

Thomas Moore On Scotia 1823

DIARY OF THOMAS MOORE

Memoirs, journal, & correspondence of Thomas Moore

EDITED BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

1853

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July

23rd. Off at a quarter-past seven, in the coach, for Birmingham: an old gentleman my only companion for the greater part of the way. Read my "Cobbett," which was very amusing ; then my "Examiner ;" then began "Read's Tour through Ireland." Arrived at Birmingham about eight ; went to the Hen and Chickens ; thence to the play, where I saw "Simpson and Co." Supped : a very bad inn ; wretched bed : hate Birmingham altogether.

24th. Disappointed of a place in the mail, by which means I lose a day ; obliged to go by the coach. Met Moore of Birmingham (my old music-meeting acquaintance), who invited me most earnestly and kindly to their approaching festival. Set off in the coach at eleven ; lucky enough to find in it Casey, the Irish barrister, whom I found very agreeable the whole way. Arrived at Shrewsbury at five ; thought it better to go on in a chaise to Oswestry, and let the coach take us up there in the morning. Dined at Oswestry at nine, and finished a bottle of strong port between us.

25th. On the arrival of the coach, found that, from some mistake with respect both to Casey's place and mine, we were to be forwarded together in a chaise. A third person was attempted to be put in with us ; but upon Casey's making serious lawyer-like speeches on the subject, they were forced to give in, and we set off comfortably together in the chaise : a good deal of conversation all the way. Curran, in speaking of Baron Smith's temper, and the restraint he always found himself under in his company, said, "I always feel myself, when with Smith, in the situation of poor Friday when he went on his knees to Robinson Crusoe's gun, and prayed it not to go off suddenly and shoot him." Story of an Irish fellow refusing to prosecute a man who had beaten him almost to death on St. Patrick's night, and saying that he let him off "in honour of the night." Of his overhearing two fellows talking about Lord Cornwallis when he was going in state to the theatre of Dublin ; and accounting for his not going early by the fear of being pelted. "True enough," says one of them, "a two-year old paving-stone would come very nately to *compose* his other eye" (Lord C. having a defect in one of his eyes). Assistant barrister keeping an old woman in jail, and having her up now and then (always sending her back again upon some excuse or other), in order to prolong the commission, and continue his pay. Examination of a witness :—"What's your name ?" &c. &c. "Did you vote at the election ?" "I did, sir."—"Are you a freeholder ?" "I'm not, sir."—"Did you take the freeholder's oath ?" "I did, sir."—"Who did you vote for ?" "Mr. Bowes Daly, sir."—"Were you bribed ?" "I was, sir."—"How much did you get ?" "Five guineas, sir."—"What did you do with it ?" "I spint it, sir."—"You may go down." "I will, sir." Bowes Daly, upon being told this, said it was all true except the fellow's having got the money. Of an aid-de-camp, during an expedition of the lawyers' corps into the county

Wicklow, riding up to ask the reason of a halt ; they made answer by some one, “ It is the law’s delay ;” and upon the corps being ordered to take ground to the right, one of them saying, “ Here now, after having aired my mud, I am obliged to go into damp wet.” Story of Keller answering some one who came into court to look for Gould, having searched him everywhere without being able to find him, *Aurum irrepertum et sic melius positum*. Dined at Bangor ; and slept at that most disagreeable of all inns, Spencer’s, at Holyhead.

26th. Sailed in the Ivanhoe ; took to my berth and peppermint lozenges, but felt deadly sick all the way. Came in a chaise (Casey and I), from Howth, and broke down when near Dublin ; got into a jaunting-car, and arrived at Casey’s, where I dined. Never shall forget the welcomeness of his good mutton broth, to which was added some very old port, and an excellent bottle of claret. Went afterwards in a hackney-coach to Abbey Street. Found my dearest father and mother watching for me at the window ; my mother not looking so well as when I last saw her, but my father (though, of course, enfeebled by his great age) in excellent health and spirits. Sweet little Nell, too, quite well. Called at Bilton’s Hotel, to inquire after the Lansdownes ; and found that Lady L. had been very ill and in her bed for two or three days past.

27th. Called upon Lord L. Asked me to dine with him at Franks’s (his agent’s) to-morrow, but am engaged to Casey ; promised to dine with him on Tuesday. Dined at home, and walked about a little in the evening.

28th, My mother expressing a strong wish to see Lord Lansdowne, without the fuss of a visit from him, I engaged to manage it for her. Told him that he must let me show him to two people who considered *me* as the greatest man in the world, and him as the next, for being my friend. Very good-naturedly allowed me to walk him past the windows, and wished to call upon them ; but I thought it better thus. Dr. Percival having declared Lady L. fit to travel, they intend to start on Wednesday, and will give me a seat in the carriage with them. Went and bought a travelling cloak, as Jupiter Pluvius still continues his operations. Called upon Lady Morgan, who is about to publish a Life of Salvator Rosa ; has heard that Lord L. has some Salvators, and wishes to know the particulars of them. Walked about with Corry. Dined at Casey’s : company, Tickell, Hare, the Fellow, Corry, and some others. Forgot to mention that Casey, during my journey, mentioned to me a parody of his on those two lines in the “ Veiled Prophet” —

“ He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
Beneath the tropics, knows of icicles.”

The following is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me : —

“ He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
On Scotia’s mountains, knows of knee-buckles.”

On my mentioning this to Corry, he told me of a remark made upon the “ Angels,” by Kyle, the Provost, which I should have been equally sorry any of my critics had got hold of : —“ I could not help figuring to myself,” says Kyle, “ all the while I was reading it, Tom, Jerry, and Logic *on a lark from the sky*.” Few such lively shots from our University. Dinner not very agreeable, owing chiefly to the Fellow, who mentioned the great increase that has taken place since my time in the number of the students ; and seems to think that the outpouring of such a portion of cultivated intellect upon society will produce rather a dangerous swell in the public mind (not his words). Corry and I went afterwards to the theatre, to join

my father and mother and Nell, whom Harris has made free of the house, to their very great pleasure and delight, particularly my dear father's, who told me, in his playful way, that he was so fond of it, he had some idea of going on the stage himself. Went behind the scenes with Abbot. He and Corry came home and supped with us. Saw this morning a poor fruit-woman on the steps of a door, eating her own currants ; while another who was passing by and observed her said, " That's *one* way of carrying on trade."

