

Ireland At Home 1859-60

Ninety Day's Worth Europe.

By Edward E. Hale.

“ Ha ! they are gone !”

“ Yet feel you no delight
From the past sweetness ?”

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1861

I AM to say, in a prefatory note to this work, that I have as great a contempt for books of travel as I ever had, and quite as much for this book as I have for any of the class.

I have also to say to the public, that I have no wish that they should buy it, take it out of Loring's Library at two cents a day, or out of the City Library for nothing. Still less do I advise them to read a word in it, by any accident whatever.

But I find, that in six months, since I returned from a very happy little dash across Europe, I have had constant occasion to lend to friends the letters which I sent home, or the notebooks and scrap-books which I brought home. I am also constantly referring to them myself for the chastening of the imaginative side of my memory, and the stimulating of its drowsy side. It will be much more convenient to recur to these memorials in print than in their original manuscript ; and for this private and personal purpose, here on a New-Hampshire hillside, at too high a level to be hot, and too far from men to be interrupted, on this lovely July day, I begin the arrangement for the press of these pages.

They are dedicated to that circle of friends who would have been glad to look over them in manuscript.

I spare myself, therefore, the pains of adding notes to explain personal or domestic allusions which most of these friends will understand. As the Dervise Nasr-Eddin said, those who do not understand can ask those who do. I omit all apology again for the extreme crudeness of the whole, and the errors which I do not doubt are on every page. I have no books of reference here on the Slope of Passaconaway ; and as we say in sermons and in the “ Examiner,” when we come to a hard place, “ it would not be in my present plan” to use them if I had. [1] There is no pretence, in the materials that I bring together, that I understand the phenomena that I describe, or that I have studied them with care. The home-friends for whom I wrote knew perfectly well that I had had no opportunity to do either.

This little book, therefore, is not a study of European civilization or barbarism ; nor is it a study of any of the elements of either, of European education, government, art, or society. It is rather an extract-book, made up from parts of a mass of the most hasty notes, which show how much enjoyment I found in my NINETY DAYS' WORTH OF EUROPE.

Some suggestions on the religion of Europe, as it shows itself in its public religious services, which seemed to me worth writing home, have been published in the “ Christian Register” much more widely than they would be published here. With one or two exceptions, therefore, I do not repeat them now.

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To And From England.

STEAMSHIP "EUROPA," HALIFAX HARBOR,
12.15 (Boston time),
Friday noon, Sept. 23, 1859.

AFTER a long run, we are coming in to see the captain (Smith, of the forty-third Irregulars, whose behavior was worthy of such a corps). We have had a rough passage, which I shall thus describe in my telegram : " All well ; sea rough ; ship steady ; passengers pleasant ; and I, always yours."

There has been no period till now when we have had a smooth enough sea for me to write even thus ill. But really our detail has been little. It is just possible that a schooner may have announced that she spoke us Wednesday night. If she arrives at Boston, it will not be that she has not been sent to a hotter place by everybody who has alluded to her in our party (excepting me, who sympathize with her skipper, and am afraid I should have done just what he did). The skipper thought he was going to be run down, and fired two guns. This he should never have done, unless he were in distress ; but, as he did it, gallant Capt. Leitch in all that stiff gale lay by, and sent a boat on board him, only to learn that his *distress* rose from his fears that he did not see him. So, as far as I can learn, he got quite distinctly condemned for his pains ; and we proceeded again to our business of getting to Europe. By rigid continuance in it, we were able to take a pilot this morning : a very pretty and exciting sight, two pilot schooners vying for our custom, and the successful Bluenose having to pull a mile in his fine little dory over such waves as you never saw. By the time he reached us, his nose was as red as a peach-blow.

Meanwhile, whenever and wherever we saw breakers, knowing passengers nodded, and said " Sambro Head ;" though, when the pilot arrived, it appeared, as I had guessed, that none of the officers knew within ten miles where we were in this fog, if indeed the pilot himself did. As no intercourse is allowed between the passengers and the officers on duty, we were not able to communicate to them our intuitive information. Where I am writing, I can see no more of Halifax than you can ; but I believe we are just at the pier.

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STEAMER "EUROPA," Sunday, Oct. 2, 1859.

We rose early, to be sure to see the Giant's Causeway. We are to arrive in Liverpool to-night if all works well. We were not disappointed about the Causeway, though hardly near enough to it. It was curiously like, in some of its effects, my sailing by the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior three months since ; and I recognized the little island pillar, which you will remember we saw in Mr. Waterston's capital drawings. For any detail, however, we were quite too far off ; and the Giant's Causeway will remain in my memory rather as a series of receding cliffs, each like that in the geography-pictures, than with any such specific aspect as we saw in that portfolio. Soon after, we doubled the north-east cape of Ireland, Fair Head ; which we came close to, and which had, therefore, for us a much finer appearance, an immense basaltic cliff like the Palisades, and the country each side much like the Highlands of the Hudson. You may imagine how pretty cottages, churches, and fields looked after our imprisonment. I had on my knees a pretty little pet about four years old, daughter of a naval officer on board. She asked me to show her Scotland. I lifted her up, and pointed out the *Mull of Cantire*, which was hazy in the east. It was, as it proved, the first sight the little thing had ever had of *her own land*. The little blue-eyed, flaxen ringleted, Scottish lassie was born in

Malta, and has been ever since at different English naval stations, away from what she will always call home, with her father and mother, who are now returning with us.

