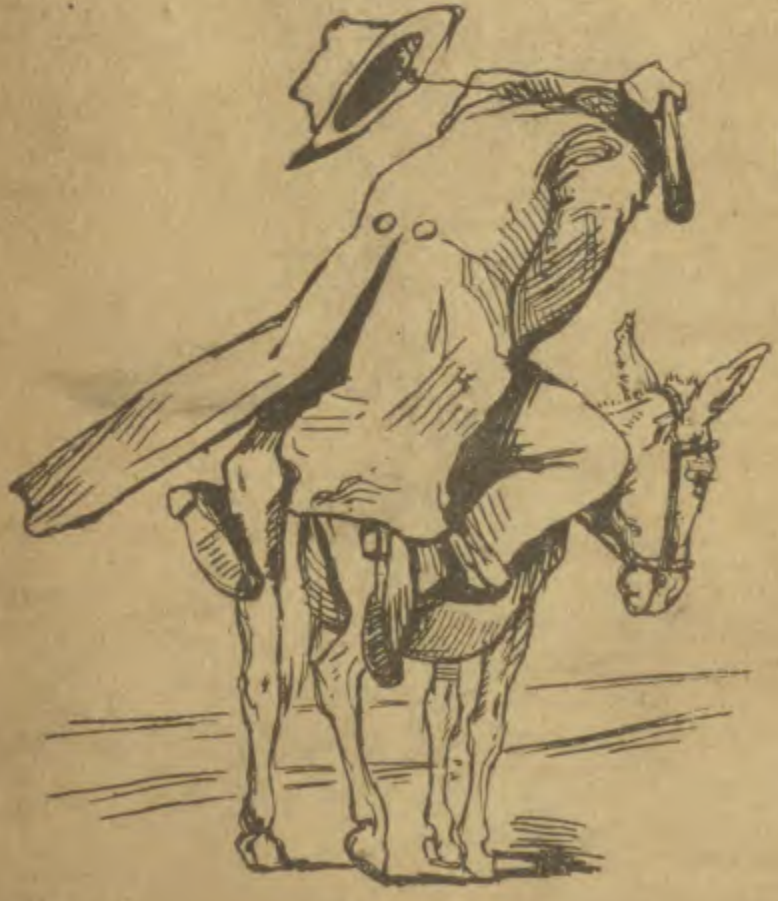
ONE SHILLING.

A

ROLLICKING TOUR

IN IRELAND.

By RAG, TAG, AND BOBTAIL.



WITH

FREE AND EASY SKETCHES,

BY

A. R.-A.

PAISLEY: ALEX. GARDNER.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THESE notes of a Tour in Ireland appeared in the pages of a periodical some years ago. They are reprinted at the desire of the Publisher in the hope that they may afford amusement, if they do not convey instruction to the reader.

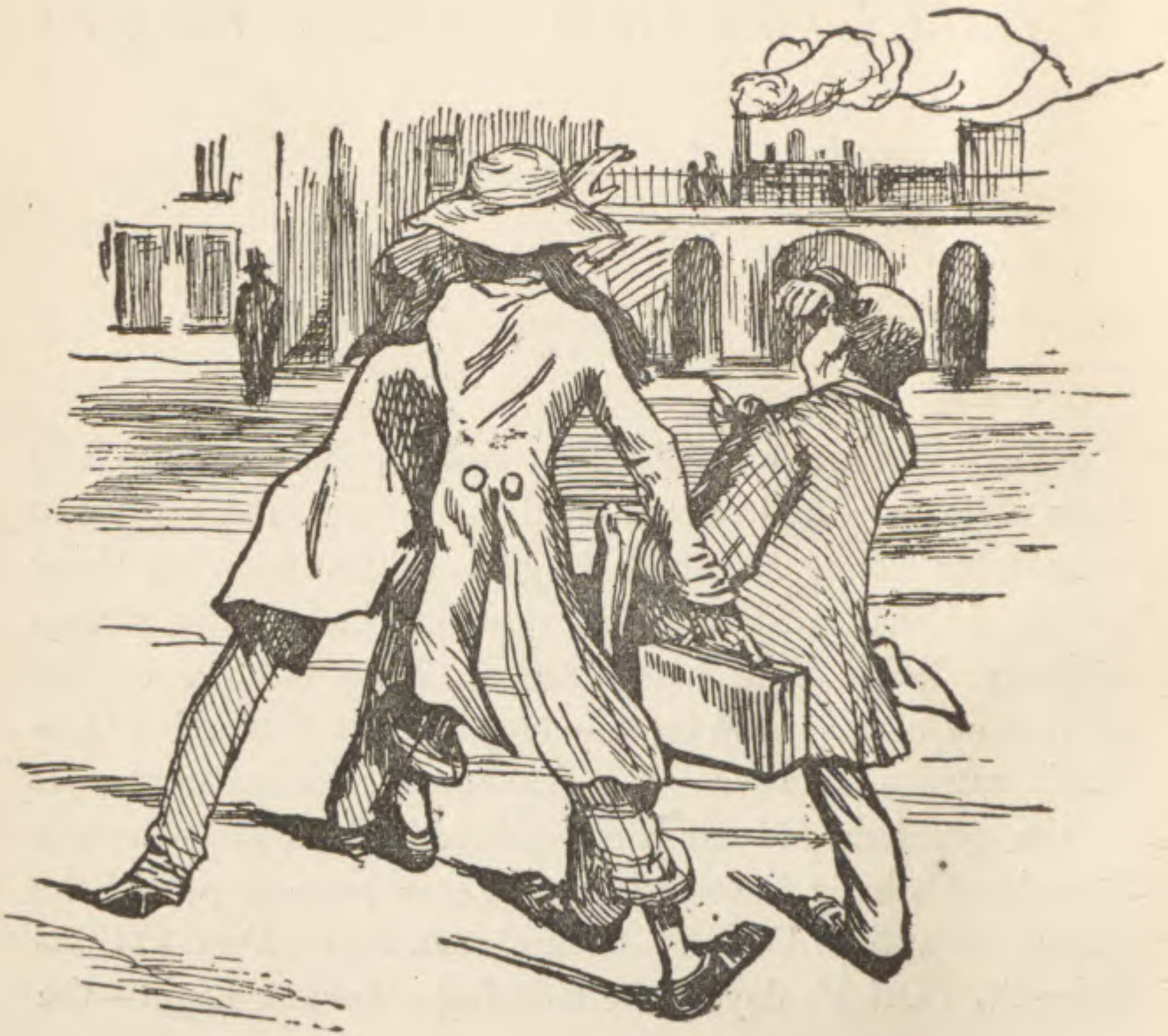
MOORS, TOBERSNOREY, N.B.,
1877.

A ROLLICKING IRISH TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

THREE jolly boys in a jolly little study smoking three jolly little pipes. 'Shall we go,' said one, 'and rouse the red deer in his native haunt, or drag the salmon from his slimy pool?' 'Shall we,' said the second, 'breast the Rhine-stream; Bædeker in hand, ascend Mont Blanc, or placidly float in a shallop on the blue lake of Como?' 'Ireland!' say I, dreamily. 'Yes, Ireland! it fascinates me. It is the problem of our time—Moore's Melodies—Lever's Novels—Catholic Emancipation—Fenianism—Repeal of the Union—Cardinal Cullen—Donnybrook Fair—Dan O'Connel—St. Patrick's day in the morning—Tenant Right—the

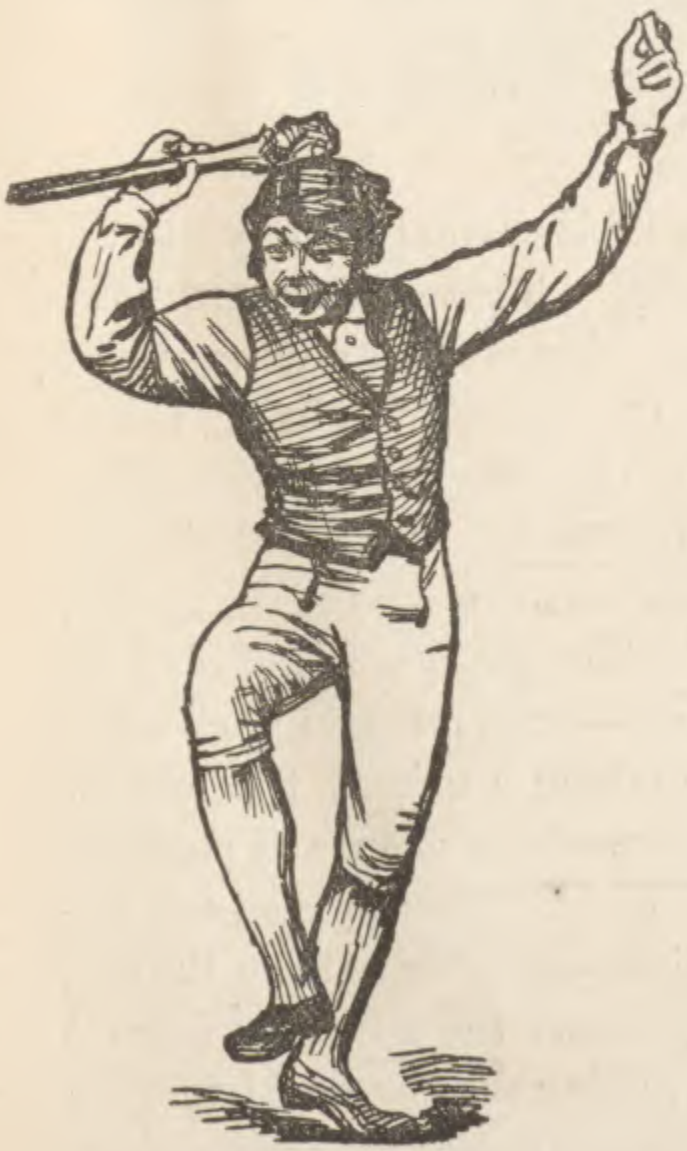
harp that once through Tara's Halls—Blarney Stone—Dean Swift—the Land Question—Maynooth—Ribbonism—The Pope—Repeal—the Church—Home Rule—all this is confusing. Let order come out of chaos. My native land farewell —I'm off to ould Ireland !'



OFF.

Said Tag and Bobtail, 'Thy words, O Rag, are the words of the wise. We will go with thee to the land of liberty and potheen. Weigh the anchor—set the sail—Erin-go-bragh !'

August 16.—Had a jolly good dinner at the Tontine Hotel, Greenock, a town of many stinks, where the rain it raineth every day. Invested in sundry pipes and tobacco, and at seven o'clock went gliding down the river Clyde. Little Bobtail and long Tag, smoke the pipe of peace. Tag also drinks brandy, which is good for sea sickness. 'Boys,' says he, 'we're going to have a good time.' I, Rag, casting around me the observant eye, was struck, on getting on board the *Midge*, with the Irish character of the passengers. The steward brings in his candles with a 'By your lave, sir,' and the cabin boy shouts on deck, 'Tay is riddy, gintlemen.' Took my way into the steerage as it grew dark, and found myself among a very happy company seated in a



horse-box, singing songs of a very festive character. A jolly, stout man, with a short cutty in his mouth, was the chief performer, and he sang many songs. One, full of humour, described Paddy's adventures on coming to the shearing. The chorus, which is the only part I remember, was—

"The *Antelope* she is the boy
Can go against wind and tide, man,
From Belfast Bay unto the Clyde
She'll go in half a day, man."

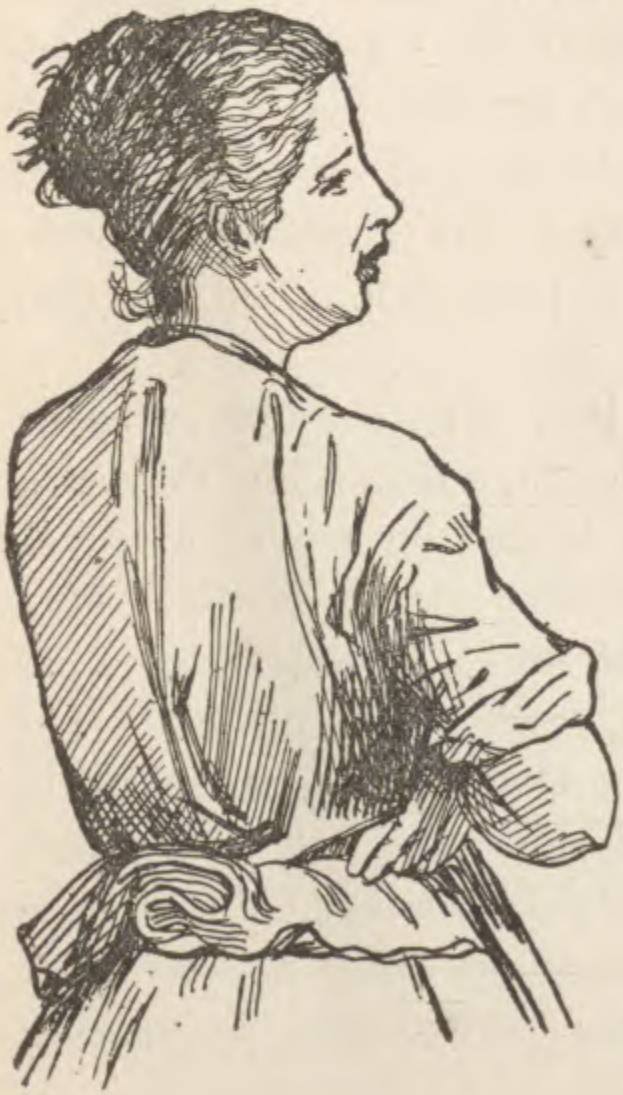
On his telling in the song how Paddy found his way into the cabin and seized a leg of mutton, a listener interposed, 'Begorra, it was true!' and another whispered in my ear, 'Isn't he illigant company intirely.' I, of course, felt bound to add my mite to the harmony, and sang a sweet ballad with greater applause than the execution deserved. I write this in the cabin over a glass of Irish whisky—the second glass, in fact, and it is better than the first. The cabin is full of all sorts of people—some playing cards—others reading *Punch*—others drinking it, and some taking a supper, the look of which is suggestive of nightmare—fried ham and potatoes. Before turning in I look up on deck. No ripple on the water—Mull of Cantyre on the right—another light on the left, and the broad path of the moon upon the waters. I see a vessel pass across the path—a gliding shadow, and I think of the poor Bishop of Oxford's sermon before the 'varsity about

DISCUSSING 'PUNCH.'

Felix, how he appears for a moment on the scene of history, like 'those little ships that cross the path which the moonlight makes upon the waters. We see him clear and distinct before us, then he passes into the darkness, and we see him no more.' I now turn into a berth in the cabin, first thinking of all whom I love. Thank heaven, there is no one whom I hate. Various recumbent gentlemen are playing the nasal trombone. Bobtail drives his pigs vigorously to market. I slept soundly, but was awakened by a rascally steward about 5.30, who made us all turn out. A yawning group assembled around three washing basins—very miserable. Going on deck we found the mountains of Mourne on our right, and, after coasting along, soon came in sight of 'Ireland's Eye' and Howth Head. Lord Talbot de Malahide has a fine place, with a magnificent sea view. Round by

Howth, and passing Kingston on the left, we entered the Liffey, and were soon moored along the quay. We shouldered our knapsacks and walked off to Trinity College, a plain building in quadrangles, but scholastic-looking, with pleasure-grounds. The old janitor, a radical, 'thought the Bishops had brought the Church to grief. No great matter, they would have to stay at home now and work. Curates would get justice at last—they did everything. Look at Lord —— with his grand rectories, travelling on the Continent to get his daughters married. Let the fellows preach the Gospel and go about with their bare feet like the Apostles, and there will be no fear of them.' Saw the Old Irish House of Commons and Lords—the former turned into a bank—two fine tapestries in the latter, of the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Derry—everything to remind the Irish that they are a conquered people. To the Castle, seedy place; Christ Church Cathedral, a dilapidated old building. Beadle says 'Archbishop is well liked, attends to his duty more than most of them do. Spend their time in London. Church Bill done this much good, it will make them attend to their business.' Curious remarks in such places. St. Patrick's Cathedral is very fine, beautifully restored by Guinness. The Lady Chapel and pulpit good. Had special pleasure in seeing Archbishop Whately's, Dean Swift's, and Stella's monuments. The first is very beautiful, but that of Dean Swift does not give one the

idea we take from his portraits. There is a fine touch in the *saeva indignatio* of his epitaph. What a far-seeing mind to foretell even in his day the downfall of the Establishment. Took a car, did the Phœnix, Kilmainham, Barracks, &c. Driver an original; 'didn't care about their churches or their land, so long as his trade went on.' Did he know how Stephens got out of prison? 'Stephens never climbed the Dublin jail. Walked out of the gate, begorra.' Railway to Rathdrum, in Wicklow. Passed Bray, Kingston, Wicklow, and, struck by the beauty of the Irish girls, tried to sketch one, but failed. Rathdrum—nice village. Dined at the station hotel and bathed in the river. Fine rectory, like a squire's house, and with large grounds. The 'Chapel,' a poor looking place. The old story. No wonder these Irish parsons 'died hard,' when they had such pleasant places to fight for. What power the priesthood must have. Met a girl of eight; she had been to



A SKETCH.

confession. Left for Glen-ma-lure; fine wood. Struck by the kindly greetings of the peasantry. The first porter who came on board the boat said 'God bless you,' and an old woman, of whom we asked the road, said, 'God speed you.' On saluting a decent woman in the same way, she at once answered 'And you also.'

