

## A Visit To Ireland 1862

*Recollections of a visit to Great Britain and Ireland in the summer of 1862*

John Morphy

1863

“ From aloft the signal’s streaming,  
Hark ! the farewell gun is fired ; .  
Women screeching, Tars blaspheming,  
Tells us that our time’s expired.”

On the 1st of July, 1862, we embarked at 9 A.M. on board the steamship *United Kingdom*, at Quebec, for Glasgow, and were detained eighteen hours on the river, two miles below Quebec, awaiting passengers from Montreal, by the steamboat *Montreal*, the machinery of which had got out of order near Sorel. We had a fair passage of thirteen days. Captain Craig and the Officers were gentlemanly and obliging, the table was luxurious, and the berths clean and well ventilated. In the cabin there was twenty-five of us, and we soon became as intimate as one family. Conversation, pacing the deck, meals, reading, laugh and joke, smoke and song, and sleeping beguiled the time. There were forty steerage passengers, many of whom, as well as most of the cabin passengers, had return tickets. While awaiting the arrival of the Montreal steamer, the evening was delightful ; the hills of Point Levi, with their romantic churches and cottages, and the city on the opposite side, with its tin roofs and church steeples, on which the sun reflected his setting rays, while the river was studded with ships as far as the eye could take in—presented a view like a grand perspective panoramic scene. We weighed anchor at 4 A.M., on the 2nd. Passing the Island of Orleans on the left, which is twenty miles long and five miles broad, we had a good view of the Falls of Montmorenci, seven miles from Quebec, plunging over an almost perpendicular precipice of two hundred and forty feet. The south-east shore of the St. Lawrence, for many miles, presents a succession of villages and hamlets, with here and there a church in their midst. At Madame Island, twenty-six miles below Quebec, the river widens to ten miles, which gradually increases all the way to its mouth. At Cap Tourmente thirty miles below Quebec, the scenery is very grand. From Quebec, St. Thomas is forty miles ; Crane Island, forty-five ; Goose Island, fifty ; the Pillars, sixty,—three small rocky islets on one of which stands a lighthouse. Here the scenery is grand, At St. Anne, seventy miles below Quebec, there is a R. C. College. Murray Bay is eighty miles down, and is a delightful place, which has lately become a fashionable resort for Canadians. Kamouraska is ninety miles from Quebec ; Pilgrim Islands, one hundred and five ; Rivière du Loup, one hundred and nineteen ; Kakouna, one hundred and twenty (a fashionable sea-bathing place). At the Island of Bic, one hundred and fifty-three miles below Quebec, we parted with our pilot. The Island of Anticosti, four hundred miles below Quebec, is about one hundred and twenty-five miles long, and thirty miles broad. It is a barren, cold place, with stunted trees. For about three hundred miles there is no harbour or bay to protect ships, while the stream, the shoals around this island, and the heavy snow storms which occur in the fall of the year, with its position across the mouth of the river, render it the frequent scene of shipwrecks. On passing Anticosti and entering the Gulf, the shores of Gaspé are seen in the distance.

After the two first days, which were very fine, we came all at once into a wintry atmosphere, the wind blowing from the snow-clad hills of Labrador, Newfoundland, and from Anticosti, and from hundreds of icebergs which we saw floating on the ocean in fantastical shapes like huge churches and pyramids, causing us to huddle together in the cabin where the

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

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

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

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

work in factories, rows of jaunting-cars for hire (vehicles which are used all over Ireland as the most convenient for hire and family use), and the absence of outside Venetian shutters on the windows. There for the first time, after twenty years of absence, I heard the robin red-breast's song, and the coarse note of the corn-creak. At eight A.M. I appeared at the ticket office of the Railroad Station for Dublin, and was amused at the assumed dignity, the gruff and uncivil conduct of every petty official ; and it is the same all over Ireland, with few exceptions.

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

The carriages (as they are called) are painted a dark green, claret, or brownish color ; those of the first and second class having each three compartments, and the third class two, the doors open in the sides, and are locked by porters on leaving each station. The people sit face to face with their knees jammed as in stage coaches, except in the third class, where the seats are in various positions. There are of course no drinking fountains, no stoves, nor any other necessary conveniences. To meet the views and requirements of the travelling aristocracy, the first class cars are as elegantly fitted up as noblemen's private carriages, and the fares are double that of the third class. The second class, plain and nearly all without cushions, are used by the middle classes, as merchants, respectable farmers, &c. The fares are between the first and third classes. The third class, very plain, are used by the great majority of the people. The fares are much higher than our first class. To say that there never was a trial for assault, with intent, committed in any of the compartments, would not be true. The compartments, however, must be continued for the accommodation of noblemen, merchants, tradesmen, laborers, &c. The uniform of the porters is the same all over Great Britain and Ireland, viz. : corduroy jackets, vests and trowsers, and cloth caps with red bands. The depots in the large towns are very grand, being large enough to take in the longest trains, under glass roofs. The station-houses and bridges are all solid structures of masonry. There are no crossings allowed now, which caused great cutting of hills, and filling of hollows. I will advert to the effects produced by railroads in Ireland hereafter.