29th. Paid visits to Mrs. Smith, &c. &c. Saw Henry Webster, who told me Lord Wellesley would like to see something of me before I left Ireland, and bade me leave my name at the Castle ; which I did. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's : company, Corry, Charles Fox, Henry Webster, and Franks. Lord L. mentioned an epigram, comparing some woman, who was in the habit of stealing plants, with Darwin ; the two last lines were —

" Decide the case. Judge Botany I pray ;
And his the laurel be, and hers the *Bay*."

30th. Off at half-past seven ; we in the open carriage, with four horses, and the valet and Lady L.'s maid in the chariot with a pair after us. The pretty cottages in the neighbourhood of Lord Mayor's Place, near Johnstown, very creditable to him. Fine Gothic window at Castle Dermott-Geraldine. The river Barrow, from Carlow, rather pretty ; remembered the Irish poet's lines to it :—" Wheel, Barrow, wheel thy winding course." Dined and slept at Kilkenny, at our old club-house, now turned into an inn. Went with Lord and Lady L. to see the Castle, whose thick walls, and deep windows, and tapestry, delighted her exceedingly. The man, in showing us the country from the top of the tower, said, " That house belongs to rich Maguire, who is very poor and distressed." Walked with Lord L. about the town, and recollected the days of my courtship, when I used to walk with Bessy on the banks of the river ; looked into Cavenagh's, where she and her mother and sister lived, and where we used to have so many snug dinners from the club-house. Happy times ! but not more happy than those which I owe to the same dear girl still. Fine round tower annexed to the Cathedral.

31st. Ran to the post-office before starting, to know if there were any letters for Lord L. or me ; post-master answered, " I am sure there are not, sir ; being two such great public characters, if there had been any I should have remarked them." Saw at Collan, for the first time in my life, some real specimens of Irish misery and filth ; three or four cottages together exhibiting such a naked swarm of wretchedness as never met my eyes before. The ruined house of Killcash, on the road, that once belonged to a Mr. Buller, struck me both from the appropriateness of its name (Kill-cash), and the dreary, shaven look of the country round it : not a bush left standing. These recent ruins tell the history of Ireland even more than her ancient ones. A line of mountains all along the way. Knocklofty a very gentlemanlike-looking place, and its vicinity comfortable and creditable. Read in the Road-Book the following euphonious designation : " Mr. Clutterbuck, of Killgroggy." Arrived at Lismore Castle to dinner ; received by the duke's agent, Col. Currie, who, with his family, lives in the Castle. My old acquaintances. Dean and Mrs. Scott, came to dinner. The Lansdownes being strangers to all these people, the evening passed rather tamely. Mrs. S. told some Irish stories. One, of a conversation she overheard between two fellows about Donnelly, the Irish champion : how a Miss Kelly, a young lady of fine behaviour, had followed him to the Curragh, to his great battle, and laid her gold watch and her coach and six that he would win ; and that when Donnelly, at one time, was getting the worst of it, she exclaimed, " Oh, Donnelly, would you leave me to go back on foot, and not know the hour ?" on which he rallied, and won. How the Duke of Wellington said to Donnelly, " I am told you are called the hero of Ireland ;" " Not the hero, my Lord, but only the champion." Walked with Col. Currie before dinner to the school, and heard the boys examined. He has succeeded in removing the objections of the

Catholic priest to the introduction of the Bible, which is one of the great obstacles to schools in other places. Part of this Castle supposed to be the rooms which Sir W. Raleigh inhabited when commissioner for the government of Munster. Some talk next morning with Currie about the country. Is surmounting a good deal the objections to the Scotch plough ; the potatoes about here planted in the English way ; 40s. freeholders the great curse of the country ; no getting rid of them ; nobody would incur the unpopularity of a proposal to disfranchise so large a portion of the population ; such a change would remove one of the chief objections to Catholic emancipation.

August 1823

August 1st. Intended to have gone down the Blackwater, from Cappoquin to Youghal, but could not, on account of the violent rain. Took to the close carriage. Found luncheon prepared for us at the College at Youghal, another house of the Duke's. Got into the open carriage again at Middleton. Youghal an interesting-looking place : saw some pretty faces out of the windows there, which were a rarity. The approach to Cork by Glanmire magnificent ; a sort of sea avenue up to the town, with beautiful banks on each side, studded over with tasteful villas ; gives a "note of preparation," however, which Cork itself by no means comes up to. Drove to Conway's, and dined and slept.

2nd. O'Driscoll, author of the "Views of Ireland," came to breakfast ; left him and Lord L. together, and walked out. Went to the booksellers', Edwards and Savage ; bought a travelling map of Ireland ; told me there was not much demand for books, and that their chief gain was by other articles, stationery, &c., &c. One of them went with me to the Commercial Rooms, where I read the papers. There is another institution called the Chamber of Commerce, a sort of secession, on political grounds, from this ; the Chamber of Commerce the liberal one. Purchased a book of Orange, or "Williamite," songs, at a little shop, where the man told me that the Williamites had much increased ; confirmed to me by Edwards, who said that some Orange Lodges, dormant since the year '98, had lately been revived. Find since, that Edwards and Savage were Orangemen themselves. The Tithes Leasing Bill not acted upon, as no landlords will venture to be responsible for the tithes of their tenantry. A specimen of the good to be effected by the linen manufacture evident at Dingle, where, on one side of the bay, all is comfort in consequence of it, and on the other side, all is misery without it. Have heard since, however, that the manufacture there is on the decline. Walked about with Hickson, the brother of Lord Lansdowne's agent. On my mentioning to him what has been dinned into my ears all along about Lord L.'s being a bad landlord, he said, "If there be the least ground for that assertion, believe me, it must be the agent's fault alone ; as never was there a representation made by my brother, with respect to the propriety of reductions or allowances, that Lord Lansdowne did not promptly assent to them." Was rejoiced to hear this, as it has all along vexed and puzzled me to hear such imputations cast upon one whom I know to be so just and humane. Went to the Dyke Walk, which is one of the best ornaments of the town. Afterwards with Lord L. to Beamish and Crauford's brewery ; had the whole explained ; thence to the Institution, where a relative of Davy and of the same name is the acting person. A poor display of Cork science : among the curiosities is the jack-boot of a French postilion ! O'Driscoll and Hickson dined with us. In talking of the state of the country, O'Driscoll asserted that there was a regular organisation among the lower orders all over the south ; that their oath was only "to obey orders," and that instructions came from Dublin ; that their objects were chiefly to get rid of their landlords and establish the Catholic religion. This, though coming from such authority, appeared to me exaggerated and incredible. Took leave of Lord and Lady L., who start for Kenmare in the morning, where, if I can, I shall join them about the end of the week.

