Limerick in the steamer, to take a ship which was to sail the next day. One of them was married, and was going to meet her husband in Pennsylvania; two or three were young women, and one a young man.

I never witnessed so wild an exhibition of sorrow before. They seemed to give themselves up to mere instinctive passion, without any attempt to control their feelings, or moderate them by judgment. At one time the whole air would ring with exclamations of the bitterest grief, like the rushing of a fierce tempest-wind; then all would become calm again, and they would talk and laugh, as if the happiest beings on earth. Then some one would hint that the steamer was coming, or some movement would be made to transport the luggage from the pier to the scow, when all would break out in the most furious expressions of grief. Parents would embrace their children, and brothers and sisters weep aloud, as if their hearts were rent with the bitterest agony. One father, who had wept as loud as any other, tried to comfort himself by chiding the others for being so inconsolable.

“Why,” said he, in a stammering voice, “we should not weep for them. Och, sure, an’ are they not agoin to lave this poor, wretched counthry, where we all stharve, and goo to that blissid land where the poor folks have mate to ate ivery day, an’ they will?”

That was like a toast given to our country at a festival. We could keep silence no longer, but at once entered into a description of the advantages and comforts the industrious poor people might have, describing the course they ought to pursue when they emigrated to it; showing them

the folly of hiving together in our large cities, and living in filth and ignorance, as too many do.

They listened to us with evident satisfaction, and our conversation had the effect to still their horrid yelling, till it was announced that the steamer was winding round the point just below, and would be there in a few minutes. A sudden and terrific scream burst out afresh, as if each was anxious to drown the other, and make his own agonies most conspicuous. Men, women, and children mingled their voices in wild confusion, as if all bedlam was let loose. They embraced, and kissed, and wept, and bade adieu, over and over again. But least affected among them were those who were bidding farewell to their home, their friends and country for ever. There seemed to be a ray of hope and comfort for them; for the rest, only darkness and despair. And those about to leave, gave it as the richest comfort they could offer, that as soon as they could earn it, they would send them the means of getting away from the oppression and misery under which they were suffering so severely. This was the richest comfort they could offer; and parents besought their children, with the most earnest entreaties, not to *forget* them when they should have enough to eat, but to remember them, and send for them as soon as they could earn means enough. This was the last, the very last, request that they made, even after they had parted from the shore. "Don't forgit yer poor, stharvin' mither, Mary dear, but be a good child, my darlint, an' the blissed angels will kape ye." "Remimber, Bridget, an' sind for us, an' ye can arne feve poound; we'll sell the pag and git the rist."

These requests followed the adieus, as if the anxiety to get to America transcended all other considerations. I stopped behind, till one or two boat loads had passed from the pier; and remarked that those who had parted from their friends entered at once and cheerfully into conversation upon the plans and prospects of getting to America. Some of them thought they could go next year. Their daugh-

ters could earn ten and fifteen pounds a year, and that would pay the passage of father and mother, and one or two sisters. Others expected to be obliged to wait two years. One man said if he could sell his farm he would go next fall. I asked him if he had a farm. He said he had one of ten acres.

“Do you own it?” asked I.

“Och, sure, I have the right of it. I paid a hundred pound for it, and I wish I could sell it for half the amoont.”

“I thought you had no small farmers here, that the lords and gentry owned all the land, and only leased it to you.”

“An’ they do; but sure an’ I own it too, foor I bought the lease of it, an’ pay the rint to the landlord, an’ the county-cess, an’ the tithes, an’ the poor-rates; till, i’faith, we are all poor ourselves. We are all small farmers, an’ poor ones too, I can assure yer riverence that. An’ ye’re an Englishman—an agent, perhaps, an’ would like to knoo soome thing about our things?”

“No, I am not an Englishman, nor an agent, but”—

An’ ye are not an Englishman, ayeh? The divil a bit can ye decaive me in that, an’ ye would be afther sayin’ so a twelvemonth. Sure, an’ is’nt it as plain as yer hat on yer head, ye are no Irishman. Ye do not spake like a coounthryman of ours.”

“I am an American, sir.”

“An’ it’s an Amirican ye are? Blised Virgin, an’ it’s a great coounthry ye are coome from, it is. An’ I wish I was there. When did you coome to this counthry? It’s a poor people we are coome to. The Lord have mercy on us.”

And then followed a tornado of questions and remarks from him and others, about “Amiriky,” those who had gone there; whether I knew “Patrick O’Flaherty, an’ Michael O’Grady, an’ Daniel McSweeny, an’ James McCarthy, an’ Patrick O’Sullivan, who all went from Ballybunnian, Abbeyfeale, Carrinakilly, Ballinruddery, Tallymore, Ardefert Abbey, and all about this region, and soome from coun-

ty Clare, joost over the river there, who were all cliver min, and shmart." When I protested I did not know them he was much surprised—though some had gone to Canada, and others to New Orleans.

THE SHANNON.

The steamer, a black, rusty-looking craft, came along side of the hull, to which we had been conveyed in small boats, and we were soon all on board. A large company of passengers, from Kilrush and the intermediate landings, were already on the decks, and also a large amount of freight. As this is the first English river steamer I have seen, it may not be out of place to give a brief description of it.

The hulk is constructed much like a sloop, except it is larger, and the bows and keel are sharper. The quarter deck is raised two or three feet above the main. There is no promenade, nor hurricane deck, nor any awning. Fortunately, the sun shines in this country, very little. The guards do not project over the hull, except at the wheel-houses. It is like a sea steamer in every thing except size, and naked as a sloop. The engine and boilers are in the hold, and the pilot, or wheelsman stands in the stern without any shelter from the sun, wind or rain. He has no communication with the engineer. Both are subject to the commander, who directs the former by motions and the latter by words, which are passed down by a man or boy, stationed over the engine for the purpose, who repeats the captain's orders—"stop her—half speed—back her—let her go."

The regulation and construction of these boats seem to me very awkward and inconvenient. There is no display of taste, and little respect paid to neatness and comfort. Benches are arranged about the after deck, and cushioned seats are in the cabins. But no where is seen the taste and luxury found in all our passenger boats. Indeed there is scarcely a "Tow-boat" on the Hudson river,

not better found than the best of those belonging to the "Dublin Steam Navigation Company," which controls the navigation of the Shannon.

The dirtiness of the boats is inexcusable, though owing to the burning of turf, which is used instead of coal, it might require more labor to keep it clean. But this is no apology in a country where labor is cheap, and thousands are starving for want of employment. Water is cheap, also, and hogs are plenty, so that brushes can be had to scrub the decks and dust the cabins. Filth is inexcusable, but these people are so used to it that it does not annoy them to travel or dwell in the midst of it. But I wonder those who pretend to more refinement, do not make some attempt to be decent and comfortable.

We passed about the boat to inspect the management and working of it, and finally took our position on a pile of freight, in order to have a better view of the country and scenery along the shores of the Shannon. We happened to be there when the collector came round for our fare, which saved us about fifty per cent., as we were taken for second-class passengers. We had not before suspected but that we were as good as any body, nor felt any inconvenience on account of *caste*. But price sometimes begets pride, poverty shame. Many a man would feel himself quite happy, and never dream of dissatisfaction, with himself or the world, but for being over-topped by the vapory show, and strutting brag of others. His equilibrium gets disturbed and envy steals into his soul, and he feels chagrined when others pretend to be greater, or smarter than he. And many are foolish enough to pay their last dollar, and deny themselves peace and the ordinary comforts of life, merely to keep up appearances before others. This is a species of "disinterested benevolence," and *self*-sacrifice, my philosophy could never interpret. I am willing to submit to all rightful exactions, and to bestow honor where it is due; but I have yet to learn how an imaginary line across the deck of a steamboat can mark the division of honor and shame.

Such distinctions, so far as I have been able to discover, do not prevail here to a greater extent than they do in our country, for we mingled freely with all on board, none neglecting or despising us for being ranked with the "second-class." I do honestly think there is a prouder, and more arrogant feeling in American than in European society, especially in the more common relations of social intercourse; money, and religious, and political opinions beget as wide divisions, and as bitter asperities at home as here, except in the portions actually arrayed against each other. But the pride of birth, nation, and hereditary caste prevails extensively here, which is not acknowledged in our country. Wealth and orthodoxy in religion and politics, are the standards with us. But these rarely elevate one above the reach of public reprobation when guilty of wrong. There is a high tone of moral and social feeling still left to us at home which does not prevail so powerfully and freely here. The gold and silver of our country so often changes hands that it is virtually powerless. Here it is suffered to accumulate and become hereditary, and therefore is more difficult of extinction. Still it is so circumscribed, and hampered, that the advancing light of the true, and right, the humane and universal, is constantly sweeping away the false and selfish, and virtue and nobleness, even in humble places, begins to be recognised and praised, whilst vice and wrong are scorned and rebuked wherever found. This proves the existence and growth of a healthy tone of sentiment, which affords the highest hopes for the future, and arms one with the fortitude to endure and the courage to fight for further victories in the cause of God and humanity.

Several incidents occurred, during our voyage to Limerick, which deserve mention, as they served to illustrate traits of character and opinions, and practices which were new to me.

A portion of the passengers—and the whole deck was crowded—were very well dressed and appeared to be intel-

ligent and refined in their manners. Perhaps one third were of this class. Another third were like the common Irish emigrants who work on our canals and railroads. The remainder were a sort of middle class, who would compare very well with the less educated farmers, and mechanics and laborers, in our country. Several government officers were on board, civil, military, and naval. They ranked, of course, number one—in their own estimation at least. I was sorry to see here, as on most occasions, a degree of *hauteur* on the part of the English towards the native inhabitants, which was exceedingly unkind and to us insufferable, because evidently calculated, if not intended, to irritate and exasperate the feelings of this unfortunate people, and keep up and increase the hostility which already prevails too extensively, and is the proximate cause of the difficulties subsisting between the two countries.

It can never be expected the Irish will harmonize, and dwell peaceably with the English, as the members of one nation, so long as their pride is constantly tortured by every officer, resident, or tourist who comes among them. Destroy a man's ambition and he will be sullen and indifferent. Hector his pride and he will grow angry and resentful. Annihilate his hope, and he will become despondent or furious. Oppress him with rents, tithes, and taxes till he can endure no longer, and he will grow angry and rebel, or indolent and starve. Then, to taunt and jeer him in his misery, is a crime and a cruelty too fiendish to be endured without a curse.

I can not blame the poor, oppressed, starved Irish, for their hatred towards the English. I have seen too much to say there is no cause, no wrong in the complaint they make. But I pity them that they are not able to meet the wrong and insult with a stronger fortitude, in a more manly, dignified, and christian manner. It is a poor way to redress one wrong by inflicting another—to punish a landlord they do not like, by assassinating him, stealing behind a wall in a mean and cowardly spirit, and shooting him dead. This is

often done, I am told. I have seen reports from various parts of the kingdom, detailing numerous cases of this sort.

I own it is exceedingly provoking to a spirit crushed and broken, to be insulted by one who has produced the misery suffered, and still twists harder the screws which are torturing the very life out of them. If aught on earth could ever justify vengeance, and form an apology for retaliation, the Irishman has it. His starved wife and children, as they turn their glazed eyes, already sunk deep in their sockets, and raise their attenuated hands, imploring him for a morsel of food, when he has none to give—his last farthing having been distrained for rent, and not a potato left for wife and child—do virtually, in the world's sense of it, plead with him to avenge their untimely death, and punish the cruel monster who has caused all their misery.* The deep heart of humanity revolts at the thought of such a wrong; and yet it is well that cool judgment will not excuse the rashness of vengeance. One wrong does not justify another.

It is better, doubtless, the poor peasant should, after he has covered the famished bodies of wife and children with

* "Disease is cutting away the population at a rate not easily estimated; and the people, under the pressure of their wretchedness, are fast degenerating into brutality. The poor are buried by stealth, uncoffined, and at night. Parents bury their children in gardens and by-places, to hide the fact of their death, 'in order that their miserable pittance of meal might not be stopped.' The dogs are turning into beasts of prey; and we have heard a few days since of a dog horrifying a parcel of men assembled at a smith's forge, by rushing among them with the head of a child in its mouth, which, no doubt, it had seraped out of its shallow, hasty grave."—KERRY POST.

"Matthew Fleming, of Sharavogue, found, in one of his out-houses, the head of a poor man, and, on making search, he found the body in the wood of said place, with the hands eaten off. The head was brought by his dog during the night. It appears the poor man, who, it is supposed was from Marble Hill, county Galway, was heard to say that he would have died with want on the previous day, were it not that he got relief from a farmer named Dooly, of Clonaheen. The poor man died with want in the wood. The dogs, as carrion, fed on his corpse. Good God, how long will our rulers be deaf to these scenes, the like of which were never witnessed in a Christian country! There was an inquest held—a verdict rendered accordingly."—TIPPERARY VINDICATOR.

the few sods his remaining strength will enable him to spread over them, lie down by their side on the cold ground and die,* than to seek retaliation on the christian (?) landlord, who caused his misery, and now takes his life by inches. The world would call that *murder*, and hang him, while his is but a *misfortune*. Besides, to kill him would do no good. It would not bring back the life of those he loved, but would pierce a new and poisoned dart into his own soul. The poor individual has not the *right* of the multitude of individuals called Government, or the conventicle called Inquisition, to remove the evils which disturb him.

The lives of his wife and children, and his own, are of little worth compared with the glory of royalty, or the preservation of respect for an article in the creed. The poor man's family has no right to live, if the absentee landlord's darling daughters are to be denied a yard of ribbon, a bouquet of flowers, a plate of ice-cream, or a Roman punch, when they want them; nor Victoria's babies refused a single bauble they may covet. Oh, no! that would be very wrong; a grievous offence against the moral and religious sense of nobility. But it is all right to train whole armies, feed, and clothe, and pay them well, and march them forth to shoot their fellow-men, sack towns, ravish women, and perform every hellish act! That is all

* "WE HAVE DEAD BODIES EVERY WHERE. I am obliged myself to handle them, coffin them, and put them in the earth. We can not procure a sufficiency of men to bury the dead, or of coffins to contain them. EVERY VILLAGE has dead bodies lying unburied for many days; almost EVERY HOVEL in the suburbs of the town has its corpse. We can not, I repeat, get coffins, boards, or men for the necessity of the moment. May God forgive our rulers for their cruel conduct towards God's creatures here!"—REV. MR. CONWAY, P. P.

"The humane Protestant rector of Ballinrobe addresses Lord John Russell to-day, through our columns, and every line of his eloquent, expressive, and philanthropic letter is a voice from the dead—a voice telling of over ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX REGISTERED DEATHS occurring in one week in the poor-house of Ballinrobe!"—DUBLIN JOURNAL.

perfectly right, very cool! greatly glorious! and the brow of him who succeeds best in such noble acts, shall be wreathed with the greenest laurels. The whole nation shall do him reverence, and be taxed to rear equestrian statues, and triumphal arches, or columns of brass or marble, to perpetuate, through all time, the memory of his gallant deeds! And he who solves a problem in theological mysteries to the satisfaction of all who pretended to understand and believe it before; or brandishes about an old argument to sustain the creed, shall be honored—perhaps sainted, though he may never have given a crumb from his table to feed a famished widow, or breathed a christian prayer in the cell of a dying captive!

Oh, Ireland, thou art a burlesque in the eyes of fat, absent landlords, an aspiring government, and a proud church! Thy *misfortunes* are great, but no *wrong* has been done thee! There is no help for thy sons and daughters. Thy taxes, thy rents, thy tithes, thy ignorance must remain, though thy children starve; and any attempt, on thy part, to relieve thyself, to change thy position, shall be promptly met. and the screw crush thy limbs, already mangled, still more! Thou must not wince, nor utter a word; but bear, in silence, the sneers of those who come among you, to look carelessly upon thy miseries, or impose new hardships!

In conversation with quite an intelligent lady, who was going from Kilrush to Limerick with her daughter, a very modest, pretty girl, of sixteen or seventeen, I was partially introduced into a new method of disposing of the affections, and preparing for the future condition of a child. It had become so common to hear the pitiable tales of suffering, and witness the proofs of oppression, ignorance, and misery, that it did really afford me great relief to converse with one who did not speak of her wo, destitution, and danger, but entered upon more general and agreeable topics.

When the good lady found we were from America, she began a course of inquiries about our country, and the prospects and advantages of those of some property, and fair

pretensions to education and respectability. I gave her what information I could, assuring her that for the industrious and virtuous there was a fair opportunity, that nationality was soon forgotten when a person entered into a sympathy with our social institutions; and a new-comer would soon be recognised as a friend, if true to the principles of a common humanity.

She inquired what the prospects were for a young woman like her daughter. Misconceiving her ideas, I, rather ungallantly, gave a description of the common condition of Irish girls who live in our families. She did not reprove me, but went on to speak of her daughter's qualities, and her education, informing me that she was now taking her to Limerick, to "finish her music," when she would be fitted, in every particular, for a gentleman's *wife*. I now saw my mistake, and apologized as well as I could, entering somewhat into a detail of the method of making matches, on the *voluntary* system in our country. She was surprised that it was not left to the parents to arrange these matters, virtually to *trade off* their children to their own liking. For herself, she thought her daughter would be qualified for any gentleman, and she often heard the Americans made excellent husbands; she had therefore entertained serious thoughts of disposing of her real estate, and removing to America for the better establishment of her daughter in married life.

I regretted I could not afford her any particular information on this subject, or make her any promises of aid in such a procedure. But she desired my name and address, (and I believe, all those of my companions,) which I could not refuse her, assuring her, at the same time, that I was married according to my own choice, and, being of age, even without a knowledge of my father till by letter I invited him to the wedding. She thought she should come to America, as few chances of settling her daughter as she desired, existed at home. The English she did not like—she declared she should be very unwilling to wed her child to

one, if ever so rich, and few of her own countrymen were worthy of her hand.

I admired the love and pride of that mother, and would not disturb her fond hopes, and so joined in praise of her child, which, by the way, I could do with much sincerity, as she was very pretty, modest, and intelligent. But I wondered at the freedom with which the mother talked in her presence, and that she remained so unconcerned, on a subject so nearly allied to herself and her destiny. To carry forward the train of remark, and see how far it might go beyond what would be conceived propriety among strangers at home, I ventured to ask, if I were single, whether there would be any hope for myself. The mother readily assented there would; that it would give her the greatest pleasure to bestow her daughter upon an American gentleman. The girl looked up and smiled modestly, but did not blush. I could not attribute this to coldness, nor indifference, nor want of modesty; for her whole appearance and conduct was most proper, and her sensibilities and judgment truly refined. Her mother had a most profound respect for Americans, believed them all honest, and honorable, and she made the marriage of her only child with one, an object of her highest ambition.

Had I been unmarried, and anxious for a *speculation*, I might have been induced to have made further inquiries about the terms of settlement, how much *could be made* by the operation, whether it “would pay,” and so forth. But with all their love of money, of which the Yankees are accused, I believe that beauty, character, and affection have much more to do with matrimony in our country than in any other. It is a matter of choice between the parties—too often of fancy, without judgment, I admit; and parents do little more than advise and assent to the voluntary contracts of their children. Here it is otherwise. Parents stipulate the terms, and the children consent to the bargain. Both methods may have objections, but the advantages are in favor of the former, especially when people wait until

judgment is matured, and do not rush blindly, and heedlessly into connexions where there is no similarity of taste and character, and discontent and misery can only be expected to follow.

I was sorry to be obliged, by a sense of duty awakened by the confidence reposed in me, to caution this devoted mother not to place too implicit confidence in all Americans, for like other people, we were not all perfect; but deceit and treachery, and falsehood, and faithlessness, sometimes finds room to hide away, and prepare to execute their base machinations upon unsuspecting innocence. I assured her we had many just and noble men, and our country afforded a fair chance of success to all young people who were true to themselves, and their responsibilities. The field lies open to all; the poor may grow rich, and the obscure honorable. The distinctions of family, and wealth are of no account in the formation of social relations. Character is the criterion. The sons of our most distinguished men may marry the daughters of the obscurest citizens, and excite no wonder. Sometimes those of aristocratic feelings—generally those who have themselves risen suddenly from the humblest positions to affluence, and fashion—make up wry faces, and utter harsh words when son or daughter inclines to choose a companion from the same ranks from which they have sprung; but, if virtuous and handsome, all admire the taste, and approve the judgment of one, and rejoice in the good fortune of the other, because none who reflect can discover any wrong in the case. Therefore, if she wished her daughter to become the wife of an American, who should be worthy of her hand, and who would be likely to make her happy, she must mingle in their society, on proper occasions, and wait the proposition of some lucky wight who should be fortunate enough to be smitten by such superior attractions as her daughter possessed, and receive a reciprocal return, and find favor in her sight, before the throne should be occupied by another; and then

no obstacle would be in the way of her becoming the queen of an American sovereign!

There, thought I, that is about as much blarney as I am capable of using, or can well spare. The good mother received it with expressions of great favor, and assured me she should remove to America as soon as she could arrange her affairs to do it, without too much loss in the sale of her property.

Soon after coming on board, some traveling musicians commenced playing several airs, among which were "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and a variety of "Nigger Tunes," as they are called, such as "Dan Tucker," "Lucy Neil," "Lucy Long," "Take me back to Old Virginny." I could not fail to remark the pleasure which these tunes seemed to afford others, as well as ourselves. We felt as if we were at home during their performance. When the musician came round with his cap for a contribution, we asked him how he came to play so many American tunes.

"Och," said he, "an' did'nt we knoo ye're Amirikins; an' fa'th, an' would'nt we do somethin' to plase ye, who coome froom that blissid coounthry, which fed us when we were stharvin'."

"But," said I, "you ought to play 'God save the Queen,' for she is your sovereign."

"The divil a bit do I care for the Quane; it's a small bit o' praise that I'd be afther givin' her, anyhoo. It's Amiriky that I loove, it is, moore than England, an' all the kings and quanes in the woorld."

"Yes, but you should be true and loyal."

"Is't true and loyal to oour opprissors, ye would have us? Sorra a bit uv it will I ba afther giving them, at all, at all. Ayeh, praise the min that make us stharve? Ye do noo such thing in yer coounthry, an' I knoo, I do; an' it's that same that I'll not do aither, begorra."

"Well, here's a sixpence for your blarney; and you

must play some of the tunes over again, or else give us some Irish airs."

"An' sure, an' it's noo blaarnay, that I'm afther giving ye, at all. It's the thruth that I'm tellin' ye, when I spake well o' Amiriky; that same blissed coounthry, an' the pape in it. May the blissed Virgin presarve it till I git there, afoore lang."

"But how did you come to know we were Americans?"

"Oeh, sure, an' are not yer coollars turned down, as noo gintilmin but Amirikins have 'em."

A little piqued that our nationality was so easily detected, only because it might prevent us from mingling, with the freedom we desired, among all classes, and securing a confidence which would enable us to form a true estimate of what we saw, I remarked to him he had better play some British tunes, to humor the pride of the Englishmen, and they would give him more liberally.

"The divil a farthin' moore will they be afther givin' me, nor that naither, an' I would play them all the tunes in the kingdom. It's not the same I'd plase, at all. Begorra, I'll not sthain my shooul with so great a sin, as to plase the min that oppriss and ruin me coounthry"

This was said with an air of defiance, quite common with a class of the people, when speaking of England. An inveterate hostility is cherished towards that nation, and all their misfortunes and misery are set to the account of English interference—high rents, heavy taxes, potato rot, and all. No matter if the landlord is an Irishman, and the middle-man lays on the exorbitant rents, or the small farmers charge enormously for con-acres. England is at fault for every thing. But for the union all would go well. "Repeal" that, and the waste lands and undrained bogs would produce bountifully, and all Ireland would be a paradise again, as in the days of the great Saint Patrick!

Such is the dream of these wretched people. They are ignorant, and, consequently, easily led by those who have their confidence, and blind and bigoted when once an opi-

nion is formed. They have been made to believe that England is their bitterest enemy—that the government has no concern for their welfare, only to over-ride them with tithes and taxes, and force them to renounce their religion, or flee their country and leave it for an inheritance to the Protestants! If a school is established, it is only to convert their children from the *true* faith; if an improvement is attempted, it is merely to increase the rent; if a poor-house is built, it will add to their taxes and do no good. They are disheartened and distrustful; and, so often cheated, and so long oppressed, they have become suspicious of every body, even of one another.

It is to be regretted that those who claim to be their superiors, conduct themselves in a manner calculated to beget and sustain such feelings. There is exhibited little of that kind forbearance, and benevolent concern, which a nation so long and deplorably depressed should receive at the hands of enlightened and christian rulers, and rich and “noble” landlords. Few evidences are given of any other disposition than that of enmity and unconcern, by those whose business it should be to exercise mercy and generous aid towards a crushed and disheartened people, to raise them from their degradation, and guide them into the paths of intelligence, honor, and prosperity.

SCENERY ALONG THE SHANNON.

The scenery along the Lower Shannon is varied, and, in some places, romantic. It would be beautiful, actually charming, if one could banish the sight of destitution and misery which every where meet the eye.

The mouth, from Keery-head to Loop-head, is ten or twelve miles wide, and the shores about the bay are bordered with caverned cliffs, and swelling hills, sundered by deep glens, narrow inlets, or boggy vallies, with tiers of mountains rising in the distance. The caves of Ballybunnian, worn out by the interminable fretting and dashing of

the restless ocean, are objects of curiosity to the geologist and traveler, and the views about the Doon bay are remarkably beautiful. As we ascended the river the jutting cliffs, in some places rugged and precipitous, the rounded headlands, which divide the succession of small bays, the soft, green islets, the ruined castles and small villages dotted along the shores, which look respectable in the distance, with here and there the aristocratic seat of some lord or gentleman, with fine fields, smooth lawns, and extensive plantations, added much to the variety and beauty of the scenery. But the small turf-boats, with dirty, brown sails, managed by ragged and wretched boatmen, and every where the traces of poverty and neglect, so mar the beauties of creation that one can not contemplate them without pain.

A few miles above Tarbert we passed the village of Glynn, near which was pointed out to us a rather elegant seat, the property of Sir, or Lord, or Hon. — Fitzgerald, “the Knight of Glynn.” There are also several very pretty villas about the town, which, at this season, make a fine appearance, as if they might be the abodes of wealth and rural contentment. But that a family can find peace and happiness in the midst of so much misery as abounds in all directions, seems to me impossible; for, if they have a heart to enjoy, they must have a soul to pity, and such deplorable scenes of destitution as must meet their eyes at every turn, must either overwhelm them with sorrow, or steel their finer feelings against all impressions which help to form the sum of human happiness.

An intelligent gentleman, of whom I learned much concerning this country, pointed out to me the ruins of Glynn castle, and told me a story about a brave defence made there by some bold knight, more than two hundred years ago, who was finally overcome, and the whole garrison cruelly butchered by the English under General Carew. Farther on, he designated several other interesting places, the villas of the gentry, the demesnes of lords, castles and

villages, with interesting scraps of history, and legends. I did not note even the names of all of them, but I remember Foyne's Island and Mount Trenchard, on the south, the elegant and romantic seat of some lord, the village of Loughill, at which we took off two boat loads of passengers, Cahircon, and several fine demesnes on the Clare shore.

Winding between some small islands, we entered into the broad estuary of the Shannon, which spreads off to the north, at the head of which is the town and castle of Clare. This bay changes the aspect on the north. The craggy, bleak limestone hills cease, and a broad and beautiful valley stretched off to the northeast, bordered by a gentle elevation, which is the more remarkable for a growth of large timber which covers it, forming a great novelty in a country almost entirely destitute of forests. On this side, the gray walls of several old castles, covered with ivy, were pointed out by name.

Castles have become so frequent, that I no longer feel interest enough in them to remember their names. The whole country is full of them. They are as thick as school-houses in New England, but have never protected half as many noble hearts, nor did a ten thousandth part as much service to the country or the world. These were but the moral nurseries of feudal tyrants, who oppressed their vassals, and took shelter in them from the fury of rival clans. Those are the free nurseries of sovereigns—God's noblemen, who breathe the air of freedom, and proclaim liberty to all. These enslaved the masses, and sustained a sham nobility by oppression. Those break off the chains of ignorance, and help the weakest rise to wealth and honor. Who can doubt the results? *Here* is a nation of bondsmen, crushed in spirit, shrouded in ignorance, bigoted in religion, uncared for by others, and unable to help themselves—famished, starved, and dying. *There* the humblest have knowledge; all minds are free to examine every subject, and reject or approve, sustain or condemn;

and a fair field is open to all, where each may run his own race unencumbered, and expect honor or shame, wealth or poverty to be meted out according to his deserts. *Here* a few noblemen and gentry are born to titles and riches, which can not be sequestered for an honest debt or deep disgrace, but go down by hereditary law—divine right—to the next akin, until some royal mandate changes the succession. *There* no claim of primogeniture can be sustained, and no act of bankruptcy save from disgrace the man who would cheat an honest creditor. *Here* a man glories in an elevation to which he is born, and occupies without merit, living in splendor while thousands famish about him—mere tenants-at-will. *There* a man is promoted for what he does and deserves, and others praise or shun him as they please—no one act can shield him from censure and disgrace for vices afterwards committed. Such are some of the contrasts between an old Irish feudal castle, and a New-England school-house. Who has not a preference?

I mention the grim old castle of Bunratty, near which is an elegant modern mansion, because of its fine appearance, and from the fact that it is still occupied as a police barracks, thus retaining something of its original character—the power to overawe the wretched people and keep them in subjection. From a distance it appears to be one of the largest, most curious, and stately piles we have seen, and worthy the renown of the de Clares who built it, and bore rule along the north shore of the Shannon for a long period.

On the the south, a mile or two up a small river, which is navigable, is the town of Askeaton. The gruff walls of the castle rise from a solid rock in the river to the height of near a hundred feet, and are in a *tolerable state of ruin*. This was another stronghold of the Desmonds, and was blown up by Sir George Carew at the time he overran this part of Munster. Near the river are the remains of a Franciscan monastery. The situation of these ruins, and the town, is very beautiful, and, in any country but Ireland, would be a resort for the lovers of the grand and beautiful

in rural scenery. The naked, craggy, and bleak mountains stretching off in the rear, the lofty summit of Knockpatrick, which commands an extensive view of the whole valley of the Lower Shannon, including a large portion of the counties of Limerick, Clare and the north of Kerry, with parts of Tipperary and Galway, overlooking innumerable hills and valleys, castles, villas, hamlets and villages, with a still greater number of mud hovels, and miserable cottages, gives great variety and strong contrast to the scene.

The town itself is not very thrifty, though fair for the west of Ireland. The greatest beauties are outside ; and I was told there were many places of great interest in the history and legends of the country situated in the vicinity, such as Drumdeely castle, close on the bank of the Shannon, the parochial church, a part of which is in ruins, the village of Shana-golden, near which are the ruins of Manistir-na-Gillagh, and Shanet castle, where originated the famous war-cry of the clans of Desmonds, "Shanet-a-boo," which rung through Munster in opposition to the "Crom-a-boo" of the Fitzgeralds, of Leinster. The interference of the English in favor of the latter, who more readily accepted the reformed religion, succeeded in a conquest against the former, who were mostly slain or expatriated, and the vast estates given to the former ; and thus a new set of oppressors was created.

It will be found, all through the west of Ireland, that many of the noblemen who were originally French, were forcibly supplanted by the English who have never felt much real sympathy for the people, simply holding them as vassals. Hence the cause of the frequent disturbances, and the continual hatred, dissatisfaction, discord, and misery which prevails in this portion of the country.

The races have not coalesced ; no genuine friendship subsists between them. The small farmers and laborers look upon the landlords as their worst enemies, whose sole object is to wrench from them the last farthing they can get. And in their hate and spite, they, like all others actuated by

wrong and vengeful motives, deprive themselves of the means of comfort, for the mere fun, it would seem, of trying to torment others. They will not improve their lands for fear the landlords will raise on the rents—never considering that, if they should make an acre, rented at 10s. which now produces not over £3 or £4 income, produce £12 or £15—as much land is capable of doing—they would be the gainers although the landlord should increase the rent to 20s. or 30s. They have so much respect for *principle*, or rather, such a bitter malignity against the landlords, that they prefer to dwell in filth and starve, than to do any thing to benefit themselves if their oppressors are to reap any advantage from it at the same time.

This is about the only explanation which can be given of the poverty and social degradation of a large portion of the people. There are other causes, no doubt, which conduce, indirectly, to the same unfortunate and miserable state of things. And it may be as well stated here as any where, that the wicked negligence, oppression, and tyranny of many landlords, and their worse agents, have tended in a great degree, to produce this condition. Many landlords rarely come to see their properties, and know virtually nothing about their lands or tenants. Several never visit the country in their lives, and very many never more than once or twice, and they do not stay but a few days—nor then give half the attention to the real condition of the people that an observing tourist would in half the time. They live in London, or on their estates in different parts of the kingdom, or, it may be, at Interlarken, or some where else on the continent, where they can live cheap and cut a big dash, with their limited incomes; never reflecting that by coming to live upon their properties, and devoting some attention to the science of agriculture, ditching, manuring, and improving their lands, they could enrich themselves, and improve the condition of their tenants, and soon be able to pay off their honest debts, and make a fair and hon-

orable appearance amongst honest, honorable, and truly Christian people.

As it is, they trust all to heartless agents, whose sole object is to wrench out, each year, all they possibly can, both to secure their own per centage, and satisfy their needy employers, caring no more for the tenants than for beasts. Every thing is trusted in their hands, and they, by the habits of their lives, are rarely men of comprehensive and far-seeing views—of generous and forbearing souls. Their business, and the men they have to deal with, both above and below, disqualify them from giving much attention to any thing like improvement ; for they have little confidence in either, nor much in themselves, except to make what they can out of both, while entrusted with a stewardship. They know the landlords care for little but their ease, and rents, and roast beef, and plum-pudding, and pot of beer, and a gay time at the club-room ; and that their tenants can not hate them much worse if distrained every quarter for their rent. So they manage, by going armed, to collect the oppressive tributes.

THE TENURE OF LANDS A CAUSE OF MISERY.

It can hardly be expected the small farmers, mere “tenants-at-will,” will enter into any comprehensive system of improvements. The tenure by which they could hope to reap any thing like a fair reward for their labor, is so precarious, so subject to the whim and interest of the landlord or agent, that there is poor encouragement for them. Besides, few have either the knowledge or the means to carry out any system of improvement which presents a prospect of future recompense for their outlay, even where they have leases of five, ten, or twenty years.

In some places where we have been, such leases exist, but in almost every instance a renewal of them is refused, and the tenantry is ejected to make room for higher rents, or another class, more suitable to the landlord or agent.

In a vast many cases a large amount is realized by releasing the mere right to live on the land for a fixed time. The competition for such a *privilege* is often very great, tenants being frequently obliged to give as high as £15 or £20 an acre, when the lease has only a few years to run. One gentleman told me of an instance in Ulster, where the tenant himself sold out his "right," which had but nine years to run, for £12, (\$60,) an acre, the land paying a rent of 30s. (\$7.50,) an acre, annually. Pretty dear land we should call that in our country.*

There is, among the "squatters" on our new lands, a similar practice of selling out their "betterments," including all the improvements they have made upon it. But the "tenant-right," where it exists, includes nothing but the mere *peaceable holding* of a certain property for a specified period. All the improvements belong to the owner of the soil.

Some idea can be formed of Irish landlordism, by the tenants of the Patroon, who have, of late, made so much noise about "anti-rentism." But they have not a tithe of the reason for complaint of the best tenants here, although a somewhat similar principle is concerned. The exclusive, hereditary, and anti-republican system of our American lords is not secured by quite so many feudal tenures nor hedged up quite so securely from the invasion of moral sentiment, and the spirit of equal rights, as is the landlordism of Ireland. The same feeling burns deeply in Irish hearts, but they are so crushed that no opportunity is given for any thing like a fair expression of it.

In our western States, if a man "squats" on a piece of land which has not yet come into market, improves it, builds a house, and provides himself a home, he is understood to have a sort of "pre-emption right." He and his neighbors

*"I have known a tenant bid for a farm that I was perfectly well acquainted with, worth £50 a year. I saw the competition get up to such an extent, that he was declared the tenant at £450."—EVIDENCE OF MR. HURLEY, OF TRALEE, BEFORE POOR COM., p. 851.

understand that nobody has any right to molest him. And if any avaricious speculator should have the temerity to come in competition with him at the land-sale, and run the price above what is understood to be a fair value of the land, and so secure the fee to it, he would find it a difficult matter to obtain the peaceable possession, without first *purchasing* the consent of the "squatter." He and all the neighborhood would rise, at once, against the intruder, whose purse happened to be a little longer than the poor man's whose sweat had given to the land all the value that raised it above the simple government price. This may be called a "resistance of the law," but, in its working, it is the exhibition of a high moral sentiment, vastly more just and conservative than the legal enactments of partisan legislators, passed by men no less susceptible to the influence of private interest than the honest, humble, and simple-hearted people, who have a sense of what is justice between man and man, and who will not willingly allow their homes and hard earnings to be wrenched from them without resistance.

The result of this "forcible resistance of law and order" has had a most excellent effect in the settlement of our new States. Adventurers who were willing to pursue an honorable vocation, and, by their own labor, "turn the wilderness into a fruitful field," and make the "desert blossom as the rose," felt a degree of security that they should not be molested, that their neighbors would stand by them and prevent their forcible expulsion from their property *on* the land, by greedy and heartless speculators who cared for nothing but to grow rich upon other people's earnings. In few, or no instances have these rough and hardy borderers, the pioneers of civilization, been guilty of any refusal to meet the price of land as fixed by government, though they would fight to the last drop of blood, to prevent the invasion of their rights by a set of blood-hound speculators who have tracked them, at every remove, to their forest homes, and waited for another opportunity to pounce upon them and drive them

from their improvements without a fair recompense for their labor. All true growth in this world is from the seed to the tree. And this principle has become law, and given "pre-emption rights" to all actual settlers on unsold lands.

A similar principle I find in this country, cherished, or rather lurking, in the hearts of the people. But it lacks form, and method, manifesting itself only in cowardly acts of assassination, or a dogged indifference to all the rational and decent comforts of life—willing to starve themselves and families for the sake of tormenting their landlords. It is no uncommon thing to hear of the shooting of landlords or their agents, under circumstances apparently the most aggravated on both sides. I have read of several such occurrences since I have been in the country, and had them confirmed by the most unquestionable authority. I had supposed the reports were fictions, for I did not suppose that, in a country so watched by armies of soldiers and policemen, there could be any danger of personal violence, such as often goes across the water in the newspapers. But I find it all confirmed, and in its worst possible aspects. Indeed, it is no infrequent thing for a landlord or his agent, to be shot dead while riding in his carriage to or from church, or about his regular business. I have felt some alarm at our own safety in traveling in so savage a country, for actually the cases of shooting are more frequent here than on the borders of our Indian territories.

But, on inquiry, I have found that there is a careful discrimination in the objects of this fatal spite ; that it is not against a class, a reckless hate and violence, but in retaliation for personal injuries, which they honestly believe to be the cause of the suffering which has destroyed their wives and children, and threatens their own lives. It is a sort of desperation which frequently accompanies starvation.*

* "Take away the greatest cause of agitation ; give leases and ACT FAIRLY by the tenant, and the agitator's occupation is almost gone."—FOSTER'S LETTERS, p. 141.

The case stands thus. The principal—almost the entire, support of the common Irish population, is derived from the cultivation of the land. If a man can get a few roods, at any thing like a fair rent, he is satisfied, and counts himself happy; he goes to work with a good heart, according to his best knowledge, secures a livelihood, and pays his rent promptly, if he is fortunate enough to have good land, favorable seasons, and a high market. But here are the *contingencies* which produce Ireland's miseries and ceaseless agitation, and lead to the unlawful and inhuman acts of violence before alluded to.

In the first place, few Irishmen have good landlords, or get their lands at fair rents. I do not mean to say that the landlords—be they English, Irish, or Scotch, are necessarily bad men, or inhuman. I speak of them as *landlords*; in which capacity, I understand them to be morally under solemn obligations to do right by themselves, their families, their tenants, the neighborhood, and the nation. For what has God, (?) or the government, entrusted them with the *exclusive* right to the soil, from which man and beast are fed, if it is not to make it a source of productive increase to the means of life and comfort?*

“Where ORDINARY ATTENTION to an estate, and to a tenantry has been exhibited, we have seen the value of the estate “trebled in eighteen years,” and the people made comfortable and happy.”—IBID, p. 414.

* “The SMALL GENTRY, or ‘squireens,’ as they are called—men of £300 or £400, (\$1,500 or \$2,000) A YEAR strengthen these failings by the most ridiculous pride. Such men are too proud to send their son's into counting-houses of merchants, to learn some business and fight their own way as good citizens, and they are too poor to bring them up to professions; but they will raise heaven and earth in patronage-hunting to get a son into the Post Office, at £80 or £100 a year. Their pride is sufficient to prevent their seeking independence by praiseworthy and honest industry and enterprise, but is not sufficient to prevent their becoming slaves and sycophants of every ‘great man,’ for the most paltry advantages.”—IBID, p. 166. A two edged sword, in unskilful hands: Why did not the “Times Commissioner” propose a way they might work—yes—WORK “with their own hands,” and till the waste lands and make them productive? And why do not the GREAT gentry or Squiremagnates, and noblemen, show an example to humble men? We Americans

Very well ; they are too rich, or proud, or lazy, to till the land themselves, and so entrust the management of it to others, retaining to themselves the *right* to an income sufficient to supply their necessities and luxuries, and enable them to maintain a degree of ease and splendor suited to their tastes or the circles in which they move. Now all this I will not object to, for so is the practice of the world. But I *might* go back and question their titles, asking in whose name they got possession of those fifty, or one hundred, or two hundred thousand acres of God's earth, made for human homes—for “the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,” and he “has made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” so that each man has a *right to life*, and the means of it which come out of the ground, provided he uses proper diligence to obtain it. At least, society has no right to throw about restrictions to exclude him from such opportunity.

I may be told it was William, or Henry, or James, or Cromwell, or Charles II, or Elizabeth, or, if preferred, the O'Neils, the Desmonds, the McCarthys, the O'Briens, or even Brian Boroihme, or Saint Patrick, whose gracious benignity secured to their noble progenitors the exclusive right to the soil in perpetuity forever. But how came they by such power over God's heritage, to slice up His earth, which was made for all His children as much as air and water, and parcel it out with such discriminating partiality? If they assume to rule in His name, and by divine right, as His appointed emissaries, they should be careful to obey His revealed will, lest they awake His displeasure! But this is not the point. I go not backwards now to inquire into titles, because the aristocratic will not hear me, or will feign not to understand me; and it would do the rest no immediate good if they did.

I return, then, to the position which the landlord takes, look upon the assumptions of British nobility as a very small—but exceedingly wicked thing.

that, *being* in possession of the fee to a certain tract of God's earth, he has a right to *a support* from it ; nay, to all the income he can make it yield him. Very well ! So much we yield him, not because it is *right*, but because it is *law* and custom. He can ask no more. Now, what does he do with his vast heritage of land ? Does he come to it, and, like a prudent and wise man, provide for its best management, so as to yield him a rich income ? Does he overlook it, and inquire into the best means of recovering what is waste and unproductive ? Does he look after his tenantry, and see that they are, first of all, made comfortable, and qualified to work to advantage for the best good of the property ?* It would seem that mere self-interest, the narrowest (but perhaps strongest) motive to action, would prompt him to do so, to say nothing about the broader principles of justice, humanity, and religion.

But no ; he does no such thing ; probably not in one case in a hundred. He stays away, and knows virtually nothing of the condition of his estates, or of his ten, or twenty, or a hundred thousand tenants—has never seen either, and never wants to, so long as he gets rent enough to support him some where else. He was born out of the country, is alien to all upon or about his property, and though an Irishman, he has learned to hate his country,

* “ The law of entail and settlement charges on property often so cripple the landowners that they are frequently, as compared with their nominal property, poor men ; extravagant habits, family pride to live befitting the nominal income, load the estates of such men with incumbrances, until, at length, the **DERNIER RESORT** of an Irish landlord is taken : he flies to Florence and lives at an hotel, where at the **TABLE D'HOTE** he can boast of his Irish acres—or he resides in London, in lodgings, and in obscurity. In either case, there is no capital for the benefit of Ireland. In the one place capital can never be created, in the other case it is sunk and wasted. The land is left to the management of agents, or it gets into the hands of the receivers in Chancery—in either of which cases there is but one object—to extract as much rent as possible. With such a state of things, the want of employment, the distress and misery, and the disturbances of Ireland, under whatever name, are not difficult to be accounted for.”—**FOSTER'S LETTERS ON IRELAND**, p. 67.

and despise his countrymen. He has heard, through his venal agent, a most horrid account of the savageness of the inhabitants, made so by his own abusive conduct, or cruel neglect, and does not care to visit them.*

Every where we hear censures heaped upon absentee landlords.† Now, if they were at home, where they belong, looking after their interests, they would not be for ever draining the country of all its income, to squander it at foreign courts, and thus leave it impoverished, but would spend it where it would do some good, enrich the country, and increase the value of the properties and the comforts of the people.‡

The second evil I mention, as a prolific cause of the present misery of Ireland, is the conduct of the agents who stand between the owner and cultivator of the soil. In some cases, these agents are appointed by the landlord and act directly

* “ We are under agents and bailiffs, who have no feeling for the people, our landlord being an absentee nobleman. He never comes near us to see if we are oppressed or tyrannized over. We should have some hope if our landlord would visit us once a year, that we should have some redress.”—FOSTER’S LETTERS ON IRELAND, p. 153.

† “ To speak plainly : to hear a nation bawling out misery and beggary, and to see such numbers of her wise and good children fluttering about the world in splendor and magnificence, seems, at first sight, an irreconcilable contradiction. People that have common sense, humanity, and honesty themselves, will be apt to suppose them in others, and can hardly believe that so many noblemen and gentlemen of Ireland can riot and blaze abroad, while so many thousands of their fellow-citizens are starving for want of their help at home, and their native country is reduced to beggary and a deadly consumption. ‘ Even dogs,’ they say, ‘ when sick, know their own physic, and take it effectually ;’ and I therefore heartily wish many of our people, at home and abroad, may, for the future, give us some proofs of their having some share in this natural instinct as may make us full amends for the want of all rational management of themselves and their substance, to prevent our ruin.”—PREFACE TO DR. MADDEN’S WORK, “ REFLECTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS FOR THE GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND.”—IBID, p. 67.

‡ “ In the words of another, ‘ it (absenteeism) is the ruin of the country. We have not a resident landlord within ten miles of us. Though there is between £50,000 and £60,000 a year taken out of the neighborhood, we do not get £100 of it returned.’ ”—IBID, p. 100.

for him, which is, perhaps, the least objectionable method, taken as a whole, by the absentee proprietor. But cases are not wanting of their faithlessness, both to their employers and the tenants. I have had the most undoubted proofs of the most wicked and inhuman treatment of these task-masters, in numberless instances; and there are not wanting evidences of their treachery and dishonesty to the landlords themselves. On large estates, numerous sub-agents are employed, who increase the miseries, and feel less compunction, inasmuch as they feel less responsibility.*

The dishonesty and knavery of the agents are bad enough, heaven knows; but it is not half equal to the oppressions of the "middle-men," as they are called. This is a class of petty landlords, a kind of stock-jobbers, who hire large tracts of land at cheap rents, and then underlet them in small portions, at enormous prices.† This is done in vari-

* "The landlord and agent are both absentees, and it is a great loss to the tenantry upon a large estate, when it happens so. I think it would be better if one or both of them were living upon the estate."—LAND COM., p. 159.

"You may say NINETEEN-TWENTIETHS of this barony are owned by absentees."—p. 144.