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

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

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

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

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

“ O, Erin, my country, I love thee most dearly ;

No music to me like thy murmuring rill ;  
The shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,  
And none is so sweet as the daisy clad hill.”

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

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

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

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

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

“These are exceptions, likewise,” said he. “You must be aware,” he continued, “that all great heroes, scholars and Divines are indebted to their mothers for their training. I hope I shall not trespass on your patience by giving you another quotation.” “Not at all,” said I, “you amuse and instruct me. Go on.” “Man,” he continued, “is as the rough and crude element of earth, unmollified by the fluidity of water and light. Heaven, therefore, sent woman, gentle, bright, and beautiful woman, to soothe, form and illumine the rudeness of his mass.

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

“The planter who planted the vineyard and the vintner who pressed the grape, were born of woman ; and by woman alone the subject and the sovereign receive existence, with all that can make existence advantageous or desirable. She brings man forth in his weakness, and she brings him up to his strength ; he is fostered in her bosom ; he is nourished with her substance, and he imbibes into his being the sweetness of humanity with the milk of his mother. Without woman, where would be father or where would be child ; where the relations, endearments, and connections of kindred, the charities that bind the wide world together into one inclusive family, the great brotherhood of man ? She comes not against you in the hostility of weapons, or fearfulness of power. She comes in the comfort and mild light of beauty ; she looks abashed and takes you captive ; she trembles and you obey. Her dominion is sweet, and our subjection is voluntary, and a freedom from her yoke is what no man could bear.

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

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

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

“I grant you that,” said he.

“From your able and learned advocacy of the fair sex,” said I, “you must have been fortunate in your choice of a wife.” To this he replied in a placid visionary tone, thus :—  
“Och, Molly asthore, a cushla machree, to yourself be it tould, you’re the light of my eyes and the treasure of my heart ; thirty long years we have lived and loved together, amid all the

sun-shine and shade of life, and never did a cross look pass between us ;” and then changing his tone he sang :

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

At one P.M., I left Roscrea for Nenagh on a three-horse stage-coach with my facetious friend Jack beside me, who amused me all the way with his quaint stories, and histories of the lords of the soil. We passed Mr. Lloyd’s handsome demesne near Roscrea, Lord Bloomfield’s extensive demesne near the ancient burial place of Dunkorrin, as also the miserable and poverty-stricken villages of Monegal and Toomevara, where many an outrage and faction fight took place. Near Nenagh we saw the handsome residences and grounds of Mr. Pepper and Mr. Poe, and the old burial ground of Ballymacky. We arrived in Nenagh at 5 P.M., (sixteen miles), where I parted with my friend Jack, and met with some friends, with whom I tarried certain days near Lord Dunalley’s. While there, I had an opportunity of observing the manners and mode of living of the country people who have very contracted ideas of this country. They ignore Canada altogether ; it is all “ America.” I have been asked several times if I saw the war, or if it had done us much harm ; and how we tried to escape it, and if I came home to avoid the danger. Inquiries were made if I saw and knew such a one—a cousin, brother, or friend of the inquirer ; all of whom, on enquiry, were in distant States of the Union. Near my friends there is a poor village called the Silver Mines, at the foot of a high range of hills, and where at present there are extensive zinc mines, which I visited ; the drawing up of the clay, burning it in kilns, putting it through various washing processes in circular sieves, then drying and packing it in strong bags, which they cart to the rail-road station for England for further operations. The works give employment to about one hundred and fifty people of various ages and both sexes ; but operations were retarded by the war in America, which is their best market for zinc. I attended the Episcopal church there. The Rector, Mr. Jones, a good man, an excellent reader and preacher, conducted the services, and preached three encouraging and instructive sermons from “ Saul not obeying in the case of Agag, and Samuel’s rebuke, ‘ To obey is better than sacrifice ;’ ” from 2 Cor. xii. 9, “ My strength is made perfect in weakness ;” and from James i. 12, “ Blessed is the man that endureth temptation,” &c. The good old tunes were well sung, accompanied by a melodeon. I visited Rev. Mr. McGrath there, and dined and spent an evening with the Rev. Messrs. Murphy and Gleeson, in that neighbourhood ; the latter, an amiable gentleman, having been for some years lately a curate in St. Patrick’s church in Quebec, was particularly glad to see me, and asked many questions about the war, Canada, and especially the members of the congregation he left at Quebec. I spent an hour with Lord Dunalley in Kilboy House, a splendid mansion, on a beautiful and extensive demesne. The topics of our conversation were Canada, its resources and institutions, as being a preferable field for emigration than the United States, the superiority of our laws and institutions over theirs. He did not admire those of the United States. We talked also of Australia, Ireland, and his tenantry. He is a free, enlightened nobleman, with easy and obliging manners, and seemed much pleased with the conversation. I was much amused in the markets and fairs, while looking at the standings, heaps of apples, nails on tables, kishes of turf, asses and carts, corduroy breeches, ballad-singers, and various other things which are not seen in Canada. In one part of the street a poor bare-footed woman with a child in her arms might be heard singing some mournful doggrel ; while in another part, a droll looking fellow in rags, with stentorian lungs, sings “ marriage is pleasant, it’s all in my eye,” or about some poor fellow that was hanged, although innocent. Nenagh is situate in a district of great beauty and fertility, and is well-built, clean and thriving. It has a new court-house, gaol, an Episcopal church, and an old castle, to which is

