

BY ATLANTIC BAYS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

A TOUR, IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.
GALWAY AND CLIFDEN.

IN these days of much travel, and much talk thereof, many travellers' tales are read by people who may enjoy and admire, but who cannot, from one cause or another, ever hope to attain to similar experiences. A thousand miles on an elephant can be only for the few; while the many, as regards that wonderful animal, must be content with what the Zoological Gardens can offer. Even the more modest experiences of tours in pony phaetons are not within the reach of many who yet enjoy the modern taste for "tripping." Those who take ordinary tours in ordinary fashion may care to hear of such a round, as in the narration of the places seen and the people met they may discern whether they would like to go in search of similar experiences.

On a sunny morning early in August last year, with much pleasant anticipation, but with little luggage, we (two spinster cousins) started from the Broadstone terminus, on the north side of Dublin. Three other ladies, presumably spinsters, occupied the same railway carriage: they also were "tripping." Two of them were sisters; the relationship of the third we failed to discover; her name was Kate.

A start from the Broadstone gives a speedy departure from the city, and conveys one almost immediately into the green country. The Dublin Mountains on one side offered a pretty outline, showing well above a line of planting. After they are passed, a level country is pursued for almost the entire way in the journey from the east to the west of Ireland. Hills again appear on an approach towards Galway. The Royal canal keeps faithfully alongside the railway for many miles. Remarkably little traffic was to be observed on it; in fact, it looked sleepy and slimy. One or two small box-like boats, of extremely primitive construction, may be noticed in the country parts of it. A fair amount of planting is about the country near Dublin; afterwards stretches of bog-land appear at intervals. In one spot a blaze of poppies shone. Fifteen miles from Dublin is Maynooth, where the great college for the training of Roman Catholic priests is situated: a peep of it can be had from the railway. Mullingar is the first town of any considerable size numbered amongst the railway stations. The train halted here for some

minutes: this time was utilised by a man, calling himself Jimmy Dogherty, in exchanging his fruit for the passengers' money.

A run of nearly thirty miles from Mullingar conveyed us to Athlone, where Ireland's noble river, the Shannon, shows itself. It bears the glory of being navigable for a longer extent than any other river in the United Kingdom. At Athlone we passed through the county Westmeath into Roscommon, and so from the province of Leinster into Connaught. Ballinasloe, about thirteen miles westward from Athlone, is a place of great importance during the time of its great cattle and sheep fairs: it was quiet enough looking when we passed it.

At about half-past two o'clock we reached Galway, having travelled right across the Green Isle. During the transit our companions accomplished a fair amount of reading. Apparently they did not think what was to be seen as worthy of very much notice; but in the consideration that it was the first time they had been along the line, and that the reading could have been managed on some other occasion, I should have preferred the landscapes to the literature.

Some individuals find looking out of railway carriage windows fatiguing to their eyes. If such have never tried the effect of sitting in the centre of the carriage instead of close to the window, they may so experiment on their next journey with great advantage to their optic nerves. The centre seat, generally at a discount, is, except in an inconveniently crowded carriage, for some reasons much to be preferred: the occupier of it can see the country on each side of the carriage, instead of having a surpassingly good view of one side, to the exclusion almost of the other; and the seeing is managed at a much smaller cost to the eyes. Of course the eyes of some people seem endowed with power to stand anything and everything.

The large hotel in which, at the end of our railway run, we found ourselves, looks best from outside. Inside it has large and lofty rooms, but its internal arrangements may improve. Perhaps we saw it under disadvantageous circumstances; for the day of our arrival was the day of the races in Galway, and such an occurrence inevitably means an extra pull on hotel work. Of waiters there was no dearth, but their combined service produced rather poor attendance.

Our intention had been to avail ourselves on the following day of the steamer which we expected to find running up Lough Corrib to Cong; but this idea was frustrated by hearing that its work was suspended owing to the water of the lough being unusually low. It seemed strange information to us, inasmuch as we had experienced no great amount of dry weather. We were far from being the only tourists whose plans met with the same upset: one party after another whom we subsequently came across, had been deterred from the same trip in the same way. The other route lying open to us was to take the long car to Clifden; and having decided on this course, we went to the office, and booked two seats for the next day.

Galway, so far as I saw it, was a disappointing town; its streets narrow, and its shops poor. Eyre Square, round which the hotels are situated, seemed its centre. However, my exploration was a limited one. I should like to have seen the Claddagh, with its cabins, the residence of the fishing community. A bright afternoon made the top of the tramcar an

agreeable place, and on it we were conveyed to Salthill, the sea suburb of Galway, situated on its fine bay. Here the country people come, as they express it, "to the salt water." Men and women were to be seen in large numbers. In both Galway and Salthill many folk were standing and sitting about, apparently engaged in no more lucrative occupation than talking, a great deal of which was rendered in English but a part in Irish. Some of the women wore white caps; others had shawls over their heads, so making one garment avail for both cape and coiffure. The shawls were very generally brown, and had a bordering of brown and white. With skirts pretty frequently scarlet, or some other shade of red, there was a picturesqueness in the attire.

The races taking place that day probably caused unusual throngs of people. Not many members of the "upper ten" were found on our path: the lower classes had almost entire possession. There is a pleasant level walk of considerable extent along the edge of the shore. Sailing-boats offer little trips out into the bay, and some individuals were availing themselves of this mode of enjoyment—or the reverse! An interesting excursion can be taken to the Arran Islands, which lie at the entrance to the bay, and contain remarkable ecclesiastical ruins. In the evening, not being quite sure about the methods pursued in Galway hotels, we felt a little apprehensive as to the chance of being left in the drawing-room while other folk might be eating the dinner, if we did not make enquiry as to its appearance.

"The soup is coming on," was the response a waiter afforded my query. So we went and seated ourselves at a very long table; other people, by whatever motives prompted, did the same. The exact meaning of "the soup is coming on," we shall never know, but half an hour elapsed before the soup came on. There was no lack of provision when it appeared. This commendation can be given, and also the important item, that when our couching-time arrived, we were, so far as our experience went, alone in our beds.

The next morning, in view of the forty miles' drive before us, a good breakfast was a desirability, and happily proved a possibility. Having discussed rashers and eggs, which we afterwards found the standard dish all along our route, we sallied forth for a stroll, more especially with the idea of purchasing some provision for our drive. We sought for fruit; but our quest was not very successful. Perhaps we did not direct our steps to the best places, or perhaps the people who had congregated into the town for the races had consumed the supply. Shops which seemed designed for the sale of it had none. We succeeded in finding gooseberries and plums, but they were not prize specimens. Let no one go to the West of Ireland for fruit, our experience would say.