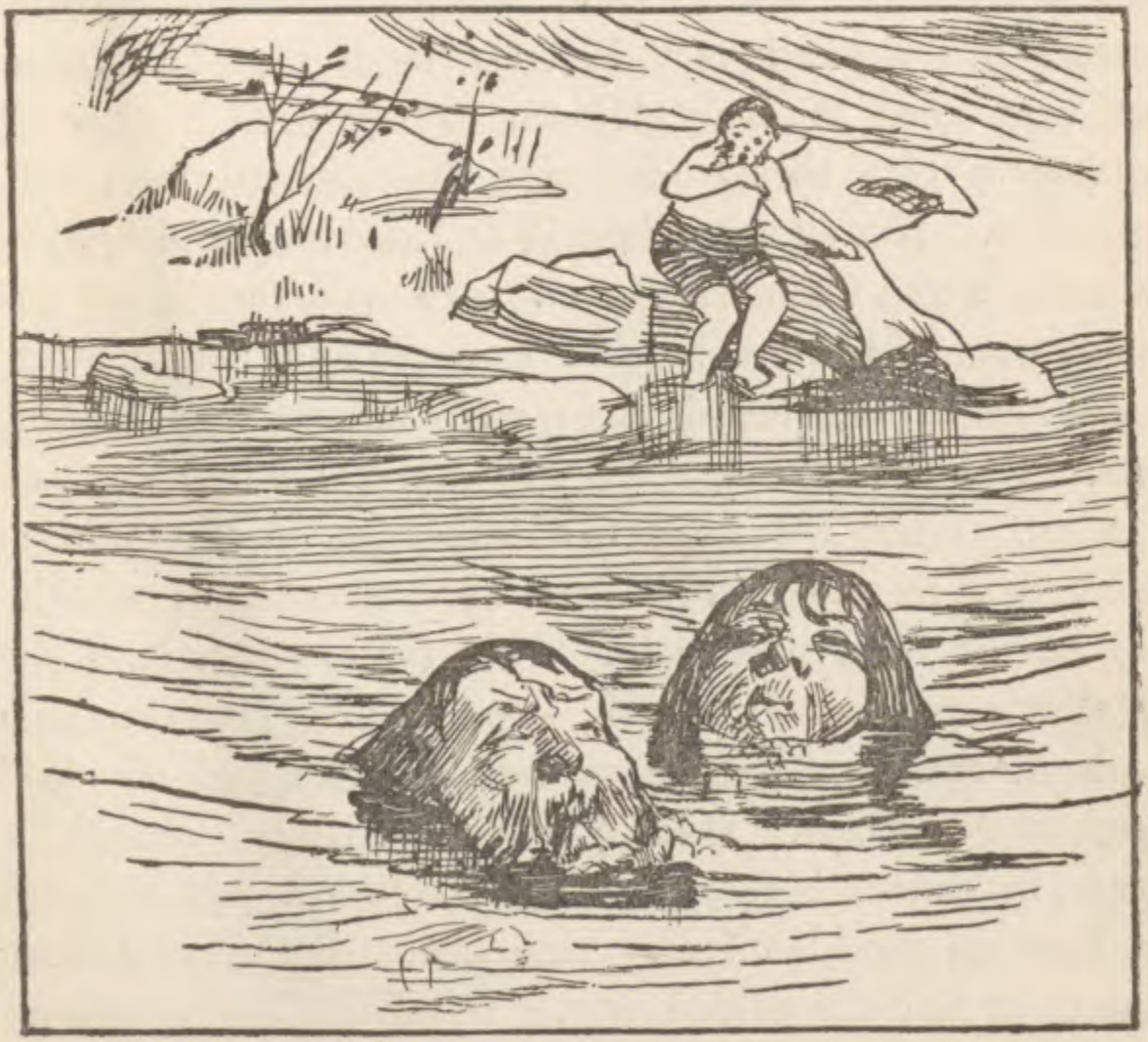
On to Mrs. Fogarty's. 'Ah, this is a haven of rest,' says Bobtail, throwing himself on the grass. The scene is quiet and peaceful; high hills around; a trickling stream amid fir trees at the back of the inn. A kindly Irish woman is big Mrs. Fogarty, who says the Protestants are their benefactors, and they didn't care about the Church, and, not least, the 'matherial' in perfection. *Bon soir, mon ami.* To-morrow at 6.

Just as we were going to bed, Mrs. Fogarty called us into the shop attached to the inn. Regarding this as a favour, we readily complied. Seated on top of a barrel, and with good company, the evening closed merrily. Mrs. Fogarty was a great admirer of Burns, so Bobtail gave her 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut,' and various other songs of the land of cakes. Bobtail is a Celt, and wears the kilt in a volunteer regiment. Old Fogarty came out. Gave us a song; his wife said he was 'good timber.' After some amusing badinage, Fogarty made us have a glass from himself, and we concluded our performance by singing

'Auld Langsyne,' with clasped hands, Mrs. Fogarty and Miss Rieley joining in an Hibernian accent.

Sweet Mary Rieley,
Oh may thy smile aye
Beam thus kindly upon me.

So Bobtail extemporised until he was gently led forth to the couch of rest. Good bed; slept like an hundred tops



THE BATH.

concentrated into one. Up at 5.30 and into a fine cold pool of water in the river at the back of the house —cold, clear, and bright. After breakfast, off for the highest of the Wicklow Mountains. Luke, the guide, led the way, dressed in corduroy and a shilellah. His *behind* was a wonderful study, being a piece of patchwork that equalled any at a bazaar. Not a very *bright* specimen intellectually. Was he a married man? Yes; and five children. Thought married life was all very well for them that had means. Not very good to hear children crying with hunger and nothing to give them. Perhaps the married man led a better life. Not so much fairing and drinking and fighting. Protestants and Catholics get on very well together. Protestant would do as much for a Catholic as a Catholic for a Protestant. Had heard there were disagreeings in other parts. Didn't know how the Protestant Church was to be kept up. Only 30 went to Rathdrum, Mr. Gailbart's. What could they do? Priest not hard upon them; wouldn't take money from poor men. Paid for baptism, 3s. to 5s.; for marriage, from £1 to £5;—the quality paid £5. On Sundays sometimes gave a penny when he had it. Confessed on Saturdays. Had four acres of land. Would like a lease, in course, becase then they couldn't put him out. Mr. Kemmis good landlord. Had heard of the story of the goose that laid the golden egg. What was his 'opainion?'

His 'opainion' was that the ould woman would have got more if she hadn't killed her goose. Did he think the pool at the inn would cover big Mrs. Fogarty? 'Faith it would be busy.'

Got to the top after a long climb, and were amply rewarded. The Sugar Loaf near Bray—the east coast and Dublin Steeples. Heard firing of great guns on the Curragh. Was struck at the way the land is divided into small holdings of two and three acres. As far as the eye could reach, it was mapped out into yellow squares of corn. Down we came and marched by the side of a clear flowing stream. Passed lead mines, and where an Irish rebel rode over a precipice and was killed, and so back to Mrs. Fogarty's, and the great police barracks staring us in the face. Found barrister in coffee-room. Had driven from Wicklow. Drove over all the North of Scotland with his chesnut mare. Thought the Church Bill would do good. He was a Protestant, and had brother in orders and two uncles. There might be some hardship at first, but they would settle down in time. The Land Question would now be settled.* He hoped they would not go too far. Ireland has too much the appearance of a conquered country. A cordon of barracks from Dublin through Wicklow. Thought they would settle down after the Land Question

* This tour was previous to the Land Bill.

was finished. Liquored up together. Off in a car to Glendalough, passing Lara, a fine Catholic chapel and comfortable-looking priest's house. Protestant church, as usual, in a pleasant place, with tower peeping out of the trees. Found two fellows fighting on the road.

Driver—'Seven fellows to be before the Magistrates tomorrow for fighting. Begorra, if the police had left them alone they would have been all right next morning.'

CHAPTER II.

On to the lake of Glendalough, after an indigestible dinner of chops and potatoes. Very wild, but small. Saw St. Kenris' bed—a curious cavern, entered through a hole in the hillside. The Saint, like St. Anthony, was tempted by a fair damsel, Kathleen. She found him out here, and he threw her into the lake.

'Would you do that, Mike?'

'Faith and I would not.'

Cavern very small, certainly not for a couple. Very calm on the lake, and a musical man opposite played a cornopean, which sounded like a band, owing to the echo. Punch and to bed.

Bad night. Tag and myself very ill. Up at six o'clock, and had breakfast. Made our way to the churches, passing the upper lake, which mirrored on its unbroken surface the whole scenery around it. The ruins of the cathedral are lovely, and the place looks as sacred and holy a spot as could well be imagined. The round tower, a curious structure—some fine tombstones in the churchyard, with pious Roman Catholic inscriptions. Took the road for Devil's Glen. While resting, a Tipperary man came up.

'God save ye! I'm going to Bray; where are ye from? Government of this country the best in the world. Can go over the whole of it without any one stopping you. Can't go through France and these countries without a d———d bit of pasteboard. Equality is the thing. Lots of low Irish d———d fools; what could they do against the British army? Would run like a lot of geese to that river; bedad, and they would. Tenant right is what we want. Two or three bloody gulpins make few hundreds and ram it into a bank, instead of spending it in money over the country—the bloody gulpins. Take a snuff, sir, and give one to the big man; faith he looks like Good Tommy. God give you a safe journey.'

Passed a Mr. Booths', from Scotland, a noble improver, fine dykes and fields rescued from bog. What wondrous capabilities this country has. Bobtail had chaff with workers in a field, good at it they were, and reached the head of the

'Devil's Glen,' where we entered a regular Irish cabin. Potatoes on the fire—skins bursting—buttermilk—delicious. Old man and wife; decent old fellow. 'No use improving; they'll just put you out, and give you nothing for what you does. Some landlords like Mr. Booth and Mr. King do, but not many.'

Devil's Glen most romantic. Rocks 400 feet high; beautiful stream, and wood—a favourite hiding-place for rebels, so much that the wood has been burned, but has been now splendidly replaced. Nothing in its way finer anywhere. Came out at Nuns Cross church. A Scotchman and Irishman at churchyard gate. 'Ye'll soon have no Church here. Well, we will see. It will keep itself independent of the State, we'll have power to choose our own ministers now.' Many go here? 'Well, sometimes two hundred and sometimes (with a grin) *less*. Mr. H——, the clergyman, has no manse or glebe—not so loyal to his Church as I would like him. Archbishop of Dublin got a fine house here for summer, built by himself. He and Mr. H—, great friends—too fond of Puseyism. It was God's will that the Irish Church Bill passed, and he would not desert his own Church. Catholics would trample the Church under their feet and all that went to it.' Had lunch at the Devil's Glen hotel. Respectable old waiter—'What did it matter to him about the Church, never put a penny in his pocket. He was a Catholic. What

they wanted put right was the Land. Look at that Earl—wont let a man sell any hay or straw. If a man dies, his widow has to walk out, and either go into a cabin or take the offer of a passage to America. Gladstone, God save him, would put it right, but he heard he was in bad hilth.'

To Rathnew station, passing through some splendid timber.

To Dublin, in a broiling sun, after a good 18 miles' walk. After dinner, at Macken's Hotel, took a saunter, and to a singing saloon, where we saw Irish character in perfection. The place was like an old meeting-house with the stage in the place of the pulpit. We had a table in the side gallery and sipped soda and brandy. The songs were chiefly Irish, sung by a young man in national costume of dress coat, brass buttons, shilellah, and blue stockings. The songs were quite proper, and had rattling choruses which he danced to a jig tune. The audience was of the lowest description and very youthful. They joined in the refrain with great glee. A man, evidently a detective, watched them with a keen and thoughtful eye. We strolled through the streets in the clear moonlight night and stood at the door of the inn, loath to go to bed. All sorts of beggars came round, including an old woman who talked Irish. I understood her and chattered a while. By-and-bye a fight among a lot of carmen came on, two of them attacked each other furiously—then little boys with newspapers drifted by, tumbling about and kicking one

another with great humour—then a drunken scamp from Clare county, begged for just a sip of whisky for the love of God—then a countryman with a tall crowned hat and coat reaching to the ancles. We went reluctantly to bed after having had some very curious glimpses of Irish character.

On to Athlone, a clean town on the Shannon, with barracks. By Mullingar to Galway. The centre of Ireland is one vast bog. Here and there cultivated spots, where there has been enterprise shown. In the train a piper who played Irish jigs with such power that his listeners nearly drove the bottom out of the carriage keeping time with their hob nailed boots. A man in evening dress and huge roll of red handkerchief round his throat seated opposite Bobtail.

'Been in Dublin long?'

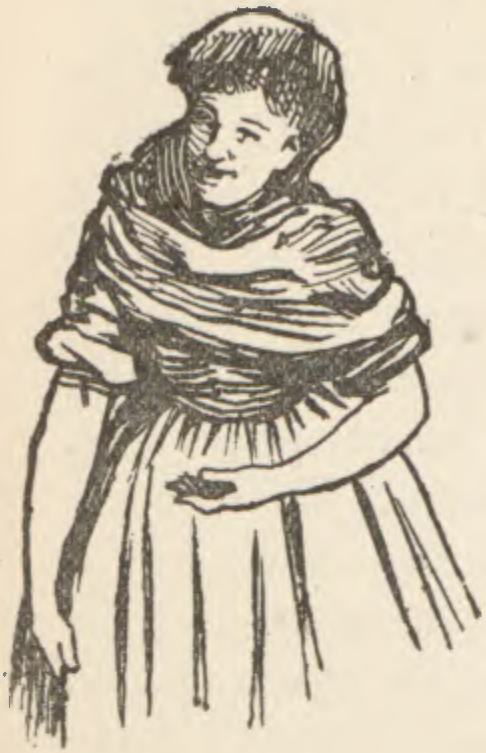
'No; just one day and one night. Was at a waddin yesterday, and been dancing and drinkin' ever since. Not married myself; catch me. When I was in Cork there was an ould priest visitin' a school with his curate. 'What's the holy sacrament of matrimony?' says the curate, off to a little girl. 'The holy sacrament of matrimony,' says she, 'is a state of torment into which the sowls of the righteous are cast to prepare them for a better world.' Being Purgatory! 'Go down,' says he, 'to the fut of the class.' 'Let her alone,' says the ould priest, 'for onything you and I know to the contrairy she may be parfectly right.' Great laughter

'Faix, but the ould father was the boy! Go it Tim.'

Near Galway we saw fields cleared of stones which were built up into vast mounds, showing a considerable amount of industry. After dinner we strolled out. Galway is a curious town with strange mixture of barbarism and civilisation. The streets are full of the poorest and raggedest creatures, while the most splendid equipages drive among them. There must be a great many county people here, they have 'turn-outs' that would do credit to Hyde Park.

Two boys fighting—one of them decent and well clad; a sturdy big man in frieze top-coat, cheering them on—'Walk into him,' and the decent boy beat the other to sticks. He said he was a stranger and had been attacked by the blackguards. If he had them in the street in his town he'd shew them something.