3rd. The Lansdownes set off before I was up. Received a petition, in prose and verse, from a drunken scribbler of Cork, who signs himself “ Roderick O’Conner, the last of all the Bards,” and in one sense of the phrase, truly so. The following are some of his lines : —

“ Which has more renown,
Moore or Lansdowne,
One a coronet—t’other a laurel crown ?
Needy and poor, I come to Moore ;
Romantic author of ‘ Lalla Rookh,’
On thy bard with pity look.”

Sent the “ last of all the bards” five shillings. Set off in the steamboat for Cove (to see my sister Kate Scully) between ten and eleven. Saw the view to more advantage there than before, as the Glanmire side, which is the most beautiful, was now brought into the picture, with its fine seats, Demkittle, Lotabeg, Lotamore, Lota, &c. &c. ; Amethyst Rock on the opposite bank. Shown a house held on the King’s life, the proprietor of which cannot insure the royal life ; such insurance being forbid by the law, as coming, I suppose, under the charge of compassing and imagining “ the King’s death.” Saw Smith Barry’s flag flying on his tower, and was told his fortune is rated at 40,000*l.* a year ; this Orange gentleman left his card for me at Cork. Some gentlemen aboard the boat inquired with anxiety how long I meant to remain at Cork on my return, as it was the intention of the inhabitants, they said, to pay me some public tribute, if I would allow them the opportunity. Arrived at Cove about half-past twelve. Walked with Mr. Mark (a gentleman who introduced himself to me in the boat) to see Mrs. Conner’s cottage, which is very high, and commands a fine view of the Harbour. Spike Island (in fortifying which, 1,100,000*l.* having been laid out, it was found at last this expenditure was all useless, as the island is commanded by another point) ; Magazine Rock (in whose excavations below the sea powder is kept), &c. &c. Kate and her husband received me with much delight ; she quite well and grown fat ; John not so well. About two, we all embarked aboard the steamboat to take a cruise up the Carrigaline river, whose windings are very pretty ; went up as far as Mr. Newnham’s fishing cottages. John Scully disbelieves O’Driscoll’s account of the organisation of the people ; says it is merely a war of the poor against the rich ; condemns the new Tithe Bill, as tending, if it was enforced, to make the clergy a greater burden than ever ; the omission, however, of the compulsory clause, has fortunately rendered it a nullity. Is contented with the laws about tithe as they are, if the poor people could only enforce them by obliging the parson to take his tithe in kind ; means of course, that they might be embarrassed in this process, so as to leave them but little either of gain or comfort. The cotters, however, are too poor to enter into conflict with the parson ; besides, the latter always has them in his power by holding over their heads those notes which they pass to him for their tithes from year to year. The valuers never will let the people know their demand upon them till the corn is actually in. A ship, called the “ Barrosa,” lying now in the harbour, to take out 300 settlers to the Cape of Good Hope ; this the only one, besides the Admiral’s, now at Cove. John remarked upon the misnomer of *settlers* applied to the Irish, who are always un-settling both at home and abroad. Walked with John and Kate in the evening ; all the *fashionables* abroad ; had to stand such broadsides of staring, as disconcerted even me, used as I am. ’Twas the same yesterday in Cork ; and amusing enough to see, when I walked with Lord Lansdowne, how distracted the good people’s attention was between the peer and the poet ; the former, however, as usual, had the best of it. Slept at a very comfortable little inn kept by a widow woman.

4th. After breakfasting with Kate and John, set off in the steamboat for Cork ; the day tolerably fine, and the view magnificent, A great pity there is not some fine architecture to meet the eye at the bottom of this approach ; if they had turned the new custom-house, with a

handsome façade, towards the water, it would have enriched the scene incalculably. Forgot to mention that, before I started this morning, a deputation of eight or ten gentlemen of Cove waited upon me to request I would name a day, either now or before I left the south, to dine with the inhabitants ; answered that I hoped to return this way, and would, in that case, have great pleasure in accepting their invitation. John told me there were two or three Orangemen in this deputation, which I was glad to hear. An intelligent young man aboard the steamboat, who went also up the Carriagaline river with us yesterday, on my mentioning my intention of setting off for Beecher's to-day, said he was going to Mallow too, and would, if I chose, secure a place for me in the coach when he took his own. Walked a little about Cork ; visit from the French Consul. Off in a sort of diligence to Mallow at half-past two ; went outside with my boat friend, whose name I find to be Sullivan. Country barren and dreary till within some miles of Mallow : the first thing at all pretty, a house of Mr. Williamson's [1], on the Clydagh, a beautiful stream. Near it are the ruins of a preceptory of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, called Ballynamona [Ballinamona]. A good deal of conversation with my companion upon the state of the country ; says there is a strong feeling among the lower orders, that if they persevere in their present harassing and violent system, the Church must give in ; that Deism is spreading very much among the common people. Beecher's gig met me about a mile from Mallow ; and I arrived at Ballygiblin to a late dinner; found Lyne, an old college acquaintance, just arrived too. He mentioned old Rose having once asked Sheridan what he thought of the name he had just given his little son, " George Pitt Rose," and Sheridan replying, " Why, I think a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Mrs. Beecher's sister sung in the evening ; and so did I a little.