† "The majority of the landlords are non-residents, and very much of the land is let to middlemen on leases. The land is thus taken out of the management of the landlord, and the middle-man, having no permanent interest in it, covers it with a pauper tenantry, from which he exacts a competition rent, and at the end of his term renders it up to the landlord to deal with as he can. The land being generally hilly and rocky, is let by the cow's grass and not by the acre. A tenant can live pretty comfortably on about ten cows' grass. 'Land ranges from £2 to £4 rent, by a cow's grass, according to the quality and quantity of the pasture.' (Evidence of Mr. Eugene O'Sullivan, of Westcove, four miles from Derrynane, O'Connell's residence.) The subdivision, however, amongst the tenants, especially near the sea-shore, has gone on to such an extent, that most of them have not more than a cow's grass a-piece to live upon. This will give a clue to their poverty. A cow, on fair good land, in this part of Kerry, will yield a firkin and a half of butter a year. A firkin of butter is worth £2 15s.; a firkin and a-half will therefore leave about £4 a year, and the rent is from £2 to £4 for this cow's grass. A patch of land is manured with sea-weed and shell sand, which the poor, barefooted women carry in hampers on their backs great distances, and on this they raise their potatoes for a year's consumption. The value of their

ous ways. They some times, and the more honorable ones, or less knavish, simply stand in the character of an agent responsible for the rent, and are careful to put an additional price, abundantly sufficient to secure themselves from the possibility of any loss. Many get long and cheap leases from bankrupt landlords, and go to work and build towns, mills, and factories, drain lands, and make other permanent improvements, as if the property was actually their own.

It is not unfrequent that such men amass large fortunes, and, in turn, lease their rights to an other class, who become more greedy of gain, and vastly worse oppressors than the land owners.* Some times this subletting is carried down, by these speculators in human rights and miseries, to the fourth and fifth degree. The poor cottier, underlying all, is doomed to support the monstrous burden that oppresses him, or be crushed to death.† From the

butter hardly pays their rent, and the buttermilk and potatoes are the only food or means of subsistence which the small tenants have. The laborers are worse off; they have not the buttermilk."—FOSTER'S LETTERS ON IRELAND, p. 389.

* "The middle classes live by subletting, and subletting, and again subletting the land, at increased rentals. This is the extent of their enterprise."—IBID, p. 145.

† "In filthiness and squalid poverty, starving on a rood of land, with miles of waste land around him, which the application of knowledge and industry would make teem with plenty, the poor Kerry farmer exists, in contented wretchedness. Neglected by his landlord, he knows nothing beyond the growing of potatoes; oppressed by the hard fisted middle-man, who lives by squeezing another rent out of his industry, he is steeped in hopeless poverty; cheated and robbed by the bailiffs and drivers, who extort from him his last sixpence for rent, and their fees; and pounced upon by the middle-man for an increased rent, if he improves an acre of land, he learns cheating and extortion from his betters, and practices both on the wretched being who labors on his farm. In a hovel like a pigsty, in which it is impossible to stand upright, without chimney and without window, with but one room, an iron pot, and a rude bedstead, with some straw litter, as the only furniture, bed, or bed-clothes, the laborer, in the midst of half a dozen nearly naked children, with his bare-footed wife, sits squatted on the mud floor, round the peat fire. A garden-plot of potatoes is their whole subsistence, and for this patch of land, and the

pores of his skin oozes out the sweat which circulates life and fashion up to the nobleman who sits in the House of Lords, figures at the exchequer, bears the trail of Mrs. Victoria Guelph, or loiters, with his family, about the cities and watering places of the continent. He supports the petty aristocracy, so abundant in all Irish towns, in addition, and then is called *lazy, indolent, and worthless*, and sneered at as unfit to live in such a bountiful and beautiful country. His very birth-place is begrudged him, and, in cold charity, he is helped off to America or Australia! Merciful heaven! Is there no justice left in human hearts? No compassion for the wrongs and ills of a poor and distressed people?

And then the larger farmers, learning the method, and imbibing the spirit from their superiors, will split up their farms and let them out by the year in "con-acres," at exorbitant prices, sometimes as high as £5, £7, and even £10.* A "con-acre" is a piece of land plowed and manured. Every system is resorted to, from the highest to the lowest, to sponge out something from the next below, and set at ease upon their necks. It is no wonder that the Irish are proverbially suspicious, and jealous of every body. Their whole training tends to induce such a condition of mind. They are oppressed, cheated, and neglected by the "noble," and nobody seems to show the least regard for

hovel which shelters him and his family, his labor is sold to some farmer, who lets him his land and hovel for a year."—FOSTER'S LETTERS ON IRELAND, p. 388.

* A CASE.—"The proprietor in fee, is Mr. Alderman Harty, who purchased from an individual in whose favor it had been confiscated after the battle of Aughrim, in the revolution of 1688. Mr. Harty receives 9d. per acre from Major Warburton, the first lessee; Mr. Handy pays under an old lease, 2s. 6d. an acre to Major. W. John North holds under Mr. Handy, and pays 6s. an acre; John North has sublet to several small tenants, and receives from them on an average of £1, 7s. an acre."—POOR INQUIRY, IRELAND, Ap. F. p. 142.

"And sometimes the farmers, in such cases, to enable them to pay these high rents, let out fragments of land manured to cottiers, in what is termed 'Con-acre,' for which the general price is £8 to £10, the acre."—FOSTER'S LETTERS, p. 70.

them. Their own neighbors are as overbearing and ungenerous as any body else, and so they are taught to be suspicious and hateful of one another.

The whole mystery of the Irish character has been solved and made plain to me, since I have been among them. I would except those educated under more favorable circumstances; for nobody has a deeper respect and admiration, almost reverence, for true human nature than myself. And instead of learning to hate, I have come to love the Irish, and to pity them; for I see, even in the lowest classes, and in their humblest conditions, a living semblance of the original image; deformed, defaced, and broken, to be sure; like the world-famed statue of *Venus de Medicis*, which was dug from deep ruins, and found in eighteen fragments, and some parts missing at that; and I have faith that some moral or social *Michael Angelo* will yet arise, and, with proper encouragement, clear away the rubbish and give form and direction to the latent, natural qualities, which, it is by all acknowledged, the Irish possess in no mean degree.

This suggests the remark, that all the "agitations" of O'Connell, and "Repeal" doctrines of O'Brian, or "Catholic Reform Bills," or "Irish Poor Laws," "Rate-in-aid," and every thing of the kind, will accomplish little more than a pleasing dream to the advocates of the respective measures. They do not reach the cause of the evil. They may palliate the symptoms, soothe the agitation, and prolong the crisis. But the disease remains untouched; the virus continues to circulate, and the whole system sinks deeper and deeper into an incurable typhoid.

The great curse of Ireland is a social one, and lays deeper than political agitation, or forcible revolutions. The repeal of the Union could not touch it; but most likely would aggravate the evils; for there is no sympathy, no confidence in Irish hearts, and there can be no union or concert of action. I mean there is no sympathy for any thing like political, associated action. There are not in the masses the necessary qualities of self-government. Men

must *be* and feel free, before they can establish a free government;—must be republicans before they can establish a republic; must love their fellow-men, have confidence in them, and respect their rights, before they can hope to unite in a successful revolution, or achieve any great measure of reform in which all can participate.

I dislike,—radical as I am, to be obliged to say these things, in this place; but I am here an observer and a friend to all. My sympathies are with the people always. I have no respect for wigs nor miters, crowns nor coronets. But I love humanity and pity those who are suffering wrong. I always prefer the stammering approbation of the poor man, whose stifled words and tearful eyes tell his sincerity, than the condescending and patronizing attention of any proud aristocrat. Yet, with all my faith in humanity, and love for freedom, religious and political, I do not believe that the common remedies proposed for Ireland are specific or sufficient.

Parliament can do something, but not by “Repealing the Union,” or passing “Rate-in-aid” bills, or building work-houses, or increasing the taxes, or shipping over money for the relief of the out-door poor. They must compel absentee and bankrupt landlords to pay their debts like honest men, and, if need be, sequestrating the immense estates which have been enjoyed, these three or four centuries without having ever paid a stiver for them;—a strong dose, but a just one; for these properties were confiscated from their original feudal lords and *given* by royal favor, and having had them so long, humanity and common justice would alike indicate the propriety of taking the vineyard from these faithless husbandmen and letting it to others. There is high authority for such a procedure. And I see no *right* to be invaded by it, unless the long and uninterrupted possession of *wrong* makes it a *right*. I see little else that Parliament can do, unless it is to put education on a more liberal basis, making it include more than mere intellectual knowledge—practical science, the arts of good husbandry, by normal schools of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

Nobody can travel in this country without deploring the ignorance which prevails upon the commonest arts of life, even the means of domestic cleanliness, health and comfort. I should add, in this place, that the odious and onerous tithe tax, for the support of a religion not believed, and the placing of all religions upon an equal basis, would greatly facilitate the reformation and improvement of the people, by removing one of the causes which arouse the strongest passions of their hearts, appealing to their religious prejudices and making them enemies to religious men and measures which should direct them in a course of real progress.

But deeper than Parliamentary proceedings, which can only aid, a new and moral principle must be brought into action. It is difficult to say how this can be done, or whether it ever will be ; but one thing is certain, if it is not, anarchy and final extinction must overtake this race. The people can not well begin the work alone, nor can the nobility or gentry. It must be *mutual*. A spirit of individual philanthropy must start it, and good men, both high and low, rich and poor, must be willing to profit by it. The people must be instructed—some body must instruct them—and landlords must become *benefactors* instead of oppressors. They must become *Christians*, and be willing to serve and be served, spend and be spent. And *vice versa*, the cottiers must be willing to help and be helped. They must not, as now, seek revenge of the landlords, and execute and abuse their agents, by waylaying them and shooting them in a dastardly manner, and thus send a murderous report abroad against the whole country. Nor must they refuse to adopt improvements necessary to make their lands more productive, for fear the landlords will raise upon their rents. They must be willing to join in any measure which will improve their condition and brighten their prospects for the future.

There is no where such a field for christian philanthropy as in Ireland. Talk about converting the heathen, who speak in other languages, and worship other gods. Good

and glorious as that work is, it does not compare with the opportunity of rescuing the starved, the oppressed, ignorant and dying millions of Erin. And how these noblemen can reconcile it with their consciences to live in splendor, and give freely for Christian and benevolent objects from the exorbitant rents extorted from this wretched population, is more than I can comprehend. It seems to me as if the ghosts of their famished tenants would haunt their nightly slumbers, stand in the way of all their revels, and whisper sad moanings of their neglect and injustice in their ears, as they kneel at the altar of religion !

CHAPTER VIII.

LIMERICK.

Situation of Limerick.—A Porter.—Railway Station.—Scenes of Sin and Misery.—The Market.—Handsome Women.—Artillery Barracks.—Oppression.—A Wedding.—A Catholic Chapel.—Theory and Practice.—“Spitting.”—The Cathedral.—Bishop’s Court.—Monuments.—A Fine Landscape.—The Citadel.—History.—Interview with the Prioress of a Nunnery.—National Schools, their Changes and Present Condition.—Reading Room.—Newspapers.—Limerick-Stone.—Gentry.—Beggars.

APPROACHING THE CITY.

For several miles along the shores of the river, before reaching Limerick, the land is level, and the hills recede to a considerable distance. Close on the banks the ground is low, a portion of it having been recovered from the domain of the water, by artificial dikes, which preserve it from being overflowed by high tides and unusual freshets. These alluvial bottoms are rich, and very productive. Back of these, a broad, undulating plain stretches off in all directions, bounded by distant hills on the east, south, and north-west, leaving the beautiful valley on the north and west,

through which winds the majestic Shannon, the noblest river in the United Kingdom. In the centre of this vale, and directly on a bend in the river where it suddenly spreads into the estuary, called the Lower Shannon, is situated the city of Limerick. Several villages, private seats and villas, with old ruined castles towering up, here and there, from isolated rocks or projecting spurs of a range of hills, add much to the grandeur and beauty of this lovely region.

The city itself, as we approached it last evening, made a far more imposing appearance than I had expected to see in this part of Ireland. The size and beautiful situation of the city, the character of its buildings, the large quantity of vessels lying along its well built stone quays, as well as the business-like stir and bustle, and apparent good taste every where displayed, greatly surprised and pleased me. Nor was I disappointed on entering the town. Every thing I saw, confirmed my first favorable impressions. The width and regularity of the streets, some of them more than a mile long, the elegance of the houses, the appearances of the well-filled stores and well-dressed inhabitants, were so unlike any thing I had anticipated, that I could hardly realize that we were in the chief city of the west of Ireland. Every thing bore the marks of wealth, prosperity, and refinement, equal, if not superior, to what is common in our country. And what surprised me more, every thing appeared fresh and modern. The houses, churches, stores, and shops, looked as if recently erected, and with a full knowledge of all the improvements in the present system of utilitarian architecture.

My happiness on beholding these proofs of prosperity, taste, and comfort, was inexpressible. I felt relieved from the sadness forced upon me by an intercourse with the misery and degradation I had just passed through; and, like too many, almost forgot that there was any real poverty in the country, and wondered whether the scenes I have faintly described were not dreams, mere figments of a

sickly and suspicious philanthropy. All about me seemed to be cheerfulness, activity, pleasure, and contentment, which, I must confess, harmonized much better with my natural feelings, and afforded me great relief.

The wharf was lined with car-men, hack-men, hotel-runners, and ragged, dirty boys, much in the fashion of our cities. As we had no need of either, we hurried from the pier as soon as possible, budget in hand. A crowd of boys followed us, teasing us to grant them the privilege of carrying our sacks, bidding one upon the other, from a shilling to a ha'penny. At length, one poor fellow looked so woe-begone, and begged so pitifully, that we agreed with him for a penny. On arriving at the hotel, he demanded, in the fashion of his country, *two-pence*, just four times his offer, and double the amount agreed on. We had resolved to give him three-pence, if he said nothing. But these poor fellows are so unused to anything like voluntary generosity, that they never wait to see the proof of it.

As much as I abhor this trait of character every where displayed, I do not marvel at its existence. It is consequent upon the system of social life. A sort of *grab-law* prevails, which allows every one to get what he can—except it be by actual robbery—from the Lord-Lieutenant down to the boy that carried our sacks. And it generally appears in the form of a *demand*—a direct tax, levied without an *equivalent*, which is the pride of Yankee traffic. A tax is put upon place, as at turnpike gates, where he who rides alone in a chaise must pay double the toll of him who drives a loaded team; not because he wears the road more, but is better dressed. In fact, this is the “common law” of all monopolies, and the whole political, social, and religious arrangement of Great Britain is little else than a grand scheme of monopoly, from the Queen down to the renter of a single rood of con-acre. The waiter, chambermaid and boots expect to be paid, whether they have seen you or not, and the driver of the car or coach, after receiving the full sum agreed on, will tip his hat and ask for

“something”—in payment for his place and privilege. The whole system is an abominable annoyance to travelers. May the good sense of Americans prevent the introduction of such an absurdity into our country.

After securing quarters, we strolled about the town; passed a friary, and a national school-house, both respectable looking buildings, and went to the Dublin railway station, a large and elegant building, built in a deep cavity excavated in a hill. The contrast between the outlay of labor on all the public works of this country and ours, is very marked. Every thing here is done, seemingly, with reference to durability, and without much respect to present expense or profit. With us it is the reverse. We flatten every sixpence, to make it cover as much we can, and stretch every wire to make it reach as far as possible. Ours is the evidence of ambitious enterprise, of youthful vigor, and, sometimes, indiscretion—with small means, determined to make the most of it. Theirs is cool calculation, and mature judgment, irrespective of the gold and sweat which are to be wasted upon it. And, I must confess, that in the bridges, station-houses, quays, barracks, poor-houses, in fact, in every thing that is modern, there is a fair show of good taste and liberal outlay, mixed with abundant means and prudent judgment. In our country we have yet to acquire these attributes, in part. We may have the taste, but either lack the means or judgment; or else our calculating prudence—*for-the present* system—tells us that it would be bad economy, and a needless waste, to look to elegance and durability at the same time; that it is better to invest the surplus in some more productive stocks.

Extravagance is always to be avoided. Good taste requires it. But it is poor economy to make a thing so frail that it will not endure a year without repairing. And then, no one should be so utilitarian as to reprobate the comforts and decencies of life. Real elegance is in simplicity; and good taste never violates sound judgment. Our

steamboats, for instance, are elegant, *extravagant*, foolishly so, in their fittings. The British are mean, inconvenient, and generally dirty. Our station-houses are ugly, misshapen, unsuitable things, and our bridges and wharves ten-penny structures. These are solid, durable, elegant. There are lessons for both to learn.

All that part of the town, called Newtown-Perry—from the name of the owner of the land on which the *new town* is built—is very fine, neat, regular, airy, and elegant; and our astonishment and admiration increased as we went over it. But the day did not close without proofs of destitution and misery, which awakened all my sadness, and gave full conviction that we were still in Ireland!

We visited the old part of the city, and all along the main street leading through the “Irish to the English town,” saw such sights of poverty and shameless degradation as we never saw before. There is no spot in our cities to compare with it. The Five Points, so graphically described by Mr. Dickens, who saw every thing through the most English eyes, does not afford the basis of a comparison; for that is filled up with the *better class* who have *emigrated* from Saint Giles, Saint Mary’s Gate, and the streets we are now describing. The more wretched could not go.

All along the street, centre and sides, were grouped masses of human beings, of both sexes and all ages, who exhibited the lowest depths of poverty, intemperance and vice. The gin, beer, junk, and slop-shops were in character with all the rest, in the style of Orange-street, though on a much larger scale. Smutty childhood, wrinkled age, hobbling decrepitude, gaunt distress, bloated drunkenness, shameless vice, barefaced crime—all the odiousness of ignorance, depravity and famine were mingled in a confused mass, the most loathsome and forbidding.

Crossing the bridge into the “English Town,” the hue became, if possible, still darker, as the evidences of *moral* depravity thickened on all sides. This added to the pic-

ture colorings of disgrace and wretchedness which transcend all attempts at description—most appalling and repulsive exhibitions of vice, in which soldiers from the barracks acted prominent parts. The principal business seemed to be vending old clothes. These, in every conceivable variety, from the laid-off coat of the nobleman, and the dress of his “lady,” down to those stripped from the corpse of a beggar, or picked from the gutter, were displayed along the sides of the street.

Crossing another bridge, we passed one of the military stations, when still stronger marks of vice and infamy were to be seen. Under the best regulations, a large share of iniquity clusters about such large establishments. But here it seemed to revel without restraint. From this place flows the blighting influence which leaves such palpable traces of crime and moral pollution upon both men and women, young in years, but, it is feared, already old in vice and deep in depravity. Who ever searched minutely, the *full* history of large bodies of men, closely packed in barracks or monastery, without finding traces of depravity which have festered into the rottenest crimes; sometimes kept secret for a time, but afterward divulged? The Reformation corrected, in a measure the abuses of one, the prevalence of peace will remove the other.

We were satisfied to return to our inn, at an early hour, having looked upon scenes of beauty and wretchedness, depravity and shame, mingled in such confusion as we had never supposed possible. The events of yesterday I shall not soon forget. They form a chapter—nay a book of many chapters—in the history of my experience, never to be forgotten. The scenes of whole years have been crowded into a single day, and more phases of social life presented, than could be witnessed at home, by traveling from one end of our country to the other. The old and the new, the beautiful and the strange, from the days feudalism first reared these castle walls, to this hour, when wealth, sustained by a royal retinue of lords and armies, tramps with

iron hoof upon the necks and virtue of this unfortunate people, are all confusedly huddled together; and I feel my spirit and my flesh completely exhausted. May the good Lord give faith and patience to endure one night of peace and quiet sleep.

A DAY AT LIMERICK.

May 23.—The only disturbance which troubled us during the night was the doleful cry of the watchmen, who passed our window every hour, drawling out the time of the night and “all’s well,” in a deep guttural tone, as if they had been released from the grave after a thousand years’ confinement, and expected soon to return to it. After the outbreak, a few nights ago, when Messrs. O’Brien, Mitchel, and Meagher were driven from public meeting, and having seen multitudes during the evening, in various parts of the city, engaged in warm discussions upon political questions which now so much agitate this country, and knowing that many apprehended another emute of the citizens, we were easily disturbed; but nothing troubled us but the horrid cries of the night-watch.

We rose at *four*—the sun having preceded us by half an hour—and took a ramble about the still and quiet streets. Few were astir at that hour. Here and there, a solitary footman passed us, and occasionally a despondent ass, laden with a few vegetables, or boxes stowed into panniers laid across his back, and driven by a young woman with bare feet, dingy, and often ragged dress, and naked head, or covered by a white cambric cap, with a wide flowing ruffle about the face—appearing alike uncared for, and fit companions in misfortune and doom of servitude. Their tramp along the clean and solitary streets at that beautiful hour, seemed lonely and sad, and contrasted strangely with the cheerfulness and grandeur of that calm and sweet morning.

Soon the baker with his baskets of bread, the servant with her pail for water, the newsman with his bundle of papers,

tripped more rapidly along the streets. By-and-by, a grogery was opened, and then a grocery, and, by six o'clock, there were signs of returning life in all the business parts of the town.

We visited the market places, which were first open. The only meat we saw displayed in the stalls was mutton, much of which appeared to be of an excellent quality. Butter, in large quantity, and of the very nicest kind, was all along the street, done up in neat rolls and handsomely stamped. There was also fish of various kinds, piles of boiled shrimps, early vegetables, mainly cabbage and cauliflower, bread, cheese, and articles common in our markets. The prices were not high—generally lower than in New York. Groceries are much dearer, especially tea, coffee, and sugar. Good coffee is from 30 to 40 cents a pound, and most dutiable articles are from three to four times as high as with us. The turf-sellers attracted our notice. Some were standing by asses loaded with the article, others had baskets which they had brought on their backs many miles, and were willing to deliver in any part of the city. These were the most deplorably miserable and dejected of any, except the beggars which met us at every step, and followed us in droves, wherever we went, even into the hall of our hotel, and remained about the door, after being ordered out by our host, to waylay us when we came into the street again.

Many about the market were quite respectable in their appearance. I noticed several persons, well formed, tall, handsome, and genteel in their manners. I was surprised to see several women who could be called really beautiful, even dressed as they were. Every body knows that dress may be so tastefully selected and delicately arranged as to add much to nature's charms, and help set off beauty in its most favorable aspects. But among these rude peasant girls who had come many miles to market, with the commonest products they had themselves reared, there were specimens of female beauty, I had not expected to find in any class in

Ireland. At home we are in the habit of speaking of the Irish as exceedingly plain and often ugly in their appearance, and many of them are ; but I never heard of beauty being sought for among them. It is a mistake, and I am happy in the disappointment ; for there is something in the personal appearance of the inhabitants of any country which affects one's feelings, and adds to or detracts from his pleasure while sojourning among them.

Ireland has been slandered for the ugliness of its inhabitants. There are differences in different parts of the kingdom, and ugliness enough, no doubt every where ; for there are distinct races who maintain much of their primitive characteristics, which distinguishes them from those in other parts of the island. Those among whom we have been traveling, especially about Killarney, at Kinsale, Macroom, and Tarbert are shorter and smaller, and not so pretty in their forms and features as they are here. We saw many tall, and well formed figures, and handsome countenances in Cork and Tralee, owing no doubt, to the mingling of different races which have settled at different times in those business towns.

The same cause has conspired, unquestionably, to produce a similar effect in this city and the country about it ; for, if I remember rightly, this was long ago, one of the great central spots in the conflicts of civil and foreign wars. The Danes and Normans came here and established themselves, far back in the history of the nation ; and Cromwell disbanded his army in this neighborhood, and settled his officers and soldiers upon the lands from which he had driven the original inhabitants. The Scotch also circulated freely among this people, and many settled here. This was the seat of the O'Brians, the former kings of Munster. Being close upon the borders of the other provinces, and an important commercial town, the population naturally became greatly mixed, and hence, according to physiological laws, the improvement in the physical appearance of the people is to be accounted for.

By seven all the shops were open, and the streets were full of bustle and business. Every thing in the main streets of the new town wore the appearance of thrift and prosperity. The stores are numerous, large, handsome, and well furnished, betokening an extensive and profitable business. The streets are wide, straight, neat, and airy, and intersected at right angles. Those nearest the river are occupied by large buildings used as stores below, and dwellings above. The land ascends gently from the river, and in the upper part of the town, especially along the Crescent, the dwellings are very large and elegant, the streets being ornamented with shade trees, and the yards filled with vines, flowers, and shrubbery, much in the character of the best streets in American cities.

We visited this morning, one of the barracks, occupying a large fort on the high ground in the eastern part of the city. We bolted in unasked, and looked at the comfortable quarters of the soldiers. English statesmen are wise in one thing, keeping strong the right arm of their power. The soldiers are well fed, and well paid, and have an easy time of it. None of the common people fare half so well. They are a sort of indigent nobility, furnished with red coats, glazed caps, and good rations at the public charge, and required to exercise barely enough to digest their food. And the ranks of an army are well suited to the hereditary gradations so indispensable in the working of British institutions. There is no motive for a soldier to desert, unless in a foreign land; it would be folly to forsake his beef, and bread, and whiskey, which come to him with perfect regularity, and at no cost, to seek a precarious livelihood on a patch of ground he might hire at an enormous rent, but could never own. His instinct makes him loyal, and natural rights and political and social wrongs do not trouble him. It is food and raiment, and a place to sleep, that concerns him most, and so he becomes mechanically valorous, when occasion requires.

Some three or four thousand of these minions of power,

are now stored in the four barracks in this city, and thirty thousand more in different parts of the kingdom. Fresh troops are constantly arriving from England and Scotland. The agitation produced by O'Brien, M. P. Mitchell, and Meagher, the two former of whom are said to have used strongly seditious language in this city, a few evenings ago, is the cause of all this stir in military matters. I am told the officers are in pursuit of these men, and no doubt before this they are in "durance vile."

I got into conversation with an under officer, and learned something of his feelings about the commotions which now agitate the country. I found him loyal, in every particular, though he admitted the wrongs of government, and the miseries of his countrymen. I asked him if the government was willing to trust him to fight his own friends in case of an outbreak. He said he was not amongst his friends; he came from the north, and should certainly obey orders. He further told me that companies from the west and south had been generally sent out of the country, to England, Canada, or other places, while their places had been filled from England, Scotland, and the north. He did not think there would be any serious outbreak, but the soldiers were fully prepared to quell any rebellion that might be undertaken. I expressed to him no opinion, and it was evident he took me for an Englishman.

Two or three squads were going through a course of artillery drill. They were tall, noble looking fellows; and as they strutted through the evolutions around their brass pieces, pretending to put in cartridges and ram them down, prime, elevate, take aim, fire off, and swob out, all at the direction of little slim lads, in cloth caps, who swaggered about, flourishing rattan canes, like Broadway dandies, a feeling of pity and disgust was awakened, to think that the best energies of these "noble" young men were to be prostituted to the base purpose of learning how to kill their fellow-men scientifically—by rule and by "law and order," and subject to the command of her Royal Majesty, the Head of

the Church! Shame and confusion! What arrogant folly! What bloody madness! Oh Heavens! Is justice lost? Is mercy dumb? Then, "Rule Britannia" and tramp on with thy aristocratic hoofs, still more ruthlessly, and crush what life is left in this wretched people! Drive on thy cart loads of tax and tithe gatherers, and arm thy constabulary to protect agents of absentees in distraining for rent or evicting tenants from desirable lands, turning them houseless and pennyless upon the world, and then train their military to shoot them down if they dare to make a show of resistance, or a particle of self-respect by way of objection. They have no remedy at law. Physical resistance is their only resource. And such a demonstration they must not make!

Is this christian? Is there aught of the spirit of the religion professed by the government, in all this method of oppression. Should not the strong be merciful, the wise generous, and the christian forgiving! And yet what has England done to elevate and improve the condition of the common people of Ireland. Every Englishman, and loyal Irishman, especially if a landlord, is for ever harping upon the ignorance, bigotry, laziness, filth, and wickedness of the Irish, and, heaven knows, not without a cause, for there is enough of all these. But is it the way to cure an evil, to be constantly finding fault, while nothing is done to remove the cause—to take off the yoke which has so galled their necks for ten centuries? Is the remedy to be found in the infliction of greater oppressions, or by adding insult to injury? It seems to me as if the principles of humanity, as recommended in the gospels, are never thought of in connexion with the government of Ireland. That it is by a mere display of pride and power, that respect and obedience are looked for—methods which the veriest heathen tyrant would have adopted in the government of a conquered province, which he wished to depopulate, to make room for more loyal subjects.

The ignorance and wickedness of this country does not

justify the treatment it receives. One wrong does not justify another ; and until England learns to be just and generous towards the masses of her citizens, regarding them in the light of common justice and humanity, instead of bestowing all her care and favors upon her nobility and gentry, no real improvement can be reasonably expected. If her statesmen would act the part of guardians and protectors, and devote her powers to educate the people, by giving them practical knowledge in the arts of civilization, and then afford them a chance to do for themselves, instead of keeping them the serfs of absentee landlords, to be abused and cheated to the last inch by merciless agents, and trafficking middle-men, and then taxing them to the last farthing to support lordly priests, whose doctrines they disbelieve, and armies of policemen and soldiers to help keep them in the traces, they might look with confidence for improvement, for the peace and happiness of Ireland. As it is, the darkness thickens in her skies, corruption festers at her heart, poverty and crime mark her career, and distraction and ruin are in reserve for her future. Not a ray of hope or comfort gleams from any point of heaven, upon the masses of her sons and daughters. Oppression, starvation, or emigration are inscribed every where—on every hill and valley, in every town, village, and hamlet. Peace, justice, and competence are no where to be found.

To the courageous, of small means, there are glimmerings of light, wafted in the arrival of each emigrant ship from the distant shores of a foreign land ; and they breathe more freely, and their pulses beat quicker, a smile even kindles upon their pale lips, when the thought strikes them that there is *a chance* for them to *forsake* their native land, the homes and graves of their ancestors, and seek an asylum among strangers. But to the timorous, without means, there is nothing left but cold, blank despair, rendered more apparent by the glistening of the oppressor's power, which glimmers about the bristling bayonets of these trained

bands of death and destruction, sent here to overawe the masses, and protect the exclusive privileges of the favored few!

No country can really prosper, whose inhabitants are so treated that they learn to hate their homes, and to despise the authorities. Kings and noblemen may prate about "divine rights" as much as they will, but unless they have the hearts of the people on their side, they will have practical illustrations of the truth and meaning of the words "*Vox populi, vox Dei*;" for, sooner or later, God, whose love is impartial, and whose justice fails not, will give freedom and peace to His people.

From the artillery barracks, we wandered through the public square, and seeing many people gathering about a church near by, we went in. A woman who was serving as sexton, informed us there was to be a wedding, and invited us to walk in. We did so, and took our seats in the front of the gallery, but as it was some time before the parties arrived, we went below, and looked about the building. The pews are furnished with locks, and many of them were fastened to keep out the unbelievers. A tombstone is inserted in the wall, on the left of the pulpit, at the height of ten or twelve feet from the floor. Its lettering indicates that it is in memory of a Mrs. Russel, wife of one of the richest men in Limerick, we learned afterwards, made so by the distilling of whiskey, the monopoly of grain, and the fattening of hogs! The building itself is neat and respectable, of recent erection and in modern style.

A large number of people were gathered about the door, mere idlers, who came from curiosity, whom the *lady* sexton refused to admit. But one or two hundred, who were very respectably dressed, came in and seated themselves about the church. Their appearance fully justified my favorable opinion of the personal beauty of the inhabitants, especially the women, of Limerick. There was scarcely an ordinary looking person amongst them. Many were really

handsome. Even among those standing about the doorway, there were many boys and girls, plainly dressed, and some ragged, whose countenances were actually beautiful. They needed only a little soap and water to bring out the lustre of rosy cheeks, and delicate and well-formed features.

Soon carriages began to arrive, with lackeys in livery, and the "parties of the first part," as the lawyer would say, appeared and retired to a small, open room on the left of the entrance. Soon after, the "parties of the second part" were ushered in, and a formal presentation made, when the whole retinue entered the body of the church, and arranged themselves before the altar. The priest, in full canonicals, with book in hand, proceeded to read the marriage service, and, with all due formality, proclaimed the twain to be one, till death them should part. Then the salutations and greetings followed, which over, the happy pair were conducted to their carriage and departed, *but not as they came*. The beggars next claimed our notice, for they flocked about in abundance; but I saw nothing given them, except sour looks and harsh words. We were told this was a wedding in high life, the friends of the parties being among the most distinguished people of the town; and that, therefore, the poor beggars had hoped that a few pennies would have been scattered amongst them. They seemed to bear their disappointment bravely, as if used to it, for where so many are, who can give to all? A man must have a long purse or a hard heart to live long in Ireland.

On our way from the wedding, we passed a Catholic chapel, which was open. We entered. It was a large building, rather dingy, inside and out. Two women and an old man were kneeling on the cold stone floor, not far from the door, with their faces towards the high altar, in the farther end. Their pale, wan faces, wrinkled skin, and tattered garments, told a tale of misery, from which they were seeking relief in the offices of penance they were

now undergoing. The women were not old, but they looked the pictures of wretchedness. Each was muttering prayers, and counting a string of old, worn beads, which hung about the neck, with the most apparent fervor and sincerity. They did not seem to notice us as we entered and passed them. After looking at a few pictures and statues about the church, we returned, to go out. The women broke short off, and came to us, holding out their thin hands. One said, "Plase, sir, give me a ha'-penny, an' may the Lord bliss ye, and give ye lang life." The other said, "Give me a ha'-penny, an' I'll pray that the great God'll bliss ye, yer honors, an' kape yer shouls from purgatory, an' carry ye safe, an' kape ye, an' ye'll give me a ha'-penny." They went from one to the other, bartering their prayers for our ha'-pennies, and promising to intercede with the blessed Virgin in our behalf. The old man did not rise from his knees, but reached out his old hat with one hand, while he held the beads in the other. A more perfect figure of patient destitution I never saw, not even the poor creatures under the boards at Tralee.

As we left that church, I queried whether the doctrines and precepts of Christianity are well understood; whether the errors and mistakes of past ages have not left shadows upon it, which dim its brightest beauties, and keep the world from enjoying its blessings. Sincerity, humility, faith in doctrines, submission to forms as a *means*, are valuable, it may be essential, qualities, but are there not active virtues which are equally so? Should not the people be taught to *watch* as well as pray; to work as well as believe; to do as well as know? And does not he who labors with his hands to support himself comfortably, and to give to the needy, as truly serve God as he who waits at the altar? It seems to me people, many of them, talk strangely and unadvisedly about this good and beautiful world, in which it has pleased our heavenly Father to place us for a time; for ever decrying it, and speaking of its blessings and comforts with ingratitude and disrespect, and holding out

the opinion, that to love God we must hate the world, and the glorious works he has displayed in it; that religion requires pain and sadness, and the denial of all real temporal comfort to those who would become eminent in piety, and have a sure hope of the life to come; that a perpetual warfare is to be kept up with one's self, refusing all the sources of present and prospective happiness, and laboring to be satisfied with the worst possible condition to which humanity can be reduced.

The practical of these doctrines is found in the degraded condition of mendicant friars, and severe devotees to all religious infatuations, who submit cheerfully to the most painful and degrading penances which a haughty, ambitious, and unfeeling priesthood are pleased to inflict. The evil is not so much in the fact that these views have not been well carried out, for then they would have corrected themselves; but in that they are yet preached, even by pleasure-seeking bishops, and ease-taking prelates, whose sporting habits, fat "livings," elegant mansions, good dinners, and fine wines, present a strange illustration to the theories they advocate, and thus bring religion into disrepute.

Could the practical doctrines and precepts of Christianity be brought before the people, and their perfect and beautiful adaptedness to all the affairs and conditions of men be shown, a most favorable result might be expected. Could this Irish people, now so miserable and degraded, or so exalted *above* the affections, duties, and responsibilities which belong to a true Christian, be made to understand and *feel* the spirit and power of Christian truth, which owns one God and Father, who is over all, and one Lord Jesus Christ, who gave himself a ransom for all, and requires all men, every where, to repent, to lead quiet and peaceable lives, to be not idle, busy-bodies, but to be industrious, frugal, tender-hearted, merciful, just, forgiving, forbearing; to avoid oppression, injustice, and cruelty; striving to make this earth a paradise of peace and plenty, remembering that

Christ came to establish His kingdom "in the earth," amongst men; that with Him the distinctions of nation, race, birth, and position are nothing; that each and all are held directly and personally to account before God for every act, and word, and thought; that the poor, oppressed, and outcast have a friend and defender in Him, whose cause He will plead, and whose wrongs He will avenge; that He abhors the forms and fashions of religion which disguise the truth, corrupt the heart, and deceive the world; that he requires righteousness in the "inward parts," purity of soul, and a perfect life;—could these things be understood and felt, I venture to prophecy that these poor devotees would not be here, on this pleasant day, counting over their beads and muttering the Ave Marias for the ten thousandth time; nor those train-bands studying the science and art of human butchery—actual murder;—nor those whole villages forsaken by the evicted tenants of some cruel landlord, who has compelled them to live in caves dug from damp turf beds, and beg, or starve to death. We should see right respected, industry encouraged, innocence protected, and prosperity and happiness prevailing in all parts of the kingdom. The teachers of religion are under a fearful responsibility! And who shall escape? May the Lord give grace and mercy.*

I should not fail to record one fact which had some sig-

* I do not mean by what I have said, to disparage any form of doctrine, or mode of worship. Such is not my object, and this is not the place. But I could not forbear the utterance of these thoughts, which have borne heavily upon my mind, since I was in the country. I would by no means discourage those poor, comfortless, unfortunate beings from coming to the only sure fountain of help and hope—the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. But I wanted to suggest that the mere forms and externals of religious worship are not enough: that the people must be taught how to live HERE, as well as how to prepare to live HEREAFTER. I am reminded of rather a witty remark of one of my own countrymen, who was once a slave, but is now distinguished for his talents as a public advocate of abolitionism. Said he, "We are told we must pray to God, and he will give us liberty. But I can tell you what, my friends, I might have prayed with my mouth till doom's day; but if I had not prayed with my HEELS, I should still have been in slavery." This explains my meaning.

nificance, the more so to us in as much as it afforded an opportunity to hurl back a missile sent at us by British tourists which might as well have been kept at home for domestic use. A notice was posted in different parts of the church, "*Please avoid spitting on the floor.*" I never saw such a notice at home, though I confess there is often need of it, not only in churches but every where else. But henceforth we shall have companions to share with us the disgrace of being a "nation of spitters." It is a miserable, filthy practice to chew or smoke tobacco; but if chewers and smokers would keep their filth to themselves, and not invade the rights and comfort of others, with their habits, none would ever complain. I do not therefore mention this notice by way of excuse for my own countrymen, or as an apology for the nasty practice so justly complained of, but to remind our trans-atlantic brethren of their own sins, and the propriety of having a care for the "bean" as well as the "mote."

Our next point was to St. Mary's church, formerly the Catholic cathedral, but now the high church of the Establishment, gained to the service of God, and the glorious reformation, *vi et armis*, like innumerable other churches throughout the realm. We do not obtain churches in that way at home. I remember hearing an Englishman express his astonishment at the *sale* of churches in our country, from one sect to another, as though it was a very strange and sacrilegious procedure. He doubtless thought it better to gain them by conquest. It has been so here. The decrees of courts, enforced by military power, has helped to rob the Catholics of all their ancient temples, and that too when the great masses of the people adhere to their original doctrine. As a republican I call this robbery. The majority should rule when rights are equal. The change of one's opinion should not jeopardize his liberty or his property. But England has yet to take some lessons in the doctrines of equal justice, and religious toleration. She has made great improvement of late, but there still is room for more.

It is difficult to make these people understand the workings of our free and voluntary church system. They will not believe us when we tell them it is a very common thing in various parts of our country, for two or three sects to unite and build a church, own it and occupy it in common, the ministers of each sect taking part in the service of dedication. But really it seems to me there is quite as much of the spirit of our holy religion exhibited by such a procedure, as there is in the exclusiveness and robberies which have marked the past history of both Catholics and Episcopalians, or the government churches in Scotland, Germany, or any where else. One is a free and voluntary act in honor and support of religion; the other a forced contribution to answer the demands of intriguing religio-politicians. Give us the free, the liberal, the tolerant, and we will trust the true and right.

St. Mary's Church, to which we obtained admittance, on the payment of 2s., is a venerable, and majestic pile, erected in the 11th century. It is built somewhat in the Gothic style, though some of the arches are Norman. It is in the form of a cross. The choir and transept only are used for service. Stalls are erected on both sides of the choir, and ornamented with fantastic carvings. The altar itself, is a tasteful structure, viewed as a work of art. Numerous monuments to the honored dead, are arranged about the interior. Among them I noticed one of Bishop Jebb, which represents the venerable prelate much larger than life, sitting in an easy posture, attired in his robes of office, with a book open resting on his knees. The statue is in fine white marble, and richly finished. Near it, in a recess in the wall, is the tomb and sculptured monument of the O'Brien's, kings of Munster. It is an elaborate work, bearing some inscriptions in Irish, and surmounted with the harp, shamrock, and the Arms of Munster.

The seats in this vast building will not accommodate more than two or three hundred sitters. There are rows of stalls on each side of the choir, for the magistrates, eccle-

siastical, civil, and military, facing each other. Before them are seats and desks, slightly elevated, for the readers, singers, and other officers. Then in the area between, directly in front of the altar, loose benches are arranged, as also in the transept, for the "common people," worshippers of the lower order. About the galleries are arranged pews, for the use of the families of the nobility. The whole plan and arrangement of the building is indicative of the various *grades* recognized among the men of this world. It is not copied after the "pattern set in the heavens." And hence the thought stole into my mind, that worldly pride has a little too much to do in the church of God. I can not say it was well founded, but I confess these stalls reminded me of "Moses' Seat" and one or two parables of the Master. It might have been wrong, but I could not help it. If it was wrong, I have confessed, and hope to be forgiven.

The well-worn pavement, the gray crevices of the immense arches, the stained windows, and lofty columns, all attested the antiquity of this edifice; and I felt strangely as I gazed upon it. I stood where kings, princes, and noblemen, rich and poor, worshipped eight hundred years ago. Here moulder the bones of monarchs long dead, some slain in battle. Here have resounded the acclamations of praise and thankfulness for friends returned victorious, and here have wept the hearts of the vanquished! Strange and indefinable thoughts came through my mind, as I lingered about that old cathedral, and caught glimpses of the dark centuries that are past, and some of the stirring events here chronicled. Sad thoughts they were, for, in the solemn stillness and pompous grandeur here displayed, I could not forget the living world without. The tears and sighs of beggared millions, the clanking chains of oppression, galling the very hearts of a crushed people, and driving them to madness, or to foreign lands, still rung in my soul, and I could not feel at peace—I could not admire the architectural splendor as I would under other circumstances. I left the interior without regret.

Near the main entrance of the nave, on the left, is the Bishop's court, arranged very much in the style of a common court-room in our country, with a bench, witness-stand, and all the appurtenances for a regular trial at law. What the precise legal jurisdiction of the bishop is, how far he is restricted to spiritual matters, and what authority he has over secular sins, I am not able to say, definitely, having never familiarized myself with any other system of jurisprudence than may be found in the Old Book. That, especially the New Testament, has little to say on subjects of this kind, except that we should "judge not, lest we be judged," nor "entangle ourselves in the affairs of this world." The floor and benches were well worn, which led me to infer a large amount of business, of some sort, was done at this court.

On the opposite side of the entrance is a room enclosed by an iron railing, in which is the tomb of the young Lord Glentworth. An elegant monument has been recently erected, which represents the young nobleman, as large as life, in full dress, lying upon a couch, with a pillow beneath his head, and the whole elevated about four feet above the floor. A linen cloth was spread over it, which the sexton removed, at our request. It is a fine specimen of art, and, what is more, is said to be in honor of a very worthy man. There are several other monuments in the same enclosure, and others inserted in the walls and floor of that part of the building. Some of the lettering is in old Irish characters, but those in the floor are nearly effaced, having been trod upon for centuries.

From this part we ascended to the top of one of the lofty towers, which commands a beautiful prospect of the whole city, and a wide extent of the surrounding country. North, the eye wanders to the hills about lake Derg. East and south, over a vast undulating plain, bounded by the hills in Tipperary, and those which bound the valley of the Lower Shannon, and west, down the broad estuaries of that river, to the range of rugged hills which skirt the shores of the

sea. The scene is vast, varied, and beautiful. From lake Derg, the basin of which is distinctly seen, the line of the Shannon is traced, as it meanders through a lovely valley, with here and there a village, hamlet, elegant mansion, or dingy parapet of a forsaken castle, studding its green banks. Just above, it divides into two branches, and sweeps around the island, on which stands the English or old town, which includes the castle, the church, in the tower of which we are now seated, a convent, and, perhaps, a third of the city. Immediately below the town, the river widens and bends more westward, towards the sea. The site of the city is remarkably fine, at the head of tide-water, and navigation, except by canal and steamboats, which ascend the Upper Shannon from lake Derg, by the help of a few locks, as far as Shannon harbor and Athlone. The banks are elevated, so as to give a healthy and pretty appearance to the city. Shipping, strung along the elegant stone quays, the basin into which smaller vessels and canal boats are locked, lying between the English and the New town, the magnificent bridges spanning the main river below the junction, and one leading from King John's castle in the English town, close to which we now are, to Thomondgate, on the Clare side, and two or three which cross the Abbey branch, which divides the English from the Irish town; these, and the public buildings are all distinctly seen, embosomed in a rich and beautifully changing country, and present a scene of varied beauty rarely to be met.

I do not wonder that Irishmen boast so much of their Emerald Isle. It is, without dispute, so far as I have seen, endowed by nature with a profusion of beauties, and all the sources of abundance, comfort, and wealth, which the heart of man can desire. Strange that such a charming spot of earth should be so disfigured and despoiled by the wickedness of man! that oppression, misery, and degradation should find such a home to revel in! But alas, weeds grow best in the richest soil; and the mildew blights most the fairest flowers! Such are the antagonisms of the

world, which, here, have been struggling with the mightiest forces for many centuries, till the wrong has well nigh triumphed, and left the true and good to wither into a miserable and disgraceful death.

Near the cathedral is the old castle, or citadel, still occupied as an infantry barracks. It stands upon the most elevated point of the island, and commands the old city. Not far off is the "Bishop's Palace," and north of it, fronted by a pretty lawn, is a convent, connected with which there is a public school. Having a desire to see how public education is conducted in this country, we applied at the entrance door for admission, but were referred to the Lady Superior. We rang at the gate, and a servant came across the lawn from the nunnery, to know our business. We sent word that two gentlemen from America were desirous of visiting the school under her charge. After some delay an answer was returned, that we might do so in half an hour. We spent this time in looking about the streets and lanes of that part of the city.

This was the original town of Limerick. It occupies the south end of what is now called King's Island, an elevated plat, which descends gently, in all directions, to the river. It bears the marks of high antiquity, its history going back to the fifth century. It was, at one time, in the possession of the Danes, and the architecture of this portion affords proof of the fact, for the Danish or Flemish style of building is often to be seen. After the expulsion of the Danes, it became the royal residence of the Kings of Munster. The famous Brian Boroihme assembled his army here, with which he subdued Leinster, and conquered Dublin, in 999. He lived here in great splendor, till 1014, when he led the combined armies of the several Irish kingdoms against the Danes, and won the great victory of Clontarf, which, however, cost him his life. In the 12th century, the English invaded Leinster at the request of Dermot Mac Murrough, who had refused submission to Roderic O'Conner, the King of Ireland, and, in the true policy of

that nation, demanded, as a recompense, the submission of the entire country to their authority. When has England listened to a call for aid without making booty of their bounty? Having got possession of the East, the English forces, under Strongbow, Earl of Clare, caused the people to submit to English laws. But Limerick and the West held out till the commencement of the 13th century, when King John succeeded in subjecting it to his authority. Many Englishmen were imported, who took possession of this part of the town, and compelled the native inhabitants to settle on the other side of the narrow stream. Hence the names English-town and Irish-town. King John built a fort or castle which still stands at the end of the Thomond bridge, formerly the only entrance to the town. Some of the old walls are also to be seen.