Provided with other and more substantial fare in addition, we found ourselves at the car office in good time. We tried hard to discover which was the best side of the car to secure for the view—an important point, as, if the centre of the car is piled with luggage, what is on the other side becomes invisible. The long car may be described as the well-known Irish jaunting-car considerably extended, each side holding six people, the space between their backs accommodating the luggage. There is a variety of opinion as to which is the best seat to appropriate: by some people the middle of the car is chosen

as the part in which the motion will be least felt; but the two ends are generally preferred. The car proprietor did not seem very willing to give us the information we desired. We selected the left side; but the other is rather to be preferred, it being the best for the mountain views. We were told that ours was the best for the lakes. For these car drives a warm rug or shawl should be taken to secure the limbs, the cars not being provided with aprons. It is also well to start with eatables: some tourists are disappointed in the amount of provender to be had along the way.

Our train companions of the previous day saw us mounted on the car where they had meant to be: not having taken the precaution of booking over-night, they had found the car seats appropriated when they went to secure them; consequently, to their regret, they were obliged to put up another day in Galway. So many passengers were wanting conveyance that two cars were prepared to start. Wishing to avoid travelling in the wake of dust, we enquired which would go first. A better point to discover would be, which would carry the mails, as the one with that privilege is the one to arrive first, and consequently its passengers have precedence in finding hotel accommodation.

There is nothing strikingly beautiful for some distance after leaving Galway, but the air was fresh and invigorating. The little town of Oughterard (pronounced Ooterard), showing planting and habitations, is like an oasis in the bleakness and bareness passed through before it is reached. A glass of milk can be bought here by the traveller. How much is paid for it I cannot exactly say, as a fellow-passenger brought out ours; and when asked the price, first said, "Nothing;" and when pressed about it, said, "A penny." This may have been its true cost. This same fellow-passenger and his wife proved pleasant travelling companions. They were not "tripping," but going to stay with relatives: knowing the country, they were able to give us information. There is a question asked, "What do the Connemara people live on?" The answer is, "Fresh air and water."

After Oughterard is passed the country becomes much more picturesque. Lake over lake appears in constant succession. Yet, over the beauty there was an air of desolation, as if inhabitants and life were wanting. Doubtless this impression was deepened by the fact of the day turning out a very grey one. Occasional misting rain came down upon us; sunshine would have given warmth and colour.

Our longest halt was made at Recess, a favourite location for anglers, close to Glendalough. This was the prettiest and least wild-looking of the lakes. Some tourists on the accompanying car had intended to stay at Recess, but finding the hotel full, they proceeded to Clifden. Their party consisted of a father and two young daughters, a third girl, possibly a cousin, making up a quartet. They were a merry party. One of the girls considered she had got a vantage-post in obtaining a seat on the top of the luggage. Our before-mentioned fellow-passenger, observing her, said, "that she was a plucky girl to sit there, for she might get pitched off when the car turned." I rather dissented from his opinion, considering that pluck can only be shown when danger is known, and feeling pretty sure that the young lady had not the slightest idea of any existing danger. Another lady also secured a vantage-post for view by sitting on the high box-seat beside the driver. Probably she enjoyed her seat very much; but the driver did not enjoy her company, and in her absence gave vent to his displeasure by a lamentation over the deprivation of the use of his pipe through her company.

It is needless to say, that in a drive of forty miles, with such a heavy load, changes of horses had to be made. For the last stage of the journey the car carrying the mails had three horses, while we had only two; thus it got well ahead of us, and reached Clifden before us. The shades of evening had fallen before our resting-place was gained. Some time after eight o'clock we entered Clifden. The arrival of the Galway car is an event of great interest, and a concourse of spectators surrounded us. At Mullarkey's Hotel the car draws up: it is the chief hotel in the little town, and we were glad to find that it had accommodation for us. We were also well pleased to discover that we were in time for its *table d'hôte* dinner. This event, nominally fixed for a quarter past eight, is really timed by the arrival of the car.

No palatial building is Mullarkey's Hotel. The room in which the *table d'hôte* was served is used for drawing-room as well as dining-room. Twelve guests are considered about the complement of the establishment. Here, as well as in other places along our route, the joints were put on the table, and the carving put upon the gentlemen. Some of the gentlemen so honoured had no slight task to perform. This manner of serving sometimes

excited surprise amongst the visitors: some Americans especially thought it strange. The custom of bringing potatoes in their jackets to table was also looked upon as curious. Pat, the waiter in Mullarkey's Hotel, was a soft-spoken young man, possessed of a sweet-sounding Irish tongue. After dinner—consisting of soup, roast mutton, fowl, tapioca pudding, and gooseberries—we were not loath to find our way to bed.

Arriving at Clifden on Friday evening, we decided to stay there until the following Monday. We strolled about the neighbourhood. A river makes pretty falls. After passing by Clifden it widens out into a creek, and at no great distance the sea is found. There is a small quay in the creek, and a little shipping. Clifden has a Protestant church and orphanage at one corner, a Roman Catholic church and convent at another, and a small gaol at a third. A poor-house—a large, white building—stands a short way out of the town. There are fairly good shops. One of them exhibits articles made of the green Connemara marble, the showware of the place. The proprietor of this shop has a small hotel, and to it are despatched the parties for whom Mullarkey's Hotel has not accommodation. Drenching rain put a stop to our afternoon outing.

In the evening the Galway car brought a fresh supply of visitors: departures through the day had made room for them. The three ladies who had travelled with us from Dublin were amongst the arrivals. "Kate" and her girls opened out by degrees, and proved pleasant. One of the girls, a lady student at Oxford, was taking up the history course. She mentioned that she could not boat there as she had not passed the swimming test. The same car also brought an English clergyman and his wife: a tall, courteous old man was he; a rather plain little body with very unpretending manners was she.

On Sunday there was service in the Protestant church both morning and evening. The rector's daughter played well an organ recently put up. The congregation was a fair one: some constabulary men filled one pew. A layman read the lessons, and read the wrong ones, causing the old English clergyman to enquire if the Irish Church had not the same lectionary as the English. He was assured that it had, and that the reader had, by mistake, read the preceding Sunday's lessons.