5th. Nick Beecher drove me in the curricule to Mallow. Pretty view from the lodge ; the glen on one side, through which the Blackwater runs, under the high wooded grounds of Ballyellis ; Mr. Jephson's old tower covered with ivy, but spoiled by the fine gilt clock. Asked Beecher whether he thought it true that Deism has got among the lower orders ; says it is not impossible ; such phrases are continually in their mouths as the " Religion of the heart," " God is the only judge, &c. &c." Explained to me (being himself a clergyman) the different modes of getting the tithes. The most peaceable way is by lettings, where the parson (either himself or his agent) bargains with them for a certain sum to be paid in lieu of the tithe ; frequently he summons them before the Ecclesiastical Court, which is the most vexatious and expensive mode to the poor people ; or he may have them before any two magistrates,—whose jurisdiction, however, does not extend beyond cases of ten pounds. The story about the fight at Skibbereen true ; Morrit, the clergyman, who is in continual warfare with his parishioners, is an Englishman. The average of the seven years, in the new Composition Bill, unfair, because it comprehends the years of highest value. One good in this Act is, that by the applotments being made on the whole parish, including the agistment tenants or graziers, the proportion that the poorer tenants have hitherto paid will be considerably reduced. Thinks he will himself be able, by taking a fairer average, to make some such composition, to be regulated every three years by the price of wheat, and rise or fall with it. In reply to my inquiries as to the secret organisation of the people, is of opinion that they are, to a certain degree, organised ; the oath they take is, " to be secret and to be ready." Very little regard to truth among the lower orders ; are tolerably educated ; at least most of those under forty. Went to Ballyellis, and to another pretty place ; and in returning called at a pretty cottage where Beecher's sister lives. Mrs. Beecher not able, from rheumatism, to dine with us to-day. In the evening read the new Tithe Act, and find that the oath which Dean Scott objected to so much the other day is that which the commissioner is empowered to put to the parson (as well as to the parishioner) for the purpose of coming at the truth with respect to the average value of the tithes, &c. &c.

6th. A letter from my dearest Bess. Some more talk about the spread of Deism among the people ; instances known in which fellows have given up going to mass, and, upon being addressed by the Methodists (as loose fish likely to come into their net), answering that their intention was not to belong to any church. Walked with Lyne to see Lohort Castle ; high and narrow, the outworks gone ; belongs to Lord Arden ; lunched there, and was introduced to Mr. Cotter, the clergyman of the place, who has invented a new musical instrument, which he calls the Basso Hibernicon, of the *serpent* family. Walked over to his house with him to hear it ; a dreary spot called Castlemagner, from a ruin (named after one of Cromwell's generals) which stands on a bank above the stream. The property immediately here Lord Limerick's, who within twenty years has shorn down every tree around ; and left no signs of life but a few wretched cottages. The parson's own house, a waste and ruinous concern ; and the embrasure in the hall door, to fire through, speaking volumes for the comfort of his neighbourhood. Had his wife down to accompany the display of his Basso upon a wretched little old pianoforte. The instrument very sweet and powerful, and will be, I have no doubt, an acquisition to bands and orchestras ; it is seventeen feet long. Told me he took it over to London, and played on it before the officers of the First Life Guards, taking the precaution of covering it with cambric muslin lest the invention should be borrowed. What a treat for Francis Conyngham, &c. ! A parson from the county Cork with his huge Hibernicon wrapped up in cambric muslin I Lyne quoted to me Lord Bellamont's description of Kerry, " All acclivity and declivity, without the intervention of a single horizontal plane ; the mountains all rocks, and the men all savages." Story of the hunted stag of Killarney coming near where Lord Avonmore (then Attorney-General) and Dr. O'Leary were standing, and O'Leary saying, " How naturally instinct leads him to come to you to deliver him by a *nolle prosequi*." The name of Captain Rock is said to be the initials *Roger O'Connor*, King. A vast deal about me in the Cork newspapers. Amongst other things, a letter from my own " Zaraph," describing the way in which he watched over me through Cork, his amusement, at the Commercial Rooms, in " seeing the matter-of-fact merchants staring at the Poet." Another paragraph says, after stating that Lord and Lady Lansdowne had walked about the streets of Cork, " We observed Mr. T. Moore (of poetical celebrity) leaning on the Marquiss's arm. We shall only remind him of his own lines, how —

Sooner or later, all have to grieve
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve."

7th, Started in the gig with Nick Beecher at eleven, in order to be time enough to catch the Killarney coach at Mill Street. Passed the Castle of Kanturk, which is a much more considerable edifice than that of Lohort. Met Mr. Leader, who has a property in this neighbourhood. Made me a speech which was rather unseasonable, I being in a hurry. " This is the region, Mr. Moore, of which Sir James Mackintosh said, that religious persecution has completed in it what confiscation had begun. From the Shannon to the Blackwater all the ancient proprietors swept away, &c. &c." The coach just setting off when we reached Mill Street, and, to my horror, full. On Beecher, however, speaking to the company inside, and mentioning who I was, they consented to take me in. Found 'twas a party that had taken the coach to themselves, servants and all, eleven in number. The ladies very civil. One of them, a Mrs. Barton, whose husband, a guardsman (I think), was outside. The other her sister, with a brother, two young Cavendishes (Lord Waterpark's sons), and a Mr. Hort, a friend of Lord Lansdowne's. What luck ! Found that my " Fables" was one of the books they had made provision of for rainy weather at Killarney. Arrived at Lord Kenmare's at four. Lord L. out on the lake with Mr. Sullivan (Lady Harriet's son), who has been here two or three days, and goes to-morrow. The dinner very good, and Lady Kenmare very pleasing.