We kept very close to the Irish shore till we passed the lough which makes the Harbor of Belfast ; having by the way, before this, passed the Lough Foyle, where the horrible Londonderry battles (in Macaulay) were fought. We then began to cross toward the other side. The rain and fog began to gather. It came time for service, which I read again. After service, it was still rainy ; and so our acquaintance with the new continent (if these islands be a part of the continent) ended almost as soon as it began.

Last night, we had a perfectly magnificent aurora, beginning as soon as it was dark, and lasting so near midnight, that I could not but hope you saw it also : for you know ours of Aug. 28 was seen at Rome ; the first, save Guide's, ever seen there. *Fausturn sit omen.* Although this did not, form a complete canopy, it did curtain the whole northern hemisphere, and passed far over ; seeming, indeed, most *knot-like* at the zenith. As I lay on my back on the deck, looking right up, it seemed at one time most like one of those large fan-tailed comets figured in the astronomy-books ; only the nucleus was in the zenith, and the fan swept half the horizon. The colors were very rich and deep. Afterwards there were the most weird dances of the spirits,

“ Quiescent, quivering, quickly, quaintly, queer,”—

as they are described in an alliterative alphabetic poem, on the model of “ An Austrian Army,” which five of us invented while we waited for more. All the rest of it which I remember are the first lines,

“ Awake, Aurora ! and above all airs
By brilliant blazon bully boreal bears.” [2]

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Ireland.

HAVING given some of the best hours of my life to cares connected with the absorption into American society of raw Irish emigrants, I was determined to see for myself something of the peasant-life of Ireland at home. With this view, I crossed from Liverpool to Dublin on the night of the 28th of December ; having three days before me before I should take the “ Europa” for America, at Cork. With more time, I should have been glad, of course, to have seen the finer scenery of Ireland, or its large cities. For want of time to do this, however, I determined simply to visit the old homes of two of my American-Irish friends ; taking my chance of what else I might see in Ireland by the way. My Ireland begins, therefore, as the mail-boat arrived at Kingston, the port of Dublin.

From this moment till I stepped on board the “ Europa” in the Bay of Queenstown, the port of Cork, I may say fairly, that every hour, and almost every incident, had its ludicrous illustration of the reckless, unreasoning, and imprudent characteristics of mind which have made Ireland Ireland, joined with the heartiness, demonstrativeness, and enthusiasm which appear, of course, where the instincts are under very little intellectual control. Ireland seems to me, therefore, the most entertaining country to travel in that I ever saw. To any one to whom fun, surprise, and adventure, uncalculated successes and unexpected disappointments, furnish more excitement than do regular connections, machine-ruled inns, and the other arrangements which can be written down in a guide-book or in an advertisement, Ireland

certainly is the most exciting country now left in Europe. It is to illustrate these peculiarities, that I give my diary here in a little more detail than usual.

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DEC. 29, 1859.

Ireland begins, somewhere in my note-book, with some account of my catching the train at Broadstone Station at Dublin. Starting at Kingston with the watch at ten minutes before seven, which I knew was right at Liverpool ; riding by rail to Dublin, one-and-sixpence worth ; then lugging luggage to a cab, and riding, in the grim gray, by “ some tall column,” through Dublin to the Broadstone Station, knowing that my train should leave that at seven o’clock ; doing, knowing, being, and suffering all this, I say, my surprise may be imagined, when, as we arrived there, the clock pointed grimly at seven, and the train was just ready to start. I once in, it started. By my watch, it was twenty-three minutes past seven. I had saved the train by—

The difference of longitude !

But the world’s revolution was not so obliging about breakfast. I burned my tongue, and it is still rough, with the coffee I drank as we left the station ; an obsequious porter running by the side to take cup and saucer. Irish again. At Maynooth, there was “ not time for refreshment,” at Kilcock no more, nor at Enfield ; and it was not till we came to Mullingar (how deliciously Irish these names, of which the last now sounds very familiarly to me !) that I found a refreshment-room.

The country through this part of Leinster is very flat, very green, but much more like us than I supposed ; the smallness of the enclosures and the stone walls doing most to give it this aspect. Although there is very little wood, yet there is enough, screening walls and fields, to make a show along the horizon ; and it does not look specially bare. When, later in the day, I had a chance to notice the process (and chance enough I had, as you shall see), I found that they build “ stone wall” to divide fields much as we do, but often with cement. With or without, however, the walls are broader at bottom than at top, and then the top very carefully rounded with cement, or at worst with clay. Over all this, sod is placed, with enough earth to make it grow, when the wall protects a roadway, or any other place where it is likely to be seen ; so that it becomes a pretty green wall. But, unless it is so kept up, the wall gradually resumes the aspect of one of ours.