(To be continued.)

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.



HE unfinished work taken in by Janet Boothroyd was given to the most competent indoor hands at Castor and Willockson's to be completed. It would be ready in time after all, for outdoor workers were always required to complete their tasks twenty-four hours before the garments must actually be sent off. With the reserve of *employées* on the premises, this rendered a failure in punctuality all but impossible.

The work might really have been done by Janet; but if the hands once knew

that there was such a margin of time, the firm judged, and reasonably enough, that disappointments and excuses would be much more frequent. Balancing the advantages enjoyed by workers, the fair prices given, the beautiful quality of the materials, and the fact that outdoor hands were never kept waiting either for work or wages, there was much to be said in favour of the system pursued by Castor and Willockson. It may honestly be conceded that the present position of the Boothroyds was owing to their misfortunes, and that their employers were not in any way to blame.

That very parcel of work which had caused such terrible heart-aches at 12, Morton Place, was not for a wedding

order, but was going down to Ilford Park with Miss Ewbank's friend and guest, Aileen Clinton.

Resolved not to wear garments for which a remunerative price was not asked and paid, she had given a special order for all she required, and this had been executed by Castor and Willockson.

The last night of Miss Clinton's stay at Fairview Hall had arrived, and on the following day Miss Ewbank was to accompany her to Ilford for Christmas.

Mr. Parry Clinton was to escort the two girls. He had declined the invitation sent to him by the Ewbanks some weeks before, on the plea of previous engagements; but he was coming for a single night. On the morrow he would

attract either attention or pity. Her affliction served to increase a natural diffidence and shyness, and she shrank from answering questions addressed to her by strangers, though in the case of a fellow-sufferer like Miss Millet a mutual sympathy outweighed this sentiment.

Miss Millet watched her now with an uncompromising expression. Usually, visitors came straight to her, and deposited on her bed some of the flowers they had brought to distribute, or had a little talk to her, impressed and tender-hearted; for the Monica ward was not far from the entrance hall, and those who entered the Home for the first time had not become used to the sight of suffering. She was vexed to see these ladies proceed so unhesitatingly to Mrs. Grote. They talked to her for a little while, pleased with her deferential manner and the sweetness which could not fail to make her attractive; then, in answer to a question as to how she employed herself, she produced the trimming on which she had been engaged. They had not seen anything like it before, and partly because they admired it, but more out of charity, ordered her to make some against the time they came again. Then leaving her, flushed and grateful and happy, they moved across to Miss Millet.

"Oh, you do this sort of work too!" said one of the ladies smiling, as she regarded the strip of it which lay on the quilt. "It is certainly

pretty, and so clever of you to manage it." But she did not feel called upon to order any more, and so the praise alone was very unsatisfactory to poor Miss Millet, who, moreover, was not able to dissemble her annoyance.

"Isn't it lovely, my dear?" said Mrs. Grote unsuspectingly, as the door closed behind the visitors. "They want me to do five shillings' worth, and they said they'd speak about me to some friends of theirs."

Miss Millet tossed her head. "It isn't everybody as 'd enjoy taking the bread out of other people's mouths," she said.

"What do you mean?" began Mrs. Grote, surprised; and then, as a light dawned upon her, she cried in genuine distress, "Oh, my dear! do you think they'd have had it of you if I hadn't been here?"

"It doesn't require much sense to see that, I should imagine."

"Oh, dear—I am sorry! I never thought of coming in your way. Well, you do it—do. It won't matter to them as long as they get the trimming."

"Oh," said poor Miss Millet proudly, her nose in the air, "don't think I'm *that* sort of a person, Mrs. Grote! I'm not so much in need of money as all that comes to, by any means. And I don't deprive others just to get things myself."

Mrs. Grote feeling snubbed, bit her lips

and kept silent, but the tears rose to her eyes. As on the occasion when she had shown her the work, Miss Millet had taken the sweetness out of her small joy.

But Miss Millet herself was more to be pitied. There are good people in the world, who, innocent of any such intention, bring out the bad in us, and place us in an unfavourable light before ourselves. Mrs. Grote had this effect on her companion, who could not forgive it her. Before her arrival Miss Millet had not had anything special to try her, and had therefore been, on the whole, good-tempered and pleasant. In spite of her great affliction she found it easier to be good in the Home than in the outside world; for one of the compensating circumstances in such a lot as hers is, that a person is spared the many frictions and jars of daily life, which are so much harder to bear than troubles. Therefore it was that, to one of her disposition, the little preferences which were shown, or which she imagined were shown, to the new comer, created a mental disturbance of a peculiarly irritating character. As she lay in her bed, unable to vent her feelings in action or to get rid of them by occupation, it was positive pain to her to watch the object of her jealousy, especially when the latter was engaged in the work which Miss Millet had come to regard as her speciality.

(To be concluded.)

BY ATLANTIC BAYS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

A TOUR IN THREE CHAPTERS.

By EDITH E. SMYTH.

CHAPTER II.

LETTERFRACK AND LEENANE.



HAVING written some commendatory words in the visitors' book, we prepared to leave Mullarkey's Hotel. A tip to Pat produced exceedingly

suave manners on his part; to make easy the ascent to the car, he brought out a red-cushioned chair, which was not improved by a muddy boot's impression

left on it. He also secured for us the seats we desired. There was a difficulty about the disposing of the passengers, too many wishing for the side which would give the best view. The driver had to remonstrate, saying he feared the car would upset—of course equilibrium must be observed. However, the appearance of additional passengers allowed those who were most eager about the view to secure the places they desired. A stout, rather loud Englishwoman beside me invaded somewhat my rights of room. She and her friends had travelled by the night car from Galway—a wonderful journey it must have been for her in the hours of darkness, driving along the lonely roads, elevated on such a vehicle for the first time. It had evidently made an impression on her; she spoke of writing a book, to be entitled *At Night with Her Majesty's Mails in Connemara*. I guess the production will never get further than the title.

The drive from Clifden to Westport is considered one of the finest in Ireland. We found it picturesque in the extreme; mountain and

water give a rich diversity of view. The Twelve Pins of Connemara, the highest owning an altitude of 2,396 feet, offer a succession of ever-varying mountain landscapes.