8th. The weather rather favourable. Drove down to Ross Island, and embarked on the Lake at eleven. Lady Kenmare's first time of being on her own lakes, having been but ten days here, and reserving her *debût* (as she says) for my coming. Landed on Inisfallen, and enjoyed thoroughly its loveliness. Never was anything more beautiful. Went afterwards to Sullivan's Cascade, which was in high beauty. Curious effect of a child on high, crossing the glen ; seemed as if it was flitting across the waterfall. The peasants that live on the opposite bank come over with fruit when strangers appear, and their appearance, with their infants, stepping from rock to rock, across the cascade, highly picturesque. Mr. Galway (Lord Kenmare's agent) and his wife at dinner. Instance of the hospitality of the poor cotters, that it is the practice with many of their families to lay by, each individual, every day, one potatoe and a sup of milk for the stranger that may come. Intended riots at fairs (from the spirit of sept-ship) have been frequently put a stop to by orders from Captain Rock. Sung a little in the evening.

9th. Wretched weather. Made an attempt, however, with Lord and Lady K., to see the Upper Lake, and, in spite of the weather, was enchanted with the echo at the Eagle's Nest, and the view from Dinis [Dinas or Dinish] of the old Weir Bridge on one side, and the plank bridge over the entrance into Turk [Torc] Lake on the other. This river, between the lakes, delicious. On reaching the Upper Lake could see nothing, from the shroud of mist and rain that was over everything. Lunched at Hyde's cottage, and returned by Turk Lake. Found the weather in this region much better, and paid another visit to Inisfallen.

10th. Read Smith's "Kerry." Was waited upon by a deputation of the gentlemen of Killarney, to request I would name a day to dine with them ; but my stay is too short to do so. At three, drove out with Lady Kenmare. Called at Mr. Herbert's of Carinane, who showed us a large and most satisfactory map of the lakes, not published. Thence to Mucross. Saw the abbey, with its sculls, and the tomb of the O'Donoghue, who died lately. A sort of hermit lived some few years since in the abbey, planking up the recess which formed his lodging with coffin boards. Used to dine about with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Drove through those beautiful grounds, where the *ars celandi artem* has been exerted with wonderful effect ; as I understand all this lovely and natural-looking disposition of the grounds has been the product of much toil and enormous expense, not less than 30,000*l.* having been laid out upon them. Visited the pretty cottage on Turk Lake, which is to be let, and anywhere else, but in wretched Ireland, would be an Elysium. The new road from Kenmare is to pass close behind it. Drove through the grounds to the copper-mines, and quite enchanted with their endless variety of beauty. Dined at eight ; only Lord and Lady K. A note for her from the Lough Lane Club, proposing to give her a stag-hunt whenever she might desire. Persuaded her to fix Wednesday, in the hope that the Lansdownes, who come on Tuesday, may stay for it. O'Connell's brother was one of the deputation that came to me this morning.

11th. A letter from Lord Lansdowne, to say that he cannot stay longer than Tuesday. Much inclined to give him up for the stag-hunt. To-day too stormy for the lakes. Took a walk through the town of Killarney, joined by Galway, with whom I had some conversation about the state of the country. Thinks the great object of the people is to get rid of the profit that is made upon them by sub-letting. The *gentlemen* are the most troublesome tenants, and the worst pay. —, the swaggering patriot, who holds considerable property from Lord K., cannot be made pay by love or law. Says it is most ungentleman-like of Lord Kenmare to expect it. This reminds me of an epigram I heard the other day made upon him and O'Connell, when the one hesitated about fighting Sir C. Saxton on account of his sick daughter, and the other boggled at the same operation through the interference of his wife.

“ These heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,

Improve on the Jewish command ;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land.”

The rental of Lord Kenmare’s property, 23,000*l.* a year ; but so encumbered in various ways, that he has but 7000*l.*, rather precariously paid, to spend. Drove with Lord and Lady K. to their park, and walked about. A very pretty glen, with the river Devenagh running through it. O’Connell and his brother came to dinner. Says the facilities given to landlords, since 1815, for enforcing their rents, have increased the misery of the people ; particularly the power of distraining upon the crop. Mentioned a case, which occurs often, of a man, or his wife, stealing a few potatoes from their own crop when it is under distress, being put in prison for the theft as being felony, when at the worst it is but *rescue*, and kept there till the judge arrives, who dismisses him as improperly committed, and he is then turned out upon society, hardened by his wrong, and demoralised by the society he has lived with in prison. The facility of ejection, too, increased since 1815. On my inquiring into the state of intellect and education among the lower orders, said they were full of intelligence. Mentioned, as an instance Hickey, who was hanged at a late Cork assizes, a common gardener. He had fired at a boy, who he thought knew and might betray him, and his gun burst, and carried away three of his fingers, which were found on the place. A man, in seeing them, said, “ I swear to those being Hickey’s fingers,” on which Hickey was taken up, and his guilt discovered by the state of his hand. This fellow was a sort of Captain Rock, and always wore feathers to distinguish him. During his trial, he frequently wrote notes from the dock to O’Connell (who was his counsel), exhibiting great quickness and intelligence ; and when O’Connell was attempting to shake the credibility of the boy, who was witness against him, requested him not to persevere, as it was useless, and his mind was made up to suffer. Said that a system of organisation had spread some short time since through Leinster, which was now considerably checked, and never, he thought, had extended to the south. He knew of an offer made by the chiefs of this Leinster organisation, through some of the bishops (I believe), to him (O’C), and by him to the Government, that they would turn out for the Lord Lieutenant, against the Orangemen, if necessary. Says that Lord Wellesley forwarded the notification to the English Government, but no answer was of course returned. Thinks the population of Ireland under-rated, and that it is near 8,000,000. Difference between the two archbishops that died lately ; him of Armagh, whose income was 20,000*l.* a year, and who left 130,000*l.* behind him, and Troy, the R. C. archbishop of Dublin, whose income was 800*l.* a year, and who died worth about a tenpenny. Shows how cheap archbishops *may* be had. On my remarking the numbers of informers now coming in as inconsistent with that fidelity which he attributes to the lower orders, says it is always the case when an organisation is breaking up, as the late one is ; never, while it is going on. Even now the *depôts* of useful arms are preserved, it is only the broken, used-up ones, that are informed on or delivered up (as it is with the old stills). The Church possesses 2,000,000 of green acres. His conversation with Judge Day : “ What remedy is there for Ireland’s miseries ?”—O’C. “ I could tell you some, but you would not adopt them.” —*J. D.* “ Name them.”—O’C. “ A law that no one should possess an estate in Ireland who has one anywhere else.”—*J. D.* “ I agree to that.”—O’C. “ That tithes should be abolished.”—*J. D.*, “ I agree to that.” —O’C “ That the Catholics should be completely emancipated.”—*J. D.* “ I agree to that.”—O’C. “ That the Union should be repealed.”—*J. D.* “ I agree to that too.”—O’C. “ Very well, since that is the case, take a pike and turn out, for there is nothing else wanting to qualify you.” Mentioned a joke of Norbury’s to Judge Baily lately, when they were comparing ages, “ You certainly have as little of the *Old Bailey* about you as any judge I know.”