After the commencement of the New town, a little over half a century ago, with wide streets and handsome buildings, this part has been forsaken by all the wealthy inhabitants, who have preferred the elegance and comfort of Newtown Perry, to these narrow streets and crowded lanes. Little is to be seen here now but old rookeries, decaying from neglect, and a most squalid and immoral class of inhabitants. Some of the old public buildings remain in a dilapidated condition, but close beside them is collected filth, misery and vice which baffles description, showing how soon the fairest spots of earth may wither and decay, when touched by the polluted hand of sin, or forsaken by a moral, enterprising, and industrious population. The Irish town has suffered less by the change, for the New is joined immediately to it, and therefore it derives some advantage from the general improvement.

The time appointed having arrived, we returned to the "National School," and, after a long delay, were invited to "walk up." On entering the ante-room, we were presented to the Prioress, who stood, like a statue of marble, in princely dignity, attired in the robes of her order—a white flannel dress, tinged slightly yellow, fitted close about her neck and

waist, and flowing in liberal folds to the ground. A chain, with a cross suspended, was hung about her neck, and a white cap or turban, set gracefully on her head. She belonged to the order of "The Sisters of Mercy." She was a tall, well proportioned, masculine figure. Her height must have exceeded six feet. Her features were smooth, and well formed, though pale and sad. She might be forty years old. She received us with a slow, graceful courtesy, and a very slight inclination of the body, and then resumed her former attitude of solemn, conscious dignity, in appearance, cold as the frigid marble.

I confess I felt abashed, awe-struck, for I had not expected such courtly grace, and this was the first time I ever came in contact with any of its pretensions. I had stood before the great men of our nation, presidents, governors, judges, bishops, priests, and school ma'am's, and all sorts of republican magnates, but I never before stood before the superior of an Irish nunnery. Summing up what dignity I could command, I presented my right hand with Yankee honesty, as a token of fraternal regard. She accepted it, but with apparent reluctance, and did not return very warmly my friendly and cordial greeting. Perhaps she thought me rude, and my friend afterwards read me a homily on convent manners, which I had never heard of before. I was there an American, and I would not disgrace my nation by apeing foreign customs. I felt, as I acted, a true respect for my Irish brethren and sisters. This was one, at the head of a whole sisterhood of my father's daughters, and why should I not be sincere, frank, and cordial at meeting with her.

Never mind, she did not resent my rudeness, but received us as friends. Her countenance did not brighten with a single glimmer of warm feeling, though she spoke the words of sincerity and gratitude. So completely withering has been the mental discipline over the exterior faculties, which link her to mortal and social life. She maintained an icy coldness during our whole stay; except once, at one remark I made, I saw a faint smile play about her lips, like a

moonbeam on the haze that surrounds an iceberg floating at sea.

I introduced my friend, made known our object, and we entered, at once and freely, into conversation. She invited us into the school room. Five black and two white nuns were engaged in teaching, and over-looking the classes in different parts of the room. Not one of them appeared to notice our entrance, though I saw them steal glances at us, occasionally, but timorously, as though afraid of being observed. Two of them I noticed were young, and, except their paleness, of beautiful appearance. The Matron asked one of them to call up a class of girls for us to examine in the various branches of a common English education. They were misses, I should say from twelve to sixteen years old. We found them intelligent, and well advanced in practical arithmetic, geography, history, and grammar; some of them were excellent readers, pronouncing distinctly, and in that clear, full rich, voice for which Irish orators are justly distinguished. We were also shown specimens of their chirography, which were truly elegant.

I have forgotten the exact number of scholars in the school, but should judge not less than two hundred and fifty, probably more. I remember the matron told me there were eighteen hundred in the several national schools which were under the care of nuns. They were generally comfortably dressed, though many looked poor. The sisters clothe the most destitute, and the civil authorities furnish plain food for their noon-day lunch, which is distributed in the school room. This we were assured is a strong inducement for many to attend school, who, but for it, would be left to grow up in ignorance and neglect, to swell the vast catalogue of miserable wretches, old and young, which swarm in this country, and live in poverty or die of starvation.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

The "National Schools" are one of the main hopes of

Ireland, for which the English government deserves some praise, though it has failed to give them the importance and privileges they deserve. It has not adopted a thorough, comprehensive, efficient, and liberal system of education. It has been jealous and treated meanly, and grudgingly with this people. It is not long since all learning was confined to the Established church, for which large appropriations were made; while upon a Roman Catholic teacher, as a school master or private tutor, the punishment of transportation was inflicted. Who can wonder that, under such laws, enforced upon a nation bigoted in its religion, the people would prefer ignorance to apostacy, and nearly one half grow up unable to read and write. Add to this as a result, perhaps, that many priests have opposed the general and indiscriminate education of the people, for fear they would know too much to be controlled by their false claims. But the people generally have always been anxious to obtain an education, and many, in all ages, have been ripe scholars.

It is not much over fifty years, since a Catholic was permitted to act in the capacity of a teacher, nor is it forty since he received any support from Parliament, while the Episcopal teacher was well paid. In 1811, a society was formed in Dublin, of both Protestant, and Catholics, called the "Kildare St. Society," to unite in a system of national education. The next year Parliament made liberal appropriations to this society, and withdrew the exclusive aid before given to the church teachers. This society was in character, much like the New York "Public School Society"—a private corporation entrusted with the expenditure of public money. It insisted upon the Holy Scriptures being read in the schools—the Protestant version to Protestants, and the Catholic version to Catholics, but in both cases without note or comment.

The schools prospered for a time very well, till the Catholic clergy took the alarm, and brought their whole influence against a practice so dangerous as teaching the young to read the Bible! They did not allow adults to

read, or to understand it for themselves, and how could they consent to have children deceived and corrupted by a knowledge of its sacred pages? Hence, in twenty years, few schools existed, except among the Protestant parts of the kingdom. The clergy had persuaded the people to abandon them, preferring ignorance to knowledge, unless stamped with the "traditions" of the church. It is said the Pope ordered this procedure, fearing, doubtless, his children would become too wise to submit to his dictation in matters of faith and practice; as the Established church had before found, that with an equal education, Protestantism would be endangered with the superior ability and claims of the Roman Catholics.

At length, in 1831, Lord Stanly procured the passage of a law which withdrew the grants from the Kildare Society, and constituted a board of education for the poor of Ireland, including the Protestant and Roman Catholic archbishops of Dublin, and other distinguished men of all persuasions. This board is entrusted with the outlay of public grants, in building school houses, paying teachers, furnishing books, and managing all the schools which receive aid from the government. Like the common schools in some of our States, no help is given to those who will not help themselves. Each town, or neighborhood, *district* we would say, which will raise a certain amount, receives liberal grants from the board, in most cases equal to seventy per cent. Every four years sets of primary books are furnished gratuitously, and others at half cost prices. A normal school has been established in Dublin, on the most approved and thorough plan of education under the direction of the board, where all teachers *must* be graduated. Model schools in each county are also established.

The management of the schools is on the most liberal plan. Neither prayers nor the reading of the Bible, nor any attempt at proselytism is allowed, during the regular hours; though the clergy of any sect may visit the schools and, out of school hours, teach what they choose. The fol-

lowing excellent summary of christian duties, prepared by the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, I saw suspended in the school rooms we visited.

“ Christians should endeavor, as the Apostle Paul commands them, to ‘live peaceably with all men,’ even with those of a different religious persuasion. Our Saviour, Christ, commanded his disciples to ‘love one another.’ He taught them to love even their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to pray for those who persecute them. He himself prayed for his murderers. Many men hold erroneous doctrines, but we ought not to hate or persecute them. We ought to seek for the truth, and to hold fast what we are convinced is the truth; but not to treat harshly those who are in error. JESUS CHRIST did not intend his religion to be forced on men by violent means. He would not allow his disciples to fight for him. If any persons treat us unkindly, we must not do the same to them; for CHRIST and his Apostles have taught us not to return evil for evil. If we would obey CHRIST, we must do to others, not as they do to us, but as we would wish them to do to us. Quarreling with our neighbors and abusing them, is not the way to convince them that we are in the right, and they in the wrong. It is more likely to convince them that we have not a Christian spirit. We ought to show ourselves followers of CHRIST, who, ‘when he was reviled, reviled not again,’ by behaving quietly and kindly to every one.”

A plan has been suggested to incorporate the historical parts of the Bible, together with the precepts and illustrations, in a book to be read in the schools, and the Board, I believe, have agreed, with perfect unanimity, to recommend such a work, but whether it has been executed, I am not able to say. It was understood that the reading of such scriptural lessons was to be left optional with the parents in the different localities. Nobody certainly could object to such a course. In fact, every thing has been managed in good faith by the Board, and the great body of the community have seconded their efforts. The Catholics, generally, have approved the plan, and the priests, as in the case mentioned at Tralee, have urged their people, from the pulpit, to avail themselves of these opportunities to educate their children in the knowledge indispensable to a successful and honorable life. The Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, Unitarians, Quakers, and in fact all sects, have joined in this noble and bene-

volent enterprise. But, strange to say, a large portion of the Established Church oppose it most strenuously—more virulently than the Catholics did the former method. The most ridiculous, abusive, and slanderous language is employed against the liberal course pursued by the Board of National Education.

I could not account for this bitter hostility, had I not witnessed a like conflict in some parts of our own country; for, so far as I can learn, the whole objection originated in the clause which leaves the reading of the Bible optional with the parents. The very matronly Church wants to enforce King James' translation upon the young as the "true word of God." They forget that on the title-page of that version it is said to be "appointed to be read in the Churches." It says nothing of *schools!* That is a matter left discretionary, for those who should encourage a more liberal scheme of popular education. I have asked several for a solution of this Episcopal opposition to the general diffusion of useful knowledge. The only answer I get is, that it is calculated to bring the Established Church into disrepute, and help sustain the "old harlot that sitteth on seven hills." I never hear that expression without inquiring after the conduct of her Eldest Daughter!

In spite of the opposition of the Establishment, manifested in many ways, the Board have gone steadily forward with their Christian work, and have had great success. I am told more than four thousand schools have been established, which are attended by over five hundred thousand children.* This is doing gloriously. It should be remem-

* The Church Establishment had, last year, only 116,968 enrolled scholars in 2,000 schools, scattered all over the kingdom. These are parochial schools, patronized by the nobility, gentry, and church magnates, whose money and zeal are given freely for their support; though, as yet, the government has refused to bestow the grants asked for. By the report I see that 57,633 pupils are the children of Episcopalians, 14,697 of Dissenters, and 44,688 of Roman Catholics. These are not much better schools than the others, from which they are distinguished by two considerations: FIRST, They insist upon a thoroughly sectarian education. Every teacher must be a mem-

bered that these schools are generally patronized by the children of the poor, but such poor as are able to pay a portion of the expense. This fact I regret more than any other, inasmuch as there are thousands of families who have no means at all, to pay any part of their children's education, as in cases mentioned at Cloghereen. We meet with innumerable families too poor to educate their children. In such cases, under the present arrangement, private charity is to be invoked, or the children of the poorest classes must grow up, after all, in ignorance. The large school we have above described, in connection with the convent of the "Sisters of Mercy," is an illustration of the necessity of this kind of aid.

I again mention, with feelings of the profoundest satisfaction, the honorable and truly Christian conduct of the Catholic clergy, and people generally, in reference to the

ber of the Established Church, and not only cause the Bible to be read as a part of the school exercises, but also give special instruction in the doctrines and formularies of the church, especially to all the children of parents in her communion, and to such others as will consent to such proselyting interference. These schools are placed in the superintendence of the parochial clergy, who have the right to interfere and direct in their management. **SECONDLY,** They are the schools of the higher classes, of the aristocracy, and are attended by children who are not permitted to associate with the common people. They are sustained for the purpose of preserving distinction and sustaining rank, as well as the Episcopal Church!

Hence it is not surprising that they have succeeded so well. They have wealth, influence, pride, and religious zeal and bigotry in their favor, and all the appliances necessary to great prosperity, and need not the charity of Parliament to help them forward. It is regretted that a more liberal spirit can not be infused through them, that the "better classes" are so determined to keep up invidious distinctions among the young, and thus hinder the moral and intellectual elevation of the nation. But such is aristocracy, and such is sectarianism, in all ages and countries, let the name be what it may. In our own boasted land of free and republican schools, a society taking the lofty name of "National Education" has been formed, to educate for, and send teachers to the Western States, of a particularly religious stamp. Anti-republican and unchristian as the movement is, it finds many friends and advocates. But I am thankful that neither there nor here are the governments guilty of approbating such inconsistencies.

present liberal system of national education. Too much can not be said in their praise, for this noble demonstration in behalf of their countrymen. It is a triumphant refutation of the accusation that they are the advocates of ignorance. I can not assert, with confidence, that they have fully changed their ground upon this subject. But if they have, there is the greater reason for joy and approbation. It is one step, and an important one, towards Irish emancipation; better and wiser than all the Repeal movements of O'Connel, or republican attempts of less prudent agitators.

It may be regretted that objection is made to the public and formal reading of the Scriptures. But the propriety of that measure has been questioned by many honest and zealous Protestants, in England and America, who respect the authority of the written Word as highly as any can, and repudiate, in toto, the false and ridiculous traditions of the Romish church. It is a great cause of lamentation that the Established clergy are so bitterly opposed to this liberal system. It is the best, if not the only method, by which the hatred and hostility of the churches and races can be removed, and any thing like union and peace be secured to this distracted nation. Let children of all ranks, races, and religions be educated in the same school, and the next generation will know nothing of the social evils that now exist. It does seem as if there was no mercy, no respect for the welfare of the Irish people on the part of the English, but a settled determination to crush the hope of the nation, by opposing every measure which government may adopt for their amelioration, enfranchisement as a part of the British empire.

As a Protestant and a republican, I have no sympathy nor respect whatever for the Roman Catholic faith and pretensions, as such; but I love justice and humanity from a sentiment deeper than sect or nation, I trust, and therefore speak as I do upon this subject. Had the church party at once and heartily joined in the plan of Lord Stan-

ley for a liberal system of national education, instead of opposing it, the ten years past would have advanced the nation half a century, and could have saved it from the sights of poverty, ignorance and crime which now so disgrace all parts of it, and agitate it to the very centre. But with a degree of madness, stupidity, and bigotry the most reprehensible, they have held out in opposition to the acts of the government, and the pleadings of philanthropy, and used their utmost endeavors to paralyze these efforts and destroy the forlorn hope of Ireland's redemption. And they have succeeded but too well; not so much by the numbers of children they have persuaded from the National schools, as by keeping up and increasing a most inveterate hatred between the inhabitants, wherever they could.

It does really seem as if the Church, and its supporters and abettors, were determined to extirpate by ignorance, persecution, oppression, and famine, the whole Irish race, that the lands, lakes, and streams of this beautiful island they have so long coveted may be theirs. I am every hour more thoroughly convinced that such is the settled policy of the Anglo-Irish population, and that the government winks at their doings, except in pretence. I should not be surprised if another half century should see the Irish people all banished, by an indirect expulsion, or by a positive edict, as in Cromwell's time. The Church and the landlords seem to contemplate such an event with great satisfaction, and to hurry it on as fast as they can.

But here comes in another view of the subject, alike reprehensible on the part of the Catholics, or, rather, a portion of them, who have the interest of party and sect more at heart than the good of the nation, and the honor and happiness of humanity. I mean the opposition lately shown on the part of the "Roman See" to the extended and completed system of national education. The government, in accordance with the advice of the Board, had adopted measures for the establishment of colleges in the different provinces, to give opportunities for a thorough and

finished education. The operations before noticed referred only to a common education in the useful sciences, and were designed principally for the poorer classes. The colleges were established for those who were able and willing to pursue a course of classic education. The same liberal basis was adopted, which lay at the foundation of the elementary schools. All sectarian interference was strictly forbidden, while a proper respect for the authority of religion, and a strictly moral life were distinctly enforced. But theology was to form no part of a regular course. Professors in the various departments were all appointed from the ranks of laymen, and irrespective of sectarian bias. They are men of enlarged and liberal views, well-educated, and every way fitted for apt teachers. It is understood that the dignitaries in the Romish church were pleased with this arrangement, as well as with the grants given to the Maynooth college, which is avowedly Roman Catholic.

All went well, however, till a rescript from the managers of the Church at Rome was received, which condemns these colleges as "Godless institutions," calculated to sustain infidelity and irreligion, and subvert the work of grace, and insists, pertinaciously, that all the true and faithful children of the Church shall withhold their encouragement from them, and devote all their influence to the support of a Catholic university, where the young men can be nursed in the saving principles of the "Holy Catholic Church."

This movement, it is supposed, was got up in retaliation for the course pursued by the "Church Society," in refusing to act harmoniously in the management of the National Schools. It is much to be lamented, that a Pope who has gained some reputation for liberality, should adopt a policy so destructive to the peace and permanent prosperity of this island. No doubt he has been deceived by the fabrications of designing and malicious priests, who are afraid that evils will attend the free education of the

people, or else, would take vengeance upon the government Church. It does seem as if every effort to redeem this nation, however wise, just, and liberal, is destined to failure, through the bitter hatred and perpetual animosity of sectarists. The British Parliament deserves much credit for keeping aloof from this partisan and suicidal warfare, and I can but hope the government will keep straight on in its determination to give a liberal and unsectarian education to the young men of Ireland. A few years will convince the most sceptical and bigoted of the wisdom and humanity of this course. The measure will be sustained, and these schools will stand up the pride and glory of the nation, when party zeal and sectarian hostility are lost, like the darkness of night, in the universal enlightenment and liberality which shall soon prevail all over the world.

The good matron expressed her opinions very freely on many subjects, and exhibited a large share of knowledge in the domestic affairs of her nation and our own. She spoke of several pupils who had left her tuition and gone to America, most of whom had made out very well. She also expressed the highest admiration of our country, especially for the generous conduct of our citizens towards her famished countrymen last year.

The hour for dismissal having nearly arrived, we took our leave, thanking her for her kind attentions, while she expressed, in words, her great gratification at receiving a visit from us, and bestowing many blessings, and prayers for our successful journey and safe return. But she, all the while, manifested the same cold and reserved dignity as at first—the result, no doubt, of the severe austerity of her manner of life. I can not believe that human nature receives its highest attainments by this system of training. There is wanting that vivacity, spirit, and cheerfulness, so often commended in the teachings of Jesus and his apostles. The acts of benevolence, and even a whole life consecrated to virtue and charity, I can understand and appreciate. But I can see no propriety in the cold, stiff formal-

ity and exclusiveness of the ascetic life. It is a withering misdirection of the tenderer sympathies and holier affections of the human heart—the extreme of the rash, impetuous, and violent passions of persons of mere impulse. Christianity indicates a steady, regular, full flow of the kindest feelings, and the friendliest interchange of the social and domestic affections, controlled by reason and good judgment; and not a refusal to apply to these sources of present, innocent enjoyment, and growing happiness. Still, in the present admixture of affairs in this imperfect world, it is well, undoubtedly, that these monastic orders exist. They have a space and a mission appointed them, and help do something to make up the sum and variety of a perfect whole. They are not an end, however—only a means; and, for all their good works, deserve to be praised, while for their errors we have forgiveness, and for their miseries a tear.

The Irish-town, viewed by daylight, is a decided improvement, in some respects, upon the other. Its streets are wider, its houses generally better, and its inhabitants less squalid and wicked: at least we saw less open shame and degraded misery, though quite enough of both. Near one of the bridges which joins these towns, are the extensive flouring mills of the Russels, the great business men of the city. They are said to be immensely rich; to own, in addition to these mills, distilleries, breweries, and a “pig factory,” containing nearly a million of pigs, which number are slaughtered here annually, besides several ships engaged in the American trade.

There is in other parts of the city large glove, brush, cotton, blonde, and lace manufactories. In the latter it is said over one thousand girls are constantly employed, and that an article, equal in beauty and goodness to the best Mechlin lace, is manufactured in them. In fact, as before remarked, the city presents the evidence of a fair amount of enterprise, industry, and thrift.

Coming down the main street, we were invited into the large, elegant, and well furnished reading-room. Files of English, Irish, Continental, and American papers were arranged about the spacious apartment, and forty or fifty well dressed, and intelligent looking men were busy reading them, or discussing the movements of the government, and the conduct of the agitators. We read and listened, and found most of the papers and the talkers to be truly loyal. I busied myself also—for a time, in copying from a Limerick paper, the number and character of the ejectments which had taken place in that neighborhood, within a short time previous. From one estate seventy-two families, of five hundred and twenty-one persons, had been turned houseless and friendless upon the world; from another, twenty-one families, one hundred and nine persons; from another, thirty-three families, and one hundred and eighty-two; and so on, till I counted up from two papers, over seventeen hundred persons who had been forcibly ejected from their homes, and from all means of subsistence.

I noticed particularly the merciful conduct of one landlord—a clergyman, which was given as a specimen of true philanthropy, and Christian benevolence, in contrast with the more barbarous cruelty of other cases described. Wishing to get rid of his tenants, instead of turning them out penniless, to shirk by beggary or plunder, as so many others had been, he gave to each family, for their improvement, half enough to pay their passage to America, in case they actually went. This case was lauded to the skies, and offered as an example for others to imitate.*

There are often cases of the grossest cruelty and injustice, in the ejectment of tenants, who do not please the

* Numerous cases came to my knowledge afterwards, where the landlords had bought up leases and tenant rights, on condition the owners would remove to America; and also other instances where collections had been made to send persons from the workhouses—paupers and persons guilty of small crimes—to our country for us to support. Such is the glory of British philanthropy and justice! and such the source of the wretchedness and high taxes which abound in our cities!

landlord, middleman, or the agents, or who stand in the way of the introduction of some English or Scotch tenants, who understand better the arts of agriculture, or are more supple to further the ambitious projects of their noble master! Sometimes a sporting landlord, long an absentee, wants to lay out a hunting park, and therefore drives off fifty or a hundred families, from their homes, turns four or five hundred poor helpless creatures, empty-handed, upon the cold charities of the world, who must beg, steal, or starve, for there is no chance for them to work, and they have no means with which to obtain a lease, nor to get "till Amiriky."

Talk of Southern slavery! In *practice* it is not a thousandth part as wrong, as cruel, and abominable as the tenant system of Ireland. Our planters are obliged to treat their slaves mercifully, to provide for them in sickness and old age, and always give them enough to eat. But here if the rent is not paid, the constable is called in, and the tenant distrained, and if he can not pay he is evicted—wife and children turned pennyless upon the world to dig a shelter in a bog, or build one by the stone wall, and get his food as best he can. I abominate the American slave system from the bottom of my soul. What then must be my feelings in the midst of such scenes of wrong and suffering as abounds in all parts of this ill-fated country. They are indescribable.*

* "In Galway Union, recent accounts declared the number of poor evicted, and their homes leveled within the last two years, to equal the number in Kilrush—4,000 families and 20,000 human beings are said to have been here also thrown out upon the road, houseless and homeless. I can readily believe the statement, for to me some parts of the country appeared like an enormous graveyard—the numerous gables of the unroofed dwellings seeming to be gigantic tombstones. They were, indeed, records of decay and death far more melancholy than any grave-yard can show. Looking on them, the doubt arose in my mind, am I in a civilized country? Have we really a free constitution? Can such scenes be paralleled in Siberia or Caffraria?"—P. SCROPE, M. P. NOTES ON IRELAND.

"Dear Sir: I have been for the last ten days through the Counties of Limerick, Galway, Clare, and across thence to the King's County. . . . All

I am overwhelmed! Oh England, thou boasted land of freedom and justice, of philosophy and nobleness, of religion and philanthropy,—English laws, the models of christian jurisprudence—British honor and magnanimity—spirit of Blackstone and Wilberforce—speeches of Peel and Russell—glory of Wellington, himself an Irishman—pride and extravagance of Victoria! What meaneth these roofless huts, these starved stomachs, cadaverous faces, naked limbs, and scattered corpses! Have ye compassion for the well-fed, laughing, singing, shining black men of our republic? It is well. But remember “charity begins at home” When ye have purged away the wrongs and miseries of your own sea-girt isles, then come to our relief. But till then stand mute, in shame! Who ever heard of the starvation of slaves, whether crops fail or not? But who has not heard of the famished thousands of Ireland, whose carcasses are strown over the lands of “noble lords, and right honorable barons,” who live in magnificence and luxury in London, and help make laws for the empire, and still weep crocodile tears over the wrongs of American slavery? Oh Heavens, is there no cloud to cover the disgrace of earth!

I also read in one paper a very precise account, which ran thus: “Her majesty, with his royal highness, and the Prince of Wales took an airing in Hyde Park this morning. Her majesty was clad in,”—too much fustian for me to copy. In another part of the same paper was a glowing account of a drawing-room at St. James’, with a full and particular account of the dresses of the noble ladies in attendance, the wives of several Irish lords among them. The dress of one of these ladies would have purchased food enough to have saved the lives of fifty starving persons, who

attempts to depict the existing state of the misery of the masses beyond the Shannon must come utterly short of the truth. All that tract of country from Killaloe to Portumna, on the Galway side of the Shannon, is lying waste and uncultivated, About three out of four of the miserable huts are unroofed. Some of the former inmates are dead, some in the union, and some few huddled together in one or two of the huts still existing. The men generally have perished.”—EVENING PACKET.

have been ejected from their rights for the non-payment of rent. But no, that is nothing! What are the lives of *fifty* poor, ignorant Irish Catholics to a diamond pin or a satin dress? Nothing, sir, nothing! Away with your radical democracy, socialism, "sickish sentimentality." You use seditious language! You speak against the Queen. But I speak in the name of the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Art thou a Christian? Thou professest to be. Thinkest thou then that God will hold thee guiltless of the life of thy starved tenant—thy brother? Hast thou no care, no wish for his soul, that it may be saved—for his life, that it may be spared? What have these poor little children done to deserve such neglect—such abuse—that they should be turned out of doors to starve in the fields, or in the road, and there lay unburied—while thou hast no need for their poor mud hovels, but begrudged them even those? Canst thou rest in peace, while these tortured souls are crying to heaven for mercy, as their bodies lay quivering on the cold ground till death comes to their relief? Dance on, then, in your royal court robes of gilt and satin, and eat what you can of the delicate dainties set before you, but know that for all this, thou and thy country shall be brought into judgment! But one thing I beseech of you, for your own sakes—do not squander your tears upon the poor slaves of America while you have so much more need of them at home! It is needless.

After some hours spent in writing, we took a walk across the Wellesley bridge, a magnificent structure, which we inspected closely and with admiration. We have few such specimens of solid, and thorough architecture in the bridges of our country. It consists of five large elliptic arches extending from the solid stone quay across the Shannon. An elegant stone balustrade forms the parapet on either side, and the roadway is level and wide. The end on the city side is formed of a swing for the admission of vessels through the lock into the basin above. In our country this

bridge and the quays adjoining, would be considered a great curiosity. They are so too us, and can not fail to be attractive to everybody, as massive works of art.

The inhabitants complain, and probably not without cause, that the government ought to add to the other improvements, a good dock for the better security of the shipping. It is said that strong gales often unmoor vessels and strand them on the opposite shore, or dash them against the bridge and quays with great destruction. By some, it is added, that the outlay of a small amount of money would remove the bars from the lower river, and admit vessels of all sizes, such as are now compelled to unload below the town. On the merits of these complaints, I am not capable of forming a judgment; but there seems to be force in them, much greater than in many other things which have received the notice of government. Employment would, at least, be afforded to many now idle, and a permanent improvement be gained, which would be of great advantage to the city and nation.

From the bridge we passed the Royal Pauper House, or barracks—the curse of liberty, and the poverty of the nation—to the famed “Limerick-Stone,” near the Thomond bridge. On this stone the treaty of Limerick was signed, in 1692, which ended its liberties, after a noble struggle, the year previous, against the English army, commanded by King William in person; compelled to surrender to the superior numbers under General Ginkle, afterwards created a nobleman by the gift of a large domain, under the title of the Earl of Athlone. Whether any “royal or noble blood” was thus infused into his veins, does not appear from the account, but his descendants have held the honorable right to oppress the Irish population as much as they pleased ever since. The stone itself has been raised from the bank of the river, so as to appear prominent above the street. The inscription on it is much worn, but we learned that it was upon this stone that the nobles of the beleaguered city signed their submission to English dictation—the con-

cluding act in the drama of English *intervention*, besought by Dermod Mac Murrough four hundred years before! A not unfrequent result of English interventions.

From the bridge we visited a work-house on that, the Clare side of the river, and had a conversation with the overseer, whom we met near by. We had no desire to inspect it. It is a large building, and the outside appearance is very respectable. The keeper made a bitter complaint, alledging that the immense taxation of Irish property is the cause of the ruin of the country. I at once *guessed* he was a landowner, which he confessed afterwards. This class are for ever grumbling about exorbitant taxes. In fact, no body seems to be satisfied in this country. All complain in one way or an other. Most assert that the "poor-law" is the great evil—the prolific source of all the misery, forgetting that fifty thousand soldiers are quartered in the country, and as many policemen, who must be paid and fed, to say nothing about the millions exported annually, to feed and clothe absentee landlords, and pay for their extravagance and carousals, for which no return is made.

On the side of the hill, overlooking the city and river, is situated a splendid mansion of some body, whose name I did not learn. The grounds about it are laid out and ornamented with princely magnificence, and, but for the hovels of the poor near by it, would make a beautiful appearance. As it is, it appears like a "pearl in a swine's nest." The front garden is adorned with statues of heathen gods, lions, and eagles—kings of men, of beasts and birds! I at once concluded he must be a true and loyal knight, for these are fit emblems of one whose splendor contrasts so strangely with the poverty about him.

Wherever we went, we were beset by beggars, who stuck to us like the gallinippers of our southern States. We could not shake them off. To give to one was to call about us twenty others more destitute and clamorous. The evening is the time when they issue out from their

dens, and loiter about the streets, sit at the corners, about the doors of the hotels and places of resort, every where, stretching out their withered hands. and turning up their sunken eyes, imploringly, with a “The Lord bliss yer honor, an’ ye’ll give a poor crayture a ha’-penny, till buy soome bread for the childers.”

This is the time, too, when a still more abandoned crew—the morally depraved—crawl out of their lurking places, and perambulate the streets, in search of their prey. Hosts of these miserable, unfortunate beings patrol the streets, accosting one at every turn, but in a manner so abashed and hesitating as to prove that all sense of virtue and decency is not yet destroyed. We were glad to make a retreat at an early hour to the quiet rooms of our hotel, and find, in writing, reflection, and sleep, a relief from the miseries we had witnessed.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE TALK THAN TRAVEL.

Settling a Bill.—The Canal.—O’Brien’s Castle.—Falls of the Shannon.—Castle Connel.—Tipperary.—Causes of Outrages.—Remedies.—Struggle for Land.—Eviotions.—Toomevara.—Intimidations.—Landlords at Fault.—Good Usage makes Good Tenants.—Many Proofs.—American Farmers.—Hints for Englishmen.

TO KILLALOE.

May 24.—We rose at an early hour, and, as little more was to be seen, busied ourselves with writing, till the family began to stir, when we called for our bill—and a small one it was not. Several articles were inserted which we had never seen. But there was no use in quarreling with the handsome daughter of Mr. O’Grady, who managed the domestic and financial affairs of the house, and answered to all the items at which we demurred, after we had sent a demurrer, by boots, to O’Grady himself. The daughter

would not disturb his slumbers though the sun was two hours high, but she would assure us that the bill was exactly just, for she had kept it herself, and it was right. It was of no use to tell her that she had inserted several items which must have been ordered by some less temperate than ourselves. She, doubtless, thought we *ought* to have ordered all she had charged us, and that, therefore, it was our loss, and not hers, if we had not had it. So we "paid up" with as good grace as our stifled rage would permit, but neither "boots" nor "chambermaid" received a fraction that time.

It was in vain that the former followed us with his demand. We referred him to his employer, who would, undoubtedly, make it all right with him out of the enormous bill which he had charged us. Poor fellow! he persisted that he had nothing to do with that, and should not get a cent above his "chances" for which he had to pay £5 a year. A hard *chance* this time, my boy; for we can not consent to be charged twice the amount we should have paid at Cruise's, or any other hotel in the kingdom, for no better fare, and then be dunned afterwards, simply because you happen to know we are Americans, and hence suppose, as you say, that we are rich. That is a poor return for the little token of kindness we showed you last year. Make a fair charge, the usual price, and we will not complain; but our generosity we choose to keep in our own hands, to dispose of to our liking. Twelve shillings, (\$3.00,) for two lodgings, an ordinary breakfast, dinner, and tea, is near double what any decent host in the realm would charge a nobleman. And though we are sovereigns, we are not willing, after such an imposition, to make presents on demand.

Budgets in hand we hastened to the canal landing, from which we departed at 7 o'clock, in an iron packet boat, some six or seven feet wide and fifty long. There were not many passengers on board; for, since the opening of the railroad, a short time ago, most of the travel to Dublin

goes that way. There were, however, enough for comfort, and a few of the "better class." The morning was beautiful, and we promised ourselves a pleasant ride on lake Derg and the Upper Shannon. We secured our places and paid our fare through to Dublin—fare moderate, and comforts few. No matter, we are here to see how our neighbors live, and would have no alteration on our account. I prefer to see things as they are, that a more correct opinion may be formed of the actual condition of things.

Along the line of the canal, for some distance, women were engaged in washing in it. For this purpose they either kneeled close to the edge, or else stood a foot or two in the water, and there, washed, "battled," rinsed, and wrung their clothes. Old women and young ones were engaged at this work in great numbers, and presented to us an object of novelty worthy of note.

Not far from the city, the canal crosses the main river, which makes a curve towards the east, and keeps up the west side to O'Brien's bridge, near which it enters the Shannon, along the shore of which boats are towed to the lake just above Killaloe. The valley through which the canal and river pass, is rich and beautiful, and tolerably well cultivated. The shores, at a distance, are adorned with handsome mansions and villas, surrounded by pleasant grounds and rich meadows. The hills back, and the mountains in the distance, add much to the beauty of the scenery.

At a distance, on the right, stands the ancient tower of Castle Connel, close on the opposite bank of the Shannon, near the Doonas Falls. This is said to be a place of much resort by the people of Limerick on Sundays and holidays. During the summer months many come here to reside. The principal attractions are the natural beauties of the location, a chalybeate spring, the rapids of the Shannon, and purity of the air. The only attraction it had for us was the gruff ruins of O'Brien's castle, which stands up in solemn defiance of time and change, a monument of the

strength and dignity of the kings of Munster. It stands upon a detached rock, close in the town, and looks sullenly down upon the pigmies who now are content to dwell in mud cabins, indolent, and oppressed, wholly unworthy the great chiefs to whose clan their ancestors belonged.

I here give the description of the rapids, by an Englishman, that my countrymen may know what passes for "sublime grandeur" in "English eyes."

"The Shannon is here, for more than a quarter of a mile, almost a cataract ; and this, to an English eye, must be particularly striking. It is only in the streams and rivulets of England, that rapids are found ; the larger rivers generally, glide smoothly on without impediment from rocks ; the Thames, Trent, Severn, and Mersey, when they loose the character of streams, and become rivers, hold a noiseless course ; but the Shannon, larger than all four, here pours that immense body of water which above the rapids is forty feet deep, and three hundred yards wide, through and above a congregation of huge stones and rocks, which extend nearly half a mile ; and offers not only an unusual scene, but a spectacle approaching much nearer to the sublime, than any moderately sized stream can offer even in its highest cascade. None of the Welsh waterfalls, nor the Giesbach in Switzerland, can compare, for a moment, in grandeur and effect with the rapids of the Shannon."

The rapids are about equal to the falls in the Connecticut at Enfield, or in the Ohio at Louisville, in low stages of water. Yet to those unfamiliar with large rivers, and the noise of foaming cataracts, this is naturally an object of much curiosity. To us it had not half the interest of the old castle, because not half the novelty. The Shannon falls, in the distance of fifteen miles, from Killaloe to Limerick, between ninety and one hundred feet, more than half of which is in the space between Castle Connel and Castle Troy. At O'Brien's bridge there is a small village, and near the hill of Doonas, are the hamlets of Erina and Cloonlard. There are no other places of consequence till we approach Killaloe.

On the east bank, is the county of Tipperary, one of the largest in Ireland, and one of the most wretched and restless. From time immemorial this county, bordered on Connaught and Leinster, has been the battle ground of the feuds and strifes between the opposing provinces. In

this region Cromwell disbanded his army after having subdued the county, and cleared it of the Catholic population, whom he had driven into Connaught, shipped to other countries, or slain by the sword. Many soldiers settled in this region, and English grandees who supported his government were rewarded with liberal grants of the best land. The soldiers mingled with the people, married Irish wives, and produced the race of large, well-formed, and handsome people who are found in this portion of the kingdom. But they did not much elevate the moral or temporal condition of the inhabitants. Crushed by the feudal power, which is ever suspicious of the improvement of dependents, they have struggled in vain for right and liberty. No part of the country has been so ready for revolt as Tipperary and Limerick, and no parts have felt more severely the blighting effects of absentee landlordism. Nenagh, Clonmell, Cashel, and Limerick are names closely allied to the wrongs and struggles of Ireland. Not even Galway, Mayo, Sligo, Clare, or Kent, have suffered so much, for there the people with less information, and less manliness, have submitted to the vilest impositions till no heart of resistance is left them.

As long as they can, they continue to till the soil, and sell all they can produce to pay rent and taxes, except a few potatoes, and when they can do that no longer, they live on "dillisk and dhoolaman, or seaweed," which they gather from the rocks. Potatoes and butter-milk they esteem good living, and call those who are able to have it, "thokey," that is, *good liver*s. Many infuse pepper in water to give taste to their poor potatoes, and eat nothing else for months. When they can get none of these they lay down and die.

The people of Tipperary and Limerick are not willing to submit to such cruelty; they will not starve without a struggle. They cling to life with greater tenacity, and every now and then, feel twinges of conscience, and start up with fitful glimmerings of hope, and make a futile attempt to subvert the causes of their misery. But all is vain; and they sink back into a gloomy and sullen despair

and, in the bitterness of their souls seek vengeance on the minions of that power which oppresses them.

OUTRAGES AND INTIMIDATIONS—THEIR CAUSES AND CURE.

In conversation with some men, this morning, I learned many things about the outrages and intimidations which so frequently occur in this part of the country. They generally originate in a struggle for land, on which alone they depend for a subsistence, and from which they are evicted by the unfeeling landlords and their heartless agents.* The

* “The county of Tipperary has long possessed the notoriety of being the focus of outrage and disorder. . . . From all I hear, the OWNER of an estate, in former days, kept open house, lived usually in a style beyond his income, aped the expenditure of men of superior fortune, shot, hunted, and got money as he could, to keep going on. Most of the estates are ENTAILED; the owners married, and every means were resorted to, to raise money. Some times long leases were granted to men of property, in order to obtain funds, who commenced letting out land at an increased rent, to middle-men. The sons of the LAND-OWNER grew up, hunted and shot with the father, and would have shot any one who suggested to them that they ought to do some thing to maintain themselves. The sole means of providing for them, was to let to them portions of the estate, which, BEING USUALLY ENTAILED, could only be done at the least improved rent. The younger sons then got a local standing, became ‘Squireens,’ started shooting and hunting lodges, SUB-LET THE LAND, which they never thought of farming themselves, at an INCREASED RENT; and, so long as their father lived, were principally at home. On the death of the father, the ELDER BROTHER came into the estate, and the knives and forks of the YOUNGER brothers were no longer regularly set for them. The stables were not always ready for their horses as long as they pleased, and they found out that they had to support themselves. To do this, an other SCREW WAS PUT UPON THE SUB-TENANTS, and all sorts of chicanery were resorted to by these needy men, to obtain money FROM THOSE UNDER THEM. As they could barely live, the usual course was to try and get some government-place, as they could turn to neither business nor profession. To obtain this the member of Parliament for the county was followed and besieged, and they began to find out that their tenants could be made 40s. freeholders, and that this was an available means of influence. The unfortunate UNDER-TENANTS were then COMPELLED to SUBDIVIDE their land with sons, to make voters, in order that, at the next election, these votes might be bargained for a place. The mischief did not cease here. This FORCED SUBDIVISION rapidly increased the population. As there was nothing but the land to live by, the increased population brought competition for land, and eagerness to get any patch,

people themselves are wofully ignorant of the arts of husbandry, as well as indolent in their habits, and no inducement is set before them to correct either. Land-owners, agents, and middle-men are alike the enemies of the common people, extracting the last penny, pound of butter, and hamper of potatoes for rents, taxes, and tithes, to sustain, in idleness, the very men who cause their misery. Is it any cause of wonder, that hatred and malice should be engendered, under such circumstances; or that passion, stirred to the last pitch of desperation, should seek vengeance, and count it sweet? It would require a degree of forbearance not common in an ignorant, neglected, and

however small, at INCREASED RENTS. The people, following the teaching, began themselves to SUBDIVIDE; and the 'Squireens' or needy middle-men RAISED THEIR RENTS proportionately to the increased competition for the land, which they themselves had brought about. But the increase in population went on; the absence of any trading or professional knowledge among these SMALL GENTRY, too proud to do or learn any thing, but not too proud to resort to any tricky jobbing to raise money or get a place, brought with it, of course, the absence of any enterprize or any business undertaking, which could afford OTHER EMPLOYMENT FOR THE PEOPLE than the cultivation of a patch of land. The PEOPLE thus got beaten down, and became SERFS, crushed down to the worst food, and the most miserable clothing and dwellings; and, being neglected and without knowledge, they were UTTERLY UNABLE to improve themselves. . . . In England, you some times heard of landlords COMPELLING their tenants to vote for them; but in Ireland, the tenants' votes were a valuable commodity, not to be given away. They were bargained for places, and I am assured of instances where they have been SOLD for money, which the landlord himself pocketed. The poor tenants were deprived of even that resource of the vilest in England—they could not even sell their political franchise for a bribe, for their landlords generally sold it for them, and pocketed the amount without consulting them, and *compelled* them to vote as he liked.

Is it to be wondered at that such a system should bear such fruits? The fruits are now being reaped. . . . Estates get into the courts, and receivers are appointed, who exact the highest competition rents; embarrassed landlords live abroad, or in English towns, and they also exact the highest rents they can. The best tenants, who WILL live in comfort, are compelled to emigrate, and the most ignorant and unenterprizing tenants remain, without *knowledge or means* to improve the land, and striving, by endurance and potato diet, to *squeeze out the rent*. They have no means of employment; land they MUST HAVE, TO LIVE, until the struggle for a patch of land has become so desperate, that it is retained by a system of terror and assassination disgraceful to any country."—FOSTER'S LETTERS, p. 331-4.

abused people like these, to keep cool under such cruel grievances. How could it be otherwise than it is? If landlords will oppress and abuse their tenants, keep them ignorant and starved, reduce them to brutes what can they expect but brutal returns?

The gentleman with whom I conversed gave it as his opinion that "bad farming" is more the cause of poverty and misery, in this country than "high rents and taxes;" that if the people could be taught to improve their lands, they could pay all demands, and live comfortably. There is, doubtless, truth in his remark. But how can these poor creatures begin to improve? Are the proper men, the land-owners, here to instruct and help them? Are they encouraged to make improvements? No such thing; but they have every reason to know that if they make lands more productive, they shall be made to pay a correspondingly higher rent, and perhaps be evicted to give place to some other.

Here, then, it is manifest that the fault, seen upon the surface, is mutual. But the real evil lies deeper than appears. It is, in my humble opinion, *in the want of a permanent right to the soil*. I have seen and heard enough of "Anti-rentism," in my own country, to deprecate all land aristocracies, and the whole system of feudal tenantry, which has come down from the medieval ages of political, religious, and social darkness and depravity. What right, under God, has one man to nineteen, fifty, or a hundred thousand acres of that earth which "is His, and the fulness thereof," and which is given to His children, as freely as air or water? These lords, and earls, and dukes did not buy it. The *king* gave it to them of his own "mere motion" and loving favor. But how came *he*—one man; at times a very mean one—by such an inheritance? Who gave it to him? Where is his deed? In the records

* The English Commissioners ask, "Do the land-owners take no steps to introduce a better system, such as having a model farm?" Mr. Nicholas Maher, who manages an estate of 19,000 acres, answers, "No; there is no such thing in the country."

of history, written in human blood, and sealed with the stamp of a million deaths. It is his by "divine right." But I should like to see the "patent" under which he claims such boundless territory, which he parcels out to his courtiers so lavishly! He shows it in his armies, and defends it—not before the chancery of heaven, but on the battle-field! Cromwell's right to cut, and carve, and give away, was as good as Henry's, or John's, or Elizabeth's, for by *might* he won it for himself. From him and them these landlords claim, and such is England's law, and her judges and armies are ready to enforce it! This *may* be all *right*, on the principle of eternal justice, but I confess I can not see it so. I have not so read Christianity.

It seems to me the assassinations, murders, and intimidations, of which I see so many accounts in the secular papers, are the natural fruit of such a tree as kings have planted—sparsely yielded, when compared with the wholesale slaughters of Sitric, Strongbow, Ludlow, Carew, and other minions of brute force, who have led hireling foreign soldiery to invade the rights, destroy the peace, slay the innocent, fasten fetters upon the limbs of the honest and industrious thousands, and sequester their rightful properties to interlopers, who have rarely graced their possessions with their presence! These lands have been so secured that, however deeply encumbered, they can not be alienated, even at the demand of an honest creditor.

Thus the people, disinherited of their rightful possessions, their only source of subsistence, have been admitted back on short leases, or, more commonly, as tenants-at-will, so that, at any moment, when it shall please the whim of an old, gouty, capricious landlord, misinformed by his intriguing agents, or cheated by a set of rapacious middlemen, they can be ejected from their homes, the houses which they, or their fathers, or their ancestors, built with their own hands, pulled down over their heads; and their wives and little ones turned out penniless, and, perhaps, at an inclement season, to beg or starve! Work there is

none, nor any land for them ; for the competition encouraged by heartless agents, is so great that rents are run up to such an enormous rate that the produce would not pay them, to say nothing about taxes or a living. In this condition, revenge is awakened, and, goaded on by the cries of starving families, with no chance of employment, and the work-house full ; who that knows the weakness of human nature, unassisted by enlightened principle, wrapt in ignorance, controlled by passion, trembling with madness, desperate with hunger, and despairing for a better time coming, will wonder at the outrages that follow—the miniature of that war which was prosecuted with such deadly and disastrous results, in the names of Kings and Protectors, against their forefathers? Are not such effects the natural results of such causes?*

* “ While they waste one half the subsistence they might get out of the land, the most frightful struggles for subsistence are going on ; and atrocities and cowardly assassinations are committed which are a disgrace to any country. The Bravo of Italy is more than equalled by the cowardly ruffian of Tipperary.”—FOSTER’S LETTERS.

This will do very well for an English partisan writer. It is wickedness for this people, or any other, to act on the principle of revenge. Better for them to lay down in the bog and die innocently, than to add murder to other sins, by slaying the man who starves them, and without cursing the government which oppresses them. But such is not human nature, as every Englishman and the British government know, very well. I will quote some examples, that my readers may know the provocations which have made this people so “ atrocious.”

“ Lord Howarden has ejected many tenants for various causes, and taken their land into his own possession. This has produced great misery among them, and intense hatred. The life of Mr. Stewart, his agent, has been repeatedly attempted in consequence. He has, as a means of protection, been ‘ in the habit of taking two boys, one before and one behind him, on the horse, when he would be riding through the country ; so that he could not be killed without one of the boys being shot.’ [An evidence that justice is not all extinguished by vengeance.] The horrid distress of the people drives them to commit these atrocities.”