And so, in my comfortable *first-class*, I rode from seven till eleven, and found myself at Crossdony,—how well I learned that name before I was done with it !—where Bradshaw said, and my guide as well, that I must take conveyance for Killashandra. Killashandra appeared on the map to be seven miles off. I was well pleased when the carman told me it was five ; this being my practical instruction in the fact, which I learned next day from the map, that there are but fifty-four Irish miles to the degree, equal to sixty-nine English ; and that, drop-ping the fractions therefore, five miles meant seven, the best part of seven indeed, without dropping them. To my joy, the car was a regular jaunting-car. In Liverpool and Dublin, a *cab* is called a car. A jaunting-car is a good vehicle for its purpose. The covers to the wheels fold up when no one is sitting on the seats, being made of light canvas on a frame. Between the backs lie my portmanteau, my knapsack, umbrella, &c.

As it proved, I was the only passenger to Killashandra, which did not so much surprise me then ; but it proved to be a town to which other people did come and go, as perhaps an attentive reader will see. The whole ride was wonderfully fresh and amusing. To have everybody

one saw Irish had been all day singularly home-like. What can the peculiarity of costume be which they succeed in adopting so universally ? Well under way on this ride, I began plying the driver with questions, and got some very national answers.

Third likeness to America, let it be confessed, is in the cabins, which are as like log-cabins as that built of stone can be like that built of wood. They are almost universally white-washed ; so that the resemblance to a log-cabin, with the walls filled in with clay, and white-washed, is all the stronger. Within, the likeness is stronger yet ; only, in fact, wanting the floor to be perfect. Then it is to be observed, that, excepting distinct houses of the gentry and the houses in the towns, there are none but these cabins. Most of them are built of stone, all one story high, with the door directly entering the common room. At the left is the enclosure for the pig ; at the extreme right, the fireplace ; and, if there is another room, it is built on beyond.

A black and white bird flew across the road ; and I asked what it was, to be told it was a “ mag-pye.” I thought this would delight Bridget. Soon after, in some trees, lo ! great wads obscuring the light, though all leaves fallen ; and I asked what it was, to be told a “ mag’s nest.”—“ And sure it has a very large nest for so small a bird,” said some , one I consulted on the subject. The men are at work in their fields, wholly, so far as I saw, with spades. The custom is to dig over the fields in perfectly regular ridges from four to eight feet wide, rounding up into the middle. I had seen this in flat land in Belgium ; but here it is everywhere, and they say it is to keep the water from standing, a sort of superficial drainage. But I do not see why they should do it, as they do, on the slopes of hills.

I say, above, “ gentlemen’s houses.” We passed the gateway of two. Perhaps a third, in the edge of Killishandra, came up to this mark. As we entered the town, a rather modern Episcopal church showed itself ; the solid, substantial, ugly, and not uncomfortable residence of Mr. Archdeacon Marsh, I will call him (of whom hereafter) ; and then, running right over a hill, a compact street, wide enough, of one or two story houses, all touching their neighbors. Of which we stopped at the Imperial Hotel, a small two-storied house, with, however, a considerable building for stables, &c., back. There I made my first Irish acquaintance with peat-fire ; and very warm and cheerful it is : nor do I dislike the smoke, though it must be confessed that you perceive it in every house.

My business in Killishandra was to see a certain John Foster and his family. I knew one of his sisters in America. I summoned the landlord of the Imperial Hotel, and consulted him. Then I went to the post-office, and soon found there were so many John Fosters as to make an *embarras des richesses*. But my John Foster was, pretty clearly, a man of “ Arrish Island,” who worked for Mr. Behan, and had a brother Robert in Australia. There was a thick rain by this time ; but I took out my mackintosh (not used since the Rhine), had another jaunting-car brought round, and we went down to find him.

It was not a long drive ; and the driver, after a mile and a half perhaps, pointed out five or six men at work on a new road, one of whom was John Foster.

But not my John Foster. He had no sisters in America ; but had a daughter Margaret there, who had only been there two years. He expressed regret that she was not living with me. All hands counselled, heard, inquired, and interrupted ; but, finally, with astonishing unanimity, agreed that it was Hughey Foster’s family I wanted, from which four daughters had gone to America about ten years ago. They pointed out Hughey’s old house (he himself and wife dead), which agreed ; and up we went. The house proved to be larger than most of the cottages, with a little fenced yard between it and the street. A little child called the mother;

and it proved that these residents were—I forget what ; Tralees, perhaps, who had taken the house after Hughey's misfortunes. I saw the man and his wife, and gave the child sixpence ; wrote down the names of Ann and Rose and Biddy, Margaret's sisters ; and finding that Mary, another, had married James Markison, I thought this was probably the John I was in quest of ; and started for him, after gathering ivy and holly for tokens.

