

# Travels of a Portland Man in Old Ireland

H. Clay Breeden Writes of Scenes that Met His Eye in the Emerald Isle



BY H. CLAY BREEDEN.  
**B**ELFAST, Oct. 4.—Thinking it probable that many friends in Oregon would be interested in hearing of some of our travels in foreign lands, and knowing full well to write on England or France would be but an old story to "Old Ireland," Mrs. Breeden and I left London by way of Flahguard, crossing St. George's Channel to Rosslare, Ireland. From there we took the train for Waterford, and thence to Cork.

We saw nothing unusual or of particular interest en route until we reached Cork. There the one particular object that interested us most was "Blarney Castle," which is famous the world over. This relic of the 15th century, built by the McCurtzys, is indeed most interesting. It is situated about five miles from the city, and is easily reached by train or jaunting car. It occupies a prominent position on an elevation, and can be seen from several miles before reaching it. The old ruins, which have withstood the elements for centuries, are still in fair state of preservation, and I climbed the spiral stone stairway (which is of itself a wonder, being so constructed as to be self-sustaining) to the top, 120 feet from the ground. Here, instead of a wall which was intended to form a shield or protection, is a stone walk, around the inner court. Through the wall at intervals loopholes, such as are generally in fortifications, were cut.

Just below this walk, suspended by an arch or bracket, and now held in place by strong iron rods, was the famous "Blarney stone," the kissing of which is supposed to endow one with persuasive eloquence, so the legend goes. One would almost have to hang by his toes to accomplish this, and inasmuch as the ground was about 100 feet below, I did not try either. I might add that the wall of the old fortress is of stone, and it is several stories, is about 14 feet thick, having many dark and secret passages leading to different rooms, from which a full view of the surrounding country could be had. From the loopholes in these rooms one could fire or hurl missiles at the enemy.

The ruins are almost covered with climbing vines. An old lady now in charge has held the position for more than 37 years, and after the usual trip is handed her, one would be led to believe she had kissed the "Blarney stone."

Both going and returning, along the roadside we were beset by little ragged children begging for coppers. In the City of Cork, which has about 65,000 to 70,000 inhabitants, I could see no sign of actively commended life—no factories or industries. The inhabitants seem to simply exist, and miserably at that. When you think that Cork has been inhabited since the seventh century, one can realize how slow has been its development. It is said that William Penn was made a Quaker here.

We heard the "bell of Shandon" (which are in St. Ann's Church, built in 1322) chime the hour of 4, on the 26th day of September.

From Cork we went to Bantry, by railway, through a prosperous-looking country, and from there by coach to Glenties, which is situated on Bantry Bay. We enjoyed the drive very much, as the scenery is picturesque and the road good. This place is more of a resort than anything else. Beautifully situated, commanding a view of the bay, nestled against the hillsides, with shaded woodland, rippling streams and miniature waterfalls, its surroundings are very rough and rocky, and it is noted for having sent more emigrants to Boston than any other section of Ireland.

After a night's rest we again took a four-in-hand coach for Killarney, by way of Kenmare. This was a drive of about 45 miles. The first eight or ten miles were most delightful, as the road was almost like an arbor, made so by the tall trees on either side of a stone wall covered with ivy and holly (which grows wild and in great abundance), while as far as the eye could reach trees of ash, alder, larch, oak, pine and other varieties, entwined to their very top with ivy, and dotted here and there with holly in some instances (almost trees) heads of the red huchra, the fragrant woodbine's trailing branches and the sweet, modest bloom of the heather. The undergrowth of beautiful moss and ferns, such as we grow in Oregon. Little rivulets trickling over the moss-grown rocks made a picture we will never forget.

employment to the starting inhabitants. It is said men, women and children worked, earning about 5 cents each per day, which was enough to buy food sufficient to sustain life.

Then the grade became gradual until we reached the summit of the range, which was about 1200 feet altitude. From this point a grand view of the entire surrounding country could be had, and it looked like a patchwork quilt. The peasants cultivate every available spot of ground that can be cleared of the rocks. The rocks taken from the ground are used to build fences and cottages. The cottages generally are whitewashed and the roofs are covered with sod or grass. We saw goats, chickens, sheep and pigs, and in one instance a cow, coming out of the door of one of the cottages, and it recalled to my mind the old saying "They keep the pig in the parlor, and it was Irish, too."

A tunnel about 1000 feet long brought us out to the other side of the range. From here the road gradually descends, and after passing through three tunnels of lesser length, reaches the valley.

We arrived at another resort, called Kenmare. A stone hotel, that would do credit to a more prosperous country, was the principal attraction. After luncheon we continued on to Killarney and reached our hotel in time for dinner, to which we did ample justice.

larger cities and in England. It is more remunerative than farming.