“ Amongst poor creatures so reduced, the competition for a patch of con-acre land to live upon is ‘ dreadful,’ says Mr. Bradshaw, a landed proprietor near Tipperary

“ It is wretched to see the state of some of the poor for want of employment. I may say, and do say it fearlessly, they are little better than the brute

As far as I could learn, the cause of the outrages so often occurring, are, in most cases, traceable to the cruelty of landowners, and hence to the government. The simple explanation of the whole matter is, *the people are oppressed and starved*. In such a condition, what but hostility can be expected of them? And who is at fault but they who have produced it, or, having the remedies, refuse to apply them?

The remedies proposed to cure these evils are totally inadequate, because they do not reach the cause. One suggests that the government should find work for the people;

beasts, for want of employment. They sometimes get employed at a 6d. or 8d. a day, and their whole object is, by means of their dung-pit, to get a quarter of an acre of ground; and they get their living through the year from it." . . . "They have miserable huts," says Mr. Jordan, land-agent to Baron Pennefather, "and it is only wonderful how they have patience to live as they do, at all. There were a few shots fired into my own house very lately, but there was nobody shot; we do not mind THESE LITTLE TRIFLES!"

"Agricultural laborers," says Mr. J. Loughnane, near Cashel, "are the most miserable men upon the face of the earth, at the present day. I could not describe the situation of the creatures. They have neither food nor raiment; they have no bed-clothes; the clothes they wear in the day, they must clothe themselves with at night."

"They are half a year idle for want of employment, and their wives are generally out as paupers in the country," says Mr. O'Flynn, farmer, of New Birmingham. "Their huts are miserable. There are seven, or eight, or nine of them upon one heap of straw, and generally the clothing they have in the day is their night-covering. There is no sheet, or blanket, and those who are last in bed must get up, for they have no clothes to keep them warm. I have witnessed that."

"Is not this sad story enough to account for the state in which society is here? The people for the most part here are a fine race. The majority of them are stout, and of an average size, and you see among them many tall and powerful men. They are a mixed race, very many of them descended from Cromwell's soldiers, who were disbanded in this county, the original debentures and grants of land to whom are still extant. . . . Near Nenagh, according to the evidence of Mr. McCartin, in the midst of all this distress, and misery, and shootings about the possession of land, there is 'an immense tract of waste land—the finest mountain land in the world—from 15,000 to 20,000 acres of wild land.' And according to the report of Mr. Griffiths, 'it is probable that about 300,000 acres of waste land might be reclaimed for cultivation, and 60,000 acres might be drained for pasture,' in this very county."—FOSTER'S LETTERS, p. 331-3.

another that farm schools should be established ; another that monasteries should be restored ; another that the Catholic priests should be paid ; another that waste lands should be improved ; another that these outrages should be suppressed by a stronger police force ; another that a more extensive emigration to Australia should be carried on by the aid of government ; another that long leases, or tenant rights, should be given, and so on to the end of the chapter. Now all these, or any of them may or may not afford a temporary relief. It is certain none of them contemplate the real, permanent prosperity of the masses of the people, in a way to attach them to the country. They do not reach the difficulty, in a way to remove the cause. They are not radical, nor specific.

The people are, in all cases, spoken of and treated by the rulers, civil and social, as vassals, as inferior, and dependent upon the will and caprice of the land-owners. Those who would improve the tenure to the land propose no more than a lease of ten or twenty years. And most on the side of power rely mainly on the government lash to whip the people into peace and prosperity. The days have gone by when absolute power over personal liberty is vested in governments. Christian liberty is too well understood by most enlightened nations to consent to forcible measures. Men must be *drawn* by motives and convictions which do not impinge upon individual freedom ; the masses are coming to have some indistinct notions of natural rights, and social privileges, and justice and equality between man and man. They have heard the scripture, which saith, " He has made of *one blood* all nations of men," and that all men have sinned and come short of the glory of God ; that God loved the humblest child of earth, and sent his Son to preach the " gospel to the poor," to deliver the captives, and defend the outcasts. And they have some faith in God, as the Ruler of kings, and Protector of men, and they are not disposed to submit to be wronged and starved, while others revel on the sweat, and blood, and sinews of their fellow-

men. It is a pity they do not understand more fully the true spirit and power of Christianity, for then they would be able to work out their salvation more certainly. But it is vain to talk of this to starving men. They have ears, but they can not hear, and eyes but they can not see, further than to seek vengeance on those who torture them.

Let the government adopt the strongest measures, but let the scales be even. Let them go to the root of the matter; and first settle the rights of certain men, made of the same materials and subject to the laws of the same divine government, whose wisdom and justice is impartial. Let it determine, if it can, why one man is put in possession of one hundred thousand acres of land, while another has not a foot! That done, let it show why these lands are held in perpetual entailment, in defiance of the just claims of lawful heirs and creditors. When that is done in a satisfactory manner, we will ascend to the branches, and work as busily as any other in cutting out *suckers*, lopping off dead limbs, and “ejecting” needless branches. I would respectfully refer her majesty’s government, and all friends of Ireland, to the authority of the holy statute, especially to the commentary of St. Paul, found in 1st Cor. 12th chapter, for information on this subject.

We have, in part, illustrated this subject, practically, in our country, and the institutions of our government rest upon a firm basis, because every body has an interest in the government. Our greatest danger lies in our *landless* population, in slaves, and foreigners, who are made citizens on too easy terms, while yet strangers or alien to the principles of our government. We have not, however, tried what must be done in Ireland—the breaking up of feudal tenures, in order to remove wrongs and secure rights to the people. We have estates, the owners of which are already tyrannical, and would be more so but for the power of public opinion, which is little else than the concretion of what leads to “intimidation” in this country. In our republic, law is but the expression of public sentiment. Here, it is the will of

the few, and those few not the common people, but a race or grade, which claims, not *justice*, nor *merit*, but hereditary and exclusive right, as the basis of all legislative and executive power.

Now let these false claims be abolished ; let the estates so long abused by the favorites of the crown, be sold to pay the debts of a profligate nobility and gentry ; let them be bought by the government with the money now squandered on monster armies of soldiers and policemen, needful to keep the people in subjection, and be leased to the inhabitants under certain restrictions, or sold on easy conditions ; then let model farms and practical schools be established, which shall be *free*, and I will venture, with such advantages, and all their disabilities removed, there would be no longer any cause to complain of Irish outrages, and Irish ignorance, and Irish recklessness, and Irish indolence, and Irish bigotry, and Irish improvidence, and Irish turbulence, and Irish hatred of good government, and Irish ingratitude, and so on to the end of the long list of English complaints and accusations so constantly reiterated.

I can not see why there is not as much propriety in such a course as there was in the boasted emancipation of West Indian slaves, by purchase and apprenticeship. Irishmen are of as much value to themselves, and to the world, and their life and liberty are as dear to them as they are to Africans. Wherefore, then, are they suffered to be ground to the earth with rents and county-cess, and poor-rates, and tithes, till they can live no longer, and then be ejected from their miserable mud hovels, and left without food or shelter, to beg of other beings as wretched as themselves ? It is easy to complain of such a population, but all severity will be vain, till some steps are taken to awaken their ambition, and rouse their dormant energies, with a prospect of comfort and permanent prosperity before them. They will then toil and suffer as well as any people under heaven.

The English are for ever complaining of the laziness of the Irish. We never hear that complaint in our country.

With all the other sins laid to their charge—it is a rare thing to hear an Irish man or woman called *lazy*. They dig our canals, grade our railways, carry our hods, wash our clothes, cook our food, nurse our children, and do half the service of our country, out-doors and in, and no one hears of their laziness. They may be called ignorant, bigoted, dirty, clannish, quarrelsome, drunken, improvident, all sorts of hard names, but never lazy. Nor would they be so at home, if there was any proper motive, any inducement for them to work. They harvest the crops of England, and do much domestic service, and no body complains so far as they know, that they do not work as well as the English. It is only *at home* that they are called lazy. And there they do not work as faithfully as they might. But how can they? They have been so often cheated, so long oppressed—robbed of their crops for rents, and taxes, and tithes, that they have lost all confidence in land-owners, their agents, and middle-men, and can have no heart to improve the land which they do not own, and *can not* lease, except from year to year. Who does not know, that even among the most enterprising farmers of America, there is no surer way to “*run out a farm,*”—render it unproductive, than to rent it year after year. And this impoverishment of the soil is rendered more certain if it is sub-let in small tracts to different persons. Each wants to make what he can of it, and at as little outlay as possible.

Such is the way of the world; and why should it be thought a mark of unheard of stupidity and indolence, when Irish peasants are found in it? Who blames them for refusing to lay out their strength upon lands to which they can have no claim? Why should they drain bogs, and recover impoverished and waste lands, which can yield them no reward under two or three years? It may be said, the landlord, finding them good tenants, would, *of course*, retain them. Perhaps he would—perhaps he would'nt! In our country, not even the squatters on our new territories would subdue a patch of ground, if they

did not know they should either purchase it by pre-emption right, or sell their "betterments" to some other man. Irish land-owners and their agents have become too cunning to give long leases to their tenants, for this very reason: that they would sell out their rights when a good offer was presented. They prefer to have their lands every year in the market, subject to the competition of a starved population, who have no other mode of subsistence. Forced by necessity, they will run up the rent to the highest pitch, hoping, by hard labor, a cheap diet, and kind Providence, to be able to pay it, with the other taxes, and have enough to keep their families alive.

In this precarious way the people have been living for years, and when the potato rot destroyed the crops, and "free trade" reduced the price of grain, they had no more than enough to pay rents and taxes, and so were left to starve. As many as can, flee to America; but multitudes have no means to get there, for they have no "lease" nor "tenant-right" to sell, nor credit to hire lands; of course they can be ejected at the pleasure of the landlord, who has no motive, as in cases before noticed, to help ship them out of the country. He will not be at such needless expense, and so calls in the bailiff, with a posse of constables and policemen, and the work of eviction and destruction commences. The family is dragged or driven from the hut, the little amount of miserable furniture thrown into the street, and the building levelled to the ground. Some times the thatched roofs are set on fire, and the naked walls left, as we saw whole streets of them at Kinsale, on the day of our landing. The work is carried on till a whole village is depopulated, fifty or a hundred houses torn down, and four or five hundred persons turned into the world, without house, or home, or food, or friend.*

* "It was a piteous spectaele, on Thursday, in the midst of the pouring rain, to see children led by their parents out from their houses into the street, to see mothers kneel down on the wet ground, and, holding their children up to heaven, beg relief from the Almighty, and strength to endure their

Now, I put it to any one, wrong as it may be, whether it is *very strange* that disorder and outrages should pre-

afflictions. The cries of bereaved men and women, running half frantic through the streets, or cowering from the rain and wind under the shelter of their poor furniture, piled confusedly about, were affecting in the extreme. To see, amid all this misery, ten or twelve burly ruffians from Nenagh, assailing the houses with crow-bars, and to hear their eries of exultation as a wall yielded to their assaults, or a roof tumbled down with a crash, the spectator should be callous, that could avoid being greatly affected by the scene. . . . I should suppose that the entire number turned out of their houses on Thursday would reach one hundred and fifty families, or six hundred individuals. Of this number I could learn that about thirty families, or, on an average of four to each family, about one hundred and twenty persons were to be allowed other dwellings in the village. So that four hundred and eighty persons, or one hundred and twenty families, would thus appear to be thrown on the 'waves of the world,' as some of the unfortunate people themselves stated it. I won't attempt to describe what was indescribable—the soul-harrowing condition of the poor wretches in the wigwams, at the time I was leaving Toomevara, eight o'clock in the evening."—TIPPERARY VINDICATOR.

"The practice of depopulating whole neighborhoods, in emulation of the example so lately set by the Hon. and Rev. Massy Dawson, has been again resorted to, this week, by the Hon. Col. Sewell, according to whose ukase, his agent, Mr. John Kelly, of Woodmount, levelled FIFTY-SIX houses at Creggs, near Ballygar, in this county. Fifty-six families turned out, roofless and foodless, to perish by the way-side, without a single penny from the Hon. Colonel to provide even a single meal on their melancholy exodus."

"The work of extermination is proceeding, with all its concomitant horrors, throughout this unfortunate country. I have just heard that two hundred persons have been cast out from the Dawson property, in the Glen of Aherlow, and a very large number cleared out from no less than seven properties in the neighborhood of Slievenamon."

The Archbishop of Tuam says: "On the morning of last Saturday, on setting out from Headsford, the corpse of a young man, who died of hunger on the preceding night, was seen stretched on the road-side. I saw the scenes of eviction and desolation, as I traversed the parish to the shores of Lough Corrib. I could not believe that any one parish could exhibit so many monuments of heartless cruelty. It is no wonder if death, in every form of disease and starvation, followed in the train of this depopulating system. The misery, however, was deepening as we advanced, and the wretchedness of the poor of this remote and much-neglected region is such that I will not occupy the time, nor harrow the feelings of the reader by its description."

"In the Kilrush Union, county of Clare, several of the evicted tenantry are living in turf-pits, scooped out of the bogs, and covered in at the top with some branches of trees. From these cavities the smoke, at times, is seen ascending, and the passer-by would hardly have known that the bog was inhab-

prevail among a people so circumstanced? It certainly is no new thing under the sun, which should be seized upon in justification of the stringent measures invoked from the government, to slaughter this people indiscriminately. I can very well understand why these miserable beings intimidate and kill the men who are the *apparent* cause of their sufferings. It is wrong, as I have before said, but it is not strange, nor very unnatural, as the world goes. Landlords, and agents, and middle-men, and society, and governments have sins to answer for, as well as starved and exasperated tenants, who scarcely know their right hand from their left. The papers teem with allusions to

ited by a subterranean population. In one locality there are as many as twenty of these bog-dungeons, with families in them. Your correspondent lately heard one of the highest employees of the poor-law staff give a dreadfully graphic picture of the scene he had witnessed in Kilrush. He had got down into one of these bog-dungeons, in which a family were lying in fever, and he succeeded in moving some of them, but the odor of the place was so overpowering that he was compelled to retreat."

"In the district of Dunharrow, on nearly all the properties of that barony, there is scarcely a sign of a human habitation, except in the dilapidated ruins of what, at no distant day, were happy homes. The Derry Castle, and the Coumbeg, and several other properties, are almost altogether depopulated. It is melancholy to pass through the country, and see none of those evidences of life which a few years ago cheered the traveler, and made him rejoice at the appearance of the people. Between Nenagh and Cloughjordan—a distance of about six miles—nearly all the houses have been tumbled down, and that line of road presents an equally gloomy and terrible aspect. Between Cloughjordan and Borrisokane, the Rev. Mr. Trench ejected forty families, comprising about two hundred and fifty souls, from the property called Forty Acres. The houses are removed—a fence wall has been built around the property by the stones that were taken from those houses! A Mr. Ely has ejected and tumbled down the houses of a great number of persons, also in the same district; but the houses are left standing, and seem as if they were the DEBRIS left after the cannonading of some hostile army. Between Borrisokane and Nenagh, the work of destruction has also been progressing, to some extent. It sickens the heart when one looks upon the country—desolate as if the scythe of death had mowed down the population. Miles may be traveled, and scarcely a human being can be seen, except some tottering starveling endeavoring to make his way to the relieving officer! In many places the poor are living on nettles, which they endeavor to bite and eat; and in other places they drain the streams of water-cresses to appease the ravages of hunger."

threats and executions, which are too common to need description, and which indicate a horrible state of society, more fearful than on the frontiers of our western territories, along the borders where civilization and barbarism meet.

Without wishing to excuse, in the least, the wickedness of such conduct, or to exculpate the poor, oppressed, evicted tenants from the responsibility due to such enormous guilt, I would give my readers a view of the other side of the picture. This I can do best by quoting from the work before alluded to, though I had ocular demonstration of the correctness of the descriptions given; not only on the estates alluded to, but also on others which I visited. I quote without respect to arrangement, simply to prove the fact I wish to establish; viz.: that a large share of the responsibility of Ireland's misery or improvement lies at the door of the nobility and gentry—the land-owners; that *when the tenant is well used he improves*; when he is abused and treated as a slave, he is lazy, ignorant, miserable, revengeful, outrageous; and, hence, that the only hope of the redemption of the country from its present degradation, is by attaching the people to the land by some legal enactment, which will give them security, and encourage them to make an effort to improve their own condition, permanently.

Mr. Michael Murphy, miller, of Dunimark, says—"I am acquainted with many cases in which the tenantry on the estate of the Earl of Kenmare, have been hardly, indeed very cruelly treated, and subjected to arbitrary exactions, by a person employed as under agent of that nobleman. . . . The terms of letting is generally from year to year. . . . The effect of this mode of tenure is to make the tenants completely subservient to their landlords, and to place them in subjection to the persons employed under these landlords, to a degree scarcely credible to those unacquainted with the fact from actual knowledge and experience. It has also the effect of rendering the tenantry utterly careless about improving their condition. . . . I have not the slightest doubt that, if the land was properly cultivated, the population WOULD NOT BE TOO GREAT in the barony, if it was THREE TIMES its present number."

"Wm. Neale, a tenant, swears that his rent under a middle-man was increased by Lord Kenmare's agent, from £18, 10s. to £30, on the lease falling

in ; and that he could not pay the rent, and was turned out without being allowed any thing for the improvements he had made ; moreover, that he was compelled to BRIBE the driver, or bailiff, by giving £5, and that the tenantry generally paid him bribes.”—p. 408.

Rev. Thomas Barry, the Roman Catholic priest, is asked—“ Have there been any cases of extensive removals of tenantry in the district ?—Yes, the most brutal. Recently ?—Yes, there have been instances within this year. Were those persons tenants who had previously paid their rent regularly ?—Yes, and were willing to pay to the last.”—IBID.

“ Mr. W. O’Sullivan complains that he was turned out of the land on which he was born, that a higher rent was put upon it, and the new tenant was broken in two years. That there is a ‘ regular system of oppression’ practiced by the driver under Mr. Galeway, and ‘ cows, sheep, and money, and every thing is given to him’ as bribes.”—IBID.

“ Mr. C. H. Donovan complains that he laid out £200 in building a house on some land. He was asked £10 more rent, which he was unable to pay, and was turned out without any compensation.”—p. 409.

Mr. John O’Connell, LAND-OWNER, says—“ I know that all the land in the country is over-let. The land can not bear at present what is put upon it. The people pay too much for their land—that I am ready to admit as a landlord. I am sorry to say, we exact too much. . . . Such is the competition for land that ‘ if £40 be asked for land worth only £10, there will be twenty applicants for it. . . . I have a property that came into my hands about fifteen years ago—about seven hundred acres—a fee-simple property. They were the most refractory men in the country, prize-fighters, and the head of a faction ; they paid no rent—they got into arrear. It was the estate of Lord Riversdale. I bought the property and sent for them immediately, and squared accounts ; they owed four years’ rent ; I forgave them three and commenced with one year, and they are paying me one-half year’s rent in hand. They are paying the original rent still, and there are not now in this country a more comfortable class of tenantry ; and instead of being in the public-house, and at fairs and markets fighting, they are well clothed, and every man has a slated house and barn, where there was nothing but poverty and indigence. . . . I know that those who hold by LEASE are becoming industrious, and making money.”—p. 411.

Mr. Richard White, landed proprietor, says—“ I came into this country determined to pursue a totally different system to any landlord, which was to give an ENCOURAGING LEASE for three lives. . . . Since I have done so, (assisted his tenants personally,) I have not made a distress upon my estate, nor turned out a man ; and I am perfectly convinced that my estate has not only doubled, but trebled itself, in value, in the last eighteen years ! I am satisfied, if the landlords would give leases to their tenants, and if it was the fashion to do it, there is a great deal of misfortune in the country that would not exist.”—p. 413.

“ I have before me the names of ten tenants, all with families, averaging six in a family, six of whom have had actions of ejection commenced against them within the last three weeks, and the other four received notice to quit last rent

day, not ONE OF WOHM OWES A FRACTION OF RENT. They don't know why they are turned out. This is on Lord Kenmare's property. These men and their families will necessarily resort either to Bantry, or to the corner of a bog, and become inhabitants of hovels and beggars. . . . Lord Kenmare is reputed to be a benevolent man; and there MAY be a reason for turning these tenants out; THERE IS CERTAINLY THE RIGHT TO DO IT. But this is not the way to make Bantry a city of palaces, nor yet to have a thriving and contented people; for these people must STARVE or do WORSE. . . . Is it not apparent, that NEGLECT and WANT OF ENCOURAGEMENT of the people had had much to do in making this country what it is?"—IBID.

Mr. Crosby, landed proprietor, of Ardfert Abby, who expended £1,500 to improve his land, says—"I had districts of several hundred acres not worth 1s. an acre, and they are worth 20s. now. . . . It is beneficial to myself, and immensely so to the peasantry, because it is immediately reproductive. The change from destitution and misery, and giving them good houses, was instantaneous."—p. 375.

Mr. Hurley, of Tralce, says—"I have a farm, which, for nine years, never paid me more than £40 or £50 a year, and that was badly paid. I divided it, left it to the tenants, and set it at the FULL VALUE of it, but gave them leases. . . The farm is now worth £200 a year, and as good cottier tenants as can be found any where! . . . There is too little preference shown to the occupying tenants, and that tends to prevent the proper intercourse between the landlord and the tenant in this country. They have not much faith in landlords, in my opinion." [Why should they have?]-p. 378.

Mr. J. Conner, farmer, says—"The impression upon my mind is, for I have experienced it, that if we improve, the improvements would go into the hands of competitors."—p. 379.

Mr. W. Pope, farmer, says—"If an industrious tenant lays out money in improving, he will be charged THIRTY and FORTY per cent MORE RENT than his neighbor!"—IBID.

"One or other of these two things a tenant has a RIGHT to expect, if he improves his land—either that his land shall be secured to him for a term of years sufficiently long to repay him for the money and labor he invests in it, or that he shall be paid for the value of the improvements he has effected in the land, if the landlord will not give him a lease, and chooses to terminate his tenancy and increase the rent. This is simply common justice; for he has there invested his labor and money, not on HIS OWN land to benefit himself, but on his landlord's land to the benefit of his landlord. If a merchant employs a tailor to manufacture his bale of cloth into coats, the tailor, if the merchant refuse to pay him for his labor and skill, has his action against the merchant for the value of his work and labor. But if a landlord, or a middle-man, apeing landlord, employs a farmer to manufacture his bog into corn fields, or permits him to do it under a false pretence of security, that he shall repay himself for his labor, and then takes from him the corn-fields so manufactured without repaying him, then has the tenant no action against his landlord for the value of his work and labor so expended. This constitutes the DIFFERENCE between

the law as regards MERCHANTS, and the law as regards LANDLORDS. The one must pay for permissive labor employed for his benefit, with cash down, or a check on his banker; the other need only wipe off such LITTLE SCORES with a notice to quit, or an action of ejection. The latter course has plainly an advantage over the former—that is, for the landlord. THE LANDLORDS WHO HAVE THE (SOLE) PRIVILEGE OF MAKING THESE LAWS have always had a very clear perception that this was an advantage. But then the farmers are not quite so stupid as not to see that the scale is not quite even—that they peep through the other end of the telescope; through the end the landlords peep the profits of the system are very considerably magnified to their advantage; but taking the farmer's peep through the other end, shows the profits to be infinitesimally small, and the vision of probable advantage so minute and indistinct, and uncertain, and distant that the poor farmers, in despair, cease to manufacture bogs into corn-fields, and the landlords' bogs remain bogs, and repay both them and their tenants with bog-returns and bog-profits. This is but another elucidation of the adage, that after all, 'honesty is the best policy.' The simple truth is, that this principle of landlord and tenant-law is NOT HONEST; and its impolicy is seen in the bogs and wastes of Ireland, as well as in the diminished supply and the want of demand."—pp. 405-7.

My readers, by this time, must have a tolerable insight into the cause of the misery of the Irish people. They should remember that this is purely an agricultural country, that manufactures and commerce are not carried on to any great extent. The immense water-power, vastly superior to England, is unemployed, and the innumerable and excellent harbors are vacant of ships, or visited by those from foreign countries. The fisheries, which are abundant, are wofully neglected, and those carried on subject to the same difficulties as the land. The "hookers" are furnished by a set of jobbers who make all the profits, while the poor fisherman is barely able to get a subsistence of the meanest kind, of which we had a full demonstration on board the hooker which brought us on shore.

I would recall an idea thrown out some pages back, touching the *right to the soil*, and the motive to prosperity. The author of the "Times Letters," who says many excellent things, and so far as facts are concerned, is, no doubt, generally reliable, has taken the liberal English view of every thing. He, in common with most others who have written on the subject, finds the main cause of Irish penury

and suffering in the neglect of land-owners, middle-men, and lazy ignorant tenants. These are, no doubt, the apparent, but they are not the *real* cause of the evil. That is to be found back of all that has been unfolded. It lies in the fact that the people have no acknowledged, actual *right to the soil*, no fee in the land they cultivate, in the houses they rear, or the permanent improvements they make.

We have seen that where the landlords are kind, and give long leases, teach the arts of improved agriculture, or pay their workmen well, the people are contented, faithful, and happy. Such landlords are never threatened, *after the influence of their goodness is felt*. But, as the scale ascends, ambition may increase, and these tenants may wish to *own their lands*, to be *FREE and independent*—to be men among men. No such event is contemplated by the British laws of entail—of hereditary rights, and hence there is no motive, no feeling, which aspires above dependence and servitude.

Can an American, familiar with the independence of our farmers, who *own* their lands, and pay but nominal taxes for the support of the government they make themselves, wonder at the destitution, misery, crime, and intimidation so common here? He is never disturbed by the haughty agent of an absentee landlord, nor teased and taunted by a domineering agent, or middle-man. He tills his own land, sleeps in his own cottage, “none to molest or make him afraid.” He is a sovereign—a prince in his own palace, and, unless he is cursed with the ownership of more land than he needs, or with slaves, sees none around him but those he has engaged on mutual terms, at fair wages, rates which will enable them, in five years, to become farmers themselves. Blessed is the lot of the American farmer! He may be, so far as condition is concerned, the best, the happiest and most independent among men!

How can all the remedies England’s philanthropists and statesmen have proposed, ever effect a radical cure of the enormous evils complained of, so long as the land is kept in

the hands of the *few*, and the *masses* are left in a state of dependence and servitude? Not until human nature is changed can one man, who has a soul to feel, and a *will* to resolve, be *forced* by direct action, or incidental circumstance, into a state of subjection to another *like himself*, and feel at peace; and, until a man feels happiness, or sees it before him, he will not be satisfied,—he will not rest. Men, reduced to the rank of cattle, or made machines, without *will*, without ambition, without *responsibility*, may do any thing—but good. That they can not do; for they have no power, no means. And it is no cause of wonder, if they occasionally break loose and, with brute force, take vengeance on the head that oppresses them. The caged lion will growl and snarl, and devour if he can. The more there is of the man, the stronger is the love of liberty and right, the firmer his resolve to resist oppression.

The turbulence of this population, shows that there is life-blood at the heart, struggling to circulate without impediment. The danger is that the circulation has been checked so long, that the fever has affected the brain, and that the English doctors will therefore think further depletion necessary. But that will only reduce the system lower, and render recovery less certain, unless followed with great care and suitable nourishment.

I am glad Ireland is not dead, that the people breathe—some even for freedom, and that all sigh for a better state of things. I believe that day will come, not by rebellion; for it is a vain method to attempt to overcome one evil by another; but by a course of gradual amelioration, till rotten estates shall go into complete decay, as they are going at a rapid rate, and rotten lords be found a useless burden to the state, the right of primogeniture be abolished, with which the law of entail must fall; and an open field and fair play be afforded to all.

Then shall virtue and merit rise to a proper rank, and gilded indolence and vice receive a merited rebuke. Industry, honesty, and frugality shall be duly honored and

recompensed, and the arrogance of fortuitous birth, and undeserved distinction be hurled into disgrace. The kingdom of Heaven will then begin, and the church will be untrammelled in its career by needless splendors, and tithes upon poverty. The clergy will cease to be wolves in sheep's clothing, biting and devouring one another, and become what their office indicates, shepherds of the flock, servants of servants, to guide, and help, and bless, and save humanity. Every man will sit down under his *own* vine and fig-tree, and all will become kings and priests unto God.

But I see no hope for Ireland without it. The repeal of the union can not effect it, neither can the actual independence of Ireland from English authority. A moral and social reform is needed. The tenure by which real estates is held must be changed, the curses of rank must be abolished, the last trace of feudalism wiped out, and church and state divorced, before Ireland can become the home of prosperity and peace. Any approximation towards this end is so much gained. But the sore, to be cured permanently, must be healed from the bottom. It is not enough to lay emollients or irritants upon the surface. Probe to the bottom, doctors, and cauterize if need be. Don't undertake to heal it slightly, lest it break out, and slough more odiously and dangerously than before. Astringents may be needful in your opinion; but apply them cautiously, lest you increase the inflammation. Do not bandage too tightly. As a disciple of Priesnitz and Jefferson, I would recommend pure, cool, simple remedies, great care in the diet, and a proper regard to free and unrestrained exercise in the open air, as fast as health will permit, always encouraging hope with the strongest assurance of ultimate and complete recovery. Under such a course of treatment, your armies and policemen might soon be disbanded, and your barracks, and your jails, and your poor-houses, be turned into homes of industry, plenty, and peace: and on Ireland might be fulfilled, in a brief half century, the beautiful prophecy, "Swords shall be turned into ploughshares, and

spears into pruning-hooks, and the people learn war no more."

But you say this is very fine in theory, but all imagination; and you point to past centuries to prove its impossibility. But hast thou no faith but in the past? none in God and the future? Seest thou no cloud in the west, not even as big as a man's hand, portentous of good? Thy works, O England, would seem to indicate that thou hast had no faith in Ireland, in times gone by, for one of thine own jurists has said, in words too true, that "*You may track Ireland through the statute book, as you'd follow a wounded man through a crowd—BY BLOOD!*" Thou hast not laid the axe at the root of the tree. Thy Williams, thy Henrys, thy James's, thy Elizabeth, thy Cromwell, and thy ministers since, even those of Irish birth—Castlereagh among them—have hated Ireland and abused it; and thy church has robbed and oppressed it; and thy whole government has not been that of a "nursing father," but of an enemy, a conqueror! Thou must mend thy ways, or Ireland will rebel, if able, or emigrate, or else starve and rot.

Thou hast the *power*, thou hast the *wisdom*; try and get the *will*. Don't be afraid, I entreat you, of growling landlords, or whining priests, or brawling politicians. Show thy live courage—not by blood and carnage; thou shouldst be glutted with that already. Show the nobleness of the animal on the united banner, and let the shamrock blend with the rose and thistle upon the escutcheon of thy greatness!

Change thy policy towards this noble, beautiful, but unhappy country. Thy philosophers are not afraid of experiments; neither should thy statesmen be. Try one in the crucible of kindness, and see if Irishmen even, have no hearts, to melt in tears of gratitude—no pure metal, wrapt up in the alloy of a rough exterior. Abused and neglected as they have been, till they have come to hate and devour one another, for which, in part, thou art responsible; for thou hast encouraged Orangemen, and oppressed Catholics,

and done many naughty things. And yet, bad as thou hast helped to make them, we find little difficulty with them in our country, except where they congregate in masses, and retain their old ideas and feelings. They serve us well in our kitchens, and stables, and fields, and mines, and stores, and ships, and farms. They dig our canals, and grade our railroads, through mountains and over vallies. They sit in our legislatures and courts, and they fill our armies and navies, as thou wilt have occasion to know, if any untoward circumstance should ever determine thee to war with us again. A few months' training suffices to make them about equal to Englishmen, in the wants and works of our country; I mean, if they have had tolerable advantages at home.

Thy cousins of the Emerald Isle are becoming an important item in the constitution of our community. It would be well, then, if thou wouldst not send all thy poorest and most ignorant to us, but be generous, and help in this work of education. We will do what we can, and thou must do what thou canst, what thou so much neglectest; for we remember whence we sprang, and it will not be good in us to disown the children whom our "mother" (country) refuses to own and nurse. But, having grown somewhat older since thou didst play the tyrant and disinherit us—in knowledge, power, and wealth—we will take what thy inability and old age will not allow thee to do, and provide for them. Yea, we will take thy rebels, if thou pleasest—not all thy *mean* men—thy gamblers and burglars, as we are wont; we have too many of them already—but thy political agitators, and disturbers of thy political peace—thy O'Briens, and Mitchels, and Meaghers. Thou needst not manacle them, and be at the trouble of sending a ship to carry them to Botany Bay. Just put them on board a transit ship and send them to us. We have use for them, and do not fear, so be they keep out of one State, which had thy charter for a guide till a few years ago. Every where else they may go in peace. I do entreat

thee, be kind and Christian to thy children once, on this side the channel, and see if they will not be good. Don't set the elder against the younger, by primogeniture rights, for God, even under the old law, some times reversed it. Jacob, and Joseph, and David were not the eldest of their fathers' children. In the new, "we are all one"—alike in Christ.

Thou wilt find no lack for thy humane efforts, if thou wilt lay off the goggles of thy nobility, and look at things as they are. Both priest and statesman, school-master and manufacturer, farmer and mechanic, may be busy in better work than grinding swords, building prisons, forging chains, and writing homilies. These laws may be made just and equal, these souls may be saved, these minds may be educated, these rivers turned upon the wheels, and spindles set a-going, these bogs drained, mountain lands tilled, and worn lands improved. Here is a broad field for thy philanthropy, without troubling thyself about South Carolina and Georgia. The free States will take care of American slavery, and it is better for thee to work humanely nearer at home. We have heard thy advice, and like it, and give thee this in return, with the hope it may do thee some good, and make thee love thy Irish children better, and do them less harm, and more good!

CHAPTER X.

THE UPPER SHANNON.

Killaloe.—Lough Derg.—Landing Passengers.—Monopolies.—Holy Islands.—Personal and Moral Beauty.—English Ability to Help Ireland.—Portumna.—Ancient and Modern Works.—Redwood Castle.—Victoria Loeke.—A Beautiful Spot.—Bennagher.—War Establishment.—English Policy.—The Question of Natural Rights.—Paying Priests.—Monasteries.—Something Better.—Shannon Harbor.

Killaloe has a poetic name, a romantic and beautiful location, and many legendary reminiscences of Irish valor

and magnificence. It was the central residence of Brian Boroihme, the great hero and monarch of Irish patriotism. It has little else to boast of. The quays along the river, and the new pier at which the steamboats land, show some signs of life and business; but every thing else bears the stamp of time, neglect, and poverty. The buildings, generally, are old and dilapidated. Rows of small, low cabins are strung along the elevated ground, without much respect to order—in true Irish style. A few decent buildings are seen near the business part, and several really elegant mansions in the neighborhood. Among the latter, I noticed particularly the diocesan seat, or “palace of the Bishop,” called Clarisford House. It is a good mansion, surrounded with elegant and shady grounds, which reach to the bank of the river and line of the canal, for some distance. The Bishop of Killaloe lives here in great splendor, with a large income, and little to do.*

On the opposite or Tipperary side, is Brian’s fort, once a strong fortification, commanding this important pass between the north and south. It is no longer of any concern, for Connaught, and Leinster, and Munster, are no longer separate kingdoms, with opposing interests, but are alike crushed and suffering beneath the oppressor’s power. Neither can the heroes of Munster meet here, to oppose the intrusion of English invaders, as in the days of King William, when Sarsfield intercepted the reinforcement coming to the siege of Limerick.

The long bridge which crosses the Shannon, to the village of Ballina, is an object of some curiosity, on account

* “An extract from the return of probate-wills, made to the British House of Commons in 1832, shows that Beresford, Abp. of Tuam, left £250,000; Fowler, Abp. of Dublin, £400,000; Cleaver, Bp. of Ferns, £50,000; Porter, Bp. of Clogher, £250,000; Knox, Bp. of Killaloe, £100,000; Bernard, Bp. of Limerick, £60,000; Hawkins, Bp. of Raphoe, £200,000; that is an average of £188,750 for each of these Protestant priests, after supporting their families in splendor during their lives, and this from the poorest people in Christendom; and that, too, the great mass being not of their own communion.”

of its numerous arches. But the cathedral most attracted our attention. It is an ancient building, of massive proportions, and, from its commanding position, becomes a more prominent object than any other, except the mausoleum of the famous Brian Boroihme, which is a pile without symmetry or beauty, designed to mark the last resting-place of Ireland's most honored chieftain. Above the villages, on the west side, is an elegant villa, occupying an elevated and romantic site, on the shores of the lake, back of which rises Slievebernagh, a lofty hill, which looks down upon this charming lake, and commands an extensive view of the counties of Limerick, Clare, Galway, Tipperary, and far up and down the valley of the Shannon. On the opposite side is Derry castle, on a bold projection of the Arra mountains, which border this part of the lake, the elegant mansion of some grandee. Back of this, to the north, the mountains rise precipitously nearly two thousand feet, and are said to contain valuable quarries of slate, which are extensively and profitably worked. I saw large quantities piled about the quays, indicative of considerable business in that line.

The scenery in this region is very fine. The beautiful valley through which the Shannon hurries its winding way, with broad plains on either side, with here and there a wooded hill, and the far off ranges in the distance, bounded by Slieve Pheling, Devil's Bit, Gottymore, and others of equal grandeur on the north, by the lofty mountains which approach to the very shores of the lake, just at its outlet ; then the calm, clear waters spreading off to the north, with sinuosities penetrating far into the sides of the rugged mountains which border its shores—every thing is pleasing, varied, and romantic. I remarked to my friends that the old Irish must have been a poetic race, for they always chose the most beautiful and romantic spots for their castles and towns. This might have been caused by another motive—the strength of the positions, and the ease with which a castle could be built sufficiently strong to resist opposing clans.

These strong holds are in narrow passes, on projecting cliffs, isolated rocks, or narrow necks or points of land, where the feudal lord could congregate his vassals, and defend himself from the missiles of assailing enemies. The introduction of gunpowder rendered these castles useless defences, and they have gone into ruin. But the villages about them remain, and indicate more, perhaps, the love of life, clannish arrogance, and good engineering, than an innate, poetic admiration of natural beauty.

Two or three steamers were lying at the pier, not far from the landing of the canal boat. A crowd of ragged men and boys were huddled about, in waiting to beg, or get a job, the former being far the most energetic in the prosecution of their business. We conveyed our own baggage to the steamer, in republican style, somewhat to the dissatisfaction of the scores who strove to take it from us. We had here a sample of urgent haste, such as some times characterizes our own countrymen, when about to leave a boat. A woman was anxious to get on shore before the narrow plank was laid on the bows of the boat, by which, with great care, we were barely able to get to the land with dry feet. Either misjudging her strength or the distance, she leaped into the shoal water, and splashed about like a sturgeon just caught, much to the amusement of the company on shore, who laughed heartily at her misfortune.

Some distance up the lake, we passed an elegant demesne, on a beautiful and extensive point of land, which penetrates some distance into the water, and sweeps back, in rich undulations, towards the dark summits of the Arra mountains. It is a lovely spot, and, in appearance, the abode of rural prosperity and comfort. But all the beauties of nature are sadly marred in this unhappy land. There are few spots in this world, I have ever seen, more highly blessed by nature, and none made so miserable by the wrongs and imprudence of man, for whose happiness it was so elegantly fitted up. This lake is a beautiful sheet

of water, and this estate a most charming location ; but its very beauty is made odious by the surrounding misery. The extensive park, lined with a variety of elegant trees, with herds of deer grazing on the lawn, the long, shady avenues leading to the mansion, and the rich fields beyond, are all attractive, grand, and tasteful ; but how can a heart, capable of appreciating the loveliness of such a spot, enjoy it, while starvation is staring, with envious eyes, and poverty and hatred lie groaning and grumbling under the walls ?

Mere wealth, and power, and splendor can avail nothing towards genuine happiness, while the very position occupied is the source of misery to others. Pride can not fully blind the heart ; neither can success in the prosecution of selfish ends, silence the claims of our better nature which solicit another's good. Haman was not happy while Mordecai sat at the king's gate. Irish nobles and gentry, whether of Celtic or Gothic extraction, are ill at ease amid the scenes of wretchedness they have themselves helped to produce or perpetuate. I do not wonder that they live abroad, and rarely come here to look upon their estates, if for nothing but to forget, if possible, the wickedness of their own neglect, and the sight of misery their own luxuries have caused.

I feel sad as I pass over this beautiful lake, and look upon the varied and fertile shores, and think of the vast resources of this poverty stricken nation. Every thing wears a sombre appearance, and I can not be cheerful. There is a chord which links humanity together, which, like the telegraphic wire, once touched, communicates its message to the heart. It would not be well to resist this influence if we could. By shutting out the rays of light, we may not *see* the dust in the room ; but it is there, nevertheless, and, added to its own evil, we deny ourselves the counteracting influences, we might otherwise obtain. I am glad that I am here ; that I have seen what I have ; that I know what I do of the dark phases of human nature, which can never be learned at home.

Lough Derg is some twenty miles long. It is twenty-five miles from Killaloe to Portunna, but these towns are a mile or two from the lake. Its breadth is various, from three or four, to eight or ten miles. A wide bay puts off to the west, at the head of which is Scariff in Clare; another nearly opposite, towards Nenagh, the chief town in the north riding of Tipperary. These form the widest part of the lake. The shores are deeply indented, and at the south end, abrupt and broken. Farther up the lake the shores are more level, and said to be capable of the highest cultivation. The hills rise more gradually and their summits are less elevated and more distant. Deep and beautiful valleys approach to the lake from the back country, and add greatly to the picturesqueness of the scenery. There are no villages of much consequence immediately on the borders of the lake; but old dilapidated castles are seen in abundance, in all directions on every jutting headland, and in almost every secure and beautiful spot. The names of several of these, and the legends connected with them, are given me as we pass along, but few of them I care to remember. I have no reverence for feudalism in any shape, but it is well to know something of what *has been*, that we may learn to appreciate what *is*.

We have just landed some passengers at Dromineer, the port of Nenagh, the boats coming off a long distance to effect the exchange. This must be dangerous business in rough weather, and to us appears very unaccommodating. I remember when little boats used to be sent out by a line to land passengers at the villages along the Hudson. We should now call that an awkward and dangerous operation. But here there is little enterprise, and no opposition. Public carriers consult their own interest, and the people must submit to any inconvenience. A stage never takes up nor leaves passengers, except at their own offices—often in a stable-yard, and steamboats *land* their passengers into small boats, and an extra charge is charged for taking them

on shore. A company which should practice thus in our country, need never make a second trip.

Such is the working of freedom and monarchy. With us the *people rule*, and companies and statesmen must *serve* the public. Here monopolies rule, and the people must submit. With one all is animation, cheerfulness, readiness to serve, freedom to enjoy, and equality of feeling; with the other, dullness, sycophancy, haughtiness, moroseness—a sort of “Do this, or go to the devil,” as one man expressed it. The evils of an aristocratic government may be seen and felt in all ranks of society, but in nothing more than in the social condition of the people. I thank my God that I was born in a free country, and bred up under democratic institutions; where every man is a unit, and self-dependent for success; and where the natural, equal and indefeasible rights of all men are tolerably well understood and regarded, and where each man is held responsible for the defence of his own, and the invasion of another’s. Corporations with us can not rise above individual privileges; and, though soulless, are alike responsible to the popular will, for their conduct and their existence. They may, for a time, play a blind game, and deceive the community, and bias the government, but a day of retribution always overtakes them. In freedom, the right and good, alone can stand in permanence, as, in the light, truth only can appear with safety.

At some distance on our left, we passed the Holy Islands situated in Scariff bay, not far from the north shore. On one of them is an ancient round tower, and near it a pile of ruins are to be seen. The island appears to be low and level, and of small dimensions. It is called Irish coltra, the Holy Island, or Seven Churches, and was formerly one of the “stations” to which pilgrimages were made by the Catholics to do penance and obtain the forgiveness of their sins. There were seven churches built upon it, besides the round tower. Connected with this was St. Patrick’s Purgatory, where the more wicked and obstinate were put through a severe course of training till *submission* was pro-

duced and absolution merited. This "station" was once as much celebrated as that on Lough Derg, in Donnegal.* Several passengers assured me that it is still visited by many pilgrims who come here to do penance for their sins. One of them is a gentleman of great respectability, who is familiar with this region, having been often to the island and distributed many comforts among the people. I pity the poor creatures who are so blinded by ignorance, but I do not marvel at their folly. I have seen enough, in the do-

* "The lake covers two thousand one hundred and forty acres; its shores are wild and dreary; and its principal islets are Inish-goosh—Saint's Island, and Station Island, or St. Patrick's Purgatory; even these are very small; and the remainder, which seem to break and vary the surface of its dark waters, are, with few exceptions, mere groups of rock. On Saint's island are the remnants of a priory. This island, in remote ages, was the resort of pilgrims, and contained the original Patrick's Purgatory. The place of the penance is now, and has been for several centuries, on Station Island, which is half a mile from the shore of the lake. It is less than an acre in extent, and contains, in addition to two small chapels, one of which is appropriated to penitents, a house for the officiating priests, and a few cabins. In spite of the prohibitory edicts of several of the popes and orders of the Irish privy council in former days for its suppression, it has maintained its celebrity; and the numbers who still annually flock hither to expiate their offences, from the 1st of June to the 15th of August, are variously stated at from ten to fifteen thousand. One thing is certain that the ferry which was long rented at £300 per annum, now pays £160."—FRASER'S HAND BOOK, p. 532.

"On the pilgrims first landing in the island, they pay a toll of sixpence half-penny each to the prior for the right to land. They are then taken to a corner of the island, where a roughly made stone cross, with some almost obliterated figures carved upon it is elevated. Round this is a pathway of small sharp stones, which seemed tracked by being walked over. Round this cross, the pilgrims are made to walk barefoot nine times, repeating a number of prayers. They are then ushered into the largest chapel, which is called the 'prison,' where they must fast and pray through the whole of the first night of their landing. They are warned against falling asleep, as they are taught that to do so will bring on them the displeasure of God, and will be punished with purgatory. . . . The morning after the pilgrim's arrival, he or she has to confess to one of the priests—a shilling fee is charged for the confession, though often more is given. Then comes the performance of penances. . . . The pilgrims, for one penance, are made to walk nine times round the pathway round the cross, barefooted, over sharp stones; and, according to their penance, they are made to walk or crawl a certain number of times on their BARE KNEES, men and women—round the outside of the circular erection of stones."—CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND, p. 82.

ings even of Protestants, in our own country, to admonish me to deal charitably with a weak brother, on whose soul still sits the incubus of misbelief and superstition. "Lord, help thou our unbelief."

This border of the lake is exceedingly beautiful. The ground ascends gradually from the water's edge, up Slieve Aughta, till it attains the height of more than one thousand feet, at the distance of three or four miles. The hills trend off westward, in rich, swelling slopes, and are covered with pasture-fields, and their bases dotted over with cottages, the size and character of which, from this distance, are not discernible, but appear remarkably pleasant, as if the abodes of plenty and contentment. I was just now giving vent to my admiration of this grand landscape, when the gentleman before alluded to cooled my enthusiasm, by informing me that there is scarcely a place in all Ireland where the people are so completely destitute and wretched.

Soon after, an other gentleman was introduced to me, who is coming from Limerick, to distribute a quantity of Indian meal, and other provisions, among the inhabitants of Mount Shannon who are in a state of penury and starvation. He assures me he has been there frequently, on the same errand of mercy, in behalf of a society of Friends, and that, although a county richer in the sources of plenty and comfort can scarcely be found, the welfare of the people has been so grossly neglected, that no scenes of destitution more complete can be seen in any part of the kingdom. The people are ignorant, the lands neglected, on account of exorbitant rents, and the cruelty of the landlord's agent, so that there is neither motive nor means for improvement.

