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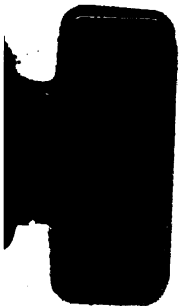
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THE MAGNIFICENT NEW STEAMER

# “Melmore,”

(CAPTAIN MITCHELL)

Specially built for this Trade, and fitted throughout with Electric Light, is intended to sail from middle of June to end of September (unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances), from Berth, No. 4, Kingston Dock, Glasgow,

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For Portrush, calling at Greenock & Gourock. Train to Gourock at 10 a.m.

(SEE ADVERTISEMENT OF SAILING, NEXT PAGE.)

Tourists by this Popular Route have an opportunity of visiting the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY on Thursday Evenings.

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	STEERAGE.		CABIN.	
	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.
From Glasgow to Portrush,	3/6.	6/-	10/-	15/-
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„ Mulroy to Portrush,	2/-	3/-	4/	6/-
„ Derry to Mulroy, -	2/-	...	4/-	...

No Return to Derry from Mulroy or Vice Versa.

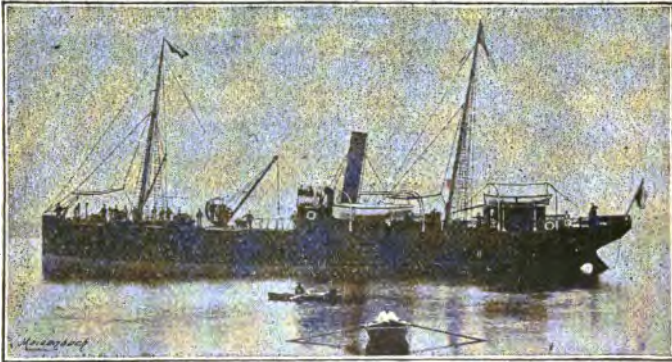
(See for Advertisement of Rosapenna Hotel opposite Title Page.)

For Further information apply to J. W. CORBETT, Shipquay Street, Londonderry; THOMAS STEWART, Milford; J. R. WATT & SON, Portrush; J. HAY & SONS, 58, Renfield Street, Glasgow; H. LAMONT, West Quay, Greenock; or to JOHN WILKINSON, Mulroy, Co. Donegal. AGENTS.

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OF THE  
NEW PASSENGER STEAMER  
"MELMORE"

(unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances),



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TUESDAY, sails from MILFORD in the forenoon, as tide suits.

TUESDAY,	"	MULROY, 9.30 a.m.,	arrives	PORTRUSH	about 2 p.m.
TUESDAY,	"	PORTRUSH, 8 p.m.,	"	GREENOCK	" 5 a.m. Wed.
WEDNESDAY,	"	GREENOCK, 6 a.m.,	"	GLASGOW	" 8 a.m.
THURSDAY,	"	GLASGOW, 6 a.m.,	"	GREENOCK	" 8 a.m.
THURSDAY,	"	GREENOCK, 9 a.m.,	"	GOUROCK	" 10.15 a.m.
THURSDAY,	"	GOUROCK, 10.30 a.m.,	"	PORTRUSH	" 7.30 p.m.
FRIDAY,	"	PORTRUSH, 9.30 a.m.,	"	DERRY	" 12.30 p.m.
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*Owners reserve the right to make alterations in the above arrangements if it is considered necessary to do so.*



# CHAR-A-BANC SERVICE

BETWEEN

Rathmullan and Rosapenna Hotel, Carrigart,

COUNTY DONEGAL.

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TOURISTS travelling by Train to LONDONDERRY, and wishing to visit the Beautiful Scenery along the Bays of MULROY and SHEEPHAVEN, can leave LONDONDERRY by the LOUGH SWILLY TRAIN to FAHAN, at 1.30 p.m., and cross by the Steamer in connection with this Train from FAHAN to RATHMULLAN, where a Char-a-Banc will be in waiting, at 3 p.m., to convey them direct to ROSAPENNA HOTEL, via MILFORD and CARRIGART, in about Three Hours.

---

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<i>FARES TO MILFORD,</i>	-	1/-
„ <i>CARRIGART,</i>	-	2/6.
„ <i>ROSAPENNA HOTEL,</i>		3/-

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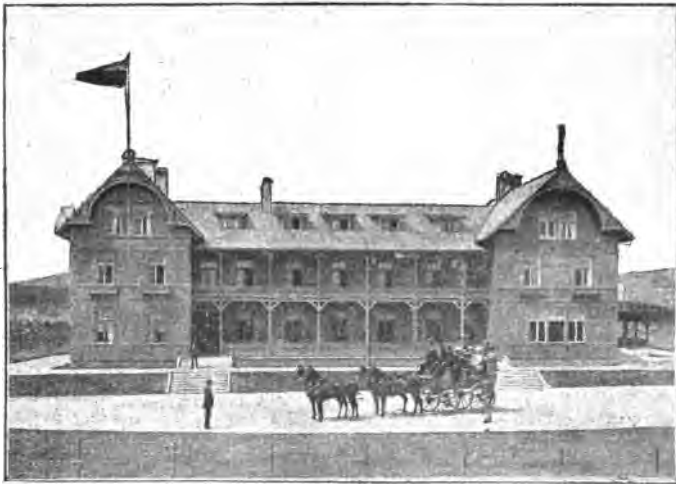
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TOURISTS can also return every morning, Sundays excepted, by this Char-a-banc, via CARRIGART and MILFORD, arriving in RATHMULLAN in time for the 10.50 a.m. Boat in connection with the 12.50 p.m. Train to LONDONDERRY, which gives Travellers ample time for getting Refreshments in LONDONDERRY before leaving by the Mail Trains, via either LARNE or DUBLIN.

*For SEA PASSAGE from and to MULROY, PORTRUSH, AND LONDONDERRY, see Sailings of the New Fast Steamer "MELMORE."*

# ROSAPENNA HOTEL,

CARRIGART, COUNTY DONEGAL, (IRELAND.)



This Commodious and Beautiful Hotel (erected by the Trustees of the late EARL OF LEITRIM), situate on the Peninsula of Rossgull, between Sheephaven and Mulroy Bay (the Irish Norway), contains Drawing, Dining, Coffee, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, Private Sitting Rooms, Bath Rooms, and upwards of Thirty-two Bed Rooms; is replete with every modern improvement, and specially adapted for the comfort and convenience of Tourists.

The Sanitary arrangements have been carried out in the most approved style.

The Golf links which immediately adjoin and encircle the Hotel, are said by many Golfers of repute to be the finest natural Links known. There are Eighteen Holes, and the circuit is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Visitors staying at the Hotel are charged 3s per week for use of the Links.

The Tennis Courts, which are in the Hotel Grounds, are reserved for the sole and free use of Visitors.

Free Lough Fishing (no charge for boats). Sea fishing in Sheephaven is most excellent, and affords good sport. Sailing and Fishing Boats may be hired by hour or day.

Bathing within Two Minutes walk.

As a Seaside resort and Tourist centre it is unequalled.

Weekly inclusive Terms and General Tariff on application to the Manager.

Postal and Telegraphic Address—"ROSAPENNA HOTEL, CARRIGART."

# Scenery & Antiquities

OF

## North=West Donegal,

BY

WILLIAM HARKIN,

*(Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Ireland,)*

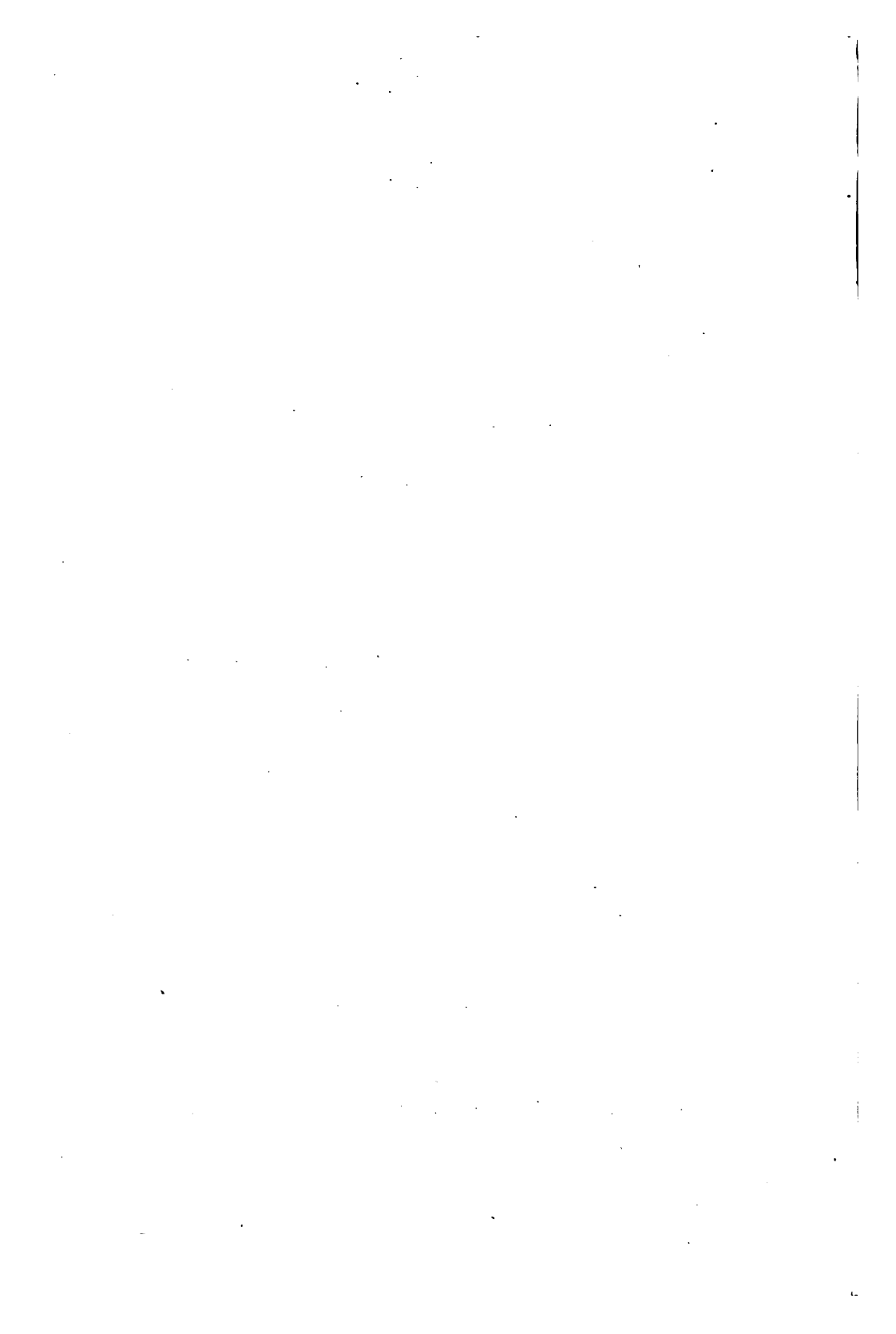
CREESLOUGH, CO. DONEGAL.

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Londonderry :

PRINTED BY DAVID IRVINE, OLD POST OFFICE, CASTLE STREET.

1893.



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### NORTH-WEST DONEGAL.

*THIS district extends from the Bay of the Swilly to the Bay of Loughrosmor. It includes the two baronies of Kilmacrenan and Boylagh; has an area of 468,830 acres, and a population of 67,258 souls. As a tourist resort it needs only to be known to be appreciated. Whoever spends one holiday amid its varied scenes will come back again and spend another, and every one that comes will find something to please his own particular tastes. Its sheltered land-locked bays, unsurpassed for safety and for beauty; its steep, towering sea cliffs, and dark, lonesome sea caves; its streams, and lochs, and glens, and hills, will attract the lover of wild romantic scenery, the naturalist, and the wearied worker who desires to obtain a pleasant, quiet, and invigorating resting place. Its fishful waters will attract the angler and afford him sport galore. Its hoary ruins, that tell their tale of other days, will interest the antiquarian; and its battle-fields, whereon the fates of chiefs and clansmen were decided, will interest the historian. The artist, also, and the poet will meet with many a subject on which to exercise their powers.*

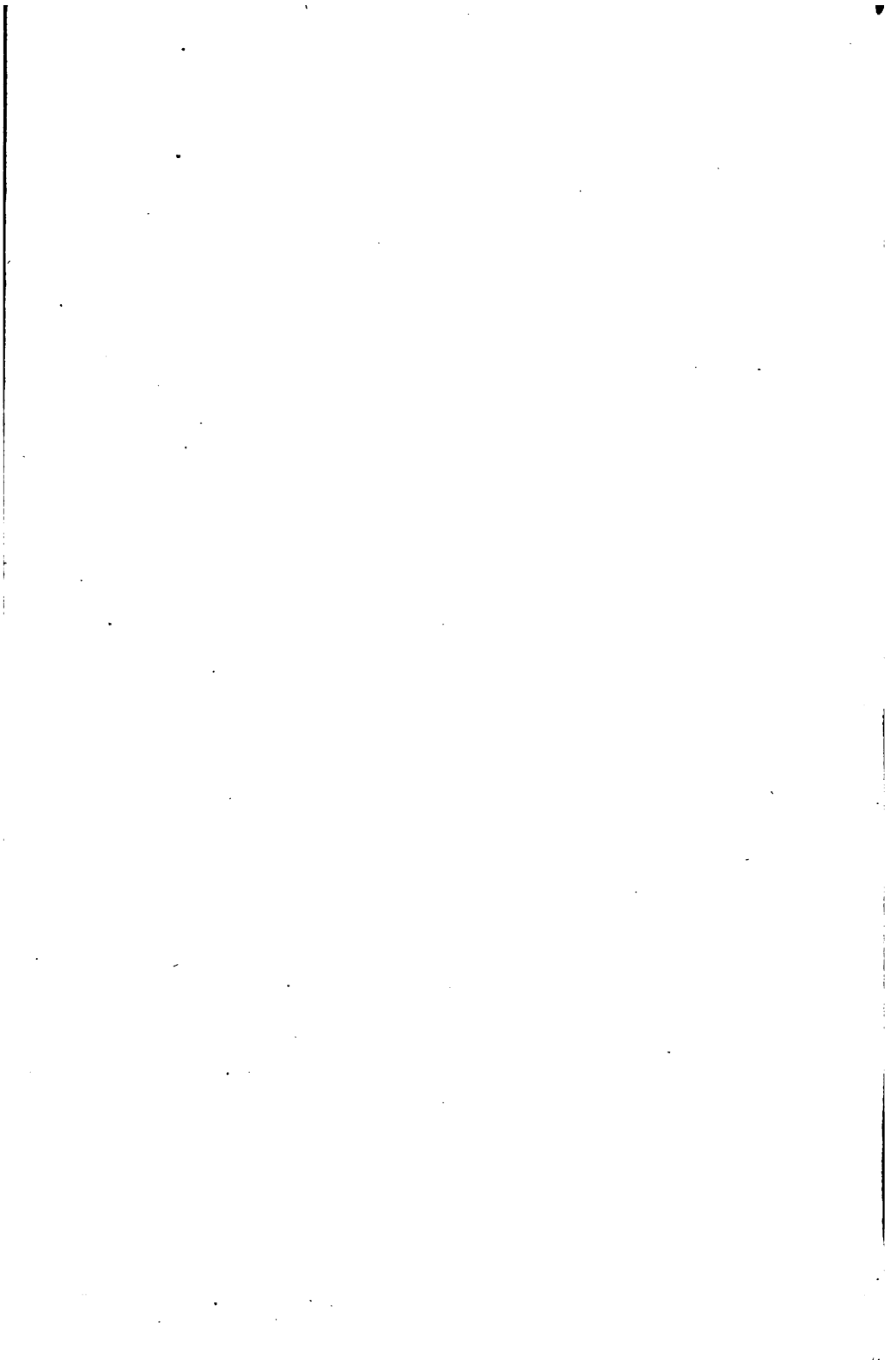
*In guiding the tourist about, the towns are taken as convenient starting points. The more interesting scenes in the vicinity of each are described, and where necessary the chief historic events connected with them are related.*

*In the work is also given a table of hotels, routes, and distances.*

WILLIAM HARKIN, F.R.S.A.,

Creeslough, Co. Donegal.

March, 1893.



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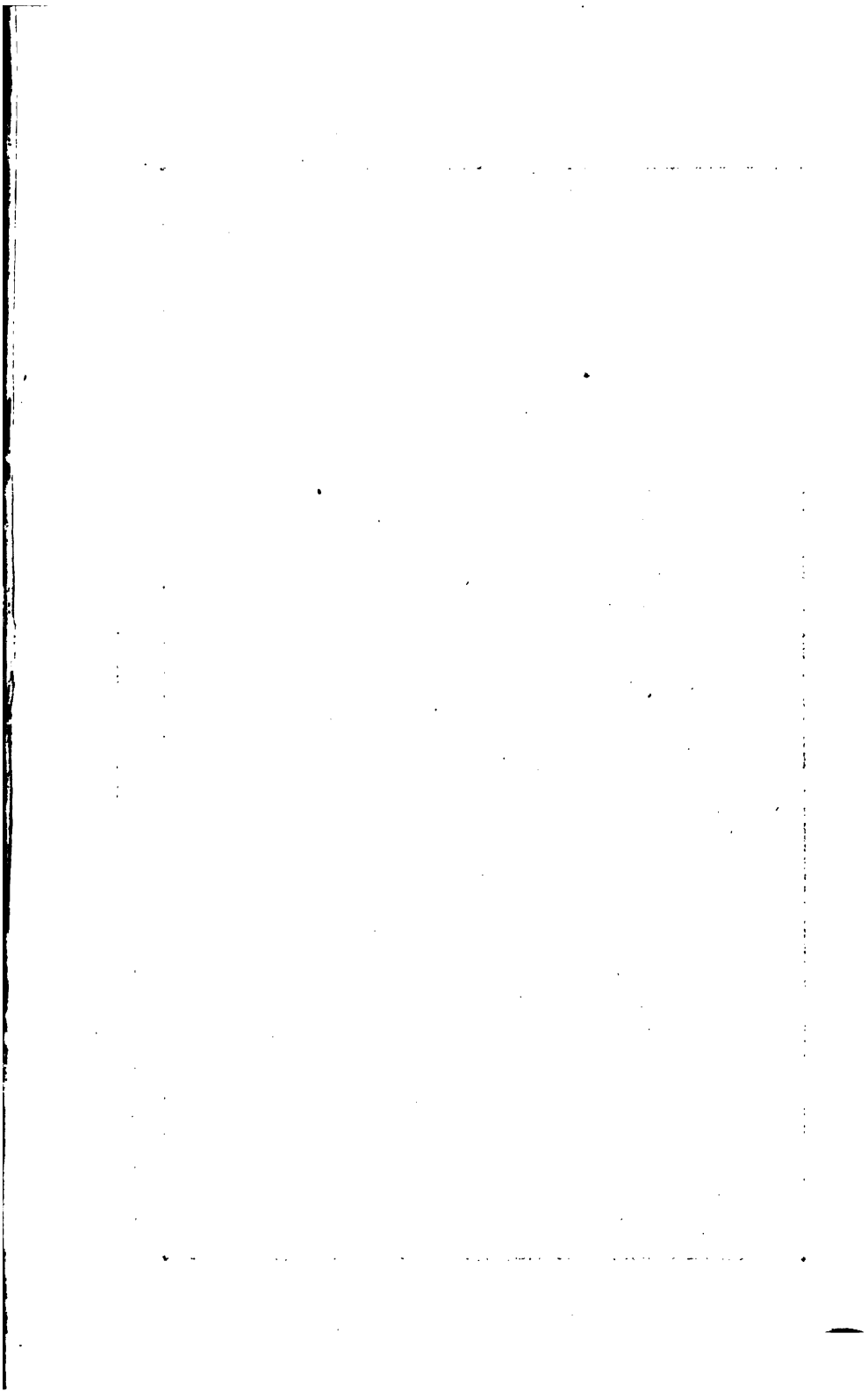
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LONDONDERRY.

From a Photo. by W. LAWRENCE, DUBLIN.

SCENERY & ANTIQUITIES  
OF  
NORTH-WEST DONEGAL.

---

“Not in those climes where I have late been straying,  
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd,  
Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,  
Hath ought like thee in truth or fancy seem'd ;  
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek  
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd  
To such as see thee not my words are weak ;  
To those who gaze on thee what language could they speak” ?

**W**E assume the tourist has arrived in Londonderry by either cross-channel steamer from Glasgow or Liverpool, by the Great Northern Railway from Dublin, or the Northern Counties from Belfast, and that before losing himself in the wild mountains of North-West Donegal he is anxious to see and hear something of the Maiden City of Derry and its chequered and rugged history. Derry is situated on the Donegal side of the broad and navigable Foyle, on whose waters the ships of nations ride at anchor. It was called in ancient times Doire-Calgach, or the oak grove of the fierce warrior ; but the patron saint of Donegal founded here a monastery in the sixth century, and the name of Derry-Columbkille was substituted for Doire-Calgach in the tenth century. James I. by Royal charter styled it the City of Londonderry, the

English prefix London being derived from two Celtic or Seythian words—*luing*, a ship, and *dun*, a fort—hence the compound London came to signify a strong fortress, and therefore the word Londonderry means literally “the strong fortified town by the oak grove,” which is quite applicable at the present moment. “The city itself,” writes the learned Dr. O’Donovan, “occupies an elevated and almost insular position on the Donegal side of the Foyle, and from its historical associations, and the singular beauty of its diversified scenery, its ranges of buildings, ascending above each other from the water’s edge, and terminated by its lofty spire, its time-worn battlements, and backed by the distant mountains of Innishowen, Londonderry is perhaps richer in historical associations and antiquarian interest than any other city in the kingdom.” We have stated that the city stands on the Donegal side of the river, and must not omit to point out that it is the commercial capital of the of the County Donegal as well. The great interest which the Derry merchants take in the old land of Tyrconnell is best exemplified by the fact that these gentlemen insist on dictating to us the railway routes which would serve us best; but being monopolists, and in favour of centralisation, and against local government, this peculiar delinquency is not to be wondered at, perhaps, so much as the equally astounding fact that the great public censors, the Press of Derry, have aided and abetted in this little game.

The history of Derry before the reign of Elizabeth was almost wholly ecclesiastical, and in pagan times nothing is known except its name, “Doire-Calgach,” and the fact of its being a pleasant place covered with an oak wood. Its modern history is so well known that it is almost unnecessary to refer to it in a work like the present. It was a city of many sieges and many burnings, and the last great conflagration took place in 1608, when that ill-starred youth, Cahir O’Doherty, chief of Innishowen, reduced it to ashes and put the governor and garrison to the sword. It stood two famous sieges—one in A.D. 1649, of four months’ duration, when it was reduced to

the greatest extremities, and was relieved by Owen Roe O'Neil, who was promised £5,000 by Coote for this service. The last siege of Derry commenced on the 7th December, 1688, when the historic gates were closed against Lord Antrim. This blockade was raised on the 30th July following. Colonel Lundy, who was Governor of the city, advised a council of officers to surrender, owing to the want of provisions and as the place was incapable of being defended, in consequence of which the burning traditions of Derry descend with his name to the present day, for he has been dubbed a traitor, and his effigy is burned at regular intervals on Derry walls. It is strange that the Post-Prelate of Derry, the Right Reverend Dr. Alexander, almost denies the existence of this last siege, and characterises it as a "trivial affair;" but to those who are anxious for fuller particulars a perusal of "Witherow's History," "The Jacobite Narrative," and "The Destruction of Cyprus," will prove interesting. A very remarkable display, commemorative of the siege of Derry, is the gala day of the Apprentice Boys, who go through the ceremonies annually of shutting and opening the gates, discharging "the roaring Meg," and "burning Lundy," on the walls, much to the disedification of their patriotic brethern of the bog side, who adhere strongly to Dr. Alexander's theory that the seige of Derry was a "trivial affair." Macaulay winds up his reference to the seige of Derry in his history of England with the following eloquent passage : — "Five generations have since passed away, and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and far down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker, such as when in the last and most terrible emergency his eloquence raised the fainting courage of his brethern. In one hand he grasps a Bible. The other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved ;

yet it was scarcely needed, for, in truth, the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved, nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there among the shrubs and flowers may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the Fishmongers of London, was distinguished during the hundred and five memorable days by the loudness of its report, and still bears the name of 'Roaring Meg.' The Cathedral is filled with relics and trophies. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of the many hundreds of shells which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are still seen the French flagstaves taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the House of Bourbon have long been dust, but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest hands of Ulster. The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised have been down to our own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons. Lundy has been executed in effigy, and the sword, said by tradition to be that of Maumont, has on great occasions been carried in triumph. There is still a Walker Club and a Murray Club. The humble tombs of the Protestant captains have been carefully sought out, repaired and embellished. It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of States. A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants. Yet it is impossible for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complacency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance,



and on the honours which she pays to those who saved her. Unhappily the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory. The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities, and even with the expressions of pious gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and defiance."

The following synopsis of its ancient history, taken from the Four Masters, may be of interest to antiquarians, and clearly proves the ecclesiastical character of the place in the olden time.

A.D. 788.—Derry-Calgach was burned.

„ 882.—Niall Caille and Murchadh defeated the Danes and Norwegians at Derry-Calgach with great slaughter.

A.D. 989 & 997.—Derry-Calgach was plundered by the foreigners.

„ 1095.—The Abbey was consumed by fire.

„ 1100.—A large fleet of foreigners, brought by Murtagh O'Brien, was defeated by M'Laughlin with great slaughter and drowning.

A.D. 1121.—Donnell, the son of Ardgar M'Laughlin, monarch of Ireland, distinguished for personal form, nobility, and feats of arms, died.

A.D. 1124.—Ardgar, son of Hugh, heir-apparent to the throne of Aileach, was killed by the people of Derry in defence of the Church of Columbkille.

A.D. 1185.—Derry Columbkille with its churches was burned on the 80th March by some persons desiring to revenge the death of the Chief Ardgar.

A.D. 1146.—A violent tempest happened on the 3rd December, which prostrated much timber throughout Ireland, and tumbled down 60 trees in Derry Columbkille, by which many persons were killed and disabled in the church. This interesting record establishes the existence at so late a period of the oak wood, from which the place had originally received its name.

A.D. 1149.—Derry Columbkille was burned.

A.D. 1150.—The visitation of Kinel-Owen was made by Flahertach O'Brolchain, Coarb (successor) of Columbkille, and he received a horse from every nobleman, a cow from every two victuallers, a cow from every three freemen, and one from every four of the common people. He received from Murtagh M'Neill O'Loughlin, King of Ireland, twenty cows, a gold ring weighing five ounces, and his own horse and dress.

A.D. 1151.—Flahertach O'Brolchain, Coarb of St. Columbkille, made a visitation throughout Siol-Cathasaigh (County Antrim) and received a horse from every nobleman, and a sheep from every dwelling house. He also received from Cu-Uladh O'Flynn, the lord of the territory, his own horse, his dress, and a gold ring weighing two ounces.

A.D. 1158.—Flahertach O'Brolchain, Coarb of Columbkille, made a visitation throughout Dal-Cartry (perhaps Dal-Reada from Cairbu Reada, County Antrim) and Iveagh, in the County Down, and received a horse from every nobleman, a sheep from every dwelling house, a scruple, a horse, and five cows from O'Donslery, lord of the territory, and an ounce of gold from his wife.

A.D. 1161.—O'Loughlin led an army into Meath to hold a conference with the men of Meath, both clergy and laity, at Ath-na-Dairbrigh, and he received hostages from them all. It was on this occasion that the churches of Columbkille in Meath and Leinster were liberated by Flahertach O'Brolchain, and their tributes and government given up to him. These churches were under slavery till then.

A.D. 1161.—The visitation of Ossory was made by Flahertach O'Brolchain, and his due was seven score of oxen, but in their place he chose to receive 420 ounces of pure silver.

A.D. 1162.—Flahertach O'Brolchain, Coarb of Columbkille, and Murchertach O'Loughlin, King of Ireland, removed the houses from the Abbey Church of Derry. On this occasion eighty houses or more were removed from their places, and the Coarb of Columbkille

erected Caisel-an-Urlais (the enclosure of the level), and he left a curse on him that should ever come over it. This cashel was the circular wall or fort which surrounded the Abbey Church.

A.D. 1163.—A lime kiln, seventy feet every way, was built by Flahertach O'Brolchain, Coarb of Columbkille, and by the congregation of Columbkille in twenty days.

A.D. 1164.—The Temple-More (or great church) of Derry, extending eighty feet or paces, was erected by Flahertach O'Brolchain and by the congregation, assisted by Muirchertach O'Loughlin, King of Ireland, and they completed it in forty, or as Colgan says, eighty days. Henceforward the original Abbey Church of St. Columb appears in the annals distinguished from the Temple More or Cathedral by the appellation of Duv-Regles or Black Abbey Church.

A.D. 1166.—Derry Columbkille was burned as far as the church called Duv-Regles by Rory MacKanny MacGilmory O'Morna.

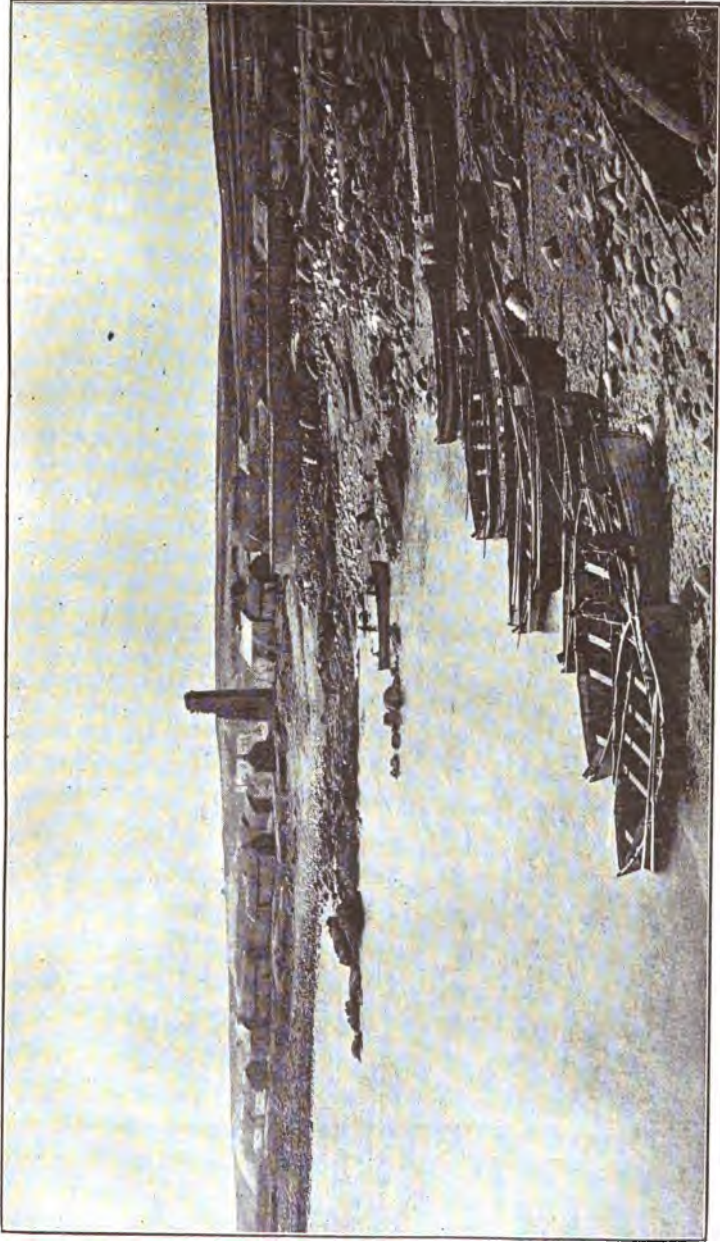
A.D. 1168.—The Chiefs of Kinel-Owen and the Coarb of Derry went to the house of Rory O'Connor, King of Ireland, to Athlone, to make submission, and brought home with them gold and clothes and many kine.

To the tourist who wishes to visit the Highlands of Donegal there are three routes which may be availed of, viz. :—The railway to Letterkenny, or to Fahan Point and thence by steamer to Rathmullan, but as the speediest means of transport into the wilds is the *New tourist route to the Donegal Highlands*, we will endeavour to describe a trip on board the *S.S. Melmore from Derry to Mulroy* in the summer of 1892. This magnificent passenger steamer was specially built to the order of the late lamented Earl of Leitrim for the purpose of developing the scenic beauties of North-West Donegal. The vessel was constructed by Messrs. David J. Dunlop & Co., Port Glasgow, and her first trip was made in July, 1892. Fitted with electric light and all modern appliances, a saloon and cabin capable of accommodating about fifty passengers, and upholstered in the most gorgeous style, with a speed of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour, classed 100 A1 at Lloyds,

and capable of carrying over 200 steerage passengers, it will be more than strange if the S.S. Melmore is not availed of by the public as a means of transit for passengers to this distant portion of Donegal.

Weighing anchor about 9 a.m. our good ship stole gently down the majestic Foyle, passing the charming residences of some of the merchant princes of Derry which are situated on its western shores, and the most noteworthy being "The Farm," "Boomhall," (so called from the well-known boom thrown across the river during the last siege), "Brookhall," "Thornhill," and "Ballynagard." The general appearance and scenery of the district, viewed from the bridge of the Melmore presents the appearance of "a rich and cultivated country, eminently diversified in its picturesque beauties, and imposing from the grandeur of its undulating outlines." The tourist, if he inquires from the genial Captain Mitchell of the Melmore, will be shown the exact spot at Boomhall where the awful collision, known as the Foyle disaster, took place between the Albatross and the Mayflower in 1891, resulting in the loss of many lives.