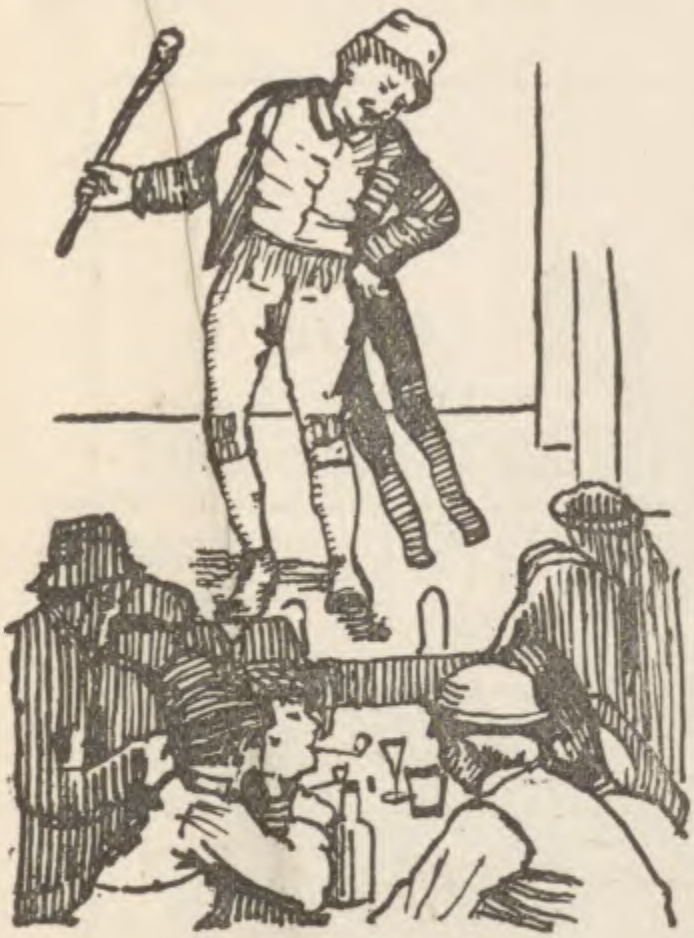
Galway long had a trade with Spain, and traces of Spanish customs are still visible. The women wear curious cloaks with red petticoats, and have quite a foreign appearance. In St. Malin's Church they shewed a monument to a man who was Mayor of the town, and who, for a murder, hanged his own son—a Galwegian Brutus. The Claddag is a small group of huts inhabited by fishermen. It has its own king and peculiar manners The beggars are innumerable. A decent looking girl about twenty came up to me and asked a 'bare sixpence' to buy porter. Her mother and sister



'JUST A BARE SIXPENCE.'

were with her. Tag got a lot of half-pence and instituted races. In a few moments the whole juvenile and other population were out—as vild a set of ruffians as ever were seen, howling and shouting. After a few races, which were superintended by the men, a regular fight ensued. The little villains struck one another with big stones, and we were glad to get out of the battle. It was a very hell of its kind. The great sight of Galway is the river at the bridge. Looking over, the stream seemed literally *paved* with salmon—they darkened the river —great fellows of 20lbs. and myriads of trout. They were all waiting to get up to Lough Corrib. Had any one told me of such a thing I should not have believed him. When you threw a stone the bottom for an instant became visible, and then blackened again. They have all to go by a fish ladder and a small gap into the lough. They let the rod fishing at 10s a day, and you have to take a fishing license, which costs a pound. In the evening I went to a dancing and singing place in a wooden shanty. Crowds surrounded it looking in at the crevices.

'Go it, Barney; did you get the bonnet out of the pawn shop?'

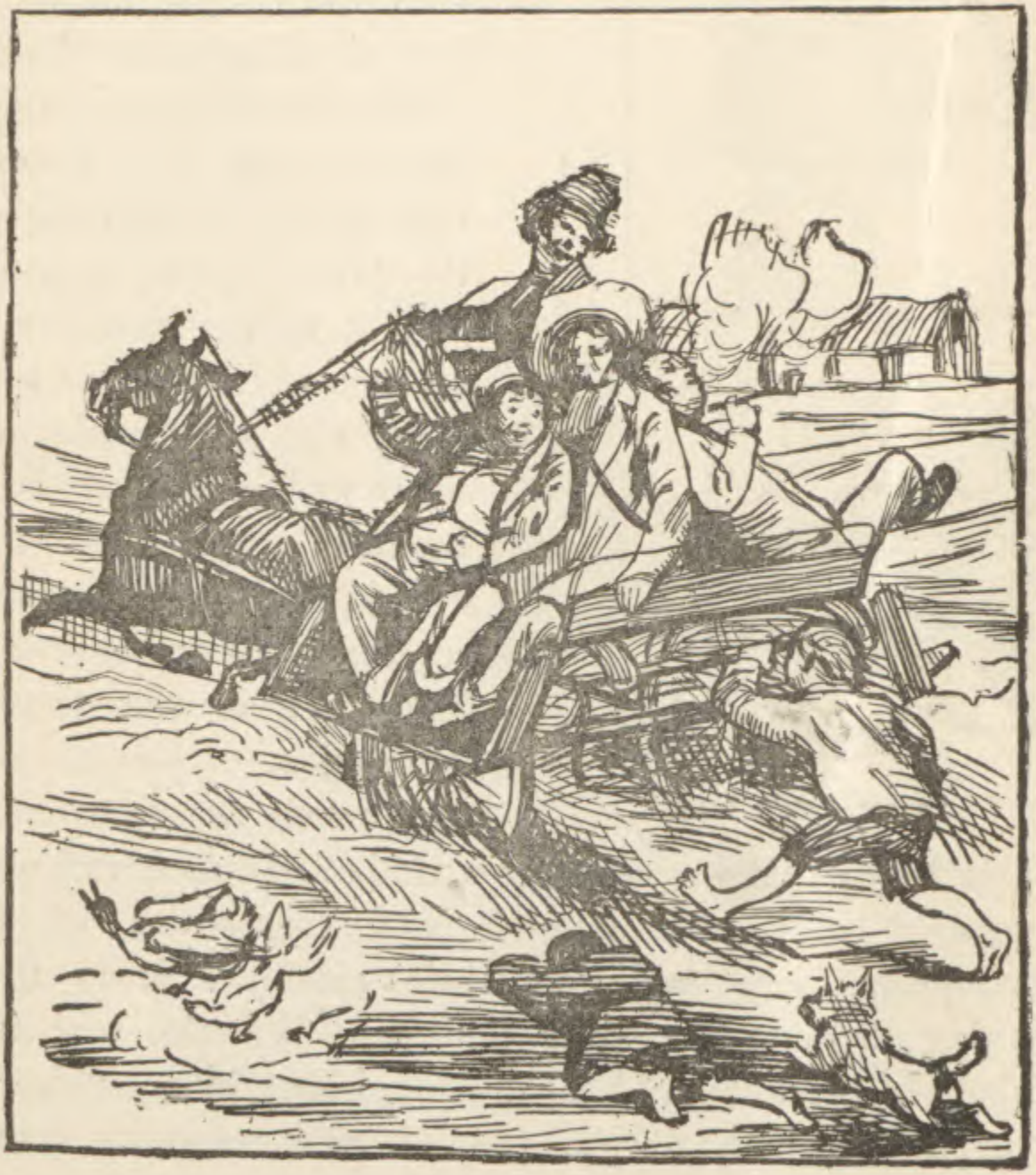


'FINNIGAN'S WAKE.'

The chief song was one with the chorus, 'Lots of fun at Finnigan's Wake.' There was nothing improper. Decent girls and women, with children, stood enjoying the 'foon' with as much delight as the audience at an opera. Seats there were none, and the shanty was lit up with candles stuck on beams of wood. I felt that even in Presbyterian Scotland such an entertainment would have been of the grossest description. Here it was very much the reverse. I forgot to say that we went into a Catholic Chapel, and were impressed with the quietude and earnestness of the worshippers, who had left their employments in their working dress to say their prayers. We also saw two Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church met by a number of their priests, who knelt to them in the most reverent manner.

At Dublin Bobtail took off his hat to a Bishop, who gave him his blessing, I trust with good effect.

Left Galway at 9·30 on a car, The country in the neigh-



bourhood was uninteresting. The groups of peasantry coming into town in their quaint dresses, and with their marketing and fruits, relieve the monotony. Passed the seat of Mr. Martin of Ross—a dilapidated looking place. Police barracks everywhere. We then went through a vast bog, backed by a splendid range of mountains called the Twelve Pins. Here and there we passed a wretched bothy, surrounded by potato beds, and belching forth a lot of ragged children, who followed the car for miles, crying for half-pence. Offered one—a pretty little girl—sixpence to kiss Bobtail, but she couldn't summon up courage. Passed Glendaloch, a splendid hotel on a lake—a great resort of fishers. Every lake here swarms with salmon. I hope I may live to come here and fish. The driver of the car not a bad specimen of an Irishman, and, of course, on the way showed us a cabin where there was good potheen. In one place it was remarkably good, and, with potatoes bursting from their skins, made a good break in the journey. A half-witted boy, all rags, toasting his feet at the fire, and saying some rather smart things. 'Not such a fool as he looks, that gossoon,' said the driver. 'Had a pheelosopher from Belfast here onst, who said to him quite

How ould are you yourself?

moighty like, 'How long can a man live without brains?'

'How ould are you yourself?' says he.

'Begora, he did not ask any more questions.'

A white chokered gentleman was in the car—the Rev. Mr. C————. He gave tracts to the beggar children on his side of the car, and they came and tried to sell them to us on the other. He turned out to be one of the Irish Church missionaries. Where there was only one Parish Church (Clifden) between Westport and Galway, there are now, he said, five churches—his own church, Ballyshannon. had a congregation of 200. 'Yes, they were made during the famine, but they had stuck firm. Why should he stir up strife? Because he believed there was but one Mediator between God and man.' 'Yes, but the Roman Catholics believed that.' 'Not at all; they believed the mass was God. He looked upon a Roman Catholic who was true to his religion as no better than a heathen—the heathen worshipped an idol, and the Roman Catholic worshipped a piece of bread. Not believe in conversions? He had the happiness to see an old woman of 70 in a workhouse converted through witnessing the consistent life of her daughter, a convert, notwithstanding persecution. The Roman Catholics could not be called Christians. But aren't a large portion of your own Church holding views akin to theirs regarding the sacraments? 'Yes, the more's the pity, but they are not *Protestants*, they

call themselves by another name. But the Lord's flock is a small flock.'

Young man on car (a Roman Catholic)—'But, Mr. C———, you were brought up and punished for interfering with the priest in the course of his duty.'

'No, my friend, the jury brought me in for a farthing of damages, and it cost the priest £50.'

He then commenced a long story of how he and the priest met at the bed of a dying man.

He asked the priest, 'Did he think the holy oil would do the dying man's soul good?'

The priest said, 'He tried to push him to the wall.'

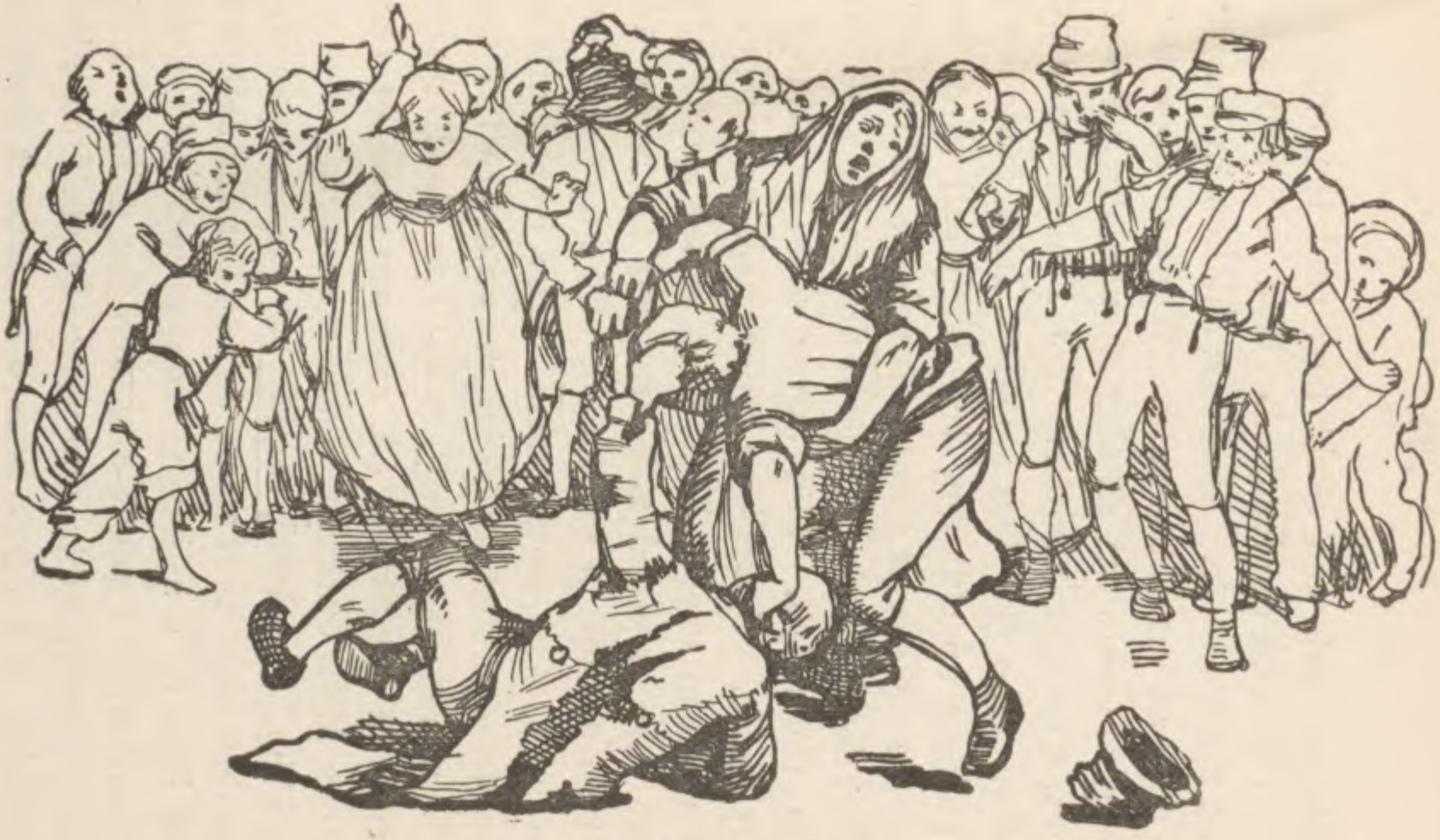
Tag brought in his illustration of the house; he has very broad views, but is a serious sort of fellow,—'My friend, you will probably find the priest and you have been earnestly looking at the same building from different points of view, and sometime you will meet in the inside, and you will both say the house was different from what either of you conceived it.'

The parson took this very kindly and indeed seemed a good little chap. He allowed that there were hundreds of Roman Catholics in Galway who looked to the true Saviour, being so taught by the Irish mission. We passed Ballynahinch House, once the property of the Martins, now of the 'Law Life Society,' and we let down a Mr. Grahame, also a proprietor of the west.

Arriving at Mularky's hotel at eleven, we got beds opposite. Had dinner all together, served by a very comical waiter. Every time he handed anything he winked his eyes as if it was a good joke. In the evening strolled out. Met captain of constabulary—a very fine body of men all over Ireland. This one was an intelligent gentleman 'and a Roman Catholic,' but a liberal one. 'Like to see a man honest in his creed. Have seen the day when the rector and the priest were good friends—even now they are that in some places. Irish are disloyal and cowardly. Scotch fought for their independence, and got it. Did he find it hard to do his duty to the Queen, and as an Irishman? When a man found himself in a fixture, must act honourably, and in the sight of God. Was a detective during the Fenian affair at Belfast and in Scotland. A great deal of Fenianism in Ayr. Belfast garrison nearly surprised. Four breaches were made in the magazine. The engineer showed them to him. Lots of rifles found, all with the Tower mark. The guard that night were all Fenians. Irish Church Bill done some good. Didn't think the landlords used to support the Church?'

(Lame coast-guardsman striking in)—'Ay, and the moment they got the tithe commuted they put it on the tenants, bedad.'

'The great thing needed was a Land Bill. Had seen fifty



THE FIGHT.

