

## Original Communications.

## IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.—No. II.

Ireland—Arrival—Groves of Blarney—Lakes of Killarney—Beggars—Cabins—Dublin—Civil Lord Lieutenant—Tom Moore's Library—Sunday in Dublin—Paddy's Opera.

The little steamer that came out of the harbor at Queenstown, to take off the mails and such of the passengers as chose to land in Ireland, had on board the agent of the Inman line of ships, to which ours belonged; and this gentleman, learning that we had two United States Senators in our party, was extraordinarily civil to the whole company. Instead of allowing us to go up to Cork by rail, as most naturally we might have done, he determined to take us to that city in the little steamer. He could not relieve us, however, from the annoying examination of our trunks, which took place as soon as we touched the wharf. I am bound to say though that the examination was merely formal. The trunks were all unlocked, and a hand thrust into each—and a few questions asked as to whether we had any revolvers (!) or cigars or tobacco, and after a general reply in the negative (literally true in my case), and a shilling or so for the trouble they had taken, we were allowed to proceed. The harbor at Queenstown is very large, with fine depth of water. Several naval vessels were lying here, and two or three transports of great size, filled with troops. The trip up the river Lee to Cork was delightful. The shores were lined with villas and beautiful residences—the banks high and well wooded, and the polite agent described it all with true Irish enthusiasm; so that to us, just liberated from the confinement of our sea voyage, it seemed almost like Paradise. The tide was low at Cork, but we made our way over the paddle-boxes to the wharf, and then with no little difficulty through the crowd to a 'Bus, as it was called, an uncommonly hearse-like conveyance. The crowd was great—of idlers, not unusual at every public landing place, and of people (chiefly women) with a great variety of things to sell—but especially of beggars. This was our first experience with beggars. Their pertinacity, their unbelief of our repeated refusals—or of our repeated shouts that we had no pennies, was wonderful. So they followed us to our hotel, where at last we found refuge. Everything here was strange. The quaint old city, the strange-looking houses, the jolly-looking jaunting-cars—the un-American look about the hotel—everything we saw filled us with wonder. The dining-room, or coffee-room (there are no dining-rooms in this part of the world) was on the first floor, and on a level with the street. As we sat at table, a crowd of people, mainly children, gathered in front of the window, and made their observations, much as our people of some class would at seeing a company of Chinese at dinner. Of course this afforded rich amusement to the young people of our party.

The next morning we set off in the funny jaunting-car to Blarney Castle, six miles from Cork. Surely nothing could be more delightful than that ride. The road was turpiked or Macadamized, and as smooth as a floor. For most of the way, very large limes and beeches overhung the road, forming an arch or bower; the hedges were thick and luxuriant, and beautifully shaven, and flowers of many kinds lined the way. The hawthorn hedges, in full bloom, some white, some pink, were especially beautiful, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. Blarney Castle is a fine old ruin, built in the fifteenth century, by the Countess of Desmond. It has a massive tower or donjon keep, 120 feet high, and this part is better preserved than the rest of the building; but the roof, the floors, are all gone. The stairway to the tower is stone, admirably constructed of spiral form—and the tower itself is full of all manner of nooks and corners, little cells and vaulted ceilings, all of stone. The windows all gothic, and, what is left of the walls, battlemented and pierced for throwing stones or shooting with the cross-bow, so that before gunpowder was introduced into warfare, these places must have been considered almost impregnable. Of course we all kissed the Blarney stone, of which it is said:

There is a stone there,  
That whoever kisses,  
Oh! he never misses  
To grow eloquent.

The pleasure-grounds surrounding the castle, which were formerly adorned with statues, grotesques, &c., are still very beautiful. The walks are beautifully laid out, the trees very old, and in fine condition; the caves, natural and artificial, and the stairways from terrace to terrace, almost hidden by overhanging rocks and trees, were all well calculated to impress the spectator with an idea of what a lovely place it must have been, among these "Groves of Blarney," when the castle was occupied, and the lord of the manor held high state here.

Returning to Cork, we visited the Roman Catholic cathedral, but saw nothing of interest except a memorial monument to Bishop England, the first Catholic Bishop of Charleston, S. C. I copy part of the inscription, for the benefit of any Irish readers of the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, who disliked the colored people.

"His body sleeps in a distant grave, wet with the tears of the orphan and the negro."