The juvenile inhabitants of the country reveal themselves to the travellers, groups of barefooted and bareheaded children starting up every now and then to run after the cars in order to extract alms. Their appeal is generally a silent one; and even when supplied with what they desire, their thanks, if rendered, were inaudible. Bareness of foot decidedly promotes fleetness; and a large amount of persistency was manifested in some instances, especially by one very little girl, who must have followed us for a couple of miles. Possessed of excellent lungs and heart, she ran and ran over the lonely road, and either at the start or the finish of her race must have been a long way from home. The passengers' pennies and goodwill had been spent on other claimants. A member of the stout lady's party, seemingly provoked with her persistency, handed us her umbrella, directing us to knock the hand by which she was holding the car; but we declined. Possibly, seeing we disapproved of administering such correction, she accounted for her idea by representing that it would be better for the child.

Our driver kept constantly reiterating to his horses, "Pull up—pull up!" (pronouncing the vowel as in Mull). He had no desire for them to stop when he said this; it was his strange way of urging them to go on.

We got off the car at Letterfrack. Casson's Hotel—now kept by O'Grady—a two-storied building with six windows running along it, took us in, and proved comfortable quarters. We subsequently heard that it had been set going in good style by the late proprietor's wife, a Cumberland woman (John Bull's family is better at hotel-keeping than Paddy's). It possessed both dining and drawing room, and our bedroom had nice modern

furniture. A good dish of green peas appeared at dinner: we found reason afterwards to remember them, for the nice summer vegetables proved very rare along our route.

Letterfrack is a village situated at the head of one of the many creeks of Connemara. A run down the grassy hill at the back of the hotel takes one quickly to the bay, where fishing and bathing can be had. Yellow seaweed fringed the shore. The colour of this seaweed is considered a feature of beauty in the landscapes where it occurs. Sometimes it seemed so, especially when the water was looking very blue. The taste of the seaweed was very little salt—not at all so strong as what is found on the open sea-shore.

Letterfrack is a centre for various excursions. The Diamond Mountain stands out prominently ready for an ascent: we heard that a lady starting from the hotel had reached its top in an hour and a quarter. We were shown the diamond crystals found there; but it is not thought desirable to have them about the hotel, as they prove an incentive to the inscription of the windows. Other mountains fill up the views, and but few individuals would be of the opinion of one of the hotel housemaids, who, we were told, not liking the mountains, had stood looking out, saying, "Shocking! Shocking!" When assured that people came on purpose to see the country, she had replied, "It must be to see its ugliness!" The housemaid occupying her place during the time of our visit was presumably of a different way of thinking. She had been at Killarney for some seasons, taking a situation in Dublin in the winter; "so I get changes like the ladies"—thus she supplemented her narration.

A few miles' distant from Letterfrack is Kylemore, Mr. Mitchell Henry's beautiful place; it may be called an enchanted spot. Cultivation has seized on what must always have been grand, and added loveliness to the grandeur. The castellated house stands on

the shore of the lake; behind it rises the mountain, the base of which has been extensively planted, while other mountains gird in the exquisite scene. On the inevitable outside car—a vehicle much appreciated by us—we visited this lovely place.

As we were driving along our nerves were suddenly called upon to sustain a slight shock, and our vision was concentrated on what we had not intended to see. Along the narrow road, a few yards in front of us, a fine pair of horses were all in a moment brought to a stop by the turning over of the large brake to which they were harnessed. We were startled; their driver, thrown off his box, must have been more startled; and the horses themselves were probably most of all startled. They evinced their feelings by a certain amount of kicking and plunging. We feared what the consequences might be, and had no fancy for our animal to join their game. Happily, it showed no desire to do so, and was philosophically content to make a pause in its course, and nibble the grass by the wayside, while our young charioteer dismounted and ran on to see if he could render aid. He returned to us with the good news that there was no further harm done than the pole of the brake broken; the coachman had wonderfully escaped injury. We saw ourselves that the horses had been quickly quieted. The brake had been empty. So we continued our drive. Whether on his own prompting, or at the request of the coachman, our driver, after we had gone some distance, ran up to a cottage and there procured a rope; but when we returned to the scene of the disaster, it was not needed—coachman, brake, and horses were all gone. At a short distance from Kylemore House stands its church, situated likewise on the shore of the

lake. A look into its interior showed seats somewhat resembling sofas, with rather straight, padded backs; pretty clustered columns of marble were on each side of the windows, which contained no coloured but only opaque glass. Rain coming on heavily, we shortened our visit to the gardens, which are extensive and looked well.

Another drive took us to Renvyle over a remarkably rough road: for part of the way a new road was in course of construction. Renvyle has a little celebrity of its own in being the residence of a once boycotted family, who, in the necessitous times which have of late years come upon them, have turned it into an hotel. The appearance of the house somewhat surprised us. It is a quaint, old-fashioned-looking place, long and low, tiled all over, possessing very small windows and very large chimney stacks, these latter furnished in proportion to their size with remarkably few chimney crocks. It stands quite near the sea. We dismounted and walked on to the shore. A nice fresh sea and many little islands looked pleasant and inviting; and what health-giving breezes must blow in off the Atlantic on such a shore, with no city drainage and no polluted rivers disgoring their defilement!