Moville is the most interesting township on the river, and as a resort for health-seekers in the summer months it is unsurpassed, owing to its charming situation and salubrious climate. The Atlantic Liners of the Anchor and Allan Companies, call here weekly for passengers, who are brought down from Londonderry in a steam-tender, and put on board. Greencastle, or Caislean-Nuad, is the next object of interest to attract the eye of the traveller. Here stands a pile of noble ruins, clad in ivy, bespeaking a civilization in ages passed away. Caislean-nuad was erected by the Red Earl of Ulster (De Burgo) in 1305, and demolished by Calvagh O'Donnell in 1555. After passing the noble fortress which guarded the ingate and outgate of Lough Foyle—the "Argita of Ptolemy"—and at its entrance is situated (says Mr. W. J. Doherty, St. Mura's, Fahan) the Northern Charybdis, known to the ancients as Coire-Brecan, called in Cormac's Glossary "Brecan's Cauldron,"—*i.e.*, a great whirlpool



*From a Photo. by ALEX. ATON, LONDONDERRY.*

**HARBOUR, TORY ISLAND.**



which is between Ireland and Scotland. "Now Breccan, son of Main, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, had 50 currachs trading between Ireland and Scotland, until they fell, at one time, into the Cauldron there, and there came from it not one, or not even tidings of destruction, and their fate was not known until Lugaid, the blind poet, came to Bangor." Lugaid told his people, from a small skull that they found, that it was the skull of Breccan's dog, and that Breccan and his people had been drowned in the whirlpool. The learned Dr. Reeves, in his edition of Adamanan's life of St. Columba, places the whirlpool between Rathlin Island and Fair Head, in Antrim; but Colgan, who was intimately acquainted with the North of Ireland, places it "where the sea full of whirlpools flows with violent current into Lough Foyle." It is related of St. Columba that, on his return to Iona, in 590, on his voyage towards Britain, when he had passed over the mouth of Euripus, commonly called Lough Feabhail (Lough Foyle), the ship fell into a dangerous whirlpool, formidable to both sailors and passengers, which goes generally by the name of Coire-Breccan, the whirlpool or gulf of Breccan, because in it many years previous, Breccan, the grandson of Manus, son of Niall Magnus, monarch of Ireland, had been drowned. God revealed to him, amidst the swollen waves, the bones of Breccan, for the repose of whose soul, as well as for the escape of their ship, St. Columba prayed. They were saved, and the Saint in a vision beheld the soul of Breccan ascending to heaven. Mr. Doherty in his valuable work, "Innishowen and Tirconnell," says, "Anyone knowing the geography of the place will have no difficulty in recognising this vorticism charybdem, as no other than "The Tonns," as they are locally known, from the Irish word Tonn, a wave. "The Tonns" extend from outside the mouth of Lough Foyle eastward into the sea a distance of two miles, and three quarters of a mile south, from the opposite shore at Warrenpoint to Portsaliagh in Innishowen. The foregoing learned quotations and remarks on the Whirlpool of Coire-Breccan will interest our friend, Captain Mitchell,

of the Melmore, and many others, hence we make no apology for inserting them at length.

We are now passing into the open sea, with Innishowen Head to the leeward, a strong East-North-East gale blowing, and a rapid tide running against us; but our gallant ship bore bravely onwards through the billowy sea, dashing aside the glorious white foam. We hugged the land during our entire trip, passing through Innistrathull Sound, inside the Garvan Islands, and close to a remarkable rock known as Stook-a-rudden. Then came Malin Head, the most northern point of Ireland, and it is impossible for even the most casual observer not to remark that in distant ages this noble promontory must have extended as far into the ocean as Innistrathull, and in all probability was connected with the many islands which rise up from the waters like so many castellated fortresses, quite adjacent to the mainland. A splendid view is obtained of the Innishowen Highlands, which look magnificent from the sea. The Urris Hills, Mamore, Slieve-Keeragh, Raghtinmore, Bulbin, and Slievesnaght in the background, towering over all, forms a wonderfully striking panorama. Then the mountains of Knockalla (or the hill of the echo) on the western shores of the lovely Swilly are the next objects to rivet the notice of the tourist; we pass Lough Swilly and the wild Fanad shore with its one remarkable white building, the lighthouse, rising from the ocean surf. Then is reached Mulroy Bay with its narrow opening between Melmore Head (from which our vessel takes the name) and Ballywhoriskey Point. Rounding the peninsula of Rosgull we soon cast anchor at Downings Pier, a short distance only from

#### THE ROSAPENNA HOTEL,

the great tourist resort of North-West Donegal, which was built by the late Earl of Leitrim, in connection with the tourist steamer, and the development of tourist traffic to this remote and isolated but enchanting land. The hotel is situate among the silvery sandhills of Rosapenna, and overlooking the beautiful bay of Downings. The



materials for its construction were purchased in Stockholm by Lord Leitrim, a short time before his much lamented death. It is capable of accommodating nearly forty guests, and is within easy access of all the principal points of interest in the Donegal Highlands. Splendid sea-bathing accommodation is in the immediate vicinity, and sea-fishing, with long lines, from small boats and tiny currachs, along the romantic coast of Downings, is said to be unsurpassed. Golf links—the best in the kingdom—are laid out in the most approved style, on a site which commands views of scenery unequalled for beauty and sublimity. The district is rich in legendary lore. Here the spot is yet pointed out, on the top of Gaine Mountain, where Diarmid and Graine, two famous characters in Irish mythology, sought refuge from their pursuers. Crannog-na-Duni, a wooden house of MacSwine of Doe, was situated on the highest point of the townland of Doonies, which is crowned by a circular stone fort. To the north there is another cashel “crowning the princely apex of another hill,” called Caiseal-na-dumca, or the stone fort of the sand-hills. “Caiseal-na-duine,” says O’Donovan, “commands a prospect wide and various, of the bold rocks on the opposite strand, and of the country in various directions. I stood for some minutes on the wall of the cashel, to enjoy the bold scenery around me, and to ponder on the mutability of human affairs; for strange thoughts crowded into my excited imagination as I considered the progress of man from the period that he built the rude habitations of stone, without cement, constructed the slide car to be drawn by the tails of horses, and formed the slender currach of twigs and the hides of animals, until he formed the alabaster palace with windows of stained glass and curtains of embroidered silk, drove the rapid car on the land, and ploughed the ocean by the unconquered arm of steam.”

The ruins of Rosapenna Castle, the ancient seat of the Earls of Boyne, are here to be seen almost covered by the shifting sands. Gustavus Hamilton, the last of the family who dwelt here, was, it is stated, killed in the House of Lords by a brother peer, during a

heated debate, and the property of the Boyne family passed into other hands over a century ago, and the old graveyard of Meevaugh, on the banks of the Mulroy, with its Celtic cross and Runic inscriptions, is an object of much interest to antiquarians.

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#### EXCURSION TO TORRY ISLAND.

“ O'er the sun's mirror green  
 Come the Norse coursers !  
 Trampling its glassy breadth  
 Into bright fragments !  
 Hollow-backed, huge-bosomed,  
 Fraught with mailed riders ;  
 Clanging with hauberks,  
 Shield, spear, and battle-axe ;  
 Canvas-winged, cable-reined  
 Steeds of the ocean !”

The steam whistle of the Melmore, accompanied by the witch-like screeching of the siren, awoke the slumberers in the Rosapenna Hotel, for this was the morning of an excursion to Torry. The vessel was gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and wore her holiday attire in every respect. The natives turned out *en masse*, and were to be seen hurrying to Downings Pier ; for they, too, would have a holiday. In a little while Captain Mitchell had all on board ; a goodly number, too, who, as the weather looked extremely fine, took this opportunity of viewing the far-famed scenery of Melmore Head, Sheephaven, and The Horn. It is a magnificent morning. “ No breath of air to break the wave.” The breezes from the ocean were as gentle as a mother's smile ; the sky was one spotless blue, without a cloud to dim the purity or brightness of the heavens. The estuary of the Mulroy is bounded on one side by the promontory of Melmore, and at the other by rocky Ballywhoriskey ; and it was picturesque indeed, as we cleared out to the open sea, to behold one line of coast at either side with smoke fires rising perpendicularly in the still morning air, reminding us of the smoke of sacrifice from the Baal fires lighted by the Druids of old. But it is

the smoke of the kelp kilns; for this is the merry kelp season, and the hardy peasants are taking advantage of the fine weather to save the seaweed, which at this particular season ripens, falls, and is cast on the beach by the waves. It is called the *Scra-wee*, or *May-weed*, and, when saved and properly manufactured, it is found to contain the purest iodine, and commands the highest market price. Oh! may this, the only manufacturing industry of our coast population never be supplanted!

The scenery of Mulroy Bay on this morning, with its islets of green, its verdant slopes, clad here with tall pines, and there with purple heather, was, to our mind, unsurpassed by anything we had seen, even in far-famed Killarney. When our good ship stood boldly out to sea the panorama was a truly magnificent one:—mountains, precipices, and waving woods, with broad ocean's expanse; the eye, turn where it might, rested on some scene to interest or charm the observer. The beautiful Bay of Downings we were leaving behind, and, opposite Downings Pier, on the western shores of the bay, and surrounded by a forest, the mansion of Ards sends forth its curling stream of smoke. Then is passed another charming residence, Marblehill Rectory, situated in a cosy creek or bay, and Breahty Point, and now we are in full view of the promontory of Hornhead, with its towering cliffs and celebrated caves. The sea view of the Horn is truly grand. Rising at some places nearly 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, these far-famed cliffs form one of the most interesting and picturesque landscapes on the northern seaboard. We soon cast anchor in the natural harbour at the south side of Torry Island, and through the efficient management of Captain Mitchell, who placed all the ship's boats at our disposal, and with the assistance of the islanders, men of splendid physique, we were quickly landed on the far-famed "*Iona of Donegal*." Is this island a principality, or is it a republic? At one time, and quite recently, too, there was a "*king of Torry*," but he is dead, and we have not heard that any regal person has succeeded him. The gentleman

who calls himself landlord of Torry rejoices in the Hebrew-sounding name of Benjamin St. John the Baptist Joule, and he is an absentee. Perhaps it is another proof of the oriental origin of the Celt that this Hebrew gentleman is lord of Torry. But he receives no tribute in the way of rent therefrom, and county cess or poor rate these islanders do not pay. Torry never sent a pauper to the Dunfanaghy workhouse, nor was there a fraction of county money ever spent in making road or fence of any kind in the island since the days of Torry's mythological king, "Balor of the Mighty Blows," to the present moment. Their highway is over the ocean billows, and their fences the bulwarks of their fishing craft. Torry Island is a celebrated spot: it was a home of religion and learning in the days of our own sainted Columba, and the churches and religious houses founded by him existed there until the reign of Queen Elizabeth when they were demolished. But the remains of the monastery and bell-tower are still standing. It was the ocean fastness of the wild Northern rovers centuries before, and even after they had established a footing on the mainland, and tradition recounts a furious battle which took place between these fierce marauders on the strand at Portadoon until the returning tide swept conquerors and conquered into the waves. Balor of the Mighty Blows, or "Balor Binnean," who had the eye of the basilisk, is the best remembered pre-Christian hero; but Connaing, another Fomorian chieftain, captured the island from the Nemedians and imposed a mighty tribute on the natives. Tor-Conan or Connaing's Tower is still to be seen by visitors. St. Columba founded a monastery here immediately before his voluntary exile from the land of his birth.

In the *Monastican Hibernicum* it is thus described:—

"TORRE ISLAND,"

"An island extremely fertile, situated about 8 miles from the mainland of the Barony of Kilmacrenan. There was an abbey here, of which St. Ernan, the son of Colman, was abbot, about the year 650. This monastery flourished adown the stream of time until the reign of

Queen Elizabeth, when Bingham, the brother of the Governor of Connaught, landing on the island, put the garrison to the sword, murdered the monks, and pillaged the monastery. The ruins of the Seven Churches of Torry are still standing, and a very ancient graveyard is preserved, surrounded by a high wall."

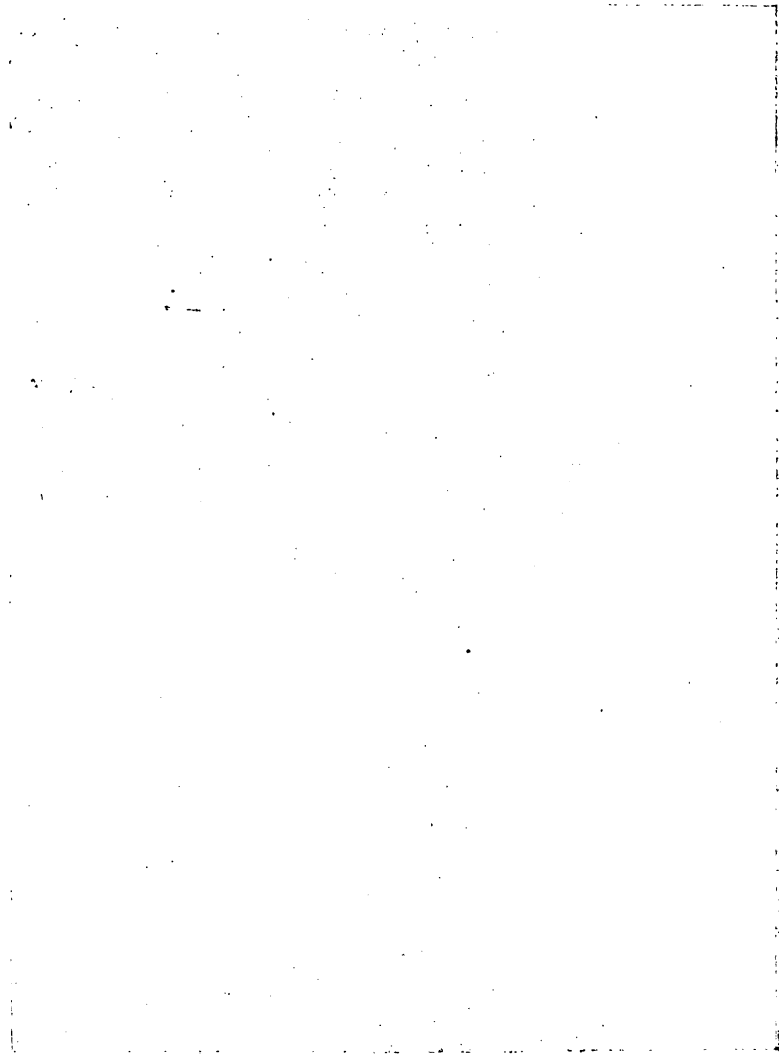
#### MASSACRE OF TORRY.

In the year 1608 a desperate slaughter took place on Torry Island. It is thus related by the late Dr. Russell, in the calendar of State papers—1608-1610—in Library of Royal Irish Academy:—"The well-known flight from Ireland of the great Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell in the preceding September, taken in conjunction with the submission of the MacMahons in Monahan and the O'Reilly's in Cavan, had, to all seeming, placed the whole northern province at the feet of the new king, and a great scheme of policy for Ulster was already in preparation, the main features of which were the enforcement throughout the province of the king's title as sovereign lord of the land of Ulster, the breaking up of the absolute predominance of the great native lords in their several clans, and the creation in each of these clans of a class of minor freeholders, who should hold directly under the Crown, should be exempt from the impositions of the native chiefs, and released from absolute dependence on the heads of the clans to which they had heretofore been subject. Scarce, however, had the first steps towards these measures been taken, when a new insurrection broke out in the North. On the 19th of April, 1608, Sir Cahir O'Doherty surprised and seized upon Derry, and summoned the neighbouring clans to arms for the recovery of their lands, and the expulsion of the new settlers. But his success was partial and short lived. The chiefs failed to respond to his call. A large body of the king's troops was brought together from the various military posts of the North. The Lord Deputy himself arrived from Dublin with strong reinforcements. A cordon was gradually drawn around the insurgents under O'Doherty, and on his defeat and

death at Kilmacrennan they broke up in utter confusion. Some scattered bodies took refuge in the mountains and morasses upon the coast, but the main remnant fled, under the command of Shane M'Manus Oge O'Donnell, to the island of Torry, where that chief who, since the flight of the Earl of Tyrconnell, had practically become the head of the sept, had a strong castle, well victualled and furnished with military stores. And now ensues a tragical history which it is not possible, even after an interval of 250 years, to read without horror. Sir Arthur Chichester, having broken the main strength of the insurgents, returned to the seat of government at Dublin, leaving to Sir Henry Folliott and two other officers—Sir Ralph Bingley and Captain Gore—the task of completing their destruction. It is painfully illustrative of the savage and sanguinary character of the struggle that, in accepting the submission of the scattered parties of the insurgents, it was usual to 'require as a condition that they should bring in the heads of a certain number of their associates, and Chichester complacently observes in one of his despatches that he found this practice more successful than any force.' The first step of Folliott and his brother commanders, therefore, after the fugitives had been driven into Torry, was to break up the boats of the islanders, and to station parties of soldiers at all suitable points upon the mainland to prevent the escape of the fugitives in the rude corraghs, which have already been described. They then searched and harried the several woods and fastnesses up the shore in which parties were supposed to have taken refuge, which being done, the castle upon Torry Island was formally invested. The remains of this castle are still visible upon a peninsular promontory of the eastern angle called Tormore, a steep rock, nearly three hundred feet in height, and extremely difficult of access. It was in the charge of a constable and a number of warders. On the day of the investment the constable called from the wall to a native chief, Sir Mulmony M'Swyne, who was accompanying the force of Sir Henry Folliott, entreating leave to speak with him, and offering to perform good service if permitted



TRABEG BAY, SHEEP HAVEN, ROSAPENNA,  
WITH WRECK OF "CATHERINE ROBERTS"—FEBRUARY, 1893.





an interview. On his being admitted to the presence of Sir Henry, the constable was asked what he would do to save his own life and those of his party. He offered to surrender the castle with all its stores ; but this offer was scornfully rejected, it being inevitable that the castle should speedily fall into Sir Henry's hands. But Sir Henry agreed to secure pardon for the constable if he would undertake to bring in to him the head of the great O'Donnell chief, Shane M'Manus Oge, and give good security for the fulfilment of the engagement. The constable protested that this was impossible, although he professed himself willing to do all he could for the king's service. Folllott, therefore, sternly ordered him to return ; but at the unhappy wretch's earnest entreaty for mercy, he consented to spare his life on condition of his surrendering the castle and the warders. The unfortunate man pleaded the difficulty of effecting this, considering the number of the warders, but in the end he promised to bring in seven of their heads, and to surrender the castle and all its stores within two hours. At the very time at which this miserable compact was being made by Sir Henry Folllott, his brother in command, Captain Gore, had entered into a similar agreement with another of the garrison, one of the M'Swýne's, who had accompanied the constable to the camp, and had admitted him to a promise of pardon upon similar terms. The two miserable wretches speedily became aware each of the compact entered into by his fellow, and they set out from the camp apparently in company to fulfil their several engagements.

It is difficult to imagine anything more horrible than the competition of treachery and bloodshed which ensued, each endeavouring to anticipate the other in the fulfilment of the revolting compact. They left the camp, writes Folllott in his despatch to Sir Arthur Chichester, each resolved to cut the other's throat. The constable, having found the first opportunity, succeeded in killing two of the other party ; the rest fled into the island, and hid themselves among the rocks and cliffs ; but at daybreak he sent out a party with orders

to hunt them out and to bring in their heads within two hours, otherwise their own were like to make up the promised number. After a short search they discovered that three of them had taken refuge in a rock, the passage to which was so dangerous that the ruthless traitor thought that the attempt to seize them would prove fatal alike to the pursuers and the pursued. He himself helped on the work by shooting with his own piece the principal one of the fugitives; the other two fled to Sir Henry Folliott's men for shelter. One of them pleaded to Sir Henry for mercy, and offered some service as the price of his life; but Folliott, not deeming the service of sufficient value, repulsed the wretch, and delivered him back to the constable to be hanged. But whilst the miserable man was being led to execution, he drew a skeane which he had contrived to conceal about his person, and stabbed the constable to the heart. It is hardly necessary to add that he himself paid forfeit with his own life, being literally hacked to pieces, as were the rest of the fugitives; so that out of the whole only five escaped alive, three of whom were "churls" and the other two young boys. This was the last scene in the bloody drama of O'Doherty's rising. In the presence of horrors like these it is hard to wonder at the bloody retaliation which the succeeding generation was to witness; and we can only be grateful to Divine Providence that our lot has fallen in a happier and more peaceful age."

The last determined battle for Irish freedom was fought outside Tory Island in 1798, when the French squadron was defeated by Sir J. B. Warren's fleet, and the *Fleur-de-lis* and the *Sunburst* sank 'neath blood and tears. The warship "Hoche," on which the ill-fated Wolfe Tone commanded a battery, was captured and taken to Lough Swilly, where the prisoners were landed and marched to Letterkenny. Tone, on being recognised by Sir George Hill, was immediately arrested and sent to Dublin, a prisoner, in chains!

It was on the wild rocks of Tory that the ill-fated gunboat "Wasp" was wrecked on the 22nd September, 1884. A splendid lighthouse

was erected on this island years ago, which has proved a great boon to mariners. A Lloyd's signal station has been built recently, which is connected with the mainland by telegraph wires. The cable is laid across the sound of Tory, and touches land at the western extremity of Horn Head, near M'Swyne's gun, from which it is carried over the sandhills on the ordinary telegraph poles to Dunfanaghy. Scarcely any agricultural produce is raised on Tory Island as the soil is of the poorest description, and the islanders rely chiefly on fisheries and the manufacture of kelp as a means of support. Here a really splendid fishing station might be established, and the first step in that direction would be the construction of a boat-slip at Portnaglass on the southern shores of the island, which should be protected from the western storms by a break-water. The waters around the island are teeming with fish, and a better field could not be obtained for the operations of the Congested Districts Board than in developing the Tory fishery. A Catholic clergyman always resides on the island, leading a sort of monastic life among those primitive people. It is a curious circumstance that the potato blight is unknown in Tory Island, and rats cannot exist on its sacred soil. In fact, the sacred clay of Tory is frequently brought to the mainland for the purpose of banishing the obnoxious vermin from places where they have long been settlers. The natives of Tory Island are passionately fond of music; and their commercial instincts are strikingly exemplified in a story told about a transaction which they had a short time ago with a medical gentleman resident on the mainland. Some person of importance on the island was unwell, and a picked boat's crew was despatched to Ireland for the doctor. He being a man who enjoyed much the domestic comforts of home life did not care to venture on a voyage to Tory, especially as the weather looked threatening, so he thought to baffle the islanders by demanding a fee of £1, payable in advance. A conference was immediately held by the boatmen, and to the astonishment of the medical man a gold sovereign was put in his hand by one of the islanders, with the

assurance that a better crew or a better skiff never crossed the sound. The doctor early next morning hurried to the boat, and was safely landed on Tory, where he saw the patient and prescribed a remedy, but on returning to the shore he could nowhere find his crew. He sought them everywhere but to no avail, and despairing he questioned one of the natives, who informed him that as they danced and sung all night on shore they had gone to take a sleep. In a short time, however, they were aroused, the professional gentleman being anxious to get to his home again. But there are generally two parties to every transaction, and not a man in Tory dare enter a boat that day to cross to the mainland for less than a two-guinea fee. So the doctor paid down this sum of money, and tried to look happy on the homeward journey. A lengthened and minute description of Tory and its antiquities is given in the *Ulster Journal of Archæology*, by Edmund Getty, of Belfast, who visited the place in 1845, and by Dr. O'Donovan in his appendix to the *Annals of the Four Masters*. But we must now say adieu to Tor-Connaig, and on our good ship weighing anchor she proceeded westward, making her course for the Arranmore Lighthouse. We are now surveying from the billows a country which we shall endeavour more particularly to describe in the following chapters; but to appreciate the beauty of the Highland scenery of Donegal view it, if possible, from the sea. We stood out due north of Tory after rounding the lighthouse, and when we cleared the island itself the most magnificent mountain panorama ever gazed upon met our view. Here were the omnipresent peaks of Muckish and Errigal, and in the background Sleive Snacht (the mountain of snow) was looking quite alpine on this summer day. Arranmore, the largest and most fertile of the islands on the Donegal coast, was a prominent picture in the foreground, while a distant glimpse is caught of the noble headland of Sleiveatoey. It was now about three p.m., and it just illustrates the capricious nature of a Donegal climate when we relate that the waters were showing signs of roughness quite at variance with their

placid condition in the morning, and that the glass was falling steadily. It was full time, indeed, that we should execute a flank movement and steer for Mulroy. Some of us experienced a most indescribable sensation adown the perpendiculars, for we stood on the threshold of sea sickness. Captain Mitchell called to us to come on to the bridge. We stood by him, but hugged the iron railings. He boasted about the sea-going qualities of his ship, so we concluded all was well, remembering the old adage that "a bad workman quarrels with his tools," but it was not so with the genial master of the Melmore. We were again abreast of Tory, and it was blowing a hurricane. The sea was rolling mountains high, and the foaming billows washed over the ship with angry howl. The sea birds shrieked with fear, for a perfect storm was raging. For a full hour we lay in Tory Sound, full steam on, but at length the Captain steered for home, and we reached Mulroy House Pier in safety in an hour and a-half, a distance of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  nautical miles from Tory Sound, after one of the pleasantest and most exciting sea-voyages on our log-book.

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#### CARRIGART.

Distant about one short mile from Rosapenna Hotel is the village of Carrigart, and in the little churchyard adjacent are interred the remains of Lord Leitrim, where a memorial will soon be erected to his memory by the people for whose welfare he laboured unceasingly, and not, it is to be hoped, in vain. Near Carrigart also stands one of the finest Roman Catholic churches in Ireland, and it is worthy of remark that the erudite Cardinal Logue is a native of this district; so was his saintly predecessor in the Primacy, the Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan. The historic land of Goll MacMorna, or Rosgull, therefore, boasts of having produced two Primates and one Cardinal, the latter the first that ever ruled the destinies of the See of Armagh; and, if we are not misinformed, a learned Protestant divine, the eloquent

Archbishop Magee, was either a native of Rosgull or spent his early boyhood there. Mulroy Castle, the princely residence of the Leitrim family, is pleasantly situated on the shores of Mulroy Bay, and is a very handsome building in the modern style of architecture, around which a young plantation is fast arising.

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### M U L R O Y   B A Y .

The Bay of Mulroy is an inlet of the Atlantic, extending as far as Milford Quay. The ancient Ceann-Maghair of the historians, or, as it is called at present, Kinavyre, stretches along the western shores of the lough, and includes the townlands of Keadynagore, *alias* Saltpans, Cranford, Carmoney, Cool Upper and Lower, Drumakallderry, Meenbog, Woodquarter, Fawny-cappry, and Meencoyle. It was the site of a royal residence in ancient times, and was the scene of many a fierce engagement between contending chieftains as the following extracts from the annals of the Four Masters will prove:—

A.D. 702.—The first year of Congal of Ceann Maghair, son of Fearghus of Fanad, in the sovereignty over Ireland. The annals of Ulster state that Congal succeeded in 704. The annals of Clonmacnoise state he succeeded in 701, reigned 19 years, and died of a sudden sickness.

A.D. 919.—Twenty ships of Danes arrived at Ceann-Maghair, but committed no depredation.

A.D. 1392.—A great army was led by Niall O'Neill and the sons of Henry O'Neill, with all the Ultonians, into Tyrconnell against Turlough O'Donnell. Another army was led by Donnell, the son of Murrough, and his kinsmen against O'Donnell also. The spoils of the territory were carried into the wilds and fastnesses of the county, and O'Donnell with his forces remained behind to protect his people. The Connacian army did not halt until they arrived at Ceann-Maghair, and they seized on the spoils of that neighbourhood. O'Donnell and his forces pursued and defeated them and killed

numbers of them, and, among others, Donogh MacCabe. As to O'Neill, and the sons of Henry O'Neill, and their army, they plundered O'Doherty's territory, as well churches as lay property, and marched on without once halting until they reached Farsat-Mor, intending to give battle to O'Donnell. Here they remained for a long time face to face, but at length they made peace with each other.

O'Donnell committed great depredations on the sons of John O'Donnell, for it was they who had brought the Clan Murtoigh (the O'Connors of Sligo) into Tyrconnell. This battle is remembered, by tradition, around Milford, and the Pipers' Hill (the site of the present cow market in Milford) is stated to have taken its name from the fact that there the pipers played during the engagement.

A.D. 1461.—The sons of Niall Garv O'Donnell—Hugh Roe, Con, and Owen—assembled all their forces and proceeded into Fanad to the son of MacSweeney, Maelmurra, because Turlough Cairbreach O'Donnell was wrecking his vengeance on the son of MacSweeney and all Fanad for their friendship to the sons of Niall Garv. The sons of Niall and the sons of MacSweeney held a council to consider how they should act in order to defend themselves against the sons of Naghtan and their forces, who were ready to wreck their vengeance and enmity on them. When O'Donnell and the sons of Naghtan were informed that the sons of Niall had arrived in Fanad he set out after them with his brothers, his troops, and a battalion of Scotsmen then in his service, and pitched his camp at Ceann-Maghair to watch and check the sons of Niall O'Donnell, and Malmurry MacSweeney, who was passing with them out of the territory. The sons of Niall O'Donnell and the people of Fanad having heard of this they consulted with one another, and they came to a determination not to abandon or cede the pass to any host or army that should oppose them, and when this resolution was adopted the sons of Niall O'Donnell, Malmurry MacSweeney, and Owen Bacagh MacSweeney, and all the people of Fanad who adhered to

them proceeded to Ceann-Maghair to meet and oppose the forces of O'Donnell and the sons of Naghtan, and as they (*i.e.*, the hostile parties) approached each other they did not hesitate to attack each other in consequence of their enmities and hatred, provocation and animosities, and they met each other in a furious and obstinate battle in which O'Donnell (*i.e.*, Turlough Cairbreach) and the sons of Naghtan were defeated. O'Donnell himself was taken prisoner, and his brother Manus and numbers of others were slain. Turlough Cairbreach was afterwards maimed in order to prevent him laying claim to the chieftaincy of Tyrconnell (for according to the Brehon law maimed persons were ineligible). These chieftains, after the victory at Ceann-Maghair, went to Kilmacrennan and inaugurated Hugh Roe, the son of Niall Garv, the O'Donnell, after the lawful manner, and Hugh Roe after his election called Maelmurry MacSweeney the MacSweeney Fanad.

A.D. 1528.—O'Neill and the Connacians plundered Ceann-Maghair, but were pursued by O'Donnell and defeated at Cnoc-Buide, in the townland of Drumleene, near Lifford. O'Donnell afterwards won the Curlew Mountains by a bloodless victory.

Possibly the tradition of the Pipers' Hill may refer to this battle.

A.D. 1603.—Niall Garv O'Donnell with his kinsmen and people proceeded into the woods at Ceann-Maghair.

A.D. 1608.—Sir Cahir O'Doherty made a nocturnal attack on the camp of Henry O'Neill at Ceann-Maghair, which he burned, slaying the watchers and sentinels. Richard Winkel, an English knight and marshal, was commander-in-chief against Sir Cahir, and was assisted by Niall Garv, Henry O'Neill, and Malmurry MacSweeney of Doe. Niall Garv being suspected of treachery was arrested and sent to prison and after many years died in London Tower.

It would appear that Mulroy Bay and Kinavyre were destined always to possess a historic interest, for in our time, on the morning of the 2nd of April, 1878, William Sydney Clements, third Earl of Leitrim, was assassinated on the banks of the beautiful lough, a short distance from Cratlagh Wood.



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*From a Photo. by W. LAWRENCE, DUBLIN.*

**KILMACRENAN.**



## MILFORD.

At the southern extremity of the Mulroy is situated the thriving town of Milford, nestling among the trees. It contains a population of about 400 inhabitants, is a fair and market town of importance in the county, and in addition to the inevitable police barracks there are a pretty Episcopalian Church, two Presbyterian Meetinghouses, a stately Courthouse or Town Hall, a coffee house, and a couple of tidy hotels, which form the chief architectural embellishments of this quaint old Irish village. Excellent homespuns can be obtained in Milford—hand-woven—at very moderate prices. The Mulroy is navigable to Milford quay, a short distance from the village. Immense granaries are erected on the wharves, and a steam mill for grinding Indian corn was established here in 1884, which has proved a boon to the peasantry of the surrounding districts. Weekly steam communication to the Mulroy was first successfully attempted by the late Earl of Leitrim in 1888, when he chartered a steamboat to run between Milford, and Londonderry, and Glasgow. The first experiment was with a small vessel of something over 100 tons, which speedily gave place to the Norseman, which in turn was superseded by the Rosgull, constructed specially for the trade, and now the Rosgull is replaced by the Melmore, of a much more capacious register, and specially adapted for passenger traffic and the carriage of live stock. The immense commercial advantages secured to the entire North-West of Donegal by the efficient maintenance of direct communication between Mulroy, Derry, and Glasgow, cannot be over-estimated, and forms an everlasting memorial to the energy, the philanthropy, and the business capacity of the young nobleman, whose early death is mourned by the people of Donegal of all shades of opinion. The objects of interest in the immediate vicinity of Milford are Moyle Hill and Lough Fern—a noted resort for anglers—Lough Columbkille, the Scalan, Bunlin, and the waterfall known as “The Grey Mare’s Tail,” and Golan Loup. The analogical signification of the rendering of “Grey Mare’s Tail” from

its original Celtic equivalent is fully explained by Mr. Sides in his racy sketch of Donegal, published in *Gailey's Guide*, in a most scholarly manner. Lough Salt Mountain is within easy access, and from its summit the most commanding view in Donegal is to be obtained. At its northern base is the lough from which the mountain takes its name, and on its southern side Lough Keel, where trout and char abound. On the shores of this lake is an extraordinary object called by the peasantry Dorn-na-Finn, which is an immense rock poised in a most peculiar manner, as if by human hands, on perpendicular pillars. It must have been the work of giants, probably the Fians of old, as its name indicates. The "Fist of Finn" is not a rocking stone, neither is it a Cromlech, and is well worth examining.

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#### T E R M O N .

The parish of Kilmacrennan is locally called Termon, a name which, according to O'Donovan, is to be traced to the pagan Romans, and which was adopted afterwards by the Christians and applied to their own sanctuaries. Terminus was the name of the Deity that presided over land marks and boundaries, and was represented by a stone placed erect. In the townland of Barnes, in this parish, are yet to be seen a most curious collection of dallans, or standing stones, with various markings, which are accurately described by Mr. G. H. Kinahan, of the Geological Survey, and published in the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, October, 1888. The word terminus was afterwards used by the Latin Church to designate a *territorium ecclesiasticum*, the limits of which were pointed out by sacred land marks, usually stone crosses. The Irish word for Termon was Fed-Nemed, which "means the trees of the Sanctuary," hence Termon came to signify a City of Refuge. The meaning of the word Fed-Nemed appears from a tract in the Book of Ballymote concerning the Argonautic Expedition and the destruction of Troy. In this

tract the sacred shrine at which Polites and Priam were killed by Pyrrhus, is rendered by the very word Fed-Nemed, which, says O'Donovan, is sufficient to show that "the translator of Justin could find no better word to express the sacred altar of Priam, over which an aged laurel hung and embraced the household gods in its shade." That Termon was church property there cannot be the slightest doubt, and in the general scramble for lands in this barony it was secured by the Fellows of Trinity College, who still derive a princely income for educational purposes out of the hard won shillings of the Termon peasants: But, strange to say, over 50 per cent. of these same peasants are illiterate, yet they contribute over £3,000 per annum for educational purposes! "To what base uses may we not return?"