Bishop England was consecrated in this cathedral. Then we went to the Episcopal church of St. Ann at Shandon, famous for its chimes, and we heard them strike the hour. We climbed to the belfry, and then to the top of the tower, 120 feet, and had a fine view of the city and surrounding country.

That afternoon we took the cars for the Lakes of Killarney, and passing through the village of the same name reached the hotel on the lake, and had a good supper, of which broiled salmon formed no inconsiderable part, at about ten o'clock. Next morning, Wednesday, June 2d, we awoke to find a thick mist, which soon turned to rain, and threatened to deprive us of our excursion round the lakes, but after an hour's delay the clouds broke a little, and we set out. The first part of our excursion was by jaunting-car to Kate Kearney's cottage, where we took ponies. At this point we were beset by at least fifty people—men, women and children, all beggars. Some were trying to help us mount the ponies—some tried to sell photographs of the cottage—some tried to sell us drink, a bottle of whiskey in one hand, pitcher of goat's milk in the other—all wished to go with us on the journey, one to lead the pony, another to follow, holding on to the crupper, but all wanted money. The mingled crowd of ponies and people, their chattering, sometimes English, oftener Gaelic, made a scene as striking as it was new. With no little difficulty we extricated ourselves from the mass, and trotted off. But we did not escape entirely. There was an average of two persons to each pony through the whole route from the beginning—and then at intervals of two or three hundred yards, fresh reinforcements would start out on us from behind the rocks, offering for sale the same articles, and begging for money. The pleasures of the ride were greatly marred by the incessant demand for money. It is surprising how easily these people can keep pace with a horse. They trot alongside for miles with perfect ease. We had not gone far until the rain began to fall again, but we were well protected by water-proof coverings, and we did not mind it. The only trouble was, that the view was somewhat shortened. Our pony ride was about nine miles, through the pass of Dunloe—wild, grand, beautiful scenery; and there we found boats with lunch, which was quite acceptable, returning through these lakes some fifteen miles, to our hotel. The pass between two of these lakes is that valley of which Moore writes:

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,  
As the vale in whose bosom thy bright waters meet."  
Need I add that we sang it in our boat, and to Tom Moore's own music?

The lowest conditions of life we have yet seen met us to-day. The common people live in wretched hovels, often built of mud, thatched roofs, reaching nearly to the ground, filthy beyond belief in all their surrounding, with pools of barn-yard liquid before many a door, so that those passing in and out must needs wade through it. Such houses have rarely more than one window, and that a very small one near the door. We saw villages of houses such as I have described. Never have I seen such habitations for human beings. After resting half an hour at the hotel, we took the jaunting-car again to Muckross Abbey, another fine ruin, constructed as a religious house, and adapted for defense also. The cloisters are quite perfect here, in the form of a quadrangle, and there is, in the middle, a yew tree of great age, said to have been planted by the monks. The abbey was founded in 1440, repaired in 1602, and dismantled by Cromwell, who had little reverence for such places. The ruin consists of the abbey and the church. The different offices connected with the abbey are still in a tolerable state of preservation. The large fire-place in the kitchen is very interesting. From Muckross we drove through the park belonging to the Muckross Abbey mansion, the residence of Mr. Herbert, M. P., for the county. It is a very fine country house, quite new. We were allowed to drive near enough to get a good view of the house, and through Mr. Herbert's grounds for miles, over perfectly smooth hard roads, having fine views of two of the lakes we had sailed over in the morning, until we reached Ross castle, another fine old ruin, also destroyed by Cromwell. Here are some old guns, still mounted, on the ramparts. The walls are almost covered with ivy, which grows here so luxuriantly, and the views from the windows in the upper part of the tower over the lake are most beautiful. Nothing but the tower is shown here. The other part of the building is modern, and is shut up. It was nine o'clock when we reached our hotel—though not at all dark—but the day had been a long one, about twelve hours of travel in jaunting-car, saddle and boat. Tired as we were, we enjoyed our evening meal, and slept soundly.

The next morning we were "booked" for Dublin by the 10.30 train, and reached that city at 5.30 P. M. So far, all that we have seen of the country in Ireland is beautiful. The verdure is bright green, the hills are rounded and smooth, the valleys have streams of clear running water, the roads fine, the stone walls and hedges admirable. But the poverty, the wretchedness of the people are deplorable. The heart sickens at such scenes as we saw every day. No intelligence, no ambition to do better in life, no consciousness of their deplorable condition.