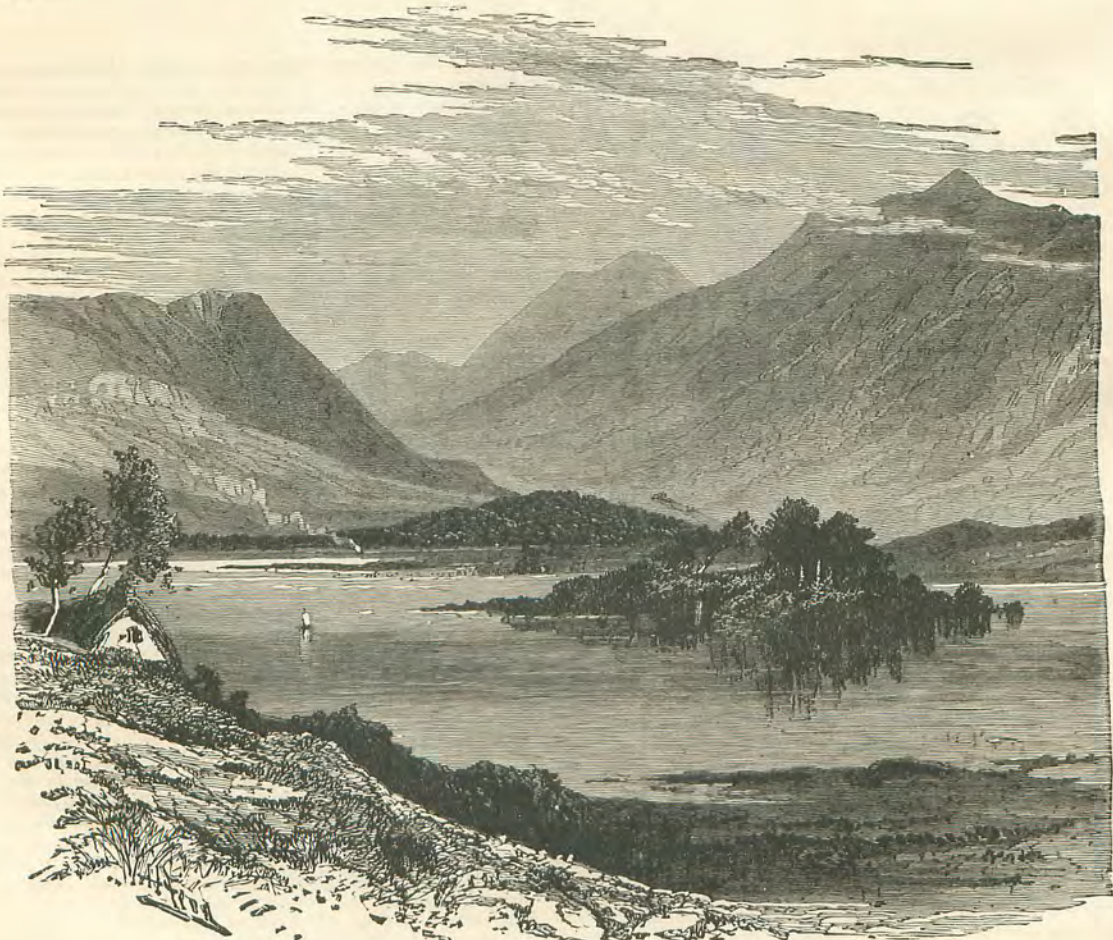
Letterfrack, small place as it is, in addition to a large Roman Catholic industrial school, contains a little industry of its own—a basket-factory having been set up by a Miss Sturge, an enterprising English lady. For it, as well as for her own residence, an iron house was being put up, consisting of seven apartments. In the ground about osiers had been planted. Pending the erection of the house her boys carry on work in premises adjoining the hotel, where we paid them a visit, and saw them busy with their osiers steeping in large pails of water

before them. It struck me as curious that all eight of them worked with their caps or hats on their heads; the loft did not seem particularly airy to me. At first there had been a difficulty about a punctual appearance for their work, their cottages not possessing clocks; so it was decided that a part of their pay should be used for the purchase of time-keepers. However, a Government official visiting that district had made a presentation of the clocks, which had excited great admiration.

The boys are paid from the time they begin to work; they would not be willing to serve an apprenticeship. At the start of the work a Frenchman was procured to teach them the trade. He failed to learn English, but the boys proved quicker at picking up his French. Yet he had, in one tongue or another, managed to express the language of love to a Connaught girl, whom he had married. He had subsequently departed to America. The baskets are made in French fashion on wooden blocks, so a new block has to be made for each new basket pattern. We saw a great variety of patterns. Miss Sturge was in hopes of exporting her wares to America. A hundred baskets had been despatched to Philadelphia, but the question of the duty charges made the success of this trading doubtful.

Fuchsias in Letterfrack are wonderful, skirting the road in a long hedge, and showing large and beautiful blossoms. We were told of wild raspberries, but we did not happen to go in their direction.

Pleasant people were at the little hotel, amongst them a family party from Surrey—father, mother, and three nice children. We had another meeting with the old English clergyman and his wife, as they appeared on their way to Renvyle. On his entering the



THE PINS OF CONNEMARA.



KYLEMORE.

drawing-room he immediately began to look at the pictures on the wall. Noticing a little water-colour sketch of the Golden Horn, observing likewise some old coloured prints, he remarked that some of such were becoming valuable. While in his company at Clifden we had found he was artist as well as divine.

When we left Letterfrack a very beautiful drive conveyed us to Leenane, one lovely view after another almost bewildering one's sight and memory, mountain, and lake, and bay coming before one in such quick succession, that one fails to stereotype any particular landscape, but instead thereof, carries away a sense of having been conducted through a wonderful picture-gallery of nature, wherein were many points where one might have stopped, and studied, and admired.

Muilrea, the highest mountain, claims 2,680 feet. Connemara justifies the meaning of its name—bays of the sea. Wild and desolate-looking part of the country we passed was: bog-land occupied not a small part. The pretty, silky bog-cotton attracted a Manchester man to gather some specimens; another passenger secured a splendid *Osmunda regalis*. The purple loose-strife and wild white spirea we often observed growing together, and very pretty they looked. West of Ireland cabins have been so often described that I need only mention that they are still to be seen, apparently untouched by the march of civilisation, and still, small as they are, hospitably give shelter to the pigs and fowls of the family.

The beautiful surroundings of Leenane make McKeown's Hotel, on the shore of Killery Harbour, a favourite stopping-place. Passengers like the look of it: sometimes they are turned away for want of room. We had written beforehand, engaging beds. Later arrivals on the same day had to content themselves with a putting up at night in the drawing-room. A description, written while seated at one of the hotel windows, will best convey an idea of what was to be seen—like a lake lie the waters of the beautiful Killery Harbour in front of the hotel; a brown-grey the waters are this morning. On the opposite side, at no far distance, rises up from the edge of the shore a steep green mountain. A cloud

lowers over its top, making doubtful its true outline; on a clearer day another mountain summit appears darkly over it, but now no trace of it is visible. Fissures run down the mountain slope—the tracks of streams. The rain of yesterday having filled some of these, white lines show themselves amongst the green grass as delicate little waterfalls. Where the mountain slopes down to the right, a more distant height rises a soft green-grey in its greater distance. Going on from it, still to the right, one's eye gains the nearer ascent of another hill steep enough to be picturesque, but a modest altitude compared to the lofty elevation of the "Devil's Mother," rising darkly behind it. Sometimes the sun shines brightly, and bestows colour and light on the lovely bay and its surrounding. But grey days are not uncommon in the west of Ireland; thick misting rain now comes on, and clouds and hides away what is at other times so fair.