12th. A beautiful day at last. Went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. The whole scene exquisite. Loveliness is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than what

may be found among the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little gardens that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands, and graceful sweep of the shores ;—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, such worthy inhabitants of such a region. I pulled some heath on Ronan's Island to send to my dear Bessy. Lunched at Hyde's cottage, and met there the party I joined in the coach. and who were going on to Dunloe Gap. Sorry not to go with them, as I shall lose that feature of the Lakes. The echos much clearer, and more like enchantment, than the last day, and (as Lady Donegal expressed it in her letter of instructions to me) “ quite take one out of this world.” Just home in time to receive the Lansdownes, who give a most delightful account of the prosperity of the town of Kenmare. Cannot stay for the stag-hunt tomorrow. Lord L. gave me a letter he received for me, poetry from Tipperary. In much doubt whether I shall give up the stag-hunt to-morrow ; on one side there is the pleasure of travelling with the Lansdownes, and the difficulty of getting on by the Limerick road without them ; on the other, there is the stag-hunt, and my promise to Lady Kenmare. To-morrow morning must decide.

13th. A fine day for the hunt, but preferred the Lansdownes. Started after breakfast. Lady L.'s resolution in climbing to the top of the abbey at Ardfert, though in evident fear of giddiness. The windows of the abbey very perfect ; the narrow lancet windows of the cathedral. At Lixnaw visited the ruins which the Kerry family inhabited ; a spacious and formal dwelling. Lady L. wished to sketch it, but could make nothing of such a wilderness of chimneys. A pretty summer-house, however, which she took, is the monument of the Earl of Kerry, to preserve which Lord L. has been left the farm around it, about forty acres, being all that he inherited with the title ; the Earl of Kerry having sold all his estates for a life-annuity. The family lived here in feudal state ; the old Earl and Countess dining by themselves, and when in company being the only persons sitting on chairs, the rest having tabourets. Had their Board of Green Cloth like royal personages ; the shutters of the windows inlaid with silver, Beyond Listowel got out to walk through the wood by the river to the Knight of Kerry's house, where we were to dine and sleep. The name of his place Ballinruddery. The walk most beautiful, being high over the river (Feale) and wooded. Hickson (Lord L.'s agent) and his brother came along with us from Killarney, and it is another brother, a clergyman, who lives in Fitzgerald's house during the absence of the family, and who, with his wife, received us at dinner. The house a mere cottage, but gentlemanlike and comfortable, and the place altogether beautiful, worthy of its excellent and high-spirited owner, from whom, by the by, I received a letter enclosed to Lord L. to-day, expressing his regret that he is not in Ireland to assist his constituents in doing due honours to me on my arrival among them. Excellent salmon at dinner. The evening most silent and sleepy. Forgot to mention that on my arriving at Tralee this morning, a poetess, a Miss ——, who was evidently lying in wait for me, had a book popped into my hand at the inn, with a note full of the usual praises of my talent and diffidence in her own. The binding very pretty, and will, at least, look well in my library. Had some conversation with Lord L.'s agent, who tells me that considerable reductions and allowances have just been made to the tenants ; that three gales are due, and that Lord L. has done more altogether than any landlord in Kerry, except Judge Day. The latter has, not long since, remitted a whole gale to his tenants.

14th. Off between nine and ten. The bridge of Listowel, which had been broken down, was within a few days propped up for the Judges. Thought, as it had been *sub judice*, we might venture. The view of the Shannon, as we came upon it from Tarbert, very striking.

The place of Sir R. Leslie here, on an Island, beautifully situated. Had been invited to lunch at Mr, Rice's, of Mount Trenchard (the father of Spring Rice), and arrived there about two. A fine old gentleman. Told us of the magnificence of the last Earl of Kerry ; of his being

attended always out of Dublin by his tradesmen as far as Naas, where their bills were paid, and then met on his return at the same place by the same *cortège*. Fine sweep of the river before Rice's house, and a pretty place, belonging to a Mr. Scott, in a wooded bay on the opposite side. Passed through Adare. Quantities of ruins, no less than five or six, which, from the Limerick side, have a most romantic effect through the trees. Arrived at Limerick (coming this last stage very quick) at seven : Swinburne's hotel Lord L.'s account of his Kerry tenantry. His chief difficulty is to keep them from under-letting. Some, who pay him but 8*l.* or 10*l.*, will let their small portion out in corners to poor wretches, who marry upon the strength of this '*pied-à-terre*,' and swarm the little spot they occupy with children. These are they who put the key in the thatch in summer, and go begging about the country, and, under the name of " Lord Lansdowne's tenants," bring disgrace upon *him* and his property.