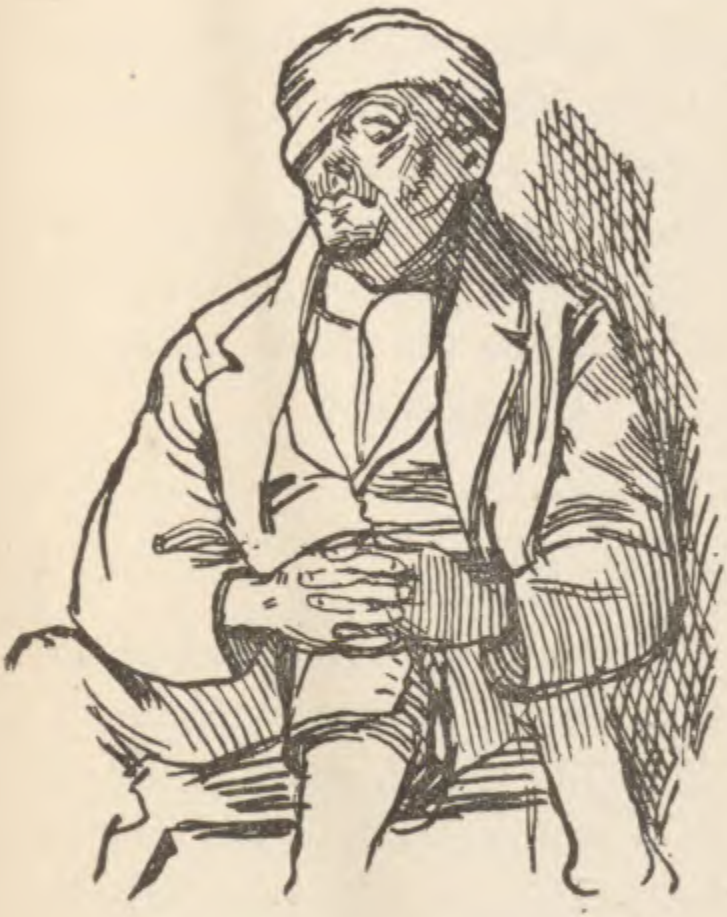
families turned out who could have paid the rent, because they didn't go with the landlord. Had seen four with fever placed on the road-side. Had seen children in hunger picking the potatoes out of the snow. Want an inspector to fix rent and give leases. A number of anecdotes followed about Mr. Rhea, a popular barrister. No Protestants to speak of at Clifden. The few that are—low Irish, made by giving bribes, picking up children, &c. They call them jumpers. don't believe the stories about conversions. All humbug.'

Strolled down Clifden village in time to see a regular fight at Mike Connelly's. Tim Joyce said something about Connelly's wife. Connelly, a tailor, took up his goose and laid Tim's head open. Tim went at his throat like fnry. The two men wrestled and struggled for a few minutes. All Clifden was out in an instant. The women seeming to like the fun as well as the men. The combatants were at last forcibly separated, and Tim drawn out to the open air, where he roared like a mad bull, 'The bloody spalpeen, to strike me *with the tongs*. (A rush was made to the door) 'Come out, Mike Connelly, if you are a man.'

'Here I'm,' says Mike, coming out very composedly.

Then they went at it again, and at last Connelly's friends dragged him into a house 'convanient.' Cries for 'his moother—down she comes, and then the police. I followed them into a smoky cabin, and perched myself on a ladder to the confusion of a lot of hens who made it their place of

roost, and was pleased with the simple way the constables heard both sides of the story.



AFTER THE CONFLICT.

'I'll have his blood all the same,' says Tim.

'Oh, Tim,' said the captain, 'better h'd struck you with his needle than his goose.'

Tim laughs—crowd laughs.

'Go home, Tim, and get your broken head washed, and summon Mike for his day's work.'

'Bedad, and I will,' says Tim, and away he goes.

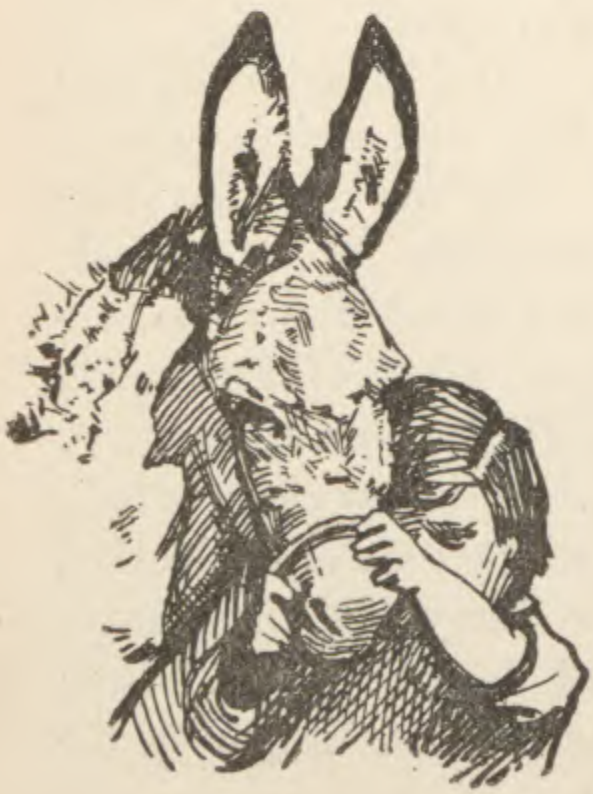
He was at mass next morning at 9 o'clock, not much the worse, except that he had a bandage over his eye. Clifden is a nice quiet town. The people are very like the Highlanders of Scotland, kindly and simple. They talk Irish. If the bay came up high enough they would have had trade, but there is a miserable tidal river which hinders progress. The Darcys and the Martins shared this territory, and exercised despotic power. Both families came to grief. The Martin estate is now in the

hands of the 'Law Life,' the principal mortgagee. The Darcy estate, Clifden castle, belongs to Mr. Eyre, and the heir to the Darcys is the rector.

'He took orders, bedad,' said an Irish waterman, 'because he could do nothing else to make his bread. If he hadn't got the living he would be in yonder workhouse.'

He must be a pushing man, and an earnest man also, for he has got a nice new church, and an orphanage where, according to the story of the Catholics, the most miserable system of proselytising goes on. To bed early.

CHAPTER III.



Up at 8 o'clock, and picked up a 'gossoon,' who was teasing a donkey in a field, and who led us to a beautiful sandy bay below Clifton Castle, where we bathed. A good deal of wit about the fellow as usual.

'Are you married?'

'Sure and I am not, sor.'

'I would be married,' said I, 'but I was jilted.'

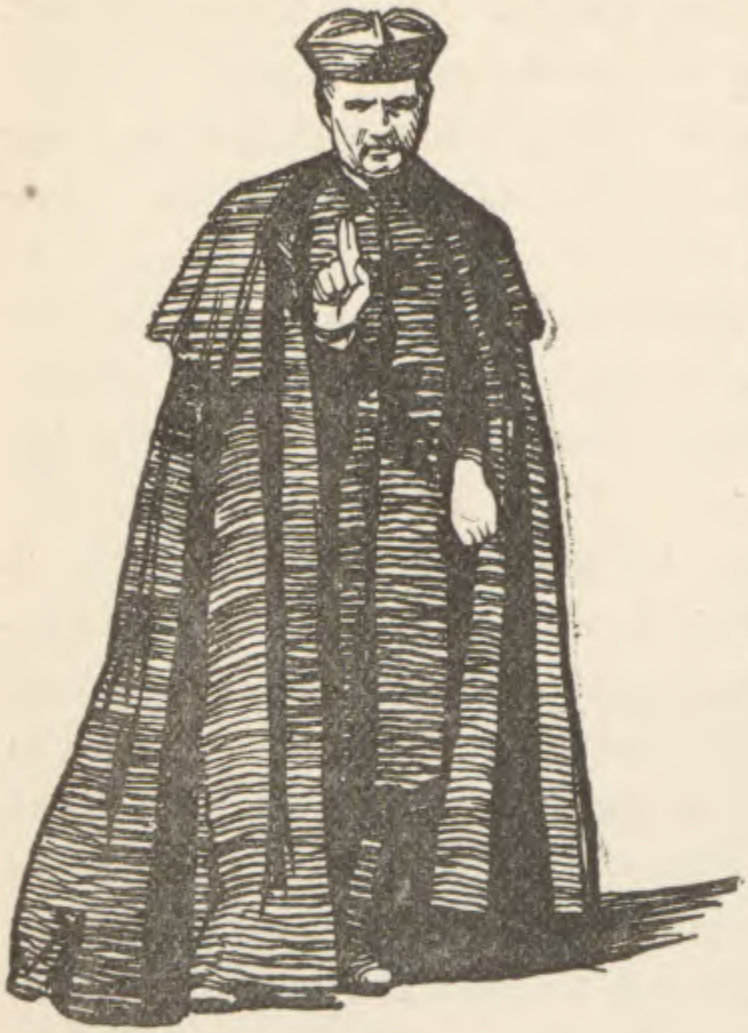
'Try it again, sor, on her blind side. Pity, sor, you

didn't see Miss E—— at the Castle. She's a fine girl, sor. Lady down here run away to Galway with a doctor. Wasn't he the boy, sor. Her father brought her back, and had her married in Clifton by the priest, and then took her home with him. The doctor will have her yet, bedad. I go to mass every Sunday and confession twice a year. Good for the sowl, sor. This place a dacent quiet place. I get up every morning at 5 o'clock. Too much sleep bad for the brain, sor.'

At twelve o'clock went to the mass at the Chapel. I might have readily imagined I was going to a church in a Highland glen. Hundreds upon hundreds of all the lowest of the population filled the area of the church, dressed in their working clothes. The galleries were full also. The reverence of the people was amazing. The stairs were crowded, and many knelt outside in the churchyard. Surely there must be something in the religion that could maintain such a hold upon these poor creatures. An old monk from the convent hard-by read the Catechism in Irish. He droned away in a masterly manner. The celebrant was a young Irish priest, a very nice looking man he was.

'He's a beautiful priest, Father O'Mailly,' said a lady we met next day.

'Och,' said a boatman, 'none of them jumpers will come near him. He would take the stick o' the whip to them in one minute.'



FATHER O'MAILLY.

He read the Gospel in Irish—'The Sermon on the Mount.' I followed it throughout. His sermon, which was an exposition, I did not follow so well. The Irish round the altar listened with great earnestness. His text in English was 'Let us rejoice and be glad,' and I remember the outline of his sermon, given in good brogue. 'The Catholic Church, my brethren, in the liturgy of the mass, calls us to-day to remember the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. Every Catholic knows that we make a distinction between the worship we give to the creature and that we give to the Creator. Though we had an heart of infinity, it would be too small to give to God above us. But, my brethren, we reverence the saints of God on earth. We believe that efficacy attaches to their prayers here, and that efficacy does not cease when

they have been taken to their reward. Chief among those saints we name the mother of our Lord. She was called Blessed by the Angel, and Jesus on the Cross commended her to the honour of his disciples, and so of the whole Church. For twelve years after our Saviour's death she wandered about Jerusalem (so tradition tells us), and at length her Son took her up to glory. Angels lined the passages to the throne, and this day the scene is again enacted to the devout soul. The heavenly host came forth to hail her as blessed. Much she endured when the Lord of glory was born. Mary stood by the cradle amid the pelting of the storm. She accompanied Jesus in his flight, and there (pointing to the Cross) you see her and St. John standing there. The Church, therefore, honours her above all other creatures. By the special provision of God she was exempted from the consequences of the fall, and was born spotless and pure; well, therefore, is she deserving of remembrance. The Catholic Church, from the rising of the sun to where it sets, is repeating to-day the 'Hail Mary,' of the Angel Gabriel, wherefore let us first worship Jesus the Son of God, who died for our redemption on that Cross, and then let us remember the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph and St. John, who were so dear to Him when on earth. My brethren, as I said in the Irish, you cannot serve God and Mammon. If you work for God he will send you manna

from heaven in a blessing on your crops. One way of honouring the Virgin—and there are few of us who have not been co scious of receiving some special grace from Mary—is by using the rosary, which the holy St. Dominic composed after he had scattered the Albigenses on the plains of Lombardy.' &c., &c.

In the afternoon after church we sat on a rock and looked from us in a vacant way. I'll tell you what, says Bobtail, 'Those Papists are not half bad fellows, and if the priest came the way, I'd like to discourse with him over the cup which both cheers and inebriates—'Here he is,' says Tag, 'speak of a certain individual and he appears.' His reverence responded to our invitation, and conversed affably over a brandy and soda. He was a nice, pleasant, well-educated young man, and gave us an account of his arduous Sunday labours. He thought a good Tenant Right Bill would pacify Ireland. The curse of Ireland was the middlemen who oppressed the peasantry—poor creatures! The Church Bill has done something, but a Land Bill was what was needed.

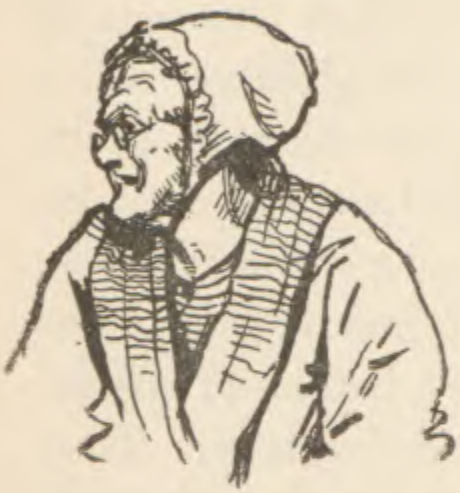
Off in a boat down the loch; old skipper, son of a M'Donald, of Glencoe, so we at once fraternised.

'You won independence! Tare and 'ounds but you did. Ah, you're the right kind. Those infernal jumpers! The old Protestant clergyman a gentleman—these fellows never educated. Saving your presence, C——— never blew his

nose inside of a college door. The Scotch helped us about the Church Bill. Bless them! they knew what it was to be oppressed. Gladstone would yet do them justice. He would like an inspector from Government, not the landlords, to put a value on the land, and name the rent. The jumpers a bad lot. Had just a 'muster Monday,' when they gave in their lists and drew the money, then 'silver Monday,' when they gave it away. (The fire flashed from his eyes as he stood up in the boat.) All his friends had gone to America —all enemies of the Government. He had a son in the army in New Zealand. He wrote that he found it difficult to stand to his colours. The English were a bad lot of oppressors. Done the same thing in New Zealand as here. They spoke of them in Connaught as if they were a lot of cannibals. Look at their own country—where were there more murders and every kind of villany committed than in London or Liverpool? Here there were no such things. There wasn't the head of a family in Connemara didn't say the Rosary and the Litany every night with his family. They would be right yet, please God.' We rowed ashore, and he took an excited and affectionate farewell of us.

After dinner at the *table d'hote*, went to church, and heard a travelling clergyman preach upon 'Paul trembling before Felix.' He trembled himself, and was in a great state of trepidation, as the gas went out and for some time could not

be lit. His sermon was a weak production. There were about 87 in the church. The service was very *low*, and the congregation repeated the thanksgiving. There was a certain earnestness about them as about the Catholics—earnestness, I fear, springing from mutual variance and animosity.



MRS. DOWNIE.

Coming from church, went into a little shop kept by a man named Downie, where an old woman and Bobtail chaffed one another in style. Curiously enough Bob got the best of it, as was acknowledged by the crowd of Paddies who thronged the shop, and who said, 'Faith, you got your match at last,' especially about a joke about rising in the morning; 'that was a gum tickler, bedad.' After having some talk with the fellows on the streets—to bed. Tag tried them first with a Connemara imitation, and then with Latin.

'Latin, begorra,' says one, 'It's just bog Latin, and your schoolmaster, too, should be tied to a cow's tail.'

Off at 7·30. Loath to leave Clifden, with its simple peasantry—well living and polite. Walked by Letterfrack. The Diamond Hill very beautiful—Mr. Hall's property, with his house and grounds below. Couldn't put up at Temperance Hotel, and went to a shop, Mrs. ——'s, a pretty

fat woman, where we refreshed ourselves; and the chaff between her and Bobtail was something wonderful. He seated himself on a barrel of beer, and questioned her on politics and religion with the gravest air. Gladstone was the man, God bless him. Father O'Maily had three bonfires up for him. They put up an orange flag upon the soup-house, but it was soon pulled down.' Bobtail expressed himself rather severely on the quantity of potheen imbibed by the 'Irish Boys.'

'Faith you Scotch are just as bad. There's Father M'Can from Ballivany comes in here whiles for a refraishmant in the passing. He was once in Scotland, and by the same token, he says, its the drunkenest hole on airth. One day he was waitin' on a dyin' man over there, an after he receaved, says he to Father M'Can, 'Father, dear, will there be any whiskey in hivin.' 'Nivir you moind that,' says the praist, 'youl find everything there convanient.' 'Oh,' says he, 'its not that I loikes it, Father, but it does look that purty on the table!' '

'May be he wis a friend of yours, sor, if so be, I ax pardon for spaking so free.'