The hotel being full, there were two *table d'hôte* dinners every day, one at seven, the other at eight. This arrangement, as well as dividing the number of the guests, also suited the fishers, some of whom, going off to a considerable distance to pursue their sport, liked as long a day as possible. Fishing is what takes most men to the west, and it now attracts a few ladies thither likewise. It forms a rather frequent subject of conversation. One felt quite in the running when able to recall and allude to experiences of mackerel fishing. On being asked how they were caught, the reply, "We fished for them with a line and spinner," met the remark, "Only one could be got at a time that way." Rightly then a rejoinder was given by a listener, that several lines could be kept out of one boat. An elderly gentleman, said to have been a sea-captain, made a good catch of a fine salmon.

Mr. McKeown contemplated an enlargement of his hotel, though it held a good many. At the seven o'clock *table d'hôte* one evening we were twenty in number. The McKeown family, in addition to the hotel, keep a shop and the post-office, all three in the one block of building. A wonderful variety of articles appears in the shop-window. At Leenane there is no telegraph office; I was consequently

glad that I had made use of the office at Letterfrack to get some information I wanted. The village of Leenane stands a little further up the bay than the hotel. The air at Letterfrack seemed fresher and more bracing than at Leenane. It is said that an eminent Dublin physician, whose opinion was thought much of many years ago, highly recommended Leenane for consumptives. It is just the place that would have been thought suitable for them until the more modern theories of fresh air and plenty of it were advocated.

When a wet day occurs at Leenane the arrival of the Clifden and Westport cars is the great event. Passengers and luggage change, and the hotel is the lurching-ground. We had one day's unceasing rain and mist. Most of the visitors stayed indoors: a few ventured out, and got pretty wet in consequence. One young lady spent a good part of the day copying in water-colour an oil picture of Leenane, which she had discovered hanging on a bedroom wall. She was a little body, with a good deal of go in her—a bright girl, though not at all handsome. She had a cousin who possessed beautiful teeth, and a grand crop of dark-brown hair. They and their party afforded some music, piano and banjo playing, and some singing. They also, with some others, had some evening games; the one in which pictures are drawn at the head of sheets of paper, and lines of verse, one by one, appended, evoked a good deal of merriment, as did also the game of "Authors."

An English mother and her son were amongst the guests. They were interested in botanical specimens. Their stay in the west had contributed some additions for their collection of wild-flowers. She had all a mother's fondness for her son, a youth apparently about seventeen. She confided to me how, to interest him, she had taken to botany several years before. She had used John's book, and had found the study easy. I fancy the son had got to the restive age; he evidently enjoyed being asked by a gentleman to fish. The hotel is provided with a smoking-room, so some of the gentlemen visitors show themselves to the ladies only at meal-times.

(To be concluded.)



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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

BY ATLANTIC BAYS IN
THE WEST OF IRELAND.

A TOUR, IN THREE CHAPTERS.

By EDITH E. SMYTH, Author of
"Flash-Lights."



CLEW BAY.

CHAPTER III.

WESTPORT AND SLIGO.

ON the day of our departure from Leenane, the waiter suggested we should have our lunch before the arrival of the cars and their passengers. He helped us very liberally to lobster, and got up potatoes for us; he also interested himself much in procuring good places for us on the car. Lovely mountain landscapes are seen for a long way north of Leenane. The so-called Killery Harbour, which, it must be mentioned, is a creek of the sea, not an artificial harbour, gradually narrows into a river. In the bog-land we passed through, we observed some large supplies of bog-wood, and numerous stacks of turf, some little, and some large, waiting to be carried home. Very swiftly running and busily foaming was the little river with which our road ran parallel for part of the way.

Amongst our fellow passengers was an old American gentleman, who was accompanied by two granddaughters, one of them a very handsome girl, a brunette with fine dark eyes. There was also an Irish bicyclist, forced to take to the car through the breaking of the pedal shaft of his machine, which was strapped on to the end of the car. Beside us sat a very quiet

Scotchwoman, with a silent husband. Perhaps he thought the more! English, Scotch, Irish, and Americans, all reveal themselves by the way they pronounce the language they hold in common. In two places the hills were so steep that the driver begged a dismounting and walking on the part of the younger passengers. The walking gave the little Scotchwoman the opportunity of securing some bits of the large pink heather. In the course of this drive we noticed some considerable flocks of sheep.

The more cultivated district which precedes an entrance into Westport is far inferior in beauty to the first part of the drive, and Westport seemed towny and uninviting after beautiful Letterfrack and Leenane. An extra drag was put on the car for the very steep descent into the town. A large poor-house is the first building sighted. The best part of Westport lies in a valley: a river running through it, planted on each side with trees, confers a picturesque effect; but the town is not a handsome one. It has a large hotel, and some smaller ones. We put up in the former, where we found plenty to eat, good-sized rooms, and many of them; but the bedrooms which were assigned to us were lacking in more than one respect (others were better off). There was a paucity of hanging pegs, no wardrobes, a door which would not latch, and a window-blind, roller and all, was lying down on the window-sill; transferred to the floor in order that the shutters might be shut, it was lifted up on the sill again, but never elevated to its right place.

The seven o'clock dinner was a very crowded one, males largely preponderating. The American girls were beside us. The handsome one sitting round the corner of the table I could not succeed in comfortably regarding, she so quickly detected my glance. With her much less beautiful sister I had some conversation, and thereby discovered they were having a hurried but full tour on this side of the Atlantic. They had landed at Havre, and done Paris, London, and other places; they were intending a visit to Germany, though they had but a few days remaining at their disposal. She said she missed the sweet corn and the fruit they got in America, and would she not take cream when she got home and could get it again! She could not detect a Scotch accent; she would have taken the Scotch for English. I asked her in what part of America people were considered to speak the best. She replied that the people of Boston say they speak the best, claiming to be the descendants of the original settlers. She said, "We make an effort to pronounce every letter" (so she did). She had found that this was not the French style of conversation: the French volubility had rather nonplussed them. I think they came from Philadelphia.

Westport is not without some attractions, and a sojourn in it is enjoyed by families who live inland. Situated on Clew Bay, it is the principal seaport of Mayo. The bathing-place and quays are separated from the town by the demesne of the Marquis of Sligo. Through this demesne we walked. The little river which passes through the town here gives pretty waterfall effects, and some of the trees are worthy of admiration. There is free access to the demesne; but no seats, so far as we saw, were provided to invite a protracted stay. However, a bridge parapet serves for a resting-place, and there are no notices up forbidding a halt on the grass. The residence is a plainly-built, solid-looking, grey structure. When we emerged on the quay we found large store-houses, apparently now unused, bearing the date 1783, telling of past trade, or of an expectation of it. Some tolerably large vessels were alongside the quay. The bathing-place stands at the end of what ap-

peared to be a tongue of land. The price of a hot, salt-water bath is not extravagant—one shilling.