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#### K I L M A C R E N N A N .

From Lough Salt, Kilmacrennan, with its ruined abbey, and famous as the place where Saint Columba received his early education, is of easy access, as is also

#### THE ROCK OF DOON,

famed in legend and in story as the inauguration place of the O'Donels, Princes of Tyrconnell. Doon is a huge rock or mound in the midst of an open country, surrounded on all sides by mountains. Sir Cahir O'Doherty was killed near this spot in 1608, and the rebellion of which he was the leader was thus extinguished. Near this extraordinary rock is a holy well, blessed by Lector O'Freel, where pilgrims assemble from almost all parts of the world to lift the waters, which are believed to possess miraculous cures for all kinds of diseases. The coronation ceremony of the O'Donel was somewhat similar to that of the other powerful tribe of the Hy-Niall. The O'Neill was declared a king by O'Hagan, his chief brehon, as he sat on the chair of stone on the Royal rath at Tully-hoge, and the O'Donel received the white wand of chieftaincy from O'Firgil, the Abbot of Kilmacren-

nan, surrounded by bard and brehon, gallowglass and kern, and the fearless warriors of Tyrconnell. Dr. O'Donovan writes, on the authority of Manus O'Donnell, whom he styles "a celebrated old warrior," and of whom honourable mention will be made just now, that "the O'Donels were crowned within the old church at Kilmacrennan; and that the stone on which they stood, and which had in it the impress of a foot, and other ornaments, was to be seen there when he was a boy. Some suppose that this stone was stolen, and that it is yet preserved; but Manus O'Donnell states that it was destroyed by a Mr. MacSwine, who, having changed his religion, became a violent hater of everything Irish. He tore down a great part of the old church to obtain building materials, and destroyed all the ornamented stones in the neighbourhood." Mr. W. J. Doherty is also of opinion that the inauguration ceremony of O'Donel took place at Kilmacrennan Abbey; but the Rev. Dr. Allman, of Kilmacrennan, whose opinion is worthy of every respect, is an implicit believer in the Rock of Doon tradition. In ancient pagan times Doon may have been the favoured spot, but in more recent times the ceremony did take place on that mound adjacent to the monastery buildings at Kilmacrennan, or probably the religious portion of the ceremony. In the *Monasticon Hibernicum*, Kilmacrennan is described as situated "on the river Lennon; though now a poor depopulated village yet it gives name to the barony. St. Columb founded an abbey here, which was richly endowed, and O'Donnell founded a small house here, probably on the site of the ancient abbey for Friars of the Order of St. Francis. The present church is supposed to be part of the Franciscan friary; over the door is a mitred head *in relevio*. Near to this town is a rock on which the O'Donnells, Princes of Tyrconnell, were always inaugurated.'

There is an account of a coronation at the monastery of Iona in A.D. 574. It is related in "Reeves' Adamanan" that an angel of God appeared to Saint Columba in his sleep and commanded him to ordain Aidan, King of the Scots. At first the saint refused believing that Iogen should be king, whereupon the angel again commanded

him to ordain Aidan, which he then proceeded to do ; “laying his hand upon his head he ordained and blessed him.” The O’Donnells holding, as they did, the memory of the patron saint of Donegal in such reverence, and the Coarb of Kilmacrennan, who was his successor, presiding always at the ceremony, and presenting the white wand to the chief elect, renders it almost certain that the coronation would be somewhat after the fashion of Iona, and in the church at Kilmacrennan.

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MANUS O’DONNELL.

“THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.”

“ Who fears to speak of ‘Ninety-eight?’ ”

In the records of Irish heroism there is no name more worthy of prominence, more deserving of reverence, on the part of all who value patriotism and manly virtue than that of the subject of the following sketch. That the world knows nothing of its greatest and noblest men, we can well believe, when we learn that outside the limits of Kilmacrennan the name of Manus O’Donnell has hardly if ever been heard of. Yet no knight of romance has surpassed him in the qualities which go to make up the hero ; no champion of his country’s rights, though his statue may stand surrounded by every circumstance of triumph and honour, in the midst of the people whom he made free, was more deserving of the name of patriot. The fidelity with which, in the presence of the most deadly danger, he stood by his principles ; the fortitude with which he endured the sufferings insultingly and savagely inflicted on him ; the firmness with which he met every attempt to intimidate or corrupt him into a betrayal of his comrades, or the cause with which he was connected, are a striking instance of the meanness of tyranny on the one hand, and of magnanimous and heroic manhood on the other—almost enough to make one proud of his humanity. The deeds of the Roman Curtius, of Mutius Scaevola, of the heroes who fought and fell at Marathon and Thermopylae, are not more deserving of honor. What they did they did in the light of day, before the eyes of their countrymen, and in the assurance of

an immortal fame ; but there was no eye to witness the sacrifices and sufferings of Manus O'Donnell, except that of the tyrant who tortured him, no tongue to record his deeds except such as was sure to misrepresent and calumniate him. Among the men who made memorable the era of '98, there is no name more deserving of the affection and respect of his countrymen, than his whom we would now endeavour to rescue from the oblivion, which so often overtakes the modesty of real merit.

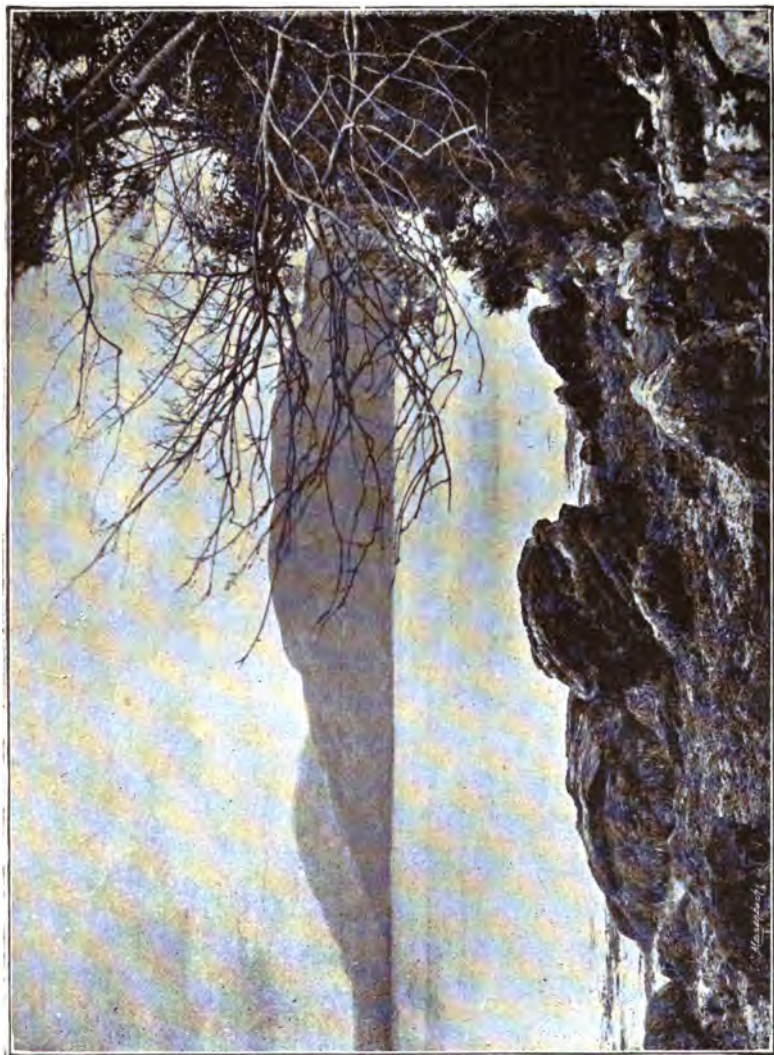
Manus O'Donnell, of Goal, in the County Donegal, was born in 1758, and was therefore about 40 years of age at the time of the rising. His parents on both sides were O'Donnells—his father's name being Edward O'Donnell, of Derryveigh, his mother's, Catherine O'Donnell, of Lower Goal, and he was their only son. Sprung from the O'Donnells, of Innis-aila—an island off the coast of the Rosses—who traced their descent from the stock of Red Hugh, the spirit and character of Manus can well be taken in verification of their claim. He was educated at the High School in Lower Goal by Mr. M'Granahan, a classical scholar, and afterwards at the High School in Letterkenny, under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Coyle, Bishop of Raphoe. He was originally intended for holy orders, but for some reason or other the idea was abandoned. He early joined the Society of United Irishmen, and shortly after doing so was appointed captain and second in command of the forces in his native district. The serpent, however, was soon on his track. He was betrayed by one of his own men, a wretch named M'Grath, a native of Kilmacrennan, who gave information to the authorities of the prominent position Manus occupied in the organisation, which led to his immediate arrest. This was in the year 1798. He was taken to Letterkenny, where he was kept confined in a cold and loathsome cell for three weeks and five days, chained by the neck, with thumb-screws placed upon his thumbs, and given for food a pennyworth of brown bread and a pint of water each day. This treatment, besides inflicting on him extreme torture, resulted in the loss of blood and of



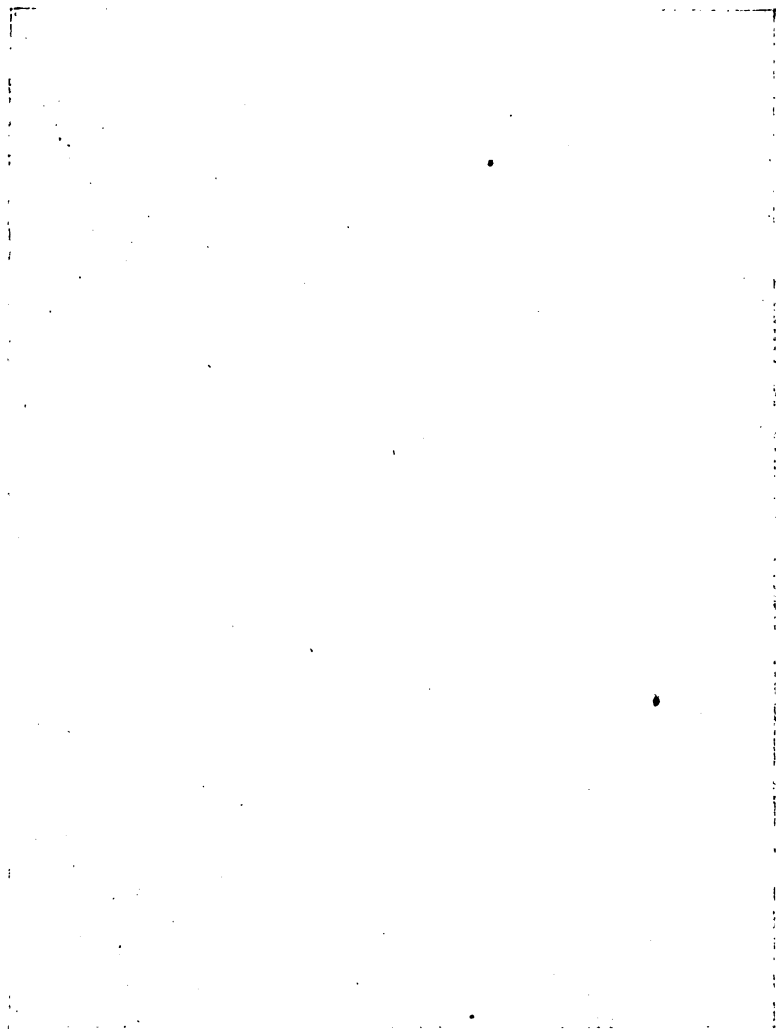
both his thumb nails for a time. He was then removed to Lifford Jail, but before being removed, and while suffering acutely from the effects of the foregoing treatment, an attempt was made to bribe him into giving information against even a few of his compatriots with the offer of as much gold as would cover a large table, a pension of £100 a year, the position of tide-waiter, and a free pardon, with Government protection. Refusing the offer with contempt he was detained in prison until the March of 1799, when he was tried before a military tribunal in Lifford, under the presidency of an officer named Murray. Sufficient evidence, however, not being forthcoming to secure a conviction, the officer promised him his liberty and life if he undertook to engage in single combat with a dragoon armed with a long sword or lance, while he himself should meet his antagonist with a pike, in the use of which, it is said, he was very dexterous. With characteristic treachery on the part of the authorities, the dragoon was given secret directions to kill Manus, while the latter was restricted to mere measures of self-defence. Manus accepted the terms, and a day was fixed for the encounter in a field adjacent to Strabane and Lifford, where the Finn and Mourne unite their waters with the Foyle. Thousands had assembled to witness the contest, when the gallant Donegal pikeman was led out to the centre of the field of combat, where the dragoon with lance in rest pranced defiantly to and fro. Now came the struggle for life, liberty, and country on the one hand ; and tyranny, selfishness, and supercilious insolence on the other. Manus with the first tilt of his pike cut the reins of the dragoon's horse, rendering him unmanageable, and on the latter again making towards him, Manus, by the aid of the ashen handle of the pike, sprang aside, and, as the dragoon passed, he rushed at him, caught with the hook of his weapon the collar of the dragoon's jacket, speedily unhorsing him and dragging him to the ground, where he had him at his mercy, but he did not kill or even injure him. However, instead of being awarded the liberty he had so dearly earned, he was again taken before the President of the Court Martial, who, in a

frenzy of rage and disappointed malice, declared that if this man had 1,000 men under him like himself he would pull down the British throne, at the same time ordering him to be taken away, tied to a triangle, and punished with five hundred lashes. In spite of the remonstrances of O'Donnell, against this cruel and infamous breach of faith, the order was about being carried out when Lord Cavan, commander of the forces—an honourable and humane man—appeared on the scene, and, on learning the circumstances, directed Manus to be unbound and set at liberty, which was shortly afterwards done on his entering into formal recognisances to keep the peace for seven years. He was not again interfered with, but was allowed to live at peace until his death, which took place on the 5th of August, 1844, at the age of 86 years. He was buried in Gartan Churchyard. A rude slab on which are carved the arms of the O'Donel, marks the last resting place of this bravest among the brave and heroic men of 'Ninety-eight.

The facts of the above narrative the writer had from the lips of the eldest surviving son of the '98 hero, Manus Oge O'Donnell, a few months ago. Further particulars he gives with regard to the period of his father's imprisonment, among others, that when he was locked up and chained, after refusing to betray his comrades or the cause he had espoused, a coffin was placed in his cell, with the evident purpose of unnerving or intimidating him, and this, with a number of famished rats which ate the thongs of his boots, was the only society he had during the dreary period of his confinement. The answer which he gave to his would-be seducers, as repeated to the writer by his son, deserves to be enshrined in the heart of every true lover of Donegal and of Ireland. "I am the father of an only child"—Edward, who died young—"and I would not leave it in the power of anyone to say to him when I am gone that he is a traitor's son. I have only to die once, and I prefer death to disgrace and dishonour." Manus Oge or Young Manus is no longer young in years—he is now eighty-four—living in the same place where his



MULROY BAY AND THE HAWK'S NEST.



father died, Goal, near Kilmacrennan, a splendid specimen of Irish vigour and vitality, confirming, in the buoyancy of his spirit and the freshness of his feelings, the truth of what the poet said, when he sings—

I will go to Holy Ireland, the land of saint and sage,  
Where the soul of youth is leaping in the frozen breast of age.

The beau ideal in form, every inch of him, of an Irish chieftain, tall and dignified as becomes a man of his race, yet rugged and hoary withal as the summits of the mountains amongst which he has passed his almost century of life. He has also a brother and sister alive, and a nephew, Mr. Manus O'Donnell, national teacher of Knocknabollan. America has also its representative of the hero, as it has of most Irish families and Irishmen who have made themselves prominent at any period of Ireland's troubles, in the person of the Rev. J. J. M'Elwaine, of Lancaster, Pa.; his grandson, a gentleman well known and esteemed in that portion of the Quaker State.

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#### THE GAP OF BARNES-BEG.

Due north of Doon Rock is the celebrated Gap of Barnes-beg, which, however, must not be confounded with the Gap of Barnesmore, between Stranorlar and Donegal. Barnes-beg lies midway between the villages of Kilmacrennan and Creeslough, and is one of the most romantic passes in Ulster. Here nature may be viewed clad in its wildest garb of jagged rock and rugged mountain, adorned in all the fairy grandeur of oak and ivy, arbutus and holly; and towering far above the traveller's head, at either side of the pass, the peaks of Barnes rise in lofty magnificence. Emerging from the Gap a fine view is obtained of a chain of mountains commencing with Muckish and terminating with Errigal, the highest peaks in Donegal. The lovely Glenveigh, or glen of the deer, matchless for its weird beauty and savage grandeur, lies between the bold crags of Dooish Mountain on one side, and on the other the steep rocks and wooded

declivities of the Glendone Mountains. On the shores of the beautiful Glenveigh Lough stands the stately castle erected there by the famous John George Adair, and now occupied by his widow. Mr. Adair gained an unenviable notriety in this district years ago by the great clearances known as the "Derryveagh evictions," a lengthened account of which will be found in Mr. A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland" under the heading of "The Fate of Glenveigh." Glen Lough, a beautiful expanse of water and a famous resort for anglers, lies eastward, and on its further shores is situated the primitive village of Glen, from which it takes its name. The Owencarry River, which takes its rise in Glenveigh, flows into Glen Lough; and the River Lackagh, one of the best salmon streams in the north-west, rises in Glen Lough and discharges into the sea on the silvery strand at Lackagh Bridge, about two miles distant from

#### CREESLOUGH,

a village which anglers usually make headquarters, and where comfortable hotel accommodation can always be obtained. Creeslough is surrounded with fishful loughs, and many streams, and no better starting point could be selected for visiting all the scenes of interest in the district. Besides, the shooting on the mountains is the very best in Ireland, and Ards Bay is a famous resort for duck, widgeon, teal, and all kinds of waterfowl. The waterfall at Duntally, which is said to be one of the finest in Donegal, should be visited. About one mile eastward from Creeslough, and near the estuary of the Lackagh, is the famous stronghold known as

#### THE CASTLE OF DOE,

built on a jutting rock, and guarded by an inlet of Sheephaven Bay on the northern, eastern, and southern sides. The land approach on the western side was protected by a drawbridge and portcullis, and, viewed from whatever standpoint, it certainly merited the de-

scription of Sir John Davis to Salisbury, in a letter from the camp at Coleraine, dated 5th August, 1608, wherein he says—“*Sir Oliver Lambert came to their camp and brought assurances of the rendering of Castle Doe, in Tyrconnell, the strongest hold in all the province, which endured 100 blows of the Demi-cannon before it yielded.*” This land of Doe was anciently the patrimony of the O’Boyles, who seem to have migrated westward about the end of the 13th century, for in A.D. 1247 the annals state that Cam-huinleach O’Boyle, the head captain of the Three Tuathas, was slain at Ballyshannon by the English. The three tuathas, according to O’Donovan, were three territories in the North-west of the county of Donegal, which passed afterwards to a branch of the M’Sweeneys, who received from them the appellation of “MacSuibne Na Tuah.” This territory extended from Mulroy to Gweedore Bay, and included Torry Island.

In A.D. 1285, it is recorded that Dowell, son of Manus O’Boyle, chief of Cloch-Chinnfaeldh (Clochaneely), was slain by the people of O’Mulgeeha. The first notice of a MacSweeney in the annals is at A.D. 1267, when it is stated that Murroch MacSwine was taken prisoner in Mayo by Donald, son of Manus O’Connor, who delivered him up to Walter Burke, Earl of Ulster, in whose prison he died. Then, again, in A.D. 1343, it is stated that “Andiles O’Boyle, chief of Tir-ainmirech, was slain at the battle of Aghawoney, near Ramelton.” Tir-ainmirech signifies the territory of Ainnire, the son of Sedna, and was the ancient name of the Barony of Boylagh. This was not O’Boyle’s original territory, for previous to the arrival of the M’Sweenys from Scotland, O’Boyle was chief of the three tuaths or Doe.” It is obvious, though, that O’Boyle was not in the chieftaincy of Doe at A.D. 1343, and quite possibly Fanad, Doe, and Banagh may have been ceded to the MacSweeneys anterior to this date. We do not, however, find any mention of a M’Sweeney Doe until many years after, in fact until near the middle of the 16th century; and it is curious that the MacSweeney’s are of the O’Neill lineage, and not descendants of Connal’s. Manus Oge

O'Donnell, of Goal, states that he heard a tradition from his father to the effect that Doe was given to the MacSweeneys when peace was made early in the 15th century between Owen O'Neill and Naghtan O'Donnell. The date of this treaty was A.D. 1440. Manus Oge also states that Doe Castle was built by Nachtan O'Donnell for one of his seven sons, and that it was built at the same time as the castles of Burt, Inch, and Ramelton. The writer has devoted a considerable amount of time towards the elucidation of this mystery of the building of Doe Castle, but in vain; the date of its erection, or the name of the chieftain who erected it, is lost in the twilight of fable. It only, therefore, remains to quote for the information of numerous enquirers all the "rhymes and rags of history" relating to it, which were collected from various writings and works in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. Dr. M'Parland, in his statistical survey of Donegal, published in 1802, says—"Castle of Doe or MacSwine's Castle is situated on Cannon's Point, a peninsula but little broader than its extent, on the Bay of Ards, to the demense of which it appears in various handsome views. It was built by a lady of the name of Quinn, who afterwards married one of the M'Swine family a couple of years before the reign of Queen Elizabeth." "It was since fortified with a strong tower by the grandfather of the present Mr. MacSweeney of Dunfanaghy." "It was only of small extent, but very strong, and surrounded by a deep fosse, which admitted the sea water on the land side." Doe Castle was included in the territory conferred by James I. on the Earl of Tyrconnell, and the Deputy and Council in Ireland write to the Lords of the Council in England, January 21st, 1607—"Advertisements from Mr. Paulett at the Derry and Sir Richard Hansard at the Liffer that one Caffer Oge O'Donnell and Neal MacSwine, both active young men, near kinsmen of the Earl of Tyrconnell and Sir Neale O'Donnell, and generally well beloved among these people, have possessed themselves of Castle Doe, in the county of Donegal, and victual and man it, and have sent to all the loose men of Tyrone and these borders to join with



them, giving it out that they are wronged by the Earl of Tyrconnell, who keeps their lands from them under colour of the king's patent. And albeit we have upon their former complaints in our last journey made several orders very favorable in their behalf, yet no course, as it seems, will please them but force. They have already taken some 100 cows from the neighbours adjoining, and are within and abroad some threescore persons, and use all means to get and make arms. Thereupon he (the Deputy) has given orders to Sir Richard Hansarde and Mr. Paulett to send to them and to declare their griefs, and if they refuse to come (as it is thought they will), then they are to call for assistance to the Earl of Tyrconnell (who is by the king's appointment lieutenant of that country), and with it and their own forces to invest them within the castle, or to stay them from doing further mischief until they can provide better to suppress them."

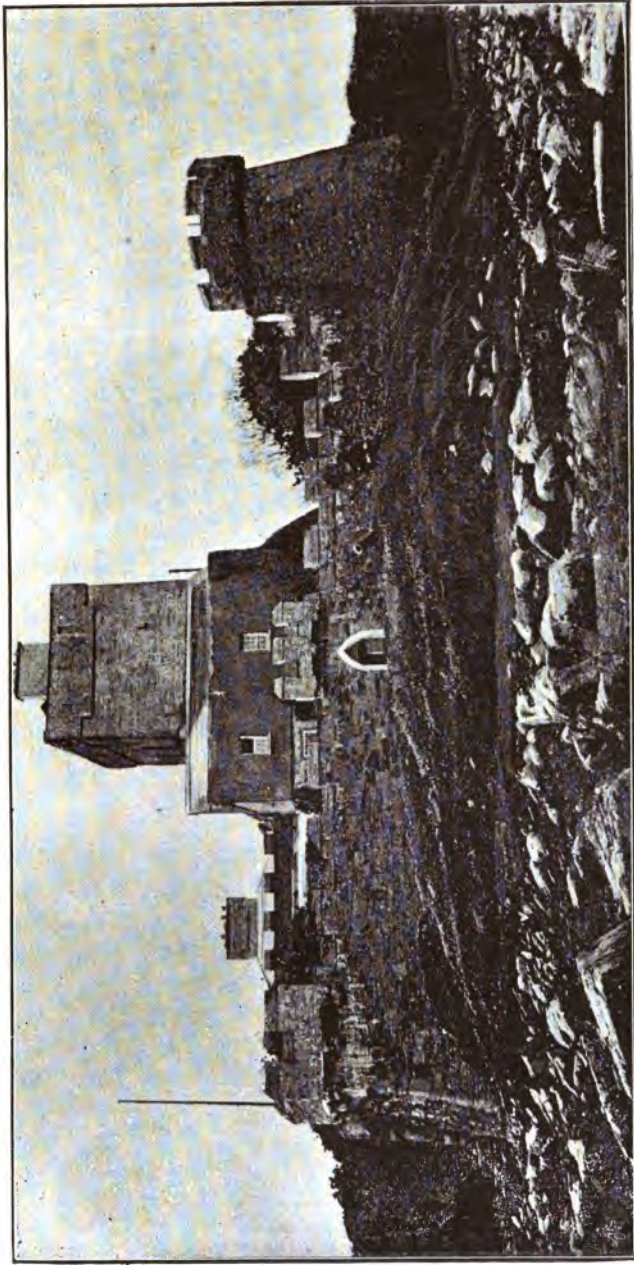
The Deputy and Council wrote to the Privy Council, March 2nd, 1607. "In Tyrconnell some loose kerne, under the guiding of Capharte Oge O'Donnell and some of the MacSwines, have drawn themselves into a kind of rebellion, pretending outwardly an old quarrel against the Earl of Tyrconnell for some petty challenge of land in that country. Having upon the sudden surprised the Castle of Doe, and a small lough thereabouts; and although they have used persuasions with the insurgents to dissolve their company and to seek redress at the State, yet as they find that they are not by these good admonitions made sensible of their faults, and less and less apt to be drawn to conformity, they have given authority to the Earl, with the aid of his Majesty's forces in those parts, to make head against those, by whose means these rebels have already quit their fastness in the lough (probably the Bishop's Island, adjacent to the castle), and they hope ere it be long they will rather scatter and break than stand to the defence of the castle." Sir Arthur Chichester writes to Salisbury, March 23rd, 1607—"Employed, against Caffir Oge O'Donnell and Neal MacSwine, Sir Richard Hansard with such forces as lay next to him, and with the assistance of the Earl of

Tyrconnell and Sir Neal O'Donnell, he hath gotten both the lough and the Castle of Doe. Caffer and Neale being abroad in the woods have submitted themselves to the king's mercy, and three or four of their principal assistants who kept the castle have been hanged. Sir Neale O'Donnell got a blow in the service which he will hardly recover from for a long time, if he escape with his life. If these young men can be satisfied with a reasonable portion of land they may be preserved to good purpose to sway the greatness of others in those parts, otherwise they are unfit for anything, for they will at one time or other beget new troubles. Recommends that the Castle of Doe be reserved for his Majesty's hands, being of great strength, and standing in a dangerous place, where it has hitherto been a great annoyance to the quiet settlement of these parts. Keeps it with a ward out of Sir Richard Hansard's company and a dozen men." The Lords of the Council in London write to Sir Arthur Chichester and the Chancellor, April 12th, 1607—"For the Castle of Doe, that and all other such things as have been committed to *their care*, they must only see with the eyes of the Deputy and Council."

The Earl of Tyrconnell sent, when a fugitive, to the king a list of grievances which he had suffered at the hands of the king's ministers. In this he says—"After the Earl was in possession of Castle Doe, the Lord Deputy appointed to Captain Brook to dwell there, and constrained the Earl to accept of such rents as he had given order to the said captain to pay, and to pass a lease thereof and four quarters of the best land thereunto annexed for one and twenty years." The castle remained in the hands of the English until the rebellion of Sir Cahir O'Doherty. Sir Josias Bodley, writing to one Worthy, May 3rd, 1608, tells him of the various incidents connected with that rebellion, and among the rest says—"Castle Doe, a castle of special strength and importance, where H. Vaughan had six warders, was betrayed by a cow-herd of that place, who was brought by a friar to give the warders an alarm that seven or eight wolves were

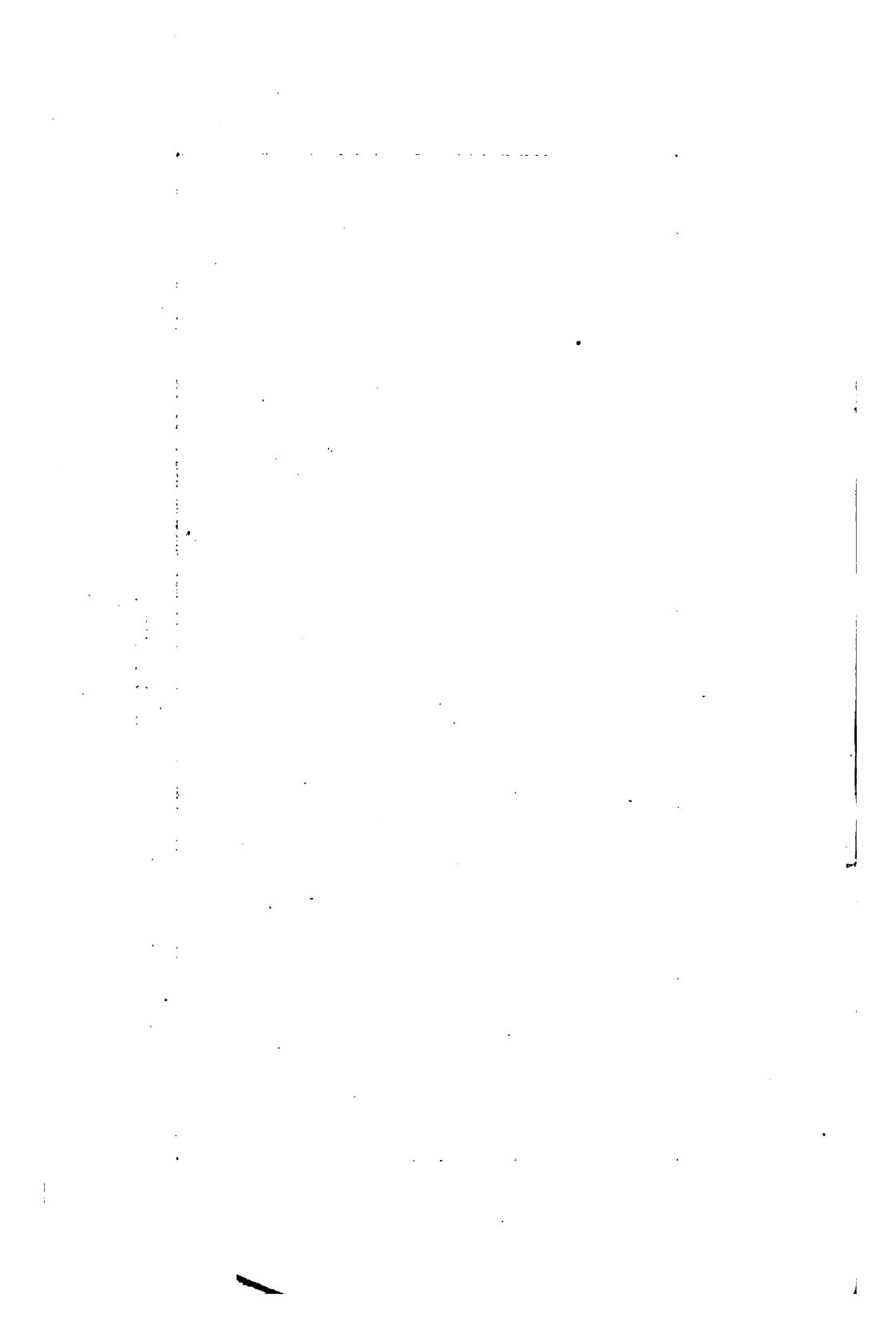
among the cattle, by which device they were drawn, all save one were slain, and the castle taken." After the rebellion and death of Sir Cahir O'Doherty at the battle of Doon Rock in 1608, the lands of Castle Doe passed by Royal letters patent of James I. to Richard Nugent, Lord Baron of Delvin, from Lord Delvin to Henry Persse, from Henry Persse to Sir Ralph Bingley, from Sir Ralph Bingley to John Sandford and Anne his wife. By a grant, dated the 7th March, in the 11th year of the reign of James I., the Castle and curtilage of Doe became the property of John Davys, knight, his Majesty's Attorney-General for Ireland, who sold same on the 31st December, in the twelfth year of James I., to John Sandford, from whom, after varying vicissitudes, it passed to the Harrisons, who sold same in the last century to the Harts, and it is at present the property of Mr. Alexander John Robert Stewart, of Ards. In a list of the captains of horse and foot on the 15th of September, 1608, Sir Ralph Bingley is returned as having 50 men at Doe. In 1607 Captain Ellinge, now constable of Doe Castle, received £76 18s 4d "towards the repair of the breaches lately made by the cannon upon the winning thereof by the king's forces." Captain Ellinge was discharged on the last day of July, 1610, and was succeeded by Captain Richard Bingley on the 1st August, 1610, having under him 12 warders. This Sir Richard Bingley, of Westminster, knight, obtained a grant of extensive lands in the county Donegal at a rent of £4, English, "Sir Richard to maintain and sustain the Castle of Castledoe, situated on his lands, which is nevertheless exempted out of this grant." The castle passed into the hands of the Irish early in the year 1641, and Owen Roe O'Neil, with many old and tried veterans of his own regiment, landed there from Dunkirk in July, 1642. He was safely conducted from thence soon after by 1,500 choice men to Ballyshannon. The castle was taken by Sir Charles Coote in February, 1650. An attempt was made to retake it in June, 1650, by Colonel Miles Sweeney for Bishop Heber MacMahon, which proved abortive. Sir Miles MacSweeney, knighted by Queen Elizabeth

for his services to the English in the expedition against O'More of Leix, was the last chieftain of the race who reigned at Doe Castle. Tradition hands down direful tales of the cruelty of this man, who it is stated executed his disobedient clansmen on the castle walls, and the spot where the gibbet was erected is still pointed out to the visitor. Sir Miles is remembered by the peasantry of the present day as "Maelmurra Batta Bwee," or Miles of the Yellow Staff or Cudgel. The staff or sceptre was the insignia of his knighthood, but the unsophisticated peasantry believe it was a wand with which he could conjure up the "Black Magician." The ashes of many a chieftain moulder in the old graveyard adjacent to the fortress, and there, also, stood a Franciscan monastery, erected by MacSwiney. A rare work of art in its day was the sculptured headstone which marked the last resting-place of a chief of the Clan-Suibne, and which is built into the east wall of the cemetery, emblazoned with the MacSwine coat of arms and a Celtic cross, and is an object of the greatest interest to the lover of antiquarian research, proving, as it does, the close connection of the MacSwines with Scotland. This and Niall Mor's tomb in Killybegs graveyard are the only specimens of ornamental tombstones of the kind in Ireland. The heirs of the powerful clan of the Sweeneys were banished after the flight of the Earls to the mountain fastnesses of the country, and here their descendants still live on. Sir Miles got a grant of 2,000 acres of the lands "known as Muntermellon, containing—Muntermellon, one quarter; Lurgybrackmore, one quarter, divided into the two half-quarters of Auldoge and Clohornagh; Lurgybrackbeg, one quarter, divided into the two half-quarters called Massarey and Lurgybrackbeg; Pollagiel, one quarter; Carrowclogany, one quarter, divided into two half-quarters called Klaggan and Knockagarcossey; Magherymannagh, one quarter; Maykoe, one quarter; Ennerwymore, one quarter; Ennerwybeg, one quarter; Derrigeile, one quarter; Portanellan, one quarter; Corcolganagh, half-quarter; Carrowinchafy, half-quarter; Ramackevan, one quarter; Fengarte, one quarter; Sessaugh, one



*From a Photo, by H. KEEB, LONDONDEBBY.*

**DOE CASTLE.**



quarter ; Brehwey, half-quarter ; and Castelvickanawe, half-quarter—in all 2,000 acres, with free fishings and ayeryes of hawks ; rent, £21 6s 8d English. To hold forever as of the Castle of Dublin, in common socage, and subject to the conditions of the Plantation of Ulster.” In Pynar’s survey it is stated that Sir Maelmurry MacSwine hath 2,000 acres called Moyntmellon. Upon this he hath built a bawne of lime and stone and a good stone house, in which he dwelleth with his family ; he hath made no estate to any of his tenants, and doth plough after the Irish manner.” An inquisition taken at Rathmullan on the 19th July, 1621, states that on the 22nd of August preceding, Sir Maelmurry MacSweeney and his undertenants were in the tenure, possession, and occupation of the lands mentioned in his grant, but that the king was then in full possession—a fact which implied some serious change in the condition of Sir Maelmore’s affairs. This conclusion is somewhat strengthened by the fact that Captain Henry Hart laid claim to the following parcels of this Irish chief’s estate—viz., the quarters called Enerwymore and Dooroville (Inquisition of Ulster, Donegal, 12 James I.) On the 26th of August, 1630, there was a regrant to Sir Maelmurry MacSwine, his heirs and assigns, for ever, of 2,000 acres in the Barony of Kilmacrenan, to be held in free and common socage. The lands are created into a manor to be called the Manor of Donnefenoghee, with power to create tenures, hold court leet and court baron, a weekly market every Monday at Donnefenoghee, and two fairs, one on St. Matthew’s Day and the other on Whitsun Monday, subject to the conditions of the Plantation and according to the terms for renewing grants to undertakers.” Sir Miles disappears from history’s page with this notice, and the only landed proprietor in the Barony of Kilmacrenan of the name once so renowned in Ulster is Mr. J. H. Swiney, of Moyagh, who is probably descended from Walter M’Laughlin M’Swyne, who had a castle at Rye, in Tullyaughnish, and was granted in all 896 acres by the Inquisitors of James I. In Pynar’s Survey this Walter M’Swyne is set down as “having a

fair town and a good strong house, all of lime and stone, himself dwelling in it with his family, being a Justice of the Peace in the county and conformable to his Majesty's laws, serving the king and country upon all occasions, and one that hath ever been a true subject since the first taking of Lough Foyle." The most glorious hero of the name was Murchoo Mall MacSwine, or "Maurice the late," so called from being last in arriving at the battle of Fearsat-Soolie in 1567. The O'Donnell exclaimed, as he approached, "Is tu Murchoo Mall!"—You are Murchoo the Late. "Ha nigh, Acth, is me Murchoo Nam!"—Oh, no, but I am Murchoo in time, replied MacSweeney. And he was; for the legions of O'Neill were scattered by the fierce onslaught of MacSweeney's Gallowglasses, and O'Donnell remained the victor in that bloody fight. The death of Murchoo Mall MacSwine Na Doe, who was the father of Sir Miles, took place in A.D. 1570, and is thus recorded by the annalists—"At Dun-a-long, on the Foyle, Murrough Mal, who was renowned above heroes, a burning brand without extinction, the champion of the valour of the Gaels, the star of the conflict of the men of Ulster against the men of Ireland, a mighty champion at forcing his way through the pass of danger, the distributor of the jewels and noble wealth of the Clan Sweeney." The famous Hugh Roe O'Donnell was fostered at Doe Castle, by Owen Oge MacSweeney, who died in 1596.