Passed a large building and farmed land, new gates. An agricultural college—a souper or jumper place, we were told. 'Only four children, and they say there are forty. D———d lies. They pay a man £40 a year to look after it. The clergyman is chairman, and Captain Aitchison

and others managers. Money was left by a gentleman to endow it. Didn't think much of the farming.' It certainly has not done much in the way of reclaiming the bog, though fine iron gates and ill-kept hedge speak of a *dilletante* attempt. Were picked up by a car and carried to Leenane. Romantic lake. Mr. Henry is building a grand castle there, and spares no money. His brother has become a priest, and serves mass at a little chapel.

Leenane a beautiful spot. A large lough comes up to the door of the hotel; and sitting at the door there is a magnificent view. In the evening, as it was wet, we sat in and played at whist, T— taking care of dummy. Two of the constabulary came in the evening with a Mr. Cockerel; 'They say the Irish are disloyal, but a Land Bill will settle them. There are no faction fights now, nothing but a drunken row. The constabulary are regularly drilled, the same as the army. This house belonged to the Fitzgeralds, but his wife saw a ghost and wouldn't stay in it. All here believe in ghosts. An unbeliever from Dublin saw a horse and rider disappear in a bog.' Smoked in the kitchen, and, seated on a pile of peats, had 'illigant discourse' with the Misses Taylor from Ayr. We went to sleep, soothed by the sound of Methodist hymns, a large family of the Christian brethren having taken the best parlour, where they have prayer at intervals during the day. 'I'm not religious,' says

Miss Taylor, 'and never go to them. I'd as soon go to chapel as to church. The priests are our best friends and send people to the house.' The second sister, however, told me a story about a priest which I will not relate.

Up at 6.30 A.M., bade farewell to the complaisant Miss Taylors, especially to Maggie, 'the maid of the inn,' and Phelim, the boy. A stupid deaf Irishman took one oar of the boat and by turns we took the other and got to land.

'Did you ever see the sea serpent?' says Bobtail.

'Is it the say sirpint, sor? No, I nivir seed him; but Tim Doolan, in Clare island, seed him onst. He was in a curragh fishing at the back of Skermore when the sirpint comd up lashing and plashing the waters with his tail. Its Tim, sor, prayed to the blessed Vargin and all the saints that day, and the sarpint lift his hid out of the say, and he just shuts one of his eyes and gives a wink loike, and goes down again; and when Tim got home, sor, every hair of his hid was as white as snow, more betoken it was black when he went out. Sure he's a tarible beast, sor, but I nivir seed him meself.'

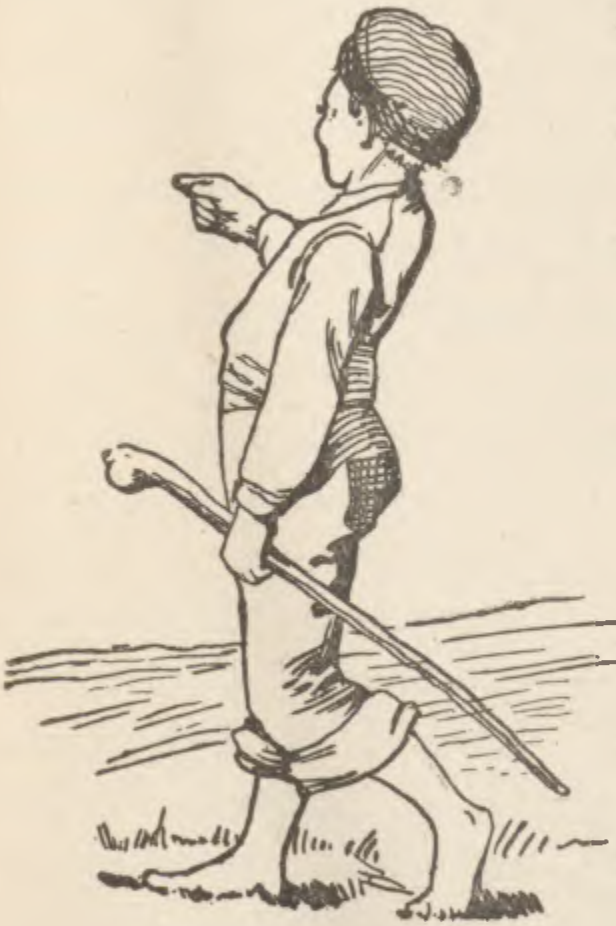
We walked up a narrow glen to Capt. Houston's at Doo Loch. What a magnificent view. A calm lake with high mountains rising on every side. Never saw anything finer, even in Skye. Not a cloud on the summits, and as we sat and had our *first* lunch, the view and the shadows creeping

up the hills were magnificent. We walked on till we reached the Westport road, having, however, lost our way and wandered through a bog. What glorious scenes! No way of going through a country is to be compared to this. We had our *regular* lunch by the side of a spring which cooled our flasks, and our ham-sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs and a soothing pipe, so on we sped till we got to Westport, very weary aud footworn, but pleased beyond measure by the glorious scenery we had seen. We went to Mrs. M'Cormick's, an hotel which sports a waiter (Mike) of the real Irish type. Just promises about half of what he does, and his one object is to keep up the credit of the hotel. His jealousy of the 'Station hotel' is great. His eye was closed as he had a fight with the boots of the 'Station' over a traveller's portmanteau.

MIKE.

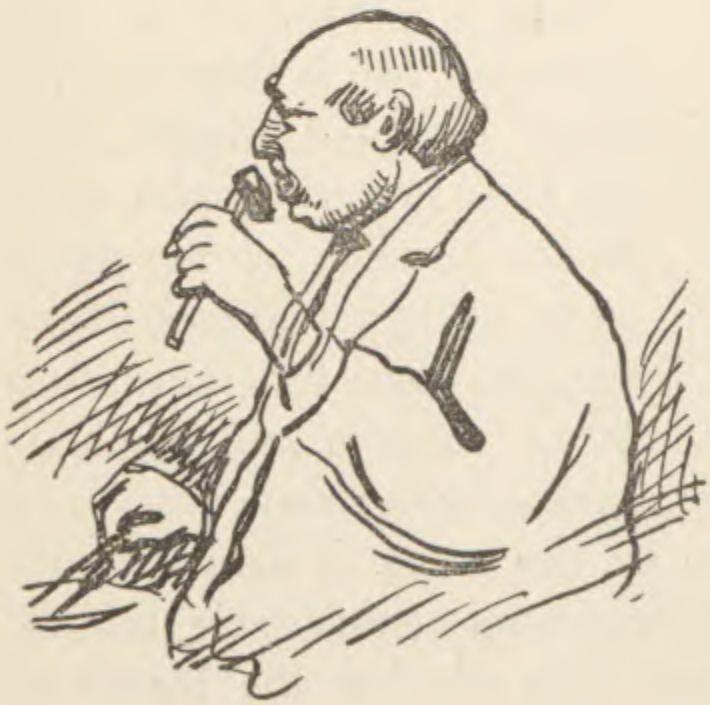
CHAPTER IV.

Left at 7.30. Had breakfast and on through a little village at the foot of Croagh Patrick, which rises like a giant among the mountains. Out of many who solicited the distinction of taking us up the hill, we selected a bare-footed boy, who would go up for a sixpence. We now commenced a very stiff ascent, and soon reached the first 'station.' Croagh Patrick is a holy mountain, and is frequented by many devout Catholics, who say their prayers at each of the twelve stations, or masses of stone, going round each fifteen times on their bare knees—no joke. After a stiff climb up the back part of the hill, we reached the summit, which is a small circular plateau, worn by the knees of successive pilgrims. Below us lay the bay, with innumerable islands, like a perfect looking-glass. Far out lay the islands of Buffin, Shark, Clare, and Achill. It was a wonderful view,



and Tag said he had never seen finer sea tints in the Mediterranean. The sea was deep blue.

'Yonder is the lake,' said the barelegged guide, where our Saviour threw the bell at the Devil's mother, and she is there ever since. Here is the stone on which our Saviour sat. Here is an ould chapel—there is where the altar was. I'm a good Catholic, sir; I go to mass every Sunday. Have been to confession twice a year, but have not received the sacrament yet. I say Our Father every night.' Down the hill we rattled into a car, and back to Westport, passing through Lord Sligo's manor and by the Parish Church. Mike received us with great suavity, and gave us dinner.



THE CONTRACTOR.

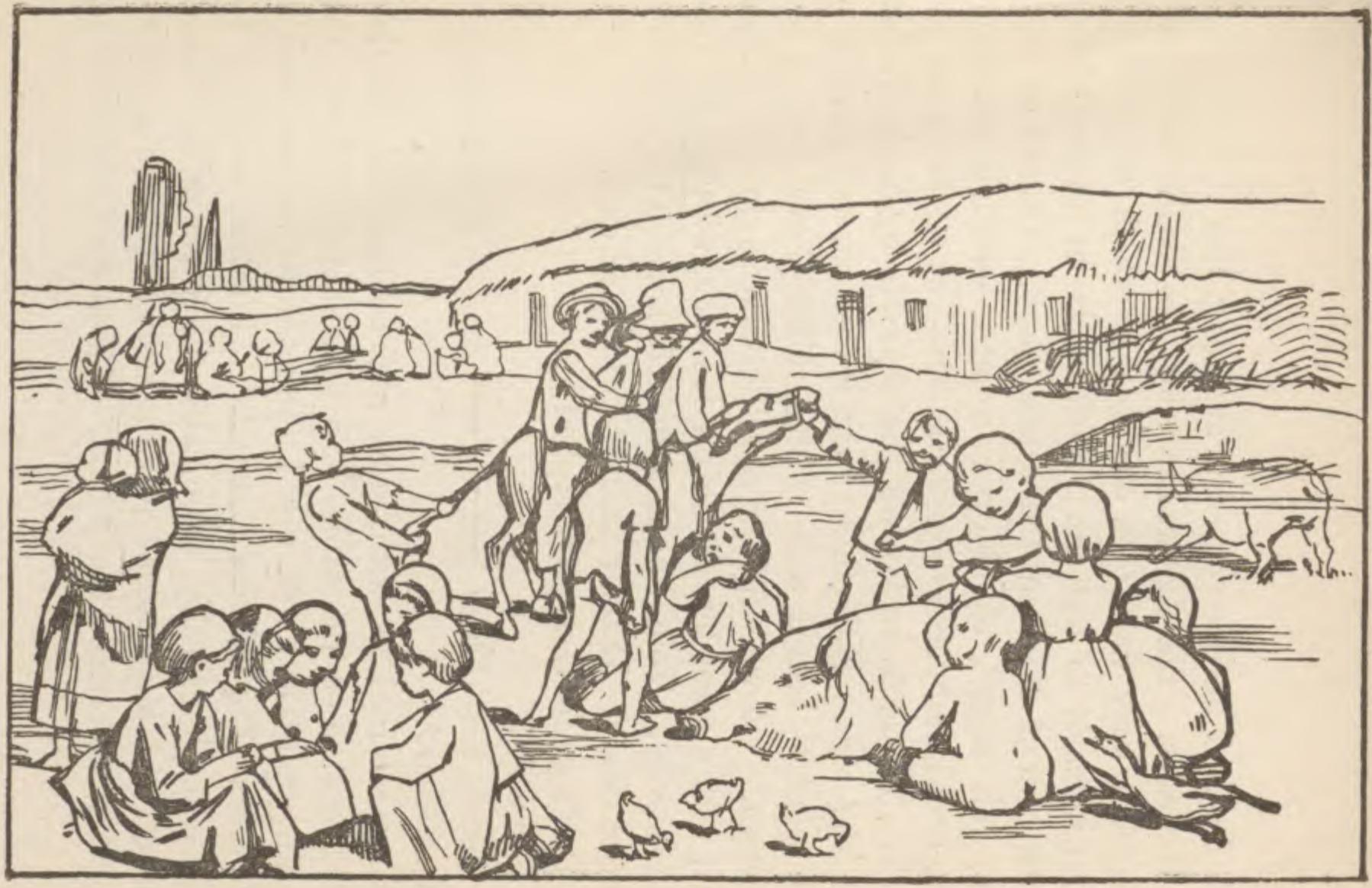
Two sensible people in the room—one a master mason or contractor—began to speak of a Scotch landlord at Balinasloe. 'Has fourteen miles *under* him. He spent a vast amount of money. Didn't evict any one, but bought them out, giving nearly £300 for a man's whole stock, lock, and barrel. Has fine cattle.

I suspect he is tired enough of it. They say his wife's father looks after things. They call him grandpapa.'

Off for Duncherry. Passed Archdeacon Calthrop's house, a nice building. 'Has £800 a year. The man that comes after him won't have that, bedad.' Then into Sir Robert O'Donnel's country, and by his nice house at Newport. Has lost nearly all his property, and what he retains is farmed by his son, Sir George O'Donnel—the eldest sons of some Irish Baronet having knighthood. A number of good farms. Passed a bridge where a family is living under one of the arches. They were said to be evicted by Lord John Brown, who manages Lord Sligo's property. Passed one of Granah Waile's Castles. She was an Irish Princess, and had great sway here at one time. Her skull is in Clare Island. Queen Elizabeth had her over to London, but didn't make much of her. Burpool Abbey is a nice old ruin. We slept at Mulroney in a smoky tumble-down room off a store. Never heard such a chorus of crickets. The host, Daly, had succeeded with great difficulty in getting a lease from the landlord, who owns this property. 'His father,' he said, 'had improved his place and was turned out. Any one who does so has to walk and his farm taken by a friend of the bailiff's.' Had a quiet tumbler of potheen. A policeman came in. The biggest liar I ever met, and told the most

extraordinary achievements of shooting. Shot a hare, duck, and rabbit with the same shot.

Up at five, very sleepy, and left Malroney for Achill Sound. Over bog, and by Clare Bay and Blacksod Bay, with a fine view of the Ballinabog Mountains. Crossed the Sound, and had breakfast at the little inn, served by Mary, one of the nicest and most humourous of Irish Hebes. Achill Sound is a narrow neck of the sea. Had a jolly bathe, and off for Kinnes Cliff and the Crogan in a car. Achill is one vast bog, with one or two fine hills rising out of it. It is owned by several proprietors—Mr. Pike, who has a fine house, and others. The Irish Mission—or soupers and jumpers, as they are called—own a tract of land, and have several churches, schools, &c., and publish a paper called the *Achill Herald*. Hard by their territory Archbishop M'Hale, of Tuam, has a property, on which there is a convent of monks to keep the Protestant intruders in check. They have taken in a good deal of bog, and work at it with their own hands. By-and-bye we reached the sea—a glorious bay, on which the sun shone brightly. The surf beat on the shore. One side of the bay is Deogan Head, and the other is Achill Head and the Cliffs of Kennes. Deogan Head is magnificent, and has the most wonderful rocks, many hundred feet high. Clare Bay is a little way beyond. Kennes Cliffs are also splendid, with the deep blue sea rolling in at



ACHILL.

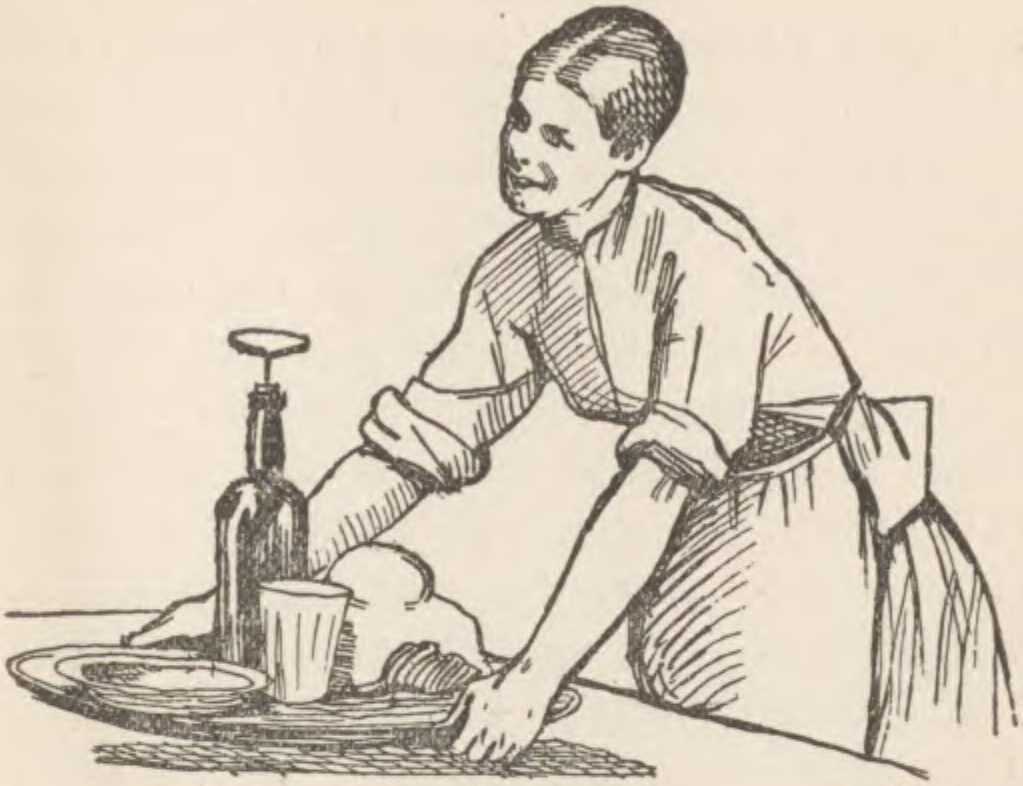
their feet. I have never seen anything like this except in the Hebrides. The day was scorching, so we did not ascend Crogan, a lofty mountain, one side of which slopes down perpendicularly to the sea. Back again to a kraal of huts —the town of Kiel on the sandy shore. Dozens of children, half naked, old beggar women, and idle old men. Pigs, geese, and donkeys gathered round us while we ate our lunch. The children lay on the shore in genial fellowship with the pigs. Everything here is comical, and the pigs—such comical brutes with twisted tails!—have caught the infection. Off we went for Achill Sound again. Our aged hack, with a great bit of skin off his back, whipped by Tom into activity. Tom rather a dull fellow. The old story, want of leases. Bobtail chaffed him a good deal.