Croagh Patrick, owning a height of 2,370 feet, is at no great distance from Westport. Its lofty irregular summit is a feature of beauty in the surrounding country; it is not difficult of ascent, but mountain climbing was not to form a part of our programme. Clew Bay is remarkable for its very numerous islands of various sizes. Clare Island, the largest, is situated at its entrance. Westport has a beautiful church; it is a little dark in consequence of all its windows being coloured. Tile frescoes in white, black, and gold, fill the wall-spaces between the windows, the lower and larger row illustrating scenes in the life of Our Lord, the upper row, filling arched spaces, is given to the Parables. The pale brown marble wall of the chancel, when first seen on entering the church after leaving the bright light outside, has strangely the appearance of decayed stone. The curate of the parish preached in the morning. We guessed beforehand who would address us in the evening, seeing the rector in communication with a reverend visitor at the hotel, and perceiving subsequently that this good man withdrew from the dinner-table before the pudding course was brought on, as though to sharpen his weapons for ecclesiastical service. What he afterwards gave us from the pulpit was good so far as it could be heard, but he clipped his words so terribly that it was very difficult to make out what he said. I expect he had but small idea how little he was understood.

We set off from Westport for a stay in the Island of Achill; but as this part of our tour was not included in our circular ticket, and an account of it would unduly lengthen the narrative, it must be omitted, and our travels taken up at the point where we returned to Westport. We then spent another night in the same hotel, and left the next morning for Ballina. Our ticket provided for a train journey thither. After a stay in Connemara and Achill, far removed from railway trains, it seemed almost strange to be in their neighbourhood again. This trip was a short one. The Mayo Mountains can be observed on one side, and the inland lakes of Cullin and Conn. Castlebar, the capital of the county, is passed. The train took us through country which looked pastoral and civilised compared to wild Achill, except for an occasional bog and a few poor-looking thatched cabins.

On our arrival at Ballina, the Imperial and Moy Hotel porters had a struggle as to which would secure us; the former conquered, and in his omnibus we drove to his hotel. The River Moy is the chief feature of Ballina. It was then very full, and flowing swiftly over its rapids. It divides Mayo from Sligo, and is crossed by two fine bridges; some nice rowing boats were on it. Ballina, though not the capital of Mayo, is its best town as regards population, extent, and trade; it has a considerable salmon fishery. It surpassed any other place we visited for beggars.

For our next move we again seated ourselves on a long car: about three o'clock in the afternoon we set off for Sligo. Sunshine made the drive pleasant, and gave extra beauty to many pretty views. Distant hills possessed the horizon on one side almost all the way; on the other side, Sligo Bay and the Donegal Mountains were seen. Having little luggage on the car on this occasion, as on some others, we could manage the double view. Our driver took up and gave out mails all the way along. The cars not only serve for the conveyance of mails and tourists, but are frequently made use of by the residents of the districts through which they pass. We had beside us, for some miles, a pleasant young man, belonging to Ballina, who proved a good referee on any-

thing we desired to enquire about. He pointed out to us a small habitation which had been formerly a post-office, and told us that the postmaster who had officiated in it, being unable to read—used pleasantly to answer any person enquiring if a letter had come: "I don't know; you can look for yourself." The country appeared altogether different from Galway: it seems as a stepping-stone to the north, and there was a decided change in the accent of the people.

We entered Sligo in the dark. The Imperial Hotel, our stopping place, occupies a very central situation; the drawing-room being at a corner and looking two ways, its windows afforded a never-ending exhibition of life. The River Garrahogue flows in front, and over its bridge close by the people come and go.

On the evening of our arrival we had in this room the company of a very talkative individual, a Roman Catholic; she, and her husband, a Protestant, had travelled on the car with us from Ballina. Her nationality was a puzzle, until we discovered that she was of Irish parentage, born and educated in America, and resident for some years in England. Her religion seemed of a curious kind. Having forgotten her Prayer-Book, she had bought a rosary to help her devotions. She had been told she ought to get this blessed by a priest; but her faith in priestly power did not apparently reach to a trust in the benefit of this. She mentioned that she sometimes accompanied her husband to his place of worship, and that he sometimes accompanied her to hers. She confided to us that she was fifty years old, and had had fourteen children, but had only four remaining. Her daughters were being educated in a Belgian convent; she intended to keep the eldest one there until she reached twenty-one. As her convent education had begun at four years of age, it ought to be very complete when concluded. At the breakfast-table the following morning her husband and a couple of stout priests pursued a conversation which was trying to anyone whose sympathies lay with the landlords of Ireland. Travelling in the west of Ireland, Roman Catholic priests are pretty frequently met with; we had come across several, but they had proved of a pleasanter type.

Sligo is the best town in Connaught. It has good public buildings and excellent shops. It is the most important seaport on the north-west coast, exporting the cattle and agricultural produce of the surrounding districts. It has steamers plying to Liverpool and Glasgow.

The show-sight for tourists is Lough Gill. We went for a row up the Garrahogue to reach it, and very pretty we found both river and lake. Planted to the water's edge, their sloping shores showing trees and crops, in their quiet beauty they afforded a great contrast to much of the scenery we had previously visited. Lough Gill is the Killarney of the west. Landing from the boat, and conducted by the boatman, we mounted a narrow path to an elevated green level, from which we had a good view downwards of the lake, its islands, and surroundings. Two of the islands are inhabited. Several tiny yachts were on the river; a race had taken place the day before; there were also numerous rowing boats.

We visited the ruins of the abbey, which was founded in the thirteenth century, and demolished in the time of Cromwell: some parts of it are in fairly good preservation. Sligo possesses a large Roman Catholic cathedral and two Protestant churches.

Finding ourselves only a five hours' drive from Bundoran, we decided on going there for a stay; but this, as being an invention of our own, and not a part of our round, may be omitted. After a sojourn there we again passed Sligo on our way back to Dublin.