James Markison's was two miles the other side the town, up a villainous road. Into the cabin—first of his brothers, then of him—I pitched ; and great was his delight and his wife's. Frequent outcries of “ O heavenly Father !” at wonder that I had come, and great enthusiasm at my accounts of “ Margaret :” when the whole romance was dashed by their asking for Margaret's children; and it appeared she had been married these four years, and had two or three. Of this there was no doubt, as a sister had been home this year. I had a little warning of this at the Tralee house, when the good woman had insisted that Margaret's hair was black. This was a comforting result of the morning's work. It was now two, and I to leave for my train at four. I was no nearer my John Foster than when I began ; so I resolved to sacrifice this train, and to continue the investigations in what was left of the day and evening. This I did, first, on the great principle of life which Napoleon expressed, when he said, “ If you set out to take Vienna, take Vienna ;” second, on that principle of travelling which I commend to all my young friends, that it is better to see one place thoroughly, than to half see two, or to pass through three without seeing them at all. Nay, it is even better to half see Rome than to eighth see Rome and Naples and Venice and Milan.

By this time it appeared that Killishandra, instead of being a village, was something much more like a Virginian county. It is called a parish, and this had misled me : but “ parish” in Ireland does not now mean the district for which one church suffices ; if, indeed, it ever did. It is more like a large American “ township.” After a solemn series of councils with the inn-keeper, the postmaster, the doctor, and the English archdeacon, I got a new basis of operations. These various visits and conferences showed me some Irish interiors, and at the surgeon's and the clergyman's I met the cordial reception which gentlemen give a stranger. Since that day's journeying up and down this quaint, crowded street,—crowded so unnecessarily in the midst of a great half-settled farming country, the details of Trollope's novels have come out for me with singular sharpness. The result of the conferences as to my “ Holy Quest” was this,—that in the neighborhood of Arvagh, the other principal town of the parish of Killishandra, were two more John Fosters, one of whom was probably my man. I could take one on my way to Arvagh, which was *only* eight miles across the country. I had seen, mean-while, two other Margaret Fosters, who knew nothing of my Margaret or my John. So we started, with a fresh horse in our jaunting-car, and “ jaunted” over the eight miles. It rained all the time : but I enjoyed all the ride till the twilight failed me, about the time I came to my first John ; I think his name proved to be Hugh. I'm sure that he knew as little of what I wanted as the most un-Irish Know-nothing. Six o'clock in the evening, however, found me at the Hotel Imperial, Arvagh. This Hotel Imperial was a newly opened inn ; very like, I should think, the “ Dunmore Inn” as kept by the Widow Kelly. Down-stairs was a great rambling country store, as we should call it ; up-stairs, two or three rooms, as well provided and as ill provided as a new country tavern would be in a back county in Pennsylvania. Everybody was eager to be of service. The peat-fire burned comfortably. I was very soon set to rights ; and some one, whom I will call Jerry Flaherty, was brought me from a neighboring tavern, as one who had made a specialty through his life of the study of John Foster and his family. On cross-examination, he proved to be well up on this subject ; and so eager was he that I should not lose the way, that, when the car appeared which was to take me over the “ bit of four miles” which lay between the inn and my destination, he insisted on accompanying me to show the road. All my protests and threats to prevent him were in vain : and I finally found, that, unless I let him get into the car with the driver and myself, we

should, in fact, never get there ; for the driver knew no more of the road than I did ; while my volunteer guide, unfortunately, was not in a condition to drive.

The road was very blind : but, if it had had eyes, it could not have seen any thing ; for the night was as dark as the heart of the Mammoth Cave. How we ever came to John Foster's cabin that night, I cannot tell. When we came there, it proved to be the right place ; and the cordiality of its humble reception is beyond description. I have no more right to put in print the details of this stone-mason's family life, than I should those of palaces, if I had seen them. I will say that I believe the regret was perfectly heartfelt which was expressed there and in other similar visits which I made in Ireland, when they found that I could not spend a week with them to test the sincerity of their welcome. The mother of this family of six or seven fine children offered to send her pretty daughter of fifteen to her friends in America by my care, if I would bring her with me. Observe that this was at nine in the evening, and the girl would have to be " ready " at four the next morning for the expedition.

Occasionally, but very seldom, I should think, an Irish emigrant had returned from America to this neighborhood. In the instances of which I heard, such men had made a great display of their money, and had borne themselves quite as travelling princes among their stay-at-home friends. I think I observed everywhere in Ireland a corresponding feeling of humility on the part of those who had not emigrated. To me, at least, perhaps because I was an American, they apologized for their staying there ; explained how they meant to come ; how some day they should come. There was nothing of the braggadocio by which the Irishman in America boasts to you that his own country is the finest in the world.