Before landing, he invited us to accompany him to Mount Shannon, and one of our party accepted the invitation, with whom we have just parted. For myself, I have no longer a heart to look upon the squalor of this wretched population, while I lack the means to afford them relief. I have seen enough of their misery, heard enough of their

wrongs, felt enough of suppressed anger towards the aristocrats, who live in great pomp on the blood and sweat of this wretched people, by royal right, as if God had made them better than others. Right here, we are passing a splendid mansion, surrounded by all the tokens of wealth and pride ; and gayly dressed ladies are standing upon the shore, under wide-spreading shade trees, waving their kerchiefs to us as we pass. This is an Irish family, I am told, but one of those formerly *bought* into the English interest by the gift of a large tract of land and several thousand pounds in ready money, which has kept the descendants loyal ever since, and ready to carry forward the war of extermination against the wretched peasantry of this part of Galway county. But how a family, of cultivated minds and christian hearts, can be satisfied to live as they do, in the midst of beggary and ignorance, made so and kept so by their own will and neglect, it is easy to inquire. I am told, this is a Christian family, well educated in all the blandishments of fashionable life, and greatly respected in a wide circle of notable families of the nobility and gentry, both here and in England ; but how they can be happy, or endure to live with the wrongs and evils of their position and neglect so obvious all about them, is more than I can comprehend. It would seem that the first breathing of a Christian heart would be to seek out a remedy for the misery about them, to clothe, and feed, and educate these neglected children, to teach the parents how to manage their patches of ground to the best advantage, to slacken the stringency of the rents, tithes, and taxes, to give them examples of justice, industry, and benevolence, and so begin a work of mercy and reform, which would secure for them the poor man's blessing and the orphan's prayer. They surely can not be wanting in the adequate knowledge to begin such a scheme of improvement, for they have Bibles, and can read them ; they have eyes, and must see ; hearts, and ought to feel ; or else they ought to renounce the name of

Christian, and turn infidel to all the claims of a common humanity.

I am told the family living here are, personally, remarkably handsome; that the young ladies, especially, are renowned for their fine forms and beautiful faces. Be it so, what does it all avail if there are wanting the mind and heart—the moral beauty, to correspond? The gay, and thoughtless, and unprincipled may admire, and applaud, and flatter, and betray. But true beauty, like true greatness, comes from a pure heart, and shows itself by acts of goodness, and words of wisdom. God looks upon the heart, judges motives, and bestows happiness—the reward of merit—only where it is deserved. Personal beauty is always to be admired, but never praised, except as God's gift. To appear well, the possessor should always be unconscious of the possession.

A fearful responsibility rests upon those whose social position and ability afford such a favorable opportunity to labor for the temporal and spiritual good of others. And, as God reigns, a day of reckoning will come, when the rich, and wise, and powerful, shall be held to account for their treatment of the poor, and weak, and ignorant, who have suffered at their hands. God's word is full of instruction upon these points, both in the Old and in the New Testaments; and I marvel that a strong nation, whose Queen is the head of *the* Church, does no more to relieve the oppressed and guide the ignorant; that a church, whose Pontiff is God's vicegerent on earth, has no more affection for its children than to let them starve, while its dignitaries live in splendor, and devote their principal attention to forms of faith and gorgeous processions; and that a gentry which boasts of its gallantry, and intelligence, and religion, are perfectly case-hardened, that the wail of their starving tenantry awakens no feeling of humanity in their breasts. In this age of reform, and progress, and extensive benevolent operations, while sea and land are traversed to convert the heathen and proselyte schismatics,

and thousands and millions poured out annually, to carry forward the works of benevolence, that Ireland is so sadly neglected, and thousands of her children dying of starvation every year, while the land is less than half cultivated. We live in an anomalous age. Great Britain gives, annually, nearly fifty million of dollars for the support of its established clergy, and more than all other Christian nations put together, while the ratio of hearers attending its ministry, as compared with others, is as *one to thirty-two*! Much of this immense revenue is derived by tithes obtained from those who, from conscience, refuse to hear its preaching; and not an inconsiderable portion is wrenched from the poor starved tenants, by the distraining process, after paying their own clergy. Besides this, thousands are spent annually for missionary, and other *benevolent* operations, in foreign lands, while a million of their own people, whom they are bound, by every legal and moral obligation, to protect, are dying for want of the commonest necessaries of life at home, and often unprovided with a decent burial. England is conquering the Sikhs, humbling the Chinese, contending about barren mountains on the borders of the Pacific, sending expeditions to explore the North-west Passage, and buying up West Indian negroes, for liberty, but the starving poor of Galway are left to the tender mercies of the agents of bankrupt landlords! England boasts of her power, and wealth, and honor, and nobleness, and christianity, and benevolence, and wisdom, and yet can not find out how to remedy the evils of Ireland! Marvellous!

We have just passed the island of Illuanmore, in the center of this lake, near enough to see some old ruins, which we are told are the remains of a church abbey, built in the 7th century, by Saint Comir, and that several ecclesiastics, celebrated for their zeal and learning, formerly resided here. The island is as beautifully situated as ever, but it no longer bears the marks of industry and thrift, if ever it did. I do not wonder that these ignorant people look with despondency upon the beautiful spots in

their country, rendered sacred by the superstitions of their religion, and curse the foreign invaders who laid them waste. It is one of the most natural things in the world, that they should revert to the past, and garnish, by the help of imagination, the freedom and glory of the blissful age of their ancestors, in the gaudiest colors; and, by contrast with the present miserable reality, become enraged against those who oppress them. The acts of the British government have not been such as to heal the wound, by enlightening their understandings, and winning their hearts to approve and love a better order of things. We have had the experiment of extermination in our own country, pursuing the English plan. The natives of America loved their homes, the graves of their fathers, and their hunting grounds, and wreaked their vengeance, to the extent of their power, in cruel murders. The native Irish are above them, in many respects, and more capable of reform and progress. By intercourse, intermarriages, religious influence, and proper treatment, many have become distinguished, and all might be made industrious, moral, and happy. Nothing has been done to beget love or respect, but every thing to irritate, produce jealousy, and excite revenge. Their liberties have been assailed, their religion repudiated, and their homes invaded, and they compelled, by taxes, to support the government that oppresses, and by rents, the lords who impoverish them. They look upon this beautiful island, and see its abbeys in ruins, its cloisters forsaken of the reverend men of God who dwelt in them, while the graves of their ancestors, who sleep in its extensive burying grounds, call to them for redress. They see no common schools, no free churches, nor enlightened and happy population, coming up in their places; and they are sad, and unreconciled, and restless; and who can wonder? They see as much pride and splendor as in feudal times, while there is no chieftain to arm and protect them as his vassals, but landlords to treat them as serfs. Alas, for poor Ireland; thy social wrongs are many and

great, and far off is the day when thou shalt be able to remove them!

As we proceed towards the head of the lake, the shores are curved, and varied, and beautiful; adorned (?) with some handsome seats; presenting many beautiful landscapes, of hills, vales, bays, creeks, and headlands, but every where tarnished with pictures of human misery. Wide plains sweep off towards the north and east, from which arise, here and there, rounded pastoral hills, which add greatly to the beauty of the scenery. A narrow bay sweeps off to the north-east, towards Parsonstown, the residence of Lord Ross, of telescopic notoriety. Before reaching Portumna, the principal port at this end of the lake, the shores become flat and uninteresting, but hills in the distance, and ruined castles, are still to be seen. On our left, we passed the charming grounds of the Marquis Clancaricade, whose elegant castle was burned some years ago, the naked walls of which still stand, a massive modern ruin. The house still occupied by the family is grand enough for any gentleman of moderate pretensions. The castle itself, I am told, was formerly one of the grandest in this part of the kingdom. I have no reason to doubt it, for the long line of little, low mud cabins, such as sometimes ornament our railways where deep excavations are to be made, and the squalor of the poor creatures we saw about them, are a sufficient proof, in addition to the extensive ruins and splendid grounds. The glory of a military chieftain is in the number of his fellow-beings he has slain in battle, like the notches in the Indian's war-club; the measure of riches is the comparison with surrounding poverty; and the pride of a landlord is the amount he can extort from the squalid dependents about him—but the reward of the good man is the relief he affords to suffering humanity.

Portumna, itself, lies a mile or so from the river. It was once a place of some business. It has a church, Catholic chapel, the ruins of a priory, and a mass of miserable

huts, with scarcely a decent building among them, all belonging to the barony of Clancaricade, together with an extensive tract of country, the gift of one of the Henrys to a French family of De Berge, who still inherit it; so that even Frenchmen are involved in the disgrace of Ireland. French families are scattered all about the island, who were introduced into handsome estates by the English crown, in payment for their adhesion to the particular interests of different sovereigns, who found their services of great value in aiding them in the maintenance of their claims to the British throne. Ireland has been the pay ground of English, Scotch, and French sycophants, for several centuries, and their patents remain to the present day. Among all the titles, Cromwell's are the best. He made most thorough work, and his name is a by-word still, suggesting the greatest terror to tenants and to children. It takes the form of an oath, and I often hear the people use the "curse of Cromwill" as the strongest and most violent expression of disapprobation they can utter.

On a point of land formed by the river and an arm of the lake, extending off to the east, is Bellisle, the residence of Lord Avonmore, and immediately upon the water's edge the ruins of Cromwell's Castle. This was one of the outposts of Protestantism, where the minions of the Protector were set to keep watch over the Catholics whom he had driven into Connaught, from whence they could not escape but at the peril of their lives. The rest he had driven to the Continent, shipped to the West Indies, or compelled to keep secreted in the mountain glens of Munster. The more rapacious crew which accompanied the restoration and ministered to the corrupt and profligate habits of the second Charles, did not rest here. The confiscation of the estates Cromwell had bestowed upon his favorites were insufficient to satisfy the more hungry herd, and the fair fields of Connaught were seized and divided among the mean set who were manufactured into lords and noblemen by these robberies, which were entailed in perpetuity. Thus har-

rassed in the narrow fold into which they had been driven, they broke out and spread over the depopulated parts of the island, but in the character of subordinates, *tenants* upon the lands once theirs, which they hired, by leases when they could, promising fealty to the intruders. Where leases could not be obtained, they were compelled to serve in any capacity, according to the dictates of their new oppressors. The plan of Cromwell was to regenerate the whole island, and make it, at once, an integral part of the empire, purely English in religion, politics, and people. The subsequent governments treated it as a conquered country, permitting a show of nationality, to humor the pride of its nobles, and hoping to derive more benefit from it in that way. This new arrangement rendered these border castles useless, and they soon fell into neglect and ruin.

Just above Bellisle and Portumna we came to a splendid stone bridge over the Shannon. It is a superb work, built in the most thorough manner. The stone, of which it is constructed, were quarried from a bluff on the shore near by. The piers are firm and massive, the road-way level and broad, and the balustrades finished in a tasteful manner. A wide draw, of the most approved plan, opens a passway for boats, without lowering their masts. We have few such substantial works in our country. Some of the bridges on the Erie canal, especially that at Rochester, will compare with it respectably. We are a new country, and with us every thing was formerly done with respect to *present* need irrespective of the future. As we have grown older, more able and wise, we are giving more attention to permanence and beauty; so that when we arrive at the age of our father-land we may hope to show works of equal grandeur:—Ay, too, and before. We may never build feudal castles, massive abbeys, extravagant cathedrals and convents, but, inspired by the motives of true utility we have already undertaken and accomplished, some works which would do honor to any age or nation. They are monuments of good judgment and of republican equality.

They speak for the whole. If they do not awaken the feeling of superstition and reverence, they do not offend the sentiments of philanthropy, as the ancient monuments of exclusiveness we meet with here. But great changes we are happy to see in the movements of the Old World, which strike us more forcibly from the deep contrast in which they appear. Bridges and roads, which, for completeness, surpass any thing we can boast, are for the general good, and even the barracks, and jails, and work-houses, the remaining signs of improvement, are not emblems of feudalism, but of ideas more gregarious and universal than those which marked the centuries past. There is hope yet, that a broader spirit of humanity will, step by step, take off the burdens of oppression, and elevate the down-trodden to a higher rank in the scale and opportunities of social life.

This is the station of the company having the exclusive navigation of the Shannon, where they exchange boats, and tranship passengers and freight, from those of larger size plying on the lake, to those fitted to run upon the shoal water of the upper river. Quays and harbors have been built for the accommodation of these boats, and several store-houses and coal-yards for the use of the company. Several hands are employed here, who live in a small village on the east bank of the river. The lofty ruins of Redwood castle still support their crumbling turrets, and look, with a sullen frown, upon these changes and encroachments of modern times. Never mind, old tower of feudalism, and Puritan fury; thou hast had thy day of glory, and 'tis passed. Another generation has come to toil, and suffer, and weep, drinking the dregs of the cup thou didst mingle for them. The noise of mirth and revelry, while thou standest, would be like a merry song in a charnel house. The wrongs which reared thee, this century can not forget. But thou, and the memory of thee, shall pass away, and a better day will come. Ah! shake thy grim locks, and thou wilt, at the clang and jostling of these new inventions, as the rushing steam goes whizzing and whirring

from its pent-up prison, where it has been doing good service; and these passengers and goods are hurried at unwonted speed, over this handsome bridge, which claims little affinity to thee or thine! Ay, fret, and eke out a crocodile tear, if thou canst, to wet thy withered, blackened face, and show pity for thy rebellious children! These arts and improvements for social intercourse assail thy destiny, with surer success, and will sooner topple thy turrets down, than Ludlow's cannon, or O'Connell's Repeal. Stand there, ignoble monument of a tyrannical, selfish, and inglorious age! Thou art no more than the mausoleum of the chieftains and the chivalry which reared them. Thy serfs are waiting for freedom. Many have gone to the home of liberty already, though many still remain to delve yet longer amid the ruin thou hast seen wrought. Ah, turn not thy sunken eye in deathly stare upon me. Thou canst not frighten a child of freedom! Cease thy mutterings, old toothless tower, for they but increase my abhorrence, and I laugh at the foolish frolics of thy dotage. Better give all thy attention to the nursing of thy sickly sons, who, like the last—the teatman of a puny race, half scorned of himself for his imbecility, still clings to the shadow of feudal chivalry, and plays the lord under thy crumbling walls! He needs all thy concern, lest the spreading spirit of justice and philanthropy sweep away the cobwebs of aristocracy, and reduce every man to his proper level. Farewell to thee, old Redwood! A yankee has looked at thy dingy walls, and left for thee a prophecy, that, ere this century closes, thou and the institutions that fostered thee shall lie as low as this broad level now before me!

The boat to which we are transferred, is a long narrow craft, much like a canal boat, with a smoke pipe in the centre, and wheels on the sides. The deck is about even with the surface, and back of the pipe a room is built up for a cabin, *over* which we pass from the forward, or main deck, to get into it. A walk three feet wide, with a railing, is built for that purpose, with one or two lateral jets, where

one can step aside for an other to pass. The cabin is a very plain affair, having windows on each side, and furnished with several small tables for the use of such as wish to eat or drink. A small cook room, at the entrance, does not add much to the comfort of one's olfactories, unless he be hungry and has money, and then the tedium of preparation well nigh destroys his appetite. But if the eight or ten passengers we have is a sample of the amount of travel, the "Inland Company" can not afford to furnish better accommodations. The stewardess did her best to give us a comfortable dinner, for which she did not forget to ask a pretty large price, and the "little something" for herself, besides, to which last, of course, we could not object, it being the fashion of the country. But who would honor such a demand on our boats. But here a man must "be hanged and pay a forty shilling."

The country, this side the bridge, becomes flat and swampy. The shores are low, barely rising above the surface of the water, and vast prairies sweep off on both sides, much in the fashion of the bottom lands on the banks of our western rivers. These extensive flats afford grazing for large herds of cattle and sheep, which are now scattered over them, but are not capable of cultivation. In winter, I am told, they are covered to the depth of two or three feet, when all this region looks like a vast lake. The river is narrow, crooked and deep, about the size of the Raritan, with bold shores and a sluggish current. Occasionally a point of elevated land comes down to the river from the distant hills, which is cultivated, and contains a few miserable dwellings. But there is something attractive in the stillness of this broad level, for it is well to go into retirement occasionally, and give space for reflection where there is no object but God higher than one's self. A deep solemnity is breathed around, and a fearful sense of responsibility awakened, which stirs the inmost feelings of the soul and makes one feel conscious of his dependence, and grateful for his sources of enjoyment. In this country especially,

where the heart is pained at the sight of wrong, oppression and crime, this scene of unabused nature affords relief. It reminds me forcibly of the vast prairies in our western country, as a poor miniature will awaken love for an absent friend. But there is a bleakness and barrenness about the boggy portions of this flat area which have no correspondence in our prairies; and the distant heathy hills do not compare well with their rolling undulations and skirting forests.

In the midst of this monotonous scenery there stood the ruined walls of an old castle, which appear like a scar upon the smooth face of an uninteresting countenance. Silent, solemn, lonely, they stand there, patiently enduring the mockery of the passing age, and muttering, like a toothless octogenarian, rebukes and prophecies of evil over the extravagance and radicalism of the present generation. Some misanthropic squire, whose feats of chivalry won not the hand of his lady-love, must have chosen this lonesome spot to hermitize himself from the varied pleasures of social life, and bemoan the tedium of life's ebbing current, as he watched the lazy movements of this sluggish stream, meandering reluctantly towards its ocean home. Or, else, the sturdy Protestant, fearing the *level* of equal toleration, put up this castle to hold the persecuted Catholic at bay, in his narrow dominions, and show the strength of Saxon power to crush the liberty and destroy the rights of his Celtic brother. No matter; it has had its day; served its time; fulfilled its mission, and gone into ruin. The world has no longer any need of it. It is valuable only as a tombstone of the past—a monument of what was.

An hour, at a lazy pace, and we are at the "Victoria lock," through which we have just passed. It is a magnificent work. Like the bridge before noticed, it is built of huge blocks of lime-stone, put together in the most thorough and finished style. I do not know the dimensions, but judge it must be one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-five wide,

and eighteen deep. It is sufficient to raise our steamboat eight feet. It was thought, by its projectors, to be worthy of the Queen's name, which is sculptured upon each side of it, and is said to surpass any other of the kind in the kingdom, being little inferior to the celebrated locks into the docks at Liverpool. The operation of locking through it is the same as on our canals, and is done with equal expedition. In size it may not equal the locks on the Ohio, at Louisville, but in style it is vastly superior.

Not far from the lock, on one of the low islands formed by the branching of the river, is a Martello tower, of modern erection, designed for some military purpose, I suppose, for the "dogs of war" are mounted upon the summit of its walls. It does not look like a very formidable affair, but is sufficient to overawe the "natives" and keep them in subjection. The government surely can not fear that the marine of an invading foe will ever penetrate so far into the interior of this country; and if it should, this lock is a better barrier than a dozen cannon, ever so well manned. I am not able to comprehend the design of such a fortification, in such a place. There are a thousand places where the river can be passed, as well as here. When I first saw it, I thought it must be a light-house. But these *dark lanterns*, pointing over the wall, can not be designed to guide and *save* men from shipwreck, but to alarm, and subdue, and kill—fit emblem of England's policy towards her own subjects, at home and abroad.

Beyond the tower, on the Galway shore, the ruins of Meelick Abbey were pointed out to us, which indicate a building of large size and considerable splendor. The low lands are here cultivated, and large meadows of luxuriant grass indicate their fertility. Detached hills are seen in the distance, and plateaus of elevated ground between them and the river, approaching, in some places, near to it. A small stream comes in from the east, up which we see some handsome grounds, a small hamlet, and one of the oldest inhabited castles in the kingdom, formerly belonging

to the Mac Coghlers, but now occupied by one of the O'Mores, some connexion of "Rory," perhaps, for Christians, in this land, "give heed to endless genealogies." The situation is very beautiful, and, if I lived there, I should dislike, exceedingly, to have my "dhramas always go by contraries."

The branch up which we are sailing is little more, in appearance, than a canal. The banks are low, and the channel so narrow one can almost leap from the boat to the shore. Several small green islets are scattered about carelessly, among which we wind on our way. What adds much to the beauty of one lonely spot we are passing, and affords relief to the general nakedness of the country, is a beautiful copse of trees which skirt the northern border, beyond which, on a gently rising ground, is a splendid mansion, with a green lawn in front, extending some twenty rods to the water, with richly decorated gardens on the side beyond. A sweet little island, studded with trees, and entangled with shrubs and vines, in rich profusion, gives it a wild and romantic appearance, and I can almost fancy I am in my own native land. A most lovely spot; of all others, just the place I should choose, was I to live in Ireland. It is beautiful: but not for that would I choose it; for there are many others as enchanting about the Killarney lakes, and along the Lower Shannon, and on the borders of the sea. But this is so isolated from the sight and hearing of misery, that I do actually feel relief as I pass it, to find that there is a spot in this fated land where one can hide away from the wail of poverty and suffering. The flat moors and meadows all around are so vast that no cry can sweep across them; and he who has the good fortune to live here, may not grow callous to the sentiments of humanity, by the constant entreaties of starved millions. It is an oasis in this miserable, but beautiful land. Sweet, charming spot, I pass from thee with regret, fearing I shall not soon "look on thy like again."

A few turns and we are at Bennagher. It is what we feared to find it—fair in the distance, but more miserable as we approach it. And yet here are the evidences that power, wealth, and industry exist somewhere, for we are now laying along side of a fine quay, and close under a massive bridge, whose noble piers and broad arches span this fine river, and whose buttresses and parapets rise twenty or thirty feet above it. We have just been up the bank and taken a glance at the town. It looks like a place of considerable business, has one or two large churches, numerous stores, and a bank, and exhibits signs of life we have found in no place this side of Limerick. Numerous soldiers are loitering about the street and quay, and I have just counted seventeen looking down upon us from the bridge. The captain of the boat has had a long conversation with one of the officers and some policemen on shore. There is a military station—infantry barracks, field works with several pieces of ordnance, for what I do not know. Opposite there is a Martello tower, with a battery mounted on the top. It stands as a guard at the Galway end of the bridge. One would suppose this river was the boundary of two kingdoms, by the array of fortifications seen on both sides.

A gentleman has just informed me that there are, at present, three fortified passes of the Shannon, and this is one of them; the other two are above, one at Shannon Bridge, some ten miles distant, on the Roscommon side, and the other at Athlone, some twenty-five miles from this place, and near the outlet of Lough Rea. The latter is a town of considerable importance, and the fortifications are on a large scale. It has a strong castle, or citadel, erected in the reign of King John, but since enlarged and strengthened. It stands on elevated ground, on the West Meath side, and commands the bridge and both sides of the river. It is surrounded by extensive breast-works, mounted with artillery, all ready for action. On the opposite, or Roscommon side, are forts and redoubts which guard all the approaches

from Connaught. The armory contains fifteen thousand stand of arms, and there are barracks, store-houses, hospitals, and all the appurtenances of a strongly fortified town. Shannon Bridge has a less formidable show of military defences, but superior to what we see here. These places were the principle passess from Connaught to Leinster, in olden times, and hence they were strongly guarded, as well as those above Lough Rea. But the government has not seen fit to keep up any others; and why these are he was not able to inform me. There certainly can be no more danger of a rebellion in Connaught, among the wretched and destitute population of Galway, Mayo, and Sligo, than in Tipperary, Cork, or Kent, or even in Ulster, for Mitchell, of whom we hear so much, is an Ulster protestant, and O'Brien is a protestant from Limerick.

It looks unchristian to see these hordes of men in martial attire, loafing about the streets, whose well-filled capons excite the envy of the starved wretches over whom they keep watch, and tend to foster a spirit of discontent, and hostility to the government which keeps up such distinctions. But there is shrewd policy in this procedure. All the best young men are enlisted into the army, navy, or police service, where they are fed and clothed at the public charge, and in good style, and well paid, so as to make them contented with their condition, and attached to the interests of the government in any course it is pleased to adopt. And then it is politic to keep up a fair military show, both to overawe the people, and to attract the attention of ardent and ambitious young men, who may be induced to fill up all the vacancies which may occur in the ranks of the public force. England boasts of her constitutional freedom, and the leniency of her laws; but, really, I have, so far, seen little proof of either; but much which comports with the ideas I have formed of a military despotism. It may not be the despotism of one individual, of an absolute monarch; but the despotism of many individuals, petty tyrants, who play the autocrat, in the landlord, agent, and middle-man,

to all intents and purposes, in their own spheres and over their own vassals. England is, at least, so far as Ireland is concerned, a military aristocracy, which is *absolute* so far as the interest, the welfare, and even the lives of the masses are concerned. It matters little whether a military officer orders a corporal's guard to seize a man, chain him down to his coffin, and then commands a platoon to shoot him through the heart, or whether a landlord's agent, with a sheriff and posse of policemen evict him, and turn himself and family out upon the world, without any source of living, and leave them to die, inch by inch, of starvation. The latter is often done, and for fear the people will rebel, these fortifications are manned with the armor of death, and young men are trained to sear their consciences against the voice of God, uttered in the rights and wants of a common humanity, and to obey the command of a superior officer to do any deed, however barbarous, under the penalty of losing their own lives. This is English freedom, and Ireland's blessing, gained by conquest and the union of 1800. The soldiery in Ireland, at this time, out-numbers the whole army of the United States in a time of peace, more than four times. Its social condition can be easily inferred from this circumstance.

From Bennagher to Shannon harbor, the current of the river is scarcely perceptible, and the shores are low and boggy. At the former place, we passed through a shallow lock, of two or three feet, near which two or three freight boats were lying. We have, so far, seen nothing to indicate any great amount of business done on this great central thoroughfare of this densely populated country. A traveler would see more stir and business in a single hour, on the Erie canal, than he could here in a week; for there boats are passing constantly, while here, in our whole route from Limerick, we have not met or passed a single boat, in motion, and not a dozen lying idle at the landings. There certainly can be no thrift in a country so favorably circumstanced for the growth and transport of an immense amount

of produce. There must be something radically wrong in the management of affairs. If the fault is all to be attached to the peasantry, it is high time some measures were adopted to instruct them in a better course. If it is the landlords who are to blame, something should be done to bring them to a sense of duty. If it is the government who does all the wrong, makes all the mischief, then a revolution should set matters to rights. But, what is more plain, if all are alike concerned in the transgression, and have helped, more or less, to produce the ruinous state of things every where prevailing, it then becomes a mutual duty, as all are alike interested, to remove the impediments, and introduce and sustain measures which can appeal to the sentiment of justice, and give assurances of general good. The government should protect the tenant, the small farmer, and the day-laborer, as well as the land-owner and middle-man, and give encouragement to honest industry. The landlord should study the *rights* and happiness of his tenants, and seek to promote their welfare as well as his own. And tenants should know the rights of the landlords, and respect them, and do all that justice demands at their hands.

But here comes a difficulty, alike troublesome to the well-taught philosopher and the unsophisticated peasant. On what basis do these *rights* rest? By what standard are they to be tested? The man of the world, the officer of government, the sinecure aristocrat, may have no trouble in satisfying their minds. They assert, without hesitation, that the government has all rights at its disposal—to create, modify, or abrogate, at pleasure. The crown has portioned out these baronies to the marquis, earl, lord, or gentleman, and entailed the fee in their first-born male heirs throughout all generations. The crown has established a church, and the occupiers of these lands must give a tenth of all their income to support its clergy and dignitaries, whether they believe their doctrines and sit under their administrations or not. The crown must be defend-

ed, right or wrong, and these armies and navies must be supported, to preserve peace at home, and prosecute conquests abroad.

These *noblemen* have *redder* blood in their veins, and they and their families must be supported in indolence and luxury, at foreign courts, at the expense of these tillers of the earth. All this is very plain, because very *lawful* and common. And if these poor tenants complain, it is their own fault. Here is the land; it will produce enough to pay rents, tithes, taxes, county-cess, and leave potatoes and oat-meal for them and their little ones to live on, if industrious and prudent! But they do not work half so much as they *should*, and, unfortunately, the potato-rot has taken away *their* main sustenance. But if they are not satisfied they may quit, and shirk for themselves. Scotch and English farmers can be had, who will do better than these have for themselves and for us. So argued a landlord to me, to day, and added, that, "You are welcome to all our Irish population, if you want them." My reply was, that we did not want them, but were willing to be merciful to such as their inhumanity forced upon us.

The Christian philosopher and humble peasant view this matter in a different light, and from different stand-points. They go back of *human law*, when they talk of natural rights, which God has enacted and made fundamental to human legislation. They do not understand the justice or the wisdom of the present apportionment of God's heritage, made alike for the benefit of all his children. They repudiate the doctrine that kings and barons have *divine* rights, more than others, and that priests are God's oracles on earth. If the Jews paid tithes to support one of the twelve tribes, that tribe had no land, while every other had a right to possess a "tenant-right" from Heaven, and no one could monopolize a large territory; not even the king could obtain the vineyard of Naboth, without the wicked intrigue of Jezebel, and the "nobles" who suborned "two men of Belial" to perjure themselves, by which the

“inheritance of his fathers” was confiscated on grounds not unlike those employed by Cromwell and the Christian kings of England to obtain these Irish possessions—“Naboth did blaspheme the name of God and the *king*.” Poor Ireland has been wronged these four centuries, and is well nigh dead, and its land, by perjured men, has been parcelled out, and given away, while its rightful owners are required to till it at the bidding and on the terms of their oppressors.

It is difficult to understand the right of such institutions, or to discern how a better state of things can be reasonably expected, till some radical change takes place. The poor laborer does not understand why he should toil and starve, to support the pride of boys and girls made of such material as himself. He finds no such direction in the natural constitution of the world, nor in the revealed will of God. And the better he becomes informed, the more degraded he feels in his dependent and servile condition. He rejects, repudiates, demurs, and finally refuses, and is then cast out to starve for his stubbornness. Or, if by chance, one should be raised to a rank with the favorites of government, the change is so great, and the influences so strong, that he “forgets, straightway, what manner of man he was,” and becomes, in turn, the oppressor of his brethren.

The philanthropist sees no hope of any thing like permanent improvement under the present system of laws. Every thing indicates that changes from bad to worse will continue, till the culminating point is reached—which can not be far distant—when a new and better order will arise out of the present confusion. But it is needless to talk about paying the Catholic priests—such pap may quiet a few, but it can not satisfy the masses. It may help to weld the chains of church and state, and keep the masses crushed a while longer, by the imposition of a new burden, but it can never exalt the people to rational freedom, or the dignity of men. And yet, it is said, government seriously

contemplates the manœuver, to which it has been urged by certain demagogues, who tremble for the fate of a state religion. The Catholics, generally, pretend to oppose the plan, and propose another, equally objectionable. To the question, "What is to be done with Ireland—and how is Ireland to be relieved from her present misery?" the Roman Catholic clergy answer, "The means of giving to Ireland permanent future prosperity, rests in the restoration to her of the possession of her ancient and long-tryed Institute—the Monastic Order. . . . Let Ireland again have her Monastic Institute, and she begs no more. Let her have that, and her children are no longer stamped with the character of laziness or ignorance."* And the English Parliament is invoked to turn back to the days of moral darkness, to seek a solace for Irish suffering. How the up-rearing of convents and nunneries would remedy present evils, it is difficult to see, unless by diminishing the increase of population! That is needless, for it is estimated, with good reason, that Ireland, under proper management, could sustain double its present population. In my humble judgment, it would add but an other barrier, more formidable than any other, to the accumulated wrongs under which this nation is now struggling, and retard its deliverance for centuries.

"Monastic Orders" are not very distinguished for the advocacy, establishment, and defence of *popular liberty*

* "But to give permanency and perfection to Irish prosperity, a restoration of her olden system is absolutely necessary. Let there be in every district a monastic establishment, calculated, by its number of inhabitants and its temporal means, to give education in every branch of requisite knowledge. Let the Monks, in their lowly habit and life of self-abnegation, be empowered to scatter the seeds of that science, which ever makes men industrious and charitable. Let their well-cultivated fields be as so many patterns to each surrounding neighborhood—let their early-tolled bells announce the cheering note of happy labor in the fields; and let their holy conversation stimulate the rising youth to works of piety, to the practice of virtue, and to the perfect fulfilment of all their duties as Christians, and as subjects of the British Empire."

—REV. M. SCALLY, O. C. C.

and equal rights, without which no nation can be truly exalted and happy. Witness Italy, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and the kingdoms of South America. Wherever and whenever ecclesiastics have borne rule, personal liberty, religious, political, and social, has been trampled down, the most sacred rights invaded, and the people reduced to penury, ignorance, and the most abject dependence and servitude. Who that has passed through the districts of Ireland, the German States, the Swiss cantons, and Catholic and Protestant countries, has not been surprised at the contrasts which indicate the limits of ecclesiastical *authority* and religious *freedom*? The line of civilization and barbarism are not more distinct.

But that experiment has been tried, and the world is satisfied of its inadequacy. The millions groaning in bondage and poverty, "laziness and ignorance," in the countries before referred to, are a sufficient warning. It will take better proofs than the Carmelite Convent at Knocktopher can afford, to satisfy the democratic tendency of the present age, that these monasteries are institutions for the benefit of the masses, for the enlightenment and equalization of mankind, and the fraternization of the classes, without distinction of caste, condition, sect, or race. The spirit of this age is Christian, eminently so. Its demands and proffers are universal. It overleaps all barriers, sunders all covenants, repudiates all claims, and tramples down all forms, which error and selfishness have reared on earth, for the division and alienation of humanity. It proclaims the fast the Lord hath chosen "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke." It does it in faith, believing that God's promise is about being fulfilled, when the light is to break out like the morning, and health to spring forth speedily, while righteousness goes before, and God is the rearward. The disintegration of mankind by the confusion of tongues has been fulfilled; the "Shiboleths" of human councils have been tried, and signally failed; and

now, the deep voice of humanity, which found an utterance in true and courageous men, on the hills and plains, in the cities and villages of Palestine, in the judgment hall and in the temple, before the Areopagite and at the Diet of Worms, still speaks, louder than seven thunders, calling upon the nations to be free, wise, good, and happy. It is a language which all can understand—love, liberty, fraternity, equality! It is the language which God, by prophets, promised—“to turn unto *the people* a pure language, that they should call upon the name of the Lord, to *serve* HIM with one consent.” Each true man, with faith in Christ, feels that he is a king and priest unto God, and that none of Adam’s race, or Saul’s descent, have a right to step between him and his Maker, to enslave either body or soul. He asks for the liberty wherewith Christ hath made him free, and will not be again entangled in the yoke of bondage. He will *consent* to government for the *mutual* protection it affords, and will help to support it, voluntarily and cheerfully. He will receive priests after the order of Melchisedec, who come, like the great Master, to *serve* mankind by lessons of wisdom and examples of piety, and he will love and honor them. But he sees no virtue in the “mysterious oil” which anoints a king, or consecrates a priest. He discovers no rightful power in the coronet of the noble, the mitre of the bishop, the ermine of a judge, or epaulet of a general, which is not *derived* from the consent of the people. He rejects the “regis,” repudiates the ecclesiarch, and pleads the general issue.

Irishmen have been compelled to know some thing of these principles. Their hills and their bogs, their oppressors and their miseries, have taught them to be free. Many most distinguished men in America are from Ireland. Her patriotic sons have served in the battles of most of the armies of the civilized world, and have distinguished themselves by the most heroic valor. The fields of Clontarf and Waterloo, the heights of Quebec, the plains of New Orleans, the waters off Trafalgar, the moats of Ba-

dajos, the walls of Toulouse and Salamanca, and, more recently, Monterey, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec, with a thousand others, have been stained with the warm blood of Irishmen. And who will talk about "monasteries," "legalized tenant-rights," and "pay for the Catholic clergymen," as sugar-plums to reconcile them to their wrongs, or make them loyal to their oppressors.

I know, and have confessed, that many Irish are degraded, ignorant, lazy, improvident. But does that justify oppression, or argue that the longer denial of their rights will afford them relief—that to pay clergymen and help landlords, will make the people contented and happy? Never. This age has learned to discredit the doctrine, that *to protect the rich is to provide for the poor*, and that the repetition of mass in a convent will make a community religious. It now asks, as of yore, "Do not the rich oppress you?" (James 26,) and demands that each man should have a chance to be rich and religious for himself, while every man "bears his own burdens." Ours is eminently a practical age. The days of abstractions are past, and examples and illustrations are now demanded. And if ye will have it so, ours is a *radical* age; first principles are discussed. The axe is laid at the roots of the trees of social life. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down. Kingcraft and priestcraft have been tried—well tried. They have flourished luxuriantly. But their fruit has been the apples of Sodom—death to every thing like rational liberty, equal rights and social happiness. The christian leaven is now at work. The fermentation has already begun. Agitation is the consequence. Expansion will follow. The systems of government will become more liberal. The natural and inalienable rights which God has given to his children will be better understood; and such laws will be enacted as will secure to all their free exercise, and make penal every infringement, by high or low, rich or poor. Then every man will rise or sink to his proper level, and the race will progress to the obtainment of the great

ends of existence, order, love, and unity—the glory of God and the happiness of the world! Amen!

These notions may be considered utopian by the unbelieving. They would be by myself had I not learned them from One who had the truth, and bore witness to it, under circumstances darker than these. I see clouds, though no bigger than a man's hand, which indicate commotions which will purify the atmosphere, and change the aspect of things, turning the parched ground into pools of water, and spreading life, and health, and beauty every where. The quick perceptions of the Irish, *when once an opportunity is offered*, will direct them in a proper course of action. What they need is a *removal* of their burdens, not an increase of them, and words and examples of encouragement. Let the rulers of the land once deal justly and equitably with *all* the people, and give free opportunity, and these agitations will cease, poverty will be speedily removed, and Ireland will become a prosperous, happy, and loyal country. Extortion and oppression, the crushing weight of political and social disabilities, kept under the espionage of priests, policemen, and standing armies, the minions of aristocracy, can only make the present difficulties more intricate, and procrastinate the day of redemption. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Like will produce like; Ireland's wretchedness and depravity can all be explained according to the eternal laws which rule the world: and its deliverance and enfranchisement can only be obtained by obedience to the same. Let the poor be loved and cared for, let justice be done to *all*—its image is represented *blindfold*, holding the equal scales in a steady hand—let all false, unnatural, and unjust distinctions be removed, and this "gem of the ocean," shall no longer be tarnished as now, with scenes of wrong and outrage, and misery which so despoil its beauty. The people will learn to love and appreciate knowledge and virtue, and will enter cheerfully into the habits of peaceful industry which will be no longer unrequited. What blessings would not result to England, and our own country, and

to the world, from such a course of christian justice and benevolence! Figures could not compute them. Time, in its long duration, would continue to develop them, and eternity in its blaze of glory reveal them all.

Shannon harbor is that point of the river where the grand canal crosses it from Dublin to Ballinasloe. It is a lonely spot. There is no village or buildings near the junction. A miserable wharf in bad repair, and a shackly bridge are the only indications of a harbor. Some distance to the east, there is a large hotel and canal station, and at the west a small dwelling for the lock tender. To the north, the country is flat and uninteresting as far as we could see, through which the sluggish waters of the Shannon meander. The Brosna river, one of its principal tributaries, enters at this point, from the east, and not far above, on the opposite side, the Sack.

We waited some time for the packet boat from Ballinasloe, some fifteen miles distant, situated on both sides of the Sack, in Galway and Roscommon counties, and at the termination of the Grand canal. We amused ourselves in talking with some ragged girls, who came with small cans of milk and an old half-pint tin cup, to supply the wants of travelers. I patronized one of them in order to gain her confidence. They looked famished and miserable. I gave her an extra penny, the price of two cups full, and told her to drink it herself. She said she did not dare to drink it, for "sure the Missus would bate her an she did." I told her to keep the penny then, and buy her some bread. That she did not dare do lest the mistress should hear of it and accuse her of stealing it. So she refused to take it. This certainly was a striking proof of the falsity of the wholesale aspersions of Irish character. Still, I am inclined to think that there was no great virtue in the refusal, for she seemed to covet it, and no doubt felt actually worse than she would if she had been free to accept it. It is a virtue of *subjection* which is exceedingly degrading to a sensitive

mind. That conduct which is produced by no higher motive than the fear of punishment, is of questionable merit, whatever the results may be. Every action, to be meritorious, must be free and voluntary, dictated by a consciousness of what is right, and designed for good. A submission or morality, extorted by the pressure of outward influences, possesses no merit. "It is that which cometh out of a man that defileth him."

I also had a conversation with a gentleman who related to me a fact which serves to show how "law and order" are preserved in this country. In the hunting park of Lord ——, a poor laborer poached a rabbit. He was detected in the act and shot dead by the forester of the "nobleman." The facts became known, yet no more attention was paid to them than there would have been at the slaughter of the vilest reptile that crawls on the earth. I have heard of many cases where the tenants who have killed game which was destroying their crops, have not only been heavily fined but imprisoned also. Notices of "violence and outrages" of this character rarely find a place in the columns of the English journals, great sticklers as they affect to be for the sway of "law and order. To shoot an animal which is destroying the crops of the poor tenant involves fine and imprisonment, but to shoot the tenant himself involves scarcely the notice of an inquiry!

There is, at present, no regular line of steamboats to Athlone, though I am told the river is navigable to Lough Allan, some eighty or ninety miles farther. In our country, new as it is, such a stream would not long remain undisturbed by regular lines of boats, laden with the fruits of industry, cheered by the animated countenances of those by whom they were produced.

Ballinasloe, the residence of Lord Clancarty is said to have been a place of a good deal of business, where the largest cattle fairs in the kingdom were formerly held—sometimes as many as eighty thousand sheep and twelve thousand horned cattle, and goods to the amount of £500,-

000 changed hands at a single fair. It is now, however, like all other parts of the country, fallen into poverty and ruin, through the neglect of the proprietor.*

I have a strong desire to visit Athlone, one of the most important towns in the central part of the kingdom; and also the celebrated "Seven Churches" at Clanmacnoise, just this side, where a large round tower, and the ruins of the churches are still to be seen. It is described as a desolate and forsaken spot, on a barren ridge of gravelly hills, near the banks of the Shannon, now celebrated only as a place of burial, where numbers of the simple and superstitious peasantry desire to have their remains deposited, as in a hallowed spot, and near to heaven. Athlone is still a place of importance as a military station. Its position is said to be beautiful; its name is poetic; and its history interesting going back to the first records of this country. It has been the scene of many wonders in war and religion, and still bears the marks of antiquity and splendor. It stands so near upon the borders of the different provinces, formerly kingdoms, Meath, Leinster and Connaught, and not far from Ulster and Munster, and being strongly fortified, it became a point of great importance in the civil wars which harassed the country. And the English seized upon it early as an important post to keep the conquered provinces in subjection, and perpetrated some of their bloody deeds for the support of opposing dynasties. The army of king William, under General de Ginckle, met with a long and brave resistance from the army of king James, under General St. Ruth, in 1691, but succeeded in capturing the castle and routing the latter, which it finally conquered on the field of Kilcommadan, near Aughrim, a few miles from Ballinasloe. The castles in this region, and through Con-

* "The town of Ballinasloe—some two or three years since, one of the most improving in the western province—is now converted by the happy management of Lord Clanearly and the guardians into one vast lazaret-house—the concentrating point of all the destitution, disease, and vice of the largest union in Ireland, with only one exception—the huge Golgotha of Connaught."

naught, are innumerable. Almost every large building was a fortification, designed to protect the neighborhood from the forays of English miscreants who hunted the Irish Catholics like wild beasts, of which they wished to rid the land. One writer says: "Before the arrival of Henry II. there were not more than four or five castles, except those built in towns. In Henry the Eighth's reign there were upwards of five hundred of these small castellated houses in the county of Galway, and since that period, chiefly in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, they multiplied exceedingly. The common, small, square castles were the residences of *English undertakers*; and all those built before the reign of James I. were executed by *English* masons, and on *English* plans,"—an indication of English interference in those times, and the deadly warfare between the Protestant and Catholic religions.

I am comforted with the thought that my inability to visit these places, will save my feelings from those painful reflections to which they have been subjected ever since I landed at Kinsale. I have no heart to search further into the wrongs and miseries of the west of Ireland. I have been through the worst counties, and I am glad to go eastward, through Meath and Ulster, which are called the best portions of Ireland. But I have already seen a country good enough in all that nature could do for it, but sadly disfigured by man's perversions. I have been up the noblest river Britain can boast. I have looked upon verdant hills, productive vales, and sparkling lakes, which would adorn the face of any country. And I have seen how much the pride of man can abuse the blessings of God—how degraded one can make an other. I turn my back upon the west of Ireland without regret, but thankful that I have seen it, and learned the workings of aristocratic institutions and religious bigotry, when carried to their legitimate results; and hoping to find yet some more redeeming qualities in the Emerald Isle.

CHAPTER XI.

DUBLIN.

A Canal Boat.—A Conversation Overheard.—British and American Valor.—Personal Liberty essential to Prosperity.—First Principles to be studied.—Individual and Social Responsibility.—The Preparations adequate to a Republic.—Approach to Dublin.—Elegant Station-House.—Wellington Monument.—An Enthusiast.—The Shelter.—The Quays.—The Custom-House.—The Post-Office.—Nelson's Pillar.—Bridges.—Four Courts.—Parliament House.—Trinity College.—Revolutionary.—A Carmelite Friar.—The Castle.—Saint Audoen.—Crowds of People.

We are now transferred to a canal packet-boat, which, for neatness and accommodation, accords very well with what else we have seen along this route. It is more spacious and convenient than the one on which we rode from Limerick to Killaloe. The main cabin is wide enough for a stationary table, arranged close to a line of cushioned seats on one side, with barely room to pass and repass on the other. Though a *night-boat*, there is not the least preparation for sleeping—not a pillow, quilt, or blanket. Fortunately for us, there are few passengers, and so we have a more comfortable prospect before us. It is singular, that a company having the entire monopoly of a line of communication through the center of a country so densely populated as this, and connecting two of the principal cities, should, after so many years' experience, be unable to provide no better means for the transport of passengers. Our own packet-boats are bad enough, as every body who has traveled in them can testify, but they are palaces, compared with these dark, dirty, lumbering affairs. Ours, especially those upon the Erie canal, are light, neat, and airy; and Yankee ingenuity has contrived a way to *suspend* passengers for the night, where there is a possibility of getting a little of "nature's sweet restorer." It is not very comfortable, I admit, to be hung up, three deep, by a tow string, and have the floor spread over with sleeping huma-

nity, so thick that one can not pass out of his prison to get a breath of pure air, without trampling under foot his fellow beings ; but even that is better than no sleep at all. But here we are not troubled with a crowd of travelers. We have not enough to cheer us, as we look forward upon a flat and uninteresting country and a sleepless night.

The contrast between the amount and comfort of traveling in this country and in ours, is indicative of the relative condition of the two nations. With us, all is enterprise and activity. Every body is agog after something, and a thousand topics of business, politics or religion will be discussed, and every man feel free to take a part. Here there is no bustle, little sociability, and few tokens of contentment and prosperity. Arrangements for two classes of passengers, in such small dimensions, is attended with much inconvenience. They are troublesome every where. Pride and distinction always bring anxiety and trouble. He who cherishes the one, or is raised to the other, must either forget his humanity, and sunder the ties which should attach him to his fellow-men, or else, he must be constantly tormented with a series of annoyances from which the true man is always glad to be delivered. Some men will bear promotion without misery : because they forget not themselves nor their responsibilities. Such will bear adversity and the reproaches of the world with equal dignity. They are actuated by a spirit of nobleness which is unaffected by time, place, or circumstance, and, when the rich and the poor meet together, they remember that the " Lord is the maker of them all." But the institutions and very existence of this country are based upon aristocratic distinctions, which can not be touched, in any department, without endangering the whole fabric. It would no more do to admit a free, democratic intercourse, and mutual respect and politeness between the classes, than it would for Southern men to admit their slaves to the benefits of a good education, and free intercourse with the people of the North.