15th. Walked with Lord L. to see the spot where the bridge is to be, connecting Limerick with the county Clare, and with his property, which will be, of course, a great advantage to him. Received a note from another authoress, a Miss ——, saying she wished me to call upon her. Did so. A very handsome, showy person ; has published a novel, " Isabel St. Albe," dedicated to Scott, and is about to publish another, which she proposes to dedicate to me. Walked with her to see Mr. Roche's curious gardens, made on the roof of the great corn-stores, which he lets to government. Was already discovered to be in Limerick, and saw the staring and running begin. Had taken my place in the Dublin mail for three o'clock, and was not a little gratified to find, on passing the Commercial Rooms in it, a number of gentlemen drawn up on the flag-way, who all took off their hats to me as I went by. A priest in the coffee-room, before I started, introduced himself to me ; told me how much he admired everything I had written ; had all my books in his possession, &c. &c. Is the priest of Castlebar ; and said how comfortably the people in the west get on by means of the linen trade, in which they have been greatly helped by the money received from the English charitable subscriptions. An intelligent young man in the mail, who came as far as Nenagh, and (as I found on his leaving me) had put himself on the coach upon knowing that I was to be a passenger by it, and had come thus far with no other motive. Found him very useful in pointing out the different gentlemen's seats. Mentioned the very high character Lord Clare had held in this neighbour-hood as a humane landlord and kind master. Arrived at Roscrea about eight, where I dined and slept, having secured a place in the coach to take me on tomorrow morning. The Lansdownes, after a short stay at Limerick and Mount Shannon, will proceed to Mr. Cosby's, in the Queen's County (where I was invited to meet them), and thence, in the course of about eight days, to Dublin.

16th. A small round tower at Roscrea, and a very fine ancient portal, which serves as a gate to the church ; the ruins of a castle in the town. Started about ten o'clock. The curious rock, with ruins on it, in the neighbourhood of Maryborough, called Dunamase. Sorry not to be able to stop and see it. Dined at Naas, and arrived in Abbey Street before ten. Found a letter from Lord John, directed to Sloperton, dated the 6th, saying that he had changed his mind about the journey to Killarney, and would now be very happy to accompany me ; proposing we should set out the 16th, this very day ! Letters also from dear Bess ; all well at home, thank God !

17th. Walked about a good deal. Called on P. Crampton, and found him laid up on the sofa. His story of the boy wishing for a place under government ; his powers of " screeching free-stone." " Sure, its me you hear in Dublin every Wednesday and Friday. Did you ever hear me ?" &c. Told him how perfectly all my suspicions of Bushe were cleared away by his conduct since he became a judge, by his last charge in particular. Answered that Bushe had always been kept down till now by Saurin, and was unable to show himself. Lord Farnham

saying, during the Queen's trial, that he would not make up his mind till he had heard one Italian witness, who had often been mentioned, and who might be expected to throw much light on the matter, "one *Polacca*." Dined at home, and had Abbot to dinner. Said the great grievance of the law in Ireland lay in civil process; the delay of the sub-sheriffs; their being bribed to hold the writ suspended; ought to be forced to file it immediately, as in England. Lord Landaff used to pay regularly 1500*l.* a year to the sub-sheriffs of his county, to keep off executions, but has lately discontinued this, and mounts guard upon his house instead.

18th. Made a number of calls. Stared and run after at every step. Dined at home: the Abbots to dinner. Went (all of us) to the theatre in the evening to hear Catalani. Went to her dressing-room, and met there Stevenson, who most unfortunately goes out of town tomorrow, not to return for some time. Had brought over some sacred songs for him to arrange, which this will, I fear, put out of the question. Abbot brought Mrs. A. and my sister Ellen to introduce to Catalani. Her kindness to Nell, calling her *la sœur d'Anacréon*. A good trait in Catalani, the veneration she always felt for Grattan, and when told of his death she burst into tears. On Abbot making her a present the other day of one of the medals of him, she kissed him. Grattan was always an ardent admirer of hers, and Catalani showed Abbot a letter of his in French to her, which she keeps treasured in a splendid box, and had either the policy or good taste to say she preferred it to all the tributes she has from kings and emperors. The letter expresses a hope that, after having enchanted the world with her song, she may be called late to add to the melody of heaven. The Abbots supped with us; and my dearest father and mother seemed perfectly happy. Had a MS. book and note this morning from another poetess. Miss ——; and a letter from a Mr. Clarke, of Limerick, enclosing a poem of his to me (which has appeared in the Limerick paper), rather good.

19th. Called upon Miss ——, and found her (for a poetess) pretty well. Said "she was afraid I should think her a very bold girl for writing to me." **** Called this morning upon Lover, the artist, who is anxious to take my picture; but have not time. Went also with Abbot to see the machinery of the Bank, which is most curious and beautiful, and does great credit to Oldham, who presides over it, and has invented some of its most interesting contrivances. Had a letter from Lord Lansdowne to say he will be in town on Friday or Saturday.

20th. Called upon Lover, with Curry and Jerry Bushe. Took us to see some pictures in Dawson Street, which were collected with a view to an Institution, but without success. A very delightful picture by Northcote of a girl riding on an ass; also Sir Joshua's portrait of Primate Robinson, very striking. Dined at Abbot's; a large party—Vallebraque and Catalani, Harry Harris, Sir Charles Geisicke of the Dublin Society, Magee of the Evening Post, Dr. Letton librarian of the D. Society, my father, mother, and Ellen, & Catalani took a violent fancy for my dear mother; overheard her saying to Vallebraque, *cette chère Madame Moore*. Gave me a long account, in the evening, of her quarrel and reconciliation with the King of Bavaria.

21st. Paid a visit to Mason, who has sent me, with a very flattering letter, a copy of his three-guinea book on St. Patrick's Cathedral. Went to see the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy's pictures; some of them very good indeed. Dined at Lady Morgan's: company. Lords Cloncurry and Dunsany, Caulfield (Lord Charlemont's brother), old Hamilton Rowan, and Burne the barrister. The style of the dinner quite *comme il faut*. Lord Cloncurry mentioned his having interceded with Lord Wellesley for the pardon of a man who had been, with several others, found guilty of a murder at Athy, but who, there was every reason to think, was completely innocent. A priest, riding up to Dublin, for the same purpose of intercession, died on his arrival from the over-haste with which he had travelled. Lady Morgan mentioned, that Owen had brought her one day a pattern of the sort of short tunic or shift which he meant the people

of his parallelograms to wear, hinting, as a secret, that this was only a preparatory step to their not wearing any clothing at all : she hung it up, she said, in her drawing-room, to exhibit it. In the evening a most crowded *soirée*—Ladies Cloncurry, Cecilia Latouche, &c. Lady Clark's little girls sung with an Italian, and I also sung two or three songs. Introduced to Mr. Hughes, the American Minister to Sweden, who has been here a few days. Catalani came late ; and I took flight on her appearance, seeing strong symptoms of being asked to sing for her. Took leave of Corry this morning, who starts for Wales to-morrow.