'Don't go to Westport,' replied he.

'For why?'

'Becase they'd take you up and send you to the asylum at Castlebar.'

Mary received us with great *empressment*, and soon had boiled mutton on the table. So delighted was I with this Irish nymph that I told her I intended to write a poem in her praise. On bidding farewell, T., it seems, didn't give a large enough gratuity, when, alas, the sweet Mary 'swore at large.' A blight came over the scene, and, with a sorrowful heart, we crossed the Sound. These Achill men are no-



MARY.

torious wreckers, and they evidently thought to try their hand upon us. A greater lot of cheats I never saw. They tried to do us at every turn. Asked five shillings to take us up Crogan, and we got a boy for sixpence. One blackguard at the ferry tried the same dodge, but we were too many for him, and wished him good evening. He shouted after us, 'God grant it may be long before we see the likes of you again!' Back again by Blacksod Bay to Mulroney. The Ballinibog Hills are very grand. Col. Clive has a place here. Part of his property has been taken by a Mr. Black,

who has reclaimed a great extent of bog, and has splendid crops. 'He's a Scotchman,' says the driver. 'Too sharp for the Irish boys, these Scotch. Heard onst of a Scotchman and an Irishman at a hotil whare they had a fine could foul for their supper. 'Let's keep it for breakfast,' says Sandy, 'and the man who has the most beautiful dhream shall have it.' 'All right,' says Pat. Well in the morning they told their dhreams. Says Pat: 'I thought an angel came to me and lifted me up to hivin with the Vargin and all the saints.' 'Faigs,' says Sandy, 'I saw you going up, and says I to myself, he want need the foul in that beautiful place, so I got up and ate it all entirely.' Too clivir, these Scotch, for us poor boys!

We liquored up at Mr. Daly's. Let me say a word in his honour. A kind man, with a kind, homely wife. 'God speed you,' Mr. Daly as they say here, you stood behind your counter and lectured on the Land Question, as from a chair of political economy. Your potheen was glorious. Darkness now set in, and we sped over the road at a great rate, amused by the carman's talk. 'They tried to do us at the Sound,' said we.

'Begorra, that's true, sir; it's their trade. See the new keeper, sir? Young man, sir. Has had three wives. Married second a month after first died, and then two month after second died.'

'What did they die of?'

'*Some* of them died of fever, and *some* of child birth!'

Refreshed at Newport. Queer collection in the kitchen. A young woman dressed in man's clothes had been acting in an extemporised theatre, 'Alphonso the brave and the Rose of Castile." A respectable farmer near Newport, of the name of Rose, joined the party.

'The Achill Mission,' said he, 'had made converts—hundreds! Yes—'

'No,' said a Catholic.

'Yes,' said Rose. 'I was in Achill at the colony one Sunday when there was sermon in Irish, and the church was so full that the English congregation had to leave.'

'Bog land not improveable as a whole; would be more profitable for a man to buy the land at a thirty years' purchase. Mr. Burch has done much, but it never would pay him. The best sheep was a cross between the wild Irish and Cheviot. He dipped his in September and in October. His land let for 25s. an acre.' We dropped him at a pleasant farmstead, and under a dew as heavy as I ever experienced, reached Westport at one o'clock, cheering our way with diverse melodies, which the driver loudly applauded—'More power to you; good for you; you Irish boys,' &c. We travelled to-day from 3.20 A.M., a long and hard day's work.

Up at seven, and took car for Sligo through Ballina.

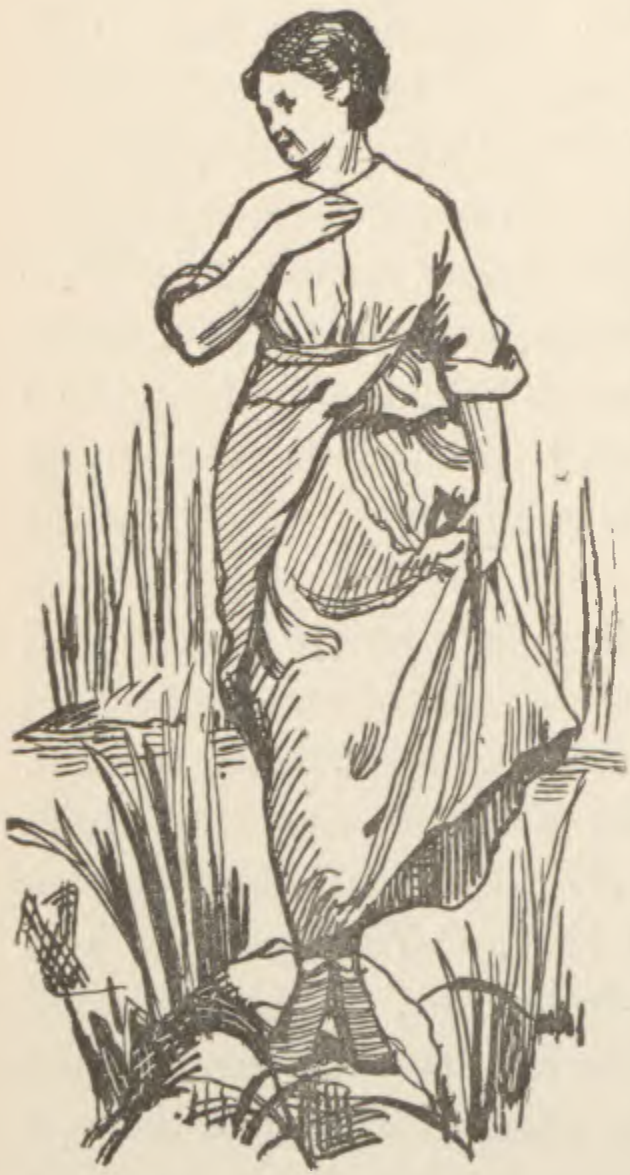
The country is well tilled, and near Ballina the small holdings are comfortable and well cultivated. A priest on the car told me that they had leases. Ballina is an uninteresting town—the great attraction being angling. There is a man here called Pat Hearne, who, by his own account, makes the most wonderful flies, and put anglers up to the most wonderful wrinkles, and they do say salmon are caught. In coming to Ballina, we passed Lough Conn, a fine sheet of water, with several islands. The mountain Nephin towers majestically over it, on which, as every Irishman will tell you with pride, 'Archbishop M'Hale was born.' As we near Sligo, we get grand views of the sea coast and a fine background of hills. The county is very fine and in large farms. We passed the farm where Captain ———, who was shot in the streets of Sligo, lived. The driver seemed to think (so he told T.) that he was removed by the good providence of God. 'I pity his children and widow,' said T. mildly. 'Och, many a poor orphan he oppressed himself. His children would be well enough taken care of.' On to Ballisidare—a fairy scene, the sea bathed in the rose tints of the setting sun. A vessel casting its long shadowy masts across the calm water, and an old ruined Abbey rising majestic in its decay. Sligo, which we reached. hungry enough, is a large town, and has a good trade and an old abbey. Much arable land around, and a famous lake in

the neighbourhood. We went to bed tired out, too tired even to laugh at a dyspeptic Englishman, who told us that he saw no beauty in Sligo.

Up at eight o'clock. Went to see the old abbey. A very fine ruin, with its old cloisters. It was ruined by Cromwell, who battered it down from a neighbouring hill. 'He wanted the bell,' said the old woman, 'but the friars were too clever for him, and they threw it into the lake, where it is yet. Bedad, they tell me his son never became king for what he did.' There are several curious monuments in the place. One, comparatively modern, to Father Flinn, parish priest, attracted me most, two hands holding or pointing to a communion cup. This burying ground is exclusively Catholic, and is full of Catholic inscriptions. 'Pray for the soul of Bridget Connor,' &c.

We took a boat and rowed up a river to Lough Gill under a beating sun, from which we tried to screen ourselves by umbrellas. Lough Gill is a sweet spot, richly wooded, and with a fine house on each side—one the Hon. John Wynne's. We ascended a lofty hill with a fine plateau, from which we obtained a fine view. 'You should be here on Sunday, sir,' said the bare-footed boy, 'all the girls and lads in the country side come here and have dancing. They sell whiskey all round. It's the same whiskey, and the best way to take it is from the prettiest girl. They wouldn't

harm a stranger, but if they like they have a bit of a foight. They take up a stone or a stick, or have a shot behind a dyke. They shake hands afterwards, faith, and they are a fine set of boys. You should have been here at the election. There was a mob of boys for Knox, and a mob of boys for Flanigan. Knox's boys were up here, and Flanigan's boys on the lake out there. Flanigan's boys cried, 'Hurrah for Flanigan.' Knox's boys cut shillellahs, and away they went and took my boats and had a foight on the water, felling one another with the oars, sir. Used to be a holy pool here, but the clargy against it now.' Round to a holy well in Hazelwood grounds. The people knelt near the well on their bare knees, then at two other places, and finished at a little altar; kissed the cross. They then washed their head and feet in the stream from the well. The water, which has the power of curing



CURE FOR A SORE HEAD.

headaches, is deliciously cold. I had three bottles of it poured over my head. There is a curious hole in the side of the well, in which, if one turns their head three times, they are relieved from all pains in the head. We saw a girl do this amid great laughter. She had to go by the sides of the well, for if she wet her feet the spell took no effect. After they had said their prayers, they threw three stones in this hole by way of a votive offering. We went back to Sligo and through the market, where we listened for a while to an auctioneer selling old clothes, and such clothes! then we took the car to Bundoran. Passing through a rich country and by Drumcliff Abbey, we came to Lord Palmerston's county. Everything here has the marks of good landlordism. The peasant sat with his children at his door in peace and contentment. I did not hear whether they have leases or not. We passed Inch Murray, a wild island. It has a Queen who rules it despotically. Lately she lost her husband, came and buried him in the mainland, and returned with a new husband in the same boat. There is but one harbour, and whenever there is a storm passing all the islanders sit and make potheen, as no exciseman can land. Reached Bundoran after a breakdown. A restive horse refused to go and nearly upset us all, and broke the coach pole. Took a walk through the streets and joined a crowd opposite a window where there

was a party. A Captain ——, who was one of the dancers, was the subject of varied remarks. 'Begorra he'd go into the poorhouse if there was fun going. He's the boy, he'd suck whiskey through a dirty rag. They say he has but one shirt, and goes to bed when it is washing.'

Next day Sunday. To chapel at 12, which we were told was the hour for mass. The people kept crowding in, all of the poorer classes and many of them in rags. Some of them knelt before sacred pictures and said their prayers at considerable length. Time passed on, the large church grew quite full, when in came a stout jolly priest with an oak shillellah in his hand and knocked about the people as he thought proper. He cleared out the seats in front of the altar in a twinkling. 'Come out of that,' he said to a *boy*, 'or I will break every bone in your body.' As I saw the hour for the English church service was approaching I left, but Bobtail remained and told me of the scene he witnessed afterwards. After mass had been said up to the reading of the gospel, the jolly old priest, who was the priest of the parish, made an address, letting the crowd know that this beautiful church had been erected and the mass exalted to the glory of God, but the tower was still unfinished, and he now would take the alms of the people. He clapped on his cap, and taking a box in his hand went from seat to seat making his remarks on each contribution as it was given.

"No, no, I can't take that. Is that all, Pat, for the glory of God. Do ye call that a compliment to religion, (holding up a half-penny). I see what it is, I must put on the screw,' &c.

Little Bobtail, who hadn't a farthing in his pocket began to tremble as the box came his way. When the priest came to him he said, timidly, 'I will send you a contribution, sir.'

'That's a dacent man,' said the priest, giving him a slap on the shoulder; and poor Bobtail became the cynosure of all eyes. In the evening he put 1s. worth of postage stamps (having borrowed them from me) in an envelope addressed to his reverence. 'From the heretic whom you blessed and called a dacent man.'

I went to church before this curious scene took place. A neat little building but plain. The congregation was large and composed entirely of the rich and fashionable, a marked contrast to the poor and ragged gathering I had left. The service was very 'Low Church,' the *Te Deum* being read. They have here the practice of repeating the thanksgiving. The young curate, from a neighbouring parish, gave us a sermon about 'Jabez,' of whom he preached in a way which would have astonished the Hebrew worthy had he been a listener. The offertory was a goodly collection of half-pence, relieved by one or two sixpences, which did not promise well for the Irish Church on Voluntary

principles. After church, strolled quietly about the cliffs and looked out on the broad expanse of Donegal Bay. A salt-water bath, warm, in a neighbouring establishment, was very refreshing. In the evening I went to hear a Presbyterian preach in a little meeting-house. His sermon was a curious rigmarole. Badly committed to memory, and full of repetition. By what principle did he think to commend the gospel by a whine through his nose like the drone of a bagpipe. The service was concluded by a prayer, solemn and impressive, from one of the strangers present. The ladle then went round, but Bobtail with vivid recollection of his Popish experiences in the forenoon, no sooner saw the venerable implement uplifted than he vanished out of sight.

The company in the hotel were uninteresting, and a doctor presided at the meagre *table d'hotè* who kept his wisdom to himself and carved abominably.

Bundoran is a nice bathing place. There are caves on the shore where one can dress and undress in shelter. Fine bold cliffs on which to inhale the strong Atlantic breeze, and a good deal of Irish humour and character always to be seen. An excursion train came in during the day with a crowd. Most of them took to the water, and the ladies were not shamed to dress openly on the sands exposing their fair forms to the blazing sun and to the gaze of the surprised and enchanted passers-by. A bevy of nymphs worthy of a painter's study.

A comical looking fellow in the coffee-room taking an evening tumbler. 'Will you have some wather, Sor, with your whiskey?' said the waiter. 'Be the houly poker, yid better take out the wather that's in it alridy.'

The Irish whiskey, however, is good, notwithstanding this savage remark. It is called 'Jamieson,' after its distiller, and is deservedly worthy of respect.

CHAPTER V.