#### THE FATE OF EILEEN MACSWEENEY.

In the district around, many legends and stories are told by the peasantry of the wonderful deeds enacted at the castle in the olden time; but the following love story, with its sad ending, was repeated to the author only a short time ago. In this, as in every other tale of the sort, "the course of true love never did run smooth." Tradition says that Maelmurra MacSwine had an only daughter, with whom Turlogh Oge, son of the O'Boyle, fell in love. The fair Eileen returned his passion, and often met him on the beach and in the woods that stretched along towards the romantic vale of Duntally. But MacSweeney, proud of his possessions and of the achievements



of his house and kindred, frowned upon the amours of the youthful pair. O'Boyle was forbidden to enter the demesne, and Eileen was placed in charge of a trusted matron. Still from the battlements of the castle she saw her lover skimming athwart the waters of the bay in his light canoe, and signs of undying love were passed between them. This, too, being discovered, Eileen was placed under stricter guard, and an ambush was laid for the unsuspecting O'Boyle. One hazy evening, as he and a chosen few of his retainers were returning from the Lackagh, two boats filled with armed men shot out from the castle walls. O'Boyle and his followers were overpowered, carried off, and cast into the dungeon keep. There they lay suffering the pangs of hunger till death gave them relief. As the bodies were borne to the graveyard to be buried, Eileen chanced to see them, and instantly recognized the fair form of Turlogh Oge, her lover. All the hopes she cherished vanished, her dream of life and love was over, and the joys that once filled her breast gave way to inconsolable grief. Life was no longer worth the living, when he whom she loved the best was laid in the cold clay. Observing her disturbed state, and fearing the worst, her cruel father relented and gave her full scope to go where she pleased. Day after day along those battlemented walls she listlessly wandered, sometimes calling on the name of her beloved, and gazing on the spot where she had last seen him laid. At length, worn out with grief, and standing on the tower one day, her eyes turned oceanward, the cold hand of death touched her, and she breathed no more. And fishermen say, that in the pale moonlight a shadowy skiff is oftimes seen floating across the waters of the little bay, and guided by the two shadowy forms of Eileen MacSweeney and her lover.

#### THE HARTES OF DOE CASTLE.

The Hartes of Culmore and Kilderry were the owners of Doe Castle and the landed property attached up to the year 1866, when it was purchased by Mr. Stewart of Ards. General Harte, of the Indian Service, who was present at the battle of Seringapatam and

at the capture of Tipoo Sahib, lived at Doe Castle for many years in true Oriental magnificence. He met with an accident by falling down the steep staircase leading to the tower, from which death ensued afterwards. Captain Harte, his son, who succeeded him, was famous for his hospitality and very popular with the people. Tipoo Sahib's body-servant, a Hindoo, was made prisoner by the General, brought to Ireland, and died at Doe Castle. He slept at night at the General's bedroom door, dressed in Oriental costume, and fully armed. The Hindoo's health began to decline after his master's death, to whom he was devotedly attached, and in a few years he died broken-hearted. The cannon captured at Seringapatam are yet to be seen on a green lawn sloping downwards to the sea from the outward walls of the castle, but never again will they be charged with "England's thunder."

#### ARDS HOUSE.

Separated from the Castle of Doe by a narrow inlet of the sea is the demesne of Mr. A. J. R. Stewart, on which stands the stately mansion of Ards, perhaps one of the finest seats in the North of Ireland. The grounds are most extensive, containing several hundred acres, with waving woods of oak, ash, and sycamore, holly, and of hazel "growing fantastically amidst rude rocks and glittering in the sunshine." The first Stewart of Ards was brother to the celebrated Lord Castlereagh; and Ards, prior to its purchase by the Stewarts, in 1781, was the property of the Wrays, an old Elizabethian family, who inherited beautiful Ards, with its lawns and meadows, by a marriage with a lady of the Sampson family. Sir Bernard Burke, in his "Vicissitudes of Families," devotes a chapter of his racy book to an interesting and highly amusing sketch of "the last William Wray of Ards," who died broken-hearted in France, his estate of Ards having become encumbered "through his profuse hospitality and the princely fashion in which he reigned and ruled." The first Wray of Ards died in 1710, and a tombstone erected to his memory by his second wife is still to be seen amid the crumbling ruins of the

old churchyard of Clondehorky, beside Dunfanaghy. The present Stewart of Ards is married to Lady Isabella Toler, granddaughter of the famous Lord Norbury. He is a non-resident landlord, but was always considered kind and indulgent. He spent money freely, and expended vast sums in useful drainage works, and his tenantry generally deplore his absence from amongst them. The drive from Creeslough through the Ards demesne to Dunfanaghy is charming. Once you pass Ards House and emerge from the woods a regular panorama opens to the view. The blue waters of Sheephaven Bay lie right before the traveller's gaze, and far out as the eye can reach on the horizon can be seen the Atlantic liners bound for the far west. The mighty cliffs of Horn Head, in all their rugged majesty, rise boldly from the "vasty deep;" mountains, woods, and glens make up the scene, and, look in what direction one may, the eye rests on scenes where nature paints in gorgeous tints her loveliest landscapes. With a heavy heart the traveller must say farewell to the beautiful demesne of Ards, and after a brisk drive through the woods he will arrive at the mail car road leading to Dunfanaghy. On the way, in the townland of Faugher, are the ruins of an old fortress which tradition remembers as belonging to the Wrays, but it is more than likely that this building was erected by Turlogh Oge O'Boyle, who was transplanted here in the reign of James I. Hill's "Plantation" says:—"Grant to Turlogh Oge O'Boyle. The towns and lands of Carrowblagh, one quarter; Cloonmasse, one quarter; Anahire, one and a half quarters; Ballymore, one quarter; Kildorrogh, one quarter; Carrownamaddy, one quarter; half of Clonmore quarter; half of Bradard quarter; Aghalative, one quarter; Alterone, one quarter; Femore, one quarter; Carricknasmere, one quarter; Carrowmassinassa, one quarter; Killnickelowe, one quarter; Gortnalecke, one quarter; three-fourths of Creeslough, quarter; and one half of Breaghwy quarter; in all 2,000 acres. Rent, £21 6s 8d English. To hold forever as of the Castle of Dublin, in common socage, &c. (A.D. 1610

and 1611). Pynar's "Survey" says, "Turlogh Oge O'Boyle hath 2,000 acres called Carrowbleagh and Cloonmasse. He hath built a good bawne and a house of lime and stone, in which he with his family dwelleth. He hath made no estates, and all his tenants doth plough after the Irish manner." This youthful representative of a very ancient and influential family had not received the cognomen of Roe, or red-haired, when he was first referred to at the time of the distribution of the lands, being then a mere child. Probably these lands were forfeited after the rebellion of 1642. Seesaugh Lough, with its island, formerly a crannog or lake dwelling, but now a cabbage garden, is interesting; and Castle Suivne, a huge rock to the west of the townland of Seesaugh, is supposed by some to have been a castle of the MacSweeney's, but no trace of buildings remains.

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### DUNFANAGHY,

OR THE FORT OF THE FAIR WARRIOR,

where the "Stewart Arms" Hotel is largely patronised by tourists, is a seaside village composed chiefly of one long, broad street remarkable for its cleanliness, and is a popular resort for bathers in the summer time. At the entrance to the village from the Creeslough side is the Presbyterian church, erected some years ago by the Rev. William Kane, P.M., and which is considered a little gem of ecclesiastical architecture. There are also in Dunfanaghy an Episcopal church and handsome residence for the incumbent, a large and commodious courthouse and market-house, the rent offices of the Ards estate, and those other signs of civilization and of progress, the union workhouse and police barracks. Within a short distance is the far famed promontory of

HORN HEAD,

the property of Mr. Charles Frederick Stewart, J.P., whose ancestor purchased it in the year 1700 from the Sampsons, who had sold Ards a few years previously to the Wrays. The Sampsons were of

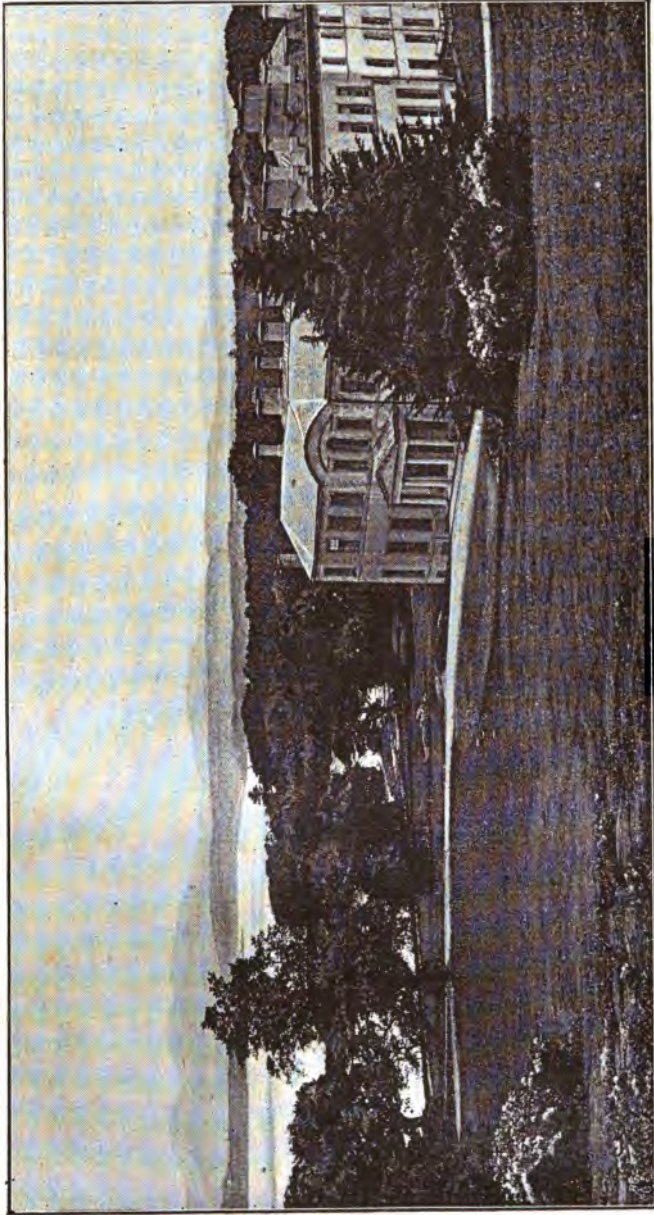
Elizabethian origin, as were also the Wrays, the Brooks, and the Harts; and Fynes Morrison states that these families alone "brought to Ireland 100 halberdiers at their own expense to aid the Queen." The Stewarts of Horn Head are of Scottish descent, being, it is claimed, of the Darnley Stewarts, and Captain William Stewart was an officer in King William's army at Aughrim and the Boyne. He was a veritable old warrior, no doubt, as is attested by the fact that at the age of seventy years he accepted a challenge from his neighbour, young Wray of Ards, choosing his own weapons, and selecting as the spot on which the deadly encounter was to take place the top of Muckish, over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and almost inaccessible for Captain Stewart, who was at the time a martyr to gout. However, the combat never took place, mutual friends having interfered, and good feeling between the belligerents was ultimately restored. Horn Head some hundred years ago was an island, in fact, it is known by the people of the locality at the present day as "the island," but a handsome bridge of twelve arches now spans the channel which separated it from the mainland. If the navigation of Dunfanaghy is ever to be successfully accomplished, a canal must be cut from the Western ocean, allowing the waters to sweep through the bridge in order to force outwards the accumulating sands at the bar and prevent the silting process which is rapidly going on. No dredger could ever prove so effectual. The chief points of interest on the headland are "MacSwine's Gun," which is reached after traversing about two miles of sandhills, "The Pistols," and the "Horn," from which Horn Head derives its name, owing to the resemblance of the two projecting peaks at its summit to the short, thickset horns of an ox. "MacSwine's Gun" is a cavern through which the water rushed in times of storm with such violence as to produce a report resembling the roar of distant artillery, but owing to the action of the waves the barrel of the "Gun" has been worn so wide in recent years that scarcely any sound is heard save the moaning of the fretful waves that break in

white foam against the adamantine cliffs. Horn Head is one of the boldest promontories in Donegal, or, perhaps, in Ireland. The ruggedness of its cliffs, the beauty of its caverns, the majesty of its towering peaks, must be viewed from the green waters that alternately rage and play about its base, if we are to form any accurate idea of its beauty and sublimity. Sailing around its rocks, which tower over the billows at a height of almost 1,000 feet, the spectator beholds one of the most imposing sights the eye ever rested upon. Vast flocks of sea-fowl find shelter in its rocky terraces. The sea-eagle is to be seen skimming athwart its cliffs. Salmon, cod, lythe, and coalfish are captured in large quantities in its waters; lambkins sport and play on its grassy knolls; and myriads of rabbits may be seen bounding over its dasied turf, or burrowing in its golden sands.

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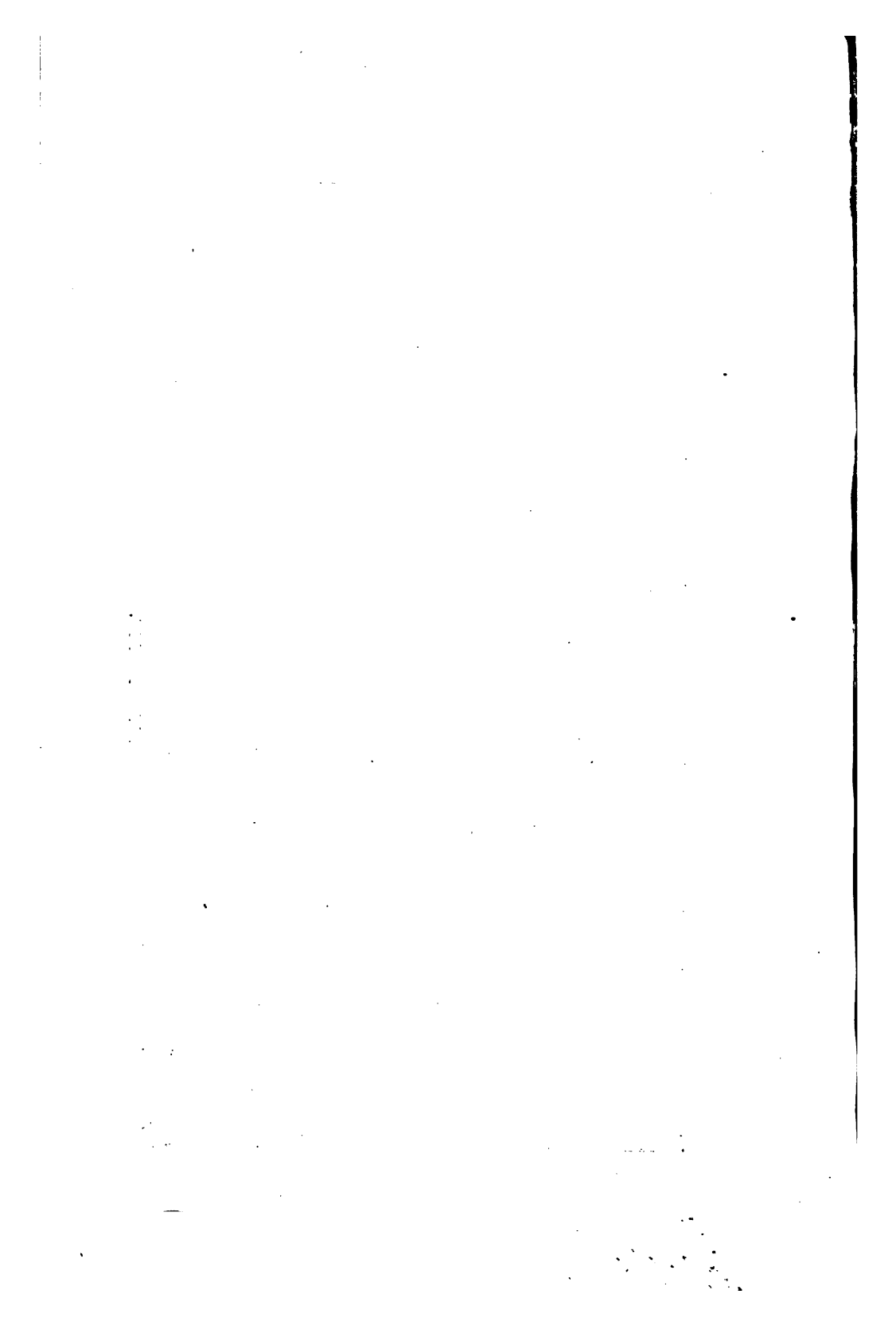
#### DUNFANAGHY TO FALCARRAGH.

Leaving Dunfanaghy, the tourist proceeds in the direction of Falcarragh or Cross Roads, a distance of only six Irish miles. On the left of the highway are yet to be seen the lofty peaks of Muckish and Aghla, and in front Alpine snow-capped Errigal. To the right stretches sand-hills and a rock-bound coast guarding, as it were, the onslaught of the Northern billows. The mournful and misty Atlantic keeps up incessant roar, and realizes to a marked extent Longfellow's description of the language of the ocean as interpreted by the North American Indians. The cliffs of "Torry of the White Wave" rise from the deep like an ocean fortress. The entire district between Creeslough and Gweedore is rich in mineral resources. Splendid marble quarries exist in the townland of Ballymore. Slates are to be found in Casey. Port Lough, near Dunfanaghy, on which M'Sweeney Doe had a dwelling, and where a number of chieftains were slain in A.D. 1583, is famous for a soap stone deposit, and the Muckish sand, of which there is an inexhaustible supply, is unrivalled for the manufacture of flint glass. Bog ore, used chiefly for purifying



*From a Photo. by W. LAWRENCE, DUBLIN*

**ARDS HOUSE.**





gas, abounds in the bogs and quagmires, and a few miles beyond Gortahork, in the townland of Fanaboy, are the Kildrum silver and lead mines, worked years ago by the Mining Company of Ireland, and the chimney shaft, which is still standing, is evidence of the vigor with which operations were carried on. There is a most valuable flag quarry in the townland of Baltony, on the property of Mrs Florence Martin, of London, and a magnificent specimen of this stone adorns the portals of the charming residence of the genial and hospitable Rev. James M'Fadden, P.P., Glena House. Falcarragh is a small village on the estate of the late Wybrants Olphert, D.L., who was not an original settler here at the time of the Plantation of Ulster, as we find in Hill, page 325, "Grant to Henry Hart, Esq. the lands of Ballynass, Dromnatinive, Ballichonnel, Ardbeg, Ardmore, Maheroartie, Gortahork, and the Island of Innisboffin one quarter each, in all 1,000 acres, with free fishing in the sea and rivers near the said lands. Rent £8 English. The premises are created the Manor of Ballynasse, with 300 acres in demense, and a Court baron to hold forever as of the Castle of Dublin, in common socage and subject to the conditions of the Plantation of Ulster," 10th June 9th (1611). Some years ago the Plan of Campaign was inaugurated on the Olphert estate, and several hundred families were evicted. Many of their little holdings remain unoccupied and uncultivated, which is extremely sad to behold, but in many cases satisfactory settlements have been effected, and mutual good feelings appear to have been restored. The agrarian struggle on this estate is very much deplored, as it could not be said heretofore in any case that Mr. Olphert was harsh with his tenants, and he was decidedly very popular in Cloughaneely. The princely residence of the Olpherts—Ballyconnell House—is quite close to Falcarragh, and stands in a magnificently wooded park of 500 acres. On a tablet over the entrance to the mansion is the motto "Dum Spiro Pero," with the arms of Olphert emblazoned, and a dove with an olive branch in its beak. A very charming view of Horn Head is obtained from

the grounds at Ballyconnell, and it is said the configuration of the promontory from this point resembles the profile of the great Duke of Wellington. But the most attractive object in the demense, in North-West Donegal, or perhaps in Ireland, is the block of white quartz erected on a stone column about twenty feet in height, and surrounded on the top by a wooden terrace or balcony. An inscription to the following effect thereon attracts the tourist's notice:—

“CLOUGHANEELY,

“Erected A.D. 1714, by Wybrants Olphert and Sarah, his wife.” Cloughaneely is locally interpreted as the stone of Neely, and in fact gives this name to the adjacent parish. However, a gentleman entitled to every respect as an antiquary, Mr. Fallon, D.L., R.I.C., of Ardara, renders it “Cloc-ceann-fola,” or the stone of the bloody head. This remarkable piece of almost pure white rock, with its one red vein, denoting, as the beautiful mythos relating to it states, the chrystalized blood of MacKineely, possesses a deeper interest, and a greater charm for Donegal men, than does the Lia Fail, or stone of destiny. There was another ancient stone which we would prefer to Cloc-ceann-fola, namely the one whereon Hugh Roe O'Donnell was declared Chieftain of Tyrconnell, at Kilmacrennan. But where is the inauguration stone of the O'Donnell? Oh, echo answers where! “Cloc-ceann-fola” is the stone whereon Balor of the Mighty Blows, the Fomorian ruler of Torry in pre-christian times, beheaded MacKineely, the mainland chieftian, in revenge for the love the latter bore to Ethne, the only daughter of the Carthaginian pirate, Balor. The story is related at length in the appendix to the Annals of the Four Masters by Dr. O'Donovan. Balor, it is said, was afterwards killed at Knockfola, or the hill of blood, now Bloody Foreland.

There is the stump of an old castle at Ballyness, but the name of the chieftain who erected it is forgotten. It appears that the original name of this parish, known locally as Cloughaneely, was Raytulloghobegley, which signifies the hillock of the outcry. The churchyard of Rye is in Raymunterdoney, which is the adjoining parish to

Clondahorkey. There is a large and broken stone cross in this graveyard which was sculptured in the townland of Brockas, and intended for Torry Island by St. Columba. St. Finian's Turras is in a townland near, and is called "Eas Finonan," or the cataract of St. Finian, which, it is said, the patron saint of Donegal and Iona caused to flow out of the solid rock when his disciple Finian was sick to death. In consequence of this old legend the peasantry hold Eas Fionan in the greatest veneration, and pilgrimages are frequently made to the spot. In the museum of Ballyconnell House are to be seen some extraordinary ornaments of the olden time, which were dug out of the sandhills at Ballyness. There are also old coins of the Elizabethian period, and several antique specimens of implements of husbandry. Mr. W. J. Knowles, M.R.I.A., Ballymena, who has done so much to elucidate the mystery connected with the prehistoric remains found in the sandhills on the coast of Ireland, gives an interesting sketch, and plates, of these rare specimens in his paper read before the Royal Irish Academy on 12th June, 1891. There is a little quay at Ballyness Bay where vessels land occasionally, but owing to the nature of the channel and the dangerous bar navigation is almost impossible. To add to the difficulties the silting process so common on this coast is going on with rapidity, and in the main channel the hulks of two sunken vessels menace the approach of the mariner.

ROBERT ARTHUR WILSON.

Falcarragh, which has been rendered famous by many incidents and scenes with which our readers must be conversant, through the instrumentality of the Press, can, like Ballymahon, in the County Longford—the "Deserted Village," but still the "lovely Auburn"—lay claim to being the birthplace of one of Ireland's greatest latter-day poets and prose writers, poor "Barney Maglone." In that ivy-mantled cottage, which is still standing, outside the village, at the end of the road leading to Ballyness Pier, Robert Arthur Wilson, for such was his real name, was born in the latter part of the year

1820 or early in 1821. His father, Arthur Wilson, was a coast-guard, and a native of Donaghadee, in the County Down, and his mother, Catherine, whose maiden name was Hunter, was a native of Islandmagee, near Larne, in the county of Antrim.

Young Wilson, when a lad, was exceedingly fond of folk lore, and would go abroad through the houses of the native peasantry at night, to hear the thrilling and sensational stories which the old people of those days, both men and women, would recite in the Irish language, of the heroes of bygone times, from *Ollam Fouldah*, who lived, as local tradition has it, before the Deluge, down to Sir Malmurra MacSwine (MacSwine-na-tuagh), the hero of the battle-axes, who lived and flourished at Doe Castle and Hornhead in the sixteenth century.

He learned to master a knowledge of the Irish language at an early age, and this acquisition in later years contributed in a great degree to make his writings so pathetic, so original, and "racy of the soil." Wilson attended one of the old church education schools of that time, which was situate in the townland of Ray—the only school in the neighbourhood, the National system of education being then a grand idea in the minds of statesmen, but became shortly afterwards a grand fact. The old schoolmaster, Mr. Laffan, was a man of whom it might be said, as it was of the Vicar of Wakefield—"Still the wonder went, and still the wonder grew, how one small head contained all he knew." He was great in mathematics. He could teach the "Old Gough" to perfection, and young Wilson, under his tuition, could, before he was 18 years of age, "work" the "Double Rule of Three" and solve problems in Euclid. His knowledge and early culture in mathematics brought forth the powers of his youthful mind, and when he would roam abroad through the houses of the natives on the long winter nights to hear romantic stories, of which he became fonder as he grew up, he would in turn repeat an original story, brimful of pathos—"a story," as the natives put it, "made by himself just as he repeated it." At the age of fifteen he was sent to Donaghadee, his father's native place, and was for some time

there an apprentice to the grocery business. He did not care for the County Down at this early period of his life. His young heart "untrammelled" turned back to Falcarragh and the daisied slopes of Ballyness, where he played with the Celtic youths in the happy days of his childhood, and where he heard so many rich stories of the olden times told in Irish by the old men and women.

He emigrated to the United States when about 19 years of age, and his thirst for knowledge was quenched in the land of the stars and stripes. He became a member of the Young Ireland party, and at twenty-one years of age delivered speeches to his fellow-countrymen in New York, burning with eloquence and patriotism. He acquired a knowledge of shorthand, and this acquisition, combined with his natural ability and fertility of imagination, qualified him for that position he so worthily filled for so many years after, as a member of the Fourth Estate of the realm.

Wilson returned to Ireland at a stirring period in her history, and soon got employment on the staff of the *Nation* in its palmy days. He became acquainted with the great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, and was the companion and fast friend of the leading members of the Repeal party of that day. John Mitchell, John Martin, Charles Gavan Duffy, Tom Davis, Thomas F. Meagher, and the "Erinagh Oge" (Young Irishman), for such was the *nom de plume* of Robert Arthur Wilson at that time, formed one unbroken ring of patriots and fellow-journalists. After the suppression of the *Nation* and flight and final fall of the Young Irishmen, which culminated in the State trials in Dublin, Wilson returned to America, where he became connected with the Press, but after the lapse of a few years he came back again to the old country—the Ireland he loved so well. Mr. William Trimble, proprietor of the *Impartial Reporter*, Enniskillen, secured his services as editor of that journal. His brilliant "leaders" in the *Reporter* on the current topics of the day, his letters to "My Cousin in Ammerikey," over the *nom de plume* of "Barney Maglone," and his poetry, so abounding with sparkling Irish wit, deep originality,

and scathing satire, soon made his name famous, and the *Impartial Reporter*, which was an obscure country journal before his connection with it, soon enjoyed an extensive circulation.

Although his poems have not been published in a collected form, those of our readers who are old enough will recollect his charming, soul-stirring effusions as published in the *Nation*, the *Impartial Reporter*, the *Enniskillen Advertiser*, the *Fermanagh Mail*, *Derry Journal*, and *Belfast Morning News*. He was for many years editor of the *Belfast Morning News*, in which he continued to write his letters to "My Cousin Tom" in the Irish character—letters abounding with rare wit, and "racy of the soil." He died in the year 1876, in Belfast, and the Press-men of that city have erected a beautiful marble monument to perpetuate his memory in the local cemetery. He was a trenchant, brilliant writer of prose, and his poems excited the admiration of all who read them. What a pity they are lost to the present generation by not being culled from the papers in which they appeared originally, and presented to the public in a collected form. His poem on Burns, on the occasion of the celebration of the Burns' Centenary, was awarded the first place out of over 200 competitors in the United Kingdom. Well may Falcarragh be proud of such a son. His name and memory lives green in the recollection of the "natives" who were his schoolfellows, and his comparatively early death at 55 years of age was universally regretted in the world of letters and poetry.

Wilson visited Falcarragh in the year 1862, and was alternately, during his stay of one month, the guest of Mr. William Wilkinson, of Drumnatinney, Mr. Andrew Campbell, of Falcarragh, and Father M'Fadden, of Glena. He received a cordial Irish welcome from those of his old schoolfellows and early playmates who were alive in the neighbourhood at that time, and many a sturdy peasant would say with pride, "Musha, shure Mithur Wilson and myself were at school tha' gither wid owl Laffan long ago." A public meeting was held during his visit to accord him a hearty welcome to his native

heath. The late Mr. Richard Benson, an old schoolfellow of his, occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. Joseph Thompson, Mr. John Wilkinson (the present Clerk of Petty Sessions at Falcarragh), Mr. William Robinson, and others, all of whom dwelt at length on the great abilities of the man whom they had met to welcome, the services he had rendered posterity by his writings in prose and in poetry, the pride and pleasure they had in the knowledge that he was a Cloughaneely man, born and bred in their midst, and that he had by his perseverance, combined with his great natural gifts, risen to such a high position in the world of journalism, poetry, and song.

Wilson replied in a speech full of feeling, affection, and pathos, bristling with ready Irish wit and originality, and burning with eloquence of a high order. During his stay he visited all the places of antiquarian interest in the district—the “dripping well” of *Espenean* (St. Finan) at Errarooey, the old abbey at Ray, where lies the huge cross of St. Columba, referred to elsewhere, the sandy plains of Drumnatinney, where there is visible the foundations of what some consider to have been the old Druid temples of past ages, and the round tower of Tory Island, also the celebrated caves of Innishdooyey. His description of all he had seen appeared in the Press afterwards, and was read with great interest and profit.