The boat in which we are now ensconced has come from Ballinasloe, the end of the Grand canal, from which place it has brought three passengers of the *first class*, and as many of the *second*. An equal number from our boat make, all told, twelve. Of these, only three besides ourselves have a place in the main-cabin. Two of these are *gentlemen*, the other is a lawyer, all lusty loyalists, as we learn from their conversation. Two are bound to Tullamore, to attend the assizes, the other to Dublin. This one I take for an Englishman, by the dignity he assumes, and the sneering and reproachful manner with which he speaks of every thing that is not English. The two former joined our company a few miles back; the latter came from Ballinasloe.

After leaving the Shannon, the canal runs nearly parallel to the river Brosna, and not far from it, with few villages, houses, or demesnes, worth the trouble of inquiring so much as their names. In fact, we are now entered upon the celebrated and vast Bog of Allan, which covers an extensive area, reaching nearly from the Shannon to the Irish sea, and spreading off to various widths, north and south. Elevated points project into it from both sides, and, in some places, hills attain the height of several hundred feet. Where the ground is sufficiently elevated, like islands in the sea, it is exceedingly fertile, and, it is said, most parts of it are capable of cultivation, by the aid of draining. The hills, to the north and south, in West Meath and King's counties, appear very beautiful, and, in many places, are seen the ruins of old castles, handsome plantations of trees, and well-cultivated lands, which give proof of what the hand of enlightened and liberal industry might accomplish. But, generally, it is a broad expanse of deep peat, a cheerless brown waste, relieved only by the villages and hamlets in the distance, with here and there a cultivated farm, and genteel residence, scattered at great distances from each other.

After writing up my notes, I stretched myself upon the

seat, with my *sac de nuit* for a pillow, and overcoat for a coverlet. The Englishman was supping on tea, and a "loaf and butter." The two attorneys were chatting on various topics, such as the state trials going on in Dublin, the probable success of the rebel movement, and the measures in progress to suppress it. In the course of the conversation, mention was made of the expected interference of France, which was soon dismissed as an improbability, and as worthy of little notice, even if the new republic should be foolish enough to attempt to assist the "rebellious Irish Catholics." The Englishman thought there was "nothing to fear on that score, but that there was really cause to apprehend that the Americans would become deeply enlisted in behalf of the Repeal movement, inasmuch as the last news had brought information of immense gatherings to express sympathy for this country, and to adopt measures to aid the rebels here."

The fat Irishman at once joined, "There is no doubt of it, for a great many of the lower classes have gone to that country, who would neglect to do nothing to revenge themselves upon the landholders, of whose conduct they complain so bitterly. But they can accomplish nothing."

"There is no danger of the final result," added the Englishman, "though it might, for a time, cause us a good deal of trouble. We are abundantly able to fight the Americans, and beat them at any point."

"Not the least," chimed in the other lawyer; "but I do not believe there is the least danger of it. The Americans are too shrewd to venture upon a war with this country. They know too well the strength of our navy, and their own inability to cope with it."

"I know it," said the Englishman; "but I did fear, at one time, we should come to open hostilities on the Oregon question. If we had, there is no doubt we should have got the better of them in the end, and done better than we did by the compromise, for they would have been glad to

have settled with us on any terms; but it is far better that the two nations should live in peace with each other."

"Most certainly it is," added the fat man, "for a war would injure us more than them. We are dependent upon them for cotton, and were, last year, for grain and other provisions. Great calamities would have befallen us if we had been at war at that time; our sufferings must have been indescribable."

"Yes, and we should have suffered not a little by a direct conflict," joined the other; "for the United States have become a powerful nation, as their battles in Mexico abundantly prove. They have achieved some of the proudest victories which have ever graced the arms of any nation."

"That is very true," remarked the Englishman; "they are a courageous people, and valiant in their wars; for, although we are so vastly their superiors, they contrived, by some means, to get the advantage of us in nearly all the battles of our last war with them, although their vessels generally carried fewer guns and men than ours."

"It was so," added the fat lawyer, "and we were compelled to admit their superior heroism, for their numbers were always inferior, and yet, in almost every case, as you say, they contrived to gain the victory over our arms. America, it must be admitted, is becoming a mighty nation, one of the most powerful on earth, and will, if the States keep united, hold the balance of power. I did not think republicanism could be so favorable to a valorous spirit as it has proved to be in that country."

"They are worthy of their origin," added the Englishman, complacently, and in the true style and spirit of his countrymen. "They retain the blood of their ancestors, and it would be unnatural for them to go to war with us."

"A war would be greatly deprecated, under any circumstances," said the fat lawyer. "It is therefore to be hoped they will be too prudent to give any aid to the attempt of the insurgents in this country to overturn the government,

for that would be a virtual declaration of war, and would be so understood and treated by the Crown."

We listened with a good deal of curiosity, and were not a little amused at the commentaries upon the valor of our nation as displayed in our past history. At one time, my national feeling was riled considerably, and I was tempted to obtrude a reply to their bragging about the ease with which our country could be whipped by old England, by referring them to New Orleans and some of our naval engagements. But I screwed up my self-control and kept silence, simply to learn what other people *think of us*, for no one suspected us of being Americans. And when they came to mention, in a side-way manner, the defeats their nation had sustained in its unnatural and unrighteous conflicts with us, I felt more than revenged—I was proud at the confession; for, peace-man as I am, I can not be indifferent to praise, when expressed under such circumstances. It seemed to be the fulfilment of a doggerel verse I used to hear sung when a boy.

" We'll make old England's children know,
We are the brave descendants
Of them who flogg'd their fathers so,
And gain'd their Independence."

There is a feeling of selfishness wrapt up in all bosoms of which it is not easy to divest one's self. This feeling expands, and adapts itself to circumstances—first, the individual, when all else seems to stand opposed to it; next, the family and circle of particular friends; then, the neighborhood, town, state, or nation. The highest and perfected state of the human soul is, when it comes to obey the Christian law, and love God and all men, to feel an interest in the welfare of the race, rising above all personal, local, and national considerations, and breathing the pure atmosphere of equal justice, and universal love and liberty. But, alas, for poor fallen humanity; how few there are who are able to burst the fetters of exclusiveness which have been riveted

upon the first impressions of childhood, and been fastened closer by the advance of years, and a greater familiarity with the workings of social, political, and even religious intercourse and authority. The tendency of church and state has been to keep the soul contracted within the shell of a pure, or, at best, a mixed, selfishness; and thus prevent the full development of those better principles which live deeply in the human heart, and manifest themselves under favorable circumstances, when the pure, warm sun of love and truth arouses them from their torpidity, and stirs them to high and noble action. There are times when every man will feel better than his actions indicate; when his heart will relent at the sight of suffering itself has connived at; and then a fearful sense of responsibility will suggest reforms, and the adoption of new and more comprehensive systems of effort, which will accord with the advanced steps he has been able to take.

The great hindrance in the way of human progress is found in the old and erroneous systems which had their origin in ages of darkness, when a spirit of pure selfishness governed the nations, and kings, priests, and nobles ruled with a rod of iron. From the highest to the lowest, every man played the tyrant over his fellow-man, and no two had an interest in common, or felt a responsibility too sacred to be broken at pleasure, unless it was the responsibility of dependence, and subjection.

The aggregation of society, subsequent to the overthrow of the ancient order by the savage hordes of northern Europe, took place under circumstances unfavorable to the preservation of individual rights and personal freedom. Feudalism had its birth then, and the church sanctioned its pretensions for its own advantage. Might became the law of right, and religion served at its altar. Holy oil, meant for the race by Him who established the "perfect law of liberty" and bade all men look into it, was stolen and secreted under the dark and solemn mysteries of the church, to be employed only in the consecration of the princes of

temporal power, who first swore fealty to the goddess demands of the priesthood. And thus an unnatural union was consummated which has produced a large progeny of monsters, which, though constantly becoming more and more imbecile, because less frightful, still infest the world, and inflict many miseries upon it by the law of *succession and entail*, by which alone the monarchies and hierarchies of the present day pretend to have any claim to respect or confidence. But monsters can not propagate their species.

Individual character has been formed under such unfavorable influences, and it is no wonder that wrong, distrust, and oppression still disfigure it. dry up the sources of true philanthropy, and divest it of half its glory, by making it still a suppliant at the feet of religious pride, and political arrogance, content to bury itself under the dark folds of royal and priestly drapery. The human mind is not left free to prosecute its investigations except in directions which do not jeopardise the claims of superiors. The Reformation did much—most because it exhibited the spectacle to the world which has never been wholly obscured, that there is in human nature a power to resist, a right to *protest*, and a necessity for reform. It was not what Huss and Luther, and Zuinglius, and Calvin *did*, but what they *begun to do*, for which the world has reason to be grateful.

It is a pity the governments of the earth, and the councils of the church, so soon sanctioned and adopted what, at first, was pronounced to be illegitimate. Caressed and pampered in the bosom of royal profligacy, the church soon became, itself, a profligate and looked with disdain upon the principles which gave it birth. If the mother church fretted and scolded at the partial disavowment, the ambitious potentates and young nobility which were hatched on the occasion, were abundantly satisfied, and royal injustice and oppression had no cause of complaint. The act itself was little more than the separation of the family. But that was complete, and a work was begun which must eventuate in the final deliverance from all temporal and

spiritual bondage, the setting up of a kingdom and dominion in which truth and righteousness shall rule supreme, and man be acknowledged the brother of his fellow-man.

Such a time has not come yet, but faith sees it approaching. The promise and prophecy of Him who can not lie foretell it; and the commotions, agitations, upheavings, and reactions of the world indicate it, for, on the whole, there is a progress—a religious, political, individual, and social progress. Confusion must always precede order, and change, improvement; as the breeze precedes the shower, and darkness the light. Fire is produced by collision, and before the sun shone, “darkness was upon the face of the mighty deep.” Old forms must be reduced to a state of fusion, or be in solution before principles can be precipitated, and new forms be assumed by the primary law of adhesion or crystallization. So the incrustation of society must be broken up, and men be led back of “magna chartas,” and the mis-shapen forms of aristocracy, to first principles, and the primitive laws by which God governs the world and holds every man, and society itself, responsible to answer as it has answered in time past, and will do again before a more fearful judgment which is approaching, and which no man can escape.

Of course, disorder, confusion, and, in some cases, mad extravagance will attend such a breaking up of the foundations of the mighty deep, into which individuals and nations have been plunged by the accumulate oppressions of centuries, which kings, priests, and courtiers have inflicted upon an unsuspecting and long-suffering community; and no wonder, if creatures who have forgotten their manhood to make themselves distinguished, and to live in ease and affluence without the labor of meriting a decent livelihood, should be most loud and bitter in their complaints. Whose pride was ever humbled, or his sins rebuked, without a murmur? Nor would it be a very strange procedure if vengeance should seem sweet to those so long neglected, oppressed, and abused, when it comes their turn to say, in the language of

old, "how art thou become as one of us?" And yet it is a fact, not to be passed without notice, that the most inhuman outrages have generally been committed in the name and under the sanction of what the nations have regarded "law and order." Multitudes are not easily incited to demonstrations of revenge, for all will not be passionate alike at the same moment. But a despot, in whose hands are the lives of millions, used to the free exercise of his uncurbed will, may put thousands to death, merely to prevent the least invasion of his absolute sovereignty over his fellow mortals, who are morally and intellectually as good and wise as himself, and no one may open his mouth but at his peril!

In the sight of God and reason, wherein is the life of a man covered with tinselled robes, with a few gems in the cap he wears, better than any other man's? Was he not born naked and helpless as any other child? Does he not eat, and drink, and sleep like other men? Will not corruption and worms devour his body as soon? Do not others feel pain as keenly as he? Where, then, is the proof of his "divine right," and in what is his life and happiness more sacred than an other's? Then why should the slaying of a king be magnified into a regicide, which demands a severer censure than the thousands slain by that same king's command? Is there greater enormity in one case than in the other, when weighed in the scales of eternal justice? Why, then, should it be thought an act of so great abhorrence when the people, the masses, attempt to test their manhood, by standing up before priests and princes, and proclaiming, in God's name, the natural and eternal law of equal rights and mutual responsibility, by which society should be governed? And why should men be of faint heart while the struggle for such liberty is going on? Rather should the true and faithful be of good courage, and "hope unto the end," for such a victory shall be won—such a triumph is as certain as that a just God rules in the "armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth." No power of kings, no machinations of priests

and politicians can prevent it. He who holds the hearts of all men in his hand, and can turn them at His pleasure, before whom the nations are as nothing, and less than vanity, will hearken to the cry of the oppressed, and give liberty to captives! Even so!

Such were some of the reflections which floated through my mind, as I listened to the conversation of these admirers of royalty and supporters of exclusive privileges, and my night visions were haunted by striking contrasts between the actual condition and prospects of Europe and my own country. I felt that I was approaching the very scenes of which report had brought the most exciting accounts before I left home; that I was near the vortex of that fearful crater, where the elements of royalty, feudalism, and aristocratic privileges, were melting, and fusing together, and the democratic principle was assuming new and strange forms—hideous and alarming to those unfamiliar with the workings of free thought, as manifested in the changed relations of social life. I confess, that with all my love and admiration of the largest liberty, and glowing sympathy with the common people, and hearty detestation of the arrogant and wicked pretensions to any thing like special right, and privilege, and superiority, except that founded upon actual, personal merit, I could not forbear the thought that it was a fortunate time when the republican principles of our government were proclaimed, and that ours is a peculiar people.

Few nations are equal to the establishment of a democratic republic. The love of power and privilege has too deep a hold on most hearts; and the masses are too ignorant of their own strength, and the proper method of using it—are too little inclined to combine and act in union—are too easily deluded from the support of their principles, and defence of their rights, by the flatteries and vain promises of intriguers, who will do any thing to make game of them, and to assist the nefarious designs of crafty, plotting men, whose selfishness controls every other sentiment of

their souls, and makes them the oppressors of their fellow-men, invaders of the most sacred rights God has vouchsafed to the sons of men. And I already see the mighty obstacles to be encountered by those whose views have outgrown the institutions under which they live, and whose aspirations move them to undertake the work of self-deliverance.

There is here, as every where, a class of men who have gifts, and claim to be wise, who are in the market, ready to be bought up by the party offering the highest price. *Principle* with them is nothing but an article of traffic—a proposition on which to found a plea, if it suit their turn. Such will stand by their clients to the last, for their fee depends upon it. Unfortunately, this class too often enjoys the confidence of the masses, who, modest in their conscious incapacity, look with trusting favor upon their fair pretensions and solemn asseverations, and are too often betrayed into conditions more wretched and hopeless than those from which they undertook to deliver themselves. Ours was a young nation. There were no *leaders*. The people went for themselves. Each felt that he was free: that none had any right to exercise authority over him. The government was the voice of the whole concentrated, and the Constitution the rule by which that voice should be uttered. But here there is little chance for such a revolution. The people are not capable.

In the first place the masses are not informed. They have no consciousness of their own rights. Secondly, they are not united. No common sympathy attracts them together. They are alike dissatisfied with the government, and complain bitterly of their wrongs. But what one condemns an other approves. They have no confidence in their leaders, nay, not so much as in one an other. They have no principle of union, no one point of agreement. What can be expected from this state of distraction but failure in every attempt that shall be made? It was *union* that gave success to the American cause. All jealousies

were banished, local considerations waived, and the colonies united as with the heart of one man. They struggled together, and triumphed. There is no such feeling here. The hostility is common, but nothing else. The whole country is split into fragments, and the factions are bitter and unrelenting in their hate. The energies of the people are destroyed, for in nothing can they make common cause. Religion, and politics, and local prejudices, imbitter their feelings, and, except in their hatred of the English government, there is no agreement among them. They would as soon fight one of their own countrymen, from Ulster or Connaught, an "Orange-man," a "Ribbon-man," a "Molly Maguire," or "Corkonian," as a red-coat of the Queen's army. The meaning and force of that new and expressive word "FRATERNIZATION" is not understood; and nothing—yes, NOTHING, can be done. They will not act in concert. O'Brien and Mitchel are Protestants. Some others are Catholics. But all agreement between these leaders is looked upon with suspicion by the masses; and division and failure must ensue. It can not be avoided.

We passed, during the night, Tullamore, the present, and Phillipstown, the former capital of King's county, and some other smaller towns. The former I should judge to be a place of considerable business, and of modern and respectable appearance. The others we did not see. Most of the way, I am told, the land is low, boggy, and uncultivated, with only here and there a plantation or a village.

On going upon deck, this morning, I found some addition had been made to the list of our passengers, for several were stretched about, sleeping with no covering but the lid of night, hung about with a drapery of clouds. The heavy dew had wet their thin, coarse garments, but they heeded it not. Men and women were lying about promiscuously, and with little regard to the rules of delicacy.

We met with nothing to cheer the sluggishness of our spirits till we arrived at Sallins, where we were trans-

ferred to the cars which conveyed us to Dublin. The country continues to improve as we approach the city. Industry has turned the natural richness of the soil to a better account. Good taste is displayed in the order and neatness of the houses, and grounds about them. The approach to Dublin is remarkably beautiful, exceeded by few cities, especially if seen as I saw it, after a wearisome journey, amid destitution and misery, and on a clear, sweet spring morning.

Before us opened the sweet valley of the Liffey; expanding as it reaches off to the sea; reflecting, in the distance, the slanting rays of the early sun upon its mirror-surface. The tall spires, and loftier towers, partially enveloped in hazy clouds of smoke, indicated the locality of the city. On the right towered, in the distance, a range of sombre hills, trending east and south, whose nether ridges were not yet illumined by the rising sun. All around us was a beautifully undulating champaign country, with some richly cultivated lands, elegant plantations, and princely mansions scattered about; while *behind*, as we fondly believed, were left the lonely bogs, the dilapidated hovels, and the gaunt forms of oppressed and famine-stricken humanity which had marred so much of the country through which we had passed. An oasis had, at last, been reached, in what had been, hitherto, comparatively a human desert, and henceforth the brighter, the sunny side of Irish life only was to appear. Dublin was to efface—to atone for all the rougher social aspects of the country of which it was the boasted capital—to be the diamond set in pearls, glittering, in its repose, on the bosom of the Emerald Isle.

Fond delusion! how quickly dispelled! A brief half-hour brought us to the city, and tumbled in ruins the beautiful castle which our imagination had reared. Here, as in all the places I have visited, were presented the extremes of wealth and refinement, and want and moral degradation. Here, where had been located our Irish paradise, fell on the

ear the old note of, "An' may the Almighty God give ye moony blessings an' a happy journey, an' ye'll be giving me a ha'-penny, to buy bread for till ate."

"It is Ireland still," remarked my friend, as we passed out of the station-house.

"Who can doubt it," I replied, "with such unquestionable proofs of the fact before us?"

Then came the usual retinue of car-men and porters, and all the attendant nuisances of such localities. We did not rush through the multitude, but stopped to take a look at the buildings of the "Depot"—*Stations*, they call them here, as we ought to in our country. "Depots" are for goods; "Stations" for passengers.* It is a remarkably light and airy building, but of immense size. I did not measure it, but should *guess* it to be, at least, five hundred feet long, and one hundred and fifty wide. Eight tracks are laid with spaces for carriages and walks for foot passengers. The side-walls of the main building are of brick, but all the rest, columns and roof, is of iron. A line of windows, on both sides of the ridge, makes it as light as if there was no cover. The walls, posts, rods, and under side of the roof are all painted white. A large platform, where the baggage is received and delivered, on one side of which are the baggage rooms and offices for the sale of tickets, is kept clear of all persons not employed by the company. Beyond this is the main entrance to the building, the rooms for passengers, and offices for the transaction of business. This portion is in process of completion. It is a massive structure, of hewn stone, richly sculptured, and every way grand and beautiful.

As I looked upon its swelling buttresses, its lofty tower, and its smaller turrets, its arched door ways, and ornamented windows, and thought of the condition of the people, and the old castles I had seen, I could not refrain from thinking

* Even in France and Germany the English word "station"—*sta-ci-on—sta-ti-on* is used. Railroads are of English origin, and hence the word. Singular we should BORROW a FRENCH word. It is bad taste, and worse judgment.

that *feudalism* still lives—lives in all its force and tyranny, but changed from man to money, which is now the lord, while the poor people are vassals still, and as much as ever crouch beneath its ponderous burthens. It is said the rearing of such structures gives employment to the people, and scatters money and comforts among them. If it does, it soon recalls it and leaves the *result of labor* piled into a mass, to be controlled by a monopoly which looks to something else than the permanent improvement of the laboring classes. Pride and interest so befog the minds of corporations that the blood and sweat of the laborer, the comforts of his wife and education of his children, are not often seen to be of much consequence, by what scattered fragments may be left. The feudal lord loved his vassals in proportion as they served his pride and interest. What do corporations more, whether employed in railroads, coal mines, steam navigation, or the manufactories of cotton or woollen goods, cutlery, or paper money, or in rearing proud temples for the service of the humble Nazarene?

It would be well enough to lay out money in any piece of foolish extravagance, if such extravagance did not foist a class into a position permanently pernicious to the interests of the common people—if, as in early christian days, “all things were to be common.” But the very fact that such *dead* works, as can not be made useful, are the privileges of the few, and calculated to excite a feeling of envy and discontent in the breasts of those who can never aspire to possess them, nor their like, is enough to make their construction of doubtful utility. As works of art they are very well, for all can look at them, and they become common property. As castles for the rich, and palaces for the proud, be they individuals or bodies, they are pernicious, and betoken an evil spirit, because partial and exclusive. I do not object that a man should build his house to suit his taste and promote his comfort; it is his right, and no man should oppose or restrict the exercise of it; but if he robs *ten men* of their houses to do it, the moral of the act is questionable

—I think the act itself reprehensible. The rearing of this Station-house is very well ; and those ornaments look very fine, but they contrast badly with the poverty and suffering about them—like a jewel in a swine's snout.

Mark, gentle reader, I do not object that *these* things are done, but that the other is left undone. This *may* be the means of elevating and improving the masses, and promoting general prosperity, but the history of the past renders it very doubtful. Convenience before extravagance, comfort before ornament, nature before art, respect and love for all before the apotheosis of a few. Such is the spirit of the true, the working of the good. Philanthropy—a broad, limitless benevolence, which stoops to relieve the wants of the humblest sufferer of wrong, now calls aloud and asks to be heard. *Humanity* is the thesis to be studied ; its rights, its duties, its developments, are the problems to be solved. Christianity must be made practical. A sound wisdom must mould anew the plastic elements of society, now fused and solved by the fervid revolutions of the past. The nebulous sky is clearing up ; the misty darkness disappears. Rays of light and hope are breaking through from every quarter of heaven. A better day is coming. Some turgid forms still live. Monarchy has not doffed his crown, nor superstition her cowl, nor pride her feathered cap, but knowledge in the hands of the people, will lay the heads of all bare, and justice claim her right. Righteousness shall dwell in the earth, and liberty be established. Such is the purpose of God. Who shall hinder it ?

CITY OF DUBLIN.

On quitting the station, the first object that met our eye was the massive obelisk of Wellington, erected in honor of that illustrious Irishman. It stands on the opposite bank of the Liffey, at the entrance to Phœnix Park, and makes an imposing appearance. The base upon which it stands can not be less than a hundred feet square, and twenty

feet high, which is ascended by steps. The pedestal must be over fifty feet square and twenty high, from which the obelisk, about twenty feet square, rises, I should think, a hundred and fifty feet, tapering gradually to the summit, making the entire height two hundred feet. The sides of the shaft are lettered with the names of the places where the "noble Duke" displayed his skill in killing his fellow-men, beginning with India and ending with Waterloo. On one side of it is a pedestal designed to support an equestrian statue of the hero, when he has himself rode into eternity.

Following the street on the right bank of the Liffey, we soon found ourselves in a handsome and busy city. Splendid bridges, elegant buildings, gay shops, and a busy people, impressed us favorably with the town. Without much trouble, we found our way to the house to which we had been recommended by a Quaker friend, whom we met on our way up the Shannon.

Having secured our lodgings, we started out to take a view of the city, and see and learn what we could of the capital of the kingdom. We had no guide, no plan; barely a general idea of what was to be seen in the way of public buildings, parks, and people. Resolved to make the best use of our time, we commenced on a street leading south, turning off to the east, and so round by the north, to prevent the necessity of going over the same ground again.

The first portion looked old and neglected, but respectable. We soon came to a better portion, where the streets were wide, the buildings new, and every thing neat and elegant. Stopping to look at a new and handsome church, we were accosted by a man who volunteered to describe it, and also give a lecture on the heresy of the doctrines taught in it, and the abominations of the papal practices performed in an other near by. From these he passed to an other theme and undertook to enlighten us upon some peculiar points of theology he thought himself commissioned to advocate. Whether the fellow was an enthusiast or a maniac, I could not determine, for the resemblance, in such cases, is often

so intimate that it is difficult to do so. We bore with him till our patience failed us. We tried to treat him respectfully; but, in such cases, that is not enough, for such men claim a sort of "divine right," analogous to the authority of kings. He insisted on our hearing him through, and even threatened us if, we would not embrace his peculiar notions, with the most terrible punishments. We told him we had come to Ireland to see and learn something about the actual in human condition; the theological we had at home, in all its varieties; and, besides, we did not think the open street a proper place for lectures on religious topics. He persisted in his right to our patient attention, and became so earnest in his harangue that our Yankeeism would endure it no longer and we started. He followed us with bitter threats and fearful imprecations, for spurning his offered grace.

Well, thought I, there is every thing here to produce agitation—the elements of a fervid and eternal antagonism, the sources of the bitterest and most resentful malice, as well as the widest disparity in the temporal condition of the people. But my friend said the fellow was crazy, although he claimed to be a preacher to a large congregation.

A little farther on, we came to the "Shelter," a benevolent institution, founded for the protection and reformation of discharged female convicts. Having taken some interest in a like institution in our own city, established in connexion with the "Prison Discipline Society," we desired to inquire into the workings of one which had existed long enough to test the humane experiment. Accordingly, with true Yankee impertinence, we presented ourselves at the door, and asked to see the matron. We were invited into a neat sitting-room, by a young woman of very respectable appearance. In a few minutes the matron entered. We introduced ourselves as strangers from America; but as *friends* of the race, and lovers of virtue and benevolence, every where; and as anxious to inquire into the processes and progress of philanthropy in the older country. She

received us cordially, and entered, at once, into an explanation of the origin, progress, and condition of the institution under her charge. It is a voluntary society, sustained by private benevolence and the industry of the inmates. Like all such institutions, it has had many difficulties to encounter, not the least of which have been produced by religious hostility. There are some people who must have every thing done in their own way, and all the honor appropriated to a particular sect or party, or they will do nothing, but prevent all they can. The "Shelter" has existed several years, and outlived, in part, such hostility, and has now many friends among the benevolent of various names and ranks. Here, in addition to the religious castes of our country, there are the social and political to be encountered.

The matron, I should judge, from her dress, is a Quakeress in her associations. She is an immensely large woman, larger than the Superior we saw in the school at Limerick. My friend says she is the largest woman he ever saw. She is over six feet, and well proportioned; rather masculine, but modest and agreeable. She conducted us about the establishment, contrary to the custom not to allow gentlemen to visit it. In consideration of the interest we manifested, and for the regard she cherished for every American, she wished to signify to us some peculiar honor. Every part of the building exhibited the marks of the utmost neatness and order. Every thing was like wax-work, from the coal-cellar to the dormitories in the garret. The principle employment of the inmates is washing and ironing. For this purpose most excellent arrangements are made, with boilers, tubs, water, tables, heaters—every thing necessary for convenience and dispatch. The house is kept well aired, and the inmates are remarkably healthy; scarcely a case of sickness has occurred in several years. The inmates themselves look neat and healthy, and some of them, in their personal appearance, are really handsome; none are ugly. The spoiler always seeks the fairest ob-

jects. Beauty and prettiness are always dangerous—often ruinous for a female, unless accompanied by strong moral and religious principle, the only safeguard against the seductions of flattery, and the treachery of wicked men. These unfortunate women appeared contented and cheerful, with a few exceptions, and these, we were told, were of recent admission. They modestly noticed us as we passed, and kept busy at their work.

I have forgotten the number of inmates at present in the "Shelter." The matron, Mrs. Moore, informed us that the institution nearly supported itself, and would quite, if it could have custom sufficient to employ them all the time. Some objected to giving them their work, and the competition is so great, occasioned by so many girls being out of employ, that they were obliged both to reduce the price, and suffer for the want of custom. Generally speaking, she assured us, the girls for whom she had obtained places, had turned out well. But it was very difficult to get good places for them. Many people are prejudiced against receiving one who has been with her, and others are not disposed to treat them well. Some, after leaving her, had been neglected and abused, became discouraged and *fell*. She thought, if she was in this country, she could do much better—that our prejudices are less, and our hearts more liberal, and that the reformed would be more cherished, and the penitent more readily forgiven. I was sorry to be compelled to correct her mistake, and to assure her that, with all our love for liberty, and approval of goodness, and sympathy for the oppressed, our Christianity has not taught us "to receive such ones" into our confidence, and encourage them to keep, henceforth, the path of innocence. We are all too unforgiving; and thousands now welter in infamy, who might have been saved by the helping hands of generous and forgiving professors. Society has fearful responsibilities, and Christians too, for the sins of *omission*, for which both must answer, at a just tribunal.

She thought that our western country offered opportuni-

ties for the settlement of people beyond the reach of city temptations, where the weakest virtue could be nourished and become strong. I found she labored under the too common mistake, that America is a paradise of purity and plenty, where the poor can be fed, the wicked restored, and all made happy. It was sad for me that I had, so often, to break the illusion, and dispel the charm, by a sober description of the reality. Justice demanded it, that the contemplated projects so often indulged might not lead to unforeseen disaster.

One thing I admired very much, in the system of government established in the "Shelter." It is purely parental, and based on "love." The matron assured us that no other would succeed. The least show of severity, not accompanied by an expression of love, was most fatal. The experiment, on the old principle, had been made, and signally failed. She had taken the opposite course, to the entire satisfaction of all. Better order, more work, and truer reforms were the result. She believed it utterly impossible to govern an institution of this kind, successfully, in any other way. These poor, crushed creatures must be encouraged, persuaded, led; they can not be driven, and it is worse than needless to attempt it. She narrated some incidents which had occurred in the course of her experience, to sustain this position, which forcibly illustrated the sufficiency of love to correct the vices of the most depraved. I felt my heart rejoiced at this new proof of the power of love, and thanked my God that these Christian principles were finding a practical adoption in the reformation of the deluded and abandoned in this community. I felt stronger and better resolved than ever. We left, after mutual expressions of pleasure and thankfulness for this accidental visit to this work-house of Christian philanthropy and reform.

From thence we wandered along the quays, which are no more than continuous walls on each side of the river, for a distance of more than two miles. These walls are

of hewn granite, very solidly and handsomely built, serving both for the protection of the streets which front the river, on both sides, and for wharves on which to discharge goods from the vessels lying beside them. Above the bridges, little use is made of them for the latter purpose, the river being too shallow to admit of boating at low water. The Liffey, I should remark, would be reputed a small affair in our country. It is not so large as the Charles river at Boston, the Blackstone at Providence, or the Mohawk where it enters the Hudson.

We noticed a large number of coal boats, schooners, and small brigs lying along the south quay, with their bows to the shore, like a row of steamboats at St. Louis, from which the coals in sacks are discharged on the backs of laborers, over narrow gang-planks arranged along the side of the bow-sprits. Hard looking fellows are those engaged in this service.

Nearly every thing in this country seems to be done at the greatest disadvantage. Perhaps it is well it is so, for, by this means, employment is given to many who might otherwise be idle; but the consequent high price of every thing on which such needless labor is employed is a drawback upon the economy of such a procedure. In our country a horse and a boy would do the labor of half a dozen men engaged in this business. These sacks, holding, perhaps, two bushels, were arranged along the quay, with men about them waiting to make sales to such customers as might come along.

We saw no docks, except one at the Custom-house, and a small one at the outlet of the Grand canal. There is not a large amount of shipping in port, beyond the small vessels engaged in the coasting trade, mostly in the coal business. On one or two ships we noticed the stars and stripes floating proudly, and they looked better to us than we ever saw them before. We counted twelve steamers, black, dirty things, which form regular lines to England, Scotland, and different ports in this country. We went on board of one

of the largest, and surveyed the different parts of it. At home we should hardly think it fit for a tow-boat for emigrants. The main cabin was tolerable—expensive enough; but lacking the neat and airy appearance of our boats. Beyond this, no respect seemed to be paid to the convenience of passengers.

The streets, public buildings, private houses, and substantial bridges along the Liffey, are objects of great attraction, and much of to-day has been spent in viewing them. We crossed the river over the Carlisle Bridge to see the Custom-House, the elegant front of which we had seen while coming down Westmoreland street. This is the first bridge over the Liffey, up to which the smaller vessels can sail. The view from it is exceedingly grand. The bay, the shipping, the river, crossed by seven or eight bridges, over which teams and pedestrians were constantly passing and re-passing, the long lines of stately buildings, on either side of the river, the famous Sackville street with the general post-office, and other splendid buildings, hotels and shops, and the monument of Lord Nelson in the center, with a general view of the city rising on both sides. I never looked on a city prospect more varied and attractive. The bridge itself is built of hewn stone, on three arches, and is over two hundred feet long and forty wide.

We loitered about the Custom-House some time, observing the building and the mode of doing business. We were most taken with the ornaments which decorate it, some of which appeared to be strangely out of place. For example, on the south front, over the pillars of the portico, there are statues of Neptune, Mercury, Plenty and Industry. What, in the name of humanity, thought I, has *Plenty* to do with her cornucopia here? It should be t'other end up, at any rate, while the multitudes of the people are famishing with hunger. And Mrs. Industry seems to find few worshippers in this land of general idleness. As for Messrs. Neptune and Mercury, they find little to do here, unless it be to *carry away*. They bring no messages of good from

the gods, (lords) Jove or Juno, (John or Victoria,) Mars or Pluto—Thor and Hungr. And then the device on the pediment, in alto relievo, representing the union of England and Ireland, by Neptune driving away Famine and despair, should be changed by making Neptune lead the fleet to sustain famine, oppression, and despair, while the latter should take the place now occupied by Hope, on the top of the dome, the flukes of whose anchor have no longer a hold in Irish hearts.

The Post-Office is an elegant and massive building, fronting over two hundred feet on Sackville street, which is here a dozen rods wide. The front portico is eighty feet wide, with six coarse fluted Ionic columns, the whole surmounted by a rich entablature. Here, too, a false representation is made; Hibernia is seen in the centre, leaning on her spear, and holding a shield—the former should be broken, the latter thrown under her feet. On the right is Mercury, with his caduceus and purse—the purse should be empty; the serpents on the wand are well enough. On the left is Fidelity with her finger to her lips, and a key in her hand—it should be Mercury touching her lips with his wand, for it is British traffic which keeps Ireland silent, though ever faithful.

Nearly in front of the Post-Office is Nelson's Pillar, a single Doric column, over one hundred feet high, with a statue of the celebrated naval commander on the top, leaning against the capstan of a ship. A winding stairway goes up the interior, by which the curious ascend to take a view of the city.

There are numerous elegant buildings in this part of the city which exhibit taste, good judgment, and abundant means; but none of them are of modern construction. They tell of better days; days that are past, it is feared, never to return.

After strolling off to the north-east or upper part of the city, and taking a look at the elegant churches, residences, and respectable streets in that part, we returned and

finished our examination of the bridges. Two of the most elegant are the Richmond and Whitworth, connected by a handsome iron balustrade, running along the quay wall, from one to the other, seven or eight hundred feet, in front of the Four Courts. The former has three arches, the key-stones of which are ornamented with the heads of Peace, Hibernia, and Commerce, on one side, and Plenty, Liffey, and Industry, on the other. The latter is also a handsome structure, on the site of the oldest bridge over the Liffey. Above these are Queen's, King's, Barrack, and Sarah bridges, and below, the Essex, Metal, and Carlisle. These are all substantial and elegant works, connecting both parts of the city, which are nearly equal. The Metal and King's bridges are of iron, forming single elliptical arches, of about one hundred feet span. The Sarah bridge, called, also, the Irish Rialto, after the celebrated bridge of Venice, it being somewhat wider, consists, also, of a single arch, of one hundred and four feet, the key-stone of which is thirty feet above the bed of the river.

On the north side, not far from the Wellington monument, is the military hospital, a splendid pile of buildings, situated on a high terrace, with a spacious court opening towards the river. Companies of soldiers, *in health*, are quartered here to *help protect* the diseased city from a collapse. There is no room for them in any of the barracks. All are crowded to their utmost capacity.

In the heart of the city, are the Four Courts, one of the grandest structures we have yet seen. It fronts on the river four hundred and sixty feet, standing back from the wide street which passes between it and the quay. It consists of a main building, with wings extending on each side, from the rear, and coming out to the front line of the center, leaving open squares, which are shielded from the street by screens of rustic masonry, surmounted by stone balustrades. Over the entrance gate to the east square, is the Harp of Ireland, attended by statues of Justice, Security, and Law, on a shield resting on law-

books, bound together by a serpent. Over the west is the shield of Royalty, wreathed in oak leaves. The wings contain the offices of the different courts. The center building contains the rooms of the *four* courts—"Queen's Bench," "Common Pleas," "Exchequer," and "Chancery," all civil courts. The criminal court is in an other part of the city. In the center of the main building there is a circle, over fifty feet in diameter, from the side of which, at right angles, radiate the Four Courts, towards the corners of the building. The entrance to each court-room is between double rows of Corinthian columns, twenty-five feet high, fluted in the lower third. The rooms, we were told, were of equal size, and handsomely furnished. The keeper was not permitted to open them to us. Between the courts are offices for the jurors, judges, master of the rolls, and so forth, the entrances to which are by the passages leading into the circular hall from the four sides of the building. The spaces between these passage-ways and the pillared entrances to the court rooms, are ornamented with sunken pannels and niches. Above all is a rich entablature, extending entirely round, from which arises a dome, open at the top, the ceiling of which represents mosaics. Through the aperture in the dome, is seen a superior dome, in the lantern which crowns the summit of the edifice, like the dome of the Exchange, in Wall-street. In rooms around this dome, are kept certain records of the court of Queen's Bench, the keeper informed us, which are drawn up through the aperture in the dome, by means of pullies provided for that purpose. The front of the main building presents a handsome portico, of six Corinthian columns, with pilasters, on which rests a heavy pediment, upon the apex of which is a statue of Moses, with Justice on one side, and Mercy on the other, and, on the extremes, Wisdom and Authority.—The latter should be removed to the center, and all the rest taken down, for what have *Justice*, and *Mercy*, and *Wisdom* to do in Ireland, now? Moses might be retained with his law of "blood for blood, an

eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Behind this pile is a range of buildings more modern, for the accommodation of lawyers, consulting-rooms, eating-rooms, a bankrupt court—accommodation for the outside business of litigation. On the whole, this structure has pleased me most of any thing I ever saw of the kind.

Adjoining the Four Courts is St. Paul's church, a handsome modern building, with a front of hewn granite, the portico of the Ionic order, and surmounted with a chaste bell-tower and cupola.

Crossing the Essex bridge, which is said to be an exact copy of Westminster bridge, London, we took a hasty look at the old Parliament House, now the Bank of Ireland. It is, as a specimen of architectural design, superior to the Custom House or Four Courts, and said to be inferior to nothing of the kind in Europe. Its center fronts on College Green; the east front on College-street; the west, on Foster Place. The central front is formed, on three sides, of a colonnade of Ionic columns, resting on flights of steps ascending from the court-yard, separated from the street by a screen-wall. The colonnade is entered at each end, through handsome archways. Over the center columns is raised an elegant pediment, ornamented with the royal arms, and a statue of Hibernia on the apex, with Fidelity on one side, and Commerce on the other. The east front has a splendid portico of Corinthian columns, which sustain a pediment surmounted with a statue of Fortitude, in the center, Justice on the right, and Liberty (!) on the left. The west front has a portico of Ionic columns, crowned with a plain pediment. Connected with this front by a splendid archway, is a guard-room, for the accommodation of the soldiers stationed here to protect the treasures of the bank. We noticed sentinels on duty at the entrances to the building. Money, monarchs, and military stores require body-guards to keep them secure.

The buildings of Trinity College I can not begin to describe. They are of great extent and elegance, forming

one of the chief architectural attractions of this fine old city. We did no more than get a glimpse of the interior arrangements, a large portion being, at present, occupied as a barrack for the soldiers assembled here to suppress the rebellious spirit of the people, and maintain "law and order;" the like of which was witnessed, not many years ago, in one of our New England Universities, and for a similar purpose. I felt my hot blood so stirred at the sight of such a base prostitution of a literary and scientific establishment, that I took no interest in looking about it. We could go no where without meeting a guard of soldiers, but they seem so strangely out of place in this venerable seat of learning that I preferred to look at them in the castle, where they more properly belong, and leave the nobler means of education to be viewed in other and more peaceful times. Tyranny will resort to any means to sustain its ends, and, when its very existence is threatened, it often receives tribute and honor where least expected. In the name of "law and order" what damnable deeds have been committed with impunity, against which no voice is permitted to raise a complaint but at a fearful peril! Even the stars and stripes have floated over such iniquity, and the eagle of boasted liberty spread her wings and oped her beak to crush the will of the majority expressed peaceably, distinctly, directly, and in the only way allowed it; and learned men, and clergymen have lent the sanction of their names, the music of their voices, the persuasions of their pens, and the halls of learning entrusted to their keeping, to help crush, by *military force*, the majority when peaceably struggling for their rights, for the success of whose cause some of them had previously *loaned* their public prayers!

What makes such an act more disgraceful in our country is, that it is *voluntary*, while here the minions of royalty give command, and none dare refuse obedience. With us it is boasted that the *will of the people* is supreme; that the practical working of republicanism is to secure individual liberty and right; that government derives its "just

powers from the *consent of the governed*," and that "it is the *right of the people to alter or abolish it*." But "law and order" has a charm which conservatism and aristocracy reverence, even in defiance of right, and humanity, and the plainest demands of common justice. Republicans, as well as despots, can terrify, and threaten, and control, by the awful horrors which would follow the invasion of the sacred precincts of "law and order;" forgetting that governments are yet imperfect, and that the love of power sometimes precludes the possibility of obtaining redress for the wrongs under which the masses still suffer. It is certainly much the best, for reforms to be effected without revolution; but revolution is better than oppression; and there are cases where the multitude knock in vain at the door of justice, especially when in the keeping of the precious *few* who are foolish enough to think themselves divinely appointed to rule their fellow-men.

The *necessity* which compels a long injured people to stand up in defence of their *natural* rights, and battle for the elementary principles of civil liberty, is always to be deplored; but when such cases do exist, we count it noble, heroic, glorious, for a whole community to arise in their strength, united and determined, in God's name, declaring the true, maintaining the right, and defending the good, against the usurpations of the individual or the coterie, who have abused their privilege and oppressed their *subjects*. Subjects! What a term of reproach when applied to the lords of this lower world! The ruler is the servant of the ruled. Jesus washed his disciples' feet! It is shame to that coward heart which does not sympathize with the movement of the masses to redress their wrongs, throw off their fetters and repel the aggressions of the tyrant few, who have so long lorded it over God's heritage. Their souls are withered into the limits of the narrowest selfishness, or else they are so bedazzled with the pride and glory of earth, that they have forgotten that there is a Supreme Governor

before whom they are as nothing, and to whom they are under a fearful responsibility, which they can not escape!

But it has long been so, that the masses have been hewers of wood and drawers of water, for a self-created nobility, which has borne rule over them with an iron hand; and it will, doubtless, long continue to do so; certainly, until the people come to know their rights and how to defend them. It is a sorry reflection that many who become enlightened do not retain their sympathies for those in whose society they once mingled on equal terms. But the world's allurements too often blind their eyes and steel their hearts, to the nobler sentiments of a living humanity, and they soon flatter themselves that it is their right, almost a duty, to guard the people from the assertion of their liberty and defence of their rights—to hold them yet awhile longer in a bondage the most servile and degrading. Even here the famous old Trinity is turned into a military barrack, for the comfort of soldiers sent here to help manacle still closer this turbulent and long oppressed people. Strange that this college, with its vast resources of men and learning, has not advocated a right spirit and sent out pure and healthful streams to allay the turbulence complained of, and remove the oppressions which cause all the mischief which so annoys the government. Why it has not, becomes plain when we know that *learning* is made the handmaid of royalty, and confined mainly to the sons of the nobility and gentry. There is much aristocracy in learning. The sword, the purse, and the college form a trinity here. Selfishness may turn the highest attributes to a base account. *The people* must be taught—general knowledge must be scattered among them, and a feeling of equality and self-respect be possessed by all, before any thing like true liberty can exist. If half the means bestowed upon this old college, these military establishments, and these work-house unions, had been devoted to the education of the people, Ireland would this day be a rich, powerful, and happy nation, the right arm of the British throne, loyal in all her attachments

to a good government. But abused, oppressed, and ignorant, how can she be different from what she is ?

Near our abiding-place is a friary, and Carmelite church. Seeing the door of the latter open we went in. It is a plain building, appropriately fitted up with pictures and statues, for that form of worship. Two or three were kneeling inside, muttering their prayers, and counting their beads. By the door a notice was posted up, requiring, by authority, certain observances in the forms of the church. On leaving, we were met in the vestibule by the priest, Father Tobin, a portly, well-formed, full-fed Irishman, with a long frock-coat and broad-brimmed hat. He spoke to us, and we soon entered into a free conversation, upon the condition of his country and ours. During the conversation several poor wretches approached us to beg. He ordered them off as unfeelingly as if they had been brutes. Some little girls came along whom he drove away with words of authority. A drunken man staggered by, to whom he gave some harsh words, calling him by name. Two women passed of lewd demeanor. To them he spoke rebuking words, the force of which they seemed to feel. All these, except the last, did reverence to the father, as they passed, bowing or courtesying; the drunken man did not succeed very well with his bow, his head apparently being too heavy for his general strength. The priest kept on his conversation, barely suspending a sentence to give his admonitions, and proceeding as if nothing had occurred. The last two, however, were rather too much for his equanimity, and he asked us to step into a small room on the right of the arched entrance.

Here we had a long conversation, or rather argument, for it assumed that form, mainly on the propriety of educating the common people. He contended that it was dangerous to give them knowledge, unless under the restraining influence of the true church. I assured him that I thought his people had been under such *restraining influence* quite too long, that it was time to give a larger liberty for the mind

to expand and develop its powers, and that no permanent good could be expected for this country till such a revolution in the moral sentiment had been effected. This aroused him to a boisterous harangue on the wickedness of introducing the Bible into public schools, or teaching children to read it as a part of their education. My friend, who had been a trustee in our public schools at home, took up this branch of the argument, contending for the propriety and importance of such a course.

The good father became exceedingly warm in the debate, and took much larger, and more frequent pinches of snuff than before, but politely offering to his opponent his box, every time. The debate was, to me, more amusing than instructive, though I learned something of the haughty and dictatorial manner which this class of men exhibit, occasioned by the method of their training, and their habits of life. He seemed to be greatly disturbed that my friend dared to question his positions, or refused to assent to his conclusions. He exacted unreserved assent to the oracular correctness of his assertions, where there was manifestly an honest difference of opinion. This my friend would not yield, informing him that the freedom of our country had allowed him, as well as every other, to think for himself, and that he had formed his opinions from observation and study; and, till convinced of their incorrectness, no assumption of *authority* could make him renounce or deny them. The father was much nettled at this sturdy independence, and waxed warm in the wordy fight. I tried many times to change the topic, before I could succeed, by inquiring about the prospect of things in reference to the present movements. Upon these he refused an opinion, asserting that it was the business of the Church to "submit to the powers that be;" but hinting that he thought the Protestant leaders had usurped too much influence in the present commotions, and that, therefore, the *Catholics would probably abandon them.*" With an expression of thanks on our part for his attentions, and an invitation to

call on us, in our country, and taste the sweets of a larger liberty, we parted, with his benediction and prayers for a prosperous journey and a safe return.

