

**PATRIOTIC SKETCHES OF  
IRELAND,  
WRITTEN IN CONNAUGHT.  
TWO VOLUMES IN ONE**

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Patriotic Sketches of Ireland, Written in Connaught. Two Volumes in One by Miss Owenson

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NEW YORK  
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.....  
BY MISS OWENSON. = Lady M...  
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BALTIMORE:

PRINTED FOR GEO. DOBBIN & MURPHY, AND

CALLENDER & WILLS.

Geo. Dobbin & Murphy, printers.

1809.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE publishers of Miss Owenson's Patriotic Sketches would remark, that the price of the English copy of this work is *four dollars*. They flatter themselves, it will be a source of pleasure to local readers to learn, that the *type* was cast expressly for this volume at the *Baltimore Foundery*, owned by *Samuel Sower & Co.*—the *paper* manufactured by *Conrad, Lucas & Co.*—and the relative excellence of each has not often been surpassed by any publications which have been issued from the American press.

Miss Owenson has been long celebrated, as an eminent proof of the vast extent of the powers of the imagination; and her ardent attachment to the "*Emerald Isle*," elicits patriotic fire in every page of her writings, when the "*green fields of Erin*" are the subject. They

## ADVERTISEMENT.

who have read and admired the *Wild Irish Girl*, will recognise in the *Patriotic Sketches* the same pen, animated by a similar spirit; and this last effusion of her mind will be perused with the strongest emotions of sympathy and philanthropy, by all those who weep over the degradation, or rejoice in the melioration of the condition of man.

*Baltimore, June 2d, 1809.*



## PREFACE.

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IN that happy age when the first gloss of nature is fresh on every sense, when infant attention hangs eagerly on the tale of fanciful tradition, when the heart trembles to the pathetic, and the imagination revels in the marvellous; it was my destiny to have the first warmed into feeling—the other, first kindled into ardour, by the pensive legend of national woe, or the romantic tale of national heroism.

To have caught from the paternal lip, the transmitted “song of other times,” breathed in the native strains of my native country, and emulous of the lay which engrafted on the simple sensations of childhood the glowing sensibilities of maturer life, early to have learnt to lisp its echo, and to awaken the first tones of my infant lyre to the inspirations of national enthusiasm.

In a more advanced period of existence, I became the resident of those scenes sacred to the airy images of my childhood's wonder; from whence tradition still sends forth her tale of interest; and where to the heated fancy, the *genius of Ireland* seems to droop over her silenced harp, and at intervals to snatch from its tremulous chords, a strain, which like the music of her own bards is "sweet, though mournful to the soul."

Here revelling in the ever ready *cead mile faltra* of milisian cordiality, the frequent visitant of the peasant's hut, the sometimes guest of the chieftain's mansion, my heart in its general intercourse, thus touched on the two extremes of Irish wretchedness and Irish comfort. While in the genuine aspect of the national character, whether viewed in the rough-hewn traits of unmodified illiteracy, or the polished features of educated refinement, my mind still found a sanction for that national partiality, which if not an intuitive principle, at least, formed the first of its imbibed ideas.

It was requisite therefore I should leave my native country to learn the turpitude, degradation, ferocity and inconsequence of her offspring ; the miseries of her present, and the falsity of the recorded splendours of her ancient state.— This ungracious information I acquired during a short tour through a sister isle ; and it was in the course of one of the many conversations which occurred on the subject of my always termed, “ unhappy country,” that a hint casually suggested, formed the origin of a little work, which has since appeared under the title of the “ *Wild Irish Girl*.”

Yet I came to the self-devoted task, with a diffidence proportioned to the ardour which instigated me to the attempt ; for as a *woman*, a *young woman*, and an *Irish woman* ; I felt all the delicacy of undertaking a work which had for the professed theme of its discussion, circumstances of national import, and national interest.

But though I meant not to appear on the list of opposition as a fairy amazon, arm-