

MR. DABNEY WRITES OF TRIP ABROAD

(Continued from last week)

From Cork we went to Bantry Bay by rail, and took steamer and crossed to Glengariff, a little Irish village at the foot of the mountains, and near an arm of the bay, which contained many little rocky islets, covered with variegated moss and shrubbery of different kinds. Intermingled with the bloom of various colored flowers, red, blue and yellow, and to add to the beauty was the heather with its tiny white and purple feathery bloom.

A few rowboats were seen slowly winding their way around the islands and the occupants now and then plucking a flower as they passed by them.

The peculiar formation of the rocks in this section, wherein they have straight seams with diagonal streaks of white and gray, makes them very pretty.

While all serene the waters lay in the arms of Bantry Bay.

There are many little glens around the mountainsides, where may be seen the whitewashed cottages, surrounded with small checkered fields of grain and turnips, and tethered to the rocks or bush nearby a goat or burro, with perhaps half a dozen sheep slowly feeding around them.

We are now leaving Glengariff for the Killarney Lakes, via Porknassilla, on Kenmare River. The distance is 66 miles and there are two large motor cars to carry 30 tourists. It is 8 o'clock and the warm sun is fast driving the shadows from the hills and mountains, and we are on the smooth hard road winding its way around the different arms of the bay through beautiful woods of birch, oak, etc. The sky is clear and not a leaf moving. The warbling birds look down upon us from the tree tops as we pass along beneath them, while a deathly stillness rests over the bay and hardly a ripple can be seen, and as we glide along all are jovial and happy. Now we are passing through a small agricultural district. The roads are lined on both sides with stone fences four feet high, the tops of which are covered with a profusion of red flowering vines, and now and then a thatch roof cottage surrounded by fruit and evergreen

trees may be seen. Now we are passing a little red schoolhouse, with a dozen children gazing at us as we pass by.

We are now climbing the mountains, winding our way over the hard road, passing many little lakes walled in by mossy rocks. The lakes are fed by tiny silvery streams with waterfalls, and as we ascend higher and higher the dark clouds which have apparently been lying on top of the mountain, begin to roll down over us. The wind is blowing and the lightning is making fiery streaks down through the clouds. The rain is beginning to come down in torrents. While the curtains of our car are dropped we are riding along quite comfortably.

Another half hour and our cars are drawn up to the great hotel at Porknassilla, where we had lunch and rest for an hour. We are again rounding and slowly ascending the mountain.

We see many little checkered fields in secluded places on the small plateaus, and we meet burros, each with two large baskets filled with fruit, attached to them, and others with carts loaded with the black turf.

The rain, which had almost ceased, is beginning to come down in sheets, the wind is coming in gusts, and the many little streams are now almost like turbulent rivers. The little lakes are larger bodies of maddened waves; the black clouds continue to roll up over the mountains and tumble down, and occasionally sending her fiery darts around us, as slowly up the grade we go.

We have now passed through the tunnel to the other side of the mountain. The sky is bright and only a few scattering clouds may be seen. The birds are singing and all nature seems aglow with beauty and happiness, and as the curtains of our cars are raised we look at the beautiful lakes ten miles away, and another hour's ride down the winding road we are landed at the Lake and other hotels in the vicinity. Near the Lake Hotel there is a little rocky islet, which contains the ruins of MacCarthy's Castle, which is very interesting.

Lakes of Killarney.
By previous arrangement, the next morning the carryalls gathered the tourists from the various hotels for a trip through Dunloe Gap and down the chain of lakes. This was market day in Killarney, and we had nine miles to travel with wagons through shaded woods and passed between many rock-walled enclosures, and in going that distance we met nearly 200 carts, each drawn by a scrawny-looking burro, and on each cart there were from one to five people, the women generally doing the driving, and if a man or children were along they were sitting with their feet hanging over the platform or box, and with some their feet would nearly drag on the road. On every cart there seemed to be something for the market; on some there were a few turnips and a quart or gallon of wild berries, on others a few potatoes, a dozen eggs, or a pound of butter; some with half a dozen chickens, ducks or geese, and so on.

The people were dressed in all kinds of style, and many of them without style. So long as the driver kept the whip in use the burro would walk moderately fast or go in a little dog trot, but when it was not used the burro would slow down and he appar-

ently nearly asleep, as they journeyed along the rocky road.

We are now at our journey's end with our present conveyance, at Kate Kearney's Cottage, which is now owned by a descendant of that great Irish beauty. Here we mounted sturdy mountain ponies. There were 70 or 80 tourists, some of whom had never ridden horseback, and the owners of the ponies, about 50 in number, acted as footmen, and indeed some of them were needed for the amateurs. The footmen all carried whips to urge the ponies along, or they were ready to hold them back if they went too fast.

We are now on the winding, rocky trail which leads through the defile of the mountains, crossing and recrossing the River Loe and passing many little waterfalls and lakes, where precipitous rocks overhang on each side of us. On the mountainside the large rocks are so thick in places that there is no vegetation except moss and the heather that grows on and around them. There is now and then a garden and house, where the rocks have been cleared off, and a few chickens may be seen wandering around, also one or two goats.

There are many beggars along the way. To obtain money they will sell an echo, their voices resounding from the cavernous rocks, or they will pluck a shamrock along the way and insist on one buying it. Others have music to cheer the weary traveler if they are paid for it, some old bare-footed women trying to sell homemade beer, a pair of wool socks or a bit of lace, and so on, while others would ask for a shilling or sixpence to keep them from starving next winter, and the good Lord only knows what those poor creatures are living on before winter comes. We are now at our journey's end, after seven miles with the ponies, and the footmen are riding back to their place of abode.

Weird Irish Mountains.
We are now at Lord Brandon's cottage at the upper lake, where the hotel boats with lunch on board have met us, and we are in a more wild, weird country than any previously passed through. The mountains are almost like prison walls, confining the beautiful lakes, studded with many islands adorned with trees, shrubbery, flowers, ferns and mossy rocks, and not a sound is heard except from those immediately around us and the swish of the gentle waves as they beat upon the rocky shores.

There were in all twelve boats in the flotilla, each holding from six to ten people. They were each manned by four strong oarsmen, and as we glide along it seems that the scenery

(were it possible) becomes more grand and beautiful, the quiet, still waters taking on different colors—green, blue, purple, or crystal, just according to the shades of the mountains.

Once in a while could be seen the wild deer feeding along the mountainside, or a goat leaping from rock to rock as they looked down on our flotilla in wonderment, and sometimes a lonely eagle's nest out on some rocky crag was visible.

We are now going down the long range, which is a river connecting the upper with the middle and lower lakes, and in some places the water is very swift and our boats shoal down through it at a rapid rate. We are passing under the old bridge near the meeting of the waters, and from which many a story has been outlined and many a verse written.

(To be continued)

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