Proceeding on our way, we took a look at several churches of different orders. I use the word *church*, not as here, to specify those used by the Established Church, but including all houses of Christian worship. Some of them are very stately and elegant, and make a handsome show, and contrast badly with the miserable habitations about them. I need not specify their names. All these cathedrals, churches, chapels, and meeting-houses present a full share of architectural taste, and a liberal outlay of money for the support of religion.

Returning, we passed the Corn Exchange, which we had looked into in the morning. It is a spacious building, of granite, designed for merchants, and arranged for the convenient exhibition of samples of grain. It makes a handsome appearance, inside and out. We noticed several other public buildings, the character of which we did not learn.

Just at nightfall, we took a turn through the Castle, the winter residence of the Lord Lieutenant, a sort of military palace, on a grand scale. It is situated in the midst of the city, on high ground, and presents a gruff and formidable appearance. This blending of civil and military power I never much admired, but, as a student of things, must submit to much that I can not approve; and I plucked up courage to take a look through the accessible parts of this vice-regal establishment. We entered by the east gate—which is guarded by a statue of Justice, and two living sentinels in the employ of *In-justice*—into a quadrangular court, near three hundred feet long, and one hundred and fifty wide. This area is fronted by corresponding buildings, which present three rears, of course, to the streets. These fronts exhibit a rich display of architectural taste, and the interiors are said to excel in elegance. On one side are the apartments of the Lord Lieutenant, the rest

are occupied by the officers and servants of the household. The front of the chapel of the castle is ornamented with heads of all the sovereigns of England.

While gazing about, a young soldier came up to us, and commenced a conversation. Finding we were from America, he expressed himself very freely. He had not been long in the service, and was not well pleased with it, but necessity had compelled him to adopt this course to obtain a living. He asked us what we had heard of Mitchell's trial, and what was the prospect of acquittal. We told him we had heard nothing in particular, only there was much excitement in the streets. He said he hoped he would get clear, for he believed him an honest man, and a true lover of his country. We proceeded gradually, and finally asked him what he should do if there should be a rising of the people. He said, after some hesitation, he supposed he must fight. I did not press the inquiry further, for I saw, by his appearance, what his answers would be; that his heart was for his country, which he loved, and, though compelled to it, he would reluctantly contend with his countrymen, and, therefore, the expression of an earnest hope that there would be no serious disturbance. He said the whole garrison was kept constantly in readiness for any emergency; that every part of the castle was crowded with soldiers, and hundreds were quartered in private dwellings. Observing some one who appeared to be listening to our conversation, he bowed and left us.

We departed by the gate opposite to the one we entered, and passed along under the high wall of the south front, where we met several soldiers, and saw a curious kind of movable breastwork, designed to barricade the streets. The houses in this neighborhood are filled with soldiers, up to the windows of the fourth and fifth stories; and many, not very respectable looking women are loitering about them. Oh, the wickedness of armies! how manifold are their curses! how blighting their influence upon virtuous principle, and social happiness! We were glad to

escape from the atmosphere of pollution, ashamed of ourselves for having seen the proof of such terrible degradation.

Just at dark, we wandered into the large, unfinished church of Saint Audoen—a saint of whom I had never heard before ; but, as every church must be called after a patron saint, whether Catholic or Episcopal, the old calendar has been exhausted. Some, for fear they shall not get the right saint to preside over them, call their churches “All Saints.” The church was crowded full, to hear a discourse from an Italian priest, who spoke the English indifferently. The staging was still standing. The room was very dimly lighted. Men and women were huddled together, some standing; some kneeling; some praying; some talking; some laughing; some coming in; some going out—all in most glorious confusion. There was nothing of the order, attention, and propriety we are accustomed to see in places of worship. The great proportion were, in appearance, people just come from their work, without washing their faces, or changing their apparel. The women, generally, were without hats, with white, ruffled, cambric caps on their heads. Men had on clogs, or heavy shoes, and corduroy breeches. Nearer the altar, there was a class of people better dressed, and giving better attention to the services.

On leaving the church we received a copious shower of the holy water which was spattered promiscuously over the multitude, enough, my friend thought, to last us some time. In addition to the regularly appointed beggars who were busy with their boxes collecting pennies, and scolding and fretting about the meanness of the collection, there was a host of volunteers in the shape of decrepid men, haggard old women, and ragged children, who followed us into the street with their blessings and their prayers, holding out their hands for us to give.

All about the street were gathered crowds of men and women, many of whom we overheard discussing the sub-

ject of Mitchel's trial. In one company we heard a man and a woman sing a very pathetic song; in an other, one was singing a comic song, in which the boys and girls seemed to take great delight. All these were closely watched by the policemen, who were listening to all the discussions where half a dozen were together. Every now and then a mounted policeman went dashing through the crowd, and here and there were seen platoons of soldiers patrolling the streets, apparently to overawe the people. Wherever a large crowd was gathered, or any thing like excited conversation, two or three policemen would come up and order them to disperse, which was generally obeyed, but not always with the best grace imaginable. Some would grate their teeth and mutter vengeance; others would turn upon them a repartee, and excite a laugh against them; but every where it was manifest that the bitterest hatred was stifled only by the dread of power. In short, the city presents the appearance of one just conquered and placed under military governors. The spirit of dissatisfaction will, every where, find means of expression, and many were the taunts and jeers cast upon the minions of power. It was a rich field for the display of Irish wit, and I laughed outright more than once at the quaint and pointed expressions of defiance and derision heaped upon the straight-coated policemen, by the burly fellows who managed to keep out of their clutches.

But notwithstanding this occasional exhibition of a light and careless feeling, there was a deep and solemn anxiety every where to be seen depicted on every countenance. Every body seemed to be in trouble; not less the friends than the foes of the government. The former felt that it was a critical moment, when the least movement might prove fatal to the peace of the city and the lives of thousands. The latter hoped against hope, that the trial of the distinguished advocate of their cause would terminate favorably, and they be permitted to hail his deliverance from thralldom, by a grand display of triumph over their

adversaries. Few of them meditated a formal rebellion against the government, in their unprepared state, for all know that such an attempt would be futile. But they remember the words of their former leader, who said "Agitate, Agitate," and they hope, by agitations, to force England to remove some of the disabilities which have impoverished their country and, they think, brought all their miseries upon them.

CHAPTER XII.

A Restless Night.—Domestic Affairs.—Trial of John Mitchel.—Gain Admission.—The Court-room.—The Court.—The Bar.—The Jury.—The Prisoner.—The Audience.—Mr. Holmes.—His Defence.—The Effect.—The Crowd.—The Excitement.—The Military.—Rashness of the Reformers.—Ireland Unfitted for a Republic.—Paying the Catholic Clergy.—Irish Character.—A forcible Repeal impossible.—Origin and Exercise of Power.

At a late hour last night, we retired to our room, greatly "exercised" in body and mind. The sights we had seen affected one, and the bacon and green cabbage we had eaten, the other—the latter, though a rarity much praised here, was a little too much for my Jewish stomach. A little too much of the canine and graminiverous for a dyspeptic! All night I suffered indescribable tortures. When I slept, I dreamed of rebellions, dungeon-walls, and indiscriminate slaughter; of trials for heresies, with racks, gibbets, and all imaginable tortures; the heaving and rolling of the sea, followed by the most intolerable sickness. Then up I would start, sick in reality, for my stomach was in open rebellion against the oppressions imposed upon it, and a terrible commotion and *outbreak* followed, which no force, physical or moral, could quiet, without the removal of the *evils* complained of. This morning, I feel a consequent debility; but a little fasting for the body, while there is so much to excite the mind, will, I trust, restore my wonted health, and

all go on in harmony. We have a long day before us ; so, while my friend has been taking his walk and breakfast, I have sketched up my notes, and have time to remark a word upon the domestic arrangement of the respectable boarding-house in which we are stopping.

The houses in this city look old and dingy, dark and lonesome. They are generally built of bricks, much larger than ours, and of a yellowish brown color, resembling our fire bricks, or those of which houses are constructed in Milwaukee. They are large and high, sometimes five and six stories. The windows have no blinds, and hence look naked. A portion of the houses are of stone, but those look less cheerful than the others. The inside is finished in a plain old fashioned style, with little respect to taste or convenience. The floors are not generally carpeted, and from age look old and dirty ; the fault is in the boards, which turn to a dark, dingy color, which can not be prevented. The rooms are papered. The paper is *hung* against the sides, being pasted upon coarse canvas, fastened at the top and bottom, —thus came the name *paper-hangings*. The more modern, as with us, have the paper pasted to the wall. The ceiling is smoky and rough. The furniture corresponds with the style of the houses, generally old, heavy, and substantial. The beds are furnished with linen, clean, but not so white as we see at home. Straw palliasters, with *heavy* feather beds, which never saw a Yankee renovator. Most of them are furnished with high posts, and enclosed with well-worn chintz of the olden style. Every thing bears the marks of age and wear, and not that thorough respect to neatness with which we are familiar in hotels and boarding houses. I speak now not only of this house, which is above the middling class, situated in a good street and well accredited for the manner in which it is kept, but also of those which we have seen in other places.

Some idea can be formed of an Irish breakfast, from the following description given by my friend, who has just come up from the table. “ There were some half dozen large loaves

of bread, and as many small ones, placed on the table, without plates under them; some half-dozen plates, each containing four or five pieces of butter as large as a dollar; each person cut a slice from the loaf, and helped himself to butter with his own knife, and was permitted to choose either a little piece of cold meat or two boiled eggs, with two cups of black tea, and a small allowance of milk, and sugar to the liking." Of the veracity of this description I have no doubt, for it comports with every breakfast we have had, except we have not often seen meat. It is not common to spread a cloth upon the table.

We took a stroll through the old part of the city, amid scenes of filth and misery equal to any thing we have seen—through the grounds of one of the many large hospitals, to the station, to meet our friend who left us at Mount Shannon; thence, through the north portion of the city, to the railway station, in that section, the basin of the Royal canal, Queen's Inns, and several other places. This portion of the city is more modern and handsome than that on the south of the Liffey. Several streets are wide and neat, and the houses large and elegant. We noticed, particularly, the churches, as being specimens of tasteful elegance. In fact, few cities can excel Dublin, in the beauty of its location, or the number and splendor of its public buildings.

The object of to-day was, to attend the trial of Mr. Mitchel, arraigned for sedition. With much difficulty, we pressed through the crowd, to the court-house in Green-street. Directly in front, an area of several rods was kept clear by chains, and rows of policemen, stretched across the street, who brandished their batons over the heads of the crowd in a very careless manner. Fifteen or twenty mounted policemen, with swords by their sides, occupied the open space. Once or twice we were ordered to leave, as we stood looking on. Seeing some others cross to the court-house, we followed, no one opposing us. Those who would succeed, must always persevere. Several police-

men were guarding the door. We asked admission, but were refused. We whispered in the ear of one that we were Americans, hoping to make up in national, what we lacked in personal ability. We were referred to the sheriff, to whom we sent a note, saying that three American travelers, happening in the city, desired to attend the trial then going on. In a few moments a permit was returned, by which we gained admission to the court-room, being handed from one officer to another, till we were seated in the gallery.

The court-room was crowded, in every part, with men and women, army and naval officers, with a large sprinkling of bailiffs and policemen placed among the audience, so as to overhear the least expression of sympathy for the prisoner, and suppress the first movement in his favor. The passage-ways and doors were fortified with a strong guard, and the whole scene presented the appearance of a court-martial.

In the bench, elevated a few steps above the lower floor, were seated two men, dressed in what seemed to me a rather fantastic style. The one on the right was Baron Leffroy, the chief judge. He wore a gray wig, and a red cassock, trimmed with ermine, looking some like an old monk; except his features were less complacent, bearing the marks of a stern and revengeful temper, and a cold, unfeeling heart, every way indicative of the qualities necessary to execute the law of tyrants for political offences. The other was Judge Moore, whose smoother countenance impressed me more favorably, as if some drops of the milk of human kindness still flowed in his veins. Immediately before the bench, were arrayed the counsellors of the crown, and those for the prisoner. They were dressed in long, black, flowing cassocks, with white bands at the neck, like certain priests, with long, curly wigs, thoroughly powdered. I noticed some young barristers in the crowd of lawyers about the bar, all dressed in the same way, whose appearance was laughably ridiculous. They forcibly re-

minded me, as they moved about, of young peacocks, learning to spread their tail-feathers for the admiration of *themselves*—perhaps of others. Our republican eyes are unused to such designations of place and rank. A portion of the pulpit retains the aristocratic practice, but the bar does not. In some of our upper courts, there is left a little mock imitation, by the judges wearing the black cassock, but omitting the ermine and the wig. Except in the martial, penitentiary, and murders on the scaffold, little respect is paid to the outward emblems of authority or rank.

The jury of twelve men, respectable in appearance, were sitting in the box. Opposite to them were several ladies, whose appearance indicated that they were “of rank,” who seemed to take a very lively interest in the proceedings. In the dock, was the principal object of attention—Mr. John Mitchel. He was sitting calmly, with his arms folded on his breast, as if trying to look cheerful and indifferent. My first glance at him showed that this was unreal; that, deeper in his soul, there was a bitter agony, which could not be suppressed—a feeling which involuntarily rebelled against the mockery of law, when the sacred precincts of justice and liberty are invaded. He is a man under middle age, perhaps thirty-five, of medium stature, spare in flesh, of a nervous temperament, with an intellectual forehead, and a general phrenological development indicative of an excellent moral character—not common with “*felons*.” His countenance was rather pale, and, I should judge, his health not generally good. Near him—outside the dock, a lady was pointed out as his wife, whose genteel and modest appearance, and deep interest in what was said and done, showed her to be possessed of the deepest sensibilities, and keenly alive to the fate of her husband. Mr. Meagher was also present, and constant in his attentions to Mr. Mitchel.

In the grand-jury box, was a retinue of reporters for the press, and others, who seemed to take a deep interest in the progress of the trial. It was easy to see that a deep anxiety

ety pervaded the whole assembly ; for, though every thing was kept quiet, the least remark of favor or disfavor in the progress of the trial, operated, like an electric shock, on all at once.

The preliminary steps had been taken yesterday, nearly the whole day having been consumed in empanneling a jury on which the government could rely for a conviction. A good deal of chicanery, it was alleged, had been used in packing a jury to carry out the will of government. Every Catholic and friend of repeal had been studiously rejected from the pannel, and those only admitted who were known to be opposed to the prisoner. All was now ready for the *form* of a trial, the result of which was clearly foreseen by all who understood the manœuvrings of the government officers. The friends of Mr. Mitchel, as well as his enemies, had made up their minds to his conviction ; but they still awaited, anxiously, the denouement of the iniquitous drama, to see how far cool injustice would go to sustain political tyranny and oppression, under the form of *law*, and in the name of *order*. All were anxious to hear the defence of Mr. Holmes, the leading counsel for the prisoner, who is called the “father of the Irish bar,” and admitted, on all hands, to be the most learned and eloquent barrister in the realm, as well as a true and fearless patriot. All eyes were directed to him, and every body wished for the moment to arrive when he should speak. The previous proceedings seemed a needless and tedious delay. Law and evidence were of little concern, so long as justice and equity were outraged by the judiciary, backed by military power. All had seen the assembling of immense hordes of troops, kept constantly under arms—fourteen thousand being at this moment stationed in different parts of the city, ready to be concentrated in twenty minutes, at a given signal, to crush any demonstration that should be made in favor of the prisoner. What chance was there for his acquittal? The careful observer could see none. His conviction was pre-determined, and all the necessary

measures preconcerted for that purpose. But still all felt interested to hear what the ablest advocate and purest patriot in Ireland would *dare* to say on such an occasion.

The court was open when we entered, and the Queen's attorney was proceeding with a statement and explanation of the law relating to sedition; which was all very plain and direct, having been concocted and passed a few months ago to meet the case of Irish rebels who could not be convicted by any previous statute. The substance of the accusation was, that the prisoner had been guilty of "feloniously compassing to deprive the Queen of her style and royal name, and of the imperial crown;" that, in a speech in Limerick, he had uttered seditious language, which was afterwards published in a paper called the "United Irishman;" that he had, on other occasions, written and published in the same paper, similar language, especially in a "Letter to Irish Protestant Farmers." He next introduced testimony to sustain the indictment. Half-a-dozen policemen and one or two others swore to all that was wanted to fasten the charge upon him. After a few brief comments upon the evidence, in relation to the law, were addressed to the jury in a very mild and indifferent manner, as if he felt sure of his case, and would therefore spend no unnecessary breath, but could afford to appear generous and merciful to the accused; he closed, with some general remarks intended to correct a report, already circulated, that unfair and illegal steps had been taken to procure a jury that would certainly bring in a verdict of guilty. No particular interest was manifested during the progress of his speech, nor at the close. He handed in his papers and rested the case on the part of the crown.

A little movement was noticed among the lawyers, and all attention was directed towards an old gentleman who rose up slowly as if oppressed with the weight of years, as well as a fearful responsibility for the fate of a fellow being. A slight murmur of applause ran through the assembly, which was immediately suppressed—before half-uttered—

by the sheriff and other officers who started to their feet. A profound silence ensued. I had no time to scan the person of Mr. Holmes, further than to observe an old man—I should think of eighty years—somewhat bent by age, but still vigorous and bold, and too careless of life to be covered by authority to wear the manacles of despotism. With the manner in which his first sentence was uttered, I became so impressed, that I scarcely thought of the man afterwards. He stood before me as an image half-seen when the whole attention is so intensely absorbed in the contemplation of an object beyond it, as that only the occasional movement of the intermediate attracts the least notice. I hardly heard the minor points of his speech. I took notes, but the spirit and truth of that speech touched a chord in my heart which thrilled my whole being, and when it was ended, I felt as if I had been in a trance. It was more than a dream; for the eternal landmarks of liberty and despotism, of justice and oppression, of the rights of the many, and the claims of the few, were so distinctly defined that the impression is vividly retained. It was not the novelty of the truths asserted—for every American school-boy is familiar with them; but the noble, fearless, and eloquent manner in which they were advanced, that pleased and overwhelmed me.

He commenced by an allusion to the important duty devolving on him as counsel for the defendant, and his sense of inadequacy to discharge it. He declared the pleasure he felt in being selected to defend a man whom he believed to be honest, if not innocent, and whom the government might fear or hate but could not despise. He submitted to the statements of the attorney general, and the proofs adduced without a comment, but expressed his regrets at his concluding remarks, in which he spoke of certain *instructions* respecting the striking of juries. This brought the State's attorney to his feet, who asserted that he only spoke of instructions which he gave to the solicitor for the crown, and which came not from the Lord Lieutenant. Baron Lefroy

interposed some remarks with a rather patronizing air, and Mr. Holmes proceeded immediately to a point, asserting that there were some things which could not be mistaken. "The crown had called a jury which two honorable men, on their oaths, had declared to be *impartial* and fair between the government and his client, and yet the officers of the crown had struck from that 'fair and impartial jury' thirty-six men! (A burst of feeling was here suppressed by the sheriff, who cried out 'Silence.')

We challenged the panel, they succeeded on the oath of two men, who declared it to be a fair and impartial jury, and yet strike off thirty-six men, eighteen of whom are Roman Catholics!" At this repetition, in which he brought his fist upon the bar, a spontaneous burst of applause broke from every part of the house. Baron Lefroy, the sheriff, and under officers shouted silence, and in a few moments, all was calm as the house of death.

Mr. Holmes proceeded to his defence, and such an other masterly performance has rarely been produced, since his brother-in-law, the celebrated Robert Emmet, was tried and condemned for a similar offence, in that same room, into which, I am told, Mr. Holmes has refused to enter, till the present trials commenced. He commented somewhat at length on the terms of the Union, and showed the ridiculousness of the law which made it felony to "compass, imagine, invent, desire, or intend to deprive or depose the most gracious sovereign, the Queen, from the style, honor, and royal name of the imperial crown of the *United Kingdom*, by printing certain articles in a newspaper, which alone were relied on as evidence in the case." When he came more directly to the opinions of Mr. Mitchel, he said, "Many of them I myself adopt." An other burst of applause followed. The brow of the old Baron knit in anger. Lord Moore looked anxious, and all the Bar stared as in doubt of his sincerity. He proceeded to state the condition of Ireland as a justification of Mr. Mitchel, and to prove his position that the "course of England had been the cause of all

the disturbance which existed." He said, "Ireland is an *enslaved* country, and I will prove it. A great mistake is entertained, in my opinion, by some people, who think no man is a slave unless he is in chains, or subject to the lash of a tyrant. The real slavery of a people consists in this, *that they do not make their own laws*, but that *another nation, or individuals, make them for them*. I assert, boldly and broadly"—

With an angry frown, and quivering voice, Baron Le-froy interrupted him, by saying the Court could not permit him to use such objectionable language.

Mr. Holmes stood calm, and heard the judge ; then bowing politely, in the true dignity of an old man, conscious of his right, he proceeded, by saying he "did not wish to do what was not right, but he could not do justice to his client, without doing justice to Ireland." A tremendous burst of applause followed this remark, which the officers could not prevent. I expected an outbreak at once, but soon all was calm, when the Baron remarked that the officers had got authority to arrest any person who should be guilty of improper expressions of approbation, and a repetition of the offence should be punished at once by imprisonment.

Mr. Holmes deprecated the applause, and proceeded with his argument, uninterrupted, till he again came to the relations of Ireland to England, when he said, "I openly and boldly assert, as a lawyer and as a man, that the act of Union is only binding on the people of Ireland, as a matter of *expediency*," when expressions of approbation came from all parts of the room. He proceeded with a powerful comment upon *expediency*. "It is often expedient to submit, and every man ought to submit, except on strong grounds ; but, when these strong grounds are afforded—when the question is of *right*, I assert that an enslaved people has the right, if driven to such a course, by necessity, to seek, by recourse to arms, to obtain their liberties, even at the hazard of life. I say life—What is life ?

What is life worth to a man, without *liberty*—of what value is the privilege to live enslaved and degraded? What man would”——

The old Baron waxed warm, and, in most arrogant and insulting words, called Mr. H. to order, stating that the court would not sit here and hear such sentiments uttered.

Mr. Holmes proceeded as calmly as if nothing had transpired, to say that “the prisoner alone had not that right; no individual of himself has that right—but the *people collectively* have that right, or such *majority* of the people as could leave no doubt of its title.”

Baron Lefroy was more violent than ever. His manner was insulting to the last degree. Courts, thought I, and even governments, are often amazingly sensitive on this question of *abstract rights*. Here is a fair sample of it. The Judiciary is eminently conservative, and one of the most difficult branches to model into accordance with the principles of true liberty. We once had, in our country, judges deeply imbued with the principles of the “perfect law of liberty;” but, as the spirit of ’76 becomes filtered through the veins of a growing aristocracy, the doctrine of hereditary rights and old *forms* of government, and constitutions outlived, is admitted in the decisions of rights to reform. The principle of our sacred “Declaration of Independence” has never been maintained in reference to the right of *majorities* to “alter, amend, or abolish their forms of government!”

Baron Lefroy seemed to be impressed with a full sense of the dangerous ground on which Mr. Holmes was treading, and he roused all his energies to put a stop to the discussion of a question which promised so much harm to his government. But Mr. H. felt that he stood on equal terms, back of all law but that of God, and above all authority but that of heaven, and he warmed up, as if inspired. He raised himself more erect, glanced a piercing look of defiance at the old Baron, and proceeded, undisturbed. A bolder and more eloquent speech rarely fell

from the lips of mortal man. It reminded me, and I speak it reverently, of the defence of Saint Paul before Agrippa; except, in that case, the heathen monarch paid more deference to the rights and argument of the prisoner than was manifested on this occasion.

The concluding sentences thrilled every heart. Scarcely an eye was dry in that vast assembly. The counsel for the Queen were deeply moved, and even the rough features of the old Baron showed that *all* his feelings of humanity were not blunted, but that some sense of justice and kindness still lurked in the secret chambers of his soul, which his conflicts with the sterner forms of wrong and crime had not entirely obliterated. The "old man eloquent," to whom that epithet emphatically applies, roused the embers of his mighty genius, and all the glory of his past life seemed to center and radiate from that point, and, as he rose higher and higher in the pathos of his argument, the whole audience clung closer and rose with him. The flashes which darted from his lips were like the clear blaze of the rapid lightning when it plays about the heavens uncontrolled, leaping from cloud to cloud, and filling the soul with awe and admiration the most profound. There is a divinity in words, when fitly spoken, which is irresistible. I never felt the power of eloquence as I felt it then.

"The actions of men are not to be judged of by events; by success, or by defeat. Had the liberties of Greece perished with Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Spartan glory would have been the same. Had the days of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, been days of defeat, instead of victory to Greece, the orator might still have sworn by the sacred memory of the dead. He who dies in battle for liberty and his country, dies the death of a soldier and sleeps in a hero's grave.—Gentlemen of the Jury, I speak not here for my client merely; I speak for you and your children, and your children's children—I speak not here for myself—my lamp of life is flickering and must soon be extinguished; but were I now standing on the brink of the grave, and uttering the last words of expiring nature, I would say 'May Ireland be happy; may Ireland be free.' I call upon you as you value liberty—as you value justice—as you value public good—as you value peace—as you value and love the country of your birth and the land of your fathers—I call upon you by your verdict of acquittal, this day, to contribute your parts towards making Ireland happy and free."

A long deep-drawn breath, accompanied by a burst of applause, followed the concluding remark. The whole audience rose from their stooping position, for the attention of all had been so intensely riveted to the speaker, that they had unconsciously leaned forward as if drawn by the attraction of a powerful magnet; and could it have been permitted, as in the days of Greece and Rome, they would have borne the glorious old Barrister and his client in triumph from the clutches of the law through all the streets of Dublin, and made the welkin ring with shouts of admiration and praise, which would have raised Erin from the sleep of centuries to deeds of greatness and glory, to freedom, honor and peace. But alas, the hammer of "law and order" soon crushed the awakened patriotism of a nation. Justice rent her scales, and the bird of Jove flapped her dark wings sullenly and departed, to a fairer clime; while the broken clouds, which seemed to indicate the termination of the storm which had lowered so long over the Emerald Isle, gathered in deeper folds, and the thunder of despotic power rolled its heavy wheels over the last hope of Irish liberty.

The old Baron looked up as if glad it was over; the prisoner smiled as if a ray of hope gleamed dimly upon his heart, and the deep sentiment of gratitude struggled for utterance to the man who had done him and the cause of his country, for which he was in bonds, such ample justice; and every other, man and woman, wiped off the tear which still trembled in their eyes, and smoothed their features to a more complacent look, as if willing now to abide the result, satisfied that every thing had been done that could be, and if evil must come, they would submit to it with patient fortitude. I have heard men speak who were called orators, but their productions are puerile compared with this. I have read of Greek and Roman eloquence, but here I have seen its traces as it swept along like a mighty rushing wind, while all within its influence bowed before its resistless force as if to do it homage. I shall never forget that speech, so long as memory clings to the best and mightiest efforts of

mortal men, or injured justice claims an advocate of her cause.

After silence had been restored, Mr. Hen, Q. C., rose to present the concluding argument for the government. He paid a high tribute to the masterly oration of the counsel for the defence, and proceeded to the delivery of an indifferent speech, during which we left.

The crowd outside the court-house, up and down Green street, had become immense. Will they clear him? Will they find him guilty? Will they hang him? Will the jury agree? were questions asked a thousand times, by men and women, as we worked our way through the crowd. Every body in the vast multitude were waiting with the most intense anxiety to hear the result, and discussing the probabilities in the most favorable light. Poor creatures, thought I, you are indulging a most fallacious hope, hugging a fantom or a viper, which will soon leave you the sadness of disappointment, or the fury of madness.

Troops of policemen were busy every where, trying to disperse the people. Joining hand in hand, they would sweep along the crowd for several rods, when, like the parted waters, a mightier mass would press upon the vacuum in their rear, and they would be compelled to surge back again, to maintain their ground. Next a troop of mounted policemen would dash into the multitude and extricate the beleaguered band. As yet there was no outbreak, no violence, but the more considerate were in momentary expectation there would be an emeute of the most serious character.

As far as we could see, in all directions, the streets were full of people of all grades and ages, from well dressed ladies and gentlemen, to ragged, and half-starved children. We had not gone a dozen rods before a crowd pressed upon us, followed up by a dozen mounted policemen. We found safety in a shop. In a few minutes the multitude swept up in the opposite direction. Nobody showed any respect for the officers. Some laughed at them and ridiculed their efforts to control the people. Some taunted them as the

minions of oppression, hired to abuse their countrymen. Others defied them to show their authority, mocking them as mean and contemptible. It was evident the policemen did not dare to do as they would in ordinary cases—that they feared the people. Where there were no policemen there was no trouble, no confusion. So true it is that the useless display of power awakens a feeling of disobedience, as the training of armies, begets the spirit of war, and the execution of criminals a thirst for blood, and recklessness of life.

Suddenly there came a whisper, like a breeze in a sultry day, that the jury could not agree. A ray of joy gleamed from every countenance, as if new life had been awakened, and the hour of deliverance drew near. The women laughed, and told it to their babies, whom they hugged closer to their breasts; the little boys and girls were gay again; and a glimmering of hope lighted the faces of the most fearful and despondent. Still, an awful anxiety was manifest in many, that the danger was not all past, and such seemed as restless as if their own fate was at stake. I confess I shared deeply in that feeling. All my sympathies had become enlisted in behalf of the prisoner and his cause, hopeless and rash as I deemed his efforts to have been, and impossible as I knew the work he had undertaken to accomplish for his country. But he had stood up in defence of principles which are eternally true, if not always practicable. He had advocated the doctrine of human rights. He had aimed at a higher form of government than that which brute force and usurpation had inflicted on his country—at a Republic, which should recognize the mutual rights and dependencies of all her citizens, and secure universal freedom and equal justice to God's children. He had been led to this course in compliance with no fixed formulary of human politics; by no utopian dream of wild theorists; by no hope of selfish or personal aggrandizement. He had followed the clear inductions of reason, the soundest principles of Christian liberty and philanthropy, free

from the influence of feudal nobility and hereditary injustice. He had spurned the exclusive privileges of caste, and scorned the rewards of sycophancy. A Protestant by birth and education, he had become too liberal to be a partisan or a bigot, and desired to see his countrymen united upon the higher principles of Christian fraternity. A true-hearted Irishman, he had deplored the ignorance, misery, and oppression of his nation, and resented the wrongs and disgrace she had so long suffered, by her own dissensions and neglect, at the hands of tyrant lords, and moneyed aristocracies. As a Christian of true faith, ardent love, and a pure life, he had confidence in truth, hope in virtue, and a will to work for the accomplishment of what he deemed his duty. He relied upon the justice of his cause, the civilization of the age, the honor of his nation, the humanity of his fellow-men, for the success of his efforts, and the reward of his labors. He trusted in God and his countrymen, to whom he appealed, in whose name he spoke, and before whom he acted openly, fearlessly, zealously, if not wisely or successfully. His greatest, if not his only fault, was, like that of Emmet, Hampton, Sidney, and others, martyrs who perished in the cause of liberty, that he did not scrutinize, with sufficient caution, the signs of the times, nor weigh, as he should, the forfeit he was making. But it ever has been thus. Truth and Justice have had their martyrs in all ages, whom Tyranny has immolated upon the altar of human freedom; but their roots have been wet with the life-blood of the faithful, and their branches have afterward overshadowed the children of those who have fallen to nourish their growth. The memories of such are always blessed, and their names become the watchwords of after generations.

That was a long and anxious hour. There was no noise, no commotion, no demonstration of hostility. Every thing was still and silent, like the lull which precedes the bursting of a thunder-storm. All the elements of life clustered close about the heart, and men grew pale with sus-

pense. Dense clouds spread their dark folds athwart the heavens, and the rays of the setting sun gleamed through the open spaces. Never did a Peruvian watch with keener anxiety the sullen stillness which precedes the destroying earthquake that may desolate his city, destroy property and home, and slay his wife and children, than those sturdy Irishmen awaited the announcement of the fate of the friend and advocate of their cause. Never did Arabian mother clasp her child more nervously, at the sight of the approaching simoom, than these Irish mothers did their infants. Language can not describe the intensity of feeling which marked every countenance. No hope was left but in the decision of *law*—British law—law framed to crush Irish liberty, and silence the complaints of the people? And what would be the result of this trial, under such a law? The physical force was too immense to be resisted, for Irishmen have no weapons for a combat. The sanctity of a fair trial by jury had been violated, and it only remained to see what virtue was left in men, under such untoward circumstances.

The throng did not at all diminish, nor the deep anxiety wane a jot, till a sudden murmur, followed by a shriek of despair, burst from fifty thousand lips, and told the final result. There was no rush; no shout of vengeance; no defiance of power; but a deep, sullen expression of contempt, mingled with shame at the consciousness of inability to resist the rule of wrong, and the oppressions of injustice. Those near by us grated their teeth, as a deep shudder passed over them, clenched their fists, while a vacant stare told the hopelessness of their hearts. It was a mere spasm, and it immediately passed away, leaving them weak and irresolute, and harmless as the caged lion. The multitude began to disperse—one by one they passed away, as if unwilling to hear or answer a word.

Soon a crowd rushed down the street, and we supposed the fearful fray had begun. But, in a few moments, an "inside car" dashed by us, over the bridge, at a furious

rate, followed by three mounted policemen, and a crowd of men and boys, hooting and groaning at a doleful rate. On inquiry, we learned that the foreman of the jury, Mr. Whithy, was in it, and that all the jurors had been sent home in like manner, under a strong detachment of police, to protect them from the fury of an indignant populace.

I could not, after all, forbear the thought that such is, too often, the display of Irish patriotism. Instead of a high and noble defence of their cause, they descend to a mere personal, guerilla warfare, and think to redress their wrongs by taking vengeance on some hated individual. But such is the fruit of ignorance, and, in their case, may be easily accounted for. Shut out from all intercourse with great and noble spirits which have lived and triumphed, tyrannized over by civil officers, domineering priests, and oppressive landlords, they have learned no other lesson than *submission*, and, when outraged nature does assert a claim, it takes the first and lowest form of vengeance. They can not rise to high and noble efforts, seize upon the primary cause of their wrongs, and remove them.

Every where the military, as well as the police, was on the alert. Troops of soldiers, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, "armed and equipped," ready for a fight, were marching through the streets in all directions. The people stole away to their homes, to weep in private over this fresh proof of their degradation, and nurse their sullen vengeance. They felt, that they were a conquered people, a ruined nation. Heretofore they flattered themselves that they had some privileges, some chances of improvement, some ground of hope. Their leaders had told them so, and England had admitted it, in word. The fallacy of such notions was now apparent. The British lion had growled his decision, and commanded the people to submit in silence. I wonder no longer that the Irish hate the English. When did a *man* love the power that oppressed him? Nature would prove recreant to her first dictates were such to be the case. And,

so long as a spark of patriotism burns in the Irish heart, there will live the spirit of hostility to English usurpation and tyranny. England must treat Ireland as a friend, as an equal, as a *member of the Union*, before Irishmen will be satisfied with the government. It is common to hear Englishmen speak with contempt of Ireland, asserting that they should be a great deal better without it. Why, then, in the name of sincerity, does not England let Ireland go? Why not release the unholy bonds of the Union, and rid themselves of such a nuisance? Why this tenacious grasp upon a nation so worthless? Oh, forsooth, they say, "France, or the United States, will at once form an alliance with Ireland!" Such remarks remind me of certain men in our country who say, slavery is a curse, but get mad and rave if any body talks about removing it.

Ireland is of immense value to England. It furnishes her armies and navy with men, her markets with provisions, her lords and gentry with the easy means of subsistence; and, I might add, her councils with some of her most distinguished men, yea, and her halls of literature and science with the brightest ornaments of the age. England can not afford to lose Ireland. Let her then be treated with respect, as a friend, and an equal. Let her no longer be oppressed and trodden under foot. Let not her sons and daughters be starved and abused to that degree which drives them to desperation, and compels them to abjure their country, and fly to foreign lands. England boasts of her magnanimity. Let her show the proof of it to this wretched people, and these armies may be disbanded, or sent to rob the Sikhs of their territory, or whip the Chinese to buy her opium.

I have been thinking, too, of the folly and rashness of Mitchel and his compeers. There is not the least chance of accomplishing any thing by the measures they propose. Ireland is not prepared for resistance. She has no arms, no ships, and, what is more, no *spirit of unity*. She lacks the sinews of war—she has neither money nor credit. How can such a people cope with the mistress of the seas?

Ten thousand well appointed troops could conquer Ireland in a month. Unless the priests would lead the people, none would fight; and their vocation is better understood than in the days of Peter the Hermit. A single sprinkling of holy-water on any army which could be collected here, and the word of a priest, would scatter it to the four winds. England has cunningly studied their influence and appealed to their cupidity by *promising* to grant them a support from the national treasury.

An idle hope has been whispered that the soldiery, as in France, will fraternize with the people, as soon as a collision takes place, and an opportunity for revolt is given them. There is not the least ground for such expectation. England understands the matter too well. The soldiers and policemen are too well fed, and clothed, and paid, to strike the hand that feeds them. They are like Dr. Madden's clergy which can be "managed like cannon, whose mouths are pointed just as they please who fill their bellies." I have talked with several, who feel very keenly the wrongs and disgrace inflicted upon their country, but I never heard one of them hint at a revolt. They curse the civil, but bless the military power. They swear vengeance against the magistrate who fines or imprisons a repealer, distrains or evicts a tenant, and would join in a mob, to take vengeance for such acts; but, at the beat of the drum, they would fly to their quarters, arm themselves, and shoot down the very men with whom they had taken part ten minutes before. Such is the anomalous character of this people. They are like hawks employed in falconry, trained to devour their own species.

Of one thing I am quite certain: that all attempts at a forcible repeal of the Union will prove abortive, till Britain shall have reached the culminating point; her distant colonies shall revolt, and her returning armies, like those of Rome, proclaim a revolution, and maintain it. Ireland's hope is in the gradual relaxation of the partial laws of feudalism which have so long scourged her. England will

do this as well, as certainly and as soon as Ireland, if set free, would do it for herself, and, in my opinion, much sooner. Ireland suffers most from her own nobility. "A nobility sanctioned by British laws," you say. Very true; but is it certain that a revolution, in the present social condition, would remove all the claims and influence of aristocratic privilege in Church and State? Who ever heard of a nation so rent by factions, so hostile in their local and religious prejudices, so clannish in all their feelings and associations, rising to republican equality? France is trying it. She tried it once before. It is hoped that first lesson is not lost upon her people. But the French are not Irish, by a long way. They are more versatile, more tractable, less clannish, and not half so servile, because not so long and sadly depressed. Portions of Ireland may be ready for a free government. Many a noble heart there is, which beats high and hard for liberty. Of such I have not been speaking. Of the masses I say, they are not qualified for freedom. They could not solve the anarchy which would follow revolution into the elements of republican order and good government. And who of their own countrymen would they follow? Besides, I have little faith in the stability of republics *made for* the people, and *given* to them. They must make them for themselves. Republicans alone can found a republic.

But it should be remembered that these stirs and risings are the preparations for liberty. Furious storms purify the air. The child gains strength by exercise. It may fall and hurt itself a hundred times. It grows wise and strong by its efforts. These are the lessons of humanity, designed for the rulers and the ruled. He must be a dull scholar who will not profit by them. Who does not know that along with enlightenment goes liberty? Mind is superior to matter, and the will guides the action. In politics as in religion, so long as kings can keep the people ignorant, they can exercise despotic power. Let them once be informed, and such power is at an end. Ignorance is

anarchy ; knowledge is freedom. The intermediate is the empire of tyrants ; the field where oppressors do their work. Ignorance will have no government. Wisdom and goodness treats all with equal justice.

The duty is plain : let the people be instructed—let them grow wise by self-culture, and, like one of old, they will soon “ know more than all their teachers.” Until they are so, let governments be indulgent, and throw no hindrance in the way of knowledge to stay the progress of humanity towards its glorious destiny, its complete enfranchisement in the light and liberty of the sons of God. Let not a blind selfishness, a vain ambition, deceive those who, for the time, are entrusted with power, either in state or church, to keep them in ignorance, to sustain a dynasty ; for who would be a king of fools, or priest of bigots ?

England has made some long strides in the work of reform and progress. She is marching on towards liberty. She is solving difficult problems in the science of government. Every year carries her forward. Though occasionally there may seem to be a retrograde movement, it is only apparent. The earth, in its orbit, seems to roll back by its diurnal revolutions. Humanity will progress. The world must be free. In theory, we are in advance of England. In practice, carrying out the details of government, she is not far in the rear—occasionally she darts ahead, and leads the way. Her hostility to Ireland, and support of Irish lords and prelates, is a drawback on her greatness. But these commotions ended, a new line of policy will be adopted towards this ill-fated country :—bankrupt estates will be sold ; absentee landlords sent home ; the burdens will be lessened ; religious equality granted, and a general system of paternal treatment adopted, which can not fail to inspire confidence, encourage industry, and promote order, contentment, and prosperity. *Such* a revolution would do infinitely more, in five years, than all the commotions, and wars, and rebellions of eight centuries—more than all the repeal and embryo revolutions of Orange-men, Ribbon-

men, Molly-Maguire's, or United Irishmen have ever dreamed of. It can not be that England will long remain deaf to such plain demands of justice, humanity, and religion. She can not be so blind to her own interests. Once let such a course be adopted, and all cause of commotion will cease, intimidations will no longer be complained of, and Ireland will become the strong arm of the British Empire. All will be satisfied with it. Catholics, Protestants, Dissenters, Repealers. Orange-men, Ribbon-men—all, with one united voice, will praise the justice, honor the nobleness, and cheerfully obey the laws of a good government, for the Irish are not an ungrateful people. There will be no chance for agitation, for, "where no fuel is, the fire goeth out." Englishmen say "the Irish will be satisfied with nothing." Give them *something*, and see.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY TO THE NORTH.

Phœnix Park.—Cars.—Scenery.—Drogheda.—Carrickmacross.—A Fair.—Monaghan.—A Conversation.—Ballygawley.—Fintona.—Sunday.—Omagh.—Strabane.—Londonderry.—The Foyle.—Giant's Causeway.—Farewell.

May 27.—An other horrid night. The warring elements of my humanity have been so agitated I could not sleep. What is more intolerable than a night of sleepless, feverish agitation, when the memories of the past, and the plans of the future are all jumbled together in wild confusion; when one drowzes and dreams, not knowing whether he is in the body or out of it, whether he is rational or a maniac, alive and a man, or dead and a demon. A blessed thing is sleep, to him who has it, but a real tantalus to one afflicted with *coma vigil*. The wig and cassock of the old Baron, and the scowl upon his wrinkled face; the bland

smile and dignified manner of the venerable Barrister ; the tones of his silvery voice ; the sublime eloquence of his rounded periods ; the shout, and the brandishing batons ; the ghost of poor Mitchel, so wan and pale, gazing wistfully upon wife, and children, and the desolations of Erin ; the clank of chains ; the creaking bolts ; the tramp of sentinels ! Oh, horror, what a night !

It is morning—clear, beautiful, and quiet. Here and there a market-woman, with barrow, basket, or pail, wends her way, with a few vegetables, to the market. We follow them. It is Saturday, and the market is very full of mutton, veal, butter, cabbage, and other varieties. Food is cheaper here than at home, except what is imported. Protection, for revenue, robs the common people of all luxuries.

We took a jaunting-car, and rode through the Phœnix Park. Platoons of soldiers, with haggard faces and dewy caps, were still patrolling the streets ; multitudes were paraded in the Park, about the mansion of the Lord Lieutenant. We rode on, no one disturbing us, through the vast and beautiful grounds, by winding avenues, shady lanes, dense groves, silvery ponds, and flowery paths. A charming spot ! Herds of deer were feeding quietly on the grassy lawns, disturbed only by the evolutions of the soldiers. What a contrast with the condition of the masses in this country ! The vice-regal mansion is a plain, comfortable building, not much superior to some we see along the Hudson. His Excellency was not astir, and we cared not to disturb his troubled slumbers with any of our republican ideas ! We bowed to the sentinels guarding him, and passed on, querying whether it is better to be guarded in a palace, from the insults of an outraged people, or in a prison, from an oppressive government. I had a mind to tell the soldiers and cavalry to “keep off the grass,” as we are told in our parks, for it would not be *worth a cent* for the sheep and goats upon which this poor people are so dependent. Fudge on this pomp and parade of nobility !

What an abuse of God's blessings! Our President has no soldiers to guard his life. What a mighty fuss about the words of a small, middle-aged man, the son of a dissenting clergyman, very respectable in every thing but his language! Who will say "words are trifles?" Ha, ha, ha! this is a great world! and England is a great government! Queen Victoria is a great woman, to be robbed of her "royal name" by such a man—and Lord Clarendon is a great man, and Baron Lefroy is a great judge, and if they do not look out, they will make a great man of John Mitchel!

But I have done with thee, Dublin, thou city of ancient splendor and modern shame, of magnificent edifices and a puny people. I leave thee with no regret. I would not stay and hear sentence pronounced upon that honest man, who is guilty of no crime but telling the truth, from such lips as that old Baron's. Sweet words can never pass such a threshold. Humane thoughts never dwell beneath such a frown. Heaven spare thee yet a little, and raise thy 250,000 souls, to taste the sweets of love, intelligence, and liberty.

At seven o'clock, we took cars for Drogheda, on our route to the North. The station-house, though spacious solid, and convenient, has nothing of the neatness and splendor of that connected with the great Southwestern Railway. The cars come into the second story, the track being on a level with the roofs of the houses, thus passing over the streets, and avoiding all danger by contacts with carriages and foot-men. With a more democratic spirit than we see, in such cases, in our country, corporations are not allowed to impinge the rights and safety of the people, but required to build their roads out of the way. In no cases are they permitted to enter the dense portions of populous cities.

We took our seats in the second class, which is here by far the most popular and *fashionable*. The first class is for the "nobility and gentry." In the train there are *three*

classes. In the first there were but five persons; in the second seventy or eighty; in the third fifteen or twenty. The third class answers to our second. The prices differ about one-third. By law, a train has to be run daily for a penny a mile. The prices in the other classes is optional with the companies. The cars are small, and divided into three apartments, with two rows of seats running across, each row facing the other, and, of course, one-half riding backwards. Each class is on the same plan, the only difference is, the first class has three windows on a side, with cushioned seats and stuffed backs; the second has the same except the stuffed backs; the third is minus the cushions, and two windows on a side. The *second* class cars have often been used for the first, but, like other distinctions, for want of patronage, reduced in rank. In some cases the middle portion is for the *first* class, and that on either end, for the *second*. A thin wall divides the ranks of society! It is but a step from plebeianism to aristocracy, from virtuous intelligence to the caste of nobility, from the sublime to the ridiculous—and that is—*downward*. An inch board divides a lord from an honest christian! The evil is, they sit back to back. Could they but come face to face, these false distinctions would soon be looked out of countenance.

The egress from the city, by this road, is remarkably beautiful and interesting. Being above the interference of any obstruction to the vision, a fine view is obtained of the semi-circular bay, with its three mile pier, terminated by a light-house, of the unique hill of Killiney, the charming villas, groves, and fields which border the south shore, ascending back to the distant hills. Before us the rich and highly cultivated grounds of Clontarf spread off to the bold headland of Howth, and are adorned with old baronial castles, and churches, and abbeys in ruins, modern villas, and straggling hamlets.

Who that knows aught of Irish history, has not heard of Clontarf Brian Boroihme, and his victory over Sitric, king

of the Ostmen. Here is the spot where that famous battle was fought on "Good Friday," 1014. Time, as if ashamed of its deeds, has left no traces of that fearful conflict, in which more than eleven thousand human beings, including the great Conquerer and his son Murchad, were sacrificed to the god of war. In those days it was heroic to die on the battle-field; and, by the rule of the world's estimate, few men more noble than Brian have died more gloriously. He had subdued the hostility of the different provinces, united all the clans of his country under his imperial sceptre, twice beaten the Danes, and now, in the moment of victory, receives his death-wound; and his son, the heir to his crown, falls by his side! Yet Irish gratitude has reared no cenotaph, but in history and the nation's hearts, to mark this spot, or commemorate the event. Great actions need no monument.