His premature death was greatly mourned by all who knew him, and by everyone who read his writings. Ireland lost in him a devoted son, the press a brilliant member of that profession, and the world of song and romance, one at least of the greatest that arose in Ireland since the death of the great Ballymahon bard, Oliver Goldsmith.

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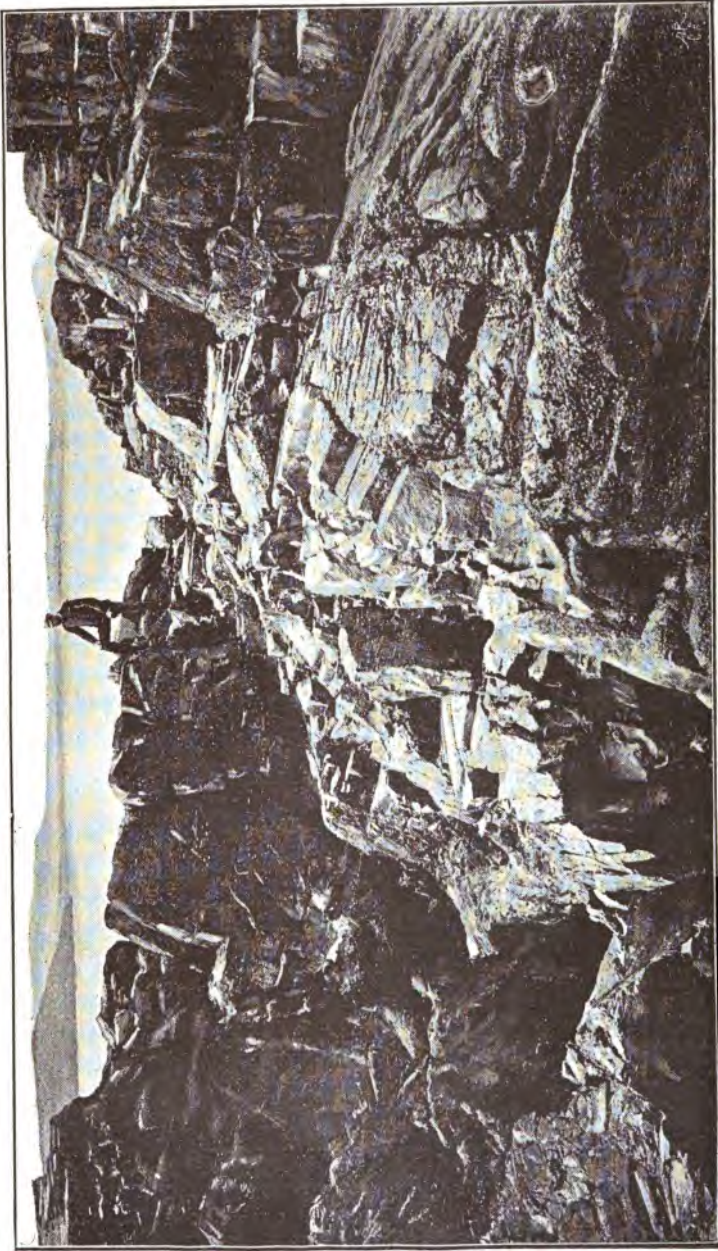
#### GWEEDORE.

THE FLOOD DISASTER AND THE FATE OF DISTRICT-INSPECTOR MARTIN.

Ten miles distant from Falcarragh, after traversing a moorland waste, the traveller arrives at the attractive Gweedore Hotel,

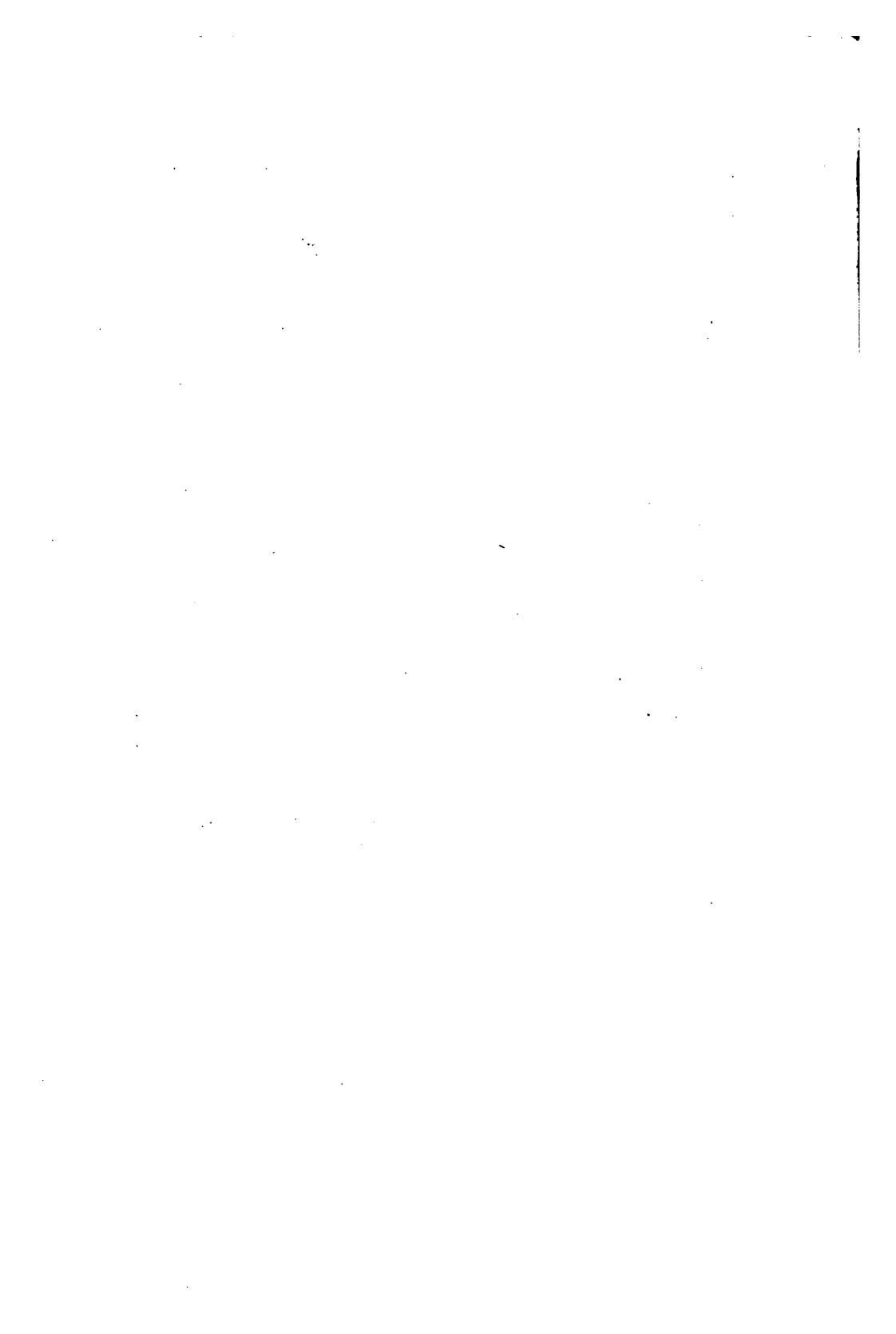
erected by the late Lord George Hill over a quarter of a century ago. It is replete with every comfort and convenience, a splendid station for the angler and tourist, a first-class salmon river flowing past, in which permission to fish can be obtained on reasonable terms from Mr. Alexander Robertson, the courteous and popular manager of the establishment. The finest scenery in Donegal is in the immediate vicinity. Errigal Mountain is only a few miles distant, and the tourist cannot do better than climb the "snowy peak," from which on a clear day a commanding view may be obtained of mountain, lake, and sea. On the way Dunlewy, or the fort of Luaidh of the Long-hand—a famous chieftain of old—is passed, with its beauteous lake nestling peacefully in the green valley. On the slopes of the lake is a Protestant church built of the pure white marble which is found here in abundance, and on a wooded bank near the water's edge stands Dunlewy House, the residence of Mr. Heyburn, which he inherited from the late Mr. W. A. Ross, of Belfast. Mr. Ross was married to a Ross of Bladensburgh. He was a kind and indulgent landlord, and most popular with the Dunlewy tenantry, and here, at his own expense, he erected a Roman Catholic church, which is a model of architectural beauty. In a field between Dunlewy House and the road is an old monastery of the beehive style, with a Greek cross set on a perpendicular monolith which should be examined by the antiquarian. The Poison Glen is perhaps the most enchanting scene in Donegal. It rivals Glenveigh in its rugged majesty; it surpasses Lough Salt in the stern wildness of its precipices. Indeed the whole valley of Dunlewy, with hoary snow-capped Errigal towering over all, forms a wonderfully magnificent landscape, well worthy of the artist's pencil and the poet's pen. The primitive villages of Bunbeg and Derrybeg are situated about four miles seaward from the Gweedore Hotel. At Bunbeg, the harbour of which is navigable at high water for small coasting steamers, commodious warehouses and granaries were erected by Lord George Hill, and are now occupied





*From a Photo. by W. LAWRENCE, DUBLIN.*

**MCSWINE'S GUN, HORN HEAD.**



by Mr. Daniel Keown, the merchant prince of the locality. It is passing strange indeed to note how men become wealthy in the very midst of poverty and destitution. Mr. Keown settled here upwards of thirty years ago, and has amassed a considerable fortune. He established a general trade, and was the landlords' right-hand man, but he is also very popular at present with the people. Skull Island is worthy of a visit, with its remains of the Neolithic age and burying-ground, and midway between Derrybeg and Bunbeg is the village of Middletown, with its police barracks and comfortable hotel, kept by Mr. Thomas M'Bride, where Mrs. Ernest Hart has established her power-loom weaving factory, in connection with the Donegal Industrial Fund. Homespun Tweeds of the greatest beauty and elegance of design are manufactured, and in addition to the art of weaving, those of knitting and embroidery are taught, and the dyeing of wool from herbs and mosses gathered on the bleak bogs of Gweedore. The weaving factory is worked by steam power, peat, so plentiful in the locality, being used as fuel for the boilers. Mrs. Hart's industries have decidedly proved a boon to the people of the district, and she deserves the greatest credit for her tact, perseverance, and business capacity in carrying to a successful issue the manufacture of Donegal Tweeds and other cognate industries. A visit to the factory will repay the traveller for his trouble. At Derrybeg there is the Roman Catholic church and the parochial house of the far-famed Father MacFadden. The church is built in a deep ravine on the banks of a rivulet. It is a model of cleanliness, taste, and elegance. A fatal scene was witnessed here on Sunday, the 15th August, 1880. During divine service a waterspout fell in the mountains, and dashing in fury adown the glen, burst into the chapel, sweeping away every obstacle that marred the onward course of the waters. A regular panic seized the congregation, who rushed wildly to and fro in their eagerness to escape, and when the flood had abated it was found that several lives had been lost, many people severely wounded, and that the parish priest who had been

officiating had an almost miraculous escape. The church property was almost totally destroyed, but since that sad event the stream has been diverted into another channel, rendering the recurrence of a like accident impossible, and the church has been considerably improved and beautified. Such was the awful flood disaster. But another fatal day was yet to dawn on "dark Gweedore," for an event was soon to happen which will give for all time the name of Gweedore a sad prominence in connection with the history of land agitation in Ireland—we mean the death of District-Inspector Martin, which took place on Sunday, the 3rd of February, 1889. A cloud was gathering over Gweedore for weeks before this fatal day. A warrant had been issued for the arrest of Father MacFadden, he having failed to answer a Crimes Court summons, and his residence was guarded night and day by a cordon of police. In fact there was a reign of terror in the district. A few nights before the tragedy a serjeant and three constables were told off to watch the parochial house, in order to prevent the reverend gentleman's escape. It was whispered around that the arrest was to be attempted that night, and between seven and eight o'clock horns were blown in all directions, and beacon lights were seen on the hill tops. The small force of constabulary on guard became alarmed, and a courier was despatched to District-Inspector Markham, who was in charge of a reserve force at Bunbeg, to inform him that a great multitude was assembling near the residence of Father M'Fadden. Mr. Markham thereupon turned out his available force, in order to assist the small detachment on watch. At Middletown the party halted: The officer held a consultation with men of the local force present, as information had reached him that the peasantry were assembled in strong force in front, and only awaited the arrival of the police in the hollow in front of the chapel, to fall upon them with the "Gweedore artillery," the granite boulders, which lie scattered in this wild district in indiscriminate profusion. The night was dark as pitch, and Mr. Markham very wisely executed a flank movement by

drawing his men off to their original quarters, from whence he despatched a trusty messenger, Serjeant Tumelty, with three men as a bodyguard. This party was being conveyed on an outside car in the direction of the Gweedore Hotel, where a large force of police under the command of County-Inspector Lennon, and a detachment of the Rifle Brigade under Major Mends, were stationed. The car broke down, but the serjeant unharnessed the horse, mounted, and galloped off in all haste with the despatch, thus becoming the hero of a famous ride, popularly remembered in the surrounding districts as "Tumelty's ride to Gweedore," rivalling, if not excelling, "Gilpin's famous ride to York." Tumelty's arrival created quite a sensation among the officers and men, who had settled down to enjoy a quiet night in the comfortable hostelry at Gweedore, when suddenly the bugles sounded, and the order was given to march in the direction of Derrybeg. "Farewell pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, Othello's occupation's gone." Skirmishing parties were thrown out in advance, in all directions to reconnoitre, with a view of surrounding the enemy, but none was met on the midnight march, and on arriving at Derrybeg the moon shone forth to reveal only a few peasants, loitering in the vicinity of the citadel of Father M'Fadden, for the purpose of keeping watch and ward over the beloved "Soggarth Aroon." A retreat was sounded, and the "plumed troops" were withdrawn, but it was freely stated in the locality at the time that the commanding-officer of the police was much twitted by the military officers for allowing the peasants to escape, and that in consequence he formed the fatal resolution of arresting Father M'Fadden, unaided by military, the following Sunday. In any case strong armed pickets were posted immediately afterwards around the house, morn dawned, and night fell again, and still the arrest was uneffected.

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

A night or two previous to the fatal day on which District Inspector Martin met his death, Constable Keenan was on duty, walking back-

ward and forward in front of the Parochial House. Occasionally, through rifts in the murky clouds, the moon shone out with pale and ghastly brilliancy, as though stricken with a sense of horror at what it was about to look upon, and conscious of the tragedy that was so soon to be enacted. Good Heavens! was it possible? Did the constable's eyes deceive, or had he "eaten of that insane root which takes the reason prisoner? Or had his mind, perhaps moved by the association of ideas in the performance of his unnatural duty, been dwelling with a too vivid fancy on the story of the ghost which, armed *cap-a-pie*, walked its nightly rounds on the battlements of Elsinore? What were his precise thoughts at the time are perhaps a mystery to himself, but as to his eyes he is prepared to swear to the accuracy of their testimony. There was no reason why he should doubt the evidence of senses, in perfect condition of soundness, possessing also, as he did, a mind as well balanced as that of any policeman in the kingdom. There was no one at hand who could or would have been playing a trick upon him; there was no sound to distract his attention, or put the imagination into unusual activity; the wind scarcely rose above a whisper as it stirred softly among the few leafless twigs that stood in the vicinity of the Parochial House, when the moon, which for a few moments previously had been hidden behind a bank of clouds, suddenly emerging, threw a flood of light across the constable's path. Horror of horrors! Right in front of him lay extended what seemed to be the dead body of a police officer, robed and shrouded as if for the grave, and bedight at the same time with sword, helmet, and the other trappings of his rank, and below the helmet, with eyes half unclosed and the pallor of death upon his features, the face of District Inspector Martin!

"Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder?"

Such an apparition would have disturbed the equanimity of even a stronger man than the doughty and stalwart Keenan. He was at once stunned and fascinated. No sound escaped his lips, he moved

not, he hardly breathed, but his gaze was involuntarily kept fixed on the gruesome spectacle, as was that of the wedding guest by the glittering eye of the "Ancient Mariner." When his attention had become strained to a degree of agony which caused him almost to faint, and his brain reeled as though he was about to go into sudden madness, the moon happily hid her face behind a cloud, a moment of darkness intervened, and when she shone full again the apparition was gone. What was it? There is no superstition more firmly implanted in the Northern mind—a superstition they share with the people of Scotland—than that which believes in the appearance, under certain circumstances, of the wraith or spirit of anyone doomed to a sudden or tragical end. Such an apparition is regarded as an infallible indication of the approaching death of the individual it represents. Was this the wraith of District Inspector Martin? We offer no opinion on the subject, but as a matter of fact the constable, immediately after the occurrence, reported the circumstances to his superior officer; and it is fortunate that, having survived the shock to his nervous system, he is still alive to allay the doubts of the sceptic as to the accuracy of his tale.

On the Saturday before the disastrous Sunday, one of the anxious guard of police watchers observed Father M'Fadden passing through the hall of his residence, it being generally believed by the authorities at the time that he had effected his escape. The fact of his being still within the fortress of Derrybeg House having been communicated to the officer in command, a council of war was held, and it was determined that his arrest should be effected at all hazards the following day. It was generally understood that the revered pastor of Gweedore would celebrate mass on that day at Dunlewy Chapel, a considerable distance from Derrybeg, and District Inspector Martin and a force of police, stationed at Gweedore Hotel, were specially told off to capture him. The sable pennons of death were floating around this ill-starred officer, unseen by human eyes, and we were told on the very best authority that Mr. Martin had actually to be forced by

his friends to take the most ordinary precautions, so little did the unfortunate man believe that his end was so close at hand. In fact, he appeared to those around him as if he courted death, for he declined to take any firearms, and his revolver was actually loaded, and placed in his great coat pocket, with the fatal warrant, by a trusty friend. He left Gweedore Hotel for Dunlewy with his force, but soon learned that the object of his quest was not there, and a car immediately afterwards arrived to take Mr. Martin to Derrybeg. Father M'Fadden left his residence that morning, as was usual with him, about 9 o'clock, and went to his church to discharge the duties of the day, and to celebrate mass at noon. About 12 o'clock the police were observed arriving in strong force on all sides of the chapel, and the ill-fated District Inspector, with a small force of 7 or 8 men, took up a position at the steps leading down from the grounds of the Parochial House to the chapel yard. About a quarter of an hour after the arrival of Mr. Martin's force, Father M'Fadden was seen leaving the chapel door, robed in his soutane and biretta, and making his way towards his residence. On arriving at the spot where the officer stood, the latter approached, and is supposed to have said, "I arrest you." Father M'Fadden said, "Produce your authority, sir," whereupon Mr. Martin, who was a man of giant stature, and splendid physique, grappled the soutane by the collar with such violence as to tear it in shreds. The people were now issuing from the chapel in large numbers, and a cry was raised that their devoted pastor was being roughly handled by the officer, that he "was killing the priest," the naked sword which Mr. Martin brandished in his hand being seen glittering in the sunshine over Father M'Fadden's head. Wild unearthly screams from the crowd were heard. "Like adder darting from its coil" a furious onset was made by the peasants to the spot where the priest was held by the officer. Mr. Martin endeavoured to keep back the surging crowd, by striking out with his naked sword in all directions. Stones and missiles of all sorts were thrown. Father M'Fadden, who had



been abandoned by the District Inspector at this time, proceeded in company with two policemen towards the entrance to the Parochial House. At the porch, after Father M'Fadden passed in, a general *melee* ensued, in which Mr. Martin was felled, to rise no more. When reinforcements had arrived, alas! the woeful fact was revealed that a ghastly tragedy had been enacted, for the District Inspector had been beaten to death, and his almost lifeless body was carried into the Parochial House, where Father M'Fadden immediately surrendered himself to the authorities. In taking leave of this sad subject, the history of which is so well known in connection with its subsequent drastic details of arrests, of midnight raids, of trials and imprisonments, with the grim gallows looming in the distance, we must animadvert on the fact generally admitted everywhere, that a serious error of judgment and of tactics was committed in trying to encompass the arrest at such a time, with so small a force, and in the presence of so large a multitude. Father M'Fadden swore at Maryborough, that he believed it was illegal to arrest a clergyman either going to or coming from the discharge of religious duties; and although we do not wish to say one word by way of extenuating this unfortunate occurrence, which Irishmen of all shades of opinion alike deplore, nor to "set down aught in malice," yet we cannot forget two awful commandments promulgated of old on Mount Sinai amid the flash of lightning and the thunder's crash—"Thou shalt not kill," and "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath Day." One of these dread ordinances was disobeyed by the infuriated peasantry of Gweedore, the other by the officers of the law.

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#### THE ROSSES.

To the tourist unaccustomed to travel in a mountainous district no adequate picture can be presented to the mind of the wild country of the Rosses, where grim desolation broods over the rugged scene.

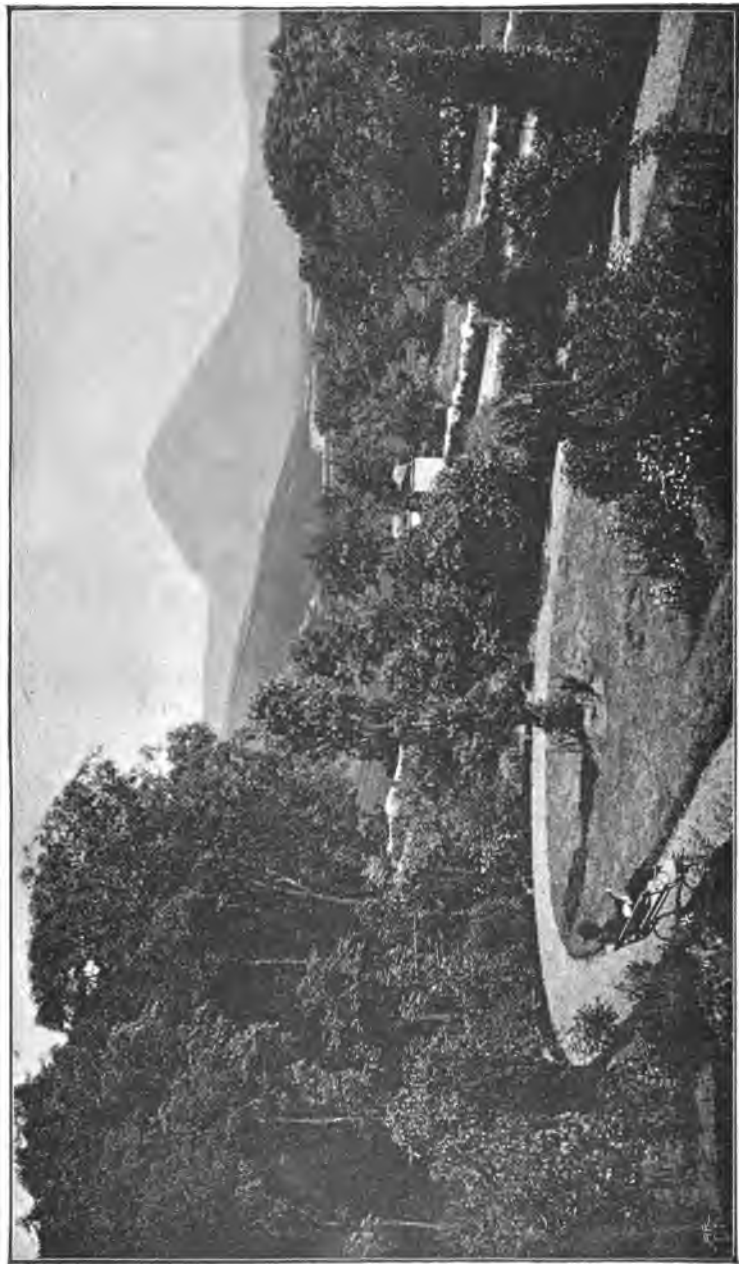
"I've traversed many a mountain-strand,  
 Abroad and in my native land,  
 And it has been my lot to tread  
 Where safety more than pleasure led ;  
 Thus many a waste I've wandered o'er,  
 Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,  
 But by my halidome,  
 A scene so rude, so wild as this,  
 Yet so sublime in barrenness,  
 Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,  
 Where'er I happ'd to roam."

[Scott's "Lord of the Isles."]

Like Gweedore and Cloughaneely, the exact limits of the Rosses or the promontories are not defined, but a fair idea of its extent would be the district between the Gweedore river and Lettermacaward. Approaching the Rosses from Bunbeg, the finest view of Errigal is obtained at a point in the townland of Knockastoler. On arriving at Anagry, one road leads along the seashore to Kincaslugh and Burtonport, and the other, a mountain road to the left, leads to Dungloe. As we are bent on examining the coast, where all the legends are retained, and, as this district is so purely Celtic, we proceed by the former, and, after crossing over two strands and innumerable sandbanks, we gain the county road at

#### KINCASLAGH,

which is situated in the parish of Lower Templecrone, and is perhaps the most congested district in Ireland. How human beings eke out a livelihood among the granite boulders of Templecrone surpasses human comprehension, yet here we have the very largest population in Donegal, living on land of the lowest value, and here, also, are to be seen the finest peasantry in Ireland. The names of the chief families in the Rosses at the present day are O'Boyles, O'Dohertys, O'Donnells, and MacSweeneys, the powerful physique of the men, being sufficient of itself to prove a descent from the warrior chieftains of Tyrconnell. The women, too, are fine specimens of the gentler sex, and exceedingly handsome, with dark rolling eyes and luxuriant tresses of the same color, but many of them are red-haired. O'Donovan, who visited the Rosses in 1835,



*From a Photo. by W. LAWRENCE, DUBLIN.*

**VIEW FROM GWEEDORE HOTEL.**



writes on this subject as follows :—“The ancient Irish families here can yet be distinguished by their forms and features. The O'Donnells are corpulent and heavy, with manly faces and aquiline noses. The O'Boyles are ruddy and stout, pictures of health when well fed. The MacDevitts are tall and slender, with reagh visages. The O'Dogherties are stout and chieftain like; stiff, stubborn, unbending, much degenerated in their peasant state, but have all good faces. The MacSwynes are spirited and tall, but of pale or reagh color. Among them all the O'Boyles and O'Dogherties are far the finest human animals.” The most beautiful granite is here to be seen in a variety of shade almost rivalling the hues of the rainbow. In fact the whole district, from the sea inland, is one great granite area, where the music of the crowbar, the pick, and the steam-hammer will yet resound in the midst of a contented peasantry, and the dawn of prosperity in the Rosses opens with the development of the granite quarries. Very little of historical interest connected with the district can be gleaned from ancient writings. It appears the people were banished into these wilds when James I. planted his hungry men on the fertile plains of Magh-Ith, vulgarly called the Lagan. In the annals we find, at A.D. 1548, MacSweeney Na Doe and his son Brian were taken prisoners on Inis-mac-an-duirn by a fleet from Iar-Connaught, and carried into captivity; and at A.D. 1603, “Maelmurra MacSwine Na Doe and Caffar Oge O'Donnell went to Tyrconnell with their people and cattle to wage war with Niall Garv and the English. They made no delay until they arrived at the Rosses and the islands. They had not been long here when they were plundered by Niall and his kinsmen, and Caffar Oge was taken prisoner and detained in custody.” All the legends, traditions, songs, and stories connected with this wild district would fill a volume. In the words of Byron—

Oh, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell

Are the deeds which they dare and the tales which they tell.

On the coast nearly all the stories relate to the sea, and a Donegal

poetess—now Mrs. Gallagher, of Newmills, Letterkenny—to whom we shall have occasion to refer at length hereafter, accurately depicts the prevailing traditions in the Rosses in her beautiful poem “The Maid of Rutland Isle,” which it gives us pleasure to reproduce in its entirety.

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THE MAID OF RUTLAND ISLE.

(A LEGEND.)

In wild primeval solitude, 'mid ocean's sullen roar,  
The skipper reared his orphan girl upon that barren shore ;  
He watched her grow like flow'ret bright within a dark defile,  
And named her in his manly pride the Queen of Rutland Isle.

When from her couch of dreamless sleep she rose, at morning's dawn,  
O'er jutting rocks she bent her way, as noiseless as a fawn,  
To where a towering cliff upreared its tempest-beaten head,  
And there, unheard by human ears, her simple matins said.

But when the noonday's burning sun was glancing in the tide,  
O'er sparkling waves, with steady hand, her little barque she'd guide ;  
The fishers from the sandy beach would greet her with a smile—  
They loved the fearless sailor-girl, the Maid of Rutland Isle.

Or like some long-haired mermaid from ocean's slimy caves,  
With buoyant heart and healthy arm she sported on the waves ;  
The surface of her native deep she traversed o'er and o'er,  
Across the straits to Rosses coast and cliff-bound Arranmore ;

Until to Rutland's rugged strand a youthful stranger came,  
Who saw and loved the skipper's child, and who his choice could blame?  
He asked her if her heart was free ? she answered with a smile,  
And then, to her, he pledged his troth on lonely Rutland Isle.

When Duty's pathway led him hence, he said, “ O'er yonder sea  
Though tempests howl and billows foam I'll come again to thee.  
Before a twelvemonth has elapsed, to wed thee I'll return,  
And soon thou shalt forget that e'er I left thee here to mourn.”

They said farewell : the stranger youth to distant lands set sail,  
The maiden sighed, and wept, and prayed ; her cheeks grew wan and pale.  
Day after day she sat and gazed o'er ocean many a mile,  
Yet still her lover came not back to lonely Rutland Isle.

A year went past : the closing day dawned dismal, wild, and drear,  
The tempest howled, the billows foamed, the seabirds shrieked with fear,  
The maiden watched, with trembling heart, a craft that bravely bore  
Against the wild repelling waves its course to Rutland's shore,

Vain, vain, alas ! the seaman's skill an evil fate prevailed,  
 A treacherous rock, with fatal shock, the struggling craft assailed,  
 Down, down, it sank, the sea was strewn with many a struggling form,  
 She heard her lover's drowning cry high o'er the shrieking storm.

"O ! what is life to me," she cried, "my love, I'll come to thee,"  
 And plunging from the shelving rock she joined him in the sea ;  
 And fishers say that when the waves in tempest-fury boil,  
 Her form is seen upon the surf by lonely Rutland's Isle.

BRIDGET MACGINLEY.

The charming islands around Kincaslugh are well worth exploring, especially Cruit, or the hump-backed island, and Owey, or the island of the grave. Cruit Island is so-called from an immense sand-bank resembling a hump, which in former times stretched along its northern extremities, no trace of which now remains. Old people remember when not a single rock was to be seen over the whole extent of this vast plain, which was noted for the excellent quality of its pasture. Now it is known as Clocha-Mora, or the rocky field. There are several beautiful sea caves on this island, the most remarkable of which is called "Uach-na-Roantach," or the seals' cave. The old graveyard, with its two sacred wells—one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the other to St. Brigid—is worthy of examination ; and the two Cashels guarding the entrance will form a pleasant study for the antiquarian.

Owey Island is called from a giant's grave thirty feet long, which is still to be seen there. This island is inhabited by about thirty families, who subsist chiefly by fishing and the manufacture of kelp. The caves of Owey are numerous and beautiful, and in the old bygone days of potheen-making were the secure retreat of the hunted smuggler. It is said by the inhabitants of this island that a beautiful submarine country exists between Torry Island and Arranmore, and that men and women have been seen labouring the fields, with oxen and sheep grazing on its verdant knolls, while ships have frequently been seen under full sail in the clouds, a sure sign of approaching shipwreck.

On Mullaghderg, or the red height (where a martello tower and a signal station is erected, to which a telegraph wire is attached), there is a magnificent prospect of the distant island of Tory, with Gola in the foreground, and Arranmore to the west. Carrick-na-Spaineach, a rock where one of the ill-fated ships of the Spanish Armada was lost in A.D. 1588, is an important object. The treasure from the wreck was recovered only so late as fifty years ago by an enterprising band of Rosses men. It consisted chiefly of brass cannon, and was disposed of to a merchant in the town of Donegal. Tradition says that all hands were saved from this wreck and hospitably entertained by MacSwiney Doe. Many of these Spaniards settled down and married in the Rosses, which, it is said, accounts for the fiery spirit of the inhabitants of this parish. It is also stated that a number of Arab horses from the ship were safely landed, and certainly the fast ponies found here at present bear a striking resemblance to the famous Arab breed.

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#### DUNGLOW.

Arriving at Dunglow the tourist will find most comfortable quarters at "Sweeney's Hotel," and from it he can visit all the points of interest in the district, explore the fishing grounds (which are the best in Donegal), and visit the cliff scenery of Crohey Head and Arran Island, which is extremely fertile, and so called from the resemblance it bears to a kidney. The ancient name of this village was Cloghanlea, and the real Dunlow lies between Keadew, Arnad, and the sea, and opposite Oilen Lahan, or Broad Island. The ruins of a fortress of lime and stone are yet to be seen there, but by whom it was erected no one can tell. A fair was held near the site of the fortress upwards of a century ago, but it was removed, about the year 1768, to the growing village of Cloghanlea, and with the fair the name of the military station was also transferred, hence the present name of Dunglow, but the peasantry throughout Boylagh



still call the village Clochanlea, from the Cloughan or stepping-stones which in old times crossed the river, at the spot now spanned by a little bridge.

A mile to the westward is the townland of Tobberkeen, or the beautiful well, where there was a noted rath formerly, and near it a shrubbery called Tomba-an-Duine, or the man's grave. Lough Illion lies alongside the base of Cronamaddoo Hill, and derives its name, it is said, from a woman who had her abode on an island in the lake, and who, it is supposed, is buried there, as the remains of two graves are yet visible. Two swans annually visit this lake, and are regarded by the people with the utmost veneration, as it is supposed they are the spirits of Illion and her companion. On the top of Cronamadda there is an immense cromlech called Garbh-leach or the tomb of Garbh. This chieftain is said to have been an invader, who was slain here in combat by Goll MacMorna. He is remembered by the peasantry as Garbh-treun-donn, vic Stagh, "the powerful brown Garbh, son of Stagh."

MAGHERY AND ITS GENIAL POSTMASTER, MR. FRANK DEVENNY.

Before viewing the cliff scenery of Crohey, it would be well to call on Mr. Frank Devenny, of Maghery, a most intelligent gentleman, who is well versed in all the legendary lore of the Upper and Lower Rosses, and who describes the landing of Napper Tandy at Rutland, in 1798, the seizure of the mail-bags, and the evidence of old Nassan Foster, the postmaster at Lifford, subsequently. In the most glowing language Mr. Devenny will introduce the tourist to a picturesque and romantic genius, Mr. Patrick Roarty, the chief medicine man of the district, who is an antiquarian, an architect, and a politician. Mr. Roarty says that all Acts of Parliament, before getting the "Royal assent," must pass through three stages, namely, "the House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the *House of Roarty*." But the most peculiar trait in his character is his assertion that he is "a splendid hand at midwifery, as *all the ladies around Maghery can certify*."