Until we arrived at Mullingar we pursued a different line of railway from that by which we had gone westwards. The country seen after leaving Sligo is pretty: rocks and a rushing river looked well. The town of Ballymote showed an important ruin. Further on there was sometimes a certain monotony in the views, but Lough Owel, in Westmeath, shone fair in the sunlight. Certain whiffs of city air admonished us of our drawing nigh to Dublin.

For a trip in the west of Ireland no one wanting luxury should go, nor need it be recommended for invalids; but those who possess a fair amount of health and strength, and desire good air and fine scenery, may try it. Some stopping places will be found which will seduce towards a prolongation of stay, and others, if not possessing such attraction, are, so far as our experience went, quite comfortable enough for a short sojourn.

A friend, talking over his recollection of a tour in the west, alleged it to be very depressing. His meaning can be easily understood. Miles of uninhabited, or seemingly almost uninhabited, country are passed; the lakes have no boats, or almost none; no fishers stand on their shores, and the countryside shows few labourers and small harvest. An air of desolation broods over the land; and perhaps people who are liable to depres-

sion had better seek elsewhere for the sort of tonic they need. A holiday in mighty London, and a jostling with its millions, may bestow it upon them. But those whose ailment is not depression, and who rather like to get away from the throng, and behold mountain, and lake, and sea, in grandeur though in loneliness, may travel in the west of Ireland.

In the fellow-passengers on the cars, and in other guests at the hotels, enough of human life is seen to give the modicum of society which many men and women naturally desire. No big bales of luggage need be taken, for grand garments are not required. A small leather bag, and a strap with rug or shawl and waterproof, will prove sufficient. There is no dressing for dinner, even though served at eight o'clock; the only change made being a substitution of a stuff dress for a cotton one, if the latter has been worn in the earlier part of the day. The waterproof is a *sine qua non*, and a hat not to be hurt by unpropitious weather should accompany it.

We always got enough to eat, and frequently had far more than we wanted. It would be a good thing to go to the west with a large appetite for bacon and eggs. They are the great stand-by, and seem to be the diet procurable in every place. We were tolerably often served with fish. Vegetables are scarce,

especially the nicer kinds; cabbage was almost always on the table. Fruit was very rarely afforded.

The hotels, if not boasting the cleanness and niceness which one would desire, did not to us give nightly torture, and we made experience between us of twenty-one different beds. Our tour was made in the height of the season in August. This had its advantages and the reverse. At such a time there is more go in everything, and this gives a liveliness which would otherwise be wanting; on the other hand, it has the drawback of possible disappointment in finding the cars full, and no beds in the intended stopping places. These contingencies may be guarded against by booking and engaging beforehand.

The railway now in course of construction between Galway and Clifden will, when completed, alter the tour. The journey, though perhaps made more comfortable, will be more prosaic. We enjoyed our long drives and our whole outing. We met many agreeable people, and very few disagreeable ones: some interested us, others amused us, and a certain number instructed us. Very especially we saw much of the handiwork of Him who "by His strength setteth fast the mountains," and "sendeth the springs into the valleys."

[THE END.]

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.



WEAK, worn, pallid, and hollow-eyed—a poor wreck of the beautiful girl who had toiled on so hopelessly in Morton Place—was Janet Boothroyd, when she became conscious

of her new surroundings in the best bedroom at One Ash Villa.

It was well for Janet that her eyes rested on a familiar face, or the surprise might have had an injurious effect upon her.

As it was, Susan Meade smiled brightly in response to the enquiring look of the invalid, and said gently, "You have been very ill, but you are better, and you will feel stronger when you have taken this nice beef-tea."

"Where am I? How did I come here?"

"I will tell you soon. You are amongst friends, who love you and will take care of you."

Janet made an effort to speak again, but Susan, dreading the question that would certainly come, insisted on deferring all talk until the beef-tea had been taken and her patient was resting. Then came the ordeal.

"My mother? Have I had a long, dreadful dream, or is it all true? Tell me, Susan. I must know."

"My precious love, the dream is true in a way. But it has a beautiful bright side. Your dear mother has been taken

from sorrow, toil, and suffering here to God's own home above. No sorrow for her there, my dear Miss Janet. No pain, no tears. All peace, and rest, and joy."

Great tears flowed down Janet's cheeks, and she lay silent for a time, Susan showing her sympathy by an occasional word softly spoken, or a gentle pressure of the thin hand she held in her own.

By degrees memory returned, and those last sad hours in Morton Place passed before Janet's mind. But she was too utterly weak for demonstrative grief, and thankful to be lovingly tended by Susan, whom she regarded as her one remaining friend on earth.

The weary eyes soon closed again, and blessed sleep brought forgetfulness for a season. When Janet awoke, feeling stronger for the rest, she saw another face near her bed. Its expression was kind and motherly, and though that of a stranger, it inspired confidence.

"I am taking turns at nursing you with Susan Meade," said the woman, who was Anna Jukes. "You see, the strongest of us cannot keep awake all the while, so we sleep turn about. Susan will be getting up now. She is always to her time."

"Where am I? This place is all strange."

"And I'm strange, too; but bless you, my dear young lady, you are in safe hands. This house is called One Ash Villa, and it belongs to Mr. Cutclose, your landlord as was, when you lived in Morton Place. I am his housekeeper—Anna Jukes they call me. I was servant when Mrs. Cutclose was

alive, and then after she died the master made me housekeeper."

Janet was going to ask more questions, but she was stopped until she had been fed with something else that the doctor had ordered, and then came Susan Meade.

As gently and tenderly as possible Susan told the girl all that had befallen her. How she had been found unconscious, and injured by her fall when fainting, with other particulars already related.

Again came the words, "My mother!" and Susan related how generously Mr. Cutclose had acted in this and other respects, and how all that was left of Mrs. Boothroyd had been laid to rest in the beautiful country "God's acre" where his wife was buried.

"How kind he has been! I did not think he was such a good man. How can I ever repay him or you?"

"By taking as much food, sleeping as soundly, and getting well as fast as you can," replied Susan cheerily.

"You will thank him now, will you not? And the kind woman who was sitting here a while ago?"

"Certainly; but I am sure she does not need thanks, and Mr. Cutclose will be very glad to know that you are improving."

Susan might have her doubts as to the motives which actuated Mr. Cutclose, but this was no time for their expression, and she gladly delivered Janet's message.

Mr. Cutclose was delighted. His thoughts went by bounds, and he seemed to expect that Janet would be downstairs in a day or two. Dr. Robertson soon