Very sleepy next morning we found ourselves in the train at 6.30 bound for Enniskillen, where we hoped to replenish our resources. Travelling in Ireland had proved dearer than we had expected, and, indeed, we found ourselves generally regarded as sheep whom a kind Providence had sent them to be fleeced with impunity. We soon were running along the banks of Lough Erne, a soft beautiful sheet of water with the morning sun shining brightly upon it. We reached Enniskillen at 9.30, and after a good breakfast set out in search of the needful. Tag's friend received him with open arms, and for his sake treated his companions with equal kindness, asking us to dinner and acting as our guide to the beauties of Loch Erne. He took us in a nice rowing boat to Devenish island. There are here the ruins of an old monas-

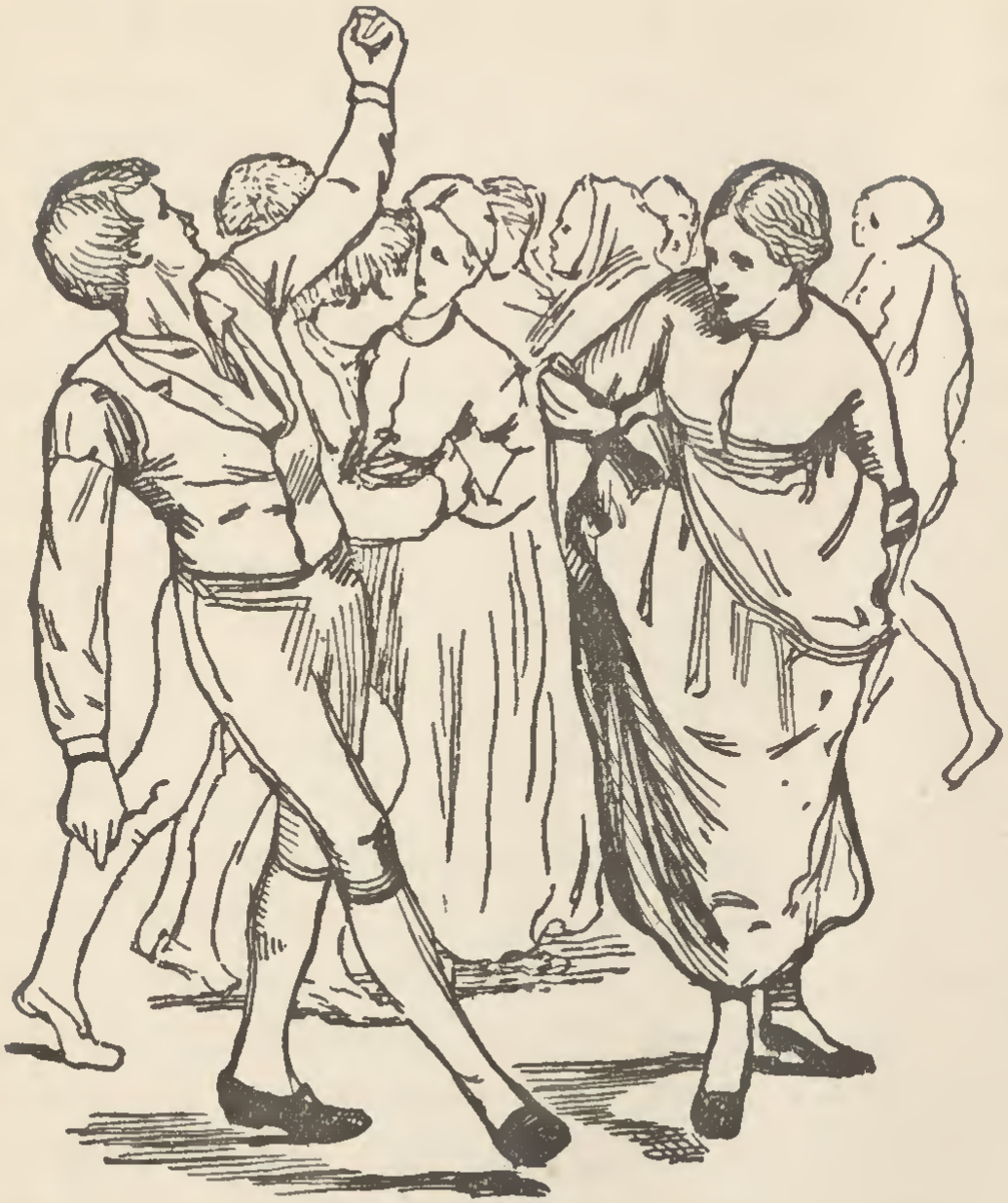
tery, church, and a most perfect round tower with an ornamental band round its summit. The church is in ruins, but the tower stands majestic and unimpaired by time. Curiously enough there is not a photograph to be found of this lovely scene in any of the bookshops of Enniskillen, but it is photographed in my memory for ever. We rowed back to Enniskillen where we were lucky enough to see a rowing regatta under the patronage of the Earl of Erne and Lord Enniskillen, the great lords of the soil about here. Both are great Conservatives, and Enniskillen is master of the Orange Lodge of Ireland. The chief people about here are Protestants, but I am told that the proportion of Catholics is as three to one. The M.P. is Lord Crichton, who was opposed at last election by Mr. Collum, who was backed by the Catholics. I heard of men being sent to measure trees at so much a day, and of houses being watched by a mob of *boys* to prevent their friends being tampered with. The Enniskillen estates are under trust, and the agent of an Insurance Society, which advanced the money, takes the rents. It is thought, however, that an heiress who has come into this noble house (Miss Moneybags as she is here called) will put things right again.

The races took place at the entrance to the lake. It was quite a picturesque scene. The people of the town formed a beautiful background upon the rising bank. The dark mass

of the people being relieved by the uniforms of the soldiers and the many coloured dresses of the townswomen who mustered in great numbers. The Earl of Erne, a nice looking old man, glided about in a steam launch, steered by the M.P., who bowed and chatted affably with everybody. The town of Enniskillen is built on an island. There are two barracks, one with a most picturesque gateway, and the spire of the Parish Church towering high above all other buildings, tells of Protestant ascendancy, and is a striking feature in the landscape. As night closed in we took the train for Strabane. Among our fellow-passengers were the crew of a Derry boat. They had come down to compete at the regatta, and with them Rory Mahagon's skiff; their manly appearance and their former prestige had won all in their favour. Curiously enough they were beaten hollow by a crew of Enniskilleners who had only had two years' training. They were now returning. To console themselves, however, and cover their disgrace, they got as drunk as blazes, and must have entered Derry in a high state of jollity. We got into Strabane very late—an Irish train is like an Irishman, never hurried—and took up our quarters at Mrs. Sim's. A beautiful lithograph of the Duke of Abercorn hangs in the Coffee Room. He is the owner of Strabane and the lands about here, and bears the name of a good landlord, his tenants have fixity of tenure and are prosperous and improving.

Left Strabane at 7 o'clock A.M., and by coach to Letterkenny and Kilmacrenan. The country around Strabane is tilled like a garden. Even in the Midland counties I never saw better agriculture. The land, however, is good and very different from the bog. The crops were dead ripe, yet harvesting was not going on very busily. The flax pits along the road gave forth an horrible smell. Round the head of Lough Swilly, a long narrow strip of water to Letterkenny, passing the Parsonage—a fine house amid a beautiful planting of trees. Letterkenny is a clean tidy village with a pretty cross in the centre opposite the residence of the R. C. bishop of the diocese. The driver was a Fenian or something approaching it. 'Begor, it was charity to shoot Capt. King. He was a tyrant and oppressor of the poor.' Our friend was also a woman hater. 'Begor, sir, these women are too much honoured. You'll see Earls and Lords taking off their hats to them (taking off his greasy bonnet.) Was I married? Catch me, I had enough of it,' by which I conclude our friend was not very happy in his nuptials. Leaving Letterkenny we passed Kilmacrenan old Abbey in ruins. Here (according to the driver) Columb Kille was educated, and in a spot he pointed out he was born. A lovely fertile little valley, and as quiet and peaceful a place as a convent could well be in. We now left the car, shouldered our knapsacks, and struck into the

wilds of Donegal. Along we strode, singing as we went like John Bunyan's pilgrims. The little crofts stud the hill side, creeping up out of the bog, but we at last left them and got into the open moor. Muckish, a curious shaped hill, like a pig's back, was on our right for a long time, and then the majestic Mount Arrigal—the monarch of Donegal mountains—towered grandly before us with a dark lake beneath his right shoulder. Arrigal is a grand hill. The sides and summit, which is conical, are seamed with rough stones. It commands a splendid view, and the west coast of Scotland can be distinctly seen from its summit. We now came to as wild a scene as any I have ever witnessed, at Dunluie. A circular range of steep rocks, a gloomy dark lake, a new built church of marble at one end, and Dunluie House at the off side embosomed in woods. It has been lately purchased by a London gentleman who passed us on horseback. He is proprietor of as lovely a spot as I ever saw. After a mile or two more we reached the Guidore Hotel at 7.30. It belongs to Lord George Hill, the proprietor of the land about here. He maintains it himself and has a moderate tariff. We had a good dinner, and a bottle of sparkling Moselle made us forget the great fatigue of the day. As we were concluding dinner we heard the strains of the bagpipes. In came the smart waitress 'Shure your hanars are coming to the dance.' Going out found the courtyard the scene of a merry party—a number



FESTIVITIES AT GUIDORE.

of country girls, the servants of the Hotel, and a party of visitors assembled round a piper seated on a barrel, whose pipes were in full blast. We joined in, after our 23 miles' walk, as well as we were able. We met a nice party who

have the shootings here, and with whom we had a tumbler of punch before retiring to rest. Mr. W—— and brother (from America), and a Mr. Jenkins, who had been coming here for the last 17 years. A green old fellow with a roguish eye and who danced with the girls in style. The country girls danced well and in excellent time. Irish jigs were all the go. Bobtail and a fat cook performed exquisite movements. Tag and a peasant girl were wonderful, when ten o'clock arrived the landlord cried 'Clare out,' and the gate was locked and all quiet again. We had a good long talk with W——. 'Donegal is a proclaimed county. No one allowed to keep arms without a license. You saw the castle of Mr. —— is building on the shore of Lough ——? He evicted 50 families, they drove him to do it and he did it. Was protected for a long time by police when he went about, one before him and one behind him, has a police barrack at his gate. On leaving Letterkenny, doesn't dare to say where he is going, and I have been with him and he has popped through the hedge like a rabbit and stole home. Yet he is holding that castle, rushing on his fate. They will have him sometime. They shoot his sheep and people, and if this was not proclaimed, would sweep them all out. Yet they are a quiet peaceable people when unmolested.'

We bade our kind friends good night, and in as short a

time as it took us to get off our clothes, were in the land of nod, dreaming of the 'finest peasantry in the world.'

We took a long sleep, and, on looking out of the window, saw that Arrigal had his night cap of clouds still on, so there was no use of trying to ascend him. We heard of races at Bunbeg, a place on the shore about six miles from the hotel, and as we thought we would see a good deal of native character, we resolved to go. Walked quietly along Lord Hill's property, and soon were joined by a body of the constabulary, with slung rifles, who were marching to the gathering. 'The police are a fine body of men,' one said, 'and are carefully picked. If a magistrate or person of influence sees a smart young man he recommends him, and he then has to pass a strict examination. They get light infantry drill, and are continually inspected. Are charged to show all civility to strangers, and are forbidden strictly to take any gratuity. As they are all Irish, they get on very well with the people. The people are not so poor as they appear. In a hovel near the barracks there is a family who can't speak a word of English. Each of the daughters get a portion of £80 or £100. Lord Hill is a good landlord. He encourages employment. If a man takes in a piece of bog he gives it to him four years for nothing. He is liked by all. Speaks Irish. A—— is hated, and we would not be surprised to hear of his being shot. He turned out one

hundred families in a day. The people are very quiet if they are not meddled with; but if they are unjustly treated will shoot you down at once. It is impossible to find out the murderer. An informer is hated by the people, and a man who informed would have to leave the country. The Earl of ——— is hated, and is protected by the police.' So much for gossip.

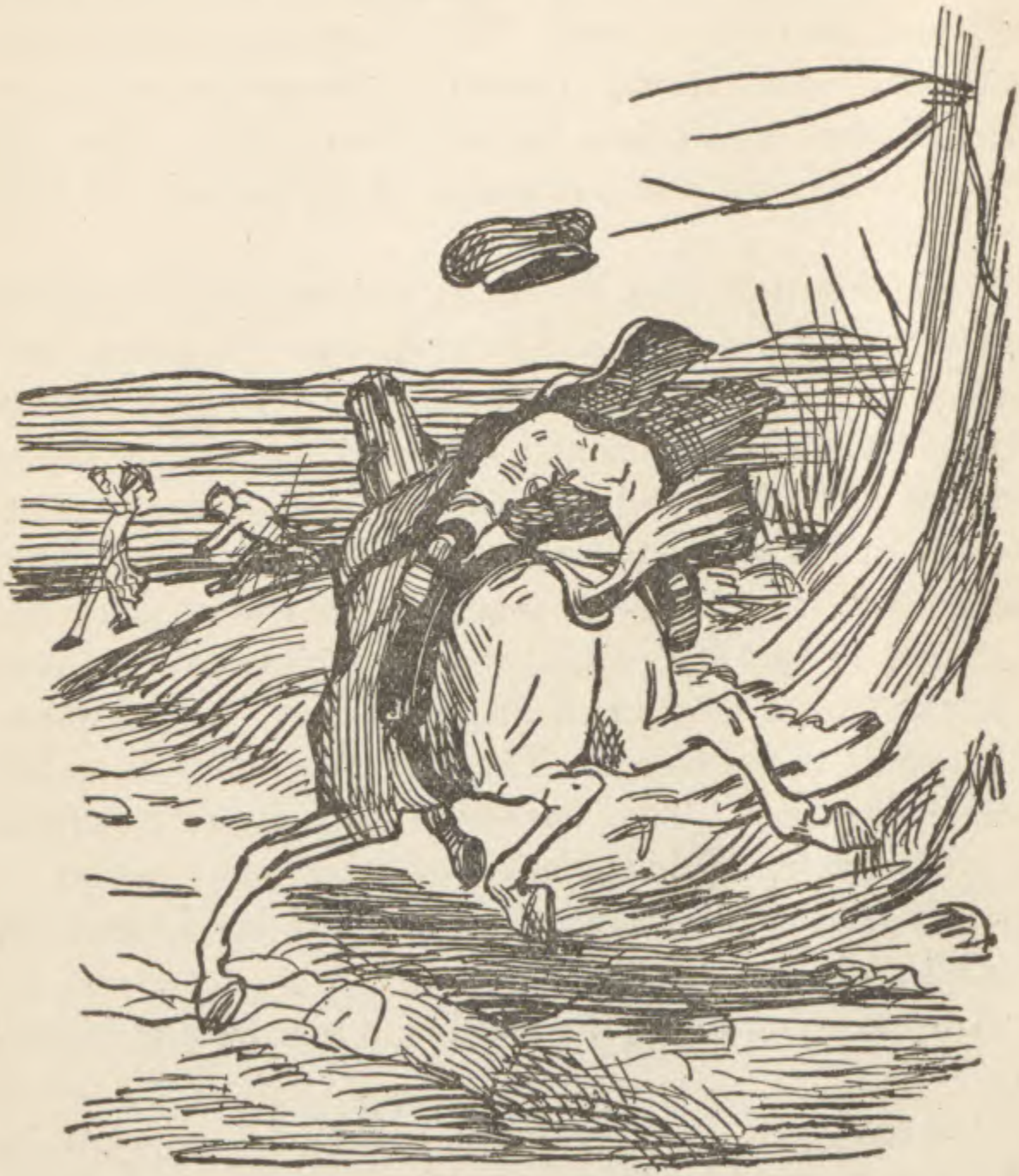
We now struck down the sands, the scene of the regatta. Behind us towered Arrigal; in front were the Arran Isles, flanked by the outlying rocks called the stags of Arran. Beyond lay the broad Atlantic, ruffled only by a slight breeze. Between the islets and the mainland there ran a small channel, and it was here the regatta took place. The greater part of the men of the county were absent at harvest in Scotland, so that the peasant women predominated, dressed in bright scarlet cloaks and tartan shawls. They gathered in hundreds to the scene. They are thoroughly Highland these Donegalians. They have little English, and it required no great stretch of imagination to fancy one's self in the Western Isles of Scotland. Bobtail found his Lanarkshire English slightly unintelligible.

'Are you going to *bet*,' he asked of a nice looking peasant girl.

'Too *early* yet, sir, to go to bed,' said she.