We drove to the Shelbourne hotel, in Dublin,

a very good house, and were well entertained. The proprietor, Mr. Goodman, is a Dutchman, and understands his business. There were several titled persons in the house, the most distinguished of whom were the Earl of Gosford and Earl Carysfort. Having worked pretty hard since our landing at Queenstown, we thought this a good place to rest, so we determined to spend Sunday here. This would give us two full days for "doing" the city.

First we went to Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth, in 1591. James I confirmed and extended the charter, and conferred upon it the privilege of returning two members to Parliament. Their election is by the fellows, scholars and other graduates of the A. M., or any higher degree. After looking through the library, which is 300 feet long, and is said to contain two hundred thousand (?) volumes, and a very valuable collection of Irish, Persian, Greek, Arabic and other manuscripts; we met one of the students, a fellow commoner, whom we had seen at the hotel, who very kindly showed us through the college and the college chapel. It was very curious to see the students and professors fitting about in gowns and caps. The students reside in the college, and we had the opportunity of looking into their dormitories and study-rooms. The latter are extremely well furnished, though that depends on the means of the occupant. After this, we went to the old Parliament House, now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, and noticed the many rooms of historic interest in the old place. In the Bank I met one of the clerks, an old man, who, when a boy, had lived in Philadelphia, and had a vivid recollection of places and streets there.

Then we drove to Phoenix Park, the Park of Dublin, containing 1600 acres, and the Zoological garden, where they have a litter of young lions, which we did not see, and have herds of deer, which we did see. The Park is not well kept, many cattle belonging to the Government are allowed to graze here. The Vice-Regal Lodge, a very plain house, the residence of the Lord Lieutenant, is in the Park—though he has suites of apartments in the castle also. We saw his carriage one day in front of the Lord Mayor's house. It was an open barouche, with post-boys in tight pants and boots, fair-topped, and with plenty of people gazing at the show. The chapel royal, in connection with the castle, is a beautiful structure. The carvings in oak, which strike the eye everywhere, are particularly fine and rich, representing the armorial bearings of all the Lieutenant Generals who have served here. The pews of the nobility are all in the gallery, and splendidly furnished, while the common people worship down stairs! We reverse that order.

This, our guide said, was all we could see of the castle, but we were hardly satisfied with a look at the court-yard (through which we drove) and the outside walls, and I determined to see, if possible, one of the towers. The guide said this was impossible, as it was never shown to strangers. But I sent up word that an American gentleman and three ladies were below, who wished to see as much of the castle as it was possible to show to strangers. A servant came down at once, asking us to walk up, where we were received in the kindest manner by Sir Bernard Burke, whose official title is "Ulster King-at-arms," and Keeper of the Record Tower. He very kindly showed us through the Record Tower, his Tower, he called it, where all the State Records of Ireland are kept—ancient and modern; gave us orders of admission to the Castle and to the Royal Irish Academy, a museum of antiquarian curiosities; and when I said I should try to retain one of these orders as a memento of my visit, he took from a shelf a work written by himself, in two octavo volumes, entitled "Vicissitudes of Families" (he is an authority in matters of heraldry), and presented it to me, with a few lines written on the fly-leaf, saying that the book was given in remembrance of a visit paid to him in his Record Tower by Mr. C. June 4, 1869. On his order we were afterwards shown through the Castle with great politeness.

The next day we went to the Royal Irish Academy. In one of the rooms is Tom Moore's Library—about two thousand volumes—with his book plate:—a negro's head in a crown with this legend, *Fortis cadere, cedere non Potest.* On the shelves were such books as Beaumont and Fletcher, Grattan, Ben Jonson, Mitford's Greece, Gibbon's Rome, Hume's England, Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, &c. There is a bust of Moore and his portrait. In the Museum there were many curious relics, such as gold brooches, stone axes inserted in bone handles, Bishop's croziers, crucifixes in iron, ivory and precious metals; stone images, swords, Scandinavian battle-axes and spear heads, and a great variety of antiquities, illustrating the early history of Ireland. A little shopping concluded this day's work.