## CROHEY HEAD.

The cliff scenery here is exceedingly picturesque, and the rocks of the headland bold and rugged. There is a Martello tower still standing, which was garrisoned by yoemen in 1798. There are also the ruins of a kelp factory to be seen, where kelp was manufactured from the dripping seaweed during the present century. A National school was established here some years ago, in a house which was formerly the residence of a Mrs. Leader, and afterwards of one of the Boxer family. Tourists should visit an immense rock of 100 tons weight and upwards, which was carried by the tide some years ago several yards inland, thus proving the fierce tidal waves to which this coast is subjected. A magnificent view of Arran Island is obtained from all points on this interesting headland.

Temple-Crone old burying-ground is yet to be seen, and is used by the peasantry of the present day, both Protestant and Catholic. The ruins of the old temple are also visible, and a Turras or penitential station is held here annually in June. Illan-Crone lies a short distance from the Termon, which is a jutting point of land, and Innishfree Island is also quite adjacent.

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BURTON-PORT.

The tourist should visit this interesting spot, at which a boat may be chartered for Arran and the other Islands. The position of "the Port," as it is locally called, is extremely advantageous for commercial purposes, especially as, through the energy and enterprise of Messrs. Hammond & Herdman, regular steam communication has been established between this district and Londonderry. We are agreeably surprised to find the magnificent warehouse erected by Mr. James Sweeney, J.P., replete with all modern improvements, and adapted in every sense to suit the commercial requirements of the district. It is a proof, if proof were wanting, of the energy and vitality of the Celt, and, if Mr. Sweeney's

ancestors were "renowned among heroes, the champions of the valour of the Gaels, the star of the conflict of the men of Ulster," with truth may it be said that in the peaceful pursuits of commerce, Mr. Sweeney is a worthy descendant of the old stock, realising the truth of the saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

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#### INISH-MACDUIRN.

Rutland Island, or as it is known locally, Inish-Macduirn, lies one mile seaward from Burtonport, and is interesting by reason of an attempted experiment to found a fishing station here in 1785. It was an immense failure, but let us hope that the operations of the Congested District Board, in the same direction at present, on the Island of Innischoo, are not doomed to a similar fate.

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#### ARRANMORE.

The largest and most fertile island on the coast of Donegal is Arranmore, which contains a population of about 1,100 inhabitants, who subsist chiefly by fishing, kelp-making, and agriculture. The soil here is much better than that on the adjacent mainland, and there is a splendid turf supply on this island, which enjoys a beautiful mild climate and bracing air. Trees grow luxuriantly here, and the fuschia flourishes in full bloom as late as September. There is a Roman Catholic Church and residence of the clergymen on the island, and its sea cliffs and caves are about the most interesting in Ireland, reminding the visitor of the poet's words when he sang—

"Of the wild witch's baneful cot,  
And mermaid's alabaster grot,  
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well,  
Deep in the Strathairds' enchanted cell."

#### A LEGEND OF ARRAN-MORE—THE STORY OF AODH BAWN AND SHEMUS CRONE.

The following account of a massacre and pillage on Arranmore was supplied by Mr. Anthony J. Doherty, of Cruit Island, to the author,

Mr. Doherty states this version was repeated to him by an old man named Paddy Sweeney, of Keadue, and is really a wonderful example of the truthfulness of tradition. The story is also remembered in the parish of Doe, where the rock at which Captain Conyngham was killed is yet pointed out, and is known locally as "Cunningham's rock," situated in the Ards Demesne, a few hundred yards west of Doe chapel, on the right hand side of the mail car road leading to Dunfanaghy. Conyngham's servant was killed at "Ballach Biroge," or the Witches' Path, near Cashel-Lilly, about one mile due north from Conyngham's rock. Some of the Conyngham family are interred in Doe Castle burying-ground.

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS."

*"In the olden time there lived in Arran-more a man named Aodh Bawn (Fair Hugh), and there was not among the men of Erin in his day any so swift of foot or so accomplished in "the arts of war" as he. In Boylagh there also lived at the same time one Shemus Crone, who afterwards migrated to Arran-more, a celebrated marksman, noted for his keenness of vision. Aodh Bawn O'Donnell, at the time our tale commences, was in the prime and vigour of manhood, and the sole support of an aged widowed mother, and Shemus Crone O'Gallagher, who was in the decline of life, had one only daughter depending on him. Both these men, fine specimens of the Celt, were devotedly attached to each other, and famous alike for their splendid physical proportions and daring deeds. One of Cromwell's captains, named Conyngham, then resided at Doe Castle, from whence "MacSweeney of the Battle Axes" had been expelled some twenty years before. From the "famous stronghold of Doe" Conyngham was in the habit of raiding periodically, and on the present occasion he made a descent on the island of Arran-more.*

*The natives, on observing the galleys approaching, hid themselves in a sea-cliff cave. The marauders landed and took possession of all the sheep and cattle on the island. On the seventh day after their arrival they prepared to depart, as no signs of human life*



A GLIMPSE OF MULROY BAY, FROM CRATLAGH WOOD.



being visible, they concluded the islanders had escaped to the mainland, when, unfortunately, a woman—one of the cave-hiders—imprudently appeared at the mouth of the cave, and was observed by a picket of soldiers, who came on a final search, fearing any living thing should escape them. The captain was quickly informed of the fact, and sent one body of soldiers by land, and another by sea to seek out the fugitives, who on being discovered were put to the sword, and the cave where the awful massacre took place is known to this day by the name of “Uach-an-Air,” or the cave of slaughter. Some of the men escaped from the furious onslaught, hewing their way through the surprised soldiery, and ascended to the summit of the cliff. Among these were our heroes, Aodh Bawn and Shemus Crone, both of whom gained the shore and landed at Cruit in a curragh, from whence they proceeded to a place of hiding in Innishillantry. Among the slaughtered on “Arran’s ruined isle” was the aged mother of Aodh Bawn, and he took a solemn oath he would wreak vengeance on Conyngham and his marauders. On returning from the foray, Captain Conyngham visited all the islands, so that our heroes were one morning surprised by the approach of his galleys at a spot which has ever since been known as Scailp Conyngham, or Conyngham’s Chasm. To fight it were impossible, and worse than madness, so both sprang into sea from a cliff called Bin-Bhoy, and Aodh getting Shemus on his back, with mighty strokes dashed through the billows, and escaped, after a most determined pursuit, landing at Lower Cruit, where they again sought refuge. Conyngham, thus baffled again, took to his galleys and returned to Cloughaneely, landing at “Traigh-an-Chliabhain,” whence he proceeded overland to his fortress. But the bloodhound was on the scent; for after recovering sufficient strength Aodh Bawn and Shemus Crone crossed the country, and secreted themselves for days in the woods at Doe Castle. One morning they saw the troops turn out for exercise, and they observed that Captain Conyngham, in company with a single attendant, rode off, leaving his soldiers in charge of a

subordinate. Crossing the strand towards Ards, they naturally concluded he was bound for Dunfanaghy, so they set off with all speed with the intention of intercepting him. There were then two passes or bye-ways, and it so happened that Conyngham came along the road which Shemus Crone was destined to guard. On his approach Shemus was in readiness, and Conyngham quickly recognising his adversary, and being by no means deficient in personal courage, prepared for the encounter. But he was too late. Shemus, pointing his celebrated blunderbuss, "the mhor," sent a bullet through the rider's leg and horse's body. The animal fell dead, and the captain being now unhorsed and at the mercy of Shemus Crone, begged hard his life should be spared. Aodh Bawn, who had heard the report of "the mhor," now came forward, and replying to his fallen adversary's appeals for mercy, said—"When you restore the lives of my mother and relatives, whom you foully murdered at Uach-an-Air, without cause or provocation, then will I spare your life." The captain groaned with mental terror and bodily pain, and Aodh Bawn dispatched him forthwith. The servant all this time remained still, being rendered incapable of movement by the suddenness of the attack, and his master's death, but, at last recovering sufficient courage, he struck spurs to his horse and dashed off in the direction of the castle. Shemus cried out to Aodh that they were now lost, for that the attendant would inform the soldiers of what had occurred, and they would soon be in pursuit, and Aodh, realizing the danger in which they stood by the attendant's escape, called out to him to stop, and as they had suffered no injury from him, no harm would be done to him. But the attendant, either not hearing or not heeding Aodh, continued his course, and Aodh set off after him. They had to pass along a strand, and three times along the length of it, Aodh had his hand on the horse, but each time lost his hold again. At last, at the end of the strand, the horse began to tire in the soft sand, and Aodh grasped his tail, and held on till he found a chance of plunging his sword into the horse's side. He then seized



*the attendant, bound him fast, and left him lying there. Returning thereafter to Shemus, they both set off at once for the mountains, feeling certain that there should be a search for, and a chase after them, when the captain's body should be discovered. While in retirement, and concealment, among the hills, they learned that they had been declared outlaws, and a price of £500 set on their heads, whether taken dead or alive. For greater security they returned to the Rosses, and took up their abode for a time on Owey Island. Their presence here, having somehow become known to the commander of an English garrison, then stationed in Donegal town, he sent a body of 21 armed men, under an officer's command, to capture the outlaws. When the soldiers arrived at Owey Sound, having no means of crossing to the island, they began to amuse themselves on the level beach in different kinds of games—running, wrestling, leaping, &c. On this particular day, Aodh Bawn was trout-fishing at Lough-na-g-Creack, in Belcruit, and Shemus Crone was in a hut they had erected at Gortlasade, the site of which is known to this day by the name of "Sean-teach Aodh Bhain" (the old house of Aodh Bawn). Shemus saw the soldiers passing down the Cruit strand, making towards Owey, and getting a hood and cloak he disguised himself as an old woman, taking care to have his blunderbuss concealed beneath the cloak. In this outfit he crossed to Cruit, and proceeded to Owey Sound also, where, the better to put the soldiers off their guard, he began to "pull" limpets among the shingle-stones, gradually and stealthily approaching the soldiers, until he got within shooting range, when he pulled out "the mhor" and let fly at them. Great was the consternation caused among the erstwhile gay soldiers, when they saw five of their comrades lying stark and stiff by their sides, and the supposed woman standing with weapon poised, ready to deal out the same fate to four or five more at each shot. They at once guessed that they had to deal with one of the outlaws, and formed into line, levelling their pieces at him. Shemus, retreating behind a boulder, killed four more with*

*his second shot, and three with his third. The remainder, seeing the dire havoc that was being made among them, and that their assailant, from his position, was safe from their fire, took to their heels and fled. Aodh Bawn having no view of Cruit strand, did not know of the enemy's coming, but he heard Shemus's first shot, and at once knew the report of "the mhor." He shook his head, saying, "That's five heads down," and without a moment's delay set off to his friend's aid, going over the bare summits of the Belcruit hills, and along the smooth expanse of Cruit strand like a gale of North wind on a March day. Soon the firing ceased, and he began to fear for his companion's safety. He doubled his speed, and soon met the retreating redcoats, who were rather too agile for Shemus. Aodh now engaged them; and if the destruction wrought among them by Shemus was great and sudden, not less so was the execution done on their ranks by Aodh; so that neither fight nor flight could save them, but the last man of their number fell at Illaun-na-gonrach, or the island of the coffins, on Cruit strand."*

The account of this awful slaughter is related by O'Connell in his "Memoir of the State of Ireland," as having taken place in 1641. He says, "The Captain made a raid into the island of Arranmore. The islanders perceiving his approach all of them that could took to their boats, and the old and young, and some women, in all seventy souls, were hidden in a cave. The Captain having driven all the cattle and sheep he had found on the island to his boats, was on the point of starting with his plunder when one of his soldiers espied a woman, who incautiously left the cave to reconnoitre. Being thus discovered every one of the poor, helpless seventy creatures hidden in the cave were butchered." This cave of Uach-an-Air, or the cave of slaughter, lies about a gun-shot from the Roman Catholic chapel on the island, and the story is still vividly remembered by the inhabitants, who relate it with mingled feelings of horror and indignation.

Due east from Dungloe there is another curious cave at Croveigh, the entrance to which is on the edge of a lake. It is very

spacious inside, containing many apartments, and penetrates about half a mile underneath the mountain.

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### LETTERMACAWARD.

Leaving Dungloe the tourist should examine this district, which, being literally translated, signifies "the Hillside of the Macawards," who were the hereditary bards to the great house of O'Donnell. It stretches alongside the Gweebara from Doochary Bridge to the sea, but is not a place in which the antiquarian or the tourist may spend much time exploring. In the townland of Dooley, there is an artificial cave, at the southern base of Shothill, which was used as a hiding-place for storing whiskey and utensils in the old days of illicit distillation. There is a well called "Tobair-na-Wheelogue," or the Seagulls' Well, here, with which a strange tradition is associated. St. Connell Caol is said to have fallen asleep at this well on one occasion, and when he awoke he found a seagull had laid an egg on his open hand. This was a sign that the performance of a penance which he had undertaken was fulfilled, and he forthwith commenced to build the church of Innis-Caoil.

O'Donovan's description of this district is so truthful and applicable just now, that we cannot forbear quoting from his Ordnance Survey letters the following extract:—"We directed our course southwards through the parish of Temple-Croan, keeping Traienach to the right, until we arrived at the boundary of Lettermacaward, where we veered a little to the south-west with an intention of visiting the townlands of Meenagoban and Dooley, where the most intelligent of the natives of the parish reside, and to cross the ferry near the mouth of Gweebara Bay. On the road we met crowds of the women of the mountains, who were loaded with stockings going to the fair of Dunglow, and who bore deep graven on their visages the effects of poverty and smoke, of their having been kept alive by the potato only, that Raleigh introduced, which has so much increased the

population and the wretchedness of the Isle of Saints and Gallow-glasses. . Why do I say increased the population? Because an Irish peasant expects nothing but the potato, and when he finds himself possessor of as much land as will produce a sufficient quantity of these roots to support himself and another he marries and contributes largely to the Celtic stock, still looking to the potato as the sole support. But woe when storms rush from the angry ocean, destroying the stalks, and causing grisly famine to stalk across the land with giant strides! Where, then, are his £10 sterling, hoarded during the plentiful seasons, with which to buy meal? He has no hope but the green growing crop, and should that fail, hope is past, and he sees his hungry offspring, pale and emaciated with hunger, and brown as the inside of his cabin." The Gweebara is a noble river, which takes its rise in Lough Bara, and empties into the sea at Gweebara Bay. It is crossed at present by a ferry at Ballincarrick, and by a bridge at Doochary Village, on the property of Arthur Irwin. The Gweebara fishery belongs to Lord Cloncurry, but is rented to Lord Mayo and a Mr. Rynd. The angling is magnificent, the net-fishing very prosperous, and the scenery is really beautiful along the river. Slieve-Snaghta, or the Mountain of snow, should be climbed from Doochary Bridge. It is the highest mountain in Donegal, next to Errigal.

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#### GLENTIES.

This village is called by the Irish Gleantaidhe, which signifies "The Glens," from its situation at the head of the two glens—viz., the Glen of Stracashel, or the Castle of the Holm, and Glen-fada-na-Scalga, or the Long Glen of Hunting. It is the great emporium of the home industry and stocking manufacture in Donegal, and the enterprising firms of the MacDevitt family still ply a remunerative trade in hand-knit hosiery and flannels. For tourists Glenties is a convenient starting point to the Rosses, Letterkenny, or Glencolumb-

kille, and O'Donnell's Hotel will be found most comfortable. The Most Rev. Dr. M'Devitt, Bishop of Raphoe, was a native of Glenties, as is also the present Bishop, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell.

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#### ARDARA.

The town or village or Ardara, or Hill of the Fort, takes its name from a very conspicuous earthen fort which stands on a hill about 200 perches to the north-east of the town. The "Nesbitt Arms Hotel" offers every inducement to tourists or anglers, and the scenery is magnificent. Two splendid salmon rivers empty into Loughros Bay. Inniskeel, in Gweebarra Bay, must be visited. In the *Monasticon Hibernicon* it is described as "an island lying off the coast of the Barony of Boylagh and Bannagh. St. Connell Caol was Abbot of Inniskeel, and is honoured here on the 12th of May. St. Dallan wrote a work in his praise. He was killed by pirates about the year 590, and was interred with his friend. His festival is held on January the 29th. Here is a celebrated well which, with the church, is dedicated to St. Connell, and yearly visited by a great concourse of pilgrims on the 12th of May." St. Connell's Bell is now in the British Museum, where it was discovered by Mr. W. J. Doherty, St. Muras, Fahan. It disappeared for some years after the death of Major Tredennick, who purchased the sacred relic from the chief of the Clan O'Breslin. In A.D. 1611, according to the Annals, Niall O'Boyle, Bishop of Raphoe, died at Gleneanny, and was interred at Inniskeel.

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#### LOUGHADOON.

On an island in this lough is a building called the Bawawn, supposed to have been a cow-fortress belonging to the O'Boyles. It is situated in the townland of Lackagh, where the Annals state that in

A.D. 1580 "Conor Oge O'Boyle, tanist of Boylagh, was slain by the sons of O'Boyle on the Lackagh on the 6th of February." O'Boyle had several castles, and Cranaboy is said to have been his residence in ancient time, as some of the walls of his fortress are yet shown there. Ballyboyle, to the west of Donegal town, and Kiltoorish Lough, in Inniskeel, were his principal residences. In A.D. 1517 it is related that "Donagh, the son of Torlogh O'Boyle, the best gentleman of his means, who made the most warfare, and performed the most intrepid exploits of any of his own tribe, went with the crew of a boat to Tory Island, and a wind having driven him westward to sea no tidings of them were ever after heard." The island in Kiltoorish is well worthy of a visit, and on it is a gun, said to have been recovered from one of the Armada ships which was lost on Trymore strand. The ruins of the old castle are still standing, and look very picturesque from Eden House, the charming residence of Major Johnstone, with Knic-o-the-ballagh in the distance. The gallant Major is the possessor of a very interesting museum, consisting of coins of the time of Edward Bruce, of Edward II., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, and ones of Philip and Mary, all of which were found on the sandhills adjacent. A pair of candlesticks which stood the seige of Derry, and a most extraordinary relic of the ascendancy days, completes the rare collection. The latter is a badge or clasp of brass, with the picture of Enniskillen Castle raised thereon, surrounded with orange lillies and purple rockets, and inscribed at top "Glenawley Infantry," and underneath the motto, "Croppies lie down." Some trophies of the chase are also to be seen, notably the head of a wild goat shot by Major Johnstone on Slievetooley. Mossville, the residence of Colonel Hamilton, is in this district also, and is a very handsome seaside residence. In the townland of Kilclooney there is a rare specimen of a cromlech, and near Ardlogher House, the residence of Mr. Patrick Gallagher, J.P., is a celebrated well, with a flagstone at the bottom, on which there is said to be an inscription, probably Ogham, which has not been deciphered.

## FINTOWN.

This village is situated on the shores of the beautiful Lough Fin, about which a strange legend is told accounting for its name. It is thus rendered in bardic verse by O'Donovan—

“ One time as Finn, the Lord of all the Fians,  
 Made preparation for a grand, rich feast  
 In that deep vale which now we call the Finn ;  
 He sent great Goll, the bravest of the tribe  
 Of Clanna Morna, for a furious bull  
 That roared with terror in a dark, deep vale  
 That lies behind Lough Finne to the south.  
 Great Goll set out, and soon arrived before  
 This haughty monarch of the vale and herd,  
 And stood a rock of strength, a bull in size  
 To curb his prey. The haughty giant soon  
 Perceived the hero through the heath and grass  
 On which he fed, and stood in attitude  
 Of fierce defiance ; lowing he spurned the earth,  
 And fire and fury sparkled in his eyes.  
 Proud Goll made effort to subdue his strength,  
 But found exertion vain, the more he pressed  
 The Bovian champion's neck the more his strength  
 Increased, until his force no human arm could curb ;  
 When Goll discovered that no strength could check  
 The monster's growing rage, he thought that flight  
 Was now the only means to save a life  
 Which human force could never from him take.  
 He sprung away, and left the bull alone  
 To wreak his passion on the earth of stones ;  
 (Pursuit he feared not : neither steed nor hound  
 Could vie with him in fleetness) and he came  
 To Fin's wide camp of chase and there declared  
 That man unarmed could never curb the bull.  
 To him said Ergoman, a warrior bold :  
 By Crom, great Goll, I thought no brute on earth  
 Could match thy strength ; come now, and you and I  
 Will hither bring him or we both will fall.  
 They went and took the monster by the horns :  
 (He raged and bellowed, strove to crush in vain)  
 They split him from the forehead to the tail  
 And sent his fierce, unconquered soul to hell,  
 And bore his carcase bleeding on their backs.  
 Now, be it told, before these men of fame  
 Had reached the vale in which the bull had ruled,

They met upon their way (tradition says)  
 A snowy litter of six tender pigs;  
 Unguarded by the mother these they killed  
 And left their bleeding bodies lying there  
 Till their return. Finn felt his mind disturbed:  
 He chewed his thumb, and learned what they had done,  
 And on a hill he stood and roared aloud:  
 'Ergoman and Goll, my worthy champions hear  
 My grave advice: Return not home the way  
 On which you killed the snow-white pigs, for sure  
 Destruction waits you there, take my advice.'  
 They heard his voice distinctly, for he filled  
 A space of nine long miles with every breath.  
 The prudent Goll, though of the two the best,  
 Obeyed the word of Finn, but Ergoman  
 Declared that nought in heaven, on earth or hell  
 Could teach him how to fear: he would return  
 The way he came and bring the snow-white pigs.  
 Do as thou pleasest, said the prudent Goll,  
 I know that Finn sees danger in his thumb;  
 So saying, he changed his course and crossed the hill,  
 And soon arrived in safety at the camp.  
 But bold Ergoman passed along the vale  
 Until he reached the snowy pigs in gore,  
 And lo! o'er them stood, huge, and grieved, and fierce,  
 Their dam, with eyes on fire; her bristles stood upright  
 As hedgehogs quills as Ergoman she saw;  
 She rushed at him, a furious fight ensued  
 In which he felt the fulmen of her tusks,  
 Which spite of all his strength had worked his fate.  
 Before he felt his mighty strength give way  
 Her tusk had pierced his belly! 'Ergoman,'  
 He cried, 'must perish.' Then he roared so loud  
 That hill and vale responded to his call.  
 His fair but heroic sister heard the shout,  
 Conveyed to her by echo's fairy mouth,  
 Which she believed her brother's. Up she sprang,  
 Like the bold tigress on her prey to fall.  
 Fair Finn was then upon the southern side  
 Of the Black Lake which took her beauteous name,  
 And echo from the opposite mountain spoke  
 Her brother's danger. There he seemed to be,  
 And the bright damsel sprang into the lake  
 To swim it over, but before she reached  
 The middle of the flood, by fright and grief



O'ercame she sunk to see the day no more.  
 Her snowy body afterwards was washed  
 Upon the shore of this wild mountain lake  
 And there interred, but no one knows the where.  
 The lake was named from her, and Echo called  
 A false deceiver, murderer, and a liar."

Thus the fate of this ancient Irish Ophelia gave name to the dark rolling Finn and its parent lough, the waters of which are black as ink, and not fair as the name Finn signifies, "but are tinged," says O'Donovan, "with the colours of their native mountain streams as they pass through bog or mineral veins to pay their tributes to the queenly Finn, which shines black from the point where she escapes from her parent lough (from which her name) to that point where, mingling with her sister Mourne, she loses her name and waters in Lough Foyle." At Fintown there is a neat Roman Catholic Church and parochial house, and a snug inn, kept by one of the Clan O'Donnell. Aghla mountain looms over Lough Finn, and is very picturesque, and in fact this glen is one of the most perfect landscapes in Donegal. The drive from Glenties to Letterkenny along the lonely valley of the Finn is of a most enchanting description. The scenery is weird and beautiful, and we have no doubt when the railway is finished this will be a popular run for tourists starting from Derry. The shades of night closed around as we leave Fintown and its fabled lake behind, and after a dreary drive of several hours in the gloom we arrive at

#### LETTERKENNY.

Letterkenny is the chief town of the county, and was the residence, in ancient times, of the O'Cannonans, princes of Tyrconnell, whose *regime* ended in A.D. 1200, when the power passed into the hands of Eighnechan O'Donnell. Translated, Letterkenny signifies the hill-side of the O'Cannonans, but no trace of an ancient royal palace can now be found in the district, which, however, is still a rich field for the antiquarian and the historian. The fierce battles for supremacy, between the powerful families of the northern Hy-Niall, were fought on the banks of the historic Swilly, which meanders past. The town

itself consists of one long street of almost a mile in length, stretching along the hillside, from the river's bank at the Oldtown, to the Asylum, which occupies a commanding position, on a pleasant eminence, overlooking the fertile plains of Moy-Itha, otherwise the Lagan. The market square, where "merchants most do congregate," is situated about the centre of the town. "In the Plantation of Ulster" we find that "Captain Crawford was the first patentee," "Sir George Marburie hath 1,000 acres called Letterkenny. Upon this there is built a bawne of lime and stone, sixty feet square, with two flankers twelve feet high, and standeth waste. Near adjoining to this bawne there is built a township where there is forty houses wherein he dwelleth, and all these houses are inhabited with British tenants, being able to make fifty men. It is a great market town, and standeth very well for the king's service." This Captain Crawford was killed at the seige of Dunnyvey, in Isla, and he belonged to a family of Scotch colonists who came to Donegal, at the time of Ineen Duv Macdonnell's marriage with the O'Donnell. Sir George Marburie afterwards married his widow and inherited the property, which has passed into other hands years ago. His brother was steward of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Ineen Dhu's famous son. The town of Letterkenny contains a population of 2,920, and is the headquarters of the constabulary of the county, and of the Donegal Artillery. It occupies an advantageous position for commercial development, but the first step towards this desirable consummation would be the straightening and deepening of the Swilly. If this were done, it might place this town in the position of a competing rival for its own legitimate Donegal trade, with the more favored commercial centre of Derry, on the banks of the Foyle.

The opening of the railway to Letterkenny has "retarded its progress" and "ruined its trade," at least so say the inhabitants; but if we accept as evidence of prosperity, a steadily increasing population, the erection of fine buildings, and the establishment of bank branches during the past quarter of a century, we would be

inclined to say that Letterkenny was in a flourishing condition. The Swilly is navigable to the Port Bridge at present, for vessels of 200 tons burthen, but the feat of navigation is rather difficult, as the channel is of a tortuous nature, and has silted considerably. If a good pier was erected at "The Thorn" we have no doubt a considerable cross-Channel trade might yet be established. Letterkenny contains two splendid hotels, situated in the main street just opposite the market square, and it is said that Hegarty's Hotel, now conducted by Mrs. Peoples, is second to none in Ulster. A Roman Catholic cathedral is being erected on the site of the old church by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, who resides in the town. The Literary Institute is an attractive building and contains a magnificent library, and a spacious hall, with billiard and reading rooms attached. It was erected through the energy of the late lamented Rev. F. W. Gallagher, P.P., of Glencolumbkille, who, as administrator here, exerted himself in every way to develop the latent genius of the youth of Letterkenny. This hall was opened in 1876 by the then Bishop of the Diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. M'Devitt, and Lord O'Hagan—then Lord Chancellor—who delivered the inaugural address at the opening, was met on the platform by the Protestant gentry of the district, and the most telling speech delivered on the occasion, was by the late Mr. John R. Boyd, D.L., of Ballymacool, who, in felicitous language invited Lord O'Hagan to become a Donegal landed proprietor.

The drive from Letterkenny into the highlands of Donegal is exceedingly charming, especially the trip by long car to Dunfanaghy; through a country presenting the most rugged features of landscape, alternating with smiling valleys, waving woods, and verdant knolls.

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#### GLEN SWILLY.

Glen Swilly is the ancient name of the district to the west of the town, and in the annals we find, at A.D. 916, "Scanlan, Erenach of

Conwal, Glenswillie, died." The ruins of Conwal lie in a townland which takes its name from the old church, to the right of the road between Letterkenny and Gartan. In the churchyard, close to the south wall, there is a gravestone with an ornamented cross, beautifully sculptured, which perhaps marks the spot where moulder the ashes of Godfrey O'Donnell. The annals state at A.D. 1258 that "Godfrey O'Donnell had now for the space of a year, after having fought the battle of Credran, been lying on his death-bed in an island on Lough-Beagh. When Bryan O'Neill received intelligence of this he collected his forces together for the purpose of marching into Tyrconnell, and sent messengers to O'Donnell to demand hostages, pledges, and submission from the Kinel-Connell, as they had no capable chieftain since the disabling of Godfrey. When the messengers delivered their message to O'Donnell they returned back with all the speed they could exert. O'Donnell ordered the Kinel-Connell to assemble from all quarters and come to him, and after they had assembled at the summons of their lord he ordered them, as he was not able to march with them, to make for him the bier, wherein his body would finally be borne, and to place him in it and carry him in the midst of his people. He told them to exert their bravery, as he himself was among them, and not to suffer the might of their enemies to prevail over them. They then, by order of their lord, proceeded on their march against O'Neill's army, and the two armies met face to face at the river called Sueleach (The Swilly). They attacked each other without regard to friendship or kindred until the Tyronian army was discomfited and driven back, leaving behind them many men, horses, and a great quantity of valuable property. On the return of the Tyrconnellian army from this victory the bier on which O'Donnell was carried was laid down in the street of Conwal, and here his soul departed from the venom of the scars and wounds which he had received in the battle of Credran. This was not death in cowardice but the death of a hero who had at all times triumphed over his enemies."

The foregoing episode, one of the most glorious in the history of Tyrconnell, is thus commemorated by one of Ireland's sweetest singers, Aubrey De Vere, in the following soul-stirring ballad, which we extract from Mr. A. M. Sullivan's "Story of Ireland"—

"All worn and wan, and sore with wounds from Credan's bloody fray,  
In Donegal for weary months the proud O'Donnell lay;  
Around his couch in bitter grief his trusty clansmen wait,  
And silent watch, with aching hearts, his faint and feeble state."

"The chief asks one evening to be brought into the open air, that he may gaze once more on the landscape's familiar scenes"—

"And see the stag upon the hills, the white clouds drifting by,  
And feel upon my wasted cheek God's sunshine ere I die."

"Suddenly he starts on his pallet and exclaims":

"A war-steed's tramp is on the heath, and onward cometh fast,  
And by the rood! a trumpet sounds! hark! 'tis the Red Hand's blast!"  
And soon a kern all breathless ran, and told a stranger train  
Across the heath was spurring fast, and then in sight it came.

"Go, bring me, quick, my father's sword," the noble chieftain said;  
"My mantle o'er my shoulders fling, place helmet on my head;  
And raise me to my feet, for ne'er shall clansman of my foe  
Go boasting tell in far Tyrone he saw O'Donnell low."

"The envoys of O'Neill arrive in Godfrey's presence, and deliver their message, demanding tribute":—

"A hundred hawks from out your woods, all trained their prey to get;  
A hundred steeds from off your hills, uncrossed by rider yet;  
A hundred kine from off your hills, the best your land doth know  
A hundred hounds from out your halls, to hunt the stag and roe."

"Godfrey, however, is resolved to let his foes, be they Norman or native, know that, though dying, he is not dead yet. He orders a levy of all the fighting men of Tyrconnell"—

"Go call around Tyrconnell's chief my warriors tried and true;  
Send forth a friend to Donal More, a scout to Lisnahue;  
Light baal-fires quick on Esker's towers, that all the land may know  
O'Donnell needeth help, and haste to meet his haughty foe.

"Oh, could I but my people head, or wield once more a spear,  
Saint Angus! but we'd hunt their hosts like herds of fallow deer.  
But vain the wish, since I am now a faint and failing man;  
Yet, ye shall bear me to the field, in the centre of my clan.

- “ Right in the midst, and lest, perchance, upon the march I die,  
 In my coffin ye shall place me, uncovered let me lie ;  
 And swear ye now, my body cold shall never rest in clay,  
 Until you drive from Donegal O’Niall’s host away.
- “ Then sad and stern, with hand on skian, that solemn oath they swore,  
 And in a coffin placed their chief, and on a litter bore.  
 Tho’ ebbing fast his life-throbs came, yet dauntless in his mood,  
 He marshalled well Tyrconnell’s chiefs, like leader wise and good.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- “ Lough Swilly’s sides are thick with spears, O’Niall’s host is there,  
 And proud and gay their battle sheen, their banners float the air ;  
 And haughtily a challenge bold their trumpets bloweth free,  
 When winding down the heath-clad hills, O’Donnell’s band they see !
- “ No answer back those warriors gave, but sternly on they stept,  
 And in their centre, curtained black, a litter close is kept ;  
 And all their host it guideth fair, as did in Galilee  
 Proud Judah’s tribes the Ark of God, when crossing Egypt’s sea.
- “ Then rose the roar of battle loud, as clan met clan in fight ;  
 The axe and skian grew red with blood, a sad and woful sight ;  
 Yet in the midst o’er all, unmoved, that litter black is seen,  
 Like some dark rock that lifts its head o’er ocean’s war serene.
- “ Yet once, when blenching back fierce Bryan’s charge before,  
 Tyrconnell wavered in its ranks, and all was nearly o’er,  
 Aside those curtains wide were flung, and plainly to the view  
 Each host beheld O’Donnell there, all pale and wan in hue.
- “ And to his tribes he stretch’d his hands—then pointed to the foe,  
 When with a shout they rally round, and on Clan Hugh they go ;  
 And back they beat their horsemen fierce, and in a column deep,  
 With O’Donnell in their foremost rank, in one fierce charge they sweep.  
 \* \* \* \* \*
- “ Lough Swilly’s banks are thick with spears !—O’Niall’s host is there,  
 But rent and tost like tempest clouds—Clan O’Donnell in the rere !  
 Lough Swilly’s waves are red with blood, as madly in its tide  
 O’Niall’s horsemen wildly plunge, to reach the other side.
- “ And broken is Tyrowen’s pride, and vanquished Clannaboy,  
 And there is wailing thro’ the land, from Bann to Aughnacloy  
 The red hand’s crest is bent in grief, upon its shield a stain,  
 For its stoutest clans are broken, its stoutest chiefs are slain.
- “ And proud and high Tyrconnell shouts ; but blending on the gale,  
 Upon the ear ascendeth a sad and sullen wail ;  
 For on that field, as back they bore, from chasing of the foe,  
 The spirit of O’Donnell fled !—oh, woe for Ulster, woe !