We felt happy in being freed from the tumult and excitement of the city; glad to look upon the open world and breathe the free air of heaven. The sea, near which we passed, lay calm and tranquil, and, from its mirror surface, reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. The rugged headlands and rocky islets, which rise boldly from the sea to the height of several hundred feet, with ancient round towers, light-houses, and modern Martello towers, crowning their summits, and the ruins of castles, churches, and abbeys strown over them; the soft silvery bays and little inlets, over which we swept on our way, were far more attractive than the miserable fishing villages, dirty hovels, thatched cabins, ragged, squalid population, and occasional aristocratic mansions, which we passed on the route. Malahide, Lusk, Rush, Skerries, Balbriggan, are the only places of mention before reaching Drogheda, and only the last of these show many signs of life and comfort.

Drogheda is a large, close-built town, bearing the marks of age and business. It is situated on the estuary of the Boyne, which is navigable to the bridge. A considerable number of small vessels are lying in port. We noticed

some very respectable buildings, the jail, work-house, and barracks, churches of different denominations, friaries, and nunneries. We observed one convent, which is very handsomely situated, and looked as if the occupants had some respect to the comforts of *this* life. A passenger pointed out to us an embattled tower of an old abbey, in ruins, a breach in which he said was made by Cromwell's cannon—Puritan balls battering down Catholic establishments!—a poor way to convert the world! The streets are narrow, with high, Dutch looking houses, huddled together without respect to comfort or order. A fair show of business is indicated by a large grain market, several cotton, wool, flax, and corn mills; large stores, tanneries, salt-works, breweries, distilleries, and steam and sail vessels. We noticed some boats on the river, above the bridge, which ply into the interior several miles.

Two miles up the river is pointed out the place of the famous battle of the Boyne, in 1690, where an obelisk has been erected to the memory of the Duke of Schomberg, who fell in the fight, and near the spot where king William's army crossed the Boyne

After leaving the miserable huts forming the suburbs of the town, we had little to interest us for some distance, except the fun and nonsense of a half drunken Irishman, and young fellow some-way connected with this line of coaches. The youngster passed himself off as the "Marquis of Collybeg," and claimed of the poor inebriate, respect due to his station. Many a keen joke passed between them; the incredulous toper—whom we named "Lord Staggereen"—denying his claim to such a title. We were not a little amused at this bandying of high-sounding titles by men not much less worthy than many who play their pranks in sober earnest. "What makes the mighty differ," after all? These men *amuse* themselves *and others* with their nonsense; others confine all the amusement to themselves, and torture others in doing it. I felt as much respect for the "Marquis of Collybeg" as for any other artificial

nobleman; nay more than for some of "blood," for he has done the world some service, and shown some honest principle, by making himself useful in taking good care of the horses—feeding them well, and keeping them sleek and fit for the journey, while they do little more than kill time, neglect opportunity, abuse confidence, squander means, vegetate in indolence, a disgrace to themselves and humanity. And "Lord Staggereen" deserved as much of my compassion, for having fallen under the untoward influences of a legalized business, as any aristocratic family, whose character and estates have gone to decay, by their foolish extravagance and wicked habits. Both need a reform.

Soon after leaving Drogheda the aspect of the country changes; instead of smooth rounded hills, the land becomes poorer, the hills more rocky and elevated, and the country generally more uneven than about Dublin, or even in the south, except among the mountains of Killarney. As we ascended the hills, we had fine views of the pretty country along the Boyne and south of it, and along the coast to the north-east as far as the mountains of Armagh and Down. Before us the surface became more uneven, and the hills more rough and lofty, but, in some places, the well tilled farms and comfortable dwellings, the spreading valleys, and well-stocked pastures, showed signs of thrift and industry, sufficient to indicate what *might* be done under more favorable circumstances. The face of the country reminded me of parts of New England, but there were wanting the neat farm houses, and large barns, extensive fields, thrifty villages, pretty churches, school-houses, and well-habited population. Every thing wears the appearance of age and decay, like farms whose owners have grown old or died, and left them in the charge of indolent and profligate sons. Occasionally we passed an estate under good cultivation, with an elegant mansion-house, with out-buildings, garden, shade-trees, walks, fountains, fields, every thing to correspond with a display of taste and wealth rarely seen at home. But almost invariably, a miserable hamlet of thatched cabins,

tenanted by miserable inhabitants, the men idling about the taverns, the women "sitting on the style," the children with smutty faces, and almost bare of clothes, at play around the mud-holes and muck-heaps before the doors. Such sights suggested a thought of an other kind of New England villages, where the agents of the factorics live, in large handsome houses, with a neat paling about the front yards, while the poor workers, men, women, and children, whose bones and sinews, fingers and sweat, time and life, are wasted to enrich the lords of the spindles, are crowded into rows of low inconvenient houses, dingy about the doors and windowsills, and every way slovenly and repulsive. And I could not help comparing the actual condition of the people living under such circumstances. The contrast was so similar I could hardly strike a balance in favor of either. Both depend upon the will of their *lord*, for all they have; for the house they live in, the prices of labor, the means of their subsistence. Neither is compelled to *stay* against their will, but they have no *will*—to do otherwise. Both complain of their condition, but neither has ability to improve it. Both lead a cringing, servile life, and must act, and vote, and almost think, to suit their arrogant employers. Human nature is about the same in Europe and America, in an Irish town or factory village, an "Up-town," or "West-End" palace, or Georgia Plantation.

A few miles out from Drogheda, the extensive remains of an ancient abbey were pointed out. They stand on a picturesque site, in a romantic valley about a mile from the road. The martial tower, which was added to the abbey after the suppression of the monastic orders, when it was converted into a feudal castle and fitted up for a place of defence, the gateway, and chapel are all that remain, of what was once a vast religious establishment. These monuments of piety and pride, learning and superstition, oppression and indolence, intolerance and war, carry the thoughts back through strange and jarring elements, through which humanity has jostled on to its present somewhat improved

and hopeful condition. And still these monuments stand as objects of curiosity to this age, especially to one unfamiliar as I am with the outward forms of religious and political feudalism. Wont to breathe the air of liberty from my childhood, taught by my father that the only distinction to be tolerated among men is based on personal merit, and that to God every one is responsible for what he is and what he does, I have come to have a profound abhorrence for all the assumptions of aristocracy, whether of birth, wealth, or profession. The man who makes a *good* boot is more honorable than he who makes a *bad* lord. It is not the vocation that honors the man, but the man the vocation. A despotic king, an unjust judge, a proud and licentious priest, an ungenerous and iron-hearted man of wealth, and a faithless friend, are abominations in the sight of God, and the loathing of just and honorable minds.

Collon is a neat little town, the property of Viscount Massarene, and formerly the residence of Lord Oriel, the last speaker of an Irish Parliament. The comparative neatness and order of this town, give it an air of comfort and rural beauty which speak volumes in praise of the "proprietor." It is such an evidence as every Irish landlord should exhibit, under existing laws—a disposition to do all he can for the improvement of his tenantry, for thereby he will not only serve them but enrich himself, and thus do good service for the world while in it. But if suspicions are not groundless, these improvements, in part, are owing to English gold and Irish treachery, by which the liberty of this nation was bartered into the Union.

The road hence, by Ardee, the capital of Lowth, to Carrickmacross, runs through a rough tract of country, broken into rocky hills, narrow valleys, full of low meadows, small lakes, and wet bogs. Still, it is romantic, and some parts are tolerably cultivated. Decent dwellings, all over this county, have specific names, by which they are designated. Usually, though not always, the name of the town, village, or hamlet is appropriated to

them, as "*Collybeg Castle*, the residence of the noble Marquis of Collybeg;" "*Potcheen House*, Lord Stag-gereen;" "*Lackbrain Lodge*, Earl Nonsense;" "*Fudgeton*, Sir Nolen McNinney;" "*Killmanfield*, Right Hon. Twistem Thumbscrew;" "*Dull-lawney*, Pridegirt O'Fustian, Esq.;" "*Drumdiddle Hall*, Mrs. O'Fussbetty;" "*Groggerly Hollow*, Mrs. McWhiskey," and such like euphonious and expressive terms. One thing has struck me with much force: such aristocratic names sound amazingly English, as if they had their origin and use subsequent to the Conquest. I have thought a new field for the exploration of English historians might be found here, especially for those of the Philological Society, and that, by tracing the form and use of some of these terms of designation, a little insight might be gained into the origin and progress of aristocratic privileges and oppressions. Such a work would, doubtless, be read with some interest and profit, by a certain class at home, who ape the customs of foreigners, and give great names to parts of streets, as if it were more honorable to live in "Humbug Place" than Humdrum Avenue. And those who name their old farm-houses by some "great swelling word" would undoubtedly peruse such a work with pleasure. It might do for General Jackson to call his house "The Hermitage," Mr. Clay, "Ashland," and Mr. Van Buren, "Lindenwald," but even in them it looks a little *un-democratic*. I once heard a story told of an Europeanized American of some literary pretensions, who named his residence, in honor and love of his wife, "Glen-Mary." An honest old Dutchman, near by, who loved his wife as well, imitated the refined and literary example, and called his place "Glen-Betsey."

Carrickmacross is the first town in Ulster. To us it was rendered attractive by the vast assemblage of people. It was Fair-day, and the street, for a mile, was crowded with people, horses, hogs, cows, asses, sheep, and goats, young and old; dry goods, groceries, books, boots, dried

fruit, green vegetables, grain, potatoes, butter, cheese—all sorts of things, jumbled together helter-skelter. Auctioneers were bawling, pedlars hawking, babies crying, women scolding, men drinking, smoking, and quarreling; the young folks chatting, laughing, dancing, frolicking. Beggars of all descriptions haunting us from one end of the town to the other. It was judged 5000 people, 500 head of cattle, as many sheep, and hogs without number were there, and goods enough to clothe, and provisions enough to feed the whole. But, alas, few were permitted to do more than look at them. It was a sort of beggars' fair. The lame, the halt, the blind, the sick, the decrepit, were there, begging of whom they could, and exhibiting their deformities to excite sympathy and secure a penny. Of course, decently clad strangers, able to ride in a coach, could not pass unbegged. We were importuned at every step. Here a mother thrust her skeleton child into our faces; an other exposed her cancer breast; a little girl led her blind father to us; a fourth exhibited a fractured leg. The most hideous looking being I ever saw in mortal shape was an old man, a complete skeleton, doubled together, his chin resting on his knees, with his fleshless legs and arms exposed to view. As we passed him, he turned upon us a deathly stare, and stretched out his long thin arm, muttering a prayer in the name of the Almighty and the Holy Virgin, that we would give him *something* to keep him from *starving*. His hollow cheeks, projecting jaws, eyeballs sunken deep in their sockets—oh, horror, I can not describe him—the image of Death, doubled together!

Carrickmacross was granted, by Queen Elizabeth, to the Earl of Essex, and is still possessed by his descendants—the Marquis of Bath has one portion, neglected, filthy, and miserable; Mr. Shirley the other, who is on the spot, to look after his estate, which shows signs of thrift and comfort. How different from the towns in our country. Here the will of one man regulates every thing. The people have no *will*, or, what is the same, no opportunity to exer-

cise it, no individual enterprise, no pride, no ambition, nothing to stimulate them. They bend, by dire necessity, to the dictate of their earth-lord. If he is a man of soul, of enterprise, all goes very well; if the reverse, and a hard-hearted, indolent, pleasure-loving spendthrift, his tenantry—the population of a whole town—must suffer for his sins; children be brought up in filth and ignorance, on a subsistence barely sufficient to keep soul and body together. More pains is taken to rear a fine colt than a fine child; to keep a large, well-filled hunting park, than a decent village, furnished with the means of comfort and intelligence. And then the poor Irish are belabored, by every John Bull, as an indolent, worthless race, destitute of all enterprise, doing nothing for their own improvement. Why does one side of Carrickmacross present tokens of thrift and comfort so superior to the other?

Passing Castle Claney, a town of some business, and tolerably well built, we came to Monaghan, the county town, where the coach stopped for the passengers to dine. I thought it a favorable place for such a service; but while waiting for necessary preparations, the beggars came about us so thick, and looked so famished and destitute, that I could not eat in peace. I bought some small loaves of barley bread and distributed among them. They received them with many thanks, and prayers, “May the blisssed Virgin protict ye and give ye a safe journey; may the good Lord reward ye in heaven”—and devoured it with an apparently keen relish. I tried to eat some, just to see what food they live on. It was intolerable; so tough I could scarcely masticate it. I was glad to find others willing to do that service for me.

I called at a confectionary and bought some cakes. The keeper, a well dressed woman, asked me if I had come from Dublin, and how the case of Mr. Mitchel had been decided. I answered, against him. She clasped her hands and raised her eyes, exclaiming, “Oh, my God, is it possible! I am a Catholic, but it is a bitter shame that a man like Mr. Mitchel

should be hung for speaking in favor of his country, and pleading for the life and honor of our people. But, alas!" she sighed, "what can we do? Our landlords wrench from us all our earnings, and our taxes eat up all we have. We shall soon all be in the work-house."

"Oh," said I cheeringly, "come to America; we are all lords there, and those who will deserve it may live comfortably."

"Would to God I were there, for now I have no longer an attachment to my country. We are no country. We are only a province, the vassals of England; and they will hang our best men, for daring to tell them the truth. Shame, shame, shame," and she actually wept.

I spoke some words of encouragement, assuring her they would not hang Mitchel, and that steps would be taken to ameliorate the condition of her countrymen. "Never, never; we have been promised too long. England has no love for us."

"Nor you for them," I interrupted.

"No, by the living heavens, we have not—and how can we have? Love those who cheat, oppress, and starve us? Never, so long as I have a heart to feel an insult."

"But you should love your enemies."

"That will do to preach and talk about at church, but this is no time to practice it. It is a day of vengeance, a time of calamity. We have suffered too long and too severely, to submit to such cold-blooded outrages peaceably. You know nothing of the miserable condition of this country. And now English bayonets are to stop our mouths. We must submit in silence. When one is angry it is a relief to speak, and a word will check grief. But no; we can speak no more. Next they will not let us think"

"Ay, that is the fault of your people," said I; "you have not been allowed to *think* freely. You have been told *what* to think, and what you must not believe. You have not been taught to read God's word, to think, believe, and

act for yourselves, and how can you be free? how can you unite to assert and defend your rights?"

"I confess there is a wrong, a great wrong, somewhere; that we can accomplish nothing. And there is now no hope. O'Connell, from the west, and a Catholic, could not succeed; and now Mr. Mitchel, from the north, a Protestant, is condemned. We are doomed to ruin and disgrace."

"Till your people become intelligent, industrious, and capable of freedom!"

"What of that? My husband and myself have labored industriously, and been most economical; we have done our best to deserve a competence. We can barely live. It takes every thing to pay rents and cesses, whether we have little or much. No, Sir, there is no hope for Ireland; the cloud of final despair has closed over us, for ever. Our doom is sealed;" and tears glistened in her eyes.

"But you suffer from your associations with others, less industrious and frugal, whom you are obliged to help support. When they become like you, a better fortune will attend you."

"That may be true, in part. But are not the established clergy informed? Are not English lords informed? Do not the Queen and her ministers understand? And what is done to ease our burdens, and improve our condition? Nothing, Sir, nothing, but, every year, we are taxed more and more; and if we thrive at all our rents are raised. One man owns every thing, and we can not remove to an other part of the town to continue our business; and we must continue where we are and submit to every oppression, or quit the country. If you are an American you ought to judge more correctly, for I hear you are just and honorable, even to the poor."

"I confess your lot is hard; and with you, I agree that the prospect of any thing better looks dubious indeed. I can see how you could be better, but I do not see how you are to *begin* to improve. If your lords would do right, all

would, in time, go well, provided the people would do right also."

"I hope you don't think the people ought to submit to the oppressions and injustice inflicted on them," said she, reproachfully.

"Not at all, madam; I mean they should do right by *themselves*; study to be wise, to be industrious, to be neat, to live in peace, and shame their lords, and——

"Shame their lords. Shame the devil as soon," said she, sneeringly. "Every Irishman will despise them for the wrongs they have done."

"That is the evil. You have not enough of the spirit of forgiveness. You mutually recriminate one another. You must all try to do better; you must all repent, and mutually forgive, as you hope to be forgiven. Your priests must *instruct*, and not *rule* the people; your lords must help and not oppress them. Human governments are nothing where moral principle prevails. In short, you must love, and not devour one another. *You must be Christians*, true, practical, christians; familiar with the truth and precepts of the gospel. You must rise above party, above sect. You must not be Catholics and Protestants from education, and for the sake of the party, but Christians from *principle*, from the love of truth and virtue. In America we have all sorts of doctrines in religion and politics, but people are coming to be esteemed for what they are worth morally, intellectually, socially."

"That is all well, and in your country it can be practised; but here I assure you it can not."

"Why, my dear woman, Christianity can be practised every where, so be a person has its spirit, and submits to its power. We may come as far short as you do. But I am speaking of the *principle* as a *means of progress* and social improvement. Your people have been trained from infancy to *submit* to the priest, to submit the highest faculty of the soul—that which should be independent—appealing with confidence to God, *directly*, not through another mor-

tal. They have not dared to think for themselves, as answerable to the great Judge, who knows the heart, and all its motives. So, when they are grown up, they submit to *temporal* as well as spiritual governors, who abuse their privilege, and play the tyrant at your expense. At length the burdens become insupportable, and you revolt: First, against that which seems the more direct cause of your misery; that which lies nearest you in your crushed condition—the landlord, the tax-gatherer, the State. If you will search, you will find, back of all this, in your *habit of submission* to the will and dictate of others, is owing one great cause of the misery you complain of. You want “*soul-liberty*” most. That must precede every other. ‘Seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness; then shall these things be added to you.’”

“There is some force in your remarks, I must confess; but how can we come to understand them? Stay, kind sir,” added she, imploringly, “and teach them to our people.”

“I fear your people would not hear them from a foreigner, and a Protestant: and besides you have men to teach them to you. You can read them in the Bible.”

“But they have condemned Mr. Mitchel for teaching them, and our priests do not encourage us to read the Bible. Many can not if they would.”

“The error of Mr. Mitchel was in being too rash. He had *faith*, but lacked ‘patience,’ like most other reformers. He should have taken more time to *prepare* the people for freedom. It will not do to hasten the growth, if we would have it sure and strong. The oak is not produced in a day. Jonah’s gourd grew in a night, and it perished in a night ‘First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.’ Time is essential to maturity. As for your priests, they must study over again the duties of a good minister of Jesus Christ; and, to their other excellent qualities add an ‘*aptness to teach*,’ and must be more zealous to serve than to rule the people. For yourselves, you must read, reflect, and act. Teach these little

ones," continued I, looking at some pretty and neatly clad children who had a little before came into the room, "to read God's Holy Word, to understand it, and love and obey it; and persuade your neighbors to do so to theirs, and such as can not do it, you should help. This is the work of humanity, and God will bless you for it; and, as soon as your nation is grown into the light of knowledge, it will possess a power that will be irresistible to wrong. By knowledge, your wrongs shall be redressed, and your people made free, and prosperous, and happy."

She was about to add some thing, when, looking across the "Diamond" square, I saw the horses harnessed to the coach. I scattered the change she had given me among her pretty children, bade her farewell, and hastened to join my companions, distributing my cakes among the hungry beggars who flocked about us. The good lady impressed me favorably by her manners and intelligence. Every thing about her establishment looked neat and orderly, and she certainly exhibited a degree of talent and feeling which would honor the women of any country. I have not done full justice to her remarks. It was impossible to give her language. She spoke fluently, and in that round, smooth voice so peculiar to the educated Irish, and used a style of phraseology which must be heard to be appreciated. I could not banish her from my mind. She spoke with earnestness, and with a full knowledge of the condition of her country. There is hope for Ireland; for when the women become enlisted in a cause, it must prosper. They rule the world.

Monaghan exhibits some signs of improvement. A handsome modern church, court-house, work-house, college, and some older buildings of fair appearance, such as houses of worship for the Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, and a few private dwellings. The jail and barracks must not be omitted, for they stand prominent in every large town. The latter is a cavalry station, and a fair show of military is daily kept up to frighten the people

into loyalty. Near the town, we passed the canal, from Belfast to Inniskillen, on which we noticed a few dirty coal boats, and one or two loaded with grain and lumber. What adds greatly to this town, is its elevated position, and the pleasant groves about it, which, in this country, so perfectly destitute of any thing like forests, have a peculiar charm we had never attached to them.

The country, from Monaghan by Emyvale, is prettily diversified with hills, vales, streams, and small loughs. The farms are in a tolerable state of improvement. Every thing looks decidedly better than is common in the west and south. The farms are smaller and better cultivated, the cottages neater and more comfortable; the people are better dressed, and appear more cheerful and intelligent; and, out of the towns, there is less begging, and fewer sights of abject misery. Still there is not that marked improvement we had hoped to find in Ulster, from all we had heard in its praise. A fellow-passenger assured us it is far better to the east, in Armagh, Down, and Antrim, but I begin to fear the prosperity of Ireland is like the poor man's treasure, always in prospect, or like the bag of gold hung at either end of the rainbow, fleeing as it is approached.

Passing Aughnacloy, a market-town, containing a single street, and some narrow lanes, a *church*, a Catholic *chapel*, and *meeting-houses* for other denominations—such are the designations here—we came to Ballygawley, where we left the stage, and took a car to Fintona. The lusty guard tipped his hat to us, and asked us to give him “something.” As he had done us no service, we refused. He looked angry and began to bluster, when the driver, who had been very polite to us, answering our thousand questions about what we saw, and affording us a good deal of information about the country and the people, and amusement with his Irishisms and “Lord Stagreen,” whispered to him, and all was right.

While waiting for the car, we were beset by numerous beggars. One, a half-clad woman, not much above middle

age, followed us into the hotel, asking us to give "poor Betty a ha'penny." The inn-keeper seized hold of her and dragged her out, as though she had been a brute. She squalled, and begged, and threatened, in a most indecent manner, using language too base and profane for repetition. I have been surprised at the unfeelingness manifested towards the miserable wretches who infest all the towns and villages of this country. They are scorned and driven away as if they were reptiles, and by those barely a grade above them. But this conduct has an explanation in the condition of society, the distinctions, oppressions, and consequent ignorance, poverty, and degradation. They make beggary the business of their lives. They become a race, a beggar bandit, and have no higher aim than to live upon others earnings for they can do nothing for themselves. Multitudes of this miserable class are annually transported to our shores by public charity, merely to get rid of them. Our large cities are yearly more and more infested with them. Social evils do not stop with individuals directly implicated in guilt. They are diffusive, spreading their baneful influences like a mildew, upon the whole community. In our country we suffer severely from the injuries inflicted upon the people of this country, and it becomes an object worthy of our government to inquire into the remedies for these evils. It would be wrong, perhaps, to refuse to admit the *pauper* population of Great Britain into our States—it might appear uncharitable; but it *will* become a question for our statesmen to solve, whether America is to be made the alms-house of all creation—whether emigrants shall not bring something more than their skin and bones, and rags, and dirt, and vermin, in order to gain a residence, and be adopted as citizens. A family, neighborhood, or town would not be satisfied—would not suffer such a state of things. Why should a nation submit to such an imposition upon good nature? England is going to some expense to ship off her poor to Australia, thinking they can be supported cheaper there than at home. But little

will be done in that way, so long as £4 will send them to the open arms of Brother Jonathan, who will take good care of them. I would not shut the doors of our country against foreigners; nor against the poor who are abandoned by their (un) natural guardians; but I would have a proper discretion used about the *terms* on which we shall adopt our neighbor's children and all the foundlings in creation. I would let them know that we will not father all the offspring of their illicit and inhuman intercourse; that they must send them to us tolerably clad, decently fed, with enough practical knowledge to make them capable of self-support, with the advantages we can give them. Let the standard be that no emigrants shall be landed except such as can read and write, and have some knowledge of work, unless too young, or with money sufficient to support themselves till they can learn to do so. The time was when England would allow no artisan to come to us from that country, for fear we should steal some of their trades. We have found them out, and grown rich, and she is taking vengeance by sending all her paupers to us for support. Her political offenders we would take off her hands, willingly; for they know some thing and we are not afraid of their radicalisms; I would respectfully suggest whether it would not be politic and humane to send Messrs. Mitchel, O'Brien, Meagher, O'Donohue, and others, to us and save the great expense of fitting out ships, and mariners, and military stations to provide for their safety and comfort. We will use them well, and their wives and little ones, and agree they shall do no mischief. The money so saved would help many a poor Irishman to a patch of earth on which to support his wife and children.

"Poor Betty" and the crowd hung about the door, and when we came out to mount the car, she redoubled her entreaties with such vehemence that all the other beggars were put to shame. The landlord asked her if she could not let the gentlemen go in peace. She turned to him a look of defiance and said, "And would ye let poor Betty stharve

ye old carlin and brute, to thrate a pour woman so. The gintilmen knoo better as ye, and they have a shoul to fale for a craytur in distress." In every town there are lots of idlers, loafing about, who are pleased with any thing which breaks the tedium of their vacancy, and excites the least degree of entertainment.

On the hill above the street is the demesne of Sir Hugh Stewart, the "owner of the town," and an extensive tract about it. It sounds queer to be told that this man or that owns a whole town of several thousand inhabitants, and every thing around it. Were it so generally in our country, Anti-rentism would soon work a revolution.

The road to Fintona is crooked, and, in some places wild and romantic; in others very beautiful, bordered by rows of trees, and occasionally decent cottages, and respectable farm houses. But every now and then, the country is "disfigured" by hamlets of miserable, low huts, with thatched roofs and every thing slovenly about them. The face of the land itself is less beautiful than through Monaghan, containing a large share of dreary moor, wet bogs, and heather hills. Industry, however, has been employed to some account, so that, on the whole, this region compares favorably with most other parts of the kingdom, and is decidedly in a better condition than some portions of the south and west, though naturally, far less beautiful and productive.

We drove to the only inn in the town, and put up for the night, weary and willing to be satisfied with such accommodation as we could find. Had it been otherwise, we might have been less contented. But when people do all they *know* with the means they have—the ladies give up the best room in the house, it is not well to complain. The traveler goes to see more than to improve, the world, and should be content to view things as they are, and not find fault because every thing is not as he would have it.

May 28.—It is a calm, sweet Sunday morning. There is some thing beautiful in the Christian Sabbath. Nature seems more quiet and serene; the sun shines brighter; the

birds sing sweeter ; the grass looks greener ; the flowers bloom fresher ; and every body appears more cheerful and happy. The smile of God is upon all his works. The pure in heart see God, and delight to worship at his holy altar.

I see, from my chamber, multitudes of people going to early mass, in squads of three or four, seeming quite cheerful and happy. The street is full of them. I always admired the devotion of the Catholics. I have seen them in our city, in cold mid-winter mornings, assemble before daylight, to hear the service, or repeat the "Pater Nosters." Sincerity always commands respect, and should be treated generously, however much we may deplore the ignorance and superstition some times connected with it. These people give proof of their honesty and piety. But these are not enough, the only requisites of religion. They do not "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ?" Christianity is represented as a *race*, and all are required to *run* in it. To do so, a feeling of liberty and responsibility is necessary for every *individual*, who will be thus stimulated to *go forward*, relying upon God and his own exertions for success. For not having been so taught, Ireland, the church, and the world now suffer. Blame is attached to other times, and circumstances complained of, and every method devised to shirk responsibility, even if it be by reproaching the providence of God himself. Coupled with the submission and quietism insisted on by the church, is the practical doctrine of a virtual fatality, which is generally cherished, and leads to the inactivity, and moral and social dormancy which every where prevails. The people have no faith in any thing better. They see no gleam of light, no Jacob's ladder for their ascent to a better condition. A dark pall is spread all over them, and they sit down, and fold their arms in sullen despair, and rise only when compelled to go to their *tasks* of work or prayer, and return to their scanty meal of stir-a-bout, or potatoes, and pallet of straw. They never seek to rise. They have no faith, no heart,

no hope. How *can* they make an effort? Submission, patient, uncomplaining, hopeless, soul-killing submission! That is their lesson from year to year, and every day of their lives, in the field and in the church; taught alike by policeman and beadle, magistrate and priest. Where is Ireland's hope? Where the remedy of her wrongs? Her weary, starved children turn their dim eyes and cadaverous faces towards America. But if they take their priests and their prejudices, their ignorance and their indolence with them there, they shall gain little by the change. They can lose nothing—so their game is desperate, as far as home is concerned. They can not be worse; they may be better—so they submit to the fate which compels them to go. When there, they must be taught the first lessons of manhood—to be free—to think and act for themselves—to do and to be for themselves—to rise above servitude—to despise submission to another's will—and then, with humility their own, engage in whatever offers, not as “eye-servants,” but from *principle*, ready to do what ever is honest, knowing that such is *honorable*.

While at breakfast, we received a call from the kinsman of my friend, who invited us to “Castle Lodge,” a neat little cottage, just out of the village, standing back from the road, fronted by a handsome flower and culinary garden, and shaded by some stately trees, with a lawn spreading off to the left, and a hill rising in the rear. Every thing about it looks neat, genteel, and comfortable. We were glad to avail ourselves of such an opportunity to refresh our spirits by an interchange of sentiments, and the tokens of friendship, which add so much to the comforts and charms of life.

The Surgeon is an intelligent man, retired, on half-pay, from the naval service, in which he spent several years at different stations in Europe, Asia, and America, of a kind disposition, and thoroughly British in his feelings. He expressed the loftiest admiration of the naval prowess of his country, and, though stationed on our coast during a part

of the last war, had no particular knowledge of certain encounters between the lion and the eagle; and, as guests, we took no pains to refresh his memory. We were more anxious to learn his views of the condition and prospects of Ireland, the cause and cure of her miseries. Upon these topics we conversed freely, and at length. He spoke of the ignorance and misery of Ireland in the severest terms, and attributed all to the *wickedness of the priests* and *indolence* of the people, called them lazy, bigoted, restless, ungovernable; and said "they are like the Canaanites, doomed of God, to extinction." In my thoughts I added, and the English are like the Jews, a hard-hearted, stiff-necked, and disobedient nation, most highly favored, but most cruelly oppressive in the use of their privileges. We questioned him till the subject became clear to my mind. He had been one of the immense number hired and paid by government to do nothing but help waste the energies of the nation. After a few years service in patching up broken limbs, and extracting lead bullets, he retired to an easy and comfortable life. All who, like him, live out of the public soup dish, may well complain of those who juggle their elbows.

A curious expedient is resorted to in this country to secure the payment of rents. Large tracts of lands are rented in what is called "rundale" or "partnership holdings." The land-owner, or large middle-man, induces several tenants to take a tract in *common*, and divide and work it to suit themselves; by this means they are able to make each one jointly, and severally, liable for the *whole* rent; so that if one does not pay, he can levy on the property of the whole, and distrain or eject at pleasure. In short, no contrivance which avarice can suggest, or extortion execute, is wanting to wrench from the people the last farthing to support aristocratic distinctions. This downward course has been pursued so long, that both owners and occupants have become miserable together, and their existence is their mutual dependence. One can not rise without the other,

neither can sink much lower. The first are anxious to keep up their *honorable* and *ancient family* distinction, the other must have a living, or it can not be done. Most estates are heavily incumbered, and mortgages, by chancery right, are always more oppressive and unfeeling than the nominal owners. Thus a double curse is inflicted on the common people. I have before suggested that Ireland can never prosper till this whole system is changed, and the people permitted to hold a *right* in the soil, either by long lease or in fee, which is infinitely better.

An other cause of the great misery in the north, our friend attributed to the failure of the linen business, by the introduction of machinery and foreign competition. This was formerly the principal resource of this part of the country. Spinning wheels for the women, and looms for the men, were in every cabin; now they are rarely seen. Every two weeks, markets were held in all large towns, where each workman brought his web, and each woman her yarn. The cloth was sold and the yarn bought, and each returned with his fortnight's gains. The farmer was there with his flax, the merchant with his cash, and all was life and prosperity. Those days are past. Machinery drives spindles, and shuttles faster, and cheaper, and these poor spinners and weavers have nothing to do. Belfast, with a few thousand girls and boys' makes all the cloth, at a cheap rate, while the millions before employed are left without work, and Englishmen and royalists call them *lazy*. Corporations monopolize the whole business, and individual enterprise is left to starve. Belfast thrives while the interior towns go to decay. The business of the *country* is increased and the *few* get the benefit, while the masses are made worse. "But this need not be." *It is*, and you must convince these people that "it need not be."

The more general introduction of manufactories *might* improve the country. There is vast water power on the Shannon, the Lee, the Boyne, the Foyle, at Ballyshannon, at Coloony, at Ballysodore, at Erris, at Galway: let turned

upon machinery ; let the people be employed ; let landlords come home and take care of their farms ; and those who do not own any be cut off from their pretences ; let the crown lands be offered to the people, as a reward for industry ; let the bogs be drained, and waste lands be reclaimed ; let the immense fisheries be no longer neglected, nor the mines unworked ; in short, let the resources of Ireland be developed for the *good of the people* ; give them a free church, and common schools, and little will be heard, in ten years, of the ignorance, misery, indolence, and intimidation of the Celtic race : no wail of wo, nor stench of misery will be wafted over this fair, and beautiful Isle but that which comes from a corrupt and dying aristocracy.

We attended church at eleven. The building is neat, and comfortable, much like ours at home, except a pew on each side of the desk, *elevated* a step or two, with red curtains about them, for the “proprietors” of the town. The rest are on a *level*. The audience was small, say 150, half of whom were well clad, the rest attired in the costumes of the country. The sermon was very good—on love as the basis of all true religion and piety, and charity as the duty of the Christian. It was appropriate to a collection taken in behalf of the Tyrone Orphan Asylum, which was declared to be “unsectarian, for Catholics and Dissenters, as much as for Churchmen, for all whom misfortune has overtaken.” I was glad to hear that announcement. Charity should know no limits. The blessed spirit of Christianity will find its way to human hearts ; it will rise above all prejudice, and breathe life and love every where. The age of exclusiveness is passing away. Old forms remain—they are no more than shadows—the chrysalid investments, no longer needed. The world is undergoing the process of regeneration. God, in humanity, will assert his rightful claim, and “his will be done in earth as in heaven.” Amen !

Returning, we noticed the shops were open for traffic, as on week days ; the dram shops appeared to be too well pa-

tronized. Every where in this county we see the fearful words emblazoned, prophetic of misery and crime—"Licensed to sell beer and spirits;" to which are frequently added "wine and tobacco," which are apt to keep close company. Here is an other prolific cause of the wretchedness of this country. Intemperance is the parent of innumerable vices: half the world's misery; and tippling is the immediate cause of intemperance. So long as governments trifle with morality, and legalize the business of making drunkards, by selling the exclusive privilege for a few pieces of silver, so long will it wear an air of respectability, and tempt the unwary, beguile the simple, and besot the foolish, till all come to feel something of its diffusive curse. The evils of drinking are too well known to need description; but when they are considered in connexion with the circumstances of the people, they become enormous. Jails and poor-houses are always needed where dram-shops are common; and, if governments will license one, they must support the others, and the people, who consent to both, must be the sufferers.

While sitting at the hotel, a corpulent man rode up, in a handsome carriage, and saluted an other, equally sleek and well-fed—a magistrate—and said, "Well, Mitchel is sentenced to fourteen years' transportation; I have it in a letter." "Good," said the other, with a sneer of triumph towards the men standing by; "we may now hope for quiet, if O'Brien and Meagher follow." "Not so quiet as ye'd bay afther thenkin'," said several, as the *gentlemen* rode away. A long and exciting conversation followed, in true Irish style, with many expressions of patriotism.

"An' Mистер Mitchel was no Catholic," said one, "boot a Protestant an' a Presbyterian."

"The divil a bit does an Englishman mind a Presbyterian, ony longer, ony hoo; bad luck to them;" said a lean old man, in drab breeches, with a blue coat and slouched hat.

"An' it's time all throe Irishmin should spake frin'ship together, an' lave aloone all about Ribbon-min an' Orange-

min," added a sedate man ; " we are inimies too long, and the Lord has given us no pace."

" That same is thrue what ye spake, Mither O'Neil, ive-ry word of it." said an other ; " an' there'll be a mighty little moore throuble oov that sort in these parts. We must sthand till each ither, or we'll all be sent till banishmint together."

" Or stharved at home, which is more likely," said a thin, pale man. " An' what would they be afther doin with all oov us there, Mither O'Flannigan?"

" Not a divil a bit do they care foor us, an' they can git us oof our tinant-right, and drive us froom the coountry. We may go till Amiriky, or Botany Bay, or the divil, and they'll care not a pinny."

May 18.—An early ride brought us to Omagh, the capital of Tyrone, a smart town, with a wide street, and the everlasting barracks, jail, and work-house, with the usual show of dwellings, business, and poverty—men waiting to be hired, and women to beg. Thence, by coach, to Strabane, through a dreary moorland, broken with heather hills, and here and there a smiling valley, broad strath, deep glens, and small streams with poetic names. The only town passed is Newtown Stewart, with a castle in ruins, and the house where James II. slept one night—a valuable relic! Strabane is a large, bustling, dirty town of old rook-eries, huddled together in disorder, entirely the property of one man—the Marquis of Abercorn, who owns all this region, much of which is in a miserable condition, though some parts show signs of improvement. A canal admits small vessels from the Foyle, and a railroad connects it with Londonderry.

Londonderry is an old, important, and delightfully situated town. Its history goes back to the 6th century, when St. Colomb founded a monastery here, since which it has been the scene of many stirring events, one of which is recorded on " Walker's Testimonial," standing in the highest part of the city, in these words:—" This monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of Rev. George Walker,

who, aided by the garrison and brave inhabitants of this city, most gallantly defended it through a protracted siege, from the 7th Oct. 1688, O. S. to the 12th Aug. following, against an arbitrary and bigoted monarch, leading an army of upwards of 20,000 men, many of whom were foreign mercenaries; and by such valiant conduct in numerous sorties, and by patiently enduring extreme privations and sufferings, successfully resisted the besiegers, and preserved for their posterity the blessings of civil and religious liberty." The names of Carnes, Leake, and Browning, are inscribed on the east side, Baker, Mitchelburn, and Murray, on the west.

We ascended the tower of the cathedral, which overlooks the city, and a wide extent of country. In the vestibule we saw a bomb-shell which was thrown into the church yard, in 1689, by the French, containing proposals for peace. It is mounted on a pedestal and placed in a conspicuous position. We were also shown two flag-staffs taken from the French, which are displayed back of the high altar. We also visited a primary school, which for order and advancement came vastly short of such institutions at home.

We walked entirely round on the city wall: in some places it runs along the brow of the hill, in others passes through the town, but every where presents objects of attraction. While standing over the west gate we saw an old woman, covered with a brown cloak, sitting on a hand barrow, eating dry meal. I went down and bought a loaf and slipped into her lap. She looked at it with astonishment, and, turning her head, said, "May the good Lord bliss yer honor and save your shoul." We stepped away, and soon a set of vagrants gathered about her, envying her good fortune. An old man and a boy, both in rags, soon came and took up the barrow and carried her away.

The public and private buildings in and about Derry are very respectable. The "Bishop's Palace," a large mansion, with fine grounds about it, in the heart of the city, does not look like "bearing the cross." The Glynn-school, an unsec-

tarian institution, college, lunatic asylum, and barracks, are situated on the sloping hills at some distance from the city. The city stands upon a high bluff, or tongue of land, with deep valleys running on either side, beyond which hills rise high, the sides of which are adorned with elegant dwellings, gardens, and fields. Lough Foyle opens before it, which extends to the sea. It is a beautiful location. From Diamond square, in which stands the Town Hall, four streets radiate to the four gates. The city looks old, but it is a place of considerable business. There are many scenes of poverty and wretchedness mingled with the tokens of wealth and comfort. It is of far less importance, as a commercial town, now, than formerly, but it still carries on considerable trade with England, Scotland, and America, in the export of cattle, produce, and people, and the importation of lumber, corn, sugars, and so forth, for the interior.

Having occupied the day and seen all the wonders of the town, we decided to abandon our plan of visiting Antrim, Down and Belfast—being tired of a land so full of wrongs and miseries—so despoiled of its beauties and blessings, by injustice and social neglect—and went on board a steamer bound to Glasgow, at four o'clock. Here an other picture was presented which serves to illustrate the method of business, and manners of life in this country. The main-deck was crowded full of cattle, (160 head,) the forward cabin and quarter deck with steerage passengers, and piles of freight. Towards night I visited the cabin, and such a scene of wretchedness—no beds, few seats except the floor, only one dim taper, rags, dirt, smoke, profanity, scolding, laughing, singing—a complete pandemonium. Once they were all driven on deck to collect the fare. One by one they passed the clerk. Some protested they had no money. One old woman held out stoutly, till words waxed warm, and severe threats were given, when a little girl offered to pay a part; then an other wrangle, and an other 3d., and so on till the last farthing was paid. At night the deck was covered with a mass of sleepers, nestling together in strange

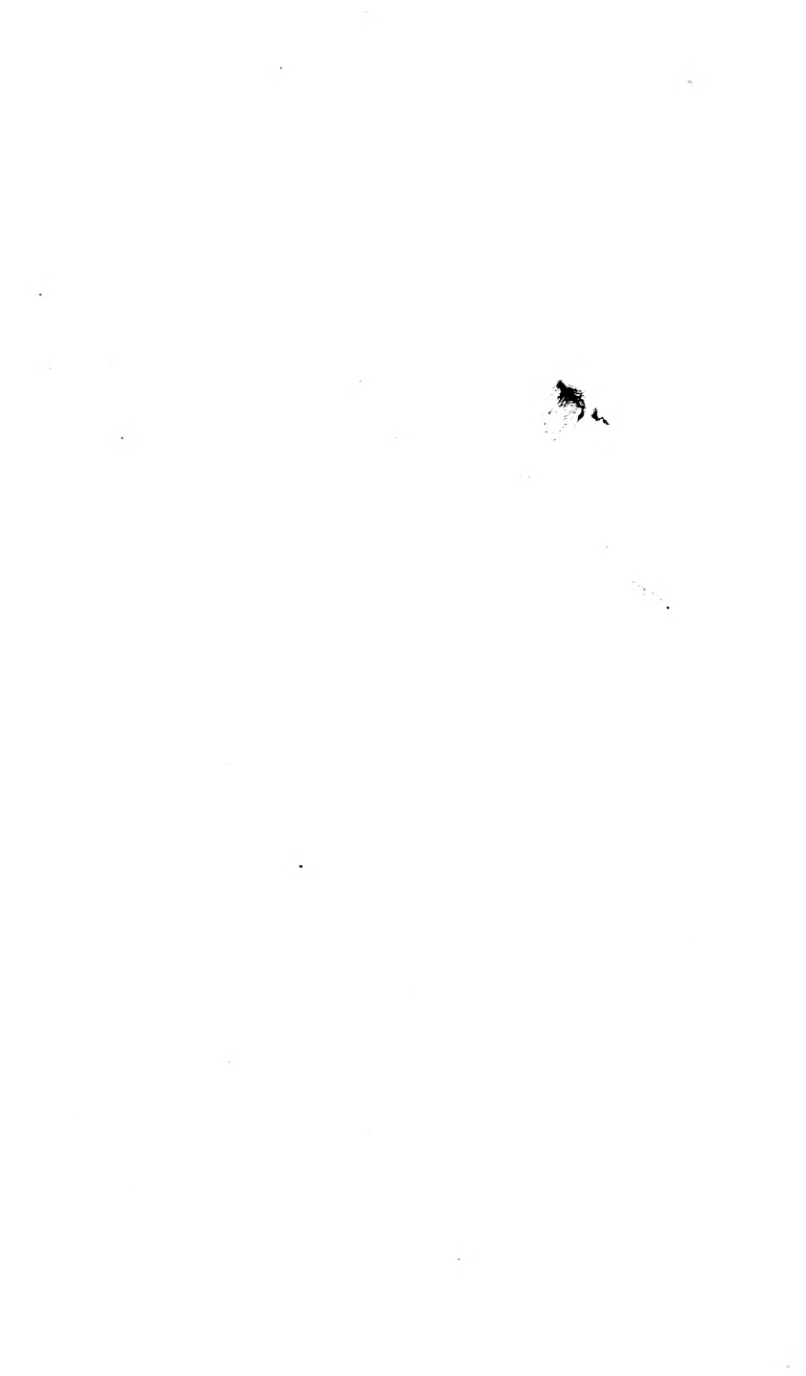
confusion ; parents and children, men and women, young and old, indiscriminately packed together. In one squad I noticed a mother and six children. The decks were wet and few had any covering. The people seemed to be as little cared for as the cattle. The former are going to seek work in Scotland ; the latter to the Edinburgh market. We succeeded in obtaining decent berths, as there are but three or four cabin passengers, and so have a comfortable prospect before us.

We stopped off Portstewart long enough to exchange passengers with two small boats, which came out to us for that purpose ; and also at Portrush, the usual landing place for persons who come to visit the Giant's Causeway. We had intended to land here, till advised in Derry that we should see the wonders of the coast to the best advantage from the water. The Cliffs already appeared on our right, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun. On a projecting rock overhanging the sea, stood the ruins of an ancient castle. A rocky barrier, over which the breakers foamed in wild commotion, stretched directly across our path. Several naked islets lay on our left. We dashed through the foaming waves by a narrow inlet, and were soon in a bay comparatively calm, and directly before the Cliffs, and the Caves of Partcoon and Dunkerry. The scene was grand and the moment exciting. The whole line of this magnificent coast stretched along our right. The shore for four or five miles, is scooped out into numerous little bays, from which cliffs resting on colonnades of columnar basalt, rise abruptly to the height of 300 or 400 feet.

We were soon directly in front of the "Causeway," the wonder of my geographical studies ; of which I obtained a perfect view by help of the Captain's glass. Ranges of columns, placed one above another, formed the wall of the bay, interlaid, with a horizontal strata of earth or rock, of a lighter hue. From the top of these, the green lawn ascends back to the plain above. The Causeway itself is formed of numerous basaltic columns, of various sizes and

length, placed one above an other, and perfectly articulated in a horizontal direction. It may be 300 feet wide, and descends, by uneven steps, from the height of 25 feet at the foot of the cliffs, towards the sea, till it dips under the water. Of the length towards us I could not judge—the whole area may cover two acres. On a projecting pedestal, part way up the little promontory from which the Causeway extends, is a curious formation of rock, which, by a little help of the imagination, presents the image of a huge man. This is called the "Giant," and is as perfect as the "Old Man of the mountains," at the Franconia Notch, or the man's face at Breakneck, on the Hudson, before it was mutilated. The tradition is, that giants undertook to build a bridge across the channel, to Scotland, but the Fates became enraged, destroyed their works, and turned their leader into this monster image. It certainly presents a grotesque appearance, and forms an object of great curiosity. It can be seen only from the water. The Aird's Snout, the Shepherd's Path, the theatre, the organ, the ruins of Dunseverick, on the summit of a naked, isolated rock, which dates back of history, were severally pointed out to us as we passed along, each attracting special attention, and rendering this coast an object of intense interest and admiration. The whole suggested to me the ruins of a gigantic city of massive structures, fronted by immense colonnades; and, as such, seemed not inappropriate as an outpost of this remarkable Island.

But the sun has gone to his rest on the bosom of the sea; the dark shades are gathering fast in the little bays; the heavy clouds are hanging about the drapery of night, through whose folds gleams the northern twilight, which, at this season, does not wane into complete darkness; the green hills gradually recede from my view, and, with mingled joy and regret, I bid farewell to the beautiful but unfortunate Emerald Isle.





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