22nd. Called upon Joe Atkinson, &c. &c. Saw Henry Webster, who has been down to the county Wicklow to communicate to Lord Wellesley the time of Lord Lansdowne's arrival. Thinks Lord L. ought to go down to him before his departure, and wished that I should go with him, as Lord Wellesley has expressed a regret at his not being in town to see me. Was anxious I should translate some Greek ode he had, &c. &c. Dined at home with my dear family. Went to walk in the Rotunda Gardens in the evening, but being alone could not stand the staring I had to encounter ; one man, whom I did not at all know, seized my hand, and held it while he made me a speech. Was off in a few minutes : should like to have sauntered there a little longer, listening to the music, as the scene altogether brought back young days of courtship and carelessness to my mind. Heard, in passing their hotel, that the Lansdownes had arrived.

23rd. Called upon the Lansdownes. He goes down to Lord Wellesley to-morrow, and will sail certainly on Monday. Begged him, if Lord W. mentioned me, to say how flattered I had been by his kind messages. Went to the theatre, but did not arrive till the curtain was falling ; saw Catalani in her dressing-room, and handed her to her carriage ; a crowd outside waiting to see her, who said " God bless you !" as she passed.

24th (Sunday). Breakfasted with Abbot, who gave me the " Anti-Union," Scully's " Penal Laws," &c. Took my old portmanteau to Milliken's, that he may pack in it the books I have bought and send it after me ; found Rees there, who kindly asked me did I want any money. A note from Lady Lansdowne, to say that they mean to set off for Howth this evening at eight, and will take me if I choose ; otherwise, I may join them there in the morning. Determined on having the last evening with my friends at home, and ordered a bed at Morrisons, in order to be nearer the Howth coach in the morning. Dined at home ; packed up after dinner, took my farewell supper with them, and off for Morrison's.

25th. Coach called for me at a quarter after seven. Skinner, in whose packet we sail, the only passenger in it. Told me of the havoc these English commissioners are making in the Post Office. So much the better ; it is the great seat of Orangeism ; and Lord Wellesley says he *knows* that all the libels against him, during the late row, were circulated *gratuitously* through the medium of the Post Office. Found Lord and Lady L. aboard. Took immediately to my berth, and was in Holyhead in about seven hours, where we dined, and set off immediately afterwards for the first stage, Mona House.

26th. Stopped at Bangor Ferry, Lord L. having a letter to Mr. Wilson, the director of the works of the bridge, to show and explain the operations to us. Enormous undertaking, and never, I think, to be completed, though there seems, as yet, no doubt entertained of its success! It is a little extraordinary, however, that, according to Mr. Wilson's account, they have not yet made up their minds as to the mode of carrying the chains across, the great, and, in my mind, insurmountable difficulty. Went down into the rock, where the pins or bars, by which the chains hold, are fixed. Arrived to dinner at Llangollen, in the beautiful inn overhanging the water ; my bedroom commanded the same view. Much amused with the folly of those who have scribbled in the book kept here. Among the late transits was one which called

up rather melancholy thoughts ; “ Earl and Countess of Bective, Lord Taylor (the infant), and Master G. Dalton,” in her hand-writing.

27th. Off early, and arrived in the evening to dinner at Worcester. Sauntered by myself through the town a little afterwards. Lord L. mentioned an amusing blunder of Madame de Staël’s, when in England, in mistaking Charles Long for Sergeant Lens (who had just refused some situation from the Government), and complimented Long (who is the most determined placeman in England) on his disinterestedness.

28th. Walked with Lady Lansdowne after breakfast to a china-shop, where Lord L. afterwards joined us. On Lady L.’s buying a pretty pastile-burner for herself (price, a guinea), Lord L. bought the fellow of it for Bessy, and bid me give it to her from him. Went out of our way a little for the purpose of seeing the beautiful view from Froster, which is of the finest kind of English prospects, extensive, rich, cultivated, animated, with a noble river wafting numerous sails through its hedge-rows and cornfields. By some mistake at Gloucester we were sent wrong, and lost about ten miles of our road. Met at Malmesbury by Lord L.’s horses, and near Chippenham by Lord Kerry, riding. At Chippenham I parted with them, and took a chaise for Sloperton, where I arrived between seven and eight, and found Bessy and her little ones, thank Heaven, quite well. Thus ended one of the pleasantest journeys altogether I have ever taken. It is in travelling with people that one comes to know them most thoroughly, and I must say, that for every good quality both of temper and mind, for the power of enjoying what was enjoyable, and smoothing all that was disagreeable (though this latter quality, it is true, was rarely put to the trial), for ready attention to whatever was said or proposed, and for those *piacevoli e bei ragionamenti*, which make (as Ariosto says) the roughest way seem short, I have never met any two persons more remarkably distinguished than those I have just travelled with.

29th, 30th, &c. &c. Set about reading for the little work upon Ireland, which I mean to despatch ; must work for Power too. Borrowed “ Wakefield upon Ireland” from Lord Lansdowne, who, in sending it to me, begged I would look over it as speedily as I could, because, with all its faults, it was his dictionary of reference on many subjects which he had to correspond about with his agents, &c.

[1] “ This was a lodge of Lord Muskerry’s. The whole valley from Ballynamona (or Monrne Abbey, the ruin nearly opposite to Mr. Williamson’s) to Mallow, is very beautiful.”

Memoirs, journal, & correspondence of Thomas Moore (1853)

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