“Yet died he there all gloriously—a victor in the fight ;  
 A chieftain at his people’s head, a warrior in his might ;  
 They dug him there a fitting grave upon that field of pride,  
 And a lofty cairn raised above, by fair Lough Swilly’s side.”

The following extracts are also taken from the Annals of the Four Masters—“A.D. 1540.—The brothers of O’Donnell—viz., Donogh, Carbreagh, and John Luirg—arrayed themselves in opposition against him and took up their abode in the crannog of Lough Veagh, from which they continued to plunder the country. O’Donnell took them both prisoners, and took also Egnechan O’Donnell in the Castle of Conwal. He hanged John Luirg, and cast Egnechan and Donogh in chains. He also destroyed the crannog of Lough Veagh.”

“A.D. 1580.—The son of O’Donnell (Caffer, the son of Magnus), Tanist, of Tyrconnell, a man of bounteous, munificent, and truly hospitable character, and a man greatly in esteem with the distressed and learned of the North of Ireland, died in his own Castle of Scariv-Sollus, on the 15th of October, and was interred at Donegal.” Scariv-Sollus signifies the shallow ford of the light, and was defended by this Castle, situated on the Swilly, about two miles west of Letterkenny. The site of the Castle is still pointed out on the south side of the river, but the walls only remain.

The battle of Scariv-Sollus was fought on 21st June, 1650, between Emer MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher, and the Cromwellian General, Sir Charles Coote, resulting in the defeat and almost complete annihilation of the Irish forces. The Bishop was beheaded by order of Coote near Enniskillen, where he was captured by Major King. At Doon Glebe there is a standing stone called the “King’s stone,” where, tradition says, the ancient kings were crowned. In its vicinity is an ancient well, and a caher or stone fort.

*Templedouglas*, properly Temple-Dubhglaisse, “the church of the dark stream,” occupies a romantic site in the midst of a fair valley near the little village of Churchill. It is now a long, unroofed building, measuring in the interior 72 feet by 24 feet, and in a fair state of preservation. Probably it occupies the spot where stood the church

in which Columba was baptised, and which he attended when a boy. The Monk who baptised him bore the name of Cruithnechan. He was called Collumb, which signifies a dove, but his schoolfellows added "cille," which means church, because of his diligent attendance at his studies at the Monastery of Dubh-glas. His companions here used to greet him thus : " Has our little Columb come to-day from the cell ? "

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#### GARTAN.

Gartan or Gortin, which means the little tilled field or garden, is situated on the banks of Lough Akibbon, and on a fairer scene the eye could scarcely rest. Here there are three lakes lying close together in a hollow amid the hills. One is called Lough Veigh South. Between these two lakes runs a narrow strip of land, over which our road passes. Lough Veigh House, the property of Mr. E. D. Hewetson, stands on the shores of this lake, and is a beautiful seat, surrounded by a magnificently-timbered demesne, which is considered one of the most charming pictures in our highland scenery.

Gartan is thus described by Manus O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, who wrote a life of the patron saint of his family as " That land, Gartan, which lies in the country of Tyrconnell, is horrible even to the appearance of a wilderness, on account of the very lofty mountains which take up its whole extent to the north ; but a declivity which is adjacent to the more cultivated plains, and exposed to the rays of the sun, and lakes situate at the foot thereof, render it most delightful in the summer season." O'Donovan was much pleased with the appearance of Lough Veigh, but he evidently referred, not to the Gartan Lough, but to Lough Veigh North, where Adair's Castle now stands. He says—" Its largest island, on which O'Donnell had a crannog or wooden house, has been celebrated in modern times for a distillery belonging to Teigue O'Boyle, which furnished the district with 'mountain dew' for some years. Teigue was able



to tell us a good deal about the lake of Lough-Beith, which derives its name from the great quantity of birch trees which grew around it in ancient times; but he told us not a word about the distillery, nor was he very willing even to say much about the crannog of O'Donnell."

## ST. COLUMBA.

St. Columba or Columbkille, the apostle of Caledonia, whose name is so prominently identified with the early history of Christianity in the British Isles, was born at Gartan, county Donegal, on 7th December, 521. His father was descended from one of the eight sons of Nial of the Nine Hostages, who was supreme Monarch of all Ireland from 379 to 405, when St. Patrick was brought to the island as a slave. The slab on which his mother lay at the moment of his birth is still shown, and among the other virtues attributed to it, it is said to have the power of preserving anyone who spends a night upon it, from the home-sickness, with which the Irish exile is so apt to be affected, and from which the saint, a voluntary exile from Erin in the cause of religion and for conscience sake, suffered severely. He was fostered at Kilmacrennan, baptised at Temple-douglas, and received his early education from the priest who baptised him, from whose instructions he passed to Raymochy, under Bishop Brugagh, thence to Moville to St. Findon, and afterwards to the monastic school at Clonard, where he became the pupil of another St. Findon or Finnian. It was while here that he obtained the name of Columba or Columbkille, the dove of the church, given to him by his fellow students, from the gentleness of his disposition, and the fidelity of his attachments to his friends. How active he was in carrying on his work as a spiritual teacher may be learned from the fact that, before he was 25 years of age, he had founded no less than 37 monasteries. Besides his attachment to his family and friends, he was remarkable for his fondness for certain localities. Favourite among these was Derry, the place where he habitually lived. So deep was his feeling for Derry, that he would not allow the oak, from the Irish word from which it derived its name, to be cut down, while

such trees as were blown down by the wind he used only for the fire which was lighted on the arrival of strangers, or distributed among the poor. Attention to the poor was a sacred duty in ancient Ireland. They had a first claim on the goods of Monks, and, though no very exceptional case of generosity, the Monastery of Derry was in the habit of feeding a hundred applicants every day. In some lines still extant St. Columba, who was a poet as well as a scholar, thus speaks of his beloved city—

“My Derry, my fair oak grove !  
 My dear little cell, my dwelling !  
 Beloved are Swords and Kells,  
 But sweeter and fairer to me  
 The salt sea where the seagulls' cry,  
 When I come to Derry from afar !”

St. Columba had a love for books and manuscripts, which amounted to a passion, and this passion, almost the only one he ever yielded to, had a singular though indirect effect in shaping his destiny. But for this, his name might have come down to us as little distinguished as those of the many holy men of the past, whose deeds are known to God alone, and the little island in the Heberdies, which his labours have made illustrious for ever, would have remained as obscure as its other bleak and storm-swept brethren of the Western Sea. The result came about in this way :—The saint wished to copy a Psalter belonging to his master, Finnian, but Finnian was a monopolist who prized his treasure too highly to share it with others, and who did not wish to depreciate its value, by giving it circulation. Columba, however, was not to be balked, and found means of copying it secretly. On discovering what he had done, Finnian demanded possession of the copy, as a thing to which he was entitled, through his ownership of the original. Columba refused, and after considerable discussion the matter was left for decision to Diarmid, the Ard Righ, or Chief Ruler of Erin at the time. Diarmid, though closely connected with the family of Columba, decided against him, using words which have since passed into a proverb, “to every cow its calf,” in making his

award. Columba was greatly disappointed, and vowing vengeance on Diarmid, proceeded to stir up his princely relatives in the North to punish him for his decision. It was not difficult to put the hot blood of the O'Donnell's into action, and an expedition was set on foot against the Ard Righ, in which the latter was defeated, and many people were slain. For having caused this bloodshed Columba was shortly afterwards excommunicated by the Synod of Teilte, but, by the intercession of St. Brendon, the sentence was subsequently revoked. Columba, however, did not feel at ease; he was conscious that he had been the primary cause of the war, and though he had escaped punishment from his fellowmen, his conscience could not feel at rest, until he made some atonement for his crime. He, therefore, sought counsel from several holy men, none of whom, he imagined, imposed upon him a penance sufficiently severe, until he came to St. Molaise, who sentenced him to perpetual exile. This to Columba was worse than death, to quote words which he uttered afterwards in one of his dark hours during his banishment in Iona—

“ Better a grave in faultless Erin  
Than life without end in Albyn ! ”

Yet, bowing his head, he said in a voice full of emotion, which even with all his resolution he with difficulty controlled: “ It shall be as thou hast commanded.” The manuscript which had been the occasion of so much disturbance and bloodshed came afterwards to be venerated as a kind of national military and religious palladium by the Princes of Tyrconnell. Under the name of Cathac, or the fighter, the Latin Psalter, transcribed by St. Columba, enshrined in a sort of portable altar, became the national relic of the O'Donnell clan. For more than 1,000 years it was carried with them to battle, and, after many vicissitudes, happily still exists in the tranquil retirement of the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Columba was 42 years of age when the sentence was passed upon him by St. Molaise. After searching among the most remote spots on the Western Coast of Scotland, then called Albyn, he selected for his exile as a place from

which no glimpse of Ireland could be obtained (for he could not bear to live in view of the dear green land he had parted from for ever), the desolate island of Iona. From this time until the time of his death his life was one of incessant labour in the cause of Christianity and virtue. Three hundred monasteries, founded by himself and acknowledging him as superior, shed their light over the Isles and Western Coast of Scotland, before his work was done. The island, which he had found a bleak and barren rock, became the resort of crowds of visitors from all parts of Albyn, and even from the Continent of Europe, attracted by the sanctity and wisdom of the great Irish apostle. But amid all his labours, and in the presence of such homage as would have satisfied the longings and deadened the sensibilities of meaner souls, he still remembered Ireland with pangs of regret, which he poured forth to heaven in constant prayers for her welfare. One can hardly fancy, in this prosaic and materialistic age, when enthusiasm is so apt to be regarded as a symptom of weakness, and love looked upon only as affectation or folly, the nature and depth of the feeling which Columba had for his native land. Romance, in its highest imaginings, never conceived a sentiment so pure, so holy, so chivalrous, and, at the same time, so simple. It was the affection of the child for its mother, the love of the poet for his spiritual mistress, the worship of the mediæval knight for the lady whose beauty was peerless among women, and whose honour was beyond all price, fused into one comprehensive sentiment, and elevated into greater dignity by the grandeur of his own character. Standing on the beach of Iona, and looking over the stretch of sea that separated him from the island of his love, and watching the gulls as they spread their white wings towards the shores of Ireland, his great heart would involuntarily break forth into utterances of sorrow, childlike in their simplicity and earnestness:—"Happy, O waves, that are permitted to kiss the shores of Erin! Happy, thrice happy, O birds that from your dwellings among her cliffs can see her dark groves of oak and her fields that are always green!" Notwithstanding his sentence of

perpetual exile Columba was yet to visit Ireland again. In the reign of-King Aedh the Bards, a class that had been always very highly favoured in Ireland, became so insolent and overbearing in the exercise of their privileges that their order was about to be suppressed. When their cause seemed almost lost, and their doom determined on, Columba was called in as an arbitrator between them and the King. A poet himself, Columba had a deep sympathy with these gifted and genial, but vain-glorious children of song. He was, therefore, brought over to Ireland blind-folded, that he might not see the land which he had vowed never to look on again, and having, by his interference at an assembly held in Drumceat, near Limavady, saved the Bardic Order from a speedy extinction, and established the independence of the Celtic Colony in Alban—for our saint was a true Home Ruler—he was led back to the shore, and put on board the boat which was to convey him to Iona. At length his end was come. He had converted the savage pict, in the North-East and Eastern shores of Scotland; he had established a purer Christianity among the Dalriadan Colony in the West; he had shed the light of the Gospel on the remotest corners of the Hebrides, and disciples were around him who were yet to carry the sacred lamp into the darkness of pagan Saxondom, and over the wilds of Continental Europe—"he had fought the good fight, he had finished the faith;" his work was done. On the morning of the last day of his life, knowing that his time had come, he climbed, says Montalambert, to the top of a hillock from which he could see all the isle and the monastery, and pronounced a prophetic benediction on the sanctuary he had created. "This little spot, so small and low, shall be greatly honoured not only by the Scots, Kings, and people, but also by foreign chiefs and barbarous nations." Iona afterwards became the burying-place of the Scottish sovereigns, and was visited, for centuries, by pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world.

After this he went down to the monastery, and began his work for the last time. He was then occupied in transcribing the Psalter. When he had come to the 93rd Psalm, and the verse, "They who

ask of the Lord shall not lack any good thing" he stopped, saying : " Baithen will write the next." Shortly after midnight he died. His last message to the community was couched in words which might be fitly addressed to the island and people of his earliest and latest love. " Dear children, this is what I command with my last words : Let peace and charity—a charity always mutual and sincere—reign among you." With these words upon his lips passed away, on the 9th June, 597, this glorious son of Donegal ; one of the noblest, and saintliest, and most learned children of the island so long and so worthily known as the land of saints and scholars.

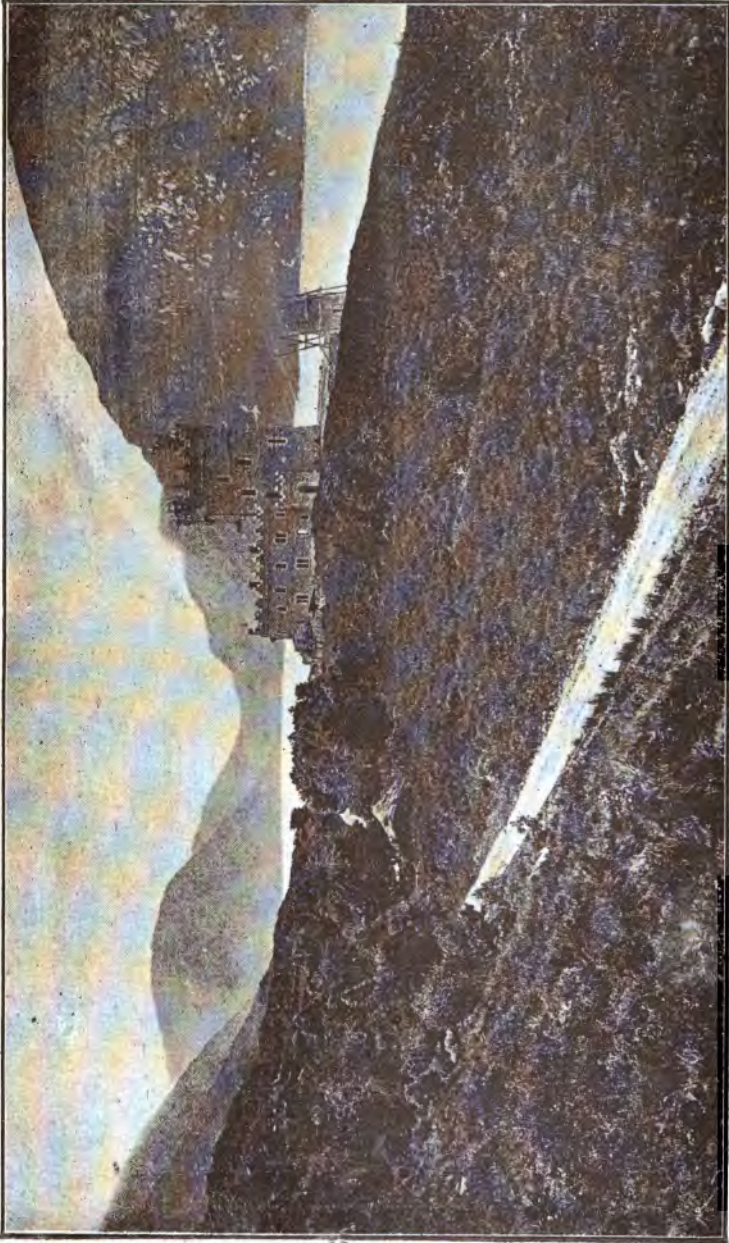
The ruins of the old church of Gartan still attract the eye of the tourist, and in the burying-ground are to be seen some old headstones chiselled with the armorial bearings of the O'Donnells, indicating, of course, that beneath moulder the ashes of some hero of the race. The traditions of the district nearly all relate to the saint, and are the same to this day as those written by Manus O'Donnell in the 15th century.

In the " Monasticon," Gartan is described thus : " Lies two miles west of Kilmacrennan, where St. Columbkille founded a monastery, which is now a parish church in the diocese of Raphoe." Conwall, according to the same authority, " has its situation on or near the river Swilly, in the barony of Kilmacrennan. Fiachry was Abbot of Congbail, in the territory of Gleann-Suilige, in Tyrconnell, and of Clonard, in the county of Meath ; he died on the 8th of February, between the years 587 and 652 ; and Sitrick O'Trutle, Archdeacon of Congbail, died in 1204." O'Donovan states that " Tullach, Dubhglaise, where Columbkille was baptised, is not Tullyaughnish, as Archdall writes, but " Temple Douglas, in the parish of Conwall, which is called Tulloughooglasse in the Inquisitions."

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#### GLENVEIGH.

The most enchanting and beautiful scene in Donegal is Glenveigh, which signifies " the glen of the deer or beasts " and not " the glen



*From a Photo. by W. LAWRENCE DUBLIN.*

**GLENVEACH.**





of the silver birches." It lies due North, only a few miles from the Gartan Lakes, and is thus described by Rev. Ceaser Otway: "I have never been in Switzerland or Scotland; it has not been my lot at leisure to wander along the waters of Westmoreland or Cumberland, but I have seen good drawings of these most frequented scenes; and have thus admired Lough Katrine, the subject of the poet's pen and painter's pencil. But if my glen and my lake were not Irish; if the curse of being out of fashion did not put everything Irish under attainder, I would venture to show Glenveigh against any of these foreign fashionables, and would encourage my mountain nymph to hold herself as fair in varied beauty as any of them." As this is the only really truthful piece of description relating to Donegal in "Sketches of Ireland," by the Rev. Ceaser Otway, we do him the justice of quoting it at length. Otherwise his descriptions regarding this county are altogether too "Vandyke" in their colouring; and his anecdotes might form pleasant reading for believers in the creations of Carelton or Lever, but in this matter-of-fact generation they will be looked upon simply as monuments to human prejudice. At the head of "The Glen" is a magnificent waterfall, consisting of several cascades, which topples from the crags of Dooish, over 1,000 feet high, into the little river that feeds Lough Veigh. "Adair's Monument" should be inspected minutely: it is a huge rock several tons weight, which overhung the road along the lake, and on which the legend, "John George Adair, just, generous, and true," with the date of his death, was chiselled, but a storm swept down the glen, this immense rock was dislodged from its place in the mountain, and the inscription hid from human eye.

There are several islands on Lough Veigh, and we are inclined to think that the largest of them is the one on which Godfrey O'Donnell lay dying when O'Neill sent to demand hostages. One of the loveliest drives in Donegal is from Doochary Bridge right through Glenveigh and Barnes' Gap to Creeslough and Dunfanaghy. A deer park is now enclosed along the shores of Lough Veigh, and the antlered

monarch dwells as of old in the woods of Mullanagore. Thus history repeats itself! High up the glen, in the woods, there is an old cell which, tradition says, was the dwelling of Saint MacGraddy, "whose romantic death," says Mr. Kinahan, "gave name to Stragraddy, a hill west of the Gap of Barnesbeg."

The Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., Miltown Park, county Dublin, in his valuable work on Hugh Roe O'Donnell, just published, and which should be in the hands of every Donegal man interested in the history of his native county, states "that the surname of O'Donnell, which signifies the great or proud chief, was first assumed by Cathbarr, great grandson of Domhnall Mor, who died in 1106." The territory of the O'Donnells in the beginning of the 12th century included only the present barony of Kilmacrennan; when and how they extended it, and got possession of the territory of Cinel Moen, now the barony of Raphoe, originally possessed by the O'Gormleys, we do not know.

#### THE O'DONNELL CHIEFTAINS.

A.D. 1200 to 1207.—Eignechan O'Donnell, who was slain by the men of Fermanagh, and was succeeded by Domhnall Mor, his son.

A.D. 1241.—Domhnall Mor, the son of Eighnechan, died in the monastic habit, and was buried in the monastery of Assaroe.

A.D. 1247.—Melaghlin O'Donnell, Lord of Tyrconnell, Cinel Moen, Innishowen and Fermanagh, was slain by Maurice Fitzgerald, second Baron of Offaly.

A.D. 1256.—Godfrey O'Donnell marched with an army into Fermanagh.

A.D. 1262 to 1281.—Domhnall Oge O'Donnell was slain at Disert-da-Crioch in 1281.

A.D. 1383.—Aedh, the son of O'Donnell Oge, was interred at Assaroe.

A.D. 1348.—Nall Garbh O'Donnell, Lord of Tyrconnell, was slain by Manus Meablach O'Donnell, his kinsman, at Inis-Samier.

A.D. 1423.—Turlough, son of Niall Garbh, Lord of Tyrconnell, died a monk at Assaroe.

A.D. 1434.—O'Donnell taken prisoner and delivered up to the son of Sir John Stanley, the King's deputy, who sent him to be imprisoned in Dublin.

A.D. 1439.—O'Donnell Niall Garbh died in captivity, in the Isle of Man; he was the chosen hostage of the Cinel Connall, and the Cinel Owen, and of all the North of Ireland.

A.D. 1442.—O'Neill Henry, the son of Eoghan, and Neachtain O'Donnell made peace, the latter ceding the castle and territory of Cinel Moen and the tribute of Innishowen.

A.D. 1474—The Monastery of Donegal was commenced by Hugh Roe O'Donnell and his wife Finola.

A.D. 1475—A circuitous hosting was made by O'Donnell, accompanied by Maguire, O'Rourke, and the chiefs of Lower Connaught.

A.D. 1476—MacWilliam Burke led an army into Lower Connaught, and O'Donnell led another to oppose him. They made peace and divided Lower Connaught between them.

A.D. 1491—O'Neill wrote to O'Donnell demanding his chief rent, which the other refused to pay: "Send me my rent, or, if you don't—" But O'Donnell replied: "I owe you no rent, and if I did—" The result was a bloody battle wherein the loss was about equal.

A.D. 1497—O'Donnell (Aedh Ruadh) resigned his lordship in consequence of the dissensions of his sons, and his son Conn was nominated in his place.

O'Neill marched with a great force into Tyrconnell, and defeated Conn O'Donnell, who was slain.

A.D. 1505—O'Donnell Aedh Ruadh, son of Niall Garbh, son of Turlough of the Wine, Lord of Tyrconnell, Inishowen, Cinel Moen, and Lower Connaught, died. He was so hospitable that during his reign there was no defence made except to close the door against the wind only.

A.D. 1511—O'Donnell Aedh, son of Aedh Ruadh, went upon a pilgrimage to Rome. While he was abroad his adherents and friends were in grief and sadness after him.

A.D. 1587—Hugh O'Donnell, son of Hugh Roe, died on the 5th July in the Monastery of Donegal, where he was interred; and Manus O'Donnell was inaugurated in his place by the successors of Columbkille, with the permission and by advice of the nobles of Tyrconnell, both lay and ecclesiastical.

A.D. 1542—Manus O'Donnell gave Tuah Ratha and Lurg, in county Fermanagh, to Maguire, son of Cuconnacht.

A.D. 1563—Manus O'Donnell, son of Aodh Dhu, son of Aodh Ruadh, died on the 9th February at his own mansion at Lifford, a castle which was erected in despite of the O'Neill and the Cinel Owen. He was interred at Donegal. Manus was succeeded by his eldest son, Calvagh, who died in 1566.

A.D. 1566—Hugh Dubh O'Donnell, brother of Calvagh, succeeded, but great dissensions sprang up between him, and Conn, the son of Calvagh. In 1581 Conn gained the O'Neill to his side and defeated his uncle at Kiltole, near Raphoe.

A.D. 1592—Hugh Roe O'Donnell, the child of prophecy, inaugurated at Kilmacrennan, left Ireland after the defeat at Kinsale in 1602, and died at Simancas, in Spain, September, 1602.

A.D. 1602—Rory O'Donnell, delegated chieftain of Tyrconnell in the absence of his brother, Hugh Roe, created Earl A.D. 1603, left Ireland with Hugh O'Neill in 1607. This event is known as the "Flight of the Earls." Died 28th July, A.D. 1608, at Rome, and was interred on the Janiculum.

A.D. 1603—Niall Garbh O'Donnell, inaugurated at Kilmacrennan, taken prisoner in 1608, and died in the Tower of London, after an imprisonment of eighteen years, in A.D. 1626.

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#### THE POETESS OF GLENSWILLY.

Donegal, though less prolific in poetical writers than some other

parts of Ireland, has yet produced some who fully maintain the reputation of the island as a land of song. William Allingham, the "bard of Ballyshannon," has written some of the most charming ballads in the English language, and others since him have sung with a sweetness almost equal to his, but with few to listen to their lay. Among these is Mrs. Gallagher, of New Mills, Letterkenny, who as Bridget M'Ginley, her maiden name, has written some beautiful poems, two of which, especially, "The Maid of Rutland Isle" and "The Hills of Donegal," which we reproduce in this volume, deserve much more than a mere passing notice. They first appeared in the "Donegal Christmas Annual," a publication issued mainly by the instrumentality of Mrs. Gallagher and her immediate friends. The work deserves to be mentioned, if for no other reason, as an extremely creditable effort to give an impulse to the cultivation of native literature, and to afford, in a measure, a medium for the exercise of the genius going, in so many parts of the country, hopelessly, to waste. The contributors were all local, and amateurs in the literary art, and, though they display very considerable ability, it is no disparagement to them, to say, that Mrs. Gallagher's two poems are the gems of the publication. "The Maid of Rutland Isle" is a story which attracts us, not only by the primitive character of the heroine, and the tragedy of her end, but also by the "wild and weird" nature of the surroundings in which the circumstances are laid. Mrs. Gallagher's style of telling the story is as simple and spontaneous as if told by one of the islanders themselves, and her descriptive touches are of a kind so graphic and suggestive, as to transport the reader, in spirit, at once to the lonely and romantic region, where dwelt the maiden of her song. At a time when verse makers are so often to be found upon the rack, straining after forced conceits and out-of-the-way modes of expression, by way of showing their claims to originality and power, it is refreshing to meet with a writer who can be at once forcible, without being affected, impressive, without being maudlin, and picturesque, without being showy or fantastic. Mrs. Gallagher's

little poem is a picture in which we see before us the wild and lonely scenes into which civilization had hardly yet entered, but from which love, and the sorrow that love so often brings, could not be excluded. In the rhythm and cadence of its verses, we seem to hear the music of the waves which sang to the island maiden during her happy girlhood, when they were to her as a companion and playmate, before the form of a lover had come to fill her heart, or carry her thoughts beyond "Rosses coast or cliff-bound Arranmore." Brisk, and bright, and brimming over with home feeling and associations, are her lines on "The Hills of Donegal." There is no effort whatever in the expression of her sentiments. They come from her heart as freely and as freshly as the streams which gush in crystal abundance from their heath-clad slopes, and rush downward in a tumult of delight to meet their comrades in the vale below. With the soul of a poet she can see the sombre and cloud-capped summits, which appear so cold and dead to the common eye, populous with goblin and fairy, and alive with memories which hang like a halo over the ancient and heroic land of the O'Donnell, while, with the heart of a genuine lover of nature—with the heart of the Irish woman, to whom home is always dearer than all other places—she can talk to them as to living things, like old friends, and clasp them, as it were, to her breast with a warmth of affection, which no change of scene or temptation of the world could diminish or destroy.

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THE HILLS OF DONEGAL.

I've often seen far fairer hills  
 By many a foreign strand ;  
 And there are greener, fairer, hills  
 In our own dear native land ;  
 Yet I love them, oh ! I love them,  
 And they hold my heart in thrall,  
 The heath-clad hills, the cloud-capped hills—  
 The hills of Donegal.

I loved their purple heather,  
 And their rushes, waving green ;  
 I loved to see their summits gilt  
     With sunset's golden sheen ;  
 I loved the smiling valleys  
     Where the cooling dew-drops fall,  
 'Mid the heath-clad hills, the cloud-capped hills—  
     The hills of Donegal.

I loved to hear the legends that  
     The mountain sages tell,  
 Of the goblins and the fairies  
     By the rath and fairy dell ;  
 I love the scenes of childhood  
     Which my mem'ry can recall,  
 'Mong the heath-clad hills, the cloud-capped hills—  
     The hills of Donegal.

I love to muse upon the past,  
     When bravest deeds were done ;  
 When martial feats or learning deep  
     Reward and glory won ;  
 When brave men answered cheerily  
     The *slogan's* fiercest call,  
 From the heath-clad hills, the cloud-capped hills—  
     The hills of Donegal.

I love them for the time to come,  
     When, not by war and strife,  
 The clansmen who inhabit them  
     Shall waken into life ;  
 When from their tops shall pass the clouds  
     That darken, like a pall,  
 The heath-clad hills, the cloud-capped hills—  
     The hills of Donegal.

I love them still, my native hills,  
     Though far from them I stray ;  
 Though since I trod their shaggy sides  
     Long years have passed away ;  
 Yet I love them, oh ! I love them,  
     And they hold my heart in thrall,  
 The heath-clad hills, the cloud-capped hills—  
     The hills of Donegal.

From the eastern side of Letterkenny stretches the fertile district known locally as "The Loughside," extending from Port-Ballyraine

to Fortstewart, and which is almost as interesting as the district through which we have wandered. There are some beautiful residences along the fertile banks of the Swilly, notably Ardrummond House, the residence of Mr. Edmund Mansfield; and Castlewray, the residence of his brother, Colonel Mansfield, who is in possession of the original patent from James I. to Captain Mansfield of the grant of Killygordon. The Mansfields are the oldest and most respectable settlers in Donegal, and are descended, maternally, from the noble house of Montgomery, of Eglinton.

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### THE DONEGAL GENTRY 100 YEARS AGO—A DUEL.

#### THE MANSFIELDS AND THE MONTGOMERYS.

Ireland a hundred years ago was notorious for duelling, and it was not to be expected that the fiery sons of Donegal would escape the contagion. In this matter-of-fact age, when a law court is the only place which even the most chivalrous thinks of resorting to as a means of obtaining satisfaction for his wounded honour, it is difficult to conceive the fantastic extremes with which the quick susceptibilities of our predecessors of the 18th century were sometimes led. Traditions are not wanting of the doings of the grandfathers of some of the most decorous and respectable families in Donegal which might shock our modern notions of good behaviour, and make us feel half doubtful as to whether, with our present pre-eminently pacific principles and modes of life, we were the offspring of such a fierce, fire-eating and devil-may-care generation at all. There is one thing, however, that we may console ourselves with, that if our ancestors of a century ago were quick in quarrel, they were equally as warm in friendship; that, moreover, their quarrels were not the squabbles of mean and mercenary minds, but of men imbued with the highest and most romantic views of honour, and, that while they never failed a friend, they never feared to face a foe. If it be any additional consolation to the good, quiet people of the present day, who are inclined



to speak of old times only in a sort of whisper, I may tell them that among the Donegal gentry at the end of the last century were to be found some of the best swordsmen and most expert handlers of what the Americans call "shooting irons," in Europe. One tradition among many others relating to this period has come down to us, in which the grandfathers of the living representatives of the Mansfields play a prominent part. We shall not apologise to these gentlemen for giving the following little anecdote which, in the course of our inquiries, we lately became acquainted with. About the year 1797, as the story goes, Sir Samuel Hayes called upon, or wrote to, the grandfather of the Mansfields (Francis Mansfield, of Castlewray) informing him that Sandy Montgomery, of Convoy, had offered him an insult which, as the tradition phrases it, "brooked no palliation," that he had sent him a challenge which had been accepted, and requesting the services of his grandfather as a second. This duel, which was fought with pistols, took place at Glassly Bridge, just outside Colonel Montgomery's demesne at Convoy, but no particulars have been preserved further than that, though it seems to have been a hotly-contested fight, no fatal injury was sustained on either side. The Sir Samuel Hayes who figured in this duel became the grandfather of the present Mansfields by the marriage of Sir Samuel's daughter with their father. This Sandy Montgomery seems to have been a notorious fire-eater, and just such another as "Fighting Fitzgerald," who lived about the same time, in whom the disposition to duelling amounted almost to a passion which made him a real source of danger to every peaceably-inclined member of society. Neither time, place, nor person appears to have had any influence upon him in the pursuit of his favourite amusement. At any rate, a second duel is recorded of him—how many have escaped the loose memory of tradition it would be impossible to say—fought with a well-known character of the day, and in a place no less sacred than the Bishop's garden in Derry. There is an element of the comic in this entire transaction which is thoroughly Irish, and which makes

us overlook its evidently determined character. It was fought also with pistols, and the first round resulting in the singular effect of taking off the tails of Montgomery's coat—swallow tails were the fashion of the period—whether owing to the shock produced upon the nervous system by this very unusual occurrence, or that he felt sensitive as to the appearance he made in the mutilated condition of his garment, he called for a chair which, having been brought him by the seconds, the following and subsequent rounds were fired sitting. Whether his antagonist was similarly accommodated is not recorded, nor are we informed what was the result of the contest—whether it was fatal to either of the parties, or whether any injuries at all were inflicted, these little items evidently not having been regarded of any special importance in cases of a personal conflict when questions of honour were concerned—Honour! a word, by the way, very vaguely construed in this somewhat loose-living period of our history, was the main thing to be considered, and intending duellists regarded the worst possible conclusion to their quarrels, and made their arrangements accordingly, with as much coolness as Sir Lucius O'Trigger does in "The Rivals" for his friend, Bob Acres, when he proceeds to provide for his possible *post-mortem* requirements, and endeavours to allay any anxiety he may have in that respect by telling him that there is "very snug lying in the Abbey," Such, from one point of view, were the Donegal gentry one hundred years ago.

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#### FEARSAT SWILLY.

Fearsat More and Fearsat Swilly are *alias* names for one and the same place. Fearsat literally signifies a spindle, but it is figuratively applied to a narrow part of an estuary, which is fordable at low water. This Fearsat More is where the Swilly narrows itself between the parishes of Aghininshin and Leck. The townland verging upon it on the Leck side has borrowed the name of Fearsat More from it. At low water a man may cross this fersat without wetting his knees.

It was the scene of the following battles, according to the annals of the Four Masters :--

## FEARSAT MORE.

A.D. 1098—The battle of Fearsat Soolie was fought between the Kinel Owen and the Kinel Connell, in which the former were defeated with the loss of O'Faerchert (Egertach) and many others.

A.D. 1892—O'Neill invaded Tyrconnell, and, after having plundered O'Doherty's country (not Innishowen) he proceeded to Fearsat More to give battle to O'Donnell. Here they remained for a long time face to face (*i.e.*, on both sides of the Fearsat) until at length they concluded a peace.

