

**RECOLLECTIONS OF A  
VISIT TO GREAT  
BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
IN THE SUMMER OF 1862**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649134281

Recollections of a visit to Great Britain and Ireland in the summer of 1862 by John Morphy

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JOHN MORPHY**

**RECOLLECTIONS OF A  
VISIT TO GREAT  
BRITAIN AND IRELAND  
IN THE SUMMER OF 1862**



RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

Visit to Great Britain and Ireland

IN THE

SUMMER OF 1862.

---

QUEBEC:

WILLIAM PALMER.

PRINTED BY HUNTER, ROSE & CO.

1863.

---

Entered, according to the Act of the Provincial Parliament, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, by WILLIAM PALMER, in the office of the Registrar of the Province of Canada.

---

DA 625

M 69

## PREFACE.

---

THE manuscript for the following pages was prepared from pencilled memoranda in leisure hours during the past winter; the design being information and amusement through the newspapers, for my fellow-countrymen and others, respecting the "Emerald Isle;" the changes I observed there after an absence of nineteen years; observations in Wales, London, Glasgow, &c.; and by incidents collected from personal observation and other authentic sources, under the title of "Ned Fenton's Portfolio."

At the repeated request of several friends who read my "Recollections" in the *Quebec Gazette*, and "Ned Fenton's Portfolio" in manuscript, I have consented to have them published in a small volume, trusting to the forbearance of my critical readers for errors and omissions. For an apology I refer to the concluding part of my "Recollections."

J. MORPHY.

QUEBEC, July, 1863.

## CONTENTS.

---

Voyage from Quebec to Glasgow—Clyde—Glasgow—A Tipperary man—Belfast—Railroads—Ticket Office—Early recollections—Dublin—Roscrea—Jack McMahon and the ladies—Nenagh Silvermines—Lord Dunalloys—Limerick—Cork—Queenston—Bandon—Mahon Abbey—An old acquaintance—Killarney Lakes—Carey O'Leary, a guide—Tralee—An Editor—Waterford—Voyage to Wales—London, descriptions, buildings, incidents—Borrisinossory—An officer—Dublin—Stoneybatter—A blacksmith's forge—Monaghan, early recollections—A landshark—A bang beggar—Ups and downs in life—Causes of changes of scene—Ballibay—Castleblayney—Lord Blayney's demesne—Enniskillen—Irvinestown—A Petty Sessions—Florence Court—A cottage in a wood—Lisnaskea—Crom Castle—Newtownbutler—Clones—A Fishman—Dialects—Belfast to Glasgow—Monaghan to Londonderry *via* Enniskillen—Bill Kavanagh—The Tender—Merville—*Anglo-Saxon*—Voyage to Quebec—An Apology.



RECOLLECTIONS  
OF A  
Visit to Great Britain and Ireland  
IN THE  
SUMMER OF 1862.

---

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

ON the 1st of July, 1862, we embarked at 9 A.M. on board the steamship *United Kingdom*, at Quebec, for Glasgow, and were detained eighteen hours on the river, two miles below Quebec, awaiting passengers from Montreal, by the steamboat *Montreal*, the machinery of which had got out of order near Sorel. We had a fair passage of thirteen days. Captain Craig and the Officers were gentlemanly and obliging, the table was luxurious, and the berths clean and well ventilated. In the cabin there was twenty-five of us, and we soon became as intimate as one family. Conversation, pacing the deck, meals, reading, laugh and joke, smoke and song, and sleeping beguiled the time. There were forty steerage passengers, many of whom, as well as most of the cabin passengers, had return tickets. While awaiting the arrival of the Montreal steamer, the evening was delightful; the hills of Point Levi, with their romantic churches and cottages, and the city on the opposite side, with its tin roofs and church steeples, on which the sun reflected his setting rays, while the river was studded with ships as far as the eye could take in—presented a view like a grand per-

spective panoramic scene. We weighed anchor at 4 A.M., on the 2nd. Passing the Island of Orleans on the left, which is twenty miles long and five miles broad, we had a good view of the Falls of Montmorenci, seven miles from Quebec, plunging over an almost perpendicular precipice of two hundred and forty feet. The south-east shore of the St. Lawrence, for many miles, presents a succession of villages and hamlets, with here and there a church in their midst. At Madame Island, twenty-six miles below Quebec, the river widens to ten miles, which gradually increases all the way to its mouth. At Cap Tourmente thirty miles below Quebec, the scenery is very grand. From Quebec, St. Thomas is forty miles; Crane Island, forty-five; Goose Island, fifty; the Pillars, sixty,—three small rocky islets on one of which stands a lighthouse. Here the scenery is grand. At St. Anne, seventy miles below Quebec, there is a R. C. College. Murray Bay is eighty miles down, and is a delightful place, which has lately become a fashionable resort for Canadians. Kamouraska is ninety miles from Quebec; Pilgrim Islands, one hundred and five; Rivière du Loup, one hundred and nineteen; Kakouna, one hundred and twenty (a fashionable sea-bathing place). At the Island of Bic, one hundred and fifty-three miles below Quebec, we parted with our pilot. The Island of Anticosti, four hundred miles below Quebec, is about one hundred and twenty-five miles long, and thirty miles broad. It is a barren, cold place, with stunted trees. For about three hundred miles there is no harbour or bay to protect ships, while the stream, the shoals around this island, and the heavy snow storms which occur in the fall of the year, with its position across the mouth of the river, render it the frequent scene of shipwrecks. On passing Anticosti and entering the Gulf, the shores of Gaspé are seen in the distance.

After the two first days, which were very fine, we came all at once into a wintry atmosphere, the wind blowing from the snow-clad hills of Labrador, Newfoundland, and from Anticosti, and

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

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