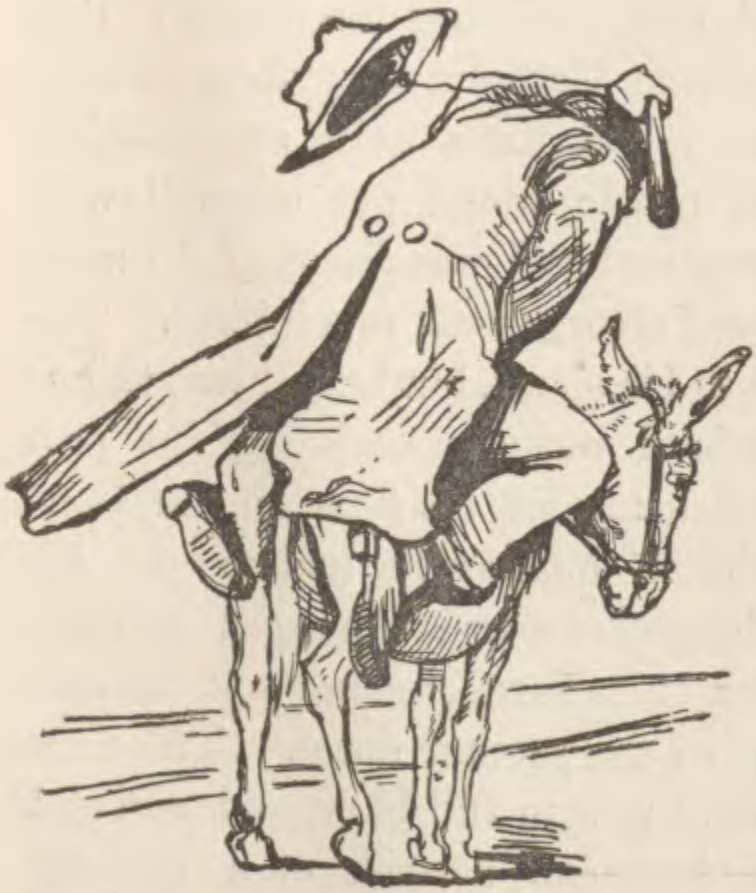
Four very smart boats competed in the first race, and they

looked very pretty, beating back through the sound. By and bye there was a 'Curragh' race. The Curragh is a boat

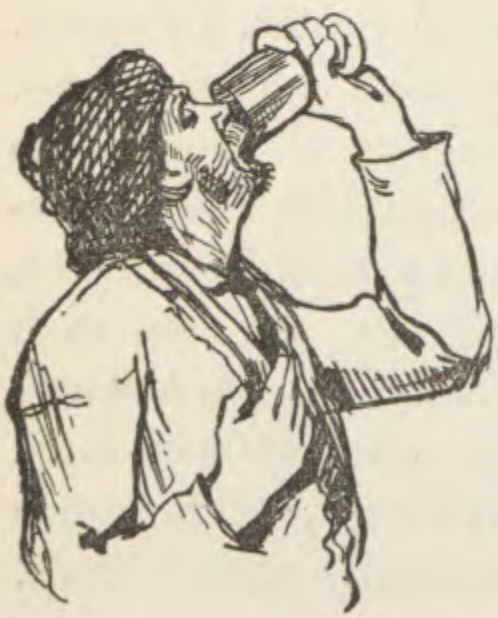


THE GAUGER'S HORSE.

made of skins and wicker work, and worked by paddles. The priest told me that they stand a great sea, and are very good for fishing. He preferred them himself when going to the islands. Two of them competed very spiritedly. After this there was an adjournment to the soft, white sandy bay, where the races were run. The gauger's horse, a smart black pony, was the favourite. Among other amusing scenes was a donkey race, ridden by two big men, and the face of one of them was of itself curious study. Hearing a decent man and woman speaking broad Scotch, I accosted them as a countryman. He was a Lanarkshire man, and his wife a Highland woman from Tyree, and we got on well. They like the country very much. 'Hired with a Mr. Lawson, who only pays Lord George £30, and has a right to a large stock. The people will not do any harm, but *they occasionally steal a sheep.* The bog very soft, and needs deep drains. They have no



braxy nor foot rot, only 'pine,' caused by the damp ground, and when the sheep are heavy a number of them sink in the bogs. A man coming here with a good stock would make a fortune. Lord George was anxious for Scotch farmers. Lawson would make a fortune if he had stock for the land. The land was very improveable, and could be made arable with little trouble and at small cost.' Seeing the priest, Father M'Fadden, and another Roman Catholic clergyman walking about, I joined them and found them most accomplished gentlemanly men. 'The people would get on well with encouragement. What was required was farms of 40 acres or so. Their landlord, Lord George, was much liked. The reason was he didn't trust to his agent, but looked into things himself. The curse of Ireland was absenteeism. The proprietor spent his time on the Continent, and as he had to get his daughters married the agent was called on to furnish money and the people were ground down.' The tents were now in full blow, and men and and woman partook of a cheerful glass. To stand on the smooth sand and look at the crowd on the rocks would have delighted any true artist. The girls are pretty and modest. I

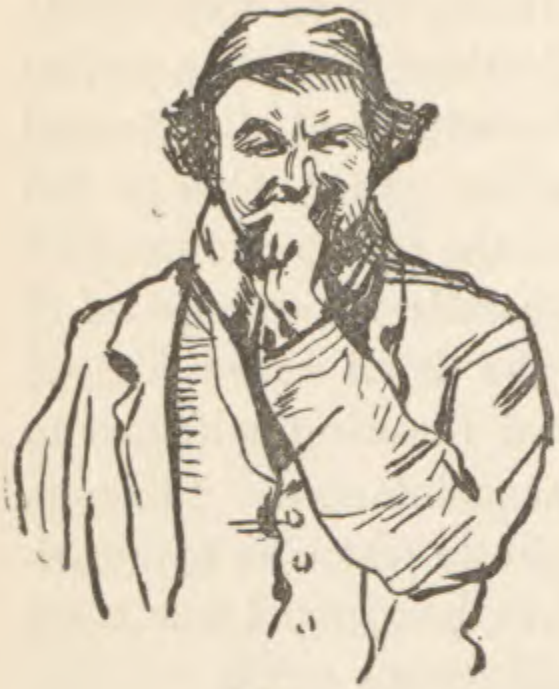


THE CHEERFUL GLASS.

scarcely saw a fair haired girl in Ireland. They are all dark or red. A quieter or more civil people I never saw. I did not hear a bad word or see any indecency or impropriety whatever. An occasion like this in Scotland would be a perfect Pandemonium. Here all was good conduct and kind-hearted fellowship. The people are Catholics. Lord George has built a Protestant Church, and gives the parson one hundred a year out of his own pocket. There is a congregation of about 40. Mr. Jenkins from the hotel made himself very popular, going among the crowd throwing halfpence to the boys—shaking hands with acquaintances. 'Begora, here he comes,' said the crowd joyously when he appeared. Very little kindness goes a great way here, and I was sorry to see a young proprietor of a neighbouring estate walking about with his party, keeping at a distance from the crowd, and apparently considering the whole thing a bore. A few shillings and offhand jokes would have made him popular, but it is, I fear, too much the habit of the proprietors here to look down upon their tenants and treat them as serfs. We left the gay and merry crowd at 6.30. Walked back to the hotel, and after dinner there was a dance in the court-yard. A big cook and the other servants, with the visitors, footing it merrily to the strains of the piper.

Left Guidor Hotel at nine o'clock next day rather sadly, but resolving to visit it again. Every thing is comfortable

at this establishment. It is a pattern hotel, and the view from it magnificent. We drove in the car to the cross roads.



DAN.

A Guidorian of the name of Dan trotted after us upon his smart Highland sheltie, and for some time he and Bobtail maintained an amusing and lively colloquy. Bobtail, however, had the best of it, and a joke about a 'cuddy,' which, for Bobtail's sake, I will not relate, created among our little party roars of laughter. The driver of the car shook till he nearly tumbled off his seat.

'I'm wanting a wife. Do you know anybody here that would suit me,' said Bobtail. 'If you were a good-looking fellow like *him*,' pointing to me, 'you shouldn't travel with the likes of him; he drowns you entirely. Maybe he brought you alongst with him for to do the talking.'

We soon left him behind, and went on to Mr. Olphert's property—a gentleman of whom, like Lord Hill, all have a good word to say. We passed a curious rock like an inverted boat, with an old hawthorn tree growing on it, and covered with ivy.

DRIVER.

'They say the fairies live here,' said the driver; 'do you believe that? What can you say when everybody says it. The woman in yon house sees them often; (addressing a lad on the road) do you know about the fairies, James?'

'Yes sor. An old woman came into yon house and asked for eggs. 'There's none in the house,' said the woman. 'Why do you say that,' says she, 'when there's plenty;' and she goes to the other room and helps herself, and went with them *into the rock*.'

On to the cross-roads. We passed an old beggar, who crossed herself before she picked up the penny we threw her.

'She's afraid,' said the driver, 'there might be an evil eye in it.'

'The people are a decent, quiet living people;' said our Jehu, 'but how can you wonder at their being wild at some of the landlords like A——. He turned 100 families out and pulled the roofs from over their heads. I don't say it is all right to take a man's life; but if you were turned out of where you and your forefathers lived, and the place you had

made with your improvements, because you didn't please the bailiff, and your children crying around you on the bare ground, you can't wonder at the blood getting up! That's it —we're all very quiet till we're touched.'

We parted with the driver and hired a car to Dunfanghy, a village by the coast. Here at Hornhead we had a fine view of the island of Torry, where there is a round tower and numerous crosses and ecclesiastical remains. We passed the place where a Mr. N—— was shot at when returning from church.

'Two men in women's clothes fired two shots into his carriage and took to the mountains. They say it was his own son who did it. A witness swore at the inquest he spoke with him on the road. What did I think? I didn't think a son would shoot his father however bad he was. But the devil has great power, sor.'

We now got into a van, passed the Barn of Ayr, and the beautiful demesne of Mr. Stewart of Ards, numerous fine sea views, and reached Kilmacrenan, where we visited the old abbey, which is in a ruinous condition. We now took to our knapsacks and trudged down the valley to Rathmelton. It is cultivated every inch by small holders. An old peasant, hale and hearty, stood in his field reaping his ripe harvest.

'Whose land is this!' 'It's Lord Clemens', sor.'

'Is he a good landlord?'

'Troth, I usn't to think so, but when I see those that are around me maybe I shouldn't complain.'

'Have you a lease?'

'No, I have not.'

'Did you ask for one?'

'Dan and me wouldn't make bold to do that. Do you see that bridge? I've lived sixty years in this place and never saw him cross it but three times. I pay £52 for 40 acres. I may be turned out at the term after next if I don't please.'

'Gladstone will give you a lease.'

'Do you say so. Faith (and his face lightened up) if I had thirty years' lease of this I'd make it worth an hundred, and ride as good a mare as Lord Clemens himself.

'Are there any places of interest here?' says Tag.

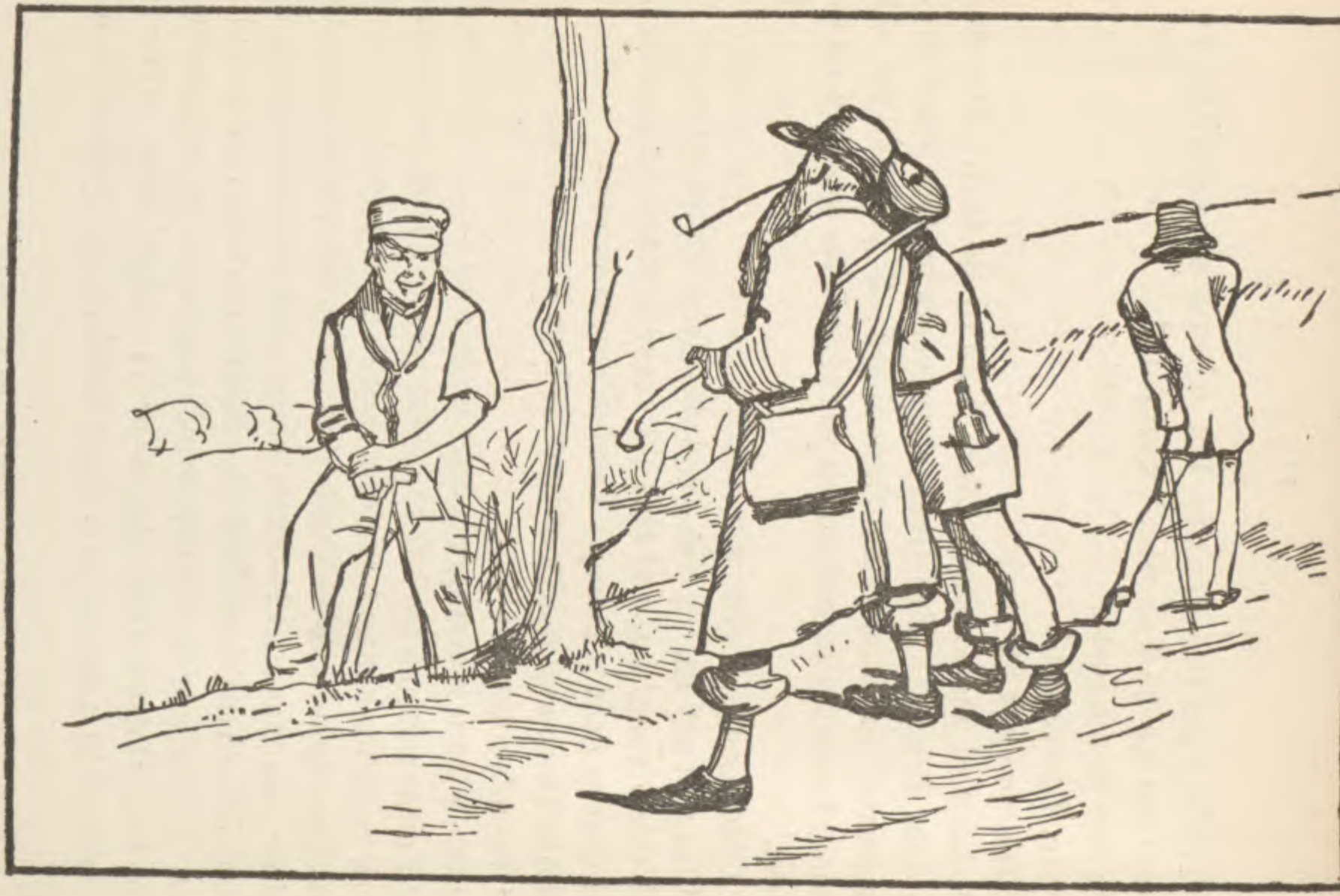
'What's interest?'

'Oh, places a stranger might go to see.'

'Faith, now, an isn't it the great pity. There was a wax-work at Letterkenny last week, but its gone now!'

Rathmelton has a miserable inn. Oh, Mrs. Coyle, what a dinner you gave us!—steak, chop, eggs, and salt bacon in one dish:—horrible to look at—horrible to taste. Faugh!

A captain or head officer of constabulary entertained Tag and Bobtail with stories of his experiences, while I slumbered in a corner on a hard bench. He spoke of Lord



'ARE THERE ANY PLACES OF INTEREST HERE?'

——— as a tyrant. His tenants are no better than serfs. If any man displeases him its 'rise the rent or go.' He's protected by the police wherever he goes. We found a man by the side of the road with a gun loaded four inches with shot. Of course we couldn't prove that he wanted to murder his lordship. We punished him with a few months for carrying arms in a proclaimed county. A *dead* horse was washed ashore on one of his tenant's lands. The man sold the skin for five shillings. Lord ——— said the skin was his, and he made the fellow give him five shillings, as he had sold it too 'cheap.'

Up at half-past five. Crossed Loch Swilly in a steamer, and took train to Derry. In the carriage were a party of emigrants leaving for America. A fine old man with weather-beaten face, and a coarse blue woollen necktie round his throat. Two daughters and a son. Their grief was touching. As the old man was borne away from the scenes of his youth the tears streamed down his face. His manly son clasped him with one hand and his daughters with the other. Poor fellow, my eyes filled with tears to see him, struggling to be manly, and his heart breaking. God bring him to a happier home than the one he is leaving in this poor disturbed country. I thought of him when in Derry I heard the prayer 'for all travelling by land and by water.' We attended service in the Cathedral. It is a

a fine Gothic church, more like a Parish Church than a Cathedral. The bishop read the litany, and his two curates performed the other parts of the service,—one of them administrating the Sacrament of Baptism to several children. The bishop looks what he is, an able man, and greeted us pleasantly when we met him as we entered. Of course we walked round the historic walls. Saw the famous cannon, the monument to the brave defenders, and listened to the man in charge as he recited the history of the siege from memory. 'Much good it has done you. Where's your church now?' said we, jestingly. 'Oh, we'll keep it up. I'm not very sorry for the curates' sake. They'll get justice now. I've seen them kneel down beside sick people among fleas and bugs, and its little they got for it. Big clargy swallow all the pay. Thank you, sir, I'll drink your health in brandy toddy as far as the *sixpence* will go.' We strolled through Derry. Dined at the Imperial, and left old Ireland in the *Shamrock* at 6 P.M.—sharp. Tag, Bobtail, and myself, over a glass of grog, review our travels. We have had a good time. 'Come now Rag, you put down in black and white an account of our rollicking tour.' I ascend to the deck. I look back to the land. It is fading out of sight. Our jolly holiday is over—the daily round—the social treadmill—the grindingstone is before us.

We are getting well out into Loch Foyle, and are likely to have a rough passage across.

I go down the cabin stair. 'God save ould Ireland,' say I, heartily, and Tag and Bobtail say Amen.

MIKE.