I spent two or three hours with these new-found friends, and left them with real regret. It proved that I could go most easily to Crossdony to the train, without returning to the village of Killishandra. I gave directions, therefore, that a man should be sent there at three in the morning for my St. Gothard walking-stick, which I had left by accident ; that I should myself be cabled at five ; and so retired for the night, after my first day of Ireland.

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DEC. 30, 1859.

Anthony Trollope says that an Irishman dislikes to do any thing at the regular time, but is always extravagantly on hand at an extravagant or unusual time. Certain it is, that my horseman left at three, according to promise ; that I breakfasted at five ; found my baggage well packed on my jaunting-car under the stars at half-past five : and we started to do our seven Irish miles in an hour and a half.

I told that detail above about the St. Gothard stick, because it illustrates so well a good many Irish characteristics. As we rattled on over the frozen road, before there was a glimmer of daylight, we heard horses' feet approaching us ; and it proved that my horseman, having ridden to Killishandra and obtained my traps ; having ridden thence to the Crossdony Station, —say, fifteen miles in all,—had thought best, Irish fashion, not to wait there for me, but to take his chance of meeting me on my road across to the station. This he did, after he had ridden in all some twenty miles. And, so far, the spontaneous Irish system certainly worked well. We drew up and he, and I asked him if he had my cane. " Yes, sir," he cried exultingly, dismounting : but in that instant I saw something fly across the sky ; and, without the slightest pause, he closed the sentence which had begun so exultingly, with " And, begarr, I've broken it !" which was the precise fact. In his reckless dismounting he had snapped the stick in two, in such manner that the better half of it flew into parts unknown (where it

remains, I suppose, unto this day). I explained to him, in a rapid discourse, that this incident, in which, after twenty miles' hard work, he had destroyed the object of the whole, illustrated very precisely the Irish character and Irish history, from the days of Henry the First down. Giving him a shilling, lest he should forget the lesson, I proceeded, with the chamois-horn handle of my unfortunate cane, to the station. The fragment serves me as a memorial both of the St. Gothard and of Killishandra ; two points which, perhaps, appear together on no other mental map than mine.

Crossdony and Killishandra, as perhaps I should have said, are in County Cavan, one of the southern counties of Ulster, the Protestant province of Ireland. I was therefore, in this region, just in the outer edge of the interesting religious revival in Protestant Ireland ; of which, however, I must not trust myself to speak here.

From Crossdony I returned on my route of yesterday as far as Mullingar. It was one of the pretty contrasts of travel, nowhere so strong as in Ireland, that I should meet at the station, and in my compartment of the railway train, a family of high-bred gentlemen and ladies passing from one Christmas party to another ; for even the English contrast between the " farm-laborer" and the " gentry" is not so strong as the Irish contrast between such Keltic cotters as I had been visiting, and the " Saxon," who has his country seat close by.

Mullingar is a great central station, where I left the Dublin train on my way towards County Clare. County Clare is one of the counties which suffered most in the famine. It is north of the estuary of the Shannon, but is not included in Connaught ; being the north-western county of Munster. My route was by rail to Athlone, thence by steamboat down the Shannon to Killaloe. Killaloe gives the title to one of the Catholic dioceses of Ireland, consisting of fifty-two parishes.

At Mullingar I had one of the droll reminders that I was not in America. I had lost my way at the junction (as at junctions one does), so that I began to wonder when and where my own train would appear ; when a porter met me, and told me he had been in search of me. He told me that the train was waiting until I should be found. In fact, through France, England, and Ireland, as far as I saw, the first-class passenger is so much of a nobleman, that he receives a good many of the privileges of a person in charge of affairs. I remember stopping the whole of an express-train in France until I could fill my water-cup, for a child in the car with me, with the water he wanted to drink. This attention in Ireland affected me the more from my sense of its contrast with the institutions of my own beloved country. Compare this, for instance, with Springfield, Massachusetts, where there is no indication of any sort to tell the passenger whither the trains are going, and no person, civil or uncivil, to inform him. That comparison, however, is scarcely fair ; as I believe all travellers recognize the Springfield Station as the worst administered in the world.

A short ride from Mullingar brought us to Athlone ; a fine city, at the outlet of Lough Ree. Here the Shannon is large enough for the navigation of small steamboats ; and here we took a pretty boat, the " Duchess of Argyle." The railroad crosses the Shannon by a very handsome bridge.