A.D. 1567, O'Neill (Shawn the Proud) mustered a very numerous army to march into Tyrconnell against O'Donnell (Hugh, the son of Manus, son of Hugh Oge, son of Hugh Roe) to plunder and ravage the country, as he had done some time before when Manus O'Donnell was not able to govern or defeat his principality or country in consequence of his own infirmity and ill-health, and the strife and contention of his sons. The place where O'Donnell happened to be with a few forces at this time with Hugh Oge, the son of Hugh Roe, and with others of his relations, was Ardnaghair (or the hill of laughter), on the north side of the estuary, which is called Swilly (Suileach), and, hearing that O'Neill had arrived with his forces in the country he despatched messengers to summon such of his chieftains as were in his neighbourhood, and he himself awaited them there at (Ard-na-Ghair). They did not, however, come fully assembled at his summons. As they were here waiting, they received no notice of anything until at break of day they perceived, just within sight on the other side of Fearsat Suilighe, a powerful body of horses rapidly advancing towards them in hosts and squadrons, and they stopped not in their course, without halting or delaying, until they had crossed the Fearsat, for the tide was out at the time. When O'Donnell perceived this he instantly drew up his little army in order and array, and despatched a troop of cavalry, under the command of

the son of O'Donnell (Hugh, the son of Hugh) to engage the van of the enemy, in order that he might bring all his infantry across the level fields, into a secure position, where his enemies could not encompass or surround them. In the engagement which followed, between O'Donnell's cavalry and the van of the cavalry of O'Neill, fell by O'Neill's army, Niall, the son of Donough Cairbreach, son of Hugh Oge, son of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Donnoll Ultagh, son of the doctor, Ollav, to the O'Donnell in physic, and Magroarty, who had the custody of the Catach of St. Columbkille. Some, however, assert that Niall O'Donnell was slain by his own people.

On the side of the Kinel-Owen fell the son of MacMahon and many others. When the son of O'Donnell (Hugh, the son of Hugh) perceived the numbers who were opposed to him, and that his lord had retired to a place of security, he followed him, in order to await the arrival of relief from his people. Nor was he long in a depressed state of mind when he perceived numbers of his faithful people advancing towards him, and rejoiced was he at their arrival. Thither came, in the first place, MacSweeney Na-d-Tuath (Murrrough Mall, the son of Owen Oge, son of Owen), the sons of MacSweeney Fanad (Turlogh Oge, and Hugh Boy), and MacSweeney Banagh (Malmurry, son of Hugh, son of Niall), and when all had arrived at one place they formed no very great force, for they were only 400 in number. To these chiefs O'Donnell complained of his distress and injuries, and he protested to them that he would deem it more pleasing and becoming to fall and die in the field than to endure the contempt and dishonour with which he himself, his tribe, and his relations had been treated by the Kinel-Owen, such as his ancestors had never suffered or endured before, but more especially the insult and indignity they had offered him on this occasion by violently expelling and banishing him from his fortress. All the chieftains assented to the speech of their prince, and said that all the remarks and sentiments he had expressed were true, so that they resolved to attack O'Neill and his army. The resolution here adopted of facing the great

danger and peril which awaited them was bold, daring, obdurate, and irrational, but the love of their *protegees* and inheritances prevailed on their hearts over the love of body and life, and they marched back with unanimous courage, in a regularly arrayed small body, and in a venomous phalanx towards the camp of O'Neill. When O'Neill perceived them moving towards him he became disturbed in spirit, and he said: "It is very wonderful and amazing to me that those people should not find it easier to make full concessions to us and submit to our awards than thus come forward to us to be immediately slaughtered and destroyed." While he was saying these words the troops of the Kinel-Connell rushed vehemently and boldly upon the army of O'Neill. Nor did O'Neill's soldiers refuse to sustain their onset, for when they (the Kinel-Connell) had come within sight of them they began to accoutre themselves with all possible speed. Fierce and desperate were the grim and terrible looks that each cast at the other from their starlike eyes; they raised the battle-cry aloud, and their united shouting when rushing together was sufficient to strike with dismay and turn to flight the feeble and the unwarlike. They proceeded and continued to strike, mangle, slaughter, and cut down one another for a long time, so that men were soon laid low, heroes wounded, youths slain, and robust heroes mangled in the slaughter. But, however, the Kinel-Owen were defeated by dint of slaughtering and fighting, and forced to abandon the field of battle, and retreat by the same road they had come by, though it was not easy for them to pass it at this time, for the sea (the tide) had flowed into the Fearsat, which they had crossed in the morning, so that to cross it would have been impracticable were it not that the vehemence of the pursuit, the fierceness, bravery, and resoluteness of the people who were in pursuit of them, to be revenged on them for their previous insults, enmity, and animosity, compelled them to face it. They eagerly plunged into the swelling sea, and no one would wait for a brother or relation, although it was no escape from danger or peril for them to have reached the dark, deep, ocean estuary which was

before them. This was not an approach to warmth after cold, or to protection after violence, for a countless number of them were drowned in the deep, full tide, though it would be happy for them all, as they thought to be permitted to approach it. Great numbers of O'Neill's army were lost here both by slaying and drowning, the most distinguished of whom were: Brian, the son of Henry, son of John O'Neill, and his brother; MacDonnell Galloglagh, constable of O'Neill, with many of the Clan-Donnell besides; Dubhaltach O'Donnely, O'Neill's own foster brother, and the person most faithful and dear to him in existence, with a great number of his tribe, also great numbers of Muintir-Coinne and Muintir-Again; in short, the total number of O'Neill's army that were slain and drowned in that battle was thirteen hundred; some books, however, state that O'Neill's loss in this battle was upwards of 3,000 men. As for O'Neill, he escaped from this battle, but he would rather that he had not, for his reason and senses became deranged after it. He passed privately, unperceived by any one of his enemies, upwards along the river side towards its source, until he crossed Ath-Thairsi, a ford which is in the vicinity of Scarriv-Sollus, under the guidance of a party of the O'Gallaghers, some of the O'Donnell's own subjects and people, and he travelled on by retired and solitary ways until he arrived in Tyrone. There were not many houses or families from Cairliinn to the river Finn and to the Foyle, who had not reason for weeping and cause for lamentation. Great and innumerable were the spoils, comprising horses, arms, and armour, that were left behind to the Kinel-Connell on this occasion. This defeat at Fearsat Swilly was given on the 8th day of May, 1567."

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#### RAMELTON.

Ramelton is one of the most charmingly-situated towns in North-West Donegal, and is second in point of population to Letterkenny. Very little information regarding it can be found in historical

writings. But that it was a favourite residence of one of the O'Donnells up to so recent a time as early in the 17th century there can be little question. The following quotation on this subject from Hill's "Plantation of Ulster" and "Pynar's Survey" will set all controversy at rest :—

“ Grant to Hugh M'Hugh Duffe O'Donnell, gentleman, Ramelton, with the castle thereon,—Breahey, Nahard, Derriemonaghan, Carne, Cloone, Glenmore, Glenbegg—in all 1,000 acres ; rent, £10 13s 4d. The premises are erected into the Manor of Ramelton, with 300 acres in demesne and a court baron. To hold during life, remainder to Sir Richard Hansard and his heirs for ever, subject to the conditions of the 'Plantation of Ulster,' 8th December, 1610.”

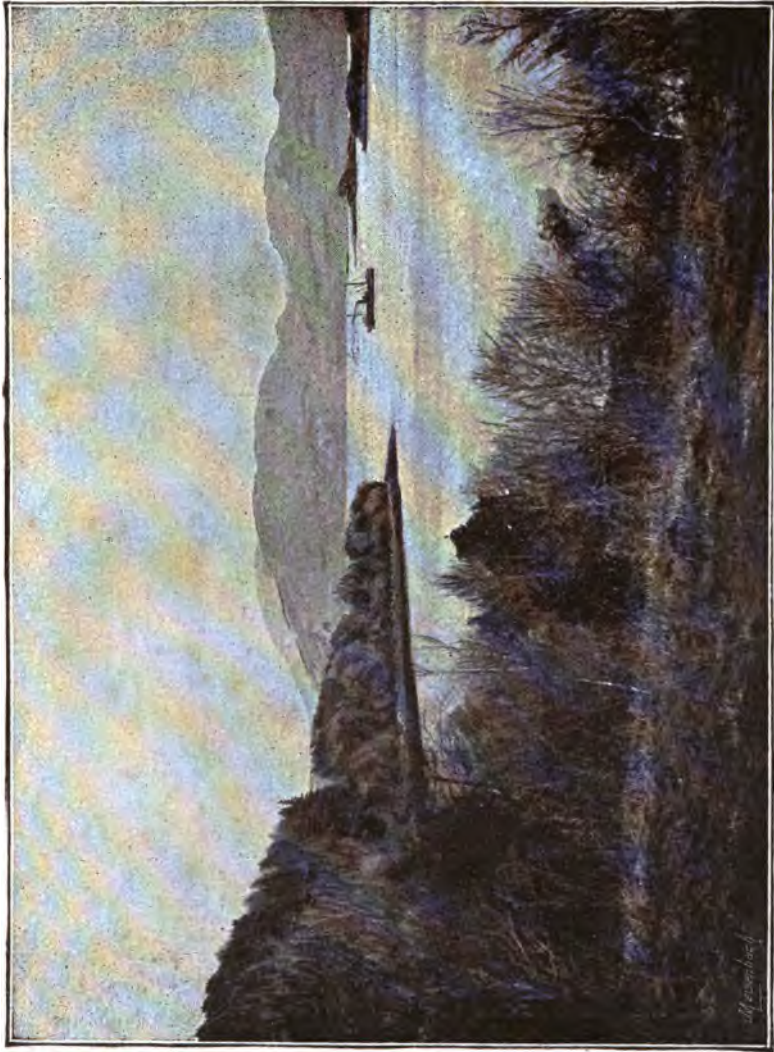
Sir Richard Hansard was the first patentee, and we find in "Pynar's Survey" that "Sir William Stewart, Knight, hath 1,000 acres called Ramelton, and upon it there is built a large and stronge bawne 80 feet square and 16 feet high, with four flankers and a fair strong castle of the same materials, being three stories high. He hath made a large town consisting of 45 houses, in which there are 57 families, all British, some of which have estates for years. He hath also begun a church of lime and stone, which is built to the setting of the roof. This is a market town, and standeth very well for the good of the country and the King's service.”

Probably this Hugh O'Donnell was the same person yet vividly remembered by tradition as "Aodh Dhu Na Nach Shang" (Black Hugh of the lean, swift steeds), who commanded O'Donnell's cavalry at the battle of Fearsat More, and who was the most famous angler, archer, and horseman of his time. It is said he chose his horses in a peculiar manner ; a number of them were driven into the Lennon and the animal that rushed into the stream most recklessly, going the greatest distance before stooping to drink, was the one which O'Donnell would most assiduously train as a war steed. There is also a tradition existing in the vicinity of Lough Salt, that on one occasion when O'Donnell was in prison a number of the English had

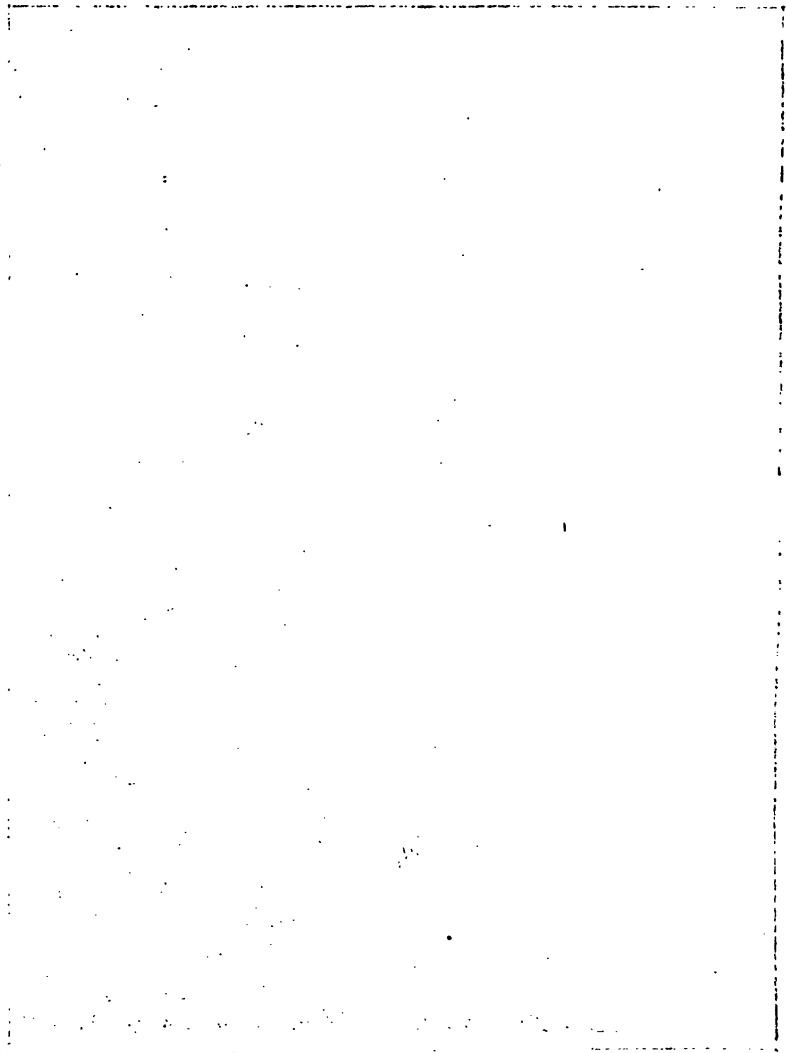
assembled to witness his dexterity as an equestrian, he having obtained one of his famous chargers for the exhibition. After careering around the inside of the courtyard for several minutes, he stated that owing to his long absence the animal had forgotten him, but that if he had his son behind him he could manage better. Accordingly, the youth who had arrived with the steed from Ramelton mounted behind his father, and quickly the charger bounded over the prison walls. O'Donnell and his son escaped to the fastnesses of their native mountains after a famous chase, in which they completely baffled their pursuers. In the Annals of the Four Masters, under date A.D. 1497, it is stated that Hugh Dhu O'Donnell, the son of Hugh Roe, was released from prison, and Walter Burke accompanied him to Tyrconnell, so that it is obvious there are some grains of truth in the tradition regarding the imprisonment, and also as to the wonderful feats of horsemanship. Not a vestige of Ramelton Castle is now to be seen. It was situated near the end of the present quay wall, and on the spot where modern Vandalism has erected hideous buildings, with no pretensions to architectural beauty. The Hansard family never obtained a footing in Ramelton, but the Stewarts are yet the lords of the soil, and still shake their invincible wand over the young "Agricolae" who till the fat plains of the Lennon and the lough side. The Lennon is a noble river which takes its rise far up in the fastnesses of the country at the Gartan Lakes, and empties into the placid waters of the "Lake of Shadows" a few miles east of Ramelton. On this river are several mills, notably the one at Ballyare, and the Ramelton mills, the property of Messrs. E. and C. Kelly. A great battle was fought on the Lennon in A.D. 1497.

The Annals of the Four Masters state that Henry Oge O'Neill, the son of Henry, son of Owen, marched with a great army into Tyrconnell and first committed great destruction in Fanad. The young O'Donnell, *i.e.*, Con, met this army on their leaving Fanad, at Belathdaire, on the river Lennon, but Con O'Donnell was defeated, and he, himself, was killed there, with 160 of his forces on





MULROY BAY FROM BUNLIN WATERFALL.



the 19th of October. His two brothers, Nial Garv and Donnel were taken prisoners, as was also the son of MacSweeney, with sixteen men besides. The scene of this battle of Bel-atha-daíre, which signifies the mouth of the ford of the oak wood, and anglicised Belladerry, is marked by a bridge on the Lennon, about half-a-mile from Ramelton, and close to Drumonaghan wood.

In Ramelton there is a fine Roman Catholic Church, lately erected on a commanding site, the munificent gift of one of the Kelly family : There are also in it other houses of worship belonging to the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, and the Methodists. A very large shipping business in oats and potatoes was formerly done in Ramelton, and a splendid weekly market for provisions and agricultural produce is yet held. Tanning was established years ago by Messrs. White and Bayne, and chemical works in connection with the kelp industry were also carried on with vigour over twenty years ago, and the magnificent buildings devoted to the manufacture of iodine, speak eloquently of the decay of Irish industries. Ramelton has produced some famous men in our own day, Robert Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*, Rev. Francis M'Camie, a Presbyterian divine, and George Murray, the poet, are all natives of Ramelton : But the Maiden City of Derry has to thank this Donegal town for some of its most prosperous merchants, to wit, Sir Edward Reid, Mr. John Cooke, and Mr. Alexander Black ; and the city of Liverpool can boast of one of its most prominent men in the person of Mr. John Reid, who was nurtured "on the winding banks of Lennon." As a station for the angler it is unique, the fishing of Lough Fern and the Lennon being free to all comers, and comfortable quarters can be obtained always at the "Stewart Arms Hotel" and Boyle's, Bridge-end. Distant, only a few miles to the eastward, are the ruins of the lovely abbey of Killydonnell, where moulder the ashes of bard, brehon, and chief, in one common mother earth, but "storied urn or animated bust" marks not their resting place. This abbey was founded by the O'Donnells in the beginning of the 16th century for

Friars of the third order of St. Francis. It is said that the old bell of the abbey lies at the bottom of the Swilly, and is heard to ring every seven years. The lands on which these lovely ruins stand is now the property of Sir William Stewart, Bart., an absentee, of course, but the original grant in 1609 was to one, Captain Basil Brooke, probably the ancestor of the Brooke's of Lough Eske: The preponderating influence of the Stewart family in Donegal is quite remarkable in this as in every other district, the descendents of the Scottish kings, supplanting all new comers, and surviving to the present day, when such names as the Brookes, the Hansards, the Sandfords, the Chichesters, and the Harts, are almost forgotten. The island of Aughnish, whereon the mother church of the parish of Aughnish stood, is situated in Lough Swilly, a little to the north of Aughnish townland, but the graveyard only remains. On the opposite shores of the Swilly and within a short distance of Newtown-cunningham, is the famous Abbey of Balleeghan, still beautiful in its ruins of the gothic style, where a great battle was fought between Shane O'Neill and Calvagh O'Donnell in A.D. 1557. The O'Donnell's were encamped on the summit of Beinnen, in the parish of Teboyne, and Calvagh, when he found O'Neill in the vicinity "ordered his gallow-glasses to arm directly and make a nocturnal attack on Shane's camp," and the Tironians were completely routed.

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#### RATHMULLAN.

One of the most charming seaside resorts in Donegal is the village of Rathmullan, prettily situated on the shores of Lough Swilly and sheltered from the Atlantic storms by a range of mountains which run from west to east, commencing with the Glenalla hills and terminating with the Knockalla mountains, which dip into the waters of the lough at Knockalla battery, a distance of only seven miles from Rathmullan, and a very charming drive indeed, along the shores

of the placid "Lake of Shadows." On the way is passed the beautiful mansions, Rathmullan House, the property of the Batts, and Fort Royal, and on the margin of the lake, in the parish of Killygarvan, is a place called Muckamish Point and Tower, which is well worth referring to. It is said that Columbkille foretold that "two guns should be mounted on the pig's back," but the prophecy remained a dead letter until at last a Martello tower was erected on the spot, so called from the resemblance it bore to a pig, and then the prophecy was fulfilled, so that not only did St. Columbkille prophecy the erection of the battery, but also the inventions of gunpowder and its concomitants. At Ballymastrocker Bay the warship Saldanna was lost in 1811, and all the crew perished. The body of the Honorable Captain Pakenham was alone recovered, and is buried in the cemetery at Rathmullan, where a tombstone marks his grave, and also records the loss of the ship. Rathmullan being within easy access of Londonderry is much patronised during the summer months, and is rendered specially attractive by the fact that Lough Swilly is a station for one of her Majesty's warships, and the jolly tars and their jovial officers generally manage to make things very pleasant for visitors. The Pier Hotel, kept by Mr. James Deeney, is every thing that could be desired by tourists, and as a posting establishment there is none better in Donegal. A coach will run between Rathmullan and the Rosapenna Hotel during the summer months, and Colonel Barton intends to run a two-horse van or car between the Portsalon Hotel and Milford. The means of ingress and egress at present into the Highlands of Donegal are not all that could be desired, but with the addition of regular services to Rosapenna and Portsalon the development of tourist traffic will be much facilitated. It is a healthy sign of the times to find that Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, of tourist agency fame, are casting longing looks on North-Western Donegal.

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**RATHMULLAN, ROSNAKILL, AND THE PORTSALON HOTEL.**

From the point of view of the historian, perhaps, the town of Rathmullan possesses an interest second to none in Donegal, although its ancient history being unwritten it cannot afford the same field for speculation to the antiquarian or the archeologist as the district in and around Letterkenny, or the yet more anciently-famous district of Ceann-Maghair on the shores of Mulroy Bay. But two of the most important events connected with the history of Donegal unquestionably were the kidnapping of Hugh Roe O'Donnell and the Flight of the Earls, and these extraordinary scenes were enacted at Rathmullan, the former in A.D. 1587, the latter in A.D. 1607. In the year 1595 young Bingham desecrated the Carmelite Abbey here. The Rev. Narcissus G. Batt has written an essay on this abbey which deals at length with its history and its fate. Parts of the Castle of Rathmullan and of the Monastery are still standing. The castle fell to the ground in 1516 and was soon after rebuilt. In 1618 the castle and monastery were formed into a dwelling-house by the Knoxes, but the MacSweeneys are still vividly remembered as the ancient lords of this beautiful place. A stone in the wall of Rathmullan Castle is emblazoned with the arms of the Gallowglasses. Rathmullan was anciently the capital of Fanad, which district comprised the country between the Swilly and Mulroy, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the castle at Ramelton. Clondavaddog is the only place now called Fanad, and it is said to derive its name from a saint, Da-Vadog, of whom nothing is now remembered but that he lived before the days of Columbkille, and that he does not allow cuckoos or rats into his parish, or any of the natives to be hanged. The site of the old church of Clondavaddog is at present occupied by the little Protestant church, and it is said that owing to its situation it was called Ross-na-Cille, or the promontory of the church. The O'Breslins were chiefs of Fanad in A.D. 1186 before the MacSweeneys came from Scotland, and it is stated in the Four Masters that the O'Donnells were the chiefs of this territory before the O'Breslins. But at A.D. 702 it appears by the same authority

that Fergus of Fanad was sovereign of Ireland. There are the ruins of an ancient fortress at Moress, near Rosnakill, on the edge of Mulroy Bay, but tradition does not remember who erected it, and it is generally ascribed to the MacSweeneys. The most charming drive in Donegal is from Rosnakill to Milford, along the shores of Mulroy. The scenery here is truly sublime, the opposite shores of Mulroy Bay being beautifully wooded, and lending a charming appearance to the panorama. When the pleasant little village of Kerrykeel is passed the scene is very lovely, and tourists should not neglect viewing this almost fairy land of mountains, loughs, and streams. But we must return to Rosnakill and Tamney, the latter village being the seat of law and order in Fanad, and dignified by a petty sessions court which sits once a week. It is stated, however, that there is not much law business to do in Fanad. Near Tamney is the residence of the Rev. John O'Boyle, P.P., a fine substantial building, and a short distance only from the Roman Catholic Church of Massmount, the bell of which rang at one of Daniel O'Connell's monster meetings, we believe. Mullaghmast. On the occasion of our visit to Massmount we were pointed out a townland called Munnagh sloping downwards to Mulroy Bay, and due west from the spot where we stood, where, said our informant, "was born many years ago a Miss Patterson, whose family sold out their property and emigrated to America. The lady married Jerome Buonaparte, and bore him two sons!" Of course it is well known that Jerome married a Miss Patterson, but could it be possible the lady was born in Fanad? This marriage was put aside when Jerome was made a king by his Imperial brother, but the ceremony being perfectly legitimate according to American law, if the whirligig of fortune ran smoothly who can tell but that a descendant of this Fanad lady might yet wield the sceptre in the lovely land of the *fleur-de-lis*? In the townland of Drumacloghan is a remarkable stone fortress well worth exploring. After a pleasant drive from Rosnakill we arrive at the Portsalon Hotel, which is yet destined to be one of the most attractive resorts for tourists in the country.

It is situated on Lough Swilly, at a pleasant distance from the waters edge. Portsalon Pier, erected a few years ago by the Board of Works, is a splendid specimen of Marine architecture, and reflects the greatest credit on the contractors, Messrs. M'Crea & M'Farland, of Londonderry. Regular steam communication is established between Portsalon and Fahan, a station of the Lough Swilly Railway, only a short drive from Londonderry. The scenery in and around Portsalon is varied and diversified, the hotel is comfortable, and the charges extremely moderate. The Seven Arches is only a short distance from the hotel. They are well known to tourists and holiday-makers, and should be visited. On the way is passed the charming villa of Carrowblagh, or "the field of the blossoms," the residence of Mr. H. Chichester Hart, a gentleman well known by his writings on the Fauna and Flora of his native district, and who is engaged at present in a work on the botany of Donegal, which is sure to prove a welcome addition to the popular literature on the subject.

And now our summer task is ended. When we entered on our work it was with a light heart, and with a vigour and earnestness which we confess has not been maintained throughout our protracted wanderings in the valleys of green Tyrconnell. The task, at first, seemed easily surmounted, but as a result of our investigations, we discovered "fresh fields and pastures new," which it was impossible to pass by without referring to. In fact, our work, which at first was merely intended as a pictorial and descriptive guide to the district, as far as Gweedore Bay, from the force of circumstances developed, and we were obliged to include the Barony of Boylagh, and to make our work historical as far as possible. This we have attempted, but we are well aware of the defects in arrangement and in style. In language that will never die Sir Walter Scott has described the scenery of his native Caledonia, but until another like Scott shall have arisen in Ireland, no pen shall ever do justice to the wildness, the sublimity, and the exquisite loveliness of the hills and glens of Donegal.



# ROUTES

TO THE

## DONEGAL HIGHLANDS, from LONDONDERRY.

---

S.S. Melmore to Downings Bay, every Saturday at 9.35 a.m.

Train to Letterkenny, thence Long Car to Creeslough and Dunfanaghy, at 2 o'clock, p.m., daily.

Train to Fahan at 1.30 p.m., daily, thence Steamer to Rathmullan, and Long Car to Rosapenna Hotel, daily, Sundays excepted, at 3 o'clock, p.m.

Car to Portsalon Hotel from Milford, daily, on arrival of Rosapenna Hotel Van.

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## DISTANCES AND MODE OF CONVEYANCE.

Londonderry to Downings Pier, - 60 miles, Steamer every Saturday.

Londonderry to Fahan, - - 9 miles, Rail daily.

Londonderry to Letterkenny, - 24 miles, Rail daily.

Fahan to Rathmullan, - - 3 miles, Steamer daily.

Rathmullan to Milford, - - 7 miles, Long Car daily.

Milford to Carrigart, - - 10 miles, Long Car daily.

Carrigart to Rosapenna Hotel, - 1 mile, Long Car daily.

Rosapenna Hotel to Creeslough (Harkin's Hotel),	- - - -	6 miles, special car.
Creeslough to Dunfanaghy (Stewart Arms Hotel),	- - - -	6 miles, special car.
Dunfanaghy to Falcarragh (M'Ginley's Hotel),		6 miles, special car.
Falcarragh to Middletown (M'Bride's Hotel),		14 miles, special car.
Falcarragh to Gweedore Hotel (if open),	-	10 miles, special car.
Gweedore to Dungloe (Sweeney's Hotel),	-	14 miles, special car.
Dungloe to Glenties <i>via</i> Doochary Bridge,	-	16 miles, special car.
Glenties to Ardara,	- - - -	5 miles, special car.
O'Donnell's Hotel,	-	Glenties.
Nesbitt Arms Hotel,	-	Ardara.

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### RETURN JOURNEY.

Glenties to Fintown,	- - - -	7 miles, special car.
Fintown to Letterkenny (Hegarty's Hotel),	-	14 miles, special car.
Letterkenny to Ramelton (Stewart Arms Hotel),	- - - -	6 miles, special car.
Ramelton to Rathmullan (Deeny's Hotel),	-	6 miles, special car.
Rathmullan to Portsalon Hotel,	-	12 miles, special car.
Portsalon Hotel to Rosapenna Hotel <i>via</i> Rosnakill and Ferry service,	-	8 miles, special car.

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FARES—Two Passengers, 8d per mile; Three Passengers, 10d per mile; Four Passengers, 1s per mile.

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**→\* POSTING ESTABLISHMENT, \*←**

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**GWEEDORE, GLENVEIGH, FALCARRAGH, ETC.,**

*And return to Mulroy on Monday morning, in time to  
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*Long Car leaves for Letterkenny at 9-30 each Morning  
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AND

## GOLF LINKS,

CO. DONEGAL.

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*THIS HOTEL, which is beautifully situated on the Western Shores of Lough Swilly, and close to the far-famed "SEVEN ARCHES," has been greatly extended and improved for the coming Season, having all Sanitary arrangements, on the most modern system. It faces south, and is sheltered from the north by hills. The scenery, mountain and sea combined, is unsurpassed.*

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*Trains from Londonderry to Fahan, and Steamer to Rathmullan several times a day, thence by car, 12 miles, or by Steamer direct from Fahan to Portsalon every Tuesday and Friday. Mail Car in connection with Milford, Ramelton and Letterkenny to and from Portsalon daily.*

*Apply to*

**Colonel BARTON, D.L., Proprietor.**

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**KS** Car between Milford and the Portsalon Hotel twice a day in connection with the Long Car between Rathmullan and Rosapenna Hotel (Sundays excepted).

# Stewart Arms Hotel,

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**T**HIS long-established and well-known Hotel, having recently undergone extensive alterations under new management, will be found replete with every requisite for the comfort of Tourists, combined with Moderate Charges. The scenery in the neighbourhood is unrivalled in magnificence and rugged grandeur. Nature, represented by The Horn, MacSwine's Gun, The Marble Arch, Paul Dhus, etc., all within easy walking distance of the Hotel, is unequalled in the North of Ireland.

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# DONEGAL HIGHLANDS.

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*THIS HOTEL will be found comfortable, and moderate in charges. It is situated in the best White Trout Fishing centre in Donegal, and is surrounded by Lakes, the most distant only 2 miles from Hotel. There are 15 Lakes, with Boats on each, together with a lot of Rivers, all well stocked with White Trout. Boat and man for each Lake.*

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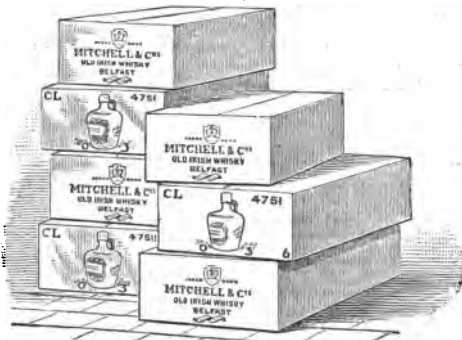


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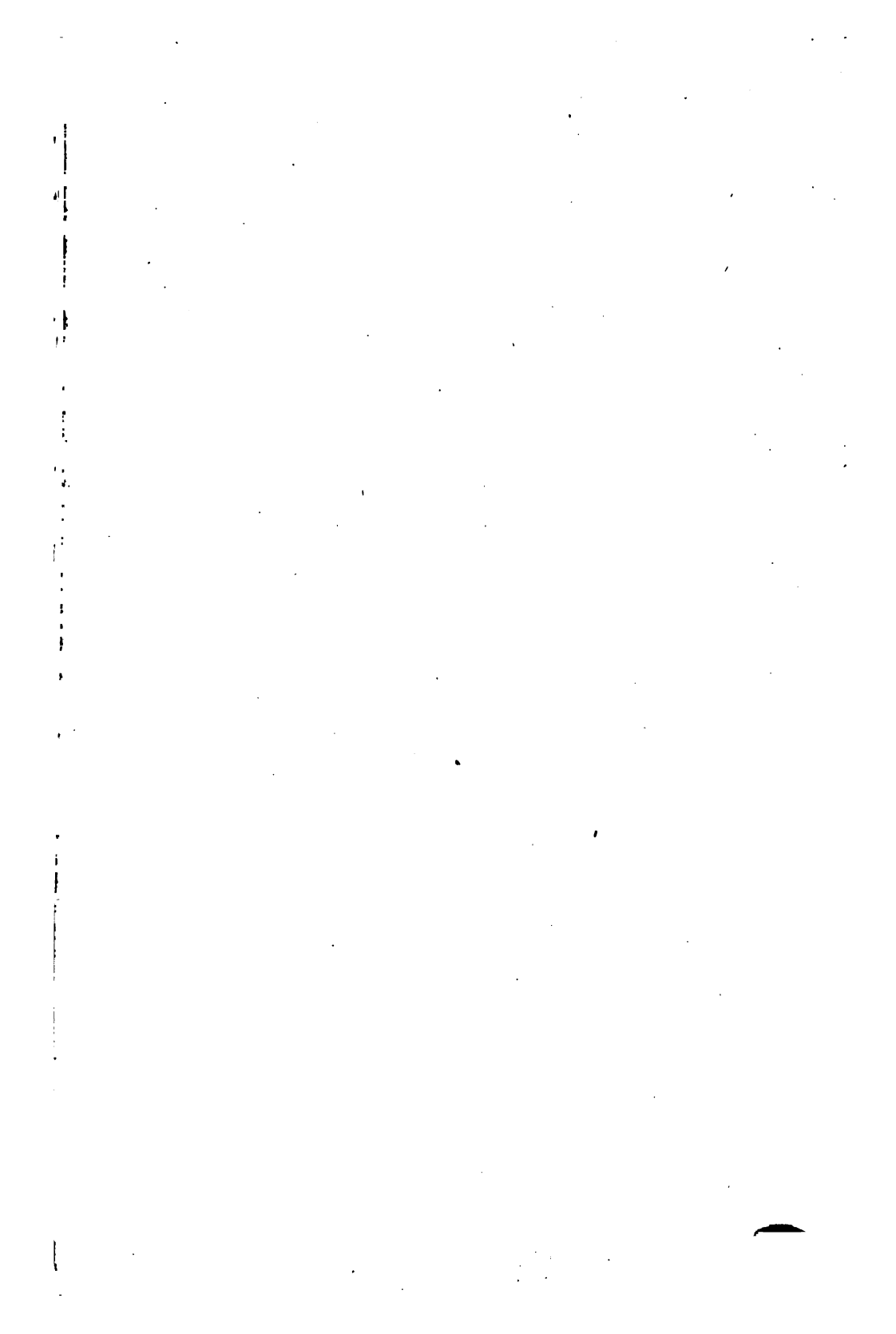
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