On Sunday we went early to church, to the College chapel, where the students are attired in their robes, and into which you cannot go without an order. It was very interesting to know that Goldsmith and Burke and Moore, and many other names well known in English literature and English history had worshipped in this chapel, walked in these cloisters, read the books in this library and fitted about here in their scholastic dresses. The music here was indifferent, all male voices; the sermon good, by Mr. Jelleit, one of the Professors. After service here, we went to Chapel Royal, but were five minutes too late. The doors were closed and could not be opened. Our principal object in going was to see the Lord Lieutenant, but we learned afterwards that he was not present, so we lost no-

thing, for some friends who were there said the sermon was very poor. We went, therefore, to Christ church, where, for the first time, I heard the full church service intoned throughout; in fact, everything intoned, except the lessons. Here the voices were highly cultivated and the music was very fine. We could not stay to the sermon, for the place was so damp and cold we thought it unsafe. In the afternoon, 3 o'clock, we went to St. Patrick's cathedral (Protestant) where the music was most exquisite—all male voices, many of them boys. Besides the regular chanting, there were two anthems—the first selected from the sacred cantata "God is love," a recitative (tenor) and chorus of Angels; the second a quartette, selected from Haydn's Oratorio of the Creation, winking up with that grand chorus "The heavens are telling," &c., sung by that choir of forty or fifty voices all trained and cultivated to the highest degree. Certainly I never heard anything finer and grander than that music. The sermon was indifferent—a charity appeal. The congregation was very large, attracted by the music—for the town people call it "Paddy's opera." In the evening I looked for a Presbyterian or Congregational church, but our dinner hour had been so late, that the evening church services were all over. And so passed our first Sunday in Europe.

It ought to be added regarding St. Patrick's cathedral that it is very old, having been constructed in 1191. The ground plan is cruciform, with nave, transept and choir, all these having aisles. It was rapidly falling into decay, when a few years since, Guinness, the famous brewer, spent a million of dollars (of our money) to rescue it from destruction. The banners and arms of the Knights of St. Patrick are hung and emblazoned over their stalls, which are placed against the walls on either side of the choir; and back of the chancel and at the head of the cross is a large room for the order of the Knights of St. Patrick, and a throne for the grand-master. The Archbishop's throne is in the choir. Dean Swift was some time Dean of this cathedral, and has his monument here; so has Curran a monument also.

The next morning, Monday, June 7, we left in the "limited Mail" for Belfast, where we spent a few hours going through the flax mills, which were very interesting, and then on to Port Rush, where we spent the night—a very delightful sea-side watering place. As I lay in my bed next morning, the sun was shining bright, and I could see, without raising my head, the sea and the waves breaking on the rocks, and throwing up the spray. It was a splendid view, such as I had never seen before. A ride of a few miles within full view of the Atlantic, and only a few hundred yards from the beach, brought us to the Giant's Causeway, one of the most remarkable of Nature's works. But this has been so often described that I may well omit it. But here were the beggars again, not quite so numerous, but not less pertinacious. In Port Rush is a monument, a tall granite shaft, to Adam Clarke, the Methodist Commentator, who was born within three miles of the town.

So after a day of great interest and pleasure we took the cars in the afternoon for Belfast—and the night boat across the channel for Glasgow. B. B. C.

## GAMALIEL AND NICODEMUS.

The Talmudic and early Rabbinical writings of the Jews cast great light on many parts of the New Testament. Although most probably not committed to writing until centuries after the destruction of Jerusalem, and the final dispersion of the nation, they embody a vast number of facts and theories handed down from the times before and after Christ. Like the Apocryphal Gospels, they furnish a strong negative argument for the divinity and inspiration of the New Testament. We can point to the manifold absurdities and triflings of both the pseudo-Christian and the Jewish writers, and say "such would the New Testament have been were it but the embodiment of the ideas and the spirit of the age," as modern skepticism asserts.

Yet it is worth while to pick out the valuable grains from the great chaff-heap, and find in the undesigned testimony of the Talmud, a confirmation of the truth of the nobler record. This we will do (at second-hand of course) in regard to two New Testament characters.

The Gamaliel who is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles as giving wise and temperate advice in regard to the suspension of the persecution of the Church, succeeded his grandfather, the great Hillel, as the head of the Sanhedrim. Though a profound theologian, according to the Jewish standard, he was more of a Herodian than a Pharisee. His temperament forbade his being an enthusiast, either in religion or politics. He was one of the men who always see two sides to every fact, and was not indisposed to accept Roman supremacy as, on the whole, not a bad thing. As a matter of course, Pharisaic Jerusalem grew too hot to hold him, and he removed the theological school to Jamnia, a few miles to the west, where probably a young man of Tarsus, Saul by name and Paulus by cognomen, was brought up at his feet.