Here was an illustration of that horrid division of class, which is the weakness, if not the ruin, of England and of Ireland as well. The passengers for the boat went down to her by a dirty little omnibus. We were most of us men, dressed in coarse, heavy, winter costume. The party had gathered in the carriage, ready to start ; when the cad appeared, incensed, at the door, and, addressing two of our number, said, " Get out of this 'bus ! This 'bus wasn't built for third-class passengers to ride in." I did not see but the men looked as decently as the rest

of us did ; and, in fact, they were not excluded because they were dirty (for they were not), but because, in the prior experience of their lives in the railway above, they had ridden in a third-class carriage. They had done with that, however, and had entered another vehicle on another route of travel. We had all of us given up all our railroad-tickets ; and we paid a separate fare for this omnibus expedition. However, the two men descended ; said, meekly, they meant no offence, but thought all the passengers were to go together ; and, while we rode in the grandeur of first and second class, they walked with their packs down the river-bank to the steamer. The consequence was, that we all had to wait for them to arrive ; solacing ourselves as we could, during that half-mile of theirs, by thoughts of the acceptable sacrifice that had been made to our gentility.

The Shannon flows through a very level country ; and indeed, at this time, was in many places over-flowing its banks. The whole country was as green as New England would be in May. In that region, there was no great token of agricultural wealth ; but everywhere it was a beautiful country to look upon. And so, after a charming voyage, we disembarked at night at Killaloe. Here I left the boat for my excursion into County Clare.

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DEC. 31.

To-day begins, after breakfast, with, one of those pleasant jaunting-car rides of about twenty miles, to Tulloch ; the country still as green as the Emerald Isle ought to be, but only occasionally the pretty gentleman's seat, such as one saw more numerous in the East and North. The ruined cabins all along the road showed how immense the drain of emigration and the loss of life by famine had been. I said of Leinster and Ulster, that there was wood enough to fringe or break the horizon ; but it is not so here. And the care taken about wood reminds me of its value among the Esquimaux, or with the Arctic explorers. So soon, therefore, as a cabin is deserted, the doors, the windows, the roof, and any internal partitions it may have had, are carefully taken away. All that is left is a square ruin, with two gable points, which may crumble into decay as soon as the elements choose. I should say there were as many of these ruins, at least, as there were occupied houses on our road. But they tell me every thing is thriving here now ; and I can well believe it. The solidity of the roads on which I have been travelling, all over Ireland, is one memorial of the good which was educed out of the evil of the famine. The British Government met its responsibilities nobly in that terrible year. They always say, in conversation here, that it expended ten million pounds on the relief of the poor. This must be an exaggeration : but the sum was magnificent; and, on the whole, the expenditure was certainly judicious. They tried not to give it in alms, but in wages. They therefore rebuilt all the principal roads in Ireland ; and the first monument of the famine, therefore, this day, is a network of magnificent highways, rivalling those of England, running into every part of the island. I think the roads were very bad before. Another result of the famine has been such depopulation as this I have seen in Clare ; leaving, however, quite people enough for all the practical purposes of an agricultural county ; and leaving for them, of course, higher wages and better fare. I have learned a good deal since I was here of the splendid agricultural arrangements now going on in Connaught. I am very sorry that I cannot go and see them. The largest is under the conduct of a gentleman from the north of England,—the head of one of those great ship-building firms, which maintain a reputation now more than half a century old. He has the passion for putting his immense wealth into the form of landed property. I believe this passion is native in the heart of every descendant of the Adam who was placed in a garden where he was made and bidden to subdue the earth. The gentleman of whom I speak, instead of buying an estate in England or Scotland, has bought one, vastly larger than any he could have found there, in the wilderness of Connaught, which has been

more desolated by the famine than any other part of Ireland. There, in a climate milder than any part of Great Britain, with great advantages resulting from the neighborhood of the sea and the native fertility of the soil, he is introducing into agriculture the systematic habits of commercial and manufacturing life. Without seeing for myself, I dare not put on paper the statements I have heard respecting the magnitude of his operations ; but they may almost be called those of a principality. Such is one only of the advantages which Ireland has obtained from the famine.

I ought not say this, without alluding to the high statesmanship by which Sir Robert Peel and his friends rendered it possible for Irish property to pass into the hands of those capable of improving it. This was only made possible, on any considerable scale, by the proceedings under the Encumbered-Estates Act.

Tullough, like Killishandra and Arvagh, and every other town proper that I saw in Ireland, proved to be a street of houses and shops crowded all together ; though wide fields surrounded them on every side, and everywhere there seemed room enough and to spare. It was in the delightful excitement of “ quarter-day ;” the court being in attendance, and the trials going on. The judge had on a wig, and I believe he was called “ My Lord ;” but, excepting this, there was nothing to distinguish the court-room much from what a county court would have been with us, if some Irish row had filled it full with gentry of that lineage.

If, indeed, the reader will recollect that nearly every other person in Boston is of Irish birth, and that a tenth part of the people of Massachusetts are, he will understand why I say, that, all through this three-days’ reconnoissance of Ireland, I felt very curiously at home.

I made another circle of friends at Tullough by telling who I was, and whom I left in America. They offered me every hospitality, and regretted most heartily that I could not stay and see their way of life, as I would most gladly have done. But it was Saturday afternoon, and the steamship was to leave Cork on Sunday evening. From Tullough to Cork, as the bird flies, is seventy miles ; and I saw no necessity for travelling on Sunday.