Reaching Dublin, we found a city of about 600,000, substantially built of stone and brick, but a back number so far as modern improvements are concerned. The shops were disappointing. Some of the grand edifices, there are no factories of any consequence, but the colossal brewery of Guinness & Sons, which has an output of over a million barrels a year and employing over 1000 hands, is worthy of note. In addition to this there are several distilleries of spirits that are noted. Outside of this there are practically no industries. We visited the exposition. It was not to be compared with our Lewis and Clark Exposition, and the attendance has been disappointing. The lace exhibit we thought the most interesting and worthy to be called the chief Irish industry. We visited the famous round tower built in memory of O'Connell, in Glasnevin Cemetery. Here rest the remains of Parnell and many statesmen so dear to the memory of Ireland. Many lesser objects we saw during our drives, and walks, but I will not take time to enumerate them.

Our next stop of any moment was this city—Belfast—and I was most agreeably surprised at its importance. Here is a city of 350,000 inhabitants, modern in every way, fine buildings, both public and private, built of stone and brick; the stores have plate-glass fronts, the streets are up to date. Electric streetcars, well-paved streets and a better class of residences than we have seen in any other city in Ireland. The people are better dressed, cleaner and better looking. The City Hall is a peach, built at a cost of \$1,500,000. My first thought was why such a difference, and when I began to look about the answer came—industry, manufacturing, employment for labor, the great linen factories. I visited the largest of that of J. N. Richardson, Sons & Owden, and when they learned I hailed from Portland, Or., said they had a very large trade with Olds, Wortman & King, and through this introduction they kindly furnished me with a few statistics, as follows: There are 50 mills spinning linen yarn, 100 factories making cloth. In its various ramifications as to quality and requirements of trade: 30 bleach greens, 10 import flax and tow from Belgium, Holland, Russia, and other countries to the amount of 75,000 tons flax, 5,000 tons tow. The home, or Irish, product is about 10,000 tons, so you will see they import the greater part of the raw material. The

living, the Socialist journal contends that a distribution of wealth on this scale is unequal, and that the mass of the people have not benefited by the high prosperity to which the Emperor so eloquently referred.

REYNOLDS BANK INVOLVED  
HALF THE TOWN MAY HAVE TO GO THROUGH RECEIVER.  
Complications So Thick That Riots May Result—600 Laborers Are Without Food or Shelter.

SEATTLE, Oct. 19.—Cable advices received here last night from Valdez by local Alaskans are to the effect that instead of the trouble due to the failure of the Reynolds bank being cleared, complications have so thickened that there is danger of a riot and the destruction of property. No money has been received at Valdez to pay off the 600 employees of the Alaska Home Railroad, who are without means to secure food and shelter, and the affairs of the Reynolds Alaska Development Company have become so complicated that it is said half the town will have to pass through the hands of a receiver.

TACOMA FISHERS SEE THINGS Land Ugly Looking Monster That Nobody Ever Saws Before.  
TACOMA, Oct. 19.—A sea monster weighing 700 pounds was caught in a net at Gig Harbor by Anton Berry and his crew of six fishermen. The ugly monster, which has hideous eyes, a large, cruel mouth, two strong looking prongs in the head, enormous, ill-shaped body and two fin-like propellers. The flesh resembles wax. In some ways the monster looks like a gigantic snake, but it is a puzzle to all fishermen.

SEATTLE, Oct. 19.—(Special)—In commenting upon Emperor William's speech at Mamel, the Vorwarts (Socialist) demurs to the deductions which his majesty seemed to draw from the increase of prosperity in this country. It notes that in Prussia, for example, the income-tax returns for the year 1902 showed 1659 persons with a taxable income of over \$25,000, and by 1906 the number in this category had risen to 1170, or nearly 50 per cent. The total income of this group rose from \$35,500,000 to \$122,500,000, or over 50 per cent, and the average income from \$21,500 to \$24,500.

As far as this category is concerned, the justified. On the other hand, the speech at Mamel, that the young man arrived there with the engagement ring uncashed came on the scene with whom he has been living on an ark in Oakland Creek. Following the exposure, Rowe wrote threatening letters which led to his arrest.

NO RETURN PASS FOR STOCKMEN.  
LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 19.—The State Railway Commission today received a letter from the Interstate Commerce Commission, declining to allow return transportation to stockmen and citing a rule of the commission adopted last December. B. F. Lantz, of Chapman, attempted to compel the Union Pacific to furnish round-trip transportation. He appealed to the state commission and the case was carried to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

SEeks To Take Second Wife.  
OAKLAND, Cal., Oct. 19.—Gordon Rowe, a young accountant working in San Francisco, was arrested this morning on complaint of John Frommuller, following the latter's interference in a love affair between Rowe and Velma Jorgenson, Frommuller's niece. The girl summoned her friends to San Rafael Saturday to announce their engagement, but after the young man arrived there with the engagement ring uncashed came on the scene with whom he has been living on an ark in Oakland Creek. Following the exposure, Rowe wrote threatening letters which led to his arrest.

THINKS EMPEROR WRONG  
German Paper Says His Description of Property Is Not Right.  
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