He was, as might be expected, a man of liberal culture. He was familiar with the Greek language and literature, and with what was known of astronomy. In various little ways he excited the hostility of the Pharisees, and evinced a readiness to mingle with the heathen, which they regarded as unorthodox. At Ptolemais (they recorded) he had bathed in a place where a statue of Venus had been erected. He had a figure carved on his own seal, which was not the only indication that his love of the beautiful overcame his regard for the traditional interpretation of the second commandment. He made use of his astronomical knowledge in the compilation of lunar tables, to be used in testing the truth of those who deposed that they had seen

the new moon, upon whose appearance the time of the Passover depended.

His Liberalism, however, was rather a fashion learnt by imitation from the heathen, than the outgrowth of any principle of spiritual freedom within. His actual teaching was rigid adherence to the "traditions inherited from the fathers," while he had a horror of the wrangling captiousness of the Pharisees. When he died, it was said, with an oriental excess of expression, that "the glory of the law had departed, and general wickedness had spread among men."

The "Nicodemus who came to Jesus by night" is described by the Talmudists as one of the three wealthiest men in Jerusalem. His name was originally Bonai, but was changed to Nicodemus, in memory of a miracle wrought by his prayers.

Yet after the destruction of the city by the Romans, his daughter was reduced to such penury that she was obliged to sustain life by gathering particles of barley from the ground. The atrabilious Pharisees did not hesitate to attribute the change to some violation of the law, which is supposed to confirm the opinion that her father was a secret convert to the Christian faith. ULTONIENSIS.

## OO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

There is nothing more to be regretted in the present agitation of the "Reform against Nature" than that it calls away so much of public attention from real wrongs done to the weaker sex. There is not a blacker fact in the whole record of the Woman Suffrage movement, than that a woman was hissed down at one of their meetings for saying that "woman suffering was a more important question than woman suffrage."

We need a new and organized movement in behalf of women; and on quite a different platform from that of Mrs. Cady Staunton. Its planks might be,

I. Woman must be not only tolerated but supported in pursuing every remunerative employment for which she proves herself fitted.

II. She must, by the pressure of public opinion, be secured a monopoly of the employments for which she alone is well fitted, these being especially the care of persons.

III. She must be defended by legal measures and at the public cost, from the oppression of swindlers, and in the possession and transmission of her own earnings.

IV. She must be secured a decent and healthy home at a reasonable cost and through the co-operation of wealthy citizens.

V. She must have free access to every public institution of learning, not so much for her own sake as for the sake of the other sex.

On that last point I have had some experience. When a mere child I began my school-life in a school where boys and girls learnt together. When I passed to a school of a higher grade, the same state of things continued. Some time later, and when I was about ten years old, my father removed to another county. I was here sent to a school where the head-master was far superior, as a man and a teacher, to any that I had hitherto been under. He commanded the respect and love of his pupils, where as the others had mostly won (and richly deserved) the hate of theirs. But the boys here were separate from the girls, and the moral character of the children was, to me, utterly shocking. I remember the loathing that came over me when "the ice broke" and we came to know each other. They were children of pretty much the same standing in life as my earlier playmates and schoolmates, the sons of Presbyterian farmers and linen manufacturers, but the difference in greater matters was immense.

My next remove was to a school in the suburbs of a small manufacturing city, kept by a poor shiftless, reckless fellow, too much given to drink. His influence was neither very great nor very beneficial; his pupils lived most of them in squalid streets around a factory; his school was the unused barn of a tavern. But the boys and girls were together, and were, as a rule, more manly, courteous, pure and upright, by far, than those with whom I had last been associated. I found by experience that the best part of education is that which children can give each other, and that God's wise ordinance by which boys and girls grow up together in the closest fellowship, cannot be set aside without danger to their moral health.

My later experience in the public schools of this great city has convinced me of the truth of this principle as regards both the sexes. My college experiences, both as student and teacher, have all tended to force upon me the same conviction. The separation of the sexes is a relic of the old monkish heresy, and can only bear the old prudent fruits of evil.

As to the intellectual question, there is no doubt but that the other sex can hold their own with ours. Girls learn things much faster than boys, which is just the reason that their learning does them less good. They will be—and in my experience they have been—a fine provocative to ambition, to manliness, to honor and purity.

Has not their exclusion from West Point, except for a few weeks of the year, done much to make our National Military Academy the moral pest-house that it is? Does not their exclusion from our medical schools help to make our incipient doctors the bears that they are? It takes years of home life to revivify them, sometimes. Does not their separation from our own sex in our public schools tincture them and on our boys an injury which no mental acquirement can make up for? INSTRUCTOR.