Here was a pretty piece of Irish character. The town was crowded by the attendance on the court. Every horse and car was engaged at every stable ; and all private ones, so far as I could learn, by those who were to leave for home that afternoon. I told my friends, however, that I must be at Limerick at seven, and that they must find for me conveyance. So they did ; though it was conveyance which I must hire ; and a good horse and carriage it proved to be. But no advantage was taken, by him of whom I hired it, of my absolute necessity, and of what we both knew was his absolute monopoly of the only vehicle I could have hired.

And so, at twenty minutes after three o’clock, I took a hurried good-bye. There were three hours and forty minutes to do twenty English miles : time enough, of course, if all worked well ; but none too much, as I knew. The sun sets in that latitude about ten minutes before four, on the last day of December ; and dark driving is slow driving, in my experience. So I hurried up my ready driver to make his first miles his best ; and, while daylight served us, we compassed half the way handsomely. But, just as the twilight was fading, I saw on my side the road a boulder as big as a pumpkin, just in line of my wheel. I called to the driver only too late. We vainly tried to mount it : over went the jaunting-car, down went the horse with it, off went the boy-driver, and up went I.

If the reader will examine the little sketch of the jaunting-car above, he will perhaps understand, what I cannot else describe, how I could lie up there, in my seat still, my legs

pointing near the zenith, with no personal power of descending. I could and did give orders, however. I bade the boy hold his horse's head down. I hailed some wagoners we had just passed ; and, on their arrival, they lifted me from my reversed position. My poor driver was blubbing [3] like a whipped schoolboy. The hardest matter to accomplish in that absurd wreck was the first ; viz., to persuade this youngster that he was neither dead nor wounded, and that no material harm had been done. Then, with what haste we might, we repaired damages, which were considerable. I delivered a lecture, to the neighbors who assembled, on the impropriety of rolling stones from the wall into the highway. I carried the errant boulder back with my own hands ; and, in utter darkness, we started again. But we had lost our extra half-hour ; and we could not make the time in the darkness. At last, we came to Limerick, however, with scarce ten minutes left before the train should leave. In such a contingency, all the disadvantages of the Irish character appear. My driver had never been in the town before ; much less had I. Five times we stopped to inquire where the railway station was. It would be impossible anywhere but in Inland, that as often the persons asked did not know where was the one station in this town of fifty thousand persons. How the memory of Dennis Maher's gospel, alluded to above, smote me ! " The less a man knows, the better," said he. Absolutely, we had to drive up into the main street for information. We found it, and whipped round, by a shocking *détour*, to the train. Ireland for ever ! It has not started on time ! I rush forward, and an obsequious porter takes my hat and shawl. " Which class, sir ?"—" First-class," said I, and sent back two others for my other traps. But, at this instant, the train starts. I dare not slay the guard on the spot as I remonstrate. Off it goes to Tipperary with the porter, with my abstracted hat and shawl, but without me, and without my other luggage.

How Irish the whole thing has been from beginning to end, I included !

I availed myself of my forced stay at Limerick, of course, to ask for Limerick gloves (*vide* Miss Edgeworth). But I was told, alas ! that any kind of gloves which are folded up into a walnut for a curiosity, become, by such folding, Limerick gloves. This is as bad as my experience in Cooperstown, where Fennimore Cooper lived and died. I asked there for " the Pioneers," of which the scene is laid there ; and the bookseller had never heard of the book ! The fact is, that Limerick used to be famous for a sort of ladies' gloves, which were called, I know not why, chicken-gloves ; but, at the largest clothing-shop I saw, they were, as I say, unknown. What's fame ?

Missing the train, I had to content myself with riding between ten and one, across country to the " Cork Junction," in what we should call a cab. It carried the mail and me. We hit the down-express ; and at two o'clock, on the 1st of January, I was in the Victoria Hotel, Cork !

Ireland for ever ! The porter, eager to show how full the inn was, was for marching up all five flights of stairs. At the head of the second I rebelled, and said quietly, " I will stop here." Meekly my Keltic friend assented to the Saxon's declaration, opened the door of a nice room, and I was established. So begins 1860.

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JAN. 1.

Ireland for ever ! I was breakfasting late, after the experiences of the night, when I recollected that the hours of the post-office might be wayward on Sunday ; and rang at once, to learn that it closed at ten. Ten o'clock struck at that instant. Was I to lose, by that chance, all my last letters from the dearest of my English friends ? Out I rushed, of course, into the rain, asked where the post-office was, and sought it. Three people severally, at different corners,

bade me turn to the left. In each instance I pointed right, by way of inquiry ; and that proved to be what they meant. But this is no Irish peculiarity. The English common people have also inherited it from the Ninevites. [4] A party of twelve of us were in London Tower together. “ Turn to the right,” cried the guide from behind us. Six turned to the right, and six to the left. Of the first six, *four were Americans*. When I told this story in Kent, they declared the English were from Essex; and it seems there is a story, that, when the Essex militia drill, their Ninevite inability is so strongly marked, that their officers bind oat-straw on one arm of the soldiers, and wheat on the other. Instead of “ right-face,” the order is then given for “ oat-face ;” and “ wheat-wheel” takes the place of “ left- wheel.” By this time, at Cork, I understood the language. I lost not a moment ; but the office was shut.