attached one of the strongest and largest round towers in Ireland. The Roman Catholics have obtained the ground and tower with the view of building a large church. They have added considerably to the height of the tower, and intend putting a dome on it and a huge bell therein. There are several very handsome shops on Castle street, among which Mr. Corneil's is one of the most extensive. Contiguous to Nenagh are the beautiful demesnes of Lord Dunalley, Mr. Pepper, Mr. Going, and others. The population is about eight thousand. The railroad is being finished from Roscrea to Bird Hill, which will make a direct unbroken line from Dublin to Limerick, through Nenagh.

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

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

While waiting the departure of the train for Cork, about one hundred of the roughest specimens of humanity imaginable came up and took their seats. They were volunteers going to a temporary naval service on board the *Hawk* man-of-war at Queenstown. They were accompanied to the train by their sisters, wives and sweethearts, as slatternly, uncouth, and repulsive an assemblage of the female sex as could be found in any civilised country ; and such a boisterous uproar of farewells as they did set up was enough " to make Dungarvin shake."

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

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

At four P. M., went on board one of the city pleasure steamers to Queenstown (ten miles), on the river Lee, passing on both sides a continued scenery which could not be surpassed for beauty and magnificence. There were merchants' houses on rising grounds, with sloping lawns, gardens, plantations, and every variety of pleasure grounds down to the water's edge ; the villages of Blackrock, Monkstown, Baths at Glenbrook ; Navy-yard and stores ; Glanmire and Queenstown, with Spike Island on the opposite side of the river, where all the convicts of Ireland are sent for penal servitude. Queenstown has a splendid harbor into which the largest vessels come in safety. There are good hotels, shops and very fine rows of houses in front of the harbor ; but a great part of the town is on the heights. The houses on the very steep streets with gables to front rising one above the other. It is a great resort for sea-bathers from Cork. The population numbers five thousand. On my return, " mine host" took me for a two hours'



walk in Cork, the streets of which are spacious and well lighted with gas. The most familiar and pleasing countenances, the manliest looking men, and the tallest and handsomest women I have seen are those of Cork. We walked through George and Patrick streets. Grand Parade, South Mall, the Dyke, Sunday's Well, &c. The streets are crowded with pedestrians until a late hour ; the watchmen call out the hour here as well as in most of the towns in Ireland.

The city of Cork is built on an island formed by the Lee, which is crossed by nine bridges. The principal edifices are the Courthouses, which cost twenty-two thousand pounds ; the Mansion-house, on a fine walk called the Mardyke, the Exchange, Commercial-buildings, Prisons, Convict Depot, Infirmaries, Lunatic Asylum, Custom-house, Military-barracks, Theatres, several Scientific, Educational and Charitable institutions, Episcopal Palace, several Monasteries, and two Nunneries. Its beautiful environs are studded with country residences. The Lee forms a splendid harbor, in which float large steam and other ships. Cork has a population of about eighty thousand. From Cork I went to Bandon by train, passing through a long tunnel and a beautiful country. Bandon is a nice town, principally composed of two streets. A river runs through the town, over which there is a very substantial bridge. I visited a commodious Wesleyan church and other buildings there. Having heard that a friend with whom I had been intimately acquainted for several years in my native town, but had not seen for twenty five-years, was then residing at Mahon Abbey, nine miles beyond Bandon, I hired a jaunting car and drove to the Abbey. As I was unexpected, I purposed surprising him. When I last saw him he was forty-five years of age, and very active. After driving up the winding avenue, and knocking at the hall door, a very corpulent, facetious little man, seventy years old, with a humorous countenance, made his appearance. I recognised him at once to be the friend of my youth, but appeared to him as a perfect stranger. " Could you tell me, sir," said I, " where Murty Devine, a tailor, lives in this neighborhood ?" " No sir," said he, while he had hard work to suppress a smile. " I don't know any person of that name in this country." Now Murty was one of the most whimsical, ludicrous, and best known characters in the town, and especially known to my friend ; but Murty was dead about twenty-five years, to my friend's knowledge. " Well then," said I, " Billy the Butt, or Franky the Roost, or Jamie the Stone, or Ben Hair's ghost, will do me as well." These were nick-named characters, and well known to my friend in our native town. Instead of replying, he laughed outright, and I, who had been trying to look serious, was obliged to laugh too. When we had had a good laugh together, and the car boy, who was listening, had his laugh, my friend after a good stare put up his hands and exclaimed, " Can it be possible ! is it you Mr. M. ?" " It's nobody else," said I, whereupon we went in and he introduced me to his son, a tall young man, twenty-two years old, and to his daughter, a young mother with two children. He had got married, became a father and grand-father since I saw him, and was a grandfather by his first wife over twenty years ago. After tea, and two or three hours' pleasant conversation, I left him, in all probability, never to see him again in this world, and slept in Cork the same night.

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

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

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

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

“ Now,” said I, “ what is your name ?”

“ Carey O’Leary, your honor,” said he.

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

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

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

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

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

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

On asking if he and other guides were under any, and what control, he said. "we're under mighty great conthrol entirely during the saison of visitors. We meets two or three times a week an' gives an account of the gintlemen an' ladies we guides, to Mr. Herbert's and Lord Castleross's stewards. You see, yer honor," he continued, "we're inunder groat responsibilities, for many's a time young lords, an' officers, an' English an' American gintlemen, an' other furriners, when they comes here, some of them drinks so much whishky they goes tarnation mad, and pitches their clothes and watches and purses about, when they gets on the paninshoola, like as if they were let loose out uv Bedlum, an' then we have to gother up everything afther 'em, and catch houl of 'em and bring 'em to the fust hotel we meets, and watch 'em till they get sober; and if they'd lose anything in their tantherims we'd be blamed and turned off the lands altogether in disgrace."

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

"Canada," said I.

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

"What part," said I.

"New Orlandes," said he.

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

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

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

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

“ Yes,” said I, “ a great many.”

“ May the Lord help the poor Irish,” said he, “ but its a mortial pity any of ’em wud ever be obliged to leave this beautiful counthry. But small blame to the poor crathers to get out uv a counthry where one half is taken up wid gintlemen’s estates, and the other half in black poverty. But tell me, sir, is there any landlords, or agents, or bailiffs in Canady, the same as in Ireland ?”

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

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

“ If that’s the case,” said I, “ the Irish must have changed colour on the voyage. I heard of an Irish family,” I continued, “ that emigrated to New Orleans, and when settled there they employed a negro boy about seventeen years old as a servant. During the four years he lived with them he learned to speak Irish fluently, as the family all spoke that language. Four years after they arrived, another Irish family landed there from Ireland, and when they were on the wharf the same negro who was as black as jet, overheard them talking in Irish and joined them to the great astonishment of the Irishman, who asked him how long he was in the country (New Orleans); to which he replied “ four years,” and the Irishman turning round with consternation pictured in his countenance, exclaimed to his wife—“ marcifil powers, Judy, did ye hear that ? he’s only four years in the counthry, and he’s as black as the ace o’ spades ? The Lord be betune us and harm,” he continued addressing his wife and children, “ to think that yez all will be as black as the crook in four years is very disthressin’. O meillia murther ! what will we do ? We must get back to ould Ireland as fast as we can. O, the tarnal vagabone that made us come here ; if I had him by the neck, I’d leather his sowl-case till there wud be no life expected for him.”

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

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

“ In throth I ought, an’ do, your honor. My father an’ grand- father, rest their sowls in glory, wor natives of sweet Killarney, an’ not that I’d say it, purshuin to honester men ever broke the world’s bread. My father was a sthrong, healthy man, wud rosy chicks and purty black eyes. He was six feet high and fourteen stone-weight, and so active that divil a man in

the country could wrastle him. He was game keeper to Misther Brown, and sorra a laise in the country that hadn't his life in it, and that's the raison I'm so well known and thrusted in these parts, an' that I know the country so well these fifty long years."

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

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

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

"In throth I have, yer honor," said he, "sorra a one less than a wife an' six or seven helpless orphan childher in Cork, where I cuts bacon in a big mate store all the year roun', barrin' the summer, when business gets dull, and I comes here to make a thrifle by guidin' ladies and gintlemin about these parts. But your honor must be tired. Here," said he, pointing to a pleasure chair, at the side of the avenue, "here is an aisy sate, where you can rest in pace for a while, as thare is no bad naybours to disturb us."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A handsome salary," said I.

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

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

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

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

Recollections of a visit to Great Britain and Ireland in the summer of 1862 (1863)

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