I was in Ireland : so I rang the private door-bell ; and, when the door opened, I advanced into the post-office. Woe to me if I had done that in Paris ! Then began my treaty. “ It was impossible,” they said, “ that I should have my letters.” It was impossible, however, for me to leave that spot without them. “ But the postmaster was at his country-seat.” But I was in the post-office. I produced a shilling ; but the Irishman is not an Englishman. It ended by the clerk’s yielding to my impetuous appeal. I think they liked to do the thing because there was no precedent. They refused the shilling,—Irish that,—and gave me the letter,—Irish too ; for which I thanked and thank them.

So was it that the poor traveller, who had had nobody wish him a happy New Year, received by a precious line that cordial salutation.

Ireland for ever ! I asked for and found the Unitarian Church,—the Presbyterian Church of the Munster Synod, I think it is. Surely I must be wrong about the hour. One old woman and I are the only people inside ! No : just then enters a beadle, and shows the minister up stairs. Oh the refreshment of that service, as of Christmas Day’s in Manchester ! Sixty seconds made it certain that I had not mistaken the place ; and then the luxury of worshipping God in my own language and my own way, instead of adapting myself to Edward VIth’s, to John Calvin’s, or to St. Ambrose’s or Hildebrand’s ! It proved, as soon as the congregation rose, that the greater part were in the galleries, where, as I sat at first, I could not see them. With national unpunctuality also, many arrived after the service began.

I introduced myself to Mr. Whitelegge, the minister ; of whom I may say, without impropriety perhaps, that he had preached one of the best sermons I ever heard. The weather had cleared ; and he kindly showed me some of the most beautiful points of this beautiful city.

And so ends Ireland. An extra mail-train comes sweeping in at the station. As I bid the porter good-bye who brings my luggage from the hotel, I tell him to ask for me if he ever comes to Boston. “ And I will go with you now, if you will, sir.” And so he would, as he stood ; though the boat for Queenstown was to leave that moment. What are baggage, back wages, or good-byes, to a chance for America ?

Down to Queenstown, through the pretty passes of Cork Harbor. Have you ever seen so pretty a lighthouse as that of Black Rock ? Down to Queenstown, where we come by twilight. But the day has been rough ; and Queenstown knows nothing of the “ Europa.”

So her Majesty’s mails are transported to a wretched little tug, and the three passengers for the “ Europa” are transported there also. As long as they can walk the pier, they do. As long as they can sit in the cabin, which is the shape of an irregular trapezium, whose longest side

measures ten feet and its shortest three, while its convex side is made by the tug's boiler (atmosphere accordingly), they sit there,—the colonel, the doctor, and I. How well we knew each other after a fortnight ! At length, at nine o'clock, the "Europa's" rockets are seen in the bay, and (Ireland for ever !) our crew has all gone ashore.

The three passengers appear on deck. To them enter the mail agent, somewhat profane. To him enter a stoker. "Where's your master?"—"Plaze, he's just stepped ashore to get a cup of tay."

Let us hope it was *tay*. Her Majesty's mails had to wait, and the "Lady Europa's" passengers, till the tay was drunk and the skipper appeared. One and another of the crew straggled in, and, under instructions from this author, fired the return rockets ; and so we forged down the bay at last till we could look up on the huge "Europa's" deck from our cockle-shell.

Ireland for ever ! The captain of the tug sends all his crew into his small boat to take a line to the "Europa." They should have all staid on board ; for, as we run under the great ship's side, we need them. However, this author takes the helm ; and as Capt. Leitch, from his high "Europa" paddle-box, gives orders, answers, "Port it is, sir !" or "Starboard it is !" as directed. The skipper of the tug, relieved from that duty, catches the "Europa's" hawser at our bow ; some one, I know not who, does like duty at our stern ; and then, like cats, we climb up the high walls of oak above us.

"My dear captain, how are you?"

"My dear doctor, how are you?"

"Mr. Hale, here are letters for you."

And so, before her Majesty's mails had climbed the bulwarks, I was in my state-room, and half asleep ; and my NINETY DAYS' WORTH OF EUROPE were over.

[1] I have since found the same remark in Tacitus.

[2] But the whole of the stuff got printed in "Notes and Queries."

[3] Sidney, who studied language in Ireland perhaps, uses "blubber," as "to weep with swelled cheeks."

[4] Jonah iv. 11.

Ninety days' worth